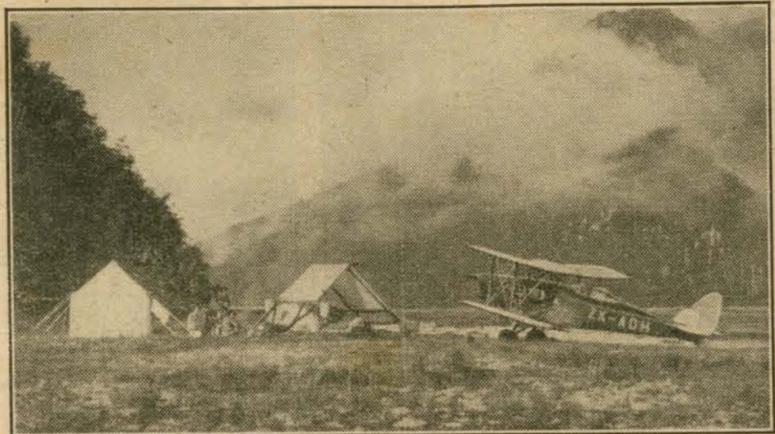


Sept 12 1935

THE TIMES WEEKLY EDITION

PICTURES FROM OUR READERS



NEW ZEALAND: An aeroplane used to establish a camp for a climbing party in the Southern Alps. It is shown at the partly pitched camp between the Franz Josef glacier and the cold lakes, Otago.

Arr. Sereris on the West Coast.

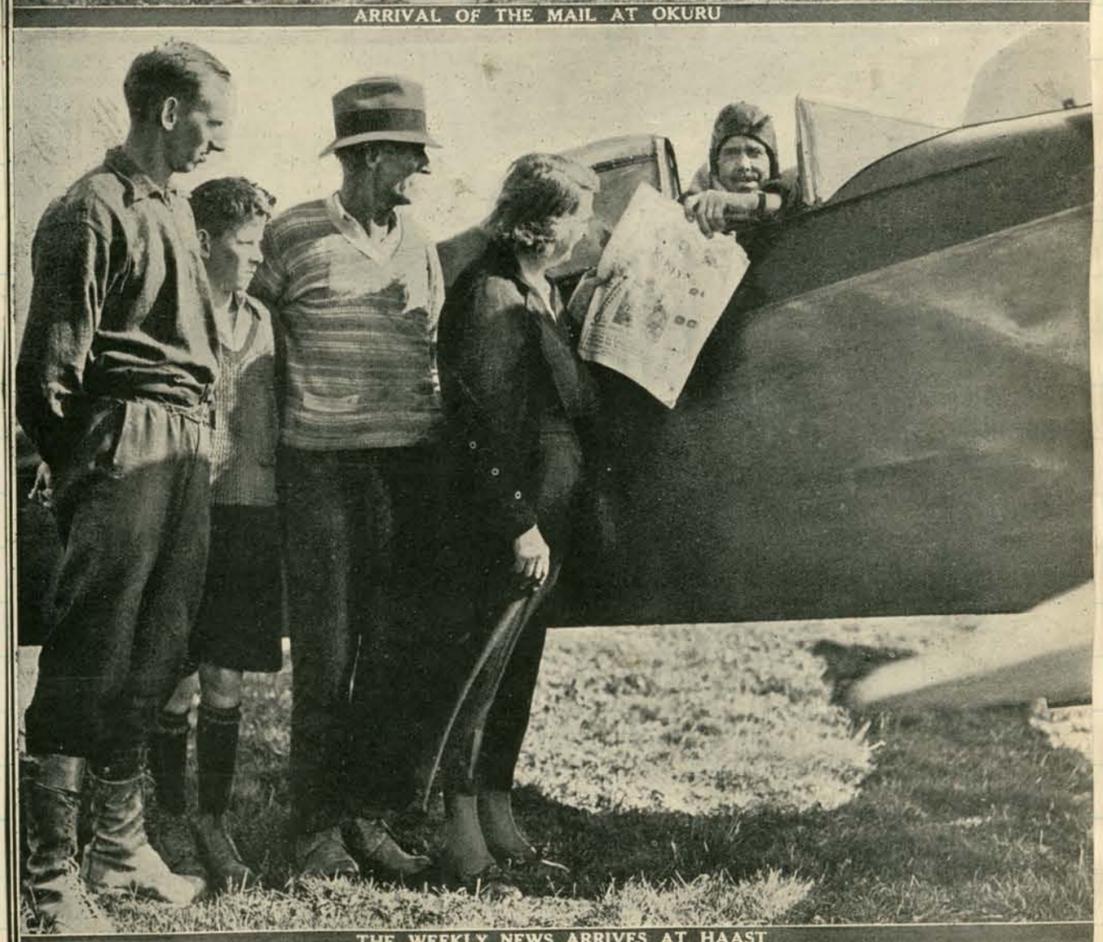
Weekly News Oct 2 1935



MAGNIFICENT COASTLINE SCENERY NORTH OF HAAST, NEAR PARINGA



ARRIVAL OF THE MAIL AT OKURU



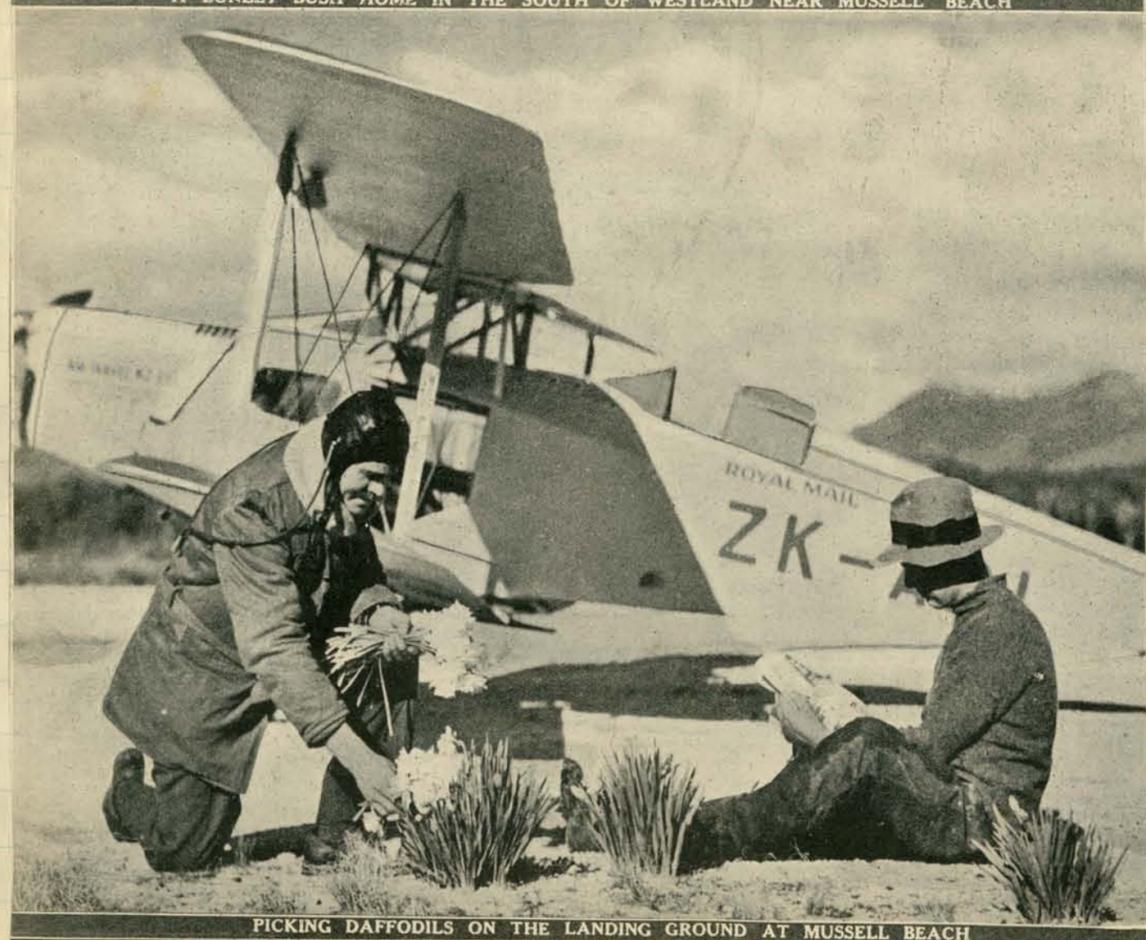
THE WEEKLY NEWS ARRIVES AT HAAST



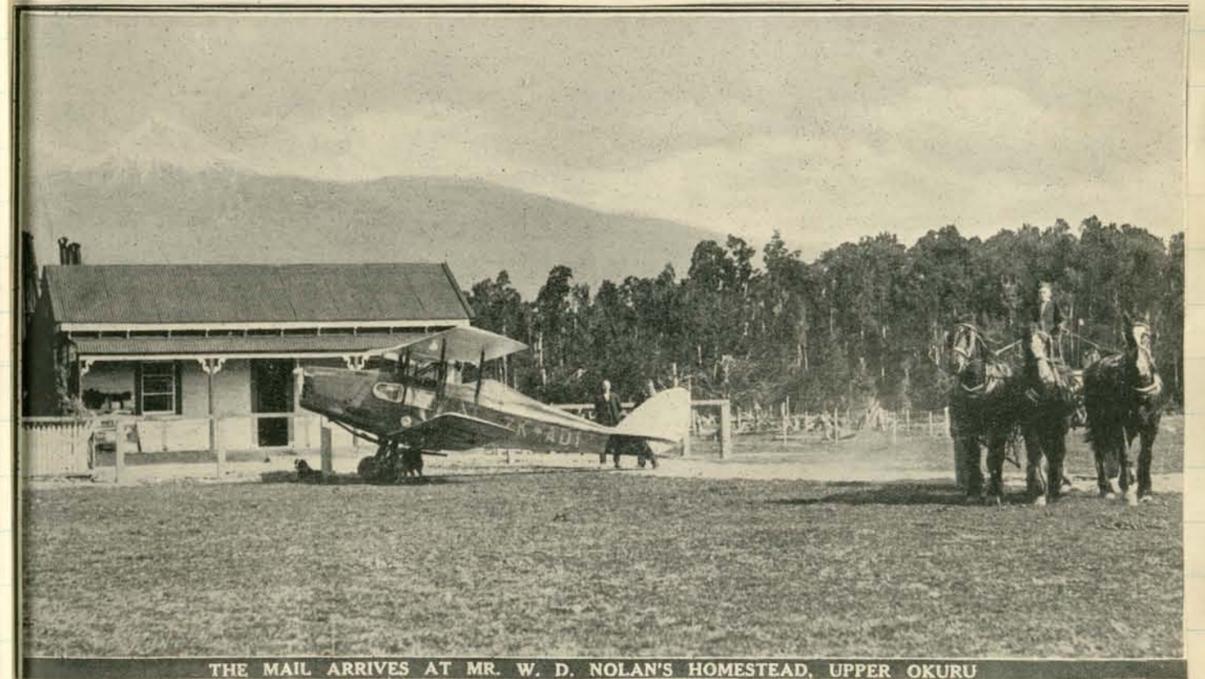
A LONELY BUSH HOME IN THE SOUTH OF WESTLAND NEAR MUSSELL BEACH



THE AEROPLANE DEPARTS FROM MR. J. CRON'S HOMESTEAD, HAAST, FOR THE SOUTH



PICKING DAFFODILS ON THE LANDING GROUND AT MUSSELL BEACH



THE MAIL ARRIVES AT MR. W. D. NOLAN'S HOMESTEAD, UPPER OKURU



READY TO TAKE A PASSENGER FROM BRUCE BAY



A NEW LANDING GROUND AT MUSSELL BEACH

IN common with other countries, New Zealand has found the benefit of aeroplane transport in serving isolated settlements. Perhaps the most striking instance is the service commenced last December to the south from Hokitika, as far as Okuru, about 200 miles distant. Road communication does not go any further than Weheka, just over 100 miles south of Hokitika. Settlers beyond had to rely on packhorse mail, once a fortnight, weather and rivers permitting, and a steamer freight service once every two months. Now the mail is carried on an unsubsidised aerial service once a week, while the aeroplane flies down almost daily with passengers.

The settlers have not been slow in recognising the value of these modern facilities. Probably they are the most "air-minded" people in New Zealand. Where it is not convenient for the aeroplane to land on the many miles of beach along the coastline, runways at homesteads have landing grounds, which bring the aeroplane right to their front and back doors respectively. It is to the enterprise of Captain J. C. (Bert) Mercer, that the "Coasters" owe this service. For two years he planned the undertaking and visited the many points along the route; for it is tricky flying country in places. One has only to visit the Coast on a trip with him to discover the esteem in which he is held. He has proved that the aeroplane is invaluable in cases of backblock sickness, and many a sufferer in Westland has reason to be grateful for its coming. Where it previously took days to reach a patient, doctors can now reach him in an hour or so. At Bruce Bay a bushman cut his foot badly. The aeroplane was on its way south with the mails when it was intercepted. A landing was made on a near-by beach, the patient was placed aboard and within two and a-half hours of the accident occurring, he was in the hospital at Hokitika.

Beachcombers find the aeroplane a convenient method of shifting from claim to claim. All along the coast are miners' shacks, hidden in the scrub bordering the beach. Fresh meat and vegetables are dropped to them. Even butter has been dropped with safety. With their black-sanding equipment they go by aeroplane a few miles down the coast to try new beaches. A signal or a smoke fire will bring the machine down, when the tide is suitable. Gold is quite a common part of the freight to Hokitika.

All kinds of machinery and implements are taken by air down the Coast, and musters, stalkers and mountaineers are taken to huts in the valleys. Bolts are being transported for a new bridge over the Hapuka River at Okuru at the present time. Dogs and ducks have been among the live cargo taken down the Westland coast.

Many of the children in far Westland have never seen a railway train but now are quite familiar with the aeroplane. Those settlers who have children at school in Christchurch and Dunedin are able to have them home for their vacations much longer than was previously possible. It used to take five days, providing the weather was fair, for the journey from Christchurch to the far settlements of Westland—by train, bus and horseback. Today the journey is accomplished in three hours. Recently some children brought the evening paper home with them from Christchurch. South of Weheka—past where the road ends—the mail aeroplane droning overhead is the signal for a member of the family or one of a goldmining party to go out, for the pilot never fails to drop the daily paper, which bears the imprint, "delivered by air."

Hero of the Children

Captain Mercer has become the hero of all the small children along the route. He is a regular flying "Father Christmas" to them; never failing to produce from the cockpit some form of sweet. To the grown-ups he is a flying "good Samaritan" with his many kind gestures, such as bringing medicine to the sick. He has endeared himself to all the people of the Coast, as I found out for myself when making a journey with him recently.

Friday, the thirteenth, was certainly not my unlucky day. It broke beautifully fine. About 9.30 a.m. the orange aeroplane came sweeping over the Fox Glacier Hostel. Down at the landing ground were a Reverend Mother and three sisters, who, attracted by the noise of the engine, had come to see the machine. After spending a few moments while two of the sisters sat in the cabin, "to see what it felt like," we took off. Climbing steadily to the main divide ahead, the machine was

soon in the valley of the Fox. Dwarfed by the mountains around, the glacier lay below, resembling a portion of a huge iced cake, but in reality was a great, glittering ice stream some nine and a-half miles long with a drop of 9000 feet in that distance. We were now over the middle ice fall with its great pinnacles shining deep blue in the early morning sunlight. Only the previous day I had laboriously climbed among these pinnacles, the trip taking some five hours. Here we were now above them in ten minutes! Higher and higher the Fox Moth rose, until we were on top of the world at eleven thousand feet, all around us being the mighty sentinels of the Southern Alps.

Soft-looking, billowy clouds appeared from nowhere and lent further enchantment to the scene. As we moved along at 100 miles an hour the clouds played hide and seek among the peaks. Ahead of us were the unusual glaciers on Mount Hooker. The two glaciers on this peak, which has only once been conquered by men, resemble a huge white cross as they cross each other

on their journey down the steep, rocky face of Hooker.

Soon we were to view one of the most awe-inspiring sights of the journey, for below us appeared mighty precipices which fell sheer for thousands of feet. An indescribable scene presented itself, as row after row of these jagged precipices came into view. We were now above the most topsyturvy part of New Zealand. Our little machine, with its engine functioning perfectly, climbed even higher and we were at a safe height above this inhospitable country. Over Hooker we looked down on a small lake with a glacier running into it. It is reputed to be the only lake with a feeding

glacier in New Zealand. Away to the left were the snow-capped ridges of Otago, while in a direct line ahead, was the "Matterhorn" of Aspiring, the highest peak in Otago.

The Landsborough Valley with its fertile tussock flat and shining river was now in front of us, while the Haast River connecting Otago with Westland, appeared in view at the head. With the engine just idling we commenced to descend. Down, down, leaving the snowfields behind, bush-clad slopes took the place of mountain peaks. We were above a huge natural park. The Landsborough River flowed lazily along the floor of the valley, clumps of trees here and there heightened the park-like appearance. On the flats were small circles for all the world like laid-out flower beds, which were the places where small pools of water had lain and caused growth to be more advanced than in others. Cattle, grazing peacefully, took little notice of the descending aeroplane.

The machine was brought to a graceful landing between two rows of rocks,

which marked a safe landing area. The previous season parties of mountaineers and stalkers had been brought to this spot by aeroplane, being able to reach it within an hour and in addition being able to go aloft and survey the country for likely hunting grounds and routes to the various peaks. After taking down a tent which had been used by some musters we stowed it in the cabin and once again taking the air, made our way down the Landsborough to the Haast.

To describe the beauty of a flight down the Haast would be impossible. It is one place in which the natural colour photographer would find superb subjects. All the way through the

valley, hundreds and hundreds of paradise ducks rose from the river. The almost white stones of the river bed shimmered in the noonday sun while the exquisite blue waters, crystal clear, flowed lazily 50 feet beneath the on-rushing aeroplane.

Bush-clad slopes with occasional peeps of snow-covered peaks were on each side and rose to thousands of feet. Now and again the aeroplane circled over some still limped pool. So unruffled were the winding waters of the Haast, that it appeared as if someone had drawn a huge brush of blue paint over the smooth stones of the river bed.

Waterfalls, some dancing over rocks from the high slopes, others dropping over sheer precipices in bridal-veil effect, added to the entrancing panorama.

Emerging from the valley we were on the sea coast. As far as the eye could see stretched miles and miles of flat country covered with white and red pine. Civilisation too! A house appeared, and, low and behold, a two-way landing runway right at the rear of it! Down again to a graceful landing, to be met by a family, the members of which have lived there all their lives. They are air-minded too, for the son of the family is a Canterbury Aero Club pilot and it is due to his enthusi-

asm that stumps have been cleared and a ground fit for the use of any light aeroplane has been made. Until the aeroplane service started last December, it took these people five days to reach Christchurch!

We continued the flight down the coastline. A lone figure waving from the beach attracted Captain Mercer's attention and the machine was turned and brought down on the smooth beach. A be-whiskered man, still in his twenties, came toward us and with a "Good-day, Captain," he produced two cog wheels which had been stripped. He was a beachcomber and had just installed a water pump which had been delivered by aeroplane two days previously. Something had gone wrong and the part produced had broken.

The next landing was at Okuru, this time in front of the homestead of Mr. Nolan, who is another pioneer of Westland, and has just built a whitebait factory. The rivers in the far south teem with these delectable small fish. The tinned whitebait is shipped to Sydney, a small boat calling at Okuru once every two months. Again I was to listen to the great benefits derived from the advent of the flying machine. It had proved a saviour in Mr. Nolan's case, as he had experienced a sudden attack of illness and was rushed to Hokitika within two hours. Mr. Nolan said the service also speeded up the arrival of THE WEEKLY NEWS.

We came down next at Mussell Beach landing ground. In the early days there was quite a large settlement here and the landing ground was formerly the racecourse. A good-sized machine could now get down here, the ground being approachable from all directions.

Golden Beaches

We now turned back up the Coast. Mile after mile over a golden beach at a speed of 100 miles an hour the machine skimmed the breakers as they crashed in an unending line on the shore. Occasionally we would pass over small lagoons at the back of the beach where teal, duck and swan sat on the still waters. Most of the feathered flock were used to the roar of the aeroplane and did no more than look at us as we flew by. Huts hidden among the bushes were occupied by beachcombers, who waved to us as we passed swiftly overhead. Ahead of us, north of the Haast Beach, lay the rugged coastline out from Paringa. The machine rose now to several hundred feet and we looked down on to innumerable golden beaches. Bay after bay, resembling huge scallops in the cliffs, made a striking picture. The blue waters of the Tasman never looked more tranquil, and lazy breakers left a wake of white as they turned over on the sheltered beaches.

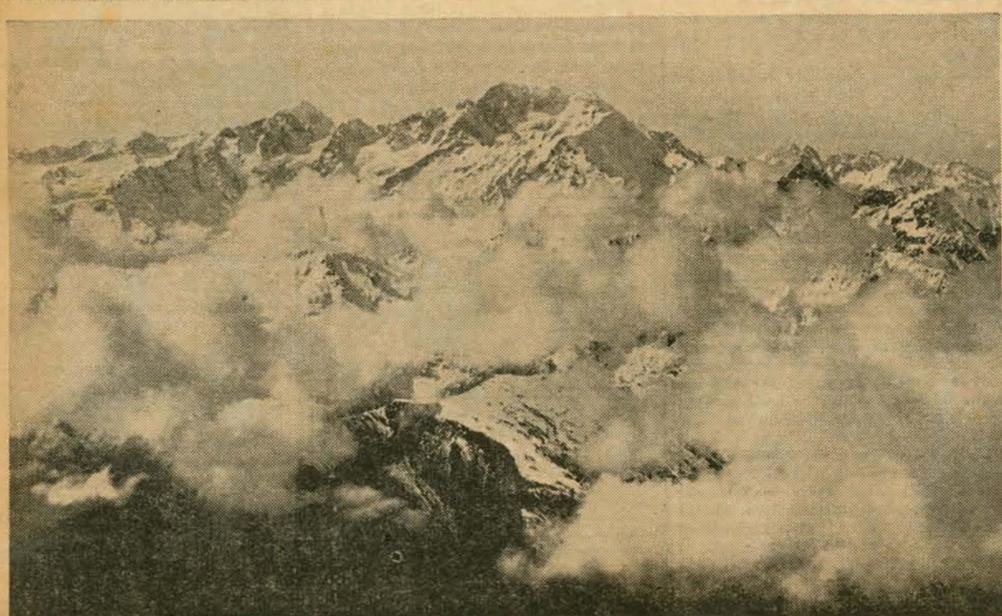
Immediately ahead and out to sea a small speck on the ocean proved to be the Government steamer Matai making for Bruce Bay to drop three pedigree Herefords from Waimahaka, in Southland. We flew out and circled over the steamer, the glistening white hull shining brilliantly in the late afternoon sun, and we could see the crew busy on the deck preparing to lower boats over the side. After circling several times we made back to the coastline and landed on a secluded beach at the mouth of the Paringa River. We were in idyllic surroundings. A clear stream flowed over the gravel a few yards away, while the sun shone through the trees bordering the opposite bank and sparkled on the swift-flowing waters—a paradise for the trout fishermen, as are all the streams in far Westland.

Taking off, the gravel crunching under the running wheels, we rose and landed, within five minutes, on the beach at Bruce Bay. Dogs, dozens of them, scampered round, while Maori children came out and greeted us. Situated here was the first of the mills to commence operations in South Westland to work the white pine. The place was a hive of activity.

Over Kairangarua, past the Copeland Valley—the pass to the Hermitage—the peaks of Cook and Tasman again came into view. The sun was setting over the sea horizon in a blaze of red—sinking into the calm waters of the Tasman. The Fox Glacier was a deep shade of pink. Slowly the evening shadow crept up the ice fall until only the peak of Cook caught the dying rays. The journey was at an end. I had seen and gloried in "unknown New Zealand."



VARIED CARGO: A gold-seeker hands Captain Mercer a portion of machinery for delivery at Hokitika.



THE GRANDEUR OF THE SCENERY along the aerial route is typified by this view of Mounts Cook (right) and Tasman, taken by the author on his recent trip with Captain Mercer.

See map p. 160

101

4/11/35

Cochran's from letter of Jack Cox about time 10 hours ago

Arawata River for aeroplane landing on Williamson flat.

Returned from the Arawata River last Wednesday when I proceeded there the 10 hours ago etc. to the Williamson Flats. I took one of the boys from here & with the air pilot's assistance he returned to our old camp of February (Feb 23 1935 see p 77) he spent two days packing the last material to the site (ie Capt. Mercer's material mostly taken down Feb. 1935) & then set off for a landing ground in Williamson's flats. Capt. Mercer was too busy to come with us, so we went there without him - were back. He never saw Smith's base & only then, it being necessary to find there, he found the river when he coiled the killy the day we were remembering (March 1 p. 78) he picked up Arawata Bill's blaze on the other side, it was well & run but I managed to follow it completely. He passed most of his dry rock camps, each containing a lot of his & old mining gear & reached the Williamson River at 2 pm. Found the river again in hope of finding a good ground but it was unsuitable so in this the second gorge of the Williamson flat - which he reached quite early the following day. The trip could be made in one day & the track cleared up & it. However exploring it 1000 acres was much a big job. But after some heavy operations I saw & rubber work he managed to reach a perfect landing ground at the head (?) of the Arawata & the Poi River. Worked it all etc. Then he discovered another one as smooth as a billiard table so he worked it out. Mt. Tania is a picture from here."

**FIRST ASCENT OF
UNNAMED PEAK**

**WATAROA RIVER VALLEY
IN SOUTH WESTLAND**

**UNMAPPED GLACIERS
TRAVERSED**

The first ascent of an unnamed peak at the head of the Wataroa river valley, South Westland, and the traversing of two unnamed glaciers were accomplished in the New Year holidays by a small party, Messrs M. Sweney and D. V. Apperley, of the Canterbury Mountaineering Club, and W. Barrowman, a goldminer, who guided the party over some of the journey.

The Whymper Glacier, which lies to the head of the Wataroa river, and which was first traversed in 1897 by Messrs Ross and Fyfe, was the main objective of the party; but as no topographical survey had been made of the adjacent valley of the South Buller stream, a little exploration work was undertaken.

On Boxing Day the party left Wataroa township for a camp on Scott's beach, eight miles up the river.

Heavy rain on December 27 and 28 delayed the start of the party; but on December 29 good progress was made up the left bank of the river to a miner's cage which enabled the party to cross. On the opposite bank the party found better travelling conditions.

A mineral spring pouring out a stream of hot water from the base of some rocks proved an interesting sight to the party. The air was heavy with the odour peculiar to thermal springs, while the sand nearby was covered with a yellow deposit of sulphur.

In many places where the dense bush reached the water's edge a blazed trail had to be made, and the party did not reach the Whymper Glacier until December 31, after three days of heavy swagging.

A camp was made on a small flat just south of the terminal face, from which the party obtained some excellent photographs of the glacier and the surrounding virgin peaks of the Callery Range.

The Whymper Glacier

The Whymper Glacier, which is about four miles in length and half a mile wide, has its neve under the Hockstetter dome, while hanging glaciers off the Whymper saddle, Elle de Beaumont, and the Callery Range fall away to the glacier below. Although the Wataroa river issues from the clear ice, the glacier is moraine covered, and, like most New Zealand glaciers, is receding fast.

On January 1 the party left the terminal face camp for an unmapped valley, which promised to give access to the main divide between Mount Mannering and Mount Brodrick. This valley, which was apparently free of deer and chamois, was white with flowering mountain lilies. Near its head, under Mount Mannering, a small lake, with floating masses of ice on the surface, was passed.

By travelling up a glacier which gives rise to the lake, the party reached a rock and snow couloir which led to the summit of the range.

Dense fog restricted the view; but Classen Glacier could be seen through the periodical breaks in the mist. This the party did not visit because of the tedium of a descent down the steep face under Mount Mannering.

Ascent of 7500ft Peak

A fine unclimbed rock peak, some 7500 feet high, at the head of the South Buller Range, between the main divide and the Wataroa river, was ascended on January 2.

From a high camp in a basin under the peak an unnamed glacier was traversed to its head, allowing the climbers to reach a low col under the summit. The main leading ridge was narrow and broken; but by descending to the rock slabs on the face of the peak the party made travelling possible by making use of many rocks, cracks, and hand-holds. On the northern side of the peak there was a vertical drop of about 2000 feet into the South Buller stream.

The summit of the peak was reached about 1 p.m. A cairn was built, and the descent was started immediately. The surrounding Godley Peaks were covered with mists; but photographs were taken of some fine unclimbed peaks in the region.

Subject to the approval of the Geographical Board the party intend to call the peak Mount Barrowman, and the glacier which flows off the mountain Barrowman Glacier.

On January 3 the party started the return trip down the river. The journey from the ice to Scott's camp was accomplished in one day.

Many excellent photographs of this region were obtained for the first time, while the information gained will be of the greatest value in preparing a map of this unsurveyed region.

3rd Crest from N.W.

**MOUNT LA PEROUSE
CLIMBED**

**THREE VIRGIN PEAKS
TRAVERSED**

**ONE MEMBER OF PARTY
INJURED**

An ascent of Mount La Perouse (10,101 feet), the first traverse of the south branch of La Perouse glacier, and traverses of three virgin peaks on the Balfour Range, have been achieved, in a three weeks' expedition to the head of the Cook river, by a party comprising Messrs A. J. Scott (Christchurch), who was injured during the trip, R. S. Dick (Oamaru), and D. H. Lewis (Dunedin).

The party left Weheka on December 18 and established their base under a big boulder near Gulch Creek four days later. A high camp was made on La Perouse glacier above the first ice-fall at 6000 feet. On December 24 an attempt was made to reach the main divide north of Mount Dampier (11,323 feet). The summit rocks of Dampier were reached after a 10-hours climb; but a high wind made the party turn back at a height of 10,600 feet. The result of the day's work suggested that there was no easy access to Mount Dampier from the west.

Three Attempts at Ascent

During the following week, on four evenings, the party bivouacked high up on a spur of Mount La Perouse; but on three mornings unfavourable weather caused a return to the base. January 1 was, however, gloriously fine, and a successful ascent was made by the route of the two previous climbs from Westland. The party spent an hour on the summit admiring the impressive bulk of Mount Cook, the nearest peak.

Injured by Flying Rock

The descent was made down the snow couloir on the western face. A little below the 8000 feet level flying rock struck Mr Scott, making his right arm useless; but a return to the base was made without undue difficulty. As Mr Scott would not be able either to climb again or to begin the outward journey for a few days, the other

two members of the party went to a high bivouac on La Perouse glacier. On January 3 they climbed a peak on the Balfour Range west of the only mountain (Point A) on the range which had previously been climbed. In a long day of 18 hours they continued along the range and traversed the next two peaks.

Bad weather intervened, and on Thursday, January 6, the party struck camp and began the homeward trip down the valley to the Main South road. The journey took two days.

Injured Man Attended

At Weheka, by a coincidence, Dr. Foote, of Westport, had stopped. Mr Scott's injury was found to be a fractured bone in the elbow. Later, Dr. Bird, of Greymouth, devised a temporary splint from a biscuit tin.

Floods made it necessary for the party to remain at Weheka; but on Sunday Captain Mercer was able to bring an aeroplane from Waiho, and yesterday Mr Scott flew from Waiho to Greymouth, returning to Christchurch last night.

*Two Climbers
Healed
Jan 11 1938*

*He descended & then in
1906
See the Second Ascent
Heir Couloir was clear of
Snow & the descent of
the same route to the
Ascent*

LADIES' ALPINE CLUB.

Hon. Secretary:
Miss R. HALE,
Cranbourne,
Cobham,
Surrey.
Tel.: Cobham 88.

Hon. Treasurer:
Mrs. P. ROBINSON,
33, Hanover House,
Regents Park,
N.W.1.

April 29th

Dear Canon Hewton

I must apologise for not having written sooner to thank you for your kindness in coming to lecture to us last Thursday, but I left home for Wales before 7 next morning & only got back yesterday evening.

We hope that you will feel that the measure of our pleasure was some reward for your trouble, for I can assure you that we were all very interested in what you had to tell us, & enjoyed every minute of the time.

LEND RIA
I NRDAI AND
NIRDA
DIRNA

The member you refer to in your letter was, I think, Mrs Edgar Cone (née Greta Stevenson) & her address is 33. Redcliffe Gardens, S.W.10. She was sitting next to me during the lecture & was talking to you when I said good-bye; also she came to us from New Zealand.

Again with many thanks

yours sincerely

Ruth Hale

hon. secretary



FAMOUS ALPINISTS.—Three of the most prominent alpinists in the South Island photographed at the Franz Josef Glacier Hotel. From left: Dr. Teichleman, of Hokitika, with Guides Peter Graham (who is leaving for England this week) and Alec Graham.

EARLY WESTLAND

TOURIST RESORT DEVELOPMENT

If any one man more than another has contributed to the development of the West Coast, and Westland in particular, as a tourist resort, it was Mr G. J. Roberts, Commissioner of Crown Lands for this district from 1902 to 1909. He was instrumental in bringing out the Westland section of a Government publication, "Tours and excursions in New Zealand."

He took the tourist from Christchurch over the Oira Gorge to Hokitika, and from there on as far as Jackson's Bay, describing the scenery as he went along. The pamphlets contained numerous illustrations of the lakes, mountains, glaciers and forest scenery, which, at that time, were very difficult of access. Now, however, thanks to the great advancement of transport service—motor-car, train, and aeroplane, and the amenities resulting from settlement, it is easy of approach.

In these early days the Southern mountains and glaciers were visited principally by scientists and explorers, and a few daring mountaineers. This of course, was apart from the prospector, who was to be found now and again in the most out-of-the-way and almost inaccessible places.

Mr Roberts was instrumental in getting iron huts erected at the terminal faces of the Franz Josef and Fox Glaciers for the convenience of the mountaineer tourist, and it was not until much later that accommodation was provided.

In 1899 a party of three, two Englishmen and an Australian, engaged Mr P. Graham and Mr Arthur Woodham to prospect the Callery Valley for gold reefs. They joined the prospectors in their search, and although unsuccessful in finding reefs of any importance, they succumbed to the lure of the mountains.

Year after year they visited the alpine regions for alpine work, or exploration, accompanied by one or both the Grahams who enjoyed these expeditions equally as much as did the other three.

Thus it came about that Messrs Peter and Alex Graham assumed the roles of alpine guides, and eventually took over the (then) small accommodation house at the Waiho, three rooms built of fern logs since which they have developed it into one of the principal tourist resorts in New Zealand.

It will therefore be seen that from small beginnings an evergrowing industry has been created, the south road ever extending south, and wayside accommodation houses, growing up for the convenience of travellers.

The next major development was the construction of the Hostel at Weheka built for the Sullivan brothers and which enjoys equal popularity as a tourist resort with its neighbour the Franz Josef Hostel.

These are not simply country accommodation houses, but are commodious mansions, with all modern appointments and comforts, comparing favourably with first class hotels in the cities.

The fame of South Westland has been bruited abroad, and overseas tourists are among the regular visitors. This district with its varied scenic wealth is ever-increasing in its popularity, and apart from proving an irresistible attraction itself, provides a wonderful climax to a motor tour through the glorious West Coast from the northern centres of the South Island.

An important part in this district's development was also played by the late Mr. C. Douglas, accompanied by Mr A. P. Harper, whose labours and observations have been recorded by the Westland Survey Department records which have proved of inestimable value to those who subsequently visited this region for high alpine work.

Among those noted for their alpine exploits in the early days are Dr. E. Teichelmann, and Canon Newton, formerly of Ross, who was recently a visitor here from the Old Country.

Joining the staff of James Chesney and Coy., merchants, as a junior clerk, Mr Ritchie spent two years here. At that time the firm became shipping agents for nearly half the sailing vessels entering Hokitika, carrying mixed general cargoes, from Melbourne, Sydney, and Tasmania. It was Mr Ritchie's work in the office to enter the vessels at the Customs Office after making out the manifests from the bills of lading. The Collector was Mr E. Patten, who was also the local body auditor, when local government took shape.

Among the incidents recalled, Mr Ritchie remembers when Sullivan of the Burgess, Levy and Kelly gang of bush rangers, was brought to Hokitika. A great crowd was at the wharf thinking the prisoner would be brought there, but he had been landed at the South Spit, where the flag-staff was situated at the time. That was done to avoid the crowd. Sullivan was taken in a cart with a police escort along the beach, there being two mounted constables with drawn swords leading the way. The Police Camp (as then called) was near where the Drill Hall is now, and the prisoner was driven off the beach by way of the old Empire Hotel right-o'-waw. The crowd endeavoured to rush the dray, and the police had their work to keep the menacing crowd back.

AN EARLY PIONEER

Mr Ritchie also recalls a racing experience. He was present at the first race meeting at Clapcott's paddock, January 1, 1867. He remembers Mr Cassidy's grey horse Archy winning the Packer's Purse. The race was run in heats over a distance of three quarters of a mile, weight for age. Archy was beaten the first heat, but won the two succeeding heats and the race.

During the years between, Mr Ritchie fulfilled the work of a worthy pioneer. He went to South Westland, and was established at Jacobs river where there was a Maori settlement. He became the friend of the natives and was much trusted by them. Mr Ritchie was the local shopkeeper, postmaster, and later appointed a Justice of the Peace. The Bruce Bay district owes much to Mr Ritchie's advocacy of the wants of the people. In later years he was a member of the Westland County Council and his knowledge of the south country was very valuable. On returning to Hokitika, he took an active interest in local affairs, and now spends the evening of his days in the southern district where so many years of a busy and active life were passed.

Mr Ritchie was among the early arrivals, coming to Hokitika in 1865. He was a passenger to the Hokitika roadstead in the s.s. Lady Darling, arriving November 9, from Dunedin, after a record stormy trip. The s.s. Bruce brought the passengers over the bar into the river. The trip was the following one to the drowning fatalities when eager passengers from the Lady Darling, attempted to cross the bar in an open boat, which was swamped and six souls lost.

Mr Ritchie also recalls a racing experience. He was present at the first race meeting at Clapcott's paddock, January 1, 1867. He remembers Mr Cassidy's grey horse Archy winning the Packer's Purse. The race was run in heats over a distance of three quarters of a mile, weight for age. Archy was beaten the first heat, but won the two succeeding heats and the race.

During the years between, Mr Ritchie fulfilled the work of a worthy pioneer. He went to South Westland, and was established at Jacobs river where there was a Maori settlement. He became the friend of the natives and was much trusted by them. Mr Ritchie was the local shopkeeper, postmaster, and later appointed a Justice of the Peace. The Bruce Bay district owes much to Mr Ritchie's advocacy of the wants of the people. In later years he was a member of the Westland County Council and his knowledge of the south country was very valuable. On returning to Hokitika, he took an active interest in local affairs, and now spends the evening of his days in the southern district where so many years of a busy and active life were passed.

Mr Ritchie also recalls a racing experience. He was present at the first race meeting at Clapcott's paddock, January 1, 1867. He remembers Mr Cassidy's grey horse Archy winning the Packer's Purse. The race was run in heats over a distance of three quarters of a mile, weight for age. Archy was beaten the first heat, but won the two succeeding heats and the race.

During the years between, Mr Ritchie fulfilled the work of a worthy pioneer. He went to South Westland, and was established at Jacobs river where there was a Maori settlement. He became the friend of the natives and was much trusted by them. Mr Ritchie was the local shopkeeper, postmaster, and later appointed a Justice of the Peace. The Bruce Bay district owes much to Mr Ritchie's advocacy of the wants of the people. In later years he was a member of the Westland County Council and his knowledge of the south country was very valuable. On returning to Hokitika, he took an active interest in local affairs, and now spends the evening of his days in the southern district where so many years of a busy and active life were passed.

J. Ritchie died July 1935

pp. 127-134

Hokitika Jubilee (1860-1935)

Mr Ch. A. Owen & Hokitika Garden

127

OKARITO AND DISTRICT

THE BUSY DAYS OF SOUTH WESTLAND RECALLED.

A GREAT FUTURE UNDOUBTEDLY IN STORE.

(Contributed by Jas. Donovan, Esq.)

As the time for the Hokitika jubilee (70 years) is fast approaching, it is interesting to review some of the principal events that occurred in that period, 1865, when the great gold rush took place in the northern portion of Westland. In the first few months of that year parties of miners made their way from Hokitika along the sea coast through South Westland searching the rivers, creeks and terraces for gold.

These miners came mostly from the Australian and Otago goldfields, and were accustomed to the rough coarse gold found inland. Consequently they at first walked over the golden sands on the sea beaches. This gold, being fine did not appeal to them. For instance, McDonald's Creek, about nine miles inland from Okarito, was worked (despite all difficulties in reaching that location) before gold was discovered on the Five Mile beach, thus called on account of its distance from Okarito.

With regard to the last named locality I cannot do better than quote the following from the "Golden Coast," a book written by R. C. Reid, well-known in the early days. He says: "We started from Hokitika in the Steamer 'Bruce' on either her first or second trip to that reported 'Eldorado.' Mr R. C. Reid took with him £1000 in notes to buy gold for the Union Bank, Hokitika, and, not telling anyone of his mission made straight to the heart of the diggings, the Five Mile, where he found no difficulty in meeting with a couple of customers for his Bank notes in exchange for gold dust at £3 10s to £3 10s 6d per ounce, making a profit of 2s 6d per ounce.

Mr Reid decided on making a second trip with a double allowance of cash. As showing how fortunate some of the miners were on the Five Mile beach he accosted four of a party asking if they had any gold to sell. After consulting together, one of the party inquired: "How much money have you, mate?" Thinking he had enough to buy any single parcel of gold on the field, replied: "As much as you require." In this he was mistaken for on reaching the tent they presented a couple of billies both nearly brim full of the finest gold dust, and said that was the result of six weeks' work. When weighed Mr Reid found he was short of £100 or more to purchase the lot.

He says that any one who had the good fortune to get a claim on the Five Mile beach at Okarito at the end of 1865 or early in 1866 was safe for a "rich patch." The returns met with in some instances were positively fabulous, and it is not to be wondered that some diggers who toiled previously for years for mere tucker were so startled at their luck on this beach that they gave way at times to the wildest extravagance and riot.

The steamer Bruce was bringing up to Hokitika 3000 to 4000 ozs. every trip. Mr Reid says: "I knew of one party who sent 7000 ozs on their own account. That heavier gold must be distributed inland from those golden benches, with no niggard hand, and will be discovered some day when better facilities are offered for prospecting, was Mr Reid's opinion and this stands good to-day.

It is not known who first discovered and worked the Five Mile beach, but to verify my first statement, a well-known South Westland miner, now dead, informed me that his party went south to Paringa and when going and returning they camped on the Five Mile beach, and passed on, not knowing of the rich gold and they walked over.

The Okarito River at that period had its course just in front of the present street where the mooring piers are still to be seen. The river hugged the Terrace under the lee of the Three Mile Bluff and entered the sea at the present flag-staff from a large lagoon five miles in length and about three miles wide, and having a good entrance.

The rush of the tide inward filled this large lagoon and the outward scour kept a good and deep channel. Vessels came to Okarito from all parts of New Zealand and from Australia direct. With all this shipping in the early days, only one vessel, the "Rambler," was lost. Even as late as February 10, 1872, Captain Thompson, harbour master, reports the arrival of a fine topsail schooner the "Lizzie Guy" eight days from Melbourne direct with a cargo of 130 tons consigned to Mace and Canavan the well-known Okarito storekeepers. The vessel sailed in over the bar in good style and discharged her cargo.

The Town of Okarito streets and sections were laid out in a thorough system consequently the "Strand" the front street, is as straight as an arrow. The town at its height had a population of 5000 but in about a year the population fell rapidly. The easily got gold on the beaches was soon worked, and rushes to other parts of Westland attracted the miners. But Okarito was the port and distributing centre of a district extending from Gillespies in the south to Saltwater Beach and in the north, of which the intervening localities, Moonlight, Sandly, Waikunuku, Omerau, Waiho, McDonnell's Creek, The Forks, North Beach, and Wataroa were mining centres.

The town had its harbour master's residence, signal station, Resident Magistrate's dwelling, court house, police station, Land and Survey Office, Customs and bonded stores, about 26 hotels, theatre (Sheehan's), a newspaper, two banks and several

Houses were built for the most part large buildings for merchandise. of Oregon and Baltic pine with iron roofs, Okarito had a road board for a short period during the seventies, but always had representation in the Westland County Council in the early days.

The following were some of the resident members:—Messrs R. Canavan, Jas Wilson, R. Donovan, and Jas. McGoldrick. It was on the North Beach, Okarito, that Mr McKay completed the purchase of lands in Westland from the Maoris in that locality for £300, in May 1860.

Old identities will remember some of the following prominent citizens:—Mace and Canavan, McFetrick and Co., general merchants; Friend and Co., butchers; Mr Price, resident magistrate and warden; F. Bird, Izzard, Collector of Customs; Captains Hearn and Thompson, harbour-masters, S. Barry, Jas S. Benyon, Joseph Burrough, Jas. Wilson, Edward Ryan, P. Adamson and the late Wm. Patrick.

In 1880, Okarito was only a skeleton of its former self, but the discovery of gold at Mapourika gave a new lease of life to the town. Some miners arrived, and that locality held a fair population for many years.

The Okarito river changed its course, the entrance being near the flag staff, and under the protection of the bluff became sanded up. The mouth shifting north more out on the open beach was repeatedly blocked, and steamers had great difficulty in entering, being often held or imprisoned within for weeks. Supplies used to run short, and the district suffered a severe handicap.

From the early nineties until 1910 great efforts were made to work up a timber and flax trade. In 1906 three flaxmills were operating, but owing to the bad state of the entrance steamers were held up and eventually all enterprise in this direction had to be given up.

Strong representations were made to the Government, asking for harbour improvement but this failed, although the late Mr R. J. Seddon fully realised the resources of the district, and the importance of improving the harbour. He had a survey under way when he died and had he lived a few years longer, the harbour would probably have been an accomplished fact. What a great difference this would have made to central Westland. However, by 1926 Okarito had almost become like Goldsmith's deserted village.

It was then that Mr R. T. Stewart pegged out the Five Mile Beach and began boring operations after thoroughly prospecting, and becoming satisfied with results, he decided to put

on a dredge, but was faced with great difficulties. Shipping to Okarito had ceased, and the roads and tracks were in a bad state. Notwithstanding all this, Mr R. T. Stewart was determined and despite all obstacles and to his credit he did succeed not only in erecting the dredge, but in devising a machine that did the work and saved the fine gold. This dredge is successful and will continue to win good returns for many years.

Okarito is again reviving. The price of gold has brought many into the district, and the search and recovery of the precious metal is giving employment to a number of men. With better facilities for importing mining machinery, I venture to say that the Five Mile dredge is just the fore runner of other successful dredges in this district.

During the last twenty years the Government has improved the main south road from Ross to Weheka, erected bridges over nearly all creeks and rivers, and as a result of better access, and quick transport, settlement is advancing rapidly. That very fine district of Wataroa almost doubled its population last year.

This improved road access should be pushed on south to Bruce Bay without unnecessary delay. If this were done, with the big timber milling industry now being started in that district, people would be astonished to see how rapidly that portion of south Westland would advance. Travellers along the main south road have but little idea of the valuable country between that road and the sea coast, but the country mentioned can only be developed by a good safe harbour.

Persons from other parts of the Dominion have been spying out the land, and marine engineers, after thorough investigation, are satisfied a harbour as above mentioned can be made at Okarito. Consequently a company is now at work on its construction.

There are great forests of timber in the immediate vicinity of Okarito. The Forestry Department after a survey, estimates 1500,000,000 feet of milling timber on their reserves adjacent to the port of Okarito, while there are some 500,000,000 feet on private property. There are some great stands of white pine mostly on very good land.

When the port is opened for shipping again, the district, with its wealth of timber, flax, gold and other minerals, and its lovely unspoiled scenery will have a great future. Okarito will, not to-day or to-morrow, but in time, in my opinion, once again be the principal port and distributing town for Central Westland.

GLACIER REGIONS

WONDERLAND OF SNOW AND ICE.

"Hoary summits clear and sharp in the distance; drifting expanses swooping down in white curves; milk-white folds overlapping chalk-like crevasses; the quivering ice wash of the hidden hollow, a huge white pillow heaving high; next turquoise clefts, powdered steps; headlong descents of cobalt; zig-zags of emerald and white, outlined by indigo ceptas; awesome crevasses; abysmal fissures; poised transparencies; translucent stairways; and blue chasms full of reflecting light." Thus a writer in praise of the southern Glaciers.

Approximately 100 miles south of Hokitika, there are two rivers of ice, the Franz Josef and Fox Glaciers. These are recognised as the fastest moving and lowest lying inland glaciers in the world. Surrounded by tropical forest, hot springs, rivers and lakes of remarkable beauty, the attraction of these Glaciers from a scenic point of view can hardly be surpassed anywhere on the globe.

Both these glaciers are easy of access. In fact, anyone who can ride or hike can get on to the ice. A very fine car-road has recently been finished, leading to within 300 yards of the terminal face of Fox Glacier.

At the heads of these two glaciers there is an area of approximately 12,000 acres of snow-field, possibly the finest summer and winter skiing ground in the temperate zone.

To illustrate the possibilities for skiing in this district, mention may be made of the 30 miles ski-run, undertaken last August. Starting from Chancellor Hut (4,500) on the Fox Glacier, the party proceeded to Pioneer Hut 8000ft high. The next day they ascended Governor Col (9200ft), the highest used pass in New Zealand, on the main divide north of Mt. Gray, at the head of the Fox Glacier, thence ascending by way of Haast Glacier to Tasman Glacier, making the de la Beche Hut the same evening. The return trip was made via Rudolf Glacier to Graham Saddle (8,765ft) thence cutting across the Franz Josef Glacier near to Newton Pass (8,000ft) on the Triad Ridge the line of demarcation between the basins of the Franz and Fox Glaciers.

The Pioneer Hut was reached that evening and the thirty miles trip was completed by the run down to Chancellor Hut the following day.

In these vast snow basins at the heads of these two glaciers almost unbroken by crevasses, even in summer there is unlimited opportunities for beginners and experts to indulge in the sport of skiing.

There are gentle, undulating slopes for beginners, and for the more experienced skiers there are stiffer slopes where ski jumps could be built, thus completing the attraction of this district as a winter playground.

Although the highest mountain is 12,349ft, a height which is considerably exceeded in some other countries, it must be remembered that our summer snow line is about 6,000ft, which is much lower than the line of perpetual snow in other countries.

Not far from the site of the bivouac used by the earlier pioneers in climbing on the West Coast, Dr Teichmann and the Rev. Canon Newton, there is now established a comfortable climbing hut on the Pioneer ridge at an altitude of 8,000ft. This marks it the highest hut in New Zealand.

Out of seventeen peaks in New Zealand exceeding 10,000ft in height, no fewer than seven can be climbed from this hut, as well as dozens of lower peaks, many over 9000ft.

Still further south of the glaciers mentioned, there lies a great expanse of mountainous country. Most of the rivers and glaciers and valleys in the south were investigated by the West Coast explorers, Charles Douglas and Arthur P. Harper over 45 ago. With

the exception of the well-known routes up the glorious Copland Valley, with its hot springs, to the Hermitage and over the Haast Pass to Lake Wanaka, this country is practically unknown. However, it affords great possibilities to enterprising trappers and climbers.

Both the Fox and Tasman Glaciers are becoming increasingly popular, as is shown by the increase in the number of overseas tourists each year. Some prominent visitors have given it as their opinion that neither loses anything in comparison with Switzerland and Italy, or with the American glacier attractions, while the gorgeous wealth of nature's loveliness to be seen on all sides is incomparable with anything they have seen.

1642-1864

TASMAN SIGHTED THE HOKITIKA

EARLY EXPLORATION OF THE COAST

PRIMITIVE MAORI SETTLEMENT IN THE 'FIFTIES

[By W.W.]

On December 13, 1642, two small boats, with high poops and forecastles, appeared off the mouth of the Hokitika river. In the Heemskirk and the Teehaen, Abel Jansen Tasman and his men had set out from Batavia to look for the great Southern Continent, and they were the first white men to sight Hokitika. Judging from his diary, which was lost for 200 years, and only printed by Swart in 1860, Tasman arrived on a West Coast dull day, and it is highly improbable that he saw the highest mountain in Westland which perpetuates his name through the centuries. The explorers saw no sign of life, or smoke to snow occupation, and passed on by Cape Foulwind, and Cape Farewell, to suffer a grievous loss of men who were killed by the Maoris in Golden Bay. Tasman did not land in New Zealand at all, and passed on by Three Kings island, out of our ken.

To most people 1642 is but a school-boys' date, but at that time the Dutch were pre-eminent on the sea, England taking second or third place. King Charles the First still had his head on his shoulders, being besieged in Oxford by the Parliamentarians. The Great Elector ruled in Prussia, Frederick the Great had not seen the light of day. Cardinal Richelieu was supreme in France. Shakespeare had been 26 years in his grave, and Milton had not written "Paradise Lost." The United States was sparsely populated with white men, there being only small settlements in Virginia and New York. These facts show that New Zealand has some little claim to antiquity.

Cook's Voyage

One hundred and twenty-eight years went by, and another great navigator glimpsed the Hokitika river and passed on. Captain James Cook, on his second voyage in March, 1770, came up the West Coast to Cape Farewell, and then across to Australia. He, too, was unfortunate in the weather, and records unflattering remarks about the appearance of the Coast. Sail along the fringe of the Tasman Sea in un-

prepossessing weather, and note how the flat foreshore is merged into the foothills. Certainly not the most attractive scenery. At this date George III. was King of England, and America was still an English colony.

The years rolled on, and there are no authentic records for 30 years and more. In the latter part of the eighteenth century many vessels sailing from Sydney to the sealing and whaling grounds about the Sounds must have passed by. In 1846 Thomas Brunner and Charles Heaphy were sent out by the Nelson Land Company to report on the country, and after many trials and hardships reached the Arahura, to find no Maoris at the place. Heaphy gives an account of his Magazine of October and November, travels in the New Zealand Monthly 1862, and after a description of the wild and rugged country proceeds as follows with an account of the native settlement at Taramakau.

Greenstone Workers

"At Taramakau, 18 miles from Kararoa (Karoro), we came upon the chief settlement of the Ngaterarua, or greenstone people, some 40 souls in all; and every man, woman and child indolently engaged in sawing, grinding, or polishing greenstone. Taramakau village was unlike any other native settlement in New Zealand; every house had a chimney, and there being no pigs or other neighbours, fences were unnecessary, and the taris and potatoes grew about and between the houses. That we had at length reached the veritable greenstone country was very evident. Outside the principal house, the chief of the place had laid by a slab of poenamou, out of which he was sawing a mere, when he came to welcome us.

"In another place an old man—too old to move out to meet us—chanted some sort of song of welcome, and kept up a sawing accompaniment. Little children ran about with small pieces of kawa kawa, and brought us smooth pebbles of it as presents; Heitiki—the uncouth figures with red sealing-wax eyes, that are worn hung round the neck, were receiving their last polish; and fragments of greenstone—odd knobs and rejected cross-grained pieces—were lying about the houses, and down the beach, in a way that would have made a Ngapuki crazy could he have beheld it.

"Along the whole extent of the West Coast—from Cape Farewell to Dusky Bay, this is the only Maori community. Some fugitive natives are occa-

sionally to be found about the Sounds south of Milford Haven, and the natives from Arahura make excursions to obtain a peculiar kind of greenstone from near Wakatipu, and may be occasionally seen at Jackson's Bay or Cascades, but there is no other regular village. The people are chiefly a remnant of the Nga-i-tau tribe that formerly occupied the country round Otago and Banks Peninsula, and extended over the island to the West Coast to work the greenstone. The Kauparaha and the Taranaki tribes, with their guns, scattered them in a series of bloody engagements on the East Coast, and afterwards, the Ngaitoa tribe, under other leaders, came down from Massacre Bay, by the coast track that we followed, and defeated them on the west side. But the sight of the poeuamu had a pacifying influence, and before long intermarriages took place; some of the Ngaitoa remaining at Taramakau, and others returning to Cook Strait with a tribute of greenstone meres."

Increased Interest

In 1847 Brunner again visited the Coast and went south to Hokitika and Okarito. In March, 1857, the brothers Cakes visited Hokitika in the Emerald Isle, coming up by Martin's Bay. The Shipping Register shows an Emerald Isle schooner of 29 tons, built in Auckland in 1854. In October, 1857, Leonard Harper, of Christchurch (whose son, Mr A. P. Harper, is now president of the New Zealand Alpine Club), in company with Mr Locke, came over the Hurunui Saddle with some Maoris. They rafted down the lower portion of the Taramakau, and Mr Harper, accompanied by the chief, Terapuhi, came to Hokitika and south as far as Big Bay Point. The trip took three months—a trip taken for pure love of adventure. The compiler of this article, 30 years later, with the resources of food, and use of ferries for river crossings, walked from Big Bay Point right through Westland, and can thoroughly gauge the discomforts and hardships that attended the trips of the early pioneers.

After journeys of exploration in 1858 and 1859 by James Mackay and John Rockfort, the former, in 1860, set out from Nelson under instructions from Sir George Grey to complete the purchase of the West Coast from the natives, and accompanied by his nephew, Alexander Mackay and Messrs Mackley and Bennett came to Hokitika, and on to Okarito, where the bargain with the Maori chiefs was completed and Westland, excepting various reserves, was bought for 300 sovereigns.

In 1863 Henry Whitcombe, a road surveyor, accompanied by a Swiss, Jacob Lauper, with an inadequate supply of food, came to the mouth of the Hokitika, to find no Maoris there or at the Arahura. Half starved and weakened by exposure, they attempted to cross the Taramakau and Whitcombe was drowned. A monument to his memory stands on the top of the Cemetery hill at Hokitika. From now on, attracted by the gold rumours, the Coast had many visitors. On October 1, 1864, J. R. Hudson and James Price erected the first building in Hokitika on the north side of the river. On December 7, 1864, Captain Leech took the steamer Nelson over the Hokitika bar. It was the christening of Hokitika as a port.

SCENIC WONDERLAND

Variety of Attractions in Westland

LAKES, RIVERS, MOUNTAINS, AND GLACIERS

Ample Scope for Sportsmen in Many Rivers

For the wealth and variety of its scenic beauty it would be difficult to surpass the West Coast, in any area of the same size and geographic position. The heavy tourist traffic which passes up and down this part of the South Island is proof of this claim. Hokitika can be called the centre of this traffic, and therein lies a good reason for the belief that the town will continue to thrive.

Within easy access of Hokitika are lakes, mountain rivers, and glaciers which form a collection of scenic beauty spots probably unrivalled. There is said to be no glacial region in the world where great rivers of ice come so far down into the area of forest vegetation.

With its mighty rivers, too, the West Coast affords an ideal sporting ground for the angler. Brown trout, rainbow trout, and land-locked quinnat salmon can all be caught in Westland, and it is no wonder that the district annually attracts many overseas sportsmen. Shooting of several species of game can also be added to these attractions, and makes the land a sportsman's paradise.

To the angler Westland presents a variety of rivers and lakes where in he may indulge his hobby. The rivers are of the dashing mountain torrent variety, interspersed with long smooth pools, and the lakes are all more or less densely wooded and may only be fished from a boat. The streams are fairly large, and although there are a good many fly fishermen, the principal method is minnow fishing. This is accounted for by the size of the streams, which do not lend themselves to effective fly fishing, while with the American short rod system of casting, a minnow can be made to cover a great deal more water. This latter system is very effective, and, with a little practice, a cast of 40 yards is quite easy. In clear water it has a decided advantage. The average size of the trout caught on the minnow is two and three pounds, while the fly will get more fish, but usually smaller in size. Brown trout are the principal species inhabiting

all the waters of Westland, but rainbow trout are taken in the southern streams. Land-locked quinnat salmon afford good sport in Lake Kanieri, but they do not grow—or at least have not been caught—weighing more than five pounds.

Down the Coast

Commencing with the Teremakau river, at the northern boundary of this district, a visitor may literally fish his way right down the coast, down past the Franz Josef and Fox Glaciers, and then across the Haast Pass into Northern Otago and still get good fishing.

The Teremakau is a splendid trout stream which flows adjacent to the old mining township of Kumara, where accommodation may be obtained. This place was once the scene of great alluvial gold mining activity.

Proceeding southwards, the next stream is the Arahura river. This is about the most heavily stocked

brown trout stream in Westland and suitable to the fly and minnow. This stream was famed for its great deposits of greenstone, so highly prized by the early Maoris. It is quite near to the town of Hokitika. From Hokitika may be fished a number of waters, namely, the Hokitika, Kokatahi and the Styx rivers, and Lakes Kanieri and Mahinapua. In the upper reaches of the Hokitika and Styx rivers, rainbow trout are obtainable, and these species will compare more than favourably with any of their kind in any waters in New Zealand. Their beautiful colouring and excellent fighting qualities are no doubt due to the clear turbulent waters in which they seem to make their habitat.

Salmon Lake

As before mentioned, Lake Kanieri, with its land-locked quinnat salmon, is one of the most beautiful lakes in Westland, and the introduction of quinnat salmon there was due more to accident than design. These fish average about three pounds and usually put up a good fight. Lake Kanieri is situated about 12 miles from Hokitika, and the only means of access is by road, through some typical West Coast bush scenery. Although the railway extends some 20 miles further south to Ross, Hokitika is the starting place for South Westland. Its population is about 3000, and it presents quite a tidy and clean appearance. In the adjacent country may be seen the relics of the great gold mining days.

From Hokitika, good motor services are available and on the trip south many rivers await selection by the fishermen—the Totara, Mikonui, Big and Little Waitaha, Wanganui, Waitangi, La Fontaine, Wataroa, and several smaller streams, also Lakes Mapourika and Ianthe. All these waters produce brown trout and usually of a heavier variety than in the northern streams. The roads are good, and the accommodation is first class.

FIRST RIMU RUSH

COLOURFUL DAYS AT WOODSTOCK

THOUSANDS DIGGING FOR GOLD

BIG RETURNS AND HIGH LIFE

When the tourist rushes through the Rimu township to-day in his fast-travelling motor-car or motor-coach, he sees nothing to remind him that Rimu was once a large and flourishing gold-mining town. But Rimu had its day, as the files of old newspapers of the district can testify.

Originally the township was known as Upper Woodstock, which itself, no doubt, derived its name from one of the Waverley novels.

On February 7, 1882, the "West Coast Times" noted that a small rush took place at Woodstock, some 20 men pegging out claims. Apparently this rush developed in a neighbourhood with the picturesque name of Sunday Gully, and on February 16, Dr. Bourke and his party were granted rights for a tunnel site in the gully. Advices from the area on the following day mentioned that several parties were setting in to work at a terrace close by Gaylor's store. In such a way did a gold rush develop.

On March 7 there was an account of a visit to Woodstock terrace, when many parties were working on payable gold. Their names are interesting not only to the older identities of the district, who probably knew some of the men, but to many of the actual descendants of these early pioneers who must still be living. There were Duncan and party, Hancock and party, Clements and party, Bourke and party, McKillop and party, McKenna and party, Ryan and Richardson's party, Heard, Duske and party, Pat Dowling, Logan and Hutchison and party. All these men were working tunnelling claims, and it is not hard to imagine the scene of animation and labour along the rich terrace. The newspaper tells that two shares changed hands in McKenna's claim for from £55 to £60. One party washed up

about £30 worth of gold on a Saturday. There is rather an amusing picture of anticipation in another extract. Jack Heam, Ansell, Boyd and White were sinking a shaft during the rush on the flat beyond the terrace. Surrounding them were 16 miners who had pegged out claims and were waiting anxiously to ascertain Heam's prospects. Heam and his men were apparently down 50 feet. "John the Greek," another man early on the scene, had "sunk some distance and come on a heavy boulder." Others there were Blundell and party, "Russian Charlie," and Charles Collier. Another picturesque name was that of "John the Frenchman." Later advice was that Heam and party had "bottomed" on payable "wash," while "John the Greek" (John Emanuele) had got down eight feet, erected a windlass and fly and was apparently making good progress.

Lively Scenes

It seems difficult to understand why the newspapers of the day, with perhaps a dozen large rushes to cover, should enter into such a great detail. On March 10, the Woodstock road was lively, miners and vehicles winding their way to the new field. For half a mile on each side of the road near the prospectors' claims business areas had been marked out and building had started. Some tents had been pitched by parties from the north—from the Seventeen Mile and Kumara. On March 15, the ground was dotted with tents, and a blacksmith, indispensable adjunct, was "getting to work." "Mr Hansen is in full swing with his temperance hotel or coffee house" (March 22); "Mr Levy has completed a fair-sized store, and Mr Linneman, ironmonger, is building a branch store." The following list was given of those taking up business sites, and includes names which are still held by some of the town's most prominent families: A. P. Hansen, C. J. E. Linnemann, H. Levy, G. Hatch, W. G. Johnston, W. Kenny, Thos. Paterson, H. L. Michel, A. W. Bock, R. Wilburn, J. Allen, G. A. Paterson, E. J. Lloyd, Mrs McKenzie, and Henry Dehn. By March 23 there were said to be 300 men at the rush.

Boy Prospectors

Every page of these newspapers of the gold-rush days is alive with colourful incident which would fill a dozen "thrillers." German Charley, a shareholder in the Greek's claim, sold his share for £15. The purchaser was offered £10 on his bargain, although the shaft was down only a few feet. A party of boys had started in. Their ages averaged 16 and their names—Emerson, Wilberg, Schaef, and McDonald. These boys must have been the sons of some of the first diggers on the West Coast fields, and they showed the same enterprise and spirit of adventure which had brought their fathers across the seas. The boys had miners' rights and called themselves the Juvenile Amateur Prospectors.

"Woodstock. Another Golden Hole." So runs an old heading. Fifteen grains to four dishes was the return. A Mr Dehn was offered £50 for the site of his cowshed. Mr Steve Glossop was arranging for the erection of an hotel. Charles Chesterman and party had bottomed by March 31 and were getting two grains to the dish with three feet of wash.

Drink and Food

When six sections were auctioned the prices were £22, £20, £30, and £30 for three more. Mr Fitzsimmons, of Kumara, had a hotel building nearly completed and Mr Richard Jolly and Mrs Block, of Larrikins, opened restaurants. At the

same time a letter was written to the newspaper about the furious driving of coaches to the new rush: accidents were predicted. On April 22 a Post Office was opened. On the 28th Mrs Block's restaurant was "in full swing, 30 sitting down to dinner; a substantial meal for 1s and board £1 a week." "Jolly Dick, at the Full and Plenty restaurant, was doing good business." Chinamen had reached the field and were expected to "bottom." On May 9 there were 1000 men digging and 250 on payable gold. A mile and a-half of country half-a-mile wide was being sunk on. "Wombay Jack's party is driving and cradling two penny-weights to the load; the Chaffcutters' shaft has been bottomed a duffer." Mr H. J. Hansen christened his place "The Pioneer" and broached a case of champagne.

A Literary Society

This great activity continued. As the field grew its amenities increased. Apparently its hotels prospered too. By September 27 the rush had official recognition as the Rimu rush. A movement was on foot to establish a Literary Society and an Amateur Christy Minstrel Club was being formed. "Mrs Piezzi had a good staff of the fair sex and is doing good business at the bar," the old newspaper says.

So Rimu had its birth and early growth. These tales recall days and happenings which to many seem vastly unreal and impossible. But there are still living men and women who saw them.

Story of the Rimu Dredge

ENTERPRISE ON HISTORIC FIELD

Nearly £800,000 Won in Gold in 13 Years

In all the history of the West Coast goldfields there are few more interesting tales of enterprise than that of the floating of the now famous Rimu gold dredge. The dredge has worked for 13 years on one of the most historic of all the fields in New Zealand. During that time it has won gold to the value of nearly £800,000, fulfilling the highest expectations and undoubtedly giving a lead to similar enterprise in other parts of the West Coast.

During those 13 years this dredge has played an important part in the general economy of the district. It provides light and power for the town of Hokitika and its permanent staff of more than 70 men is an important factor in the local labour market. Because of its continued successful operation over such a long period the undertaking has been a triumph for those who investigated the area and designed both the old and the new Rimu dredge.

The history of Hokitika from its early settlement to the celebration of its seventieth anniversary in 1934 has been closely associated with gold-mining. The town's remarkably rapid growth in size and population was due largely to the worldwide influx of pioneer prospectors and gold miners. Hardy veterans worked and lived in the goldfields surrounding Hokitika, from which

source all supplies and equipment were obtained, and through which channel large amounts of the golden metal passed on its way to the various mints for conversion into coin. The towns of Kumara, Goldsborough, Stafford, Kanieri, Rimu, Ross, and many others, were thriving settlements situated at the site of the gold diggings, but all contri-

buted their share to the support and prosperity of Hokitika. The early miners spread rapidly over the areas surrounding Hokitika, and all readily accessible and workable gravels were mined until gold production from the Hokitika area reached its peak. With the gradual exhaustion of gravel deposits workable by such means as were then available, the Hokitika gold production gradually decreased until during the years 1918 to 1920 it was at a very low figure.

Birth of Dredging

A new method of gold mining, known as dredging, was invented and successfully put into operation in the early days of New Zealand history, on the Clutha river in the South Island. By this method the yellow metal could be successfully extracted from the shallow river gravel deposits, many of which existed throughout the Southern goldfields. This method of gold mining rapidly spread until at one time there were more than 200 dredges in actual operation, several of these being near Hokitika. As the years went by, gold dredging took an increasingly prominent part in mining, not only throughout New Zealand, but also in other parts of the world. Dredge design was brought to perfection, so that during the years 1915 to 1920 powerful dredges were being constructed and operated of a size capable of handling large volumes of gravel under the severest digging conditions.

During the year 1919, a gravel area approximately three miles distant from the town of Hokitika was brought to the attention of a prominent dredge engineer. After making the necessary preliminary investigations, he commenced an intensive and systematic campaign of development by boring, this being ultimately followed by the erection of the Rimu dredge—named after Rimu Flat, upon which area the dredge was designed to operate. Rimu Flat, during the early mining boom days, was extensively worked at its upper end by driving and sluicing, while a dredge was erected and operated for a short period near the western end of the area. It soon became apparent, however, that the gravel being coarse, tight, and deep, conditions were beyond the digging capacities of the earlier design dredges. The first Rimu dredge, which commenced digging operations in September, 1921, was built of timber throughout, and was equipped with a 10 cu. ft. close connected bucket line, delivering gravel at the rate of 19 buckets a minute.

Dredging Processes

For those not actively acquainted with gold mining in its various forms the following will give a brief outline of the processes involved in dredging. The gravel is excavated or dug from the deposit by the buckets, and conveyed to the dump hopper, from which it passes into the revolving screen where it is washed and screened—the gold and fine sands passing through a distributor on to the washing tables, while the coarser material and stones are delivered to a conveyor belt at the stern of the dredge, and goes to waste. The gold extraction equipment is simple, consisting of steel tables or launders, the bottoms of which are covered with wooden riffles of the Hungarian type; these catch and hold the gold particles and black sand residues, the saving of the gold being aided by the use of mercury, which forms an amalgam, so that gold once caught by the riffles is held until wash-up time. Wash-ups are made at weekly intervals. All amalgam obtained is re-torted and the distilled mercury

saved, the retort or sponge being melted, refined, and cast into bricks, which are ultimately shipped to England.

The first Rimu dredge was in operation for a period of approximately 10 years, or a total of 72,264 hours, during which time it dug and treated 16,267,990 cubic yards of gravel, representing a superficial area of 237 acres. From this volume of material, gold to a total value of £457,294 was extracted.

Owing to the climatic conditions, it was found at the end of the ten-year period, that the wooden structural members of the dredge were rapidly deteriorating, and that this, in conjunction with the excessive strains and shocks produced by the digging of the extremely heavy and tight gravel encountered, would ultimately have resulted in serious damage to the dredge. Furthermore, it was ascertained from operating data that in order to handle the low grade gravel contained in the deposit at a profit commensurate with the investment, it would be necessary materially to increase the volume of gravel dug and treated. In view of this situation, the original dredge was replaced in the year 1931 by a powerful new all-steel structure of a design that would withstand the hard digging encountered. The capacity of the new unit being about 40 per cent. in excess of that of the old plant, thereby resulting in a decreased treatment cost, with increased profits.

Work of New Dredge

The new dredge began digging in October of 1931, and has been in continuous operation since that date, successfully fulfilling the expectations of the company. Under normal digging conditions the dredge excavates and treats gravel at an average rate of 11,000 cubic yards a day. To give some idea of the volume treated in a day we will assume that the gravel all had to be consigned by rail, and was loaded into six-ton railway trucks for the purpose—it would then require a train of 2455 waggons, six and a-half miles in length to transport the material.

The Rimu dredge has now completed 13 years of continuous operation, during which time it has produced gold bullion to a total value of £773,660. It is estimated that another 10 to 12 years will be required to exhaust the deposit.

The average gold content of the gravel treated during the above period was 5½d a ton, so that the six and a half mile train required to transport the gravel handled in one day would have a total value of only £337 11s 3d or 2s 9d a waggon.

The Rimu dredge is electrically operated throughout, requiring from 850 to 900 h.p. of electrical energy to carry on its digging and working operations. To provide this quantity of power, it was necessary for the company to erect and install its own power plants. The hydro. plant for the first Rimu dredge was at Kanieri Forks, but with the building of the new steel dredge, and the increased power requirements, this was augmented by the construction of a new 1800 h.p. hydro system at McKay's creek on the Kanieri river. The building of this system was carried on simultaneously with the construction of the new dredge. The Rimu Company, through its subsidiary, the Kanieri Electric, Limited, furnishes all the light and power for the borough of Hokitika.

The successive stages of the Rimu operations, together with those of its subsidiary power company, have, undoubtedly, been of material aid to the maintenance and general welfare of Hokitika. The normal dredge operations, including power plants and clerical forces, requires a staff of 72 permanent employees, which number has been greatly increased

during constructional periods. All employees live in and around Hokitika, so that the Rimu pay-rolls constitute a permanent source of revenue for the town. It may safely be said that the dredge operation represents an average annual expenditure of approximately £30,000 in Hokitika—this expenditure extending over a period of 25 years, the estimated life-time of the area. In addition to local expenditures, large amounts are spent annually in New Zealand for supplies, customs duties, gold export tax, and other incidentals.

In the palmiest days of the golden era of Westland the county probably had a population of 40,000. To-day the total population of the Westland land district is now approximately 17,000. There has been a slight but steady increase for the last 13 years.

BUSY DAYS ON THE WHARF

SHIPPING IN 1867

BARQUES, BRIGANTINES, AND SCHOONERS

In any comprehensive history of the West Coast the story of the shipping activities, which were attendant on the hectic rushes from one part of the coast to another, will deserve many an interesting chapter. Brigs, brigantines, clippers, schooners, steamers, cutters, and ketches hailing from all over the world, manned by cosmopolitan crews, sailed up the Hokitika river in unceasing activity during the early days of that rush. They brought men, women, and food. Usually they took away nothing but gold. The big vessels had to anchor outside the bar harbor to discharge cargo into lighters. Often the smaller vessels, once inside the port, never sailed again, for the then treacherous currents of the bar or the sudden floods caught them and piled them against the shingle. One early visitor to the port reported that he saw more than 12 wrecks along the banks of the river or on the beaches. But these were the risks associated with the hectic days of gold.

A correspondent has supplied "The Press" with an extract of shipping advice from the "West Coast Times" on September 16, 1867.

"The weather during the last few days has been gloriously fine, and yesterday the beach, the wharf, and the streets were thronged with people who seemed thoroughly to enjoy the delightful day. The roadstead is now clear of shipping, but the appearance of the wharf yesterday was singularly animated. No fewer than 41 vessels are alongside, in some places being

ranged three and four deep—and the day being Sunday, each vessel was gaily dressed with colours. Last night, too, was very beautiful—the moon at her full rose in an almost cloudless sky, and threw upon the surrounding landscape a silvery sheen which gave it the appearance of fairyland.

"The shipping intelligence gives the names of the vessels in port:—Barques: Alma, Harriet Nathan, Bella Vista, Glencoe; brig: Mary Grant; brigantines: Isabella, Hannah Newton, Anne Moore, Sarah and Mary, Mary, Seabird, Clara Union; schooners: Falcon, Iona, Star of Tasmania, Florence, Sea Ripple, Rambles, Canterbury, Storm Bird, Elizabeth Curle, J. B. Russell, William and Julia, Isabella Jackson, Matilda, Three Friends, Flying Cloud, Nile, Alice; cutters: Glimpse, Elizabeth, and Harry Bluff; ketches: Mary Anne, Brothers and Sisters, Cymraes, Enterprise; steamers: Challenge, Golden Sand, Yarra, Lioness, Bruce."

EARLY VENTURES IN BUSINESS

EIGHTY-TWO HOTELS IN
ONE STREET

TWO WIGMAKERS SET UP SHOP

[By W.W.]

In early Hokitika the business places and private residences were mostly in Beach street, Revell street, and Gibsons quay. In Beach street there were two hotels and 36 business places and residences. Amongst the familiar names were Tait and Renton, Cassins and Comiskey, Churches and Ching. Bealey street was built upon only between Gibsons quay and Weld street. In this locality some of the old cottages survive. The Pioneer Hotel of 1934 occupies the same site as the Pioneer Hotel of 1866. In Brittan street there were only two houses north from the quay. On Gibsons quay, there were 14 hotels facing the river, the top one being the Islay Hotel (John Shang).

There were six hotels on the quay between Tancred street and Sewell street. The Red Lion, originally kept by James Evans, is the only one that survives. Hampden street was built upon between Revell street and Fitzherbert street. Revell street, named after William Horton Revell, a magistrate and warden who arrived in 1864, extended in a crooked line along the sandhills from the river to opposite the cemetery, the last hotel in the town being the Montezuma, kept by W. Bastings, on the north side of Tudor street.

"Hotel Street"

There were 33 hotels on the east side of Revell street and 49 on the beach side. They were clustered thick and fast in the centre of the town. The Munster (D. Murphy), the Plough (Walter Harris), and the British Empire were side by side, and across the street the Lord Nelson, the Charley Napier, and the Tyrone Family Hotel adjoined each other. The names were many and various: Sundial, Horse and Groom, Auld Reekie, El Dorado, Nags Head, and many others. One man spread his net very wide: The Rose, Shamrock, and Thistle (kept by Solomon Michael Salomon).

First Land Transfer

Some of the old names still remain on the original business sites. Keller's Cafe National and Williams, Chemist and Druggist, but very few others. The first land transfer title volume 1, folio 1, Westland registry, was issued to Sophia Middleton, and the section is now held by J. F. W. Schroder. There was very little spare space in Revell street; between Weld street and Stafford street, on the east side, there were 32 business places, of which eight were hotels. One of them was the Gridiron, in which was held the first meeting to form the town into a borough.

The Empire Hotel (B. Osborne and Company), which stood opposite the Bank of New Zealand, was the principal hotel, where the Superintendent

of Canterbury and other important people stayed on their official visits. The proprietor used to run a sweep on the lines of Tattersall's.

Jews and Germans mustered in great force in those early days. They seem to have fallen out in later years. There were 13 bakers' shops, eight chemists and druggists, 12 hairdressers, 10 jewellers, eight surgeons, six tinsmiths, and two wigmakers. It is interesting to note how nationalities selected occupations, viz.—Tobaccoists: Boedinghaus, Colman, Falck, Fuerst, Marks, Mendelsson (2), Mendershausen, Nashelski.

The old town was well catered for in the way of amusements. The Prince of Wales Opera House, built in Melbourne and re-erected in Hokitika, and afterwards called the Duke of Edinburgh, stood at the east side of Revell street, and the Theatre Royal on the west side, adjoining the Shakespearean Hotel (near where Preston's baker's shop now stands). The White House was opposite Keller's, and many hotels provided special amusements.

Dancing Girls

It was found necessary to put the following clause in the Licensing Act: "Whereas a practice exists in certain parts of the colony of hiring women and young girls to dance in rooms and places where liquors are sold, any contract by which any females shall be hired to dance in any such room or place shall be null and void. Any room or place in which females shall be so employed, or permitted whether by contract or by a share of the produce of the sale of tickets, or in any other way, shall be taken to be a disorderly house. Penalty: First offence £20, second £50, and forfeiture." Fortunately, at the very beginning of the so-called West Canterbury goldfields, the Canterbury Provincial Government, with the earlier example of Otago before them, had appointed good men to manage the district, and law and order was well maintained. There was only one gang of marauders, and they did not last long.

It was not until 1868 that the borough put in street lights. Before that the only illumination was the lamp in front of each hotel. On October 7, 1865, 13 vessels came over the bar, and on October 10 there were five vessels in the roadstead, seven on the beach, and 24 at the wharf. On February 28, 1866, nobblers were reduced to 6d each, although previously 6d hotelkeepers had signed an advertisement that good liquor could not be sold under 1s a glass.

Crime and Punishment

In those days people were liable to imprisonment for debt, and there were many complaints about the debtors being confined with criminals. Sentences were not light. A boy of 16, for altering a cheque on the Bank of New South Wales, was sentenced to 18 months' imprisonment with hard labour. A coloured man for passing a £5 valueless cheque received nine months' imprisonment with hard labour. For stealing a horse, a man, aged 46, received eight years' penal servitude. Another prisoner who falsely represented that he was authorised to receive a carpet bag left in a storekeeper's charge received six months' imprisonment with hard labour.

During the sittings a lawyer said that the prosecutor was "three sheets in the wind." His Honour Mr Justice Gresson remarked that if scientific terms were used, then he must have someone to explain their meaning.

Business in the Town

The picture advertisements of the hotels show women in crinolines on the footpath. Susman Behrend and Company, of Weld street (four doors from the White Horse Hotel) sold "wax and other matches," and also "tumbler and nobbler glasses." Findlay and Haworth, Gibsons quay, advertised themselves as owning the first sawmills established on the West Coast. The Westland Loan Office, next to the Oddfellows' Hotel, advanced money from £1 and upwards on diamonds, guns, pistols, etc., and "discounted bills with the greatest secrecy." An estate agent stated that he had established agencies at Dunedin (Otago), Christchurch (East Canterbury), Waimea,

Rosstown, and Okarito. One advertisement read: "Roberts reportorium. William Roberts, L.A.C., M.L.R.L., Pharmacopoliist," Spicer and Murray, undertakers, drew attention to "their velvet palls and ostrich plumes."

The various churches were all firmly established—Anglican: the Venerable H. W. Harper, M.A., Archdeacon of Westland, and the Rev. George P. Beaumont, M.A. Churchwardens J. Winter and Dr. Beswick. Wesleyan Church, in Tancred street, built for £450, opened in December, 1865. Roman Catholic: A large wooden building seating 350. "Walls bedecked with the fourteen stations of the Cross, in oil colours. A bell costing £50 rings the Angelus at 6 a.m., 12 noon, and 6 p.m. Rev. Fathers W. J. Larkins and H. F. McDonough." Presbyterian: 60ft x 32ft, with bell tower 58 feet high. Rev. John Gow. Hokitika Hebrew Congregation: Tancred street. Rev. J. Zacariah.

HOKITIKA AT THE BEGINNING

Visualise a lone calico tent on the sandy beach, with hobbled pack horses nearby, beside a river mouth; behind, a backing of forest area mounting to the hills, and then losing its verdure as the timber is replaced by permanent snow on the mountain peaks, stretching as far as the eye can see north and south. The beginning of Hokitika is revealed. After a long tramp from Canterbury over the Plains to the mountains, then a stiff climb to the first saddle, to find a passage by a river bed to the distant West Coast, Messrs J. R. Hudson and J. Price, two venturesome pioneers, eventually pitched their tent, and elected to establish themselves as ferrymen and storekeepers at the Hokitika river mouth.

In those later days of 1864, migrating miners lured to the coast by reported discoveries of gold at Greenstone and elsewhere, moved up and down the district, trying to locate fresh deposits. Within a few days of the camp at Hokitika river being established, more prospectors moved south, to return in a fortnight's time reporting the discovery of gold at what was christened Donnelly's Creek, near where the town of Ross was soon to be born. The find galvanised the intensity of the search for more gold, and the arrivals spread about the district. In quick succession gold fields at Stafford, Kanieri, Woodstock, and other places were reported. For those localities, as with Ross, Hokitika became the natural centre, and to that point a wild rush of men soon set in. Hudson and Price arrived at the river mouth on October 1, 1864. By the next month the beach was dotted with miners' tents and calico places of business built by enterprising storekeepers and others. In the month of December the first steamer arrived, crowded with passengers on deck, and loaded with supplies below. By Christmas Day the town was definitely in being. Hokitika was in the domain of the Canterbury province. It was the "West"-land area across the moun-

tains, and officials were sent over to represent law and order, and to create authority to control a fast rising town.

Rapid Growth

Hokitika grew very rapidly indeed. Trading steamers and sailing craft found an entrance, bringing men and material for the making of a new district. A constant stream of men passed over the ranges from

Canterbury, and pack horses and bullock drays trailed along the sea beach with goods and chattels to be consumed in the rising town from which stories came of gold in plenty. The authenticated records of gold buyers and bankers of the day leave no doubt of the golden treasure won in the district, and purchased for export by the bank authorities. Every day was alike—a repetition of returning miners with body-belts

of gold and buyers ready to convert to notes for the miner to renew supplies, or to spend freely in pleasure. The scenes and incidents of every early gold field were repeated with faithful accuracy, if anything more intensely; as the weeks went by and more men went out in the goldfields, gold was won as a very ready harvest from the sea beaches and alluvial river deposits which could be worked easily by simple means.

The story of the rapid growth of Hokitika, the great influx of population; its creation as a borough, and settlement as an established town, has been told by many. There is no doubt the town had a rapid beginning, and was peopled by men of distinction. Its establishment was not reached without finance or difficulty, consequently the venturesome were of a type who already had made their way and had grown used to the roughing necessary to hew a town out of a forest in a place far remote from any centre for ready supplies. Many of the early arrivals at Hokitika came by boat from Melbourne direct. The largest steamers of those days arrived in the Hokitika roadstead with hundreds of passengers and full cargoes of goods and supplies. The steamers were tendered by small boats able to enter the river, and so arrived a people well equipped for the task before them. The first year saw wonderful progress in the town, for all the while the district round about and as far south as Okarito was yielding up its treasure in rich quantity. It was a notable beginning. As fresh discoveries were made, more people arrived, and the town grew and spread inland. There are many interesting old photographs which, compared with later pictures, show the speedy expansion of the town, its rapid roading, and the improved class of residences appearing. The substance of the advancement in a few short months showed the quality of the people pioneering the district, and the faith they had in its future.

Giants in Politics

That there were political giants in those days is shown by the interest the people took in their town. The machinery of local government was operating in far away Christchurch,

and the distance obscured the view of the authorities. The first agitation was for a municipality, and an appeal was made to the Superintendent of the province. Mr Bealey granted the request, and a municipal council composed of influential citizens was appointed. From the number Mr J. A. Bonar was elected the first Mayor. Soon afterwards, still not satisfied with the administration from the Canterbury Provincial Council, an agitation for separation came, and in the end a short-lived Westland Provincial Council was set up. Here again Mr J. A. Bonar came to the fore. He was the first and only Superintendent of the province, and took up his residence in "Government House." That first Provincial Council was a notable one, as two mem-

bers, the Hon. J. A. Bonar and the Hon. H. H. Lahman became life-members of the New Zealand Upper House; a third member, Sir Arthur Guinness, became Speaker of the Lower House, and a fourth member, the Rt. Hon. R. J. Seddon, the great Premier and first Prime Minister of New Zealand.

It was natural that the goldfields should ebb and flow. Mining operations at first were on a primitive scale, and only the easily won gold was recovered. But later, in the rich basin of Ross, the deep levels were operated on a scale of which the present generation knows nothing. Great resource and enterprise were required, but again the people had the equipment for the occasion, and rich treasure was won. Those who have followed after owe a great deal to the work and memory of the pioneers who built for the future, and opened up a district which, as developed, becomes more and more an important producing centre of New Zealand.

To go back still, the country should realise what the discovery of gold has meant for New Zealand. From 1857 to 1932 it is recorded that 24,257,672 ounces of gold were exported, and the output is valued at £96,131,832. This was the magic magnet which at the outset drew population from the four quarters of the globe to people the country, consume local produce, and build up a Dominion in the remote antipodes. No other industry could have brought the early invading thousands across the seas and round the world to a distant, unknown island.

Bright Prospects

From Christmas, 1864, to Christmas, 1934, is the span of time Hokitika and its promising surrounding country has flourished. Now, after 70 years, the whole district may be said to be about to start another new year with brighter prospects ahead than ever. The search for gold at the present time is more intensive than it has been for a score of years, and better returns are being won. The district is better roaded than ever, and farming and settlement generally are flourishing under favourable district conditions of land values, facilities, taxation, and other overhead factors to foster better returns. The scenic glories of Westland are unexcelled for easy approach and noble grandeur. The timber lands are a vast asset, the largest remaining stands of timber in New Zealand. Westland is peopled by a loyal and contented people, who over the years, in spite of isolation and the slowness with which the authorities have moved to open up the far south, and practically the non-cultivation of the tourist features of the district, have continued to work out their own destiny, and have achieved a wonderful degree of success.

HOKITIKA HARBOUR.

A TROUBLED HISTORY.

The following article by Mr T. Fletcher, editor of the "New Zealand School Journal," gives some details of the history of the Hokitika harbour:—

At one period of its history Hokitika was the most important town and port on the West Coast, and, indeed, one of the largest towns in New Zealand. Shortly after the discovery of gold was made at Greenstone, another rich field was discovered near the Hokitika river. The gold was near the surface, and easily obtained. Thousands of folk rushed thither, and towns sprang up as if by magic all along the river.

The largest settlement was at the mouth of the river, where it is said that the sand was in places yellow with gold. Three miles from the mouth the town of Kanieri sprang up, and Woodstock on the opposite side. So rich were these diggings that the weekly earnings of the miners were often from £15 to £30, while at one beach a few miles north of Hokitika the men sometimes cradled as much as a hundred ounces of gold a week!

At first the dwellings were only tents, but timber was plentiful, and soon houses were built. Within two years of the first rush the greatest output of gold was obtained, and then the production began to decline, steadily at first, but more rapidly later. The towns dwindled, and now the old houses, mostly in ruins, are the only signs of the wonderful wealth in the "sixties" and "seventies" of last century. It has been estimated that more than five million ounces of gold, valued at over twenty million pounds, have been won from the goldfields of the West Coast.

Hokitika early became the trade centre of the district, and at one time contained as many as twenty thousand people. Vessels were continually coming and going. Those of lesser draught crossed the bar, entered the estuary, and berthed at the wharves, where at times they were lined up two deep. Those that could not cross the bar were anchored out in the roadstead, and their goods were brought ashore in boats. It is said that sometimes, after a severe storm had made the bar impassable for a few days, as many as a hundred ships could be seen in the roadstead, waiting for a chance to enter the river.

What a different scene there is today! Now, instead of vessels coming direct from Sydney to Melbourne, one small coastal vessel calls at the port. Hokitika contains just over two thousand people, and, though goldmining is still carried on, the main export is timber. There is no finer bush anywhere in New Zealand than those wonderful Westland forests. But the bushman's axe and the fire-fend have, sad to say, wrought much havoc, and some of the finest beauty spots in the world have been ruined by the felling of the forest giants.

The Hokitika river and its main branches rise in the Southern Alps, and drain an area of 445 square miles. Over this district there is an annual rainfall of from one hundred to one hundred and twenty-five inches.

In the spring and early summer, when the warm nor-west rains melt the snow that has fallen during the winter, very severe floods occur, and the force of the river-current is then very fast. In normal times the river discharges into the sea at the rate of about ten thousand tons of water per minute, but in very heavy flood this amount may rise as high as a quarter of a million tons!

As in the case of most New Zealand rivers, there is, at the mouth, a bar formed by the drift of sand and shingle up the coast from the south. In normal times the force of the river-current is not strong enough to sweep this material out to sea, and so, until the piers were built at the mouth, shingle spits were formed across the entrance, and confined the outlet. When the next heavy flood came this outlet was too small for the huge volume of water, and so the river broke through the spit in some other place, forming a new exit. Thus the position of the river mouth was constantly changing.

In spite of these troubles many ships did cross the bar when the gold diggings were at their height, but in those days the vessels were of light draught. Sir John Coode was invited to Hokitika to give his advice as to the best means of improving the port, and he visited the place in 1879. By this time, however, the town was on the decline, and the revenue of the port was declining also.

The first task was to fix the harbour mouth to prevent the constant changes. There was, however, this difficulty: the entrance were too wide the river would be unable to keep the channel scoured, whereas if it were too narrow there would be a danger in time of flood. After studying the matter very closely, Sir John Coode decided that the width should not be more than six hundred feet, but he said that this might be reduced later on if it was found it could be done with safety. At first the piers were placed more than six hundred feet apart, but it has been found that a much less width is needed even than Sir John Coode thought, and when improvements were made about twelve years ago the distance between the piers was reduced to four hundred feet.

The next trouble was to find a suitable material for the piers. No good stone was to be found close by, so that he advised the use of wooden piles. A line of hardwood piles from Australia was driven in, but at once the marine borers attacked the piles, which were soon rotten, and the first storm broke them away. It was found that the heart timber of rimu procured locally gave better service.

The driving-in of this line of piles stopped the drift up the coast, and at once the sea began to encroach on the town. Several times the main street—Revell street—was in danger. About ten years ago, just after further additions had been made to the piers, the sea, during a heavy storm, swept in under the shops on the western side, and traces of the damage done is still to be seen. The danger was averted by driving in several lines of piles at right angles to the beach, to trap the incoming waves and coastal currents. These piles have also trapped the drifting sand, so that a fine beach has now been built up.

Timber, however, is not as durable in water as rock or cement, and trouble has often been caused by the rotting of piles or breakage by heavy seas. Nor do such walls confine the river-current to the same extent as stone walls. The revenue of the port, however, is too small to allow the Harbour Board to embark on any costly scheme.

As a result of these drawbacks, Grey-mouth has taken most of the shipping, and has become the chief port on the West Coast. It is likely to remain so, for coal is more constant in its returns than gold; but it is possible that even yet large goldfields may be opened up, and Hokitika may at some future date regain a little of her great prosperity of the past.

COMMUNICATIONS OF WESTLAND.

A DIFFICULT PROBLEM.

BAD ROADS AND NO BRIDGES.

The social and economic progress of Westland was necessarily bound up with the development of communications with the rest of the colony. At first, the sea was the sole medium of communication with the outside world.

Many Shipping Disasters.

In the early days of the rush the ships to the port were all crowded with passengers. At one time, in September, 1865, the Alhambra, Egmont, Barwon, Gothenburg, Manukau, and twenty-five others were en route to Hokitika. On September 28th in that year there were twenty-one vessels in port, while on one occasion in 1866 fifty vessels were in port at once. On October 7th, 1865, thirteen vessels attempted to cross the bar, all being successful except the last. The bar was the cause of innumerable disasters to shipping. A stranger visiting Hokitika for the first time, and not previously apprised of the unenviable notoriety which the place had gained for itself, would have been struck with astonishment at the multitude of wrecks and remains of wrecks with which the beach was covered. From the entrance to the river to where the Montezuma had been cast high and dry on the sands the picture was one that could not be equalled in the colony, and perhaps not in the world. In one spot the last remnants of the "Oak" might be observed, showing, even then, how well and faithfully she must have been built; further on, a confused mass of ruin, a heap of splintered planks and ribs, marked the place where the "Sir Francis Drake" and the "Rosella" finally succumbed to the force of the waves. Still further on could be seen the masts of the "Titania," and nearer home, what was left of the steamship "New Zealand" supplied a painful reminder of the dangers of Hokitika. Everywhere, from the water's edge to the top of the spit, were scattered portions of the luckless vessels which had gone to pieces.

Naturally shipping owners looked round to see how they could minimise the dangers of the trade which was bringing them small fortunes, but which was uncomfortably risky. The port was indebted to a Victorian firm for the possession of a tug-boat, a serviceable and handy craft—the "Yarra"—which was made available for towing and lightening vessels. Considerable improvements were made in the harbour accommodation, and the navigation of the bar became a much safer proceeding.

The Trans-Alpine Road.

Meanwhile there was much agitation in Canterbury for the formation of a road to the Coast. "The Press" urged the necessity of forming this road im-

mediately, and pointed out that the number of men engaged on the work, 300, was little more than half the number that could profitably be employed in pushing forward the works more rapidly. The Canterbury Government, on realising that it had such a revenue-producing country as Westland within its boundaries, quickly completed the work, which was a great feat of engineering skill. It cost about £150,000. The journey across the Alps was from Hokitika across the Arahura, and via Staffordtown up to Jackson's, thence through the famous Otira Gorge, over Arthur's Pass into the Bealey Flat, fording the Waimakariri and making the Bealey township and post and telegraph station the end of the first day's journey. Thence along the bank of the big river to Cass, and subsequently over Porter's Pass to Springfield, whence it became an easy and level road down the Coal Track through Courtenay, Yaldhurst, and Riccarton, into the headquarters of coaching in Christchurch, Cashel street.

"Maccaroni Squash."

Outside the main road, the roads on the Coast were in a very bad condition during the early years of the rushes. Packers found great difficulty in getting from the beach to the Waima, a distance of five miles, but reckoned twelve. Several diggers, unfortunate in their search for gold, took to packing, and amongst others, Charles L. Money, known as "Charley the Packer," from whose book, "Knocking About New Zealand," the following is extracted:—"At this time the road from the beach up to the township, a distance of twelve miles, passing, as it did, the whole way through heavy bush and thick undergrowth, and crossing and recrossing the creek bed every 100 yards, was in a condition perfectly inconceivable by those who have not been to a great rush on the West Coast diggings in New Zealand. Roots of all sizes, torn and mangled when small into a sort of maccaroni squash, and when large remaining a dead hindrance to both horses and men, caused the mud ploughed by cattle and pack-horses to assume the appearance of a torrent; so bad was it that the whole distance was marked by the bones of dead animals. The price given for the package of stores was £3 per hundred pounds for the twelve miles."

Telegraph Communication.

In July, 1865, the much-desired and anxiously-awaited telegraph to Christchurch was taken seriously in hand by the Government, and one of the local papers remarked "a chance exists that it may now be completed before the necessity for it has passed away." Evidently the possibility of the settlement becoming permanent had not entered the writer's head. At any rate on February 6th, 1866, the interprovincial telegraph, connecting the West Coast with the various capitals and leading towns of the Middle Island provinces, was opened to public use, and various messages were sent from Hokitika to Christchurch, Dunedin, and Invercargill. On September 4th, 1868, telegraph communication between Westport and Hokitika was established.

The story of the establishment of railway communication with Westland is told in another place.

PROCLAMATION OF THE GOLDFIELD.

AN HISTORIC EVENT.

Thursday, March 2nd, 1865.—Proclamation: Whereas by an Act of the General Assembly, entitled "The Gold Fields Act, 1862," it is enacted that it shall be lawful for the Governor from time to time, by Proclamation, to constitute and appoint any portion of the Colony to be a Gold Field under the provision of the said Act, and the limits of such Gold Field from time to time to alter as occasion may require.

Now, therefore, I, Samuel Bealey, Superintendent of the Province of Canterbury, do hereby, in pursuance of the power and authority so vested in me as aforesaid, proclaim that part of the Province of Canterbury bounded on the north by the river Grey and the southern boundary of the Province of Nelson, on the west by the sea, on the south by the river Wanganui and a line drawn from its source to the nearest summit of the snowy range; on the east by the summits of the dividing range, or Southern Alps, to be a Gold Field within the meaning of the Act, to be called "The West Canterbury Goldfield."

Given under my hand and issued under the Public Seal of the Province of Christchurch, this second day of March, One Thousand Eight Hundred and Sixty-five.

S. BEALEY,
Superintendent.

HOKITIKA.

NAMING THE STREETS.

The following notes on the street nomenclature of Hokitika are taken from a pamphlet by Mr D. J. Evans, of Hokitika, whose interest in the early history of Westland is well known. The pamphlet is dedicated to the honoured memory of the early pioneers of Westland:

"Daring and conquering, though not sharing in the Afterglow."

In the naming of the streets of Hokitika a very happy system was followed, and the town is honoured indeed by having in the names of its streets the closest association with many splendid men who in their day and generation were outstanding citizens in the young colony, and whose work in the various walks of official life was of special prominence.

The main thoroughfare, Revell street, was named after William Horton Revell, who came to Hokitika in the earliest days as agent for the Provincial Government of Canterbury. The short-street off Revell street, known as Camp street, was so called because in the earliest days, before the forest was cleared, the police camp was adjacent thereto.

Off Camp street leads Wharf street, which, as its name implies, leads to the wharf on Gibson's quay. The wharf in the very early days was a scene of very busy activity, and photography has preserved for posterity many inspiring scenes of the crowded shipping moored along the wharf.

There is another small street now

in the same locality known as Beach street. Its name is associated with the particular location which it serves. Now it is mainly residential, but once it was a busy commercial thoroughfare with bonds and warehouses, and extended much further down the beach for the river in the early days made its way to sea very much further south.

Gibson's quay, it is almost certain, was called after Captain Gibson, the then harbourmaster of Lyttelton.

Weld street was one of the four streets of the town named after notably prominent politicians of that period. It was named after the leader of the Weld Ministry, Sir Frederick Weld, who was in office in the stormy days when the seat of Government was moved from Auckland to Wellington. The Weld Ministry was defeated on the casting vote of the Speaker, and was succeeded by the Stafford Ministry.

So we have the name of Stafford street accounted for. Sir Edward William Stafford was superintendent of the Nelson Province, and was twice Premier of New Zealand within thirteen years, first for a period of five years and then for a period of four years.

Sewell street is another connexion with a name distinguished in the early political life of the colony—that of Mr Henry Sewell.

Then as the fourth statesman of the time we have Sir William Fitzherbert's name drawn on for the street (Fitzherbert street), which has become the main thoroughfare linking up the great north and great south roads.

Next we have Bealey street, named after his Honour Samuel Bealey, who was Superintendent of Canterbury in 1886, when the petition for the Borough of Hokitika was lodged. The petition in point of fact was addressed to his Honour.

Hall street was obviously named after him whom so many of this generation knew later as Sir John Hall. When Hokitika was laid out, Hon. John Hall was a member of the Provincial Executive, and took a very interesting part in the early fortunes of Westland. Ultimately Sir John Hall became Premier of New Zealand.

Brittan street it may be justly assumed was named after Joseph Brittan, who was a member of the Canterbury Board of Education from June, 1865, and was identified with educational matters on the Coast. Brittan street appropriately leads to the present site of the public school.

Sale street recalls the most memorable of names associated with the birth of Hokitika—or for the matter of that with Westland at large. He was known here officially as Warden Sale, but he was more often dubbed "King" Sale, for he was a veritable Pool Bah in those early days, being everything the town and district needed in the way of leadership and direction. . . . Hokitika is becoming a town of memorials, and it is suggested that the life and work here of George Samuel Sale is worthy of some recognition, however simple in form that memorial might be. . . .

And so we pass on to Rolleston street; this it is very easy to decide was named after William Rolleston, who was Provincial Secretary for Canterbury at the time Hokitika came into being. Davie street was called after Mr

Cyrus Davie, who was Commissioner of Waste Lands in 1866, in the Canterbury district.

Edward Jollie was Provincial Secretary to Samuel Bealey, Superintendent, in 1866, when the petition went forward from Hokitika asking for the municipality. From this fact we may take it Jollie street received its title.

Hoffman and Livingstone streets have not been specially associated with any celebrities in those far off days.

Now comes a group of four streets, the names or location of which will be known to but few. The streets are Harper, Dalton, McDermott, and Beswick. They are all adjacent to the Hokitika racecourse on the upper side of Hampden street. Harper street abuts the racecourse grounds. This street was not named after the first resident Anglican clergyman as might be supposed, but after Charles John Harper (possibly a relative of the clergyman, who was Commissioner of the Kakāra road district at the time the town of Hokitika was founded.

Beswick street was doubtless named after Samuel Beswick, who was the first coroner of Hokitika, or Joseph Beswick, who was Secretary of Public Works. The former Beswick is favoured, because McDermott street was no doubt named after Dr. McDermott who (along with Charles Lloyd Morrice) appears to have been the first medical man here to submit his papers for registration to Mr Sale, R.M. D. Stuart, Esq., of Timaru, writes:—"With reference to Dalton street, a resident in that locality, Mr Michael Dalton, had a hotel in Hampden street. He was a grand figure of a man. He occasionally gave Shakespearian readings. He was afterwards well known in Reefton."

While referring to the comparatively unknown streets of the town, there are two others, or strictly speaking one, for the second street has been officially closed now for some time. Haast street and Ross street are the two referred to. Both were laid off at angles in order to facilitate the driving of stock through the town. Haast street no doubt derived its name from Sir Julius von Haast, scientist and explorer, after whom so many physical features in the South Island are named. Ross street was named after George Arthur Emilus Ross, who became Provincial Treasurer in Canterbury when Mr Sale resigned in April, 1865, to take up his work in Hokitika and Westland generally. Probably the town of Ross was named after the same official.

Tancred street was named after Henry John Tancred, who was appointed Deputy Superintendent of Canterbury in January, 1866.

Hamilton street was so named after William John Hamilton, Collector of Customs, Christchurch. Hamilton street led to the original Customs Office here, and the earliest photographs show it was not joined to Revell street as at present.

Hampden, Tudor and Spencer streets cannot be fitted in with the available records of public officials of the period dealt with, but they are evidently the names of individuals who were considered important enough to be associated with the work in hand.

Park street was so called because it led the way to the public park of something like 200 acres, which the founders of Hokitika placed on the outskirts of the town's eastern boundary, and which is now a municipal endowment. In addition Park street leads past Whitcombe and Howitt squares, each of eleven acres.

Whitcombe square was named after Henry Whitcombe, the ill-fated road surveyor, who was drowned in the Teremakau river in 1863.

Howitt square was likewise named after a lost explorer—Charles Howitt, who was drowned in Lake Brunner in September, 1863.

Cass square was named after Thomas Cass, who was Commissioner of Crown Lands in Canterbury before Cyrus Davie.

THE COAL AN HISTORICAL ACCOUNT OF THE DISCOVERY AND DEVELOPMENT

L. FIELDS.

Coal has had nearly as much influence on the development of Westland as gold. The following brief historical account of the discovery and development of the coal resources of the West Coast up to 1910 is taken from an account of the Geology of the Greymouth Sub-division by Mr P. G. Morgan.

Coal is said to have been discovered in the Greymouth district on July 16th, 1847, by Mr Thomas Brunner, well known as a surveyor and explorer. The discovery was made on the banks of the Grey River, where the Township of Brunner now stands. In Mr Brunner's diary, however, the date is given as January 26th, 1848.

In 1862 tests of the coal were made at Woolwich Dockyard, with favourable results. Mining on the Brunner seam appears to have begun in August, 1864, when 27 tons of coal, brought down the Grey River in boats, was exported to Nelson by steamer. Mr Matthew Batty, who is still living, held the first right, and mined the first coal, probably on the northern side of the river. In 1865 a concern known as the Ballarat Syndicate or Company acquired a lease of the Brunner coal mine, and worked it for some years. One of the conditions of the lease was that a railway should be made from the mine to Greymouth, but as the lessees continued to transport the coal in boats, causing, it is said, considerable damage to the banks of the river, the Nelson Provincial Government cancelled the lease, and for some time worked the mine as a public concern. On January 1st, 1874, a lease on certain conditions as to royalty and output was granted to Messrs Croaker, Hughes and McCarthy. The area held under the lease was 1280 acres, and the term twenty-one years. In 1875 the lease was transferred to the Brunner Coal Company, and in 1877 to Mr Martin Kennedy.

In 1876 the completion of the railway to Greymouth enabled the output of the Brunner Mine to be considerably increased, and for a number of years it appears to have been worked with a fair measure of success. A fault of some magnitude impeded operations for several years prior to 1885, when coal was found beyond the fault, of good quality, though only 8ft thick, or about half the thickness of the seam in the older workings. The want of a reliable harbour was, as it still is, a considerable drawback, causing loss both to owners and employees. On January 1st, 1887, the old lease having been cancelled, a new lease for sixty-three years was issued. This in its turn was cancelled on December 31st, 1894 and replaced by a new lease issued for fifty-six years from that date.

In August, 1888, the Grey Valley Coal Company (Limited), in which the principal interests were the Westport Coal Company, Kennedy Bros., and the Union Steamship Company, was formed. This concern took over the Brunner lease, together with properties then owned or controlled by the Westport Coal Company, and for some years mined and exported all the coal produced in the Greymouth district. In 1890 foreign competition seems to have been severely felt, and in consequence a lowering of the miners' hewing rates was proposed. This and other causes led to prolonged disputes between the Grey Valley Coal Company and its employees. A "lock-out" was in force from July 3rd, 1890, to August 30th, and was followed three weeks later by a strike lasting from September 20th

to November 3rd, when work was resumed, though for some time not on the same scale as prior to the strike.

In 1895 the Grey Valley Coal Company's interests in the Brunner lease were transferred to the Greymouth Point Elizabeth Railway and Coal Company (Limited), which has worked the property ever since. The coal beyond the fault already mentioned, was about this time found to thin to an unworkable thickness, and, moreover, to be affected by faulting, so that for many years coal-getting was confined to pillars, and no new development-work undertaken.

On the morning of March 26th, 1896, a disastrous explosion took place in the Brunner mine, whereby all who were underground at the time—sixty-six in number—lost their lives. A Royal Commission that enquired into the cause of this catastrophe, found that it was due to an explosion, or series of explosions, of coal-dust, started by a blown-out shot, aided by the ignition of coal gas evolved from the surrounding coal, and possibly locally intensified by the presence of small quantities of firedamp. In December, 1906, work in the old Brunner mine ceased, the pillars having been extracted as far as possible.

Though in many respects possessing natural advantages for profitable working, it may be doubted whether the Brunner mine has proved a remunerative investment for the majority of its numerous owners. Although other drawbacks have had their influence, it is probable that the many changes in ownership are quite sufficient to account for this comparative failure, continuity in efficient management being perhaps more essential to success in mining than in almost any other industry.

The Coal-pit Heath Company having obtained, on January 1st, 1875, a lease of 777 acres on the western side of the Brunner lease, sank two shafts on the northern bank of the Grey River, and for a number of years, from 1878, maintained a fair output. In September, 1887, the lease was transferred to the Westport Coal Company, and in August, 1888, the right of working the mine was acquired by the Grey Valley Coal Company. On January 1st, 1889, the old lease having been cancelled, the Westport Coal Company took out a new lease for sixty-three years. This lease was cancelled in 1893. For some years the Coal-pit Heath mine was worked in conjunction with the Brunner mine, but in June, 1893, it was abandoned.

The Wallsend mine began with a 21 years' lease for about 1000 acres granted to the Greymouth Coal Company in 1875. This concern met with many difficulties, and its history is difficult to trace. At first, it seems a shaft 98ft deep was sunk on what was later known as the Tyneside property. In or before 1879 a shaft 11ft in diameter had been sunk to a depth of about 670ft. After being transferred to a private syndicate, the lease became the property of the Westport Coal Company, who, in 1886, had completed a second circular shaft, 14ft in diameter, near the first. In 1888 the Grey Valley Coal Company acquired all the rights in connexion with the lease, which at this time consisted of 853 acres, 150 acres of the original area having been converted into a freehold. The mine was closed down after the labour troubles of 1890, and the machinery was dismantled and removed.

The old Tyneside mine consisted of grounds sub-leased from the Westport Coal Company by Messrs Kilgour and Wickes about 1885 or earlier. Towards the end of 1888 the Grey Valley Coal Company acquired the sub-lessees' interests, the mine was closed down, and the leasehold rights abandoned. On October 15th, 1901, a lease of 108 acres 2 roods 30 perches, which included the old Tyneside mine, was issued to Mr H. Jones for sixty-six years. In 1902 the lease was transferred to the Tyneside Colliery Company (Limited), who reopened the mine, but in 1903 gave place to the Tyneside Proprietary Company (Limited). In May, 1908, owing to an inrush of surface and river water overcoming the pumps, work ceased within the mine.

The Stillwater Creek Coal Company, having acquired a lease of 640 acres near Stillwater for a term of twenty-

one years from January 1st, 1889, conducted prospecting operations for some time. This company found a seam of coal, good in quality, though only 2ft thick, and dipping at an angle of 45 degrees, but were not successful in finding coal workable at a profit, and the lease was ultimately cancelled. At a later date a lease of 232 acres 3 roods 15 perches was taken up by Mr Malcolm Fleming in the same neighbourhood. The South Brunner Coal Company (Limited) was formed to acquire Mr Fleming's rights, but after a prospecting adit had been driven a few hundred feet the company was dissolved.

The Blackball Coal Company began operations by acquiring a lease of 1914 acres in three nearly equal sections, dated for twenty-one years from January 1st, 1886. At a later date the land was granted to the Midland Railway Company, who sold to the late Sir Edwin Dawes, from whose representatives the Blackball Company is understood to hold its present lease of the original area. Active production began in October, 1893, and, though for a number of years the mine was not a profitable undertaking, it has now entered on a period of prosperity. Until recently the coal was transported from the mine to the railway-line at Ngahere by means of an aerial tram nearly four miles in length. This aerial tram, though a very fine piece of work of its kind, was unsatisfactory, owing to its limited capacity (about 50 tons an hour) and not infrequent breakdowns. Since the end of November, 1909, the branch railway from Ngahere to Roa has been available for transportation purposes, and the production of the mine has been considerably increased. Recently a new area of about 600 acres near Smoke-Ho Creek has been prospected by the Blackball Company.

At an early date leases of several areas north of Greymouth, in the valley of Coal Creek, near Point Elizabeth, at the Nine-mile Bluff, near the Ten-mile Creek, and elsewhere, were obtained by various persons and companies. In 1877 a lease of 1036 acres near the head of Coal Creek was held by the Coal Creek Mining Company. The Point Elizabeth Coal-mining Company at this time held a lease of 3840 acres, extending along the coast from a point between the mouth of the Seven-mile Creek and the Nine-mile Bluff to a point near the Twelve-mile Creek, and reaching from a mile to nearly two miles inland.

On January 1st, 1889, Mr William Simson Smith obtained 2783 acres under three leases, two of which were granted for sixty-six years, whilst the third lease, of 223 acres, was for sixty-five years. In 1891 this area seems to have been in the name of the Point Elizabeth Coal Company, which later apparently became merged in the Greymouth-Point Elizabeth Railway and Coal Company. This latter concern, after acquiring the lease, did a good deal of prospecting, and partly constructed a railway from Greymouth to where it was proposed to open out a mine.

In 1902 the New Zealand Government took over the Point Elizabeth property, and reserved a considerable area of adjoining territory, with a view to operating a State mine. Active development was begun, and the railway completed. About June, 1904, the first coal was shipped away. The boundaries of the State coal reserve were subsequently extended so as to include all public lands on the western slope of the Paparoa Range as far north as the Ten-mile Creek. The reserve includes also a small area on the eastern side of the Paparoa Range. For many years the country towards the head of the Seven-mile Creek was steadily prospected, with very satisfactory results, and the work of development proceeded actively. The new mine was known as Point Elizabeth State Coal-mine No. 2.

In December, 1905, the Paparoa Coal Company was formed to work a lease of 1000 acres (later added to by 197 acres) on the Paparoa Range, near Mount Davy. This area had been prospected by Messrs H. Neilson and F. Cullen, who located a number of coal seams of fine quality correctly stated by them to occur in a horizon below that of the other known coal seams of the district. The Paparoa Company, after making careful surveys, undertook extensive development works, including the construction of a railway (with centre rail) on a grade of 1 in 25 from Blackball to Roa. In November, 1909, the first coal was sent away, and since then the mine has been continuously operated. During 1910 the total output of the mine was 36,596 tons.

In 1904 Mr D. E. Thornton acquired a lease of 1040 acres to the north-east of the Brunner lease. This, in April,

1908, was transferred to the North Brunner Coal Company (Limited), which was actively engaged in developing the area for a considerable time. During 1910 production began on a moderate scale, the output for the year being 10,922 tons.

The output of the various coal-mines in the Greymouth Sub-division to the end of 1910 is shown by the following table:—

	Tons.
Paparoa Mine	43,795
Blackball Mine	1,313,125
South Brunner (closed)	130
North Brunner	10,922
Brunner Mine (including St. Kilda section)	2,265,465
Coal-pit Heath (closed 1893)	677,190
Tyneside (closed 1908)	295,059
Wallsend (closed 1890)	205,539
Greymouth Wallsend (closed)	3,973
Point Elizabeth State Coal-mine No. 1	1,224,571
Total	5,939,769

To the above figures should be added the small amounts of coal produced at Kane's Mine, the Nine-mile Bluff, and one or two other places where a little coal has been mined for some local purpose. The coal sold to mine employees, and possibly some other coal sold locally, are not in all cases included in official returns, nor is the very large amount of slack tipped into the Grey River at Brunner before coke-ovens were built.

The following table shows the progress of the coal-mining industry during the twenty years from 1890 to 1910:—

Year.	Output for Year.	Total Output to Date.
	Tons.	Tons.
1890	118,847	1,380,652
1895	142,124	2,133,335
1900	207,919	2,881,093
1905	275,772	4,017,176
1906	320,840	4,338,016
1907	378,926	4,716,942
1908	375,195	5,092,137
1909	380,971	5,473,108
1910	466,661	5,939,769

WESTLAND'S FORESTS.

SPECIES OF TIMBER.

THEIR QUALITIES AND USES.

Totara (*podocarpus totara*) very durable, suitable for building purposes, bridges, etc.

Totara (*podocarpus hallii*) is similar in nature.

Matai (*podocarpus spicatus*), similar to totara in properties.

Kawaka (*libocedrus Bidwillii*), very durable and brittle, with soft surface. Suitable for building purposes, furniture, etc.

Silver pine (*daerydium colensoi*), very durable, brittle, fine in grain and easily worked. It is popularly esteemed "imperishable," and deserves the name. Suitable for railway sleepers, furniture, bridge-building, fencing, etc.

Yellow pine (*daerydium intermedium*), suitable for railway sleepers, fencing, etc.

Tooth leaves beech (*fagus fusca*), suitable for bridge-building, mining, etc.

Entire leaved beech (*fagus solandii*), not used by settlers. Used in wet tunnels, and withstands heavy pressure.

Northern rata (*metrosideros robusta*), durability doubtful, first-class firewood,

makes good mauls, handles for axes, picks, etc.

Southern rata (*metrosideros lucida*), same uses as northern rata.

Kowhai (*sophora tetraptera*), chiefly used for fencing purpose.

Rimu (*daerydium cupressinum*), used for house-building, furniture; heart-wood durable in all situations; sap does not last well.

Kahikatea (*podocarpus daeryiodes*), principally used for butter-boxes. Not suitable for building purposes on account of its liability to attack by what is known as "white pine borer."

Miro (*podocarpus ferryniensis*), not durable. Used for building purposes, fair firewood. Exudes a gum plentifully which is much used and esteemed by settlers, miners, bushmen, and others for cuts, bruises, and forest cracks.

Tanekaha (*phyllocladus alpinus*), a good lasting wood, but not much used; makes good tool handles, and the bark is excellent for tanning purposes.

Silver beech (*fagus menziesii*), poor lasting qualities. Used for rough sheds and as fencing posts and firewood. Wood easily worked.

Mountain beech (*fagus cliffortioides*), very poor lasting wood, principally used as firewood.

Hinau (*elaocarpus dentatus*), principally used for tramway rails, and for timbering shafts and tunnels.

Kamaha (*weinmannia racemosa*), used for props for tunnels in mines and fencing. Good firewood; bark of the redwood extensively used for tanning.

Note.—Kahikatea is popularly known as white pine, rimu as red pine, and matai as black pine.

MINERAL RESOURCES.

A COMPREHENSIVE LIST.

The following list gives some of the many mineral deposits of Westland County:—

Gold—Throughout the district.

Coal—Near Lake Kanieri, Koiterangi, Lower Paringa Valley, Bullocky Creek, and near Jackson's Bay.

Limestone—With the coal deposits.

Copper—Upper Hokitika Valley, Upper Wanganui Valley, Copper Creek, near Maori River, and on the Red Hills beyond Big Bay.

Silver-ores—Evans's Creek, Cook River, Mount Argentine, Blue River, Jackson Valley, and Mount Rangitoto.

Greenstone—Near Kumara.

Iron—Near Fox Glacier, Lower Paringa Valley, Lower Smoothwater Valley, and in the Upper Cascade Valley, below Jackson's Bay.

Granite—Teremakau Valley, Island Hill, Mount Tuhua, and Upper Hokitika River.

Freestone—Oira Valley, Koiterangi, Abbey Rocks, and Smoothwater Valley, near Jackson's Bay.

Asbestos—Red Hill country, near Cascade River.

Tremolite occurs in Quartzite at Hokitika, Kanieri, and Milford Sound.

Actinolite occurs in metamorphic rocks of Westland, and in a light green variety of hornblende. Greenstone is composed of minute densely-matted fibres of actinolite.

Chromium occurs abundantly in the bright green mica called fuchito, found at Rimu, near Hokitika.

The Westland diggers worked the alluvial ground after the methods of the early Californian and Australian miners. When the wash dirt was close to the surface, it was bared by pick and shovel. In deeper ground shafts were sunk and the wash dirt driven out. When very rich it might be panned off in the prospecting dish at the nearest stream, or, in the case of beach leads, on the seashore. However, the miner generally managed to make a cradle, long-tom, or similar apparatus, close to his claim. Sometimes, when water was close at hand, he simply carried it in buckets, but this laborious method required fairly rich material. More often he brought in a supply of water from the nearest stream by means of a water-race, using timber-flumes wherever necessary. In favourable localities sluicing was practised.

TRANS-ALPINE ROUTE.

MR DOBSON'S DISCOVERY.

In 1857 Mr E. Dobson, the Canterbury Provincial Engineer, made an expedition along the river Hurunui, and over a low saddle to where the waters began to run westward. It appears that a Maori path had been always known from the East to the West Coast by the gorge of the Hurunui, at what is called Mount Noble, near Mr Mason's station, Waihi, and from accounts of Maoris, the existence of some level land in the interior had long been understood. A certain precipitous gully in the gorge above mentioned, which the Maoris crossed with flax ropes and ladders, has always been the obstacle to exploring expeditions in this direction. Mr Dobson endeavoured to find a passable road for horses along this route, and with Mr Mason, Mr Taylor of the Wairau, Mr Dampier, a shepherd of Mr Mason's, and, probably, another man, attacked the precipitous gully in question with spades and pick-axes. In four days a track was cut by which horses could be led from one side to the other, and the party pursued their way up the gorge, keeping a little above the riverbank on the south side. In a very short time they came upon flat land. This was the half-expected country superior to their anticipations in many respects. Dry, though well watered, open, grassy country, with clumps of wood standing upon it, and with corners of the forest running down to it from the mountain spurs, enclosed in hills, but containing more or less 60,000 acres of pasture land. A good deal of limestone and quartz prevailed in the neighbourhood. The timber trees were the ordinary varieties of pine and totara with some white birch. The general level was about the same as the great plain, perhaps at the highest 600 feet above the water level. The main branch of the Hurunui flowed slowly along the northern edge of the basin, forming the boundary of the province. On the southern side of

the basin another stream of the river flowed, and formed an island, which again was divided down the middle by a third watercourse.

On all the streams were lakes, six in number, to which the discoverers gave names; one of them, named Lake Sumner, is of considerable dimensions. The valley is picturesque, being low, grassy hills, and separating streams, with insulated mounds diversified by woods, and offsets of the mountains. Following this pleasant valley, the head waters of the Hurunui were reached, a low saddle was passed, and the party found themselves upon a tolerable stream running westward. They had thus passed the dividing range, and could have reached the sea without difficulty, but continuous bad weather stopped them. The stream running westward was the Brunner, only about thirty miles from the West Coast, and the highest point of the line was found to be only about 1000 feet above sea level. A few miles down the Hurunui, there was a branch valley also passing over a low saddle to the river Grey, said by Brunner to run through a valley sixty miles long, and full of lakes.

Mr Dobson's report and sketches of this newly discovered country brought instant applications for the land, and all that was available was at once taken up as sheep runs. Quartz, indicating gold, abounded on the western slopes of the mountains. It was decided that a road should be laid out through this route to the west. This successful expedition soon produced others. Mr Torlesse reported a tour, and brought down a map of the country discovered by him in the upper valley of the Ashley, and a district lying between Harewood Forest and the Snowy range, dividing the Ashley from the Waimakariri, he had a good view of the country watered by the Waimakariri, and estimated the available land at 500,000 acres.

Soon after, Mr Leonard Harper, with a party, made an expedition to the Western Coast. They started on the 4th of November, 1857, from Mr Mason's out-station in the Waitohi Valley, and passed through the Maori gully along the south bank of the Hurunui. They then followed the south branch of the Hurunui to Loch Katrine, a small lake connected with Lake Sumner. Arrived at the north-western extremity of Lake Sumner, they thence ascended the eastern Teremakau, up to the saddle, which was then covered with melting snow. They then made their way down the north side of the western Teremakau, and followed the bed of the stream to the junction of the Oira, a south branch of the Hurunui. The natives informed them that, out of the Oira ran the river Waimakariri, and not from a lake, as was supposed. They next reached the Cross Range and a lake, out of which the natives told them a stream ran into the Grey, navigable for canoes. Embarking on a raft on the Teremakau, which they soon after reached, they were whirled among trees and bushes torn away by the torrent, to the Western Coast. Owing to delays, occasioned by bad weather, snow, and want of food, the journey from Mr Mason's to the Coast lasted twenty-three days, but they made the return journey in fourteen days, of which only eight were spent in travelling. The natives assured them that there was an easy way up the valley of the Waitanga to the East Coast, through an open country, but which does not yet seem to have been discovered. They found many wild dogs in the bush, which the natives tamed, and used for catching birds. These natives all professed Christianity, and had no pigs or wheat, but lived on potatoes, Maori cabbage, and fern, with eels and other fish.

THE EARLY DAYS.

BEFORE THE BIG RUSH

DESCRIPTION OF THE DIGGINGS.

Mr W. Seed, Collector of Customs, paid a visit to the Coast early in 1865, and the following extracts are taken from his report. They are interesting, but not authoritative, as Mr Seed was unable to obtain reliable information on many points:—

An Early Report.

"Gold in payable quantities has been found on all the rivers from the Buller to the Totara—viz., in the Buller, Grey, Saltwater, Paroa, Teremakau, Kapitea, Waimea, Arahura, Hokitika, and Totara (near Ross). Fair prospects have also been found as far down the coast as Mount Cook, so that, as far as is at present ascertained, the northern half of the West Coast of the Middle Island appears to be auriferous, Mount Cook being situated about midway between Cape Farewell and the southern end of the West Coast. I spoke to numbers of men on the Waimea, where the principal diggings are, and they all said that gold in small quantities could be found almost everywhere it was dug for. I saw seven different parties wash out prospects at various places along the banks of the creek, and in each instance they got gold to the extent of half a grain to a grain to the dish. Many experienced diggers who had been on the Waimea diggings for several months, expressed it as their opinion that the West Coast goldfields would last for many years, and that anyone who worked industriously on them would be sure of a certain amount of success. They all described them as 'a poor man's diggings,' meaning thereby that anybody could be pretty sure of earning a living from them, but that few would realise large sums, as the gold was very fine and was scattered over a wide extent of country. The want of roads by which supplies could be furnished at a cheaper rate than at present, is the greatest impediment that the diggers have to contend with."

"Just now it would be impossible to decide on better communication with the diggings, for the transport of supplies to them would be premature, as there may be two thousand diggers in one place to-day, and on hearing of some new rush they might be all away to some distant point in less than a week. Timber being everywhere so abundant and the land being level, it will be found, I should think, when the place becomes more settled, that wooden tramways will be the cheapest and most suitable roads that could be constructed. At the end of last month I estimate that there must have been about 7000 people in the district. Of these about

3000 were at the Waimea or Six Mile diggings; 2000 digging and prospecting in other places, and about the same number congregated at the port of Hokitika. Among the latter would be included the people who are constantly coming and leaving the diggings, the packers, storekeepers, and a considerable number belonging to a class having no particular occupation, but which seems always to be inseparable from the various rushes to new diggings. I found it very difficult to get any reliable information as to the yield of gold, for the diggers, as a class, are not communicative on this point. I saw, however, on the Waimea two parties of four men each, wash out between them for their day's work about five ounces of gold; this would yield about £2 7s per man. Very few were getting more than this, and many, no doubt, very much less. The amount of gold purchased by the various banks during the fortnight I was at Hokitika was about 5000 ounces. Estimating that there were 3000 people constantly at work—and this is perhaps rather above than below the actual number—the amount of gold I have named would give, on an average, £3 10s per week for each man. Owing to the nature of the country, it is a most laborious undertaking for men to have to prospect ground at any distance from the banks of the rivers and streams, on account of the difficulty of carrying their provisions and tools through the bush; it will therefore take a long time to ascertain fully the extent of ground that can be worked with advantage."

Mr Seed strongly advocated the construction of a mail coach road over what had just been discovered, and called the Teremakau Saddle, now better known as Arthur's Pass. He also strongly advocated the formation of a separate provincial district, pointing out to the Government he represented that the people then on the Coast had mostly come from Otago, Southland, Nelson, the northern provinces, and Australia, and they would have no more concern with Canterbury than with any other province. Though he dealt at some length with the harbour question, he placed more reliance on the Grey River as a port than he did on Hokitika, but was more impressed with the possibility of South Wanganui as the best of all sites for a harbour. However, to Captain Gibson was left the duty of reporting fully on this subject.

Having inspected the Brunner coal-mine, Mr Seed showed that the tunnel had been driven 110ft into the cliff on the north side of the river Grey, and that on an average 40 tons per week were being sent down to Mawhera, only one boat then being used.

Before leaving the Coast he reported that Mr G. S. Sale had been appointed Resident Commissioner. Mr W. H. Revell, Magistrate and Warden, and Mr T. Broham was in charge of a small body of thirty police as Superintendent. But nothing had been done towards the establishment of a postal or regular mail communication, which led to his making a recommendation for a postal officer to be sent from Nelson. A Customs officer, who acted also as the local treasurer for the Government, he also installed. Mr Seed had nothing much to say as to the possibilities of the Buller as a settlement, having apparently to limit his visit, so it is essentially one respecting Hokitika and the Grey, both of which places he appeared to dwell most upon. There is no doubt, however, that its effect on the General Government of the day, in which Mr Gisborne was Colonial Secretary, and of which Mr F. A. (afterwards Sir Frederick) Weld was Premier, was in favour of forming a separate provincial district.

However, these things being brought prominently before them, partly owing to so many leaving Canterbury and great benefit accruing to the province by an outlet being provided for surplus fat stock, an agitation took place, and a survey of the allegedly good thoroughfare across the Teremakau Saddle, which resulted in the start of that now popular road through the

Bealey, over Arthur's Pass, so named after the present city engineer of Christchurch, Mr Arthur Dobson (who made the survey) and down the famous Oira Gorge and the Teremakau river to Arahura and Hokitika. This work was proceeded with in a practical manner, and was opened formally early in 1866. But during its construction it had been largely used by drovers, diggers, and all classes, on account of its accessibility, as a route from the Canterbury Plains. A coach service, installed by the representatives of the Australian firm of Cobb and Co., was kept going regularly, and during the whole time it has continued to have been wonderfully free from accidents, the various proprietors who have at one time and another controlled it, having proved themselves equal to all emergencies, and possessed of the very best vehicles, horses, and drivers.

GEOLOGICAL REPORT.

DR. HAAST'S EXPLORATIONS.

GOLD PROSPECTS IN MAY, 1865.

The following passages give the more important part of a report by Dr. Julius Haast, F.G.S., F.L.S., Provincial Geologist, to the Secretary of the Public Works, Mr John Hall. The report consists of four letters written on April 6th, April 22nd, May 4th, and May 10th, 1865, respectively.

The Greenstone Field.

Dr. Haast says: "As the road by the lake promised to afford me more information than that by the river to the mouth of the Greenstone creek, I sent my horses down the river to that locality, and walked by the track cut along Lake Brunner to the Greenstone goldfields. Lake Brunner offers some striking features generally not observed in our other alpine lakes; its southern banks are formed by granite and metamorphic rocks, of which a bluish massive silicious schist is predominant. The contact of the granite, which in many instances invades in small ramifying veins those metamorphic strata, can be studied easily all along the track, which by extensive use is now in such a fruitful state that it is almost impossible to conceive its condition, and is unfit either for men or animals to travel upon."

"After a few miles the road leaves the lake, and rounding the north-western spurs of the Hohonu range, enters upon a table land of considerable extent, through which innumerable creeks run in deep gullies with often perpendicular banks on both sides. An examination of the banks of these watercourses revealed at once their peculiar character, and showed distinctly why the raising of gold in considerable quantities and over a great extent of country, may confidently be expected between Lake Brunner and the Teremakau.

"Whilst as shown for instance, in the Big Hohonu and the Greenstone creeks, the beds of these present watercourses consist mostly of large well-rounded boulders of granite and metamorphic rocks in close vicinity to the former, as well as the low terraces near them, which stretch to the high perpendicular cliffs by which these creeks are confined. I observed that the contents of the older alluvial formation consisted of subangular river shingle, mostly small and of an arenaceous nature, dioritic sandstones, pebble-beds, graywacke, etc., occasionally with small granitic shingle between them, such as are contained in a large river-bed coming from the central chain, which small tributaries joined from the more westerly ranges. It is evident that in such a river-bed as that of the present Teremakau, the more argillaceous schists containing gold in the laminae and veins of quartz would soon be destroyed, depositing it among those large fluvial beds often of a thickness of more than 100 feet. It thus became evident that the river-bed of a late tertiary age had here run along the Hohonu range, being bounded in a westerly direction by low tertiary ranges, and that, as by subsequent changes in the physical geography of that part of the Island these pleistocene fluvial deposits had become denuded, the gold contained amongst them had been redeposited more condensely in the newer watercourses amongst the boulders, gravel and sand, which form their beds, as well as in the low terraces only a few feet above the present level of these streams, by which they are bounded. Some of them are more than a quarter of a mile broad, and offer, as the creeks on this plateau are very numerous, ample room for a large mining population. The thin, scaly nature of the gold here extracted demonstrates at once that it has been subjected to continuous action of running water for a considerable distance. The power of the river has served already in a great measure to sluice the former deposits so thoroughly where they were removed that the remaining portion became fit for the extraction of the precious metal.

"It is true that no great finds will be made in this part of our goldfields, because the gold is distributed in small scaly flakes nearly evenly throughout the whole wash-dirt, but just that peculiar character insures the certainty of obtaining a fair amount of gold wherever the character of the country induces the miner to sluice or flume. It is, to use a miner's phrase, only a poor man's field, which to the steady miner, gives a fair remuneration for his labours, but I may add, that considering the fruitful state of the road and the present exorbitant price of provisions, brought by those so-called tracks to the diggings, the profits of the diggers become in most instances very small, and although the greater part of the present population seems to struggle manfully against all these disadvantages, many have left that part of the country in disgust, which otherwise would have offered them for a long period the means of a sure and independent living.

"This older alluvium reposes upon clay marls, belonging to our younger tertiary series, stretching with little interruption to the mouth of the Teremakau, and, as in many cases it will have been denuded, and the gold contained in it redeposited in payable quantities in the watercourses by which it is everywhere traversed, we may confidently expect that other localities, which will offer ample room for our mining population, will be discovered. I may here mention that the present workings are confined to the Greenstone Creek proper and some smaller tributaries, but I obtained some prospects in the Big Hohonu Creek, which induce me to believe that this river also will eventually, when properly examined, become a mining locality. In

any case, should even this river not prove rich enough, the country about the Greenstone Creek proper will offer room enough for several thousand diggers."

The Hokitika Fields.

Dr. Haast next visited the Hokitika district, and gives, in a letter dated May 4th, 1865, his impressions of the prospects. After describing in detail the geological conditions, he writes: "It is evident that under these circumstances the boulders, gravel, and sand, by which, as before mentioned those alluvial deposits are mostly composed, must contain a great deal of gold, but which, nevertheless, would not be worth being extracted, had not Nature herself, by the subsequent changes in the configuration of the country, concentrated the precious metal in numerous localities by sluicing the original accumulations on such a gigantic scale as can only be effected by natural physical forces. This plateau, besides being intersected by those large rivers, is nearly separated from the higher mountains forming the outrunning spurs of the Southern Alps by streams running either north to the Terepakau, or south to the Arahura rivers. The consequence is, that for a long period it has remained almost intact, till smaller watercourses, derived from the surface drainage, began to form channels, of which the two principal ones are the main branches of the Kopitea and of the Waimea, which both take their source on that plateau itself, having the character of a swampy plain covered with manuka scrub and other vegetation peculiar to moist localities. I have already stated that the older alluvium covered the highest young tertiary ranges which are of an altitude of 800 to 1000 feet, reposing unconformably upon older tertiary strata near the Grey. Of this fact I met numerous instances during my various journeys across these gold-fields, where sharp razor-back ridges have been formed, still having a distinct capping of sub-angular boulders of older rocks on their summit. Following down the main sources of both rivers from the plateau, we soon arrive at that barrier, consisting of young tertiary strata, through which the waters have cut their way, showing by the terraces, that the process of denudation has been a very gradual one or been accelerated or retarded according to the physical changes in operation.

"As in many localities no denudation has taken place on the upper part of the plateau, the sluggish watercourses meandering through swampy or boggy ground, no gold is to be expected there, and only descending for a few miles, where the alluvial capping has been extensively removed and the gold contained in it has become concentrated in the present watercourses or in the terraces, formed by previous channels, gold in payable quantities is to be expected. But by far the richest creeks are those which take their rise in the claymarl hills themselves. Those creeks which have a moderate fall with an appropriate breadth are those which yield the richest harvest to the miner. Owing to the favourable nature of the bottom, the greater part of the gold has been retained in them, and even the terraces yield a large quantity. Thus, for instance, the creeks take their rise in these clay marl hills, as Fox Rush, Greek Gully, Nos. 1 and 2, falling into the Arahura, the southern and northern branch of the Waimea, the Maori and German gullies, forming tributaries of the Kopitea, have proved to be very rich, giving a fair remuneration to the mining population. But also the terraces on both sides, which owing to their peculiar nature, present generally some difficulties in obtaining water, so that the miner is often obliged to wait for rainy weather (or which generally he has not long to wait) before he can strip his ground, are extensively worked with advantage, and will be still more lucrative when some new appliances are introduced, so that an ample supply of water can be

brought to his assistance. It is true that the terraces are more or less patchy, but their fall being less than that of the present water channel, the gold is heavier, and many claims were pointed out to me which are considered to be extremely rich.

"The gold in all these creeks, like that in the Greenstone, is of the same fine, scaly nature, which, considering the deposits from which it is derived, having travelled so far in a former large river, is easily accounted for. When the gullies are short and steep the force of the water has been so great as to sweep away the larger quantity of the gold, passing through the natural sluice, and I may only, as an example, instance Categhan's Gully, falling into the Kopitea, in which the yield of gold in comparison to other neighbouring creeks has been insignificant. In that creek only very large boulders are generally found, between which the gold has been retained, whilst the terraces above, descending with less slopes, are giving a far better yield and much heavier gold than the bed of that gully itself.

"As soon as the rivers lose their gorge-like character, approaching the sea, the extraction of gold begins to be not so remunerative as in their upper course, which is easily understood, if we consider the breadth of the river bed, and of the terraces bounding it; the gold becomes finer and lighter, and although everywhere prospectors, to use a mining expression, obtain the colour, its working is no longer payable. This is the reason why the Kopitea, flowing in a broad valley, has hitherto not given satisfactory results, but, nevertheless, I have no doubt that some of the lower terraces in that river will yield ultimately a fair remuneration to the miner.

"In many other localities, where the lower terraces are too poor to be worked with advantage, smaller creeks, traversing them, having again concentrated the gold contained in the alluvium by which they were formed, occupy a population of several hundred miners. Such gullies are found for instance in the Waimea about four or five miles from the sea. It is evident that a range which has furnished the material for such enormous auriferous accumulations must, since the formation of that gigantic fan, and even at present, the denudation going on uninterruptedly, set free large quantities of gold.

"Thus we may fairly expect that above the gorges of the rivers Hokitika, Arahura, etc., new goldfields will be discovered where the precious metal, not having been subjected so much to the action of running water, will be of a coarser and more nuggety nature, and, in fact, the gold obtained in the rivers south of the Hokitika, where the ranges approach nearer the coast, is of that character, and may be considered as another proof that such a theory is more than a mere supposition.

Very Favourable Prospects.

"Therefore we can anticipate that the goldfields will eventually reach not only along the coast for a long distance, but also far back towards the central range behind the granitic axis, and that rich finds will reward the enterprise of our hardy mining population when it has once fairly penetrated into the interior. The circumstance that our present goldfields are what is technically termed "poor man's diggings" carries with it the internal evidence that they will be of a more permanent nature than many other mining districts in New Zealand, because the gold being deposited, as it were, almost equally everywhere, a great deal of country besides the terraces will be found which may be considered to be more than only payable, the more so when roads of a more passable character will reduce the cost of carrying provisions inland.

"In summing up the evidence obtained during this journey, in which I have visited all the principal diggings, crossing several times over the clay marl ranges, and following some of the principal valleys from their very source to their junction, experiencing all that time a continuance of very rainy weather, I may state as my conviction that these diggings for several years to come will afford for a limited number of miners (several thousands) ample and advantageous occupation. It is true that many of the principal gullies will soon be worked out, but the terraces remain, which, when once extensive races will be brought into operation to work them hydraulically, will yield satisfactory results, and many leads will be discovered in those terraces at present unknown.

Owing to the dense character of the forest vegetation, and the absence of roads, many gullies are, without doubt, still in existence which hitherto have escaped the exertions of the mining population to find new ground. Besides one and the principal consideration has not been lost sight of, namely, as soon as possible roads will exist, present ones being only channels of semi-liquid mire, intermingled with roots of trees, provisions will become much cheaper, and in consequence a great deal of auriferous ground, which hitherto has been reported not payable owing to the high prices of provisions, will become remunerative as soon as good and substantial roads reduce them to a reasonable standard. With one word, the future of the West Coast goldfields depends in a great degree on the nature of the roads the Provincial Government thinks fit to have constructed. Great are the exertions of the miners, those pioneers of civilisation, who struggle manfully against all the disadvantages which the nature of this coast, its climate and vegetation, has placed in their way, so that every well-wisher will join me in urging upon you to assist them as much as it is in your power to change a wilderness into a flourishing country, which in many other respects possesses so many advantages, so that the Province of Canterbury will one day be proud of its western portion."

THE BIG WORK.

SOME FACTS AND FIGURES.

Length: Five miles 25 chains 18 links.

Grade: One in 33, or 2ft per chain.

Rise from Otira to Bealey End: 850ft.

Level throughout, with 12in concrete blocks, except in places where country is bad, and 18in work is used.

Contract signed: August 9th, 1907, by John McLean and Son.

Amount of contract: £599,794.

Time stipulated: Five years.

Tunnel taken over from contractors: December 28th, 1912.

Public Works Department commenced operations: January 8th, 1913, at Otira; January 13th, at Bealey end.

World's Longest Tunnels.

Tunnel.	Country.	Miles.	Yards.	Altitude.
Simplon	Switzerland	12	458	2313
St. Gothard	Switzerland	9	564	3783
Roischberg	Switzerland	9	55	4077
Mont Cenis	France-Italy	7	1730	4248
Arlberg	Austria	6	404	4800
Riech	Switzerland	5	610	1650
Otira	New Zealand	5	554	2495
Camera	Austria	5	546	4020
Ronio	Italy	5	277	
Tonda	Italy	5	56	3260

World's Highest Tunnels.

Tunnel.	Country.	Feet.
Caldora	Peru	1 320
Trans-Andine	Chile	15,774
	Argentina	1 551
		10,500

HISTORY OF THE MIDLAND RAILWAY.

A LONG STRUGGLE

SIXTY YEARS' AGITATION.

AN INTERESTING REVIEW.

At the present day the people of Canterbury and of the rest of New Zealand are apt to think that they have made a great discovery—a discovery of the vast resources and latent possibilities of Westland. As a matter of history, this discovery was made over sixty years ago, and became the basis of a great movement to secure railway communication between Nelson, Westland, and Canterbury. Most significant of all, this early impression of the potential wealth of Westland was made before the discovery of gold, and the charm of the precious metal was not working a spell upon the minds of the men who desired to throw open the lands of Westland to the world. Sixty years ago men preached the gospel contained in the slogan "To the West Coast!" Right through the years the slogan has been heard, sometimes resonant and hopeful, sometimes faint and discouraged, but never wholly silenced. And time at last brought its reward. The Railway Leagues of yesterday have passed away, and the Progress Leagues of to-day have taken their place, but the work has gone on, and the Midland Railway is a memorial of the many men who were gifted with sufficient imagination and vision to prolong what must have seemed on many occasions a hopeless struggle.

Nelson Leads the Way.

The great scheme of establishing railway communication with the West Coast originated in Nelson, and a manifesto of the Christchurch Railway League, published in 1886, says that the honour of the first attempt to burst into the regions of Westland by means of a railway is wholly due to the political foresight, acumen, and enterprise of the men of Nelson. Even as early as 1860 the illimitable resources and capacities of the district had struck the imagination of the leaders of that province. In 1870 Sir Julius Vogel placed before Parliament the great Public Works policy which had such far-reaching effects, and it was then that the project of railway communication with the West Coast came prominently into practical politics. The Nelson Provincial Council gave the matter earnest consideration, and the public showed a keen interest in the project. An "Inland Communication Committee" collected and distributed statistical information and fomented the agitation. In 1873 there were potent reasons why Nelson should give such a scheme its most careful consid-

eration. Nearly all the land available for cultivation and settlement in the immediate vicinity of Nelson was occupied, and the stream of immigration had dwindled almost to nothing. This promised to be fatal to the prosperity of Nelson, and new elements of strength had to be found to rejuvenate the colony. Then the slogan "To the West Coast!" resounded through the land, and all parties and all classes in Nelson responded as to a clarion call. The Provincial Council repeatedly affirmed the desirability of undertaking the construction of a railway to the West Coast. So great was the enthusiasm of the Nelson people that they resolved not to wait for the action of the General Government, which would assuredly be slow.

The Nelson people decided to set aside two million acres, comprising the Brunner and Mount Rochford coal-fields, as a bonus to any company undertaking the construction of the line. The General Assembly of New Zealand, by the Nelson and Cobden Railway Acts, 1866, 1867, 1868, and 1869, repeatedly gave its consent to the proposal of the Nelson Provincial Council, and was evidently satisfied even at that early date that the construction of a railway to the West Coast would be advantageous to the colony in general.

The Nelson Inland Communication Committee pushed on, collecting masses of evidence and thoroughly testing the reliability of the data laid before it. Its comprehensive report was adopted, and a company floated. Shares were eagerly applied for by all classes of the community, and the Nelson colonists appeared to be about to reap the reward of their enterprise and self-reliance.

The Government Intervenes.

At this crisis in the history of the East and West Coast and Nelson railway, the Government stepped in. It is probable that there was some idea of possible injury to a colonial loan, if a local scheme were floated for the carrying out of a work that was practically a part of a main trunk line, to the construction of which the Government was pledged. In any case there can be no doubt but that a proposal was submitted to the Nelson people to the effect that if they consented to abandon the formation of the proposed company, the work of constructing a line from Nelson to the West Coast would be undertaken by the general Government, the line being recognised as portion of the main trunk railway of the South Island. The committee accepted this proposal, and the Nelson efforts ceased.

Sir Julius Vogel, in the course of his Financial Statement of 1873, stated that the Government would ask "for authority to fill up the three gaps not yet provided for in the main line between North Canterbury and the Bluff, and to make a survey with a view to deciding upon a main line which will bring Nelson and the West Coast into communication with Canterbury, and also, if it should be found expedient, into communication with Marlborough." Later, Sir Julius Vogel said: "What I desire to establish is this—that every part of New Zealand is in our charge; that we want every district to be improved. We don't seek for a few splendid and isolated examples of prosperity, with depression and stagnation elsewhere—silk on the surface, rags beneath."

By the Railway Act of 1873, the railway from Nelson to Westland and thence to Canterbury, with a branch to Pictou, was adopted as part of Sir Julius Vogel's Public Works policy. The Government did not carry out that policy, and the effect on Nelson was little short of disastrous. The pledges given to her were not kept, and her people were betrayed. Nelson could have held her own with Wellington if she had obtained the railway which she had projected. All the resources of the Golden West would have flowed through Nelson instead of Wellington. Instead of this, Nelson has languished for half a century, and has not yet been given the railway for which she fought so hard years ago.

Canterbury Takes Action.

The definite beginning in Canterbury of the agitation for the construction of a railway uniting Canterbury with the West Coast appears to be a motion passed at a meeting of the Selwyn County Council on February 8th, 1878. The following report of the proceedings appeared in "The Press" of February 9th:—

"Dr. Turnbull said there was one question he desired to bring before the Council which was of considerable importance—that was the branch railways in the county, which were enumerated in the Canterbury Branch Railways Land Reservation Bill. The pushing forward of these branch railways was a matter of considerable importance, and though not able to pass a formal resolution on the subject, he felt sure they would all agree with him as to the desirableness of having these lines surveyed at once. . . . He would suggest the following as an expression of opinion from the members of the Council:—"That it is, in the opinion of this Council, of great importance to the interests of the County of Selwyn that the branch railways in the county enumerated in the Canterbury Branch Railways Land Reservation Bill, which are urgently required with a view to the development of the resources of important portions of the country should be surveyed without delay, so as to enable plans and estimates of cost to be laid before Parliament at its next session."

"The chairman (Sir John Hall) said that in other provinces—notably Otago—the branch railways, the Bill for which was in the same position as the Canterbury one, had been surveyed. If the proposition laid before the Council by Dr. Turnbull met with the approval of the members, he would bring the matter before the Government.

"Mr. Rolleston, while agreeing with Dr. Turnbull as to the advisableness of these branch lines being pushed on, did not think that they should be done so at the detriment of the speedy completion of the trunk lines. There was the northern line, for instance, which ought to be finished as speedily as possible, so as to connect us with the West Coast. This was essentially what was now called a national work, and was one which he had always strongly advocated. In his opinion nothing would tend so much to advance their commerce and extend their trade as the opening up of the West Coast by means of railway communication.

"The suggestion of Dr. Turnbull was then adopted."

Nothing further of interest in connexion with railway communication to the West Coast is reported in the papers until the following telegram from Wellington was received on July 22nd, 1878:—

"To-day a deputation, consisting of Mr. Seymour George, the Hon. W. Gisborne, and Mr. Woolcock, members of the House of Representatives, waited upon the Government to urge the construction of a railway from the West to the East Coasts of the Middle Island, and from Greymouth to Hokitika.

The main reason urged for the construction of the line was the large amount of coal and timber which would be sent to the East Coast for the supply of Canterbury, and for transport to other ports. The Hon. Mr. Macandrew concurred in the views expressed as to the importance of the work, but said the funds were wanting. He suggested that a better way would be to set apart lands for the purpose, but he would say nothing definitely until a surveyor was employed, and had reported as to what land would be opened up. If money was available, he would favour its construction at once, but what money there was, was wanted for works of more pressing necessity. Mr. Macandrew spoke very confidently of the future of the West Coast, if a railway was carried across the island.

In the course of an editorial, the Christchurch "Star" criticised Mr. Rolleston for not pressing the claims of the proposed line upon the Government. Mr. Rolleston, in reply, detailed the steps he had taken in the matter, and expressed the opinion that nothing would be achieved until the public vigorously supported the advocates of railway extension.

Otago Makes a Move.

In July, 1878, it was resolved to hold a conference between Canterbury and Westland members of the House of Representatives for the purpose of urging upon the Government the speedy extension of the railway from the East to the West Coast of the Island. A counter-proposal was now advanced to run the connecting line across the Island from Otago by way of Haast's Pass. This movement gained considerable support, and a resolution in its favour was carried in Hokitika. This proposed connexion of Otago and Westland is interesting in view of the previous proposal that Westland should be joined politically with Otago instead of Canterbury. The railway proposal served the purpose of arousing interest in Canterbury, and on August 5th, 1878, in reply to a deputation, the Hon. J. Macandrew stated that "the matter of the West Coast railway had received consideration from the Government, and would be treated upon in the next Public Works Statement, and if the proposals then made were not deemed satisfactory, the deputation could then meet Ministers again."

At a meeting of the Canterbury Chamber of Commerce a week later, the president (Mr. John Anderson) stressed the difficulty there would be in opening up communication with the West Coast from Otago. The route by which it was proposed to take the line from a point north of Christchurch, was for the Dunedin people, rather a shorter road than the road they would themselves have to the West Coast. It was ultimately resolved: "That, in the opinion of this meeting, the best and cheapest route for a railway connecting the West Coast of the Middle Island is that via Amberley, and that the co-operation of members of the General Assembly be invited to assist the Canterbury members in supporting the best and shortest route."

In the Public Works Statement of 1878 provision was made for a line from Amberley to Brunner, at an estimated cost of £950,000. Mr. Macandrew, speaking upon the motion for the second reading of the Bill, stated that it was the intention of the Government to have the line completed within five or six years.

With the fall of the Grey Ministry in 1879, the Minister for Public Works in the Hall Ministry, Mr. Oliver, stated that the resources of the country were inadequate to bear the strain of rapidly constructing expensive works. Mr. Macandrew protested against the omission of the Amberley-Brunner line from the Government's proposals, but the Government prevailed, and the ambitious policy of Mr. Macandrew was abandoned on the grounds of economy.

Westland Continues the Fight.

After the failure of 1879 public interest in Canterbury languished. The Westland Railway League, however, was brought into existence for the one purpose of prosecuting and sustaining agitation for the construction of the East and West Coast Railway. The project of a private company was advanced, and the League spent a long time in investigating the possibility of launching such a scheme. In October, 1880, delegates from the Westland committee came to Christchurch for the purpose of gauging public opinion in regard to the formation of a company, and of seeking assistance in finding a practicable route through the mountains. Commissioners were appointed with a view to ascertaining whether a private venture could be remunerative. The Commissioners did not think that this would be the case, and recommended that the line should be constructed by the Government. The company project was then finally abandoned.

In 1882 the Whitaker Ministry did not include the East and West Coast line in its projects, although provision was made for the construction of a line connecting Pieton with Christchurch via the East Coast. This line had never been asked for in Parliament, and had scarcely been referred to. No Canterbury or Westland member made any protest, and the railway votes were passed in Committee of Supply, without mention of the East and West Coast line.

Canterbury Protests.

The Canterbury Industrial Association took a prominent part in protesting against the neglect of the East and West Coast Railway scheme. At a general meeting of the Association the president (Mr. A. G. Howland) stated that the Association had not taken the matter up as a political question, but as one intimately connected with the fostering and encouraging of the industrial resources of the Colony. The following resolution was carried, on the motion of the Hon. E. Richardson:—"That this meeting is of opinion that a line of railway to connect the West Coast with Canterbury is of paramount importance, and that the Government be urged to undertake its immediate construction."

In November, 1882, the "East and West Coast Railway League" was formed in Christchurch. Public meetings were held in various districts, and delegates from the League gave full details of its proposals. A conference was called by the committee of the League on April 26th, 1883, between the League and the members representing Canterbury and Westland, in order to secure unity of action. The following resolutions were agreed to:—"That this meeting is of opinion that all the Government land for fifteen miles on each side of the determined route to the West Coast be reserved, and that the proceeds of its sale be applied towards the construction of a railway between Canterbury and Westland."

"That, in the opinion of this meeting, the £180,000 set apart for the extension of the Middle Island Main Trunk line northward should be diverted towards constructing a line to the West Coast by the route decided on."

A Discussion on Routes.

The Commission appointed in April 2nd, 1883, to enquire into the merits of the various proposals to connect Westland and Canterbury by railway, made an extensive and carefully prepared report. The most interesting passage of the report concerned the important problem of the route to be traversed. The settlers in Reefton urged that the line should commence there and go through the northern passes of the mountains to the East Coast and Christchurch. The settlers in Westport were comparatively indifferent to the question of railway communication, and were more interested in the improvement of their Harbour.

The settlers in Greymouth and Hokitika were anxious for a line that should commence at Brunner, and go through the southern passes to the East Coast and Christchurch. The question was finally narrowed down to considerations of distance and engineering difficulties, and the choice lay between the Hurunui and Arthur's Pass routes. The latter route possessed the advantage of shortness and the existing coach road was available for the conveyance of men and material for construction. On the other hand the engineering difficulties were considerably greater in the Arthur's Pass route. In concluding, the Commissioners summed up as follows: "After considering the whole of the foregoing conclusions and opinions, we most respectfully report to your Excellency that on account of its being the shortest line between the centres of production and demand, we recommend the route by Arthur's Pass as the most suitable; but the most sanguine view the Commissioners can take is, that there is no prospect of the traffic paying more than working expenses on the completion of any of the alternative lines. No commensurate indirect results can be anticipated from the expenditure of so large a sum as would be necessary for its construction, and not for as many as ten years or more can full interest on the cost be hoped for."

Public Men's Views.

Mr. W. Rolleston s.a.d., at a meeting of his constituents at Papanui on April 19th, 1884, "The existing circumstances of the colony do not warrant the borrowing of a million and a half to make the line. If such an expenditure were proposed in Parliament, it could only be made concurrently with one for the expenditure of millions elsewhere, which the present circumstances of the colony would not justify."

Sir George Grey, speaking at the Oddfellows' Hall, Christchurch, on May 8th, 1884, said in reply to a question, that no man had struggled harder for the West Coast railway than he had, and if he had been left alone, the line would have been far advanced by this time. Any fitting measure for getting it would still command his support.

Sir Julius Vogel, in a manifesto published on May 17th, 1884 said: "I am of opinion the trunk line should be completed without delay. Wellington and Auckland should be joined. Nelson and the West Coast should be united with the Eastern trunk line."

At Ashburton on June 14th, 1884, Sir Julius Vogel said: "I look upon the railway to the West Coast as of immense importance. The West Coast has never had justice done to it. It has been an appanage of Melbourne, whence it has drawn immense supplies. It has so far been merely scratched, and we have no conception of the wealth it may yet produce. Now, picture to yourselves the difficulty of getting to the West Coast and the costs of provisions there. I take the following comparative statement of prices for provisions from the Parliamentary papers for 1881-82:—

	Chc.	West Coast.
Flour, per ton	£10 to £11	£17 10s to £19
Bread, 4lb loaf	6d	10d
Butter, per lb	1s	2s
Wheat, per bushel	4s	7s
Mutton, per lb	2½d to 4d	7d

It is very clear that such sales must stand in the way of developing this district, and that when you open up the district, and have that large additional traffic which invariably follows on increased facilities of communication, you will afford a new field to the West Coast, whilst at the same time you open to the producers on this side a new market available to their energy and enterprise."

Mr. D. Reese spoke as follows to the electors of Stanmore on July 3rd, 1884: "The West Coast railway is a matter which has been of great interest to this province during the past few years, but in 1885 when the diggings broke out on the West Coast, we were put into a gold fever by the fact of such quantities of gold being found at our back door. It was then a leading question with our politicians, and there may be some present who recollect Mr. J. E. Fitzgerald saying that, in his opinion, Canterbury was on the wrong side of the ranges, that Christchurch ought to have been on the West Coast, drawing her supplies from this side, as it was more suited over there for manufacturing purposes. However, Mr. Fitzgerald worked hard at the question. We always respected what he said, and that was one of the opinions he expressed. . . . The West Coast is to us what Wales is to England, and you may depend upon it that we shall never progress as we should until we get that railway constructed."

Parliament's Action.

In the House of Representatives on July 4th, 1884, on the motion of Sir George Grey, it was agreed to go into Committee of Supply on Wednesday, July 11th, to consider an address to the Governor, to request his Excellency to cause a sum to be placed on the Estimates for the construction of a railway for the connexion of the city of Christchurch with the West Coast of the Middle Island.

On Wednesday, July 11th, Major Atkinson (Premier) declared in the House that under no circumstances would he consent to any portion of the £180,000 allocated for the construction of the East Coast line being diverted from the purposes to which it had been appropriated, and for which it was raised.

The Atkinson Government resigned on August 8th, and the first Stout-Vogel Ministry was soon defeated. The same fate overtook the Atkinson-Wakefield Ministry, and the second Stout-Vogel Ministry was formed on September 3rd. On October 3rd a Bill was introduced by Sir Julius Vogel, authorising the construction of the East and West Coast railway by a syndicate, and giving a guarantee of 2 per cent. In Committee of the House, the guarantee of 2 per cent. was struck out of the Bill, and the line of route from Springfield via Arthur's Pass to Stillwater (Brunner) was inserted, as the cheapest, easiest, and most advantageous to the colony.

Delegates from Canterbury and Nelson were sent to England to secure the necessary financial backing for the scheme. The Governor, in his speech at the opening of Parliament on June 11th, 1885, said: "No time was lost in making an agreement under the East and West Coast and Nelson Railway Act. My Ministers are in hopes that, in accordance with its provisions, Nelson and the West Coast will before long be connected with the East Coast of the Middle Island, and that a vast area of land, which from its nature requires a railway to develop it, will become available for useful purposes. The gain to the colony from opening these lines of communication with the West Coast my Ministers consider will be of immense importance, whilst the utilisation of the land, of which the colony will retain alternate blocks, must prove of great service."

The delegates in England cabled the terms upon which Meiggs and Sons, South American contractors, would undertake the construction of the railway. In Canterbury petitions were immediately circulated and numerous signed praying for the acceptance of the terms. The greatest enthusiasm on behalf of the railway prevailed. On July 27th, 1885, there was a great public meeting at the Tuam street Hall. The following resolution was carried unanimously: "That this meeting of residents in the County of Selwyn desires the hearty co-operation of Mr. Wakefield, as their county member, in passing the West Coast Railway Bill, as being a measure bearing greatly on the welfare of his

constituents." In another resolution satisfaction was expressed at the prospect of an early commencement being made in the construction of the railway. Similar resolutions were carried at other meetings in Canterbury, Nelson, and the West Coast.

On August 4th, in the General Assembly, Sir Julius Vogel submitted his motion for the reference of the whole question of the construction of the railway to a Committee. The motion was lost by 34 to 27 votes. A majority of fifteen for the proposal in the Middle Island was wiped out by a majority of twenty-two against it in the North Island. The rejection of the proposal was received with great indignation in the Middle Island, and a fierce agitation ensued.

Canterbury's Indignation.

On Wednesday, September 2nd, there was a great public demonstration in Christchurch, when it is estimated that 25,000 people assembled in Hagley Park. The description of the unparalleled demonstration occupied five and a half columns in "The Press" on the following day. Mr. C. C. Bowen proposed the first resolution: "That in the opinion of this great gathering, representing all classes of the people of Canterbury, it is an injustice to the interests of Canterbury, Westland, and Nelson that the prosecution of a colonial work of the importance of the East and West Coast and Nelson railway should be any longer delayed, and that, while trusting that the sum of £150,000 placed upon the Estimates will not be rejected by the House, the Legislature be earnestly invited to proceed with the development of a scheme for deal-

ing finally and comprehensively with the construction of this line." The resolution was carried unanimously, with much cheering. A second resolution was also carried unanimously: "That this gathering desires to tender its best thanks to the Canterbury and other members of the House of Representatives who have advocated the construction of the East and West Coast and Nelson railway, and trusts that they will not relax their efforts until this important work has been commenced."

A telegram from Nelson, dated September 5th, appears in "The Press" of September 7th, 1885: "A great railway demonstration in connexion with the Nelson branch of the League took place this afternoon, when it is estimated about 5000 persons were present, many having come in from the country. Every place of business was closed for a couple of hours. The streets were decorated, and the greatest enthusiasm prevailed. The chief resolution expressed the appreciation of the action of the Government and of those members of the House who are loyally supporting the construction of the East and West Coast and Nelson railway, and called upon every member of the Legislature having the welfare of the colony at heart to support by every legitimate means the construction of the railway. A resolution expressing thanks for the loyal support received from Canterbury and the West Coast was also carried with cheers."

The House of Representatives refused even to entertain the petitions of Canterbury, Westland, and Nelson for consideration, and at the instigation of a Canterbury member—Captain Suller—cut down a vote of £150,000, placed upon the Supplementary Estimates for the line, to £1000.

In October, 1885, the union of Canterbury with Westland and Nelson was decided upon, and Mr. Acton-Adams, formerly of Nelson, was elected chairman of the Railway League. The policy of the League was thus set out: "Cordial co-operation between the people of Canterbury, Westland, and Nelson, to secure the construction by the Government of the East and West Coast and Nelson railway, simultaneously with the Northern Trunk and Otago Central, and to advocate the extension of the League to all parts of the colony, with a view to securing political support to those members who will advocate the completion of the trunk railway system."

Thus after twenty-five years of agitation in three provinces, the East and West Coast and Nelson railway was yet to be commenced.

C.A. Press Aug 4. 1823

CHRONOLOGY OF THE WORK.

- 1864—Arthur's Pass discovered by Mr. A. D. Dobson.
- 1873—Railway Act. Nelson-Westland-Canterbury line adopted.
- 1878—February 3rd. Selwyn County Council meeting.
- 1878—July 22nd. Deputation to Government urges trans-island line.
- 1878—Amberley-Brunner line promised for completion in five years.
- 1879—Amberley-Brunner project dropped.
- 1880—Westland Railway League formed.
- 1882—East and West Coast Railway League formed.
- 1883—Commission recommends Arthur's Pass route.
- 1884—Agitation in Parliament.
- 1884—Bill introduced for construction of railway by a syndicate.
- 1885—Vigorous agitation. Railway project vetoed in Parliament.
- 1885—September 2nd. Indignation meeting in Hagley Park, 25,000 people present.
- 1885—Westland, Nelson, and Canterbury still agitating.
- 1886—Mr. Blair reports on line.
- 1887—Act authorising contract with Midland Railway Company.
- 1888—August 3rd. Contract with Company signed.
- 1890—First sod turned at Springfield.
- 1892—Company asks for extension of contract time.
- 1895—Arbitration between company and Government arranged.
- 1895—Mr. Blake as arbitrator delivered his judgment. Government takes over the work.
- 1898—Government begins work at Staircase.
- 1900—Jackson's Otira section completed in November.
- 1905—Canterbury and West Coast deputation to Mr. Seddon, who promises completion of tunnel by 1910.
- 1907—Contract for tunnel let to McLean and Son.
- 1908—May 5th. Tunnel commenced at Arthur's Pass.
- 1912—McLeans released from their tunnel contract.
- 1913—January 6th. Public Works Department carries on.
- 1918—August 21st. Tunnel headings meet.
- 1919—May 16th. "Press" predicts completion in four years.
- 1922—Passengers, mails and goods occasionally taken through tunnel.
- 1923—Line officially opened for traffic on August 4th.

FRANZ JOSEF

GLACIER

ONLY TEN MILES FROM
THE SEA

FOREST TRACKS LEAD TO THE
ICE RIVER

There must be few glaciers in the world as beautiful and as accessible as the Franz Josef. The beauties of the great glacier itself are almost excelled by the marvels of scenery which confront the traveller who walks to the glacier along one or other of the fine bush tracks. This is the most striking feature of the Franz Josef—that its ice should push so far down from its desolate source into the forest.

Usually glaciers wend their slow and stately way far from places accessible to man. But, the Franz Josef is friendly; one thinks of a crystal giant who has glided far from his alpine home into an avenue of sub-tropical forest to watch the ways of men. The huge terminal fall, half a mile wide and 100 feet high, is only 10 miles away from the sea and only 700 feet above ocean level. It is only two miles by an easy path from the Waiho Hotel through a fairyland of ferny forests to the place where the glacier's sparkling body, ever renewed, feeds the roaring Waiho river.

Eight and a Half Miles Long

As Franz Josef's course of eight and a half miles begins at a height of 9000 feet, the slow fall of ice is heaved into marvellous shapes, ever changing. One has an impression of supernatural artificians, making and breaking their palaces and castles, for huge towers and spires and battlements of crystal are going in or out of place. From dawn to dusk the vast masses of ice catch the light and play with it and turn it to hues of blue and green, pink and orange.

There is one aspect of this region which could perhaps receive more attention from the many who speak and print their praise of Waiho and the Franz Josef. That is the very fine facilities for climbing offered by a chain of mountain huts accessible from the Waiho Hostel. The region provides scope for wide climbing activity on rock and ice from any of the well-appointed huts. From the Alma, for instance, it would be possible to put in a fortnight of unsurpassed opportunity for the mountaineer. The same region and the same hut could form the base for extensive ski-ing, and authorities have stated that the basin of the Franz Josef, with its great snow-fields, is one of the finest ski-ing grounds to be found.

By the development of aviation on the West Coast the Franz Josef is being brought within very easy reach of the outside world. Hitherto the Waiho Hostel has attracted a steady flow of tourists all through the year, but there are signs that this traffic will be increased considerably.

Prem. Dec. 1934

MIGHTY GLACIERS

John B. Fox's 1872
A PREMIER'S VISIT.

See Ramm's Journal 1878
THE FRANZ JOSEF AND THE

FOX.

In R. C. Reid's book, "Rambles on the Golden Coast," published in 1886, there is an interesting account of a visit to the Franz Josef Glacier of the Hon. W. Fox, Premier of the colony, and Mr Mueller, chief surveyor of Westland. The party passed Ross and went along the bed of the Waiho River, to visit the glacier at its head. They reached a camping ground at the foot of Mount Mueller at evening. The account says:—

"The scenery was charming. The widening river-bed and ever-winding, ever-rushing stream, the changing patches of bush and scrub, the lofty hills backed by the towering mountains clothed in their bright snowy garments, and then the glacier, picturesque and beautiful, bathed in the sunshine and clinging to the mountain with icy hand; blood-red blossoming rata contrasting with the dull green bush. On the road up, sketches of the glacier were taken by Mr Fox and Mr Brown. The horses, with the aid of a few strokes of a bill-hook, were all placed in natural stalls in the scrub of the river bank, and fed, fires were lit, dinner was cooked, and tents were pitched. Breakfast had, and horses fed and watered, the journey afoot up the river was commenced. The highest point attainable by horses is the forks, and a distance of about two miles has to be travelled afoot to reach the glacier. In some places the river seems to have risen about 30 feet, and occasionally to have completely covered the summit of its banks. Approaching nearer, ever-changing views of the glacier present themselves deeper and deeper becomes the bluish-green tinge, deepening still more in the depth of fantastic clefts in the icy mass, the tips of its picturesque points or many steeples, one might say, seem to become shaded in mourning for the passing away of the bright white winter snows. The effect of the view of the glacier from a short distance was considerably heightened by the rata on the adjoining hills being covered with their bright red flowers, contrasting with the dull green bushes and the delicately tinted glacier, and all together bathed in a flood of sunshine.

"The glacier is about half a mile across, the point rising abruptly like a wall, here and there cut into caves, the lower part having at a short distance much the appearance of a grey rock, from the gravel and stones cover-

ing it. From a large cave at the southern end flows forth the first of the Waiho, which runs close across the front of the glacier. Upwards for miles lies the solid icy mass filling up the huge gully between the lofty hills, and finally hidden from sight by a bend of the mountains. The ice assumes all manner of fantastic shapes. At the base there is a perfect bridge, bright and clear, but not to be trodden by human foot. Higher up is a huge pinnacle with an eye through which the sunlight seemed to stream. These were striking points, but ever new beauties in the view met the wandering eye, and the effect produced on the mind is beyond description. The low altitude of this glacier—about 675 feet above the sea level, and the luxuriant vegetation in close proximity to the ice, a vegetation covering the hills on both sides of the glacier for a height of from 800 feet to 1000 feet—are the most remarkable features. Further on we get a sketch of a glacier at one of the sources of Cook's River."

The party, says the narrative, proceeded up the river, but found the first and second fords rather deep. The riverbed at the mouth is considerably less in breadth than that of the Waiho, but higher up it opens into a far more extensive country, some parts covered with high scrub and grass, appearing to afford an excellent run for cattle. After following the river from its mouth for three or four miles, the party proceed-

ed in a north-easterly direction for about five miles, when they came within view of a grand glacier falling from the lofty mountains in one solid body, and conveying the idea of a mighty, rushing, overwhelming river suddenly chained and fixed by frost. When first presented to the view the scene was most grand and singular. By perseverance the glacier was reached, but to obtain a good view of it, crossing the river to the south side was necessary, and that, at first sight, seemed impossible. Soon, however, the discovery was made that close up to the base of the glacier the river ran in several streams. Crossing some of these, and crawling over large boulders, and sometimes over the lower parts of the glacier, the party succeeded in reaching the south side in safety, when Mr Fox took some sketches of the magnificent scenery before him. The debris continually falling down the glacier was very considerable, and the whole of the lower part appears from a short distance as if composed of grey stones. On the southern side of the point stands a lofty wooded hill, from which a fine view of the stupendous mass of ice can be had, but there was not sufficient time to examine it from that spot. The appearance of the glacier when closely approached is not so picturesque as the Waiho Glacier, but is perhaps more nobly grand in its simplicity. Its height is 770 feet, and therefore nearly 100 feet higher than the Waiho glacier. The water does not seem to flow out of it as from the Waiho Glacier, but bubbles up in its front where there is a remarkable fountain throwing out a great body of water, boiling up some feet in height. The effect of the whole view, like that of the Waiho glacier, is much heightened by the bright red of the rata flowers. As the party proposed to return to Gillespie's Beach the same day, but little time could be spared at the glacier, and having christened it the "Fox Glacier," the return was commenced soon after 2 p.m. Travelling homeward, several stoppages were made, and excellent views obtained of the glacier and Mount Cook range in their majestic grandeur.

The Times May 24. 1913

THE SOUTHERN ALPS.

A GRADUAL RECORD OF DISCOVERY.

LAKES, FIORDS, AND PEAKS.

(FROM A CORRESPONDENT.)

A well-known writer on Alpine climbing once saw in the parlour of a cottage in England a wonderful erection of what appeared to be brown paper and shavings, built up in rock-like fashion, covered with little toy-box trees and dotted here and there with bits of mirror glass and cardboard houses. "What," inquired the visitor, "may this be?" "That," said the owner of the house, very slowly, "is the work of my late 'usband—a representation of the Halps, as close as 'e could imagine it, for 'e never was abroad." There are still many thousands of people in New Zealand who, like this lady's "late 'usband," have but the vaguest idea of what their own Alps are like. The Alps of New Zealand extend in a series of ranges from the north to the extreme south of the Middle Island. In the south the ranges, which run in different directions, are intersected by the splendid fiords on the one side and by the arms of the long, deep lakes on the other. The mountain masses in some cases come sheer down to the water's edge, and their bases are far below the level of the lakes or of the sea. Many of their lower slopes are densely wooded, while their summits are capped with perpetual snow and ice. In the region of Milford Sound they rise steeply from the water's edge, and their solid and sometimes smooth granite walls seem uninviting to the foot of the climber. Going further north we have another fine series of mountains in the region of lakes Wakatipu and Wanaka. Though not high, as heights go in the European Alps, or in the Himalaya, they are imposing mountains. It is only within comparatively recent years that passes have been discovered between the lakes and the sounds, and although these passes do not lead the traveller beyond the sub-Alpine heights, they take him through scenery that is no less remarkable for its beauty than for its grandeur—a fitting introduction to those greater marvels in the heart of the Southern Alps.

THE MAIN CHAIN.

Northwards, from Mount Aspiring, which is at the head of this jumble of southern mountains that spreads itself through fiordland and lake-land, the Southern Alps proper extend in an almost unbroken chain along the western side of the Middle Island of New Zealand to where Mount Cook, or Aorangi, rears his snow-crowned ridge above the grim precipices and flanking glaciers, and, dominating the landscape, gives an outlook from sea to sea. The views of this Alpine region are perhaps most wonderful from an altitude of about 11,000ft. on the north-eastern arête. They are magnificently grand. Tasman, the second highest mountain in New Zealand, with his wonderful slopes of snow and ice and a fine snow cornice, is quite close to us on the north. Then comes Mount Ledentfeldt, and the jagged, pinnacled ridge of Haast, which, from this point of view, seems to bid defiance to the mountaineer. Further along on the main divide rises the square top of Mount Haidinger, from which the magnificent schruns and broken ice of the Haast glacier fall away towards the Tasman Valley. Beyond, the rocky pinnacle of De la Beche, and the beautifully pure, snowy peaks of the Minarets, cleave the blue, leading the eye in turn to the gleaming masses of Elie de Beaumont and the Hochstetter Dom at the head of the great Tasman Glacier. Across the valley the rugged mass of Malte Brun towers grandly above all the other rocky peaks of that range, and still further away towards the north-east is the most extensive view of all, range succeeding range, and mountain succeeding mountain for more than a hundred miles, or as far as the keenest eye can penetrate into that pearly haze of distance with which nature delights to finish off her pictures. Sometimes, even on the finest day, a great bank of cloud coming up from the ocean, is spread like a fleecy counterpane over part of the landscape, and the higher peaks come through and stand like pointed islands in a sunlit silver sea. Far below, through the clear air, the climber can trace his early morning steps across the grand plateau and along the narrow snow arêtes that he has laboriously climbed. Lower still are the great schruns and toppling pinnacles of the Hochstetter Ice-fall, and below that again the magnificent eighteen-miles sweep of the great Tasman Glacier. Eastward a few fleecy cloud masses sail over the foothills, and beyond are the plains of Canterbury and the distant sea. From the summit the scene is still magnificent, for, in addition to the views northward and eastward, seen from the lower altitude, there is a glorious Alpine panorama stretching to the south—a thousand untrodden peaks and passes still awaiting the foot of the climber. Through rents in a long stretch of billowy cloud to the westward patches of sea appear like dark lagoons in a sunlit land. Nearer at hand, but still far below, the rivers run like thin streaks of silver through the sombre forests, and the breakers of the Pacific Ocean, in long lines, roll slowly shoreward to spend themselves on shelving beach and rocky headland.

THE ECONOMIC STANDPOINT.

Travelling over the level lands in the south-bound train from Christchurch on a summer's day, wheat, fence high, and golden in the sun; the grey green of oats in ear; the darker green of well-tilled root crops, interspersed with clumps and lines of English and Australian trees, make relieving splashes of colour against the purple haze of the foothills, and indicate a fertile soil. At intervals we rumble over the long bridge of some snow-fed river, with its great shingle flats and islands, and its opalescent water forming many interlacing streams, and we realize that the work done in the giant laboratory of the Frost King, in the heart of the Alps, is here finding its full fruition, and we know also that the planing glacier, the eroding torrent, and the crumbling moraine are still at work. They are the Mills of the Gods, slowly grinding, and though they grind exceedingly small, they have made, in time, through the agency of these great snow-fed rivers, a land that is of a verity flowing with milk and honey—a land that is already the granary of the islands. Thus the Southern Alps have an important bearing upon the economic possibilities of the country. Their never-failing rivers, by means of irrigation, will make possible a still more intense cultivation on the plains of Canterbury and Otago. But beyond all this there are possibilities almost undreamt of in the enormous power from lake and river now running to waste. In short, the Southern Alps may one day make New Zealand not only the playground of Australasia, but its manufactory as well. A return recently compiled, giving the more important available water powers in both islands shows an average of 3,817,180 horse power and 2,854,470 kilowatts. A considerable number of these powers are suitable for general industrial development, but the largest ones, being mainly in the unsettled portions of the Middle Island, and near the deep water sounds, are particularly suitable for utilization in connexion with electric-chemical or electric-metallurgical industries. Finally, the Southern Alps must not be despised from the tourist point of view. They already bring many visitors to New Zealand from all parts of the world; and, in years to come, when torrid Australia and the sweltering Pacific number their population by many millions, this splendid mountain chain both in summer and in winter will have become the playground of the new nations under the Southern Cross.

EFFECT ON CHARACTER AND PHYSIQUE.

But apart altogether from the physical aspect and the economic aspect, a splendid Alpine chain, such as forms the backbone of the Middle Island of New Zealand, is almost certain to have some influence upon the character and physique of the nation, but more especially upon the character and physique of a nation endowed with those qualities of hardihood and adventure that are such predominant features of the Anglo-Saxon race. In a rather remarkable article on "Mountaineering as a Sport for Soldiers," published in *The Times* in 1907, the writer pointed out that "there can be few better tests of the essential qualities of leadership than a really critical moment on a mountain. The man who can retain his judgment and confidence, and keep up the spirits of his party, when the way has already been lost, when all the rocks are coated with new verglas, when fingers are numb with cold, and when the guides begin to lose their heads and jabber furiously in incomprehensible *patois*—he is the man who is no less certain to keep his nerve and sustain his subordinates when casualties are heaviest and the hope of support faintest." Where there are mountains and where there are British people there will, of a surety, be climbing, and the sport develops character and brings out qualities that are of

first importance in the affairs of everyday life as well as in warfare. From this point of view, therefore, as well as from the others mentioned, New Zealand has a valuable asset in her mountains. It is an asset, too, that is already being developed to some purpose.

THE CONQUEST OF THE GREAT PEAKS.

The splendid mountain chain that forms the backbone of the Middle Island was, during the early period of colonization, a *terra incognita* to all but a few New Zealanders, and it is only within recent years that the sons of those bold pioneers, who travelled over so many leagues of ocean to build themselves new homes and to lay the foundation of a new and sturdy nation, have ventured into the heart of the Southern Alps to wrest the secrets of the higher snows. The age of conquest has been long delayed, but once started, the conquerors have marched to victory with even greater vigour than did their forefathers in the European Alps. It took some little time to gain the necessary experience, for the Antipodean climbers had not only to learn the craft taught by others, but they had to be their own guides, their own step-cutters, and even their own porters. With the first taste of victory came the lust for other conquests, and, one by one, the great peaks have fallen, till now there is not one first-class mountain left unconquered, and already "traverses" and new routes up old peaks are becoming the fashion. Though the New Zealanders have won for themselves most of the higher summits, there are a number of the peaks that have fallen before climbers from the Motherland. The New Zealanders, however, did their work without assistance, and it says much for the courage, for the endurance, and for the resource of the race that the sons of the pioneers have accomplished this remarkable record without a single fatal accident, and indeed without serious misadventure of any kind.

To an Englishman, and a member of the Alpine Club, the Rev. William Spotswood Green, belongs the credit of having initiated Alpine climbing in this, the furthest part of our Outer Empire. Previously the old pioneers had done some preliminary exploratory and geological work. Many of these have now passed away. Mr. Howitt lost his life in Lake Brunner in 1863, and Mr. G. Dobson was murdered on the West Coast in 1866. Dr. Sinclair was drowned in one of the branches of the Rangitata River. He was buried at a place called Mesopotamia, in the words of his friend, Dr. von Haast, "near the banks of the river just where it emerges from the Alps, with their perpetual snowfields glistening in the sun. Amidst veronicas, senecios, and covered with celmias, and gentians, there lies his lonely grave." But it was Green's work in the Southern Alps that fired the imagination of that hardy band of young Colonial pioneers who, like their forefathers in the Alps of Switzerland, were destined to lead the way in Alpine conquest. Green came with two experienced Swiss climbers—Emil Boss and Ulrich Kaufmann—and though he was not successful in reaching the actual summit of Mount Cook, he did some splendid work under great difficulties. The story of his adventures is simply and graphically told in his book, which must ever remain a classic in New Zealand mountaineering literature.

The season of 1893-4 will ever be memorable in the annals of New Zealand mountaineering, for that was the season in which the first of the great peaks fell. On March 7, 1895, Fyfe, by himself, made the first ascent of that splendid rock peak Malte Brun (10,241ft.); with Jack Clark and Dr. Franz Kronecker (a tourist from Germany) he climbed Mount Darwin (9,700ft.); and with George Graham he ascended Mount de la Beche (10,040ft.) and the Footstool (9,073ft.). It was a fine performance for the young New Zealanders, who had by this time acquired not only the craft of climbing, but also of route-finding.

MOUNT COOK.

Meantime there had been no further serious attempt upon Mount Cook, but early in the season 1894-5 Malcolm and Kenneth Ross and Marmaduke Dixon, three New Zealanders, arranged an expedition with a view to making the first ascent of the mountain. The story of

their struggles under most adverse conditions forms a graphic page in the annals of New Zealand mountaineering. Owing to bad weather and a series of defeats, the composition of the expedition was altered from time to time. In addition to those named, T. C. Fyfe, George Graham, J. Clark, and Dr. Cox were concerned in various assaults upon the peak, till, finally, the effort of the first three—who had abandoned Green's route *via* the Linda Glacier in favour of a rock route on the Hooker, or Western side—were crowned with success. It was 1.30 p.m. on Christmas Day, 1894, when these three stepped on to the highest pinnacle of the Southern Alps, and won for New Zealand the honour of the conquest of New Zealand's highest mountain. That same season, Mr. E. A. Fitzgerald, a member of the English Alpine Club, arrived with the famous guide Zurbriggen to climb Mount Cook and other peaks. The visitors spent some time in Christchurch and on their way to the theatre of operations they met the victorious New Zealanders returning from their conquest. Fitzgerald, however, continued his expedition, and did some remarkably fine work, including the first ascents of Mount Tasman (11,467ft.), Mount Sefton (10,350ft.), Mount Haidinger (10,063ft.), and Mount Sealy (8,651ft.). To Mr. Fitzgerald also belongs the honour of having discovered an easy pass from the vicinity of Mount Cook to the

West Coast—a pass that other explorers had been seeking for some time, but had failed to find. There was no further serious climbing for a few years till Malcolm Ross and T. C. Fyfe made a first ascent of Haidinger by the eastern face, and the first ascent of the Minarets (10,058ft.). They also made an adventurous crossing by a new pass at the head of the great Tasman Glacier through some unexplored country down the Whymper Glacier and the left branch of the Wataroa River to the West Coast, a climb that has not been again attempted. There was now an interval in big climbing till 1905, when the first traverse of Mount Cook was made by a party consisting of S. Turner, T. C. Fyfe, and Malcolm Ross with Peter Graham as guide. The remarkable feature of this climb—of which an account appeared in *The Times*—was the descent of the mountain on the western side under exceedingly adverse conditions. The rocks from top to bottom were ice-glazed, and the snow-slopes were frozen hard. The party had to climb through the night to get to a place of safety, and they were altogether 36 hours on the march from the bivouac on the eastern side till they reached the Hermitage on the other side of the mountain. The descent produced some thrilling experiences. Next season the west coast climbers Dr. Teichelman and the Rev. Mr. Newton, with Mr. R. S. Low, a Scottish climber, and guide Alex. Graham, came into prominence. They commenced a series of ascents from the western side of the range, on which the scenery is more varied and even more imposing than it is on the eastern side. Some fine work was also accomplished that season by Mr. H. Sillem, a Dutchman, in company with the New Zealand guides Clark and Graham. He ascended Mount Cook, Malte Brun, the Footstool, and Sealy, and succeeded in making the first ascent of Elie de Beaumont (10,200ft.) and the Southern Peak of Mount Cook (11,844ft.). In 1907 Dr. Teichelman and the Rev. Mr. Newton, with Alex. Graham, made the first ascent of Mount Douglas (10,107ft.) and of Torris Peak (10,576ft.). Mounts Haast, Lendenfelt, Conway, and Glacier Peak (all over 10,000ft.) also fell to them. There were no high ascents made in 1908; but in the 1909 season the guides were kept busy. Mr. Claude McDonald, a member of the Alpine Club, made the first traverse of Malte Brun (10,421ft.), and Mr. L. M. Earle, also a member of the Alpine Club, with three guides, ascended Mount Cook by a new route from the Hooker Valley. The climb was mostly on good rocks, and is probably the easiest and shortest way to the summit of the mountain. Several first ascents of second-class peaks were made.

A LADY'S ACHIEVEMENT.

Mummery in his delightful book about his climbs in the Alps and Caucasus says, humorously, that a mountain passes through three phases, "An inaccessible peak," "The most difficult climb in the Alps," and "An easy day for a lady." His classification has been proved true in regard to the New Zealand as well as the European Alps, and Mount Cook, which baffled Green and his Swiss experts and the early New Zealand climbers, has now been climbed by two women. Miss Du Faur, a Sydney girl, in 1911 made the ascent by the Hooker rock route in company with the two guides Peter and Alex. Graham, while Mrs. Lindon, an Englishwoman resident in Australia, a year later with Peter Graham and D. Thomson, made the first ascent of Mount Cook by Green's route. The conditions for both ascents were perfect. Miss Du Faur has also climbed Mount Tasman (11,475ft.), Mount Dampier (11,323ft.)—a first ascent—and several other peaks. This season 1912-13, in company with Graham and Thomson, she has succeeded in making a traverse of the three peaks of Mount Cook from a high bivouac on the Hooker side to the bivouac on the Tasman side—a remarkable feat. On this trip the climbers were favoured with glorious weather, and the conditions were also good; otherwise the climb would have been almost hopeless. The writer has looked down the long icy knife edge that, with its bends and steep slopes and cornices, joins the three peaks together, and has realized the almost insuperable difficulties in the way of success, except under ideal conditions. All honour then to the two New Zealand guides and the young Australian girl who have accomplished such a daring feat.

Looking back over this series of victories, won without a single fatal accident, one would fain ask, What of the future? It is true the great peaks have all been conquered; but every year there is an increasing number of climbers eager to climb them again, and the modern mountaineer, looking north and south along the splendid mountain chain, realizes that there are still hundreds of untrdden peaks that will give work for generations of climbers yet unborn.

The Times Sat May 24 1913.

THE MAORI.

THEIR HISTORY AND PRESENT STATUS.

(FROM A CORRESPONDENT.)

The Maori race is one which has come into the daylight of the civilized world within quite a recent period. So far as history concerns itself with this race, an offshoot of the great Polynesian stock, it has to content itself with its deeds and doings in New Zealand. The best tradition speaks in a hesitating way about the race that inhabited that country previous to the Maori. They do not know from what stock they sprung, but it is more than probable that the newcomers were picked men of superior physique and the more capable fighting men. Time and opportunity were alone wanting, and in the course of a hundred years, perhaps even less, the original population would be absorbed by the usual process of the destruction of the males and the absorption of the females. The new-comers found a land which developed and possibly improved the physical characteristics of the mixed race. Food was plentiful and could be grown in plenty, but it required a considerable amount of labour and skill to obtain it. Under the stress of these circumstances agriculture was developed to a relatively high level and hunting in its various branches be-

came a fine art.

To judge from the records which have been obtained from those who recollected the old manners and customs under which the race lived there seems to have been a great deal of what might well have been called social and political organization, and in the course of only a few hundred years the native population increased and spread over the greater part of the then available land. From the very first period of their history they seem to have had marked social distinctions and regulations in their previous island homes, and customs which seem to have had a remarkably widespread area over which they were observed.

As far as one can make out, their legends and principal tales seem to have been transferred with them from one temporary resting place to another, and possibly in each they may have gathered local colour. In New Zealand the songs and stories, closely read, show in many cases the foundation of an old story with local adaptations and additions. The general similarity in the genealogies of the leading lines show evidence of contact with other parts of Polynesia. This evidence is not so clear as it might be, owing to the recent conditions which have arisen and which have in some cases led the Maori to doctor his pedigree in a manner not unknown in England and other countries.

THE COMING OF THE WHITES.

It is a long story now to recount the first coming of the white man and to tell of the extraordinary pleasure with which the greater chiefs protected and, for their own purposes, encouraged it. One has only to read that delightful book by Judge Manning called "Old New Zealand" to get a vivid idea of the coming of the Pakeha and the way he was received. I will not quote, as the whole book is well worth a perusal, not being a dry historical record, nor is it a hard and dry description of a traveller's experiences. The man who wrote that book could feel with the Maori, not for him, as so many do—quite unnecessarily. Of course, the inevitable was bound to occur when "civilized" arms and new methods of fighting with the "iron tubes" were introduced by these people and their intestine strife changed from gentlemanly recreation to sanguinary struggles in which the advantage was with the powder and the gun. A Maori who was covering the retreat of his party before another tribe pursuing them with the death-dealing gun jumped upon a rock amid the flying bullets and called out to the pursuing leader, "Shall the Maori weapons never more drink blood?" This appeal had its effect, and down the guns were thrown for a time, and a fierce engagement took place, under cover of which the main party reached safety.

THE MISSIONARIES.

The vital necessity of obtaining these new weapons to a large extent developed the flax trade as a safe and easy way of earning money. Then came the whaling vessels from all countries, and the orgies which took place upon the beaches of the North introduced to the native a swifter and surer method of race destruction than firearms. Probably the rum barrel stands as the most potent factor in the disintegration of the Maori race. Shortly after this, of course, came the missionaries, and the social revolution which took place among the Maori is one of the most marvellous stories in religious enterprise. How much share these three—firearms, rum, and new religion—had in the events which followed would take books to tell and analyse. Sufficient to say that the polity and social organization of the Maori race fell asunder as if a cord had been cut from a bundle of reeds. Neither law nor order availed much. Every man was as good as another, and it is admitted on all hands that the destroying of the organization of a people is to ensure generally their certain disappearance. Their methods of governing went; their chief was only a chief in name

and his authority was negligible. Then came the period of the Maori wars, in which a handful of Europeans had to establish their position by force. Fortunately they were able to take advantage of the internal confusion amongst the natives, and received valuable assistance from the so-called "loyal native." For nearly one hundred years now land has been acquired from the natives by one means or another, just or unjust, and to a certain extent the property of the remaining natives in certain lands has been recognized, but in very few cases comparatively has it been individualized. The tendency of successive Governments has been to acquire from the natives any land that they are willing to part with at a reasonable price, but, speaking generally, it has hampered the acquisition of land direct from the Maori by other people with regulations securing what they considered to be a fair compensation at the time for the native owners, especially those who consented to lease their lands. A very large number of properties are held on lease from Maori owners, who are able to live in luxury from the rentals of their land.

GOVERNMENT POLICY.

The Government's aim has been to ensure some small provision of land for every Maori. Unoccupied land which was never used or cultivated by the Maori is now actually exhausted, and in the interests of the country it seems that something will have to be done to force the Maori owners to make more use of the land still in their possession than they do at present. Amongst fertile fields and pastures may be seen blocks of native land carrying fern, bramble, and briar. Earnest efforts have been made to solve this problem, and the time is now nearly come when the Maori landowners must assume equal responsibilities towards the State with the New Zealanders who are now the dominant race in New Zealand—children of the Empire of Great Britain.

The Maori population of New Zealand is now taken at about forty thousand—a very different proportion from the times we have left behind us. Whilst on this point I should like to quote from a letter written by one who had every opportunity to know the Maori of the war times and the Maori of the present. Sir John Gorst was in the Waikato and was ejected by the Maori of that time, and quite recently he visited New Zealand again. He says:—

New Zealand has the advantage, the peculiar advantage, of the presence of the Maori race. When I left New Zealand I left it in despair. The war was just breaking out in the Waikato, and I thought the Maori, to whom I was greatly attached, were doomed to extermination; but I have come back after 40 years to find the most generous spirit of sympathy on the part of the Pakeha people for the Maori. There is not a trace of the ill-feeling which prevailed in my time and culminated in the great war. I have spoken to people of all classes of society in New Zealand and find no trace whatever of that feeling. On the other hand, amongst the Maori themselves there is much more confidence in the good will, justice, and good feeling of their white neighbours than there was in my time. With the most benevolent intentions we could never get into the feelings of the Maori or get them to believe in the genuineness of what we were doing on their behalf; and you know a technical school was designed at Te Awamutu by Sir George Grey for the Maori, and it was suppressed by violence by Rewi Maniapoto's people, and yet the very same people received me with most extraordinary enthusiasm a few days ago. In that Maori question you have a question which is not completely solved yet, but it is one in which you and your Government have a great opportunity. It is a very distinctive and remarkable feature in your civilization. There is nothing like it in any other country in the world. There are places where less civilized races have been reduced to a kind of servitude, but there is no country in the world where an uncivilized race is treated on equal terms and where more justice and more consideration is shown to them. It is very greatly to the credit of the Dominion, and very greatly to the credit of the people of New Zealand, that they became a nation and set an example to the world, which no people yet has imitated, of the unique position of an uncivilized race living in perfect amity and equality with the civilized race and enjoying all the advantages of civilization.

Numerous efforts have been made to ascertain exactly the present position, so far as numbers are concerned, of the Maori race. It is not an easy matter and is still somewhat doubtful. The most that we can say is that the results of the present system of enumeration show that the numbers have been stationary for some years, but one return of the thirty married couples in the Hawke's Bay district may be interesting as an item which is based on observed facts. These thirty married couples had a total of 113 children. At the time of the return 38 had died and 75 were still living. The

maximum number of children born to one family was 13. On the other hand, there were seven out of the 30 couples who from one cause or another had no children.

INTER-MARRIAGE AND SOCIAL STATUS.

Numerous mixed marriages have taken place and the number of half-castes is large. So far as colour-feeling is concerned, in the sense that it is understood in America or the Cape, there is not the slightest trace of any repugnance or ill-feeling. Numbers of Maoris of both sexes are highly popular in the higher circles, and many of the large estates of the Pakeha have been accumulated by inter-marriage. Those who have more or less native blood in their veins, either as quarter or half castes, and occupy a prominent place in the Dominion are numerous, and the position of Native Minister has been filled by one for more than 20 years. Others have attained to the learned professions and practise as lawyers and doctors and have been associated with the government of the country. So far as education goes, the native colleges turn out young Maoris and half-castes who are well qualified to enter professions and to assist in the business of the country. It must be admitted, however, that there are some Maoris, removed from the immediate effects of education and civilization, who still have a low standard of living and of training the young. It is also true that many of those natives who are trained with considerable care in the European institutions for their benefit drop back in a very short time to the lot of those in the outlying places, and do not, as might be expected, exert a beneficial influence on revisiting their homes. One writer, in treating at length on this subject, says that until means are adopted to help to the betterment of the women, there can be no doubt as to the fate of the native race; but just as the Saxon women at the Conquest managed to save their country and their identity as a people, so will the Maori women save their people if steps are taken to train them in all those aspects of modern domestic and social science, of which they are ignorant and in which progress is essential. Clean living and plain cooking make healthy and happy homes.

Another writer, Archdeacon Walsh, says:—

However humiliating to the self-esteem of the white man, it must be confessed that it is the contact with European civilization that has proved the ruin of the race. From the moment that the Pakeha found a footing in the country, by an inevitable chain of causation the thousands have dwindled into hundreds and the hundreds to tens, until the dying remnant, of lowered physique and declining birth-rate, are the sole representatives of perhaps the finest aboriginal people the world has ever produced.

MAORI ELOQUENCE.

In the olden time the Maori paid very great attention to oratory, and innumerable instances are on record of the effect of great speeches made at a critical moment. The manner in which old-time speeches were made was, of course, somewhat different from those we are accustomed to, but all the rushing up and down and wealth-of-gesture was to fix the attention of the audience. They were not lengthy speeches, but very often drew largely upon the national stock of proverbs, many of which had a meaning well known at the time, but have since lost their appropriateness or their meaning. As speakers and public orators

at the present time, under vastly different circumstances and bound by the rules and customs of European debate, they still make their mark even on the floor of Parliament House. A recent Native Minister, Sir James Carroll, has for many years been noted for the fluency and attractive nature of his speeches and his marvellous command of language. Mr. Ngata, a young lawyer of the native race, has also shown, both in the Courts and in Parliament, that he possesses a pleasing manner of speech even to a modern European audience. In the nature and composition of their formal documents or letters the Maori are often highly poetic and full of appropriate metaphor. The following extract is translated from a letter sent by a highly celebrated chief, Tamahau Mahupuku, now passed away, to the Native Minister on the occasion of the presentation of a carved native house to the Government eight or nine years ago:—

Our hearts were filled with genuine joy, and justly so, when we heard that you had introduced a Bill to Parliament the object of which is to lay down an authoritative law to provide for the collecting, preserving, gathering together, of the art treasures and ensuring the safety of specimens of the handiwork of our ancestors who have passed away from this world—to be kept together in one place, and a barrier placed against their removal oversea. That is a step that will cause the minds of the people to reflect on the past, and to cherish, preserve, and venerate the science of their ancestors who are now sleeping in the bosom of their mother, Papa-tua-a-Nuku [Mother Earth, wife of Rangi, the sky]. Such a sentiment stirs the soul, and causes even the eyes that are blind to see, strengthens the muscles that have become benumbed, gives strength to arms and fingers; and the dormant mind is awakened so that it may act with determination, caution, and discrimination, bringing back old-time recollections to the heart that has almost forgotten the history of the voyaging hither of the floating vessels of our ancestors—great canoes which brought them from distances great, distances vast, distances stretching far away back to where flushed the first dawn of creation when life first breathed into matter—across ocean's mighty billows, through the raging of winds, the downpour of rains, through mighty tempests. It would have been impossible for the faint-hearted beings of the present day to follow the awe-inspiring path traversed by those canoes when crossing the ocean hitherward. Their safe arrival at last was due to the strength in the hands that wielded the paddles and the keen, observant eye to note the signs in the heavens as they pursued their course through calm and tempest. It was the discretion in their hearts that enabled them successfully to carry out their plans, and their strength of purpose helped them firmly to retain the knowledge which past experience had taught them. Their guides were the secret signs above, going by which they were enabled at length to reach this fair and beautiful land, where they were to become the people of the soil and accord hospitable welcome to subsequent arrivals when the appointed time came for receiving such—fair skin, light brown skin, and dark skin, yet of one common blood, and therefore alike; and now through this gathering together of these several races they have become blended into one, as other people have in other places under the sun. Thus we progress and go on progressing. Protecting care and truth have met together, righteousness and permanent peace have saluted each other. Righteousness looks down from heaven and sees that truth is progressing upon the earth, and that it hath laid its mantle over the two races, who are now living together as brethren in this their fair and beautiful homeland. All these things cover a wide field for the mind to dwell upon and to have put into shape as something to leave to the after-ages, and your Act, O Minister, should cause this to be done. . . .

This is a good example of their modern style of composition, in which original history and mythology are blended with the scriptural metaphors and expressions which at once captivated the imagination of their fathers in what may be called the missionary period.

Whatever may be the ultimate fate of the remnant of the race, their history, manners, and customs will live on in the annals of New Zealand as that of a people who, although isolated from surrounding spheres of development, worked out a complex scheme of social organization and possessed a conception of immaterial things superior, from a European point of view, to the rest of the people of the Pacific.

THE NEW ZEALAND VOLCANOES.

THEIR LEGENDARY ORIGIN.

(FROM A CORRESPONDENT).

How the fire came to New Zealand is told in Maori legend. The Maoris themselves looked upon the higher volcanic mountains with superstitious awe, and they considered them *tapu*, or sacred. No white man, and certainly no Maori, dared set foot upon them, and the fact that they were *tapu* prevented for a long time the obtaining of scientific knowledge regarding their craters and their summit configuration generally. Their origin is attributed by the Maoris to a famous *tohunga*, or high priest, who piloted one of the canoes of the early migrants from Hawaiki, the fabled home of the Maori people. This man, with another high chief, took possession of all the country between the Bay of Plenty and Mount Ruapehu. In order to assure fruitful years these two ascended the neighbouring volcano of Ngauruhoe, and set up an altar to make the necessary incantations. The cold then, as now, was very bitter—for the winds blow keen from the adjacent snows—and it seemed as if the old *tohunga* would die, when happily the thought occurred to him of sending for some of the sacred fire that was in the keeping of one of his sisters in far-away Hawaiki. She straightway came with the fire. Wherever she halted in her underground travels there fire remained, and where she came to the surface to breathe there appeared boiling pools and geysers. Thus there was a trail of fire and boiling pools all along her route from White Island, down through all the thermal region to Ngauruhoe and Ruapehu. The fire revived the old man, and, in commemoration of the event, he left it burning in Ngauruhoe. As a sacrifice to the gods he cast his slave wife down the crater, and the mountain has ever afterwards been called by her name. The legend is picturesque, but unsatisfying. Years afterwards a famous chief called Te Heuheu was killed in a great landslide on the shores of Lake Taupo. His body was being taken to burial on the sacred mountain, when a terrific thunderstorm, or an eruption, came on, and the bearers, hastily depositing their burden in a cave, turned and fled. This made the mountain still more sacred, and the early scientists dared not attempt to explore the range. Both Hochstetter and Dieffenbach must have been greatly disappointed that they were not allowed to set foot upon these sacred mountains, because, then, as now, Ngauruhoe was the real centre of volcanic energy in New Zealand.

THE ROTORUA DISTRICT.

It is, however, the thermal region in the vicinity of Lakes Rotorua, Roto-Mahana, Tarawera, and Taupo that is best known to the great majority of New Zealanders and to the sight-seers, who, from all parts of the civilized world, flock to this truly wonderful region. All the thermal phenomena possible seem to have been plentifully distributed throughout this territory. The crowning glory of it all was the Pink and White Terraces; but these, alas! are no more, for on June 10, 1886, they were either blown to bits or buried in the rain of mud and scoria that came from the eruption of Tarawera, and made the beautiful surrounding country a

desolate wilderness. The story of that eruption with its loss of life, both Maori and European, has often been told, and there is no need to repeat it here. Nature is gradually reclothing the scarred hillsides, and even the bruised and wounded trees have been healed by the hand of time. The tourist wanders through the land just as he did before the eruption, and the birds and the fish killed, or starved to death, as a result of the rain of mud and stones and fiery bombs, have been replaced by others of their kind. In this particular part of the thermal region the main centre of thermal activity remained at the site of the old terraces, but during later years it seems to have shifted to the region of the famous but short-lived Waimangu geyser. This huge geyser threw a column of boiling water, steam, mud, and stones considerably over a thousand feet in air. In August, 1903, the geyser was the scene of a terrible tragedy, an unusually severe eruption resulting in the death of two young girls, another visitor, and the guide, Joe Warbrick. The party had gone rather close in order to get a photograph. The eruption suddenly became terrific, and a great column of boiling water, shooting out at an angle, swept them off the hill into the overflow from the geyser. They were carried down in boiling water for nearly a mile towards Lake Rotomahana. The bodies were recovered shortly afterwards. Within the last few years Waimangu has become quiescent; but there is still great activity near by at a spot that has been aptly named Frying-pan Flat.

The completion of the North Island Main Trunk Railway has now brought the volcanoes within easy reach both of Wellington and Auckland, and, year by year, Ruapehu, Ngauruhoe, and the Tongariro Range are becoming favoured playgrounds for the more energetic class of holiday-makers. Ngauruhoe is apparently entering upon a period of renewed activity, and within the last four or five years there have been some fine volcanic displays from its crater. It is a perfect volcanic cone, 7,515ft. high, and terminates the Tongariro Mountain Range to the southward—a range that has, within comparatively recent times, been the scene of tremendous volcanic energy. The desolate nature of the country on the eastern side of the mountain, and the vast extinct craters of the range itself, are now silent witnesses of the fiery activity of bygone ages.

RENEWED ACTIVITY.

There are still several centres of great thermal activity on the Tongariro Range. At the lower and northern end Te Mari and Ketetahi are in a state of almost perpetual turmoil, and clouds of steam rising from their seething caldrons are visible many miles away. The Red Crater, near the middle of the Range, is still hot in places, and jets of steam hiss through small vents in the gloriously-tinted rocks of its sides. At the extreme southern end of the Range is the active volcano of Ngauruhoe. In winter time its slopes are clothed in snow and ice. Occasionally, for days at a time, it sends a vast column of steam fully 3,000ft. in air, and then it is a magnificent sight. At the period of greatest activity the scene must have been almost beyond description. Ngauruhoe was then, indeed, a hell unchained. A New Zealand poet has graphically depicted the scene:—

O'er Vassal Peaks thy smoky banners spread,
Splashed with red flame as ever on they sped
In scoried ranks, subdued by the lesser hills
To purple realms of mystery; the day
Failed of her sun when his red furnace flamed,
And night was all aglow when earthquakes played
Beneath thy heaving breast of startled snows.

A little over a year ago a geologist saw lava in the crater, and a few months ago, when the mountain was particularly active, a glow as from molten lava appeared in the sky. It would not be at all surprising if, at any time, there were an eruption on a grand scale. Fortunately the surrounding country is so unproductive as to be but sparsely settled, and therefore a serious eruption would be more spectacular than destructive.

RICHARD SEDDON.

Richard John Seddon was born on June 22nd, 1845, at Eccleston, Lancashire. He was apprenticed to an engineer, but golden dreams of Australia haunted him. He went away to search for gold, and landed in Melbourne en route to the Victorian fields. He worked hard and searched diligently, but in vain. He returned to Melbourne, and found employment at the railway workshops.

After a year's work, news came of the rich gold discoveries on the west coast of New Zealand. Seddon left Melbourne in the *Albatross*, and arrived at Hokitika in 1860. From Hokitika he went to the Old Six Mile diggings at Waimua. Still unweary and gold-seeking he opened a store at Big Dam. In 1869 he went back to Melbourne, married Miss Spotswood, to whom he had become engaged three years before, and brought her back to New Zealand with him.

On hearing of the Kumara rush in 1874 he removed his business and his family to Kumara. He took charge of Kumara from its earliest infancy, leading it along the rough road that most colonial towns must have. Mr Seddon developed a liking, which became a passion, for public life. As a miner's advocate, he made himself disliked by red-tape officers, who were not used to being ousted. A new goldfields warden was warned by the Minister in charge of Mines that "there is a political agitator named Seddon down there, who makes a great deal of row because there is no one to attend to the rush on the Kumara field."

Mr Seddon was soon elected to the Ararua Road Board. As chairman of this body he did much useful work. As a member of the Stafford School Committee, and later of the Westland Board of Education, he played a prominent part in the struggle for secular education. On Westland being proclaimed a province, Mr Seddon took his seat in the Provincial Council as the representative of Ararua. In 1876, when Westland was a county again, he was elected to the County Council, and appointed chairman. Till 1891, when he entered the Ballance Ministry, he continued to sit at the Council table.

The later career of Richard Seddon belongs rather to the history of New Zealand than to that of Westland. During the stirring rush days of Westland, he was qualifying himself for the greater work before him, and he could not have entered a better school of politics. In those early years he advocated measures which he never ceased to champion. Manhood suffrage, equitable taxation, reform of the Legislative Council, a good system of local self-government, the settlement of the land, reduction of the gold duty, and the restriction of Chinese immigration, were planks in his platform at this early date. Again he said it was necessary to construct a railway which should unite the East and West Coasts of the South Island.

After the electoral campaign in 1879, in which the above programme was advocated by Mr Seddon with characteristic vigour, the voting was:—

Reid, R. G. ...	917
Seddon, R. J. ...	800
Duncan, P. ...	561
Barff, E. ...	463
Cumming, R. ...	90

Messrs Reid and Seddon were declared elected, and thus began the Parliamentary career of one who was to exercise the profoundest influence on the history of New Zealand.

The development of Mr Seddon's ideas does not concern us here. How he became an Imperialist, and later a humanist in the broadest sense of the word, belongs to the later history of the Dominion, but reference must at least be made to the death of one who loved Westland with an undying love, and who won for himself the affection of a whole population. On June 10th,

1906, Richard Seddon died, as he would have wished, in full harness, and the news, it is no exaggeration to affirm, shocked the whole Empire. The last telegram despatched by the Premier, "Just leaving for God's own country," reveals the love of the statesman for the land he had served so well.

The address of the Maori people to Mrs Seddon may well serve as his epitaph:—

"Sleep thou, O father, resting on great deeds done; sure that to generations unborn they will be as beacons along the highways of history. Thou thou art gone, may thy spirit, which so long moved the heart of kings, inspire us to greater, nobler ends."

"So bide ye in your grief, bereaved ones. Though small our tribute, our hearts have spoken. Our feet have trod the sacred precincts of the courtyard of Death. Our hearts will be his grave. Love will keep his memory green through the long weary years."

"Hei konei ra! Farewell!"

WARDEN REVELL.

William Horton Revell landed on the river bank where Greymouth now stands on January 24th, 1864, as agent for the Canterbury Provincial Government. Mr Revell was a man of commanding figure, well and strongly built, and full of energy. With the aid of his brother, John Revell, he built a store and dwelling on the banks of the Grey, just below Tainui's Pah. His duties led him to travel up and down the West Coast in 1864, and he twice crossed over the Alps to Christchurch to report progress. He underwent severe hardships on the long and tedious journeys. He had received instructions to sell off his stores and return by September to Christchurch; but on his second trip overland in July, he took with him 160ozs of gold from the Greenstone, and the officials countermanded the order to sell off.

On his return to the Grey, Mr Revell found parties of diggers had arrived to prospect the Coast and he was kept travelling so as to assist them, the favourite locality, as a starting point,

being from historic Greenstone. At the rush to Hokitika, Mr Revell, assisted by Sergeant Broham, marked off business sections, which were eagerly taken up, and thus, in the Christmas time of 1864, Hokitika was created.

On the proclamation of the goldfield in March, 1865, Mr Revell was gazetted Warden and R.A. On the 21st of March he issued the first Miner's Right on the Coast, to his brother, Mr Henry Revell. He was kept very busy till Mr Sale arrived in April, when he went back to Greymouth, and later he was transferred to other districts. He died at Timaru on the 22nd September, 1893, after a long and useful life. "Revell" street, Hokitika, preserves his name in the records of Westland.

20 Sept 1898

DEATH OF SIR G. GREY.

CAREER OF A FAMOUS EMPIRE BUILDER.

Sir George Grey, K.C.B., died last night at 10.30 at the Norfolk Hotel, South Kensington, where he had been living for some time past. In his person passes away one of the most striking men of the Victorian era. He celebrated his eighty-sixth birthday on April 14, so that he had far outlived the three score years and ten of the Psalmist.

He was the posthumous son of Lieutenant-Colonel Grey, of the 30th Regiment, who met a hero's death on the breach of Badajoz. He was born at Lisbon.

Educated at Sandhurst, he entered the Army and rose to the rank of captain. In 1839 he retired from the service. Love of adventure and exploration took him to Australia, and his energy and capacity as an administrator secured for him in quick succession a series of Colonial Governorships.

In 1841 he was appointed Governor of South Australia, whence he passed to New Zealand, the colony which he most loved, and which in after years he made his home. In 1854 he governed Cape Colony, and succeeded in winning the affection of the English and Boers alike. They revered him as a man of strong will,

UNSHAKEN INTEGRITY.

and as a lover of justice. While at the Cape he perhaps saved the Empire by his quick decision. At the outbreak of the Indian Mutiny he diverted a force of British troops, then on their way to China, and sent them to India. But strong, capable, and resourceful though he was, a born ruler of men, the Colonial Office regarded him as no favourer, and difficulties with the London authorities embittered his tenure of office.

From 1861 to 1867, during the Maori war, he once more governed New Zealand. It was a proof of his gracious and kindly qualities that he won the deep affection of the people he subdued, and was regarded by the Maoris as their father, with a love that was filial in its devotion.

Retiring on a governor's pension when the springs of life were yet fresh in him, he made New Zealand his home, and from 1877 to 1884 was Premier of that country. He retired from office, and betook himself, as the result of domestic sorrow, to the island paradise of Kawai, not far from Auckland.

In this heavenly retreat he spent most of his remaining years, living the simple and austere life of a patriarch, discoursing of the past without bitterness, and looking forward to

THE FUTURE OF THE EMPIRE

with hope.

He was visited in his seclusion by Mr. Froude, who has given an endearing and touching picture of him in "Oceana." Kawai he describes as one of the loveliest of islands, well wooded, with infinite variety of scenery; plain, parterre, woodland, and scrub alternating in one picture of surpassing beauty. Sir George Grey's home was a veritable museum of curiosities, and was filled with interesting books and manuscripts.

At the date of Mr. Froude's visit there was chaos in South Africa, and Sir George Grey was eager to be permitted once more to govern the Cape. But the British authorities passed him over, and he never went back to the field in which his labours might best have been exerted for the good of the Empire.

In 1896 an address signed by the chief of the far-away Cook Islands, Makea Atiki, was presented to him. This remote people wished to bid farewell, the address stated, of their old friend the veteran statesman. That such an address should be sent such a distance shows the regard which Sir George had inspired.

To him "Oliver Schreiner" in 1897 dedicated "Trooper Peter Hakket."

He was in the truest sense of the word a gentleman of the old school—polished, reserved, upright, and strong. He was a colonial statesman of the first rank, and lived, through the days when the Empire was neglected, to see it the object of passionate attachment on the part of the British people. He was a type of man such as our Indian Empire often produces, but his greatest gift was the capacity of attracting the affection of those he governed.

THE GREAT PRO-CONSUL.

SIR GEORGE GREY'S MEMORABLE CAREER.

EMPIRE-MAKER AND THINKER.

[BY ONE WHO KNEW HIM.]

Almost on the day that the Queen came to the throne, the old ship Beagle—the Beagle of Darwin's voyage—sailed out of Plymouth Sound with an exploring party on board. This party was bound for the north-west regions of Australia—really unknown then—and at its head was a lithe, vigorous, young officer of the 83rd Foot, Lieutenant George Grey. In the early summer of 1844 there landed at Plymouth a venerable figure, bowed and white with age, one who carried a full four-score of years. In that going we had the first departure of Sir George Grey for the other England which was in the cradle away down in the Far South. In that coming back—the final return of the wanderer to his mother-land—we had him as the revered Grand Old Man of the Greater England which had now taken so great a place among the peoples of the earth. A sailing ship tumbling to the humor of the elements—so he went; a magnificent liner which ended her voyage to the hour in defiance of wind or weather—so he arrived.

When Oceana was Young.

As the veteran spent his final years at home with us—in the heart of London indeed—we got to know the man as well as his work, to understand both as our kinsmen in the southern seas understood them. Grey came of an English family with a lineage—the Grey of Greys. His father, a brilliant officer of the Peninsular Wars and a colonel at thirty, fell in one of the terrible struggles before Badajoz. He was born a few days later—to be precise, on April 14, 1812—at Lisbon, where his mother had been staying. Thus he was a mother's boy, and he would often talk of the sweetness and light with which she surrounded him. For the most part he was educated privately, but how thoroughly was seen when he passed through Sandhurst with honors of a quite exceptional sort. He had, as a child, seen the bananas and the oranges that weighed down a fruit-stall in a side street near the Bank of England, and he longed to visit the far countries betokened by them. His boyish fancy—and truly he was a boy in heart to the last—took a deeper meaning when military service in Ireland threw him among the sufferings of a population. Ireland was just over the struggle for Catholic emancipation, and turmoil, discontent, bitter privation, hung upon the land. These things set him thinking, and he knew also how much misery there was in the larger sister island. What followed was a career which gives almost an Elizabethan touch to the reign of Victoria. Nobody is likely to tread such a path of freshness and movement again, for it was only possible at the birth of Oceana.

Dreaming and Doing.

As has been seen, Grey wanted to go exploring—this was a spirited young man's ambition—but he asked himself at the same time, "Can't we get to learn about those new countries in the South in order to people them and so bring relief to the teeming population of the Old Country?" Not much, he believed, could be done at the moment to

ameliorate the condition of the working classes in Great Britain and Ireland. He looked to the South for relief—though the light must first be sent from the North—for new and better conditions of life, for a civilisation which should avoid the cankers and the arsenals of Europe. These points ought to be set out at once, because they were the influences which governed his whole work—a tender, brotherly feeling for the mass of men, an earnest desire to improve the conditions of living, whensoever and wheresoever he might, and irrespective of the color of a skin. A youthful explorer, he was even then a thinker and he was fully as anxious to find land suitable for settlement in North-West Australia as he was to solve the geographical problem whether great rivers there drained themselves into the sea. But, indeed, the two objects, as is evident, went hand in hand, and Grey's discoveries were important in the highest degree. "It was all very interesting," he used to say of that time, "and the greatness of virgin nature in contrast to man continually filled one with admiration and amazement. When I first landed in Australia the Southern Hemisphere was almost a secret—you had only to go outside your own door to find something which contributed to the knowledge of science." The natural history specimens that he sent home from Australasia and South Africa at various times were innumerable. His activities on this line—activities combined with real knowledge—gained him the friendship of men like Lyell and Owen, and many a friendly lance he broke with them on some learned question.

Chosen Pro-Consul.

There is no need to write in detail of the story of Grey's explorations—of his terrible tramp overland to Perth, which rescued his party from certain death, or of the severe wounds he got at another time in saving himself and two of his men from a savage onslaught of the aborigines. With him it was ever romance and adventure, although he never sought either for its own sake. They simply came to him while he was pursuing one task or another as "the Great Pro-Consul." No doubt it was the years he spent as an Australian explorer that cast him for Pro-Consul, since they proved him to have no ordinary parts. A little period of service as British Resident at Albany before the chapter of his explorations closed, across the seas to England, a week or two's rest among his relatives, and then one morning, wholly a surprise, there came a Queen's messenger knocking at his door. Affairs in

South Australia had quite gone wrong, and the colony was threatened with bankruptcy almost before it had gone into business. Lord John Russell, who was at the Colonial Office—this was the autumn of 1840—scarcely knew what to do, and finally turned to the young Captain Grey. True, he was absurdly under age for a Governor—only twenty-eight—and he had worn a red coat instead of tied red tape. Still the hour had come, the man was needed, and in Grey he was evidently available. Thus he went to South Australia as Governor—the youngest Englishman in our time to hold such a high post, as he was one of the very youngest to receive the K.C.B. Only, as Peel declared on one occasion in defending Grey, youth was a fault which was always curing itself. He found everything at Adelaide in a tangle; his difficulties were endless; yet within five years he had established South Australia on a basis of prosperity from which it has hardly looked back.

Planting the Anglo-Saxon.

"In South Australia," Grey would recall, "I endeavored to carry out what I regarded as a cardinal principle in the making of a new country—to create capital direct from the natural product of the soil, not by the raising of too heavy loans." His reforms and economies did not suit those who had flourished under the old system—they even made him widely unpopular for a time—but he was for the settlers as a whole, and their future, and they got to see it and to appreciate him.

During all his labors as a Governor he was an unflinching advocate of the right of the mass of the people to the land, an equally unflinching foe to the monopolist, especially in the form of a company. "Get the people on to the land," was his motto in South Australia, and it is a fact that he actually took part in reaping the first big wheat crop of the colony. Remember always that Australia was new, that so far it had been little more than a place of banishment for our convicts, that foundations had to be laid down on which it might arise as a nation. Two essential conditions were always in Grey's mind touching the growth of the southern lands to which he had been called as, in a notable measure, their architect. To the south of the line the Anglo-Saxon tongue must run, but the effete traditions of the Old World ought, as far as possible, to be kept out. He took this torch to New Zealand when Lord Derby sent him there, again to deal with a colony in a state of grave crisis. Too often, one judges, that was the way Downing-street had with Grey—to use him for an emergency demanding high qualities, and then in after years to forget his exertions. If it was so, a younger school of English statesmanship endeavored to make atonement by the distinction conferred on him within his last years—the distinction of being admitted a member of the Privy Council. For titles and honors, in themselves, he had small regard, but when conferred as the hall-marks of public service, he thought they ought to be esteemed and valued by every subject of the Queen.

War and Peace in the South.

When Grey got to New Zealand in 1845, it was aflame with a Maori war; everything was unsettled, the outlook was dark. To trace events even in the shortest form would be to go over his first administration of the colony, which extended to 1854. On relinquishing his post in that year to go to South Africa it was his happiness—to quote an expression of his own—to leave the country in a state of tranquility and prosperity. He also left it with a constitutional government, and what happened in that connection really forms a better story of Grey in New Zealand than any general description of his Governorship—better even, perhaps, than instances of his personal courage in dealing with the Maories on the battle-field. A cast-iron Constitution, fashioned on old-world methods—such was his definition of it—had been sent out to him by the Home Government, and he was ordered to introduce it. He examined it carefully, and came to the decision that it would be unjust to the bulk of the settlers, a violation of the rights of the Maories, and further, that it would act against the federation idea for the British possessions in Australasia. Accordingly he took the very bold decision of setting the Constitution aside, of refusing to establish it. It was a proceeding which only a strong man would have adopted, for it might be likened to mutiny in the field—mutiny against the Imperial authorities in England. But he never budged from the case in justification which he promptly put before Downing-street, and he went through with flying colors. He was not only empowered to hang up the ready-made Constitution, the British Parliament not only took the unprecedented step of going back on a measure which it had passed, but Grey was given authority to draw up another Constitution, and he did so—one better fitted, as he believed, for a young democracy. He did not have the same success in another matter which claimed his attention about the same time. This was his effort—squashed by the powers that were in England—to preserve New Caledonia for the Union-Jack—an effort, in truth, to keep out of the Pacific any flag but the one he loved so well. No; a Polynesian federation under the protection of England was not to be considered for a moment, not although most of the native chiefs had agreed—and gladly agreed—with Grey to accept it. Then, as later in South Africa, he saw clear and far:

he saw what the local influences of English politicians did not permit every Colonial Secretary to see. But he had to submit, and he did that with the keener disappointment because he regarded England as far greater than herself, as representing the freest and most freedom-loving race in the world, and so the race which could best govern a new world—the Anglo-Saxons.

At the Cape—The Mutiny.

There is in Cape Town now a handsome statue of Grey which dumbly bears testimony to his qualities as a ruler in that part of the globe. He was eventually recalled from South Africa because—at all events mainly because—he had schemes for federating it. "I believe I should have succeeded," was his own deliberate verdict on mellow reflection, and indeed success appeared certain. Here again, however, federation was regarded by the Colonial Office of the time as a policy not to be entertained. When the clamor of Cape Colony practically compelled the English Government to send back its Governor, it was only to carry on the administration on lines regulated from Downing-street. The fine harbor at Cape Town is a monument to the initiative of

Grey, and his foresight prevented what would probably have been a great native rising. He planted schools, libraries, hospitals, according to his usual policy, and similarly he had a successful method which he applied in reference to native labor. In South Africa, in New Zealand, in Australis, wherever he was, he never forgot the affairs of the Empire as a whole. There is no more striking incident in the history of our own times than Grey's deflection to India of the troops which were on their way to Lord Elgin in China. There was no Suez Canal, in those days; news took weeks and months to travel. Lord Elphinstone sent word by special steamer to Grey, at the Cape, that he feared trouble, perhaps a mutiny, was breaking on India. He put what slender information he could before Grey, but left him to act as he thought fit—whether to send assistance or not. Grey decided that if religious fanaticism was at the bottom of the outbreak it might assume the most critical proportions for our rule in India. He made up his mind at once, rode round the Kafir chiefs, practically bound them over on their honor to keep the peace in South Africa, and shipped every soldier he could spare to India. He even sent his own carriage horses, and when the troopships for China called at the Cape in passing he ordered them to proceed instead to India. To countermand the destination of an army on his own authority was as bold a step as to return a Constitution to Downing-street, but Grey this time did something doubly unconstitutional. He created the disbanded German Legion—the foreign soldiery who had been sent to settle in South Africa—into a regiment and sent it also to Bombay. The amazing resolution of it all makes one marvel even now, only once more events showed how well Grey had judged. But for the succor he sent, Lucknow might have fallen for one thing, and the whole story of the Indian Mutiny might have been different. That is hardly saying too much; and in any case the service was a splendid one.

The "Dangerous Man."

In 1861 Grey finally left South Africa and returned to New Zealand, where the Maories were again abroad with the fiery cross. One secret of his success in these southern countries was the firm yet diplomatic way he had in managing the natives. "I always endeavored to treat them as human beings," was his own way of putting matters. "Sir George Grey," somebody else has observed, "treated Kafirs, Maories, Australian aborigines, with as much consideration as if they were gentlemen and gentlewomen." Rewi, one of the sternest warriors among the Maories, prayed that he might be buried under the same headstone as his old opponent, "the Governor," Grey cured Tawhiao, another chief, from drunkenness by himself becoming a teetotaler. The Fingoes of South Africa

called him a father in all things, and not very long since there reached him in London a beautiful address from the Cook Islanders. "Our word to you, O Grey," they called it; and they prayed, "May God's blessing rest upon you and give peace and happiness to you who have done so much for the peace and happiness of others." His friend Miss Florence Nightingale declared that he was nearly the only Governor who had condescended to qualify himself by learning the languages, the habits, and the ethnological peculiarities of the races he had to rule. Especially Grey admired the Maories as a race, and again, as before, there was peace in New Zealand when he surrendered the Governorship. One can easily see how a man who suspended a Constitution, who deflected an army corps, who tried to federate the Pacific Islands under the British flag, who would most likely have succeeded in federating South Africa—one can easily understand how such a man would come into conflict with the more sedate methods of the Colonial Office. Nor must it be supposed that he was without opposition in the various colonies which he governed; that was inevitable. Storms came from many a quarter, and often, but he never shrank from them. Wrong he might have been at times, yet few men perhaps could, in the twilight of life, have found so little to look back upon with regret. But he became "a dangerous man" to the Colonial Office—the phrase was Lord Carnarvon's—and the end of it all was his dismissal—for it amounted to that—from the Governorship of New Zealand in 1867.

As an Influence at Home.

Here, then, was a stirring career as pro-consul of nearly thirty years; and although Downing-street did not give Grey further employment, he did not let his energies rest. He came to England and conducted a memorable candidature for a seat in Parliament, withdrawing only to save the seat for the party Liberal. Needless to tell Liberalism in those days was a very different thing from what we know it. Grey preached free education and Irish Home Rule—actually drawing out a Home Rule measure—and on the score of his advanced views was once more called "a dangerous man." This was the epoch when leading men of both parties in English politics talked of cutting off the colonies—to "cut the painter" was the common expression. They argued the colonies a burden—Mr. Goldwin Smith was a leader of that school of thought—and would have England made self-contained, a tight little island which should be the workshop of the world. Grey vehemently opposed the movement, and it is reasonable to suppose that his voice and influence had a good deal to do in turning the ship of State upon the course with which we are now familiar. He went back to New Zealand and settled there, believing, apart from anything else, that it was from the colonies he could exercise most influence on the legislation and policy of the mother country. He became Prime Minister of New Zealand, thus ruling as the head of the Cabinet a country which he had twice ruled as Governor. No precedent for that suggests itself, and it was an immense proof of the hold which Grey had taken upon the affections of New Zealand. As the years wore on he had endless evidences of the trust of the Australasian democracy, and that was his constituency. He would just say to you, "I am filled with thankfulness for the opportunities of usefulness which have fallen to me, and only sorry I have been able to do so little."

Backward and Forward.

One remark Grey often made—that his work lay in an exceptionally interesting period of Anglo-Saxon history. In America we had bred a second England and through our own fault had lost it when it grew to manhood. In Australia and South Africa our Oceana was taking form yet once more, but now the continents of the world were exhausted. His idea was to fashion in such a manner that the England of the South and the England of the North would remain for all time a single and a growing force—to make

strenuously for the influences which ensured that. Not merely so, but he looked to the Anglo-Saxons of the United States to take their stand side by side with those of the British Empire—to a cohesive Anglo-Saxondom which should rule the world for peace and happiness. "Sentiment," a critic once observed, "Sentiment," was Grey's retort, "is the force which, almost more than any other, has moulded the universe." "A dream," somebody else declared. "I have often been called a dreamer of dreams," Grey answered, "but I have lived long enough to see many of my dreams realised." He had infinite faith in the destiny of the Anglo-Saxon people, this father of federation—for to that title his right is first and foremost—and there was almost a note of triumph in his voice when he spoke of the establishment of arbitration as between England and America. And, like the destiny of our race, which is not yet clear, so it is not easy to lay your hand on the book of Grey's life and say, "That is what it means; that is its fruit, to England and mankind." Administrator and statesman, man of action and thinker, student and book-lover, gifted with a quaint, tender humor, and beneath everything a deep religious feeling indicated in the declaration, "Providence is my word"—why, it is a life of singular fullness, and it has many tributaries. His large-heartedness was a proverb, his simplicity of character everybody knew, his love of "Light, more light," was witnessed by the Grey libraries in Cape Town and Auckland. Bitterly as he was attacked during some controversies, no one ever questioned, but rather all acknowledged, his stern honesty of purpose, the perfect purity of his motives. That Grey, with his large ideas, his advanced beliefs, his whole-souled democracy, his mantle as of the prophet, lived half a century before his time, is likely enough. Yet he and Carlyle and Babbage agreed that no genuine thought or act was ever wasted in this world—it hit somewhere—and perhaps that is the epitaph he would wish to have written over himself. J. M.

FRIENDS OR FOES?

NEW ZEALAND'S
FEATHERED IMMIGRANTS.WAS THEIR INTRODUCTION A
MISTAKE?

III.

(By J. DRUMMOND.)

[COPYRIGHT.]

THE SMALL BIRDS AS A
COMPANY.

A mass of evidence is brought forward against the company of small birds as a whole, apart from individual species.

Most of the information on this point is supplied in reply to the eighteenth question on the circular, which is as follows:—"Generally speaking, have the introduced birds done more good than harm or more harm than good?"

A typical reply is from Wairere, Wairarapa North: "As with most aliens, it would be better if they had stayed at home." The same sentiment is expressed in other words many times. One correspondent says that the introduction of English birds, taking them together, was "a terrible mistake." Another says: "For goodness sake, don't make it worse by importing any more of them." A fruit-grower at Patutahi, Poverty Bay, refuses to give his views, as the space left in the circular for the reply to the question is far too limited to enable him to say all he wants to say.

The Lower Hutt, in the Wellington district, is a market gardening centre, and the following catalogue of a resident's grievances, together with his general sweeping statement, seems to show that the small birds are particularly numerous there:—"One acre of cabbage and cauliflower plants destroyed entirely last year; vegetable garden seeds picked out, necessitating netting; currants entirely eaten up; cannot ripen one gooseberry; raspberries saved with the greatest difficulty, by picking twice daily; impossible to grow wheat, quarter-acre picked absolutely clean last year; oats pulled out when about two inches high, and have to sow double quantities, to allow for destruction; whole treefuls of the best sorts of plums destroyed. The destruction, in short, is so great as to seriously interfere with cropping arrangements, to bar several valuable lines, and to render gardening, both domestic and market, simply heartbreaking."

At Ellesmere (Canterbury) and Fendalton, it is impossible to grow barley unless sown at the right season, otherwise the birds will take the whole crop.

Farmers in the Lincoln district (North Canterbury) generally agree to sow their wheat at about the same time, so that the birds' attacks will be fairly divided. "If one of us had an early crop," a farmer in that district says, "all the birds would concentrate their efforts upon it, and they would have it eaten up very soon; but when we act in concert, the birds bestow their attention over the whole area, and one farmer does not have to bear the whole of the brunt."

The replies to the eighteenth question, in fact, leave no doubt whatever that a vast majority of the classes of the community most interested in the doings of the birds firmly believe that their introduction was a disastrous mistake, that they do immeasurably more harm than good, and that their banishment, if it was possible, would be exceedingly desirable. The consensus of opinion is expressed in too clear, concise and emphatic a manner to leave any shadow of doubt as to the strong antagonism felt towards English birds.

Many farmers, however, modify their condemnation by expressing an opinion that if the birds could be kept in check they would be converted from enemies to friends.

I cannot help thinking that that is the proper attitude to adopt. The birds are far from being altogether bad. A forgetful generation may have a short memory, but great services given in the past must not be ignored when the birds are on their trial.

ESTIMATED DAMAGE.

Attempts have been made to estimate the damage done by the birds and to place a value on it. At a conference of local bodies held in Christchurch to consider the best means of dealing with the nuisance, the damage was set down at 5s per acre, on cultivated land. If the average throughout the colony was only half that sum, the total loss must be enormous, as last year the total area under crops in the colony was 1,494,722 acres, 661,926 acres being in grain crops. Besides that total, there were 17,176 acres in garden and 27,482 in orchard.

HOW TO KEEP SMALL BIRDS IN
CHECK.

Some of the inquiries were directed towards ascertaining what steps have been taken to keep the birds in check, and what success has been achieved.

The plan most favoured is the laying of poisoned grain and the payment for heads and eggs. This plan seems to have been fairly effective when combined action is taken, but it has often failed where there is lack of combination. The natural increase is checked by this means, but there are few instances of any material diminution in numbers having been made. In the orchards in the North Island the gun is used. At the Bird Sanctuary on Little Barrier Island, the nests of blackbirds,

thrushes, sparrows and finches are destroyed when opportunities occur, and it is thought that this probably keeps the English birds in check on the island.

In several districts heads and eggs are paid for, and poisoned wheat is distributed free by local authorities. In other districts netting is resorted to. Local bodies pay for heads, eggs and young. Mr J. Wolfe, a Lincoln (North Canterbury) farmer, states that the system of purchase has the desired effect to a great extent. He also informed me that he was the first to use strychnine poison in the district, having commenced to do so twenty-six years ago, and he has been poisoning ever since, with good results.

A very miscellaneous lot of suggestions are offered as to the best means of checking the nuisance. A gentleman at Temuka has prepared a scheme providing for legislation to compel all land-owners to produce a certain number of sparrows during the winter months. Several farmers suggest that long nets, such as bird-catchers use, could be brought into requisition by capable men with effect. The Government is recommended to give a bonus for the production of a poison that will be readily eaten by the birds, and one correspondent thinks that a bonus should be given for the best trap. There is a strong feeling in favour of the introduction of English owls, sparrow hawks and other birds of prey. A practical observation is that the towns ought to be compelled to do more than at present, as they are breeding places, from which the birds swarm into the country districts. Among the most novel suggestions are the systematic employment of armies of small boys at nesting and the use of electric wires stretched round fields of crops, the wires to be charged with electricity, in order to give the birds severe shocks.

The most practical scheme, and the one that is evidently more acceptable than any other, is thorough and systematic poisoning. The whole operation, it is urged, should be controlled by the Agricultural Department, which should be armed with compulsory powers, so that it could compel all farmers in one district to act in unison.

PHEASANTS AND QUAIL.

The common pheasant (*Phasianus colchicus*) and the ring-necked pheasant (*Phasianus torquatus*) have had a strange and eventful history in this country.

At first their acclimatisation was a notable and almost an unqualified success. They succeeded wherever they were introduced, increasing very rapidly and rearing healthy and hardy broods of young. One of the first successes was achieved by Sir Frederick Weld in 1865, when he established the common pheasant in Canterbury. Other importations into this province followed, the Acclimatisation Society bringing out fairly large numbers. In 1868 it bred forty birds and sold them to members for £2 a pair. In the tussock-covered land of Canterbury they thrived specially well, and the large Cheviot Estate, then held by the Hon W. Robinson, was soon stocked with them. Mr Robinson spared no expense in preparing for their reception when he arranged for a consignment, supplied by the Society. He erected commodious aviaries, ordered that all the cats on the estate should be killed, nearly extirpated the wekas, and had hawks destroyed at the rate of six a day. The society continued to import pheasants for a considerable time. It bred about 100 birds in a year, and obtained a fairly good income by selling them to the owners of large estates. It seemed as if pheasants would, in a few years, spread throughout both islands and become thoroughly naturalised. After this had gone on for some time, the birds received a decided check. Their numbers neither increased nor decreased. Then they began to decrease rapidly, and, apparently, almost simultaneously in many districts. Their complete failure, taking the colony as a whole, is now beyond doubt. In Canterbury and other provinces where they were once exceedingly plentiful they are never seen at all. "Once plentiful, but decreasing or disappeared," are the words generally written against them in the circulars.

This result, which is very regrettable from the sportsman's point of view, is attributed to the laying of poison for rabbits, to the depredations of stoats, weasels and wild cats, to bush fires, and, in a lesser degree, to the pheasants' food supplies being eaten by the smaller introduced birds. It is stated that the wekas as well as the stoats and weasels, eat pheasants' eggs. The birds are decreasing as rapidly in districts where there is plenty of cover, as in districts where there is little or none. The destruction done by bush fires is shown by the following statement from a farmer at Mangahao, Pahiatua, Wellington district: "When sowing grass seed after bush fires seven years ago I came across thousands of nests with the remains of eggs and the charred bones of the pheasants that had been sitting on them. They were very plentiful here once, but now, when one is seen, half the town and country is after it to shoot it."

In large numbers of cases the decrease has been almost simultaneous with the arrival of stoats and weasels, which seem to have set about the work of extirpation without any unnecessary delay. A rather striking remark is made by a farmer at Ruatanihi, who says that there are only a few pheas-

ants in his district now, and those that are there are "only old cock birds."

The reports received show that pheasants now exist in numbers worth counting in only the North Island. The Poverty Bay district, on the east coast of the North Island, is the only district in which they are reported as "numerous," and they seem to be working towards the interior. In the few districts where they are at all plentiful they are regarded by agriculturists as a thorough nuisance. A farmer at Parua Bay describes them as "the greatest curse settlers have to contend against." At Hokianga they are "ruination to the farmer and the gardener." They destroy young grass, pull up maize and eat it, and attack potatoes, carrots, beans, peas, barley, wheat, and many kinds of fruit.

A strong testimony is given against them by Mr W. E. Draper, of Waerenga, who classes them with both species of introduced quail in the following condemnation:—

"I am a large grower of fruit, such as strawberries, grapes, peaches, plums and so on. The ravages committed by the pheasants and quail are a serious matter for me. I cannot offer strawberries for sale with a piece pecked out of one side, nor does it suit me to find the ground between the rows sprinkled with half-ripe berries bitten off. The birds perambulate a row of vines, and completely destroy every grape on a row five or six chains long. When I sow a field of clover the soil is scratched and the seed eaten. If a stop is not put to the increase of these pests, no man in his sober senses will embark on fruit culture in country districts infested by them. My opinion is that it is little better than criminal folly to keep a clove season for these birds. I have counted twenty-five pheasants on about one acre of potatoes on the lake side, and I have put up nineteen on my own place when traversing a distance of thirty chains. Up to about nine years ago, I supplied strawberries up to the middle of June. The berries come now, as before, but they are all destroyed by the pheasants and the quail, especially the latter. In former years I have sold in March, April, and May from ten to fifteen hundredweight of strawberries. Now they are all destroyed."

The two species of quail introduced,

the swamp quail (*Synœcus australis*) and the Californian quail (*Callipepla californica*) have been hardly more successful than the pheasants. They never increased so readily, however, and their failure is not so marked. The Californian quail is still plentiful in some of the North Island districts, where farmers write against its name, "no good." At Te Puke, in the Maketu district, quail live largely on clover, taking both the seed and the young plants in the bush clearings. Stoats and weasels, cats, poison, and bush fires are their enemies. In regard to Californian quail, a farmer at Ngatimaru says: "I have noticed that this bird wants fairly large tracts of land. It is also better if the land is hilly, and broken with bush and scrub here and there. It seems to get on very well on land where there is plenty of bush. On other land it does well for a time, and then its numbers are decreased, for what reason I do not know, unless it is on account of the cats, which, I think, are largely to blame."

A farmer in the Motu district, in the Auckland province, says that quail need more protection, and he suggests that private owners should proclaim their properties private sanctuaries, and every third year should be a close one.

THE TWO SWANS.

There is a very striking contrast between the white swan and the black swan in respect to their acclimatisation in New Zealand. The black swan is near the top of the list of successes, while the white swan has increased slowly, and with obvious difficulty, and has sometimes quite failed to establish itself. The black swan, in fact, has shown much greater adaptability than the other species, whose first attempts at incubation in Christchurch and other places were utterly ineffective.

The black swan settled down at once to its new conditions. It was introduced into Canterbury partly with the object of destroying watercress in the Avon. In a few years the birds had increased largely, but in 1867 many of them forsook the Avon and made long, and rather notable migrations to the wild country on the West Coast and to Otago and even Marlborough. Less than twenty were liberated on the Avon at first by the Christchurch City Council. These birds did the work desired from them, as they cleared a pathway through the watercress for the

current. In 1880 there were hundreds of black swans on the Avon and Halswell Rivers, as well as the Heathcote, as many as 500 sometimes being counted on small areas. They achieved the same success in Otago, where about sixty were liberated from 1860 to 1870.

Black swans are now found in thousands on lakes, estuaries, and lagoons in many parts of the colony, from the extreme north to the far south. They keep much to the wild regions. In some places they wage a deadly war on the native ducks, taking their food supplies from them and persecuting them relentlessly.

FURTHER INTRODUCTIONS
SUGGESTED.

A rather striking aspect of the inquiries is that there is not the same consensus of opinion against the introduction of more English birds as there is against those we have already. Further introductions are suggested with quite as much confidence as characterised the first introductions, forty years ago.

The twenty-eighth question on the circular was: "Do you think that any other English birds could be introduced advantageously? If so, state the species you favour." The replies show that only a few of the correspondents are opposed to further introductions, although several sound a warning that English birds are liable to change their habits on coming to a new land and living under new conditions.

It is very clear that sentiment must still be reckoned with. This is shown by the fact that many more votes have been cast in favour of robin redbreast than in favour of any other bird that can be thought of. He heads the list of suggested importations of the future. Jenny Wren is not very far down in the list, and this may be taken as further evidence that sentiment in regard to the birds of the Old Country is not dead. It is expected, however, that robin redbreast will be useful as well as ornamental. The swallow comes next to the robin, then several kinds of martins, then the plovers, the swift and the wagtail, in that order. The cuckoo is a general favourite. Other birds named are the stonechat, shrike, snipe, more lapwings and hedgosparrrows, flycatcher, tits, titmouse, white-throat, nightingale (which, by the way, has only one vote), water-ousel, stork, American flycatcher and kingbird, goatsucker, grouse, black cock, partridge (French and English), jackdaw, nightjar, woodpecker, whinchat, wheatear, pipit, wryneck, crow and butcher-bird.

I supply this list for what it is worth, and in order to give some indication of the feeling on the subject. The advisability of introducing any of the birds named is a matter that should be gone into with great care when definite steps in regard to further importations are contemplated, and it could hardly be discussed satisfactorily here. The facts brought to light in respect to acclimatisation in New Zealand are sufficiently striking to be a warning against thoughtless action in the future. It might be advisable to forbid the importation of any more foreign birds without the sanction of a committee of experts, which could be appointed.

CONCLUSION.

The inquiry has not put an end to the controversy, which is one of those things that will continue as long as small birds and farmers exist. The lines of demarcation are too faint, and too hard to define, to enable it to be said with any certainty that the introduction of small birds into this colony was a mistake. The question rests largely upon speculative opinion, and absolute settlement need never be looked for.

A great deal of the evidence I have collected is confusing, and a little of it is obviously the outcome of prejudice and bitter enmity. There is, however, less of this than I expected. For the most part, the conclusions arrived at by the hundreds of correspondents who have returned the circulars are based upon actual observations extending over thirty or forty years.

Many of those who went to the trouble of filling in the circulars are in the advantageous position of having known the small birds both at Home and in the colonies, and they are in a good position to make comparisons, and note changes that have taken place in the birds' habits. In some cases considerable trouble has been taken, the circulars being accompanied by long letters. By the adoption of this system of seeking information men have been reached who would never have imparted their knowledge in any other way. Several of the correspondents have been good enough to commend the system. They have expressed their willingness to supply more detailed information, if desired, and they suggest that the system should be extended to other subjects that interest the agriculturist.

The evidence has been weighed carefully, and in forming conclusions I have endeavoured to be just to men and birds alike. The summary of the results, at any rate, is impartial, and I think I can claim that on the prominent points of the controversy a consensus of expert opinion throughout the colony is now placed at the disposal of all who wish to have it.

I have to thank Mr T. W. Kirk, Government Biologist, for his kindness in seeing that the circulars were distributed, and in having the replies sent to me.

Joe Collyer Died Nov 22 1894

The Great Reaper has gathered in another old identity and a fine old English gentleman, in the person of Joseph Collyer, a well known resident of this district and South Westland. The late Mr Collyer was a native of London, and was now in his 76th year. He was a Blue Coat School boy in his youth, and the old gentleman was rather proud of his association with the historical institution. He came to the colony very young, and has been an honest, straight forward colonist during his long career. He was a very early arrival in Westland, and in his prime took a prominent part in its political welfare, being a member of different bodies, including the Westland County Council, to which body he was returned for the Jackson Bay Riding in 1877. As Government officer, storekeeper, ferryman, guide, philosopher and friend, he was a very notable figure in South Westland. His generosity was limited only by his means, and no one ever appealed to Mr Collyer in vain. He was the best hearted of men, a fine open-minded, honest fellow, whose memory will always be cherished for the excellent traits which marked his fine character. Mr Collyer was a man of many parts, a great lover of music, and a staunch churchman. He was the type of man who made a useful member of any community, and in his happy combination of character will be greatly missed by those who were fortunate to know him. Mr Collyer held a Commission of the Peace, an honor he well deserved.

Nov. 22 1904

Mabelle's Guano 1904 Nov. 24

A Lyell telegram on Saturday stated a prospecting party near Lyell had struck a reef of 2 feet of clean stone, showing gold freely, supposed to be Mabelle's reef, as a penny was found on the top of the reef. The Westport News says Mabelle was a surveyor in the Lyell district about 1872, and reported that he had made a rich reef discovery within sight of Lyell. He said he had left a penny planted on the reef. Mabelle went to his native country, Italy, for machinery but the vessel containing it, together with the discoverer, was lost on its way out to the Colony.

A PIONEER'S STORY.

LONG JOURNEY IN OPEN BOAT.

PRIVATIONS BY SEA AND LAND.

The headlong rush to the West Coast diggings was the occasion for deeds of daring which deserve to be regarded in the annals of the race. By special request, Mr Samuel Fiddian, one of the old pioneers, wrote the following account of his experiences. The following is the full text of the letter, which is dated December 14th, 1920, and is now published for the first time:—

"I am writing a few lines of my experiences on the West Coast, thinking it may be a help to you. I may say I landed in Melbourne in 1857. I was twenty years of age at that time, and I am now in my eighty-fourth year. I left Melbourne in 1861 and came to Dunedin to the Gabriel Gully rush. I followed the diggings, leaving the Nokomai, in Otago, with my mate, Thomas McLroy. We came to Orepuki, north of Riverton; we stayed only a short time there, when we made up a party of thirteen to prospect the coast north of that place. We bought a boat that had been built to carry firewood on Waiholo Lake, near Dunedin. She was twenty-eight feet long and ten feet widest part; we fitted out with sails and provisions, eleven hundred of flour and other articles. We left Riverton at noon on a day in the middle of January, 1867, and sailed along all night. Next morning a northerly sea sprang up about 10 o'clock, so we landed on Mussel beach, a few miles south of Preservation Inlet. Owing to bad weather, we were bound there seven days, which we spent prospecting, but had no luck. On the eighth morning, early, the sea had calmed somewhat, so we put out thinking to get into Preservation Inlet, but the sea from north got very heavy when we got opposite the entrance. Although we got two on each of the five oars we could not gain an inch, as the wind was by that time blowing a gale off the land and there was a heavy northerly sea running.

"They were mostly sailormen on board; one, I must mention, was born in the Shetland Islands. I think he would be 65 years of age, and had spent most of his life in the North American fisheries, so I guess he had some boat experience. We called him the skipper. We held a consultation, and it was decided that there was only one thing we could do—that was to run across the straits to Stewart Island. So we rigged a small sail and steered for the island. We had to run before the sea, which got very heavy and was breaking over

the stern of the boat. It kept one baling hard all the time with a gold dish while often two were baling. We were all wet through with spray and rain. By evening we got near the north end of the island, which they said was Smoky Cove. I thought it a terrible-looking place. Presently darkness came on. We rigged a small log-of-mutton sail to keep way on the boat. We could not see the land. It was a dismal night, the sea still breaking over the stern. Then I heard the old skipper say to himself, 'Oh, Pilot, 'tis a fearful night, there is danger on the deep.' He was sitting in the bow of the boat looking out for land or rock. After some hours of darkness we got near a lot of rocks. It was as much as we could do to keep off the rocks with two of us at each oar. Presently the skipper said, 'We're getting into smoother water,' and soon we bumped on a shingle beach in a bay between Paterson's Inlet and Port William. At two o'clock in the morning, nearly perished, we managed to light a fire and got some hot water. When daylight appeared we saw a homestead. We soon made for it, and when we told our story the owner, whose wife was a half-caste Red Indian, soon made us very welcome. They were curing fish for market, and had men with two cutters to go out fishing on shares. Two sailing vessels came into Port William next morning. They had lost a lot of their gear, and were three weeks weather-bound.

"One afternoon we saw them go outside, so we made another start. Our thirteenth man said he had had enough of boating, so he left us. When going out from the bay, we saw the rocks we were so near on that dismal night when Providence with the tide took us in and landed us safely on that beach. We soon saw the two sailing vessels, who had a very light breeze. We wanted to round Puysegur Point, but the wind was not favourable. So, after being out all night, we got into Chalky Inlet next forenoon. We were in there ten days prospecting, but did not get payable gold. We lived splendidly on fish and birds, which were plentiful. During that time we made two unsuccessful attempts to get round Puysegur Point; the third time we managed it with great difficulty, and got into Dusky Sound. We considered the most difficult part of our trip was passed when we had rounded the point. We passed two nights in Dusky. Going right through, we came out to sea at Breaksea. We were in several other sounds or inlets. We came opposite the entrance to Milford after sundown. We had been pulling all day, having no wind, but here there was a strong breeze blowing out of the sound, which made it a big work with two on each oar to get in. It took us over two hours. We left next morning with very small sail, as the wind was still very strong. When we got clear of the entrance, there was not a breath of wind, and we had to pull all the way to Big Bay. That was on my birthday, March 18th, 1867, and I was then thirty years of age. Next day, with light breeze, we sailed to Jackson's Bay, leaving the following day for the Haast river. Captain Turnbull was the harbourmaster there then. He hoisted the danger-signal, so went north of Heron Point. We lay there all night, dipping our oars to steady the boat. When daylight came, we landed in the little river. At noon on the second day we put out again for Haast. Still the

danger signal, so we steered for Okuru. A Maori (Jack), who had a gold medal for saving life on Lake Wakatipu, and who had just arrived overland, came out to us in a small dinghy, and steered us in at 10 o'clock at night. Thus finished the end of our eight weeks' boating."

The above simple story is typical of thousands that might have been recorded of the hardships endured by those who uncovered the riches of Westland to the admiring gaze of the world.

THE KEA.

IS HE CARNIVOROUS? A SUMMARY OF EVIDENCE. ("Weekly Press and Referee.") INTRODUCTION.

The Kea, *Nestor notabilis*, or mountain parrot, is found only in the Middle Island of New Zealand, where it lives among the peaks and valleys of the Southern Alps.

When discovered by Mr Wm. Mantell in 1856, the kea's chief food seemed to consist of insect larvæ and berries; however, as early as 1858 it was suspected not only of eating meat, but of becoming a bird of prey of no mean order. Rumours were heard to the effect that the bird attacked and killed sheep for the sake of the kidney and the kidney fat, which formed its special delicacies.

The first recorded instance, which was published in the "Otago Daily Times," runs as follows:—

"For the last three years the sheep belonging to a settler, Mr Henry Campbell, in the Wanaka district (Otago), appeared to have been afflicted with a new kind of disease. The first appearance of this supposed disease is a patch of raw flesh on the loin of the sheep, about the size of a man's hand. From this, matter continually runs down the sides, takes the wool completely off the part it touches, and in many cases death is the result. At last a shepherd noticed one of the mountain parrots sticking to a sheep and picking at a sore, and the animal seemed unable to get rid of its tormentor.

"The runholder gave directions to keep watch on the parrots, when mustering on high ground. The result has been that during the present season, when mustering high up on the ranges near the snow line, they saw several birds surrounding a sheep, which was freshly bleeding from a small wound on the loin; on other sheep were noticed places where the kea had begun to attack them, small pieces of wool having been picked out."

Though this record casts grave suspicion on the kea, it does not by any means absolutely prove that it was the culprit.

In the first instance, the bird was only picking at a sore on a sheep's back, just as to-day starlings are commonly seen in the same position, and to say that this fact proves that the sheep was killed by the kea, is putting more weight on the evidence than is justifiable.

In the second instance, the shepherds saw several keas surrounding (notice, not attacking or pecking) a wounded sheep, and with the uncertainty which existed at that time as to the true culprit, it might easily have turned out that some other animal had wounded the sheep and the keas had only been attracted by its struggles.

It seems from later investigations that the sheep had been killed by the keas, but the record here is only on circumstantial evidence, which can never, by itself, satisfactorily prove a scientific theory.

In the third instance, these shepherds jumped to the conclusion, that because the other sheep had some wool pulled out, the keas must have done it.

This shows that when men are anxious to prove a point, almost anything is taken as conclusive evidence, even though there is not the slightest reason for doing so.

This early record, though not conclusive, is very important because it points out in what direction the true sheep killer may be discovered, but before taking this supposition as correct, a very exhaustive examination should have been made for several years, to see if further researches confirmed the evidence of these men. However, though nearly fifty years have passed since the record was first published,

there has not been one genuine attempt to enquire into the case, and up to the end of 1905, this is the only definite case recorded where a man actually saw a kea picking at a live sheep. Of course many articles have been written, both in magazines and scientific works, but I cannot find one writer who says that he ever saw a kea attack a sheep, nor is the name of any man given who said that he had seen the bird at work.

It has been since proved that there were, and are at the present time, many men who have been eye-witnesses to the birds' depredations, but from the available records in 1905, not one could be found. It seems a great pity that men of scientific standing should publish in their books, on such paltry evidence, as though it were an undoubtedly proved fact, that the kea had become not only carnivorous, but a bird of prey.

I think I am justified in saying, that up to 1905, all the literature that had been published, stating the kea was guilty of the crime, has been giving to the world as a fact a statement which has never been satisfactorily proved.

If there is anything that wants to be most conclusively proved, it is a scientific fact, and as long as investigators continue to publish, as true, half-proved theories, only error and confusion can be the result.

As might be expected from such unsatisfactory evidence, later investigations do not always uphold these hasty conclusions, jumped at by early writers.

It is rather surprising to find that no one questions the weight of the evidence until 1900, when Dr. L. Cockayne, the retiring president of the Canterbury Philosophical Institute, while reading a paper "On some little known Country in the Waimakariri District" made the following statement:—

"I have never seen it (the Kea) attack sheep, nor have I ever met with anyone, shepherd, musterer, or mountaineer traveller, who has done so; the most that my enquiries have elicited is that sheep are found from time to time with holes in their backs, and that Keas have been seen hovering round sheep."

A very warm discussion followed, and from that time, people have been looking into the evidence. The result has been that there are more people who disbelieve the kea's guilt to-day than there were ten years ago. Dr. Cockayne and his supporters do not state that the kea is innocent, but that at the present time the recorded evidence is not strong enough to condemn the bird.

Let us glance through the most conclusive recorded evidence, and see on what grounds the bird's guilt has been declared proved.

The late Mr T. H. Potts condemns the kea from what appears to be hearsay evidence only. He writes:—"Through the kind offices of Mr Robert Wilkin, the writer has been greatly assisted with valuable notes, acquired by sheep farmers, owners of stations, shepherds, etc." Unfortunately, Mr Potts does not state that any of his informants ever saw a kea at work or whether the notes were merely the sheep-station rumours, of which a bookful could be collected to-day.

Again, he does not seem to have seen the bird attacking sheep, but as his guarantee, mentions the names of several men, but there is nothing to show that even these men were eye-witnesses.

In 1878 the Hon. D. Menzies writes a paper on the kea, and is certain of the kea's guilt, but he also does not give his authority, which, however, is evidently some shepherds.

Sir Walter Buller gives a complete description of the bird, and also an illustration of a kea attacking a sheep, but again no eye-witness is mentioned, with the exception of a shepherd, who said that a kea attacked some sheep while he was driving them. There is no name given, and so we do not know who the man was or anything about him.

In 1884 Reischek wrote an article giving his actual experience with keas, but though he saw them eating the carcasses, and also found wool and fat in their crops, he never saw one attack a sheep.

Mr C. H. Huddleston, in 1891, gives an account of his experience in Kea country, and condemns the bird, but from his own account, he never saw the sheep attacked by one.

In 1894, Mr Taylor White accused the bird, but yet does not seem to have been an eye-witness, but bases his conclusions on hearsay, for he says, "One day my brother John came home and said that he knew what caused the holes in the backs of the sheep. It was done by the Kea. This surprised me greatly, but I soon afterwards had evidence of the fact myself, for when some of these birds had once found out that blood of the sheep was good for food, others were initiated into the performance."

What Mr White and his brother saw is not stated, and we think that if a Kea had been seen attacking a sheep it would be almost certain to have been mentioned in the paper. I have since had a letter from Mr Taylor White, stating that he has never seen a Kea kill a sheep.

In February, 1906, at a meeting of runholders, held at Culverden, some strong remarks were made about the loss of sheep caused by the Kea, and the Wellington Philosophical Society was ridiculed for upholding the statement that at the present time the recorded evidence against the Kea was not sufficient to condemn it. However, in spite of all their talk, only one speaker was reported to have seen the Kea attacking sheep. The rest all spoke from hearsay, and I have since received a letter from the reported eye-witness, stating that the newspaper had misrepresented his remarks, for he had never said any such thing at the meeting. This meeting was the means of leading many people to believe in the Kea's guilt, and yet when the evidence was sifted, not one man saw the Kea do it.

This is the pith of the recorded evidence up to the end of 1905, and not one writer brought forward a reliable instance where a sheep had been seen to be attacked and killed by the Kea. The strongest evidence against the bird was the circumstantial, which may be classed as follows:—

- I. Against the Kea—
 - a. The account of the Wanaka shepherds.
 - b. Only where Keas were known to live, were the sheep wounded after the Kea's method. Where they were unknown, no instance of this special kind of sheep-killing had been seen.
 - c. If sheep had been killed, and the birds in that place were shot, the killing at that spot ceased.
 - d. Keas had been seen to fly off the bodies of sheep, and wool and fat had been found in their crops.
 - e. Some Keas in captivity would eat meat, fat, skins, etc.

This evidence may be sufficient to satisfy the general public, but it is inadequate to prove it conclusively as a scientific fact.
- II.—For the kea—
 - a. The lack of recorded eye-witnesses.
 - b. In many places where keas were known to live, no sheep had been killed after the kea's method.
 - c. Many keas in captivity would not eat meat, etc.
 - d. Many of the men who accused the bird were paid for exterminating them, and they would naturally wish the story to be believed.

It was suggested to the writer by Dr. Cockayne that in order to get some evidence that might be depended on, all the men who had seen the kea attack sheep, should be requested to send in an unexaggerated account of what they had seen, and when this eye-witness evidence had been sifted and arranged, some real facts about this interesting bird might be obtained and published.

In response to several requests, kindly published for me by the newspapers, I have received a large amount of evidence from men who live or have lived in the kea country, namely, musters, shepherds, head shepherds, managers of stations, rangers, and station owners.

These, it is true, are probably not trained scientific observers. Nevertheless, they all live in contact with facts; and it seems to me that we are sure to get nearer to the truth by taking the experiences of men who have spent most of their lives in kea country, than that of men who judge the birds, mostly from caged or preserved specimens.

To make the evidence as reliable as possible, the following precautions have been taken:—

- I. Nothing but accounts from eye-witnesses themselves has been taken.
- II. Evidence without the writer's name and address has been cast out.
- III. All details as to year, station, etc., have been received in each case.
- IV. The witnesses, if necessary, have been cross-examined by post.
- V. All the accounts of keas attacking sheep have been forwarded with a written statement; that, if necessary, the writer will be willing to swear to his evidence before a Justice of the Peace.
- VI. The names and addresses of the chief witnesses will be published at the end of this paper, so that anyone doubting the evidence can enquire from the writer himself.
- VII. The accounts that have been received will be filed and presented to the library of this Institute, for further reference.

In spite of all these precautions, I am aware that inaccuracies may creep in, but I think that when fifty or sixty eye-witnesses agree in the main facts of the case, we may take it for granted that we are somewhere near the truth.

To some people this question will never be satisfactorily proved, until some man of scientific standing has actually seen the kea killing the sheep. In order to satisfy these doubters, I should suggest that some sheep should be fenced in on some station where keas are plentiful, and by getting someone of scientific standing to keep watch, the kea's method of attack could be witnessed in surroundings that are quite natural. In this way no forcing or starving of the bird would be needed.

However, I think I am justified in saying that as far as human evidence can be relied on, I have conclusively proved that the kea has not only taken to meat-eating, but that it does actually attack and kill sheep for the sake of the meat.

In order to have evidence from both sides, I invited accounts from men who believed the kea to be innocent, but I only received one reply. The writer did not want his name published, and told me not to take much notice of what the stock inspectors told me, for the whole thing was a bogey. He promised to send me down the names of a number of reliable men who would give me satisfactory evidence to support his side.

However, as his list included two inspectors, and that four other names were marked as doubtful, I did not deem it wise to continue this kind of investigation.

MEAT AND VEGETABLE EATING.

If keas, both in captivity and in their wild state, have never been known to eat meat or fat, then this fact would cast grave doubts on the belief that they are the culprits.

On the other hand, if the birds, though they are not naturally carnivorous, have been known to eat meat and fat, and even relish it, then we have some reason to believe that these parrots may be guilty of sheep-killing.

Many people still think that these birds are not meat eaters, but though in some cases this is true, most of the men who have kept keas have seen them feeding in the open on any diet that they like.

are other birds besides these mountain parrots that have taken to eating meat, though not naturally carnivorous.

Many cockatoos are fond of picking the meat from bones, and the White Eye (*Zosterops capricornensis*) can be often seen in winter eating meat and fat.

Sir W. L. Buller tells of a number of parrots that took to killing and eating their fellows.

Mr C. C. Lake writes, saying:—"I was given a kea when in Fairlie some two or three years ago, and although I had him several months prior to his death, I can honestly say that never once did I see him refuse meat in preference to anything else."

Mr R. Urquhart, when writing on the question, says:—"It is a strange thing, for we have nine keas in a cage, and I can honestly say that they have had nothing but meat to eat for the last two years."

Mr Fred Daw writes of an experience of his when on the Red Mountains, Southland:—"The bird (kea) not only made a hole in the tent, but started eating the fat which was hanging on the ridge pole."

Mr Geo. Rutherford states:—"I have had a kea on the chain here this last four months, and he seems as lively now as the first day we got him, and his only diet is kidneys, liver, and warm fat. He won't eat much cold fat. He seems very fond of raw carrots, and eats them every day."

Dr L. Cockayne writes as follows:—"In the summer of 1897-98, I was camped for some weeks on Arthur's Pass, at an altitude of 2800 feet. During a part of that time, three keas lived round the camp, frequently perching on the beech trees and at times climbing over the tents. These birds fed greedily on any meat which was thrown to them, picking bones and so on. They were by no means friendly with one another, one being especially the 'cock of the walk,' and driving away the others when they came after food. These particular birds were extremely tame, and would actually perch upon the long ends of wood jutting from our fire."

Dr Cockayne adds the following to the above and his other statements about the kea:—

"All the above is written from memory, and therefore I do not vouch for its accuracy. Observations of animals and plants should be entered in a note book at the time of observation, otherwise they can only be accepted with caution."

Others testifying to the kea's eating meat are Messrs W. N. Ford, J. Morgan, J. McIntosh, John McGregor, A. Watherston, H. T. Heckler, P. Dunbar. Without going into the evidence of these men, I think enough has been said to prove that many keas, whether wild or tame, will eat meat and even relish it.

Not only does the kea eat meat, but twice it has been seen acting the cannibal.

Mr J. Morgan writes:—"When going up to the Big Basin, Forks, Mesopotamia, one day, a mob of keas came and settled close to me. I knocked one over and cut off its beak and let it roll down the snow slips to the bottom of the basin. Immediately the mob swooped down on it and started pulling the feathers out as it was rolling down. I was rather curious to see if they would eat their dead mate, so when going back, I went and saw the bird. The mob of keas were still there kicking up a great fuss, and all that remained of their dead mate was the head and bones, which were picked clean. It could not have been more than three quarters of an hour since I killed the bird until I saw it again 'stripped.' I have seen the same on more than one occasion since, though I never investigated it the same as the above."

Some of my correspondents have written to say that the keas under their observation prefer vegetables, insects, etc., to meat. These instances are not very numerous, but I think are worth while recording.

Mr A. J. McKay writes:—"I had a kea sent me from the McKenzie Country, and I observed its habits very closely. He would eat flies, spiders, and caterpillars of any description, and was fond of vegetables, such as peas and beans in the pod. I tried him with kidney fat (sheep), and the kidneys themselves, but he would hardly deign to put his beak into them."

Mr Gully writes:—"I beg to acknowledge your letter, and in reply beg to inform you that we have a live kea in the gardens here. It eats bread and milk, sugar, apples, dock leaves, etc., and since its confinement has preferred a vegetable diet, eating no meat."

Dr F. W. Hilgendorf gives me the following account of a kea that lives near Matte Brun, Mount Cook:—"A plate of meat which was put on a platform was pulled over the edge immediately by the kea without tasting the meat, and this we could never get him to eat, although he would pick up crumbs of bread."

Mr C. V. Rides, of the Christchurch Acclimatisation Gardens, gives the following account of two keas in the aviary, which shows that these birds often like both the vegetable and the meat diets. He says:—"We have two keas here, which we have had in a cage for about eighteen months with a hawk, with which they agree very well. Although these birds will and do eat meat, always preferring the fat and suet, they are equally fond of all kinds of fruit, such as apples, plums, cherries, elderberries, green peas, bits of cabbage stumps, etc., not caring for wheat or maize, such as the other parrots are fed on. When dead rats are put in for the hawk, the keas never attempt to pull them to pieces. I do not think that the information concerning these birds in captivity is of much value as regards their native life; I notice that most birds in confinement lose character to a large extent. Even the wild ducks prefer cakes and buns to the usual wheat and maize, etc."

From what has been said, it can be seen that many, if not most keas in captivity, will eat meat; a few keep to both diets, as no doubt the wild keas do, and others seem to abhor meat and keep to a vegetable or insectivorous diet.

These accounts may at first seem very contradictory, but I think the explanation is that all keas have not acquired the taste for meat, and very likely if a bird is captured before it has got the taste for meat, it is not likely to acquire it as long as it has a plentiful supply of ordinary food.

CARCASE EATING.

At the St. Louis Exhibition, according to Mr Guthrie, the New Zealand Tourist Department represented the kea as follows:—

"The kea, a species of parrot that fastens itself to the back of the sheep, picks out the fat surrounding the kidneys, leaving the animal to die a lingering death."

From the accounts that I have received, this description is erroneous, for the kea does not only eat the kidney fat, but in many instances the whole carcass is devoured. People who kill the birds by poisoning, state that often the difficulty is to find a carcass with enough flesh on to poison.

Mr Guthrie says:—"My experience is that the kea prefers putrid meat to fresh. In shooting them, before dying, they generally disgorge, and in the hundreds I have seen over 90 per cent. disgorged putrid meat."

Mr Morgan writes as follows:—"Some writers say that this bird won't eat dead sheep, but they will, and seem to enjoy them. They will get on a dead sheep and clean every bit of flesh off the bones."

Mr Ford says:—"I was engaged for some time in destroying the keas by arsenic and strychnine mixed. I would go out on the hill in the afternoon and wait about until the sun got weak, as then the keas would gather and make in the direction to where they had mutton. I would then follow them up, and would always find one or more dead sheep killed by them. I would poison the carcass thoroughly, but the trouble was to find a carcass with sufficient flesh to poison, as they devour the sheep completely, leaving nothing but wool and bones. Cases when I have found sheep partly eaten, on coming to them next day, I would pick up as many as twenty-eight dead keas near the carcasses."

So sure are the men that the keas eat the dead sheep, that for the purpose of killing the birds, they often camp near the carcass.

Mr E. Cameron says:—"The way we used to do if we did not find a dead sheep on the ground was to kill one and camp near it at night. Often as many as fifty keas would come and eat it, and they are that tame that every one could be shot."

From this and other evidence which I have received, there seems little doubt that the birds will eat almost the whole of the carcass, and they certainly do not confine themselves to the kidney fat.

This naturally leads up to the question as to whether the kea's beak, filthy from a recent gorge of decaying meat does not, sometimes, cause blood poisoning in the next live sheep it attacks, and so a very small scar might be sufficient to cause death.

Mr Guthrie writing on this question, says:—"I visited the camp daily for some time, and found newly-killed sheep almost every day. Some would be lying down in the camp without any outward sign of a wound, but on skinning them there would be a spot of bruised blood on the spinal cord. Others would be torn and bleeding from a wound over the kidneys, generally black and swollen, just as if the sheep had died from blood-poisoning."

Mr Turton writes:—"Others you find with a hole so small that you could scarcely get your finger in, merely a scratch, but they would mope about, and die in a few days. If you skin these sheep as I have done, you will find that it is as black as ink, and smells something vile. The bird's bill is, in my opinion, poisonous to sheep."

It seems as if in some cases blood-poisoning is caused, but it certainly is not always so, as is proved by the number of sheep which come into the sheds every year marked with kea scars, but otherwise quite healthy.

WHY THEY ARE NOT SEEN ATTACKING THE SHEEP.

It has often been asked, If the kea does so much damage to the flocks, why is it that so few people have ever seen the bird at work?

This question is satisfactorily answered when we study the habits of the bird, for it is nocturnal, and seems to be especially lively in the morning and evening, and if we may take the circumstantial evidence, it appears to do most of its work at night.

Mr Foster, discussing this subject in a letter to me, says:—"I fear, however, that it will be difficult to obtain the evidence of eye witnesses, because the keas work in the night and very early in the morning. . . . The work is done, too, pretty high up on the ranges, where the musterer or shepherd perhaps does not reach until eight or nine o'clock."

Mr R. Guthrie, in writing to the "Tamaru Herald," says:—"In my opinion the kea, which is of nocturnal habits, does chiefly all its mischief at night or on very dull, foggy days, and never shows its true character in sunshine."

Mr J. Logan writes:—"The reason why there are not more eye witnesses to the ravages of the kea is that the time of their attack is at night or on foggy days."

Messrs R. Urquhart, W. N. Ford and others give similar evidence.

It can be seen from what these men say that owing to the time when the kea does the mischief and the distance from the homestead of the places where the sheep are found dead, it is not surprising that so few men have seen the bird actually killing the sheep.

ATTACKING SHEEP.

Among my numerous correspondents over thirty state that they have seen the keas actually attacking sheep. These witnesses do not consist only of musterers and shepherds, but in many instances they are either managers of the sheep stations or the station owners themselves. Summing up the different accounts, the bird's mode of procedure seems as follows:—They may attack in ones or twos or in numbers, but usually one or two birds do the killing and the others share the spoil. The keas do not, as some people think, attack the sheep that are in poor condition, but always seem to choose the pick of the flock. The bird settles on the ground near its quarry, and after hopping round for some time, it leaps on to its prey, usually on the rump. If it cannot get a firm grip with its feet, the movement of the sheep causes it to fall off, but it persists until it has firmly perched itself on the sheep's back. Then the kea begins its operations by tearing out the wool with its powerful beak, and at last gets its beak into the flesh.

The sheep, which for some time has been moving uneasily about, gives a jump as the beak pierces the flesh, and then begins to run wildly about in vain efforts to rid itself of its tormentor. When, however, the sheep finds it cannot dislodge its enemy, it seems to become terrified by pain and fright, and rushes blindly about, usually at a high speed.

Sometimes the sheep tears round the flock until it is played out and cowed, when it sinks to the ground and lies with its neck stretched out, a picture of misery.

If snow is on the ground, the poor beast flounders about until it gets into a snowdrift, and then it becomes an easy prey to the relentless birds.

At other times, the terrified sheep, as if making a last despairing attempt to get rid of its enemy, rushes madly forward in one direction, usually down hill, at a terrific speed, quite oblivious of rocks and pitfalls, the kea meanwhile holding on and balancing itself with outstretched wings.

Very soon the sheep strikes a rock or stubbles and rolls over and over down the hill, only to get on its feet again

and repeat the performance time after time. When the beast stumbles, the kea rises on its wings and settles down again on to the sheep when it has regained its feet.

This awful race is continued, until, bruised by its numerous falls, utterly exhausted by its death struggles, and maddened with pain, the terrified animal stumbles to rise no more, and becomes an easy prey to the kea.

The blind rushes often end even more tragically, the sheep in its blind rush often comes to a precipice, and with the same mad impulse that brought it so far, it leaps over the edge and is dashed to pieces on the ground below. In this case the kea leaves go its hold as soon as the sheep begins to fall, but follows the unfortunate animal in the descent, to satisfy its hunger on the result of its labours.

Some writers think that many inexperienced keas kill sheep in this way, even though they may not have intended to.

I will now give some typical accounts from men who have seen the bird at work.

Mr Don. Finlayson, late of Glen-thorne Station, Canterbury, writes:—"In December, 1898, in company with Walter Grieve (now manager for Mr F. W. Cordy, Hororata), when walking along the edge of Lake Coleridge, at the foot of Mt. Oakden (on the Acheron run), we saw a kea rise suddenly about a chain ahead of us. We walked to the place and found a sheep lying with a hole torn in its back. The sheep was so severely injured that we had to kill it."

"When mustering in the same year on Totara Hill, up the Wilberforce river, I was walking quietly along, and coming to the edge of a slight depression in the ground, there right at my feet, a kea rose from the body of a sheep. I examined the sheep. It was a merino wether, perfectly sound, but had been so severely injured by the kea (a hole had been torn in the sheep's loin, the kidneys were protruding, and some of the fat had been eaten) that I had to kill it."

Mr Chas. W. Symones, writing of his experiences while living on the border line of Canterbury and Otago, says:—"While mustering, I have on many occasions actually seen the kea on the sheep's back (loin), and generally three or four keas would be flying round the sheep, which would be running at the tail of the mob. The sheep would run until it was thoroughly exhausted and had to lie down from exhaustion and fright."

Mr R. McKenzie writes:—"Seeing your request re the kea in the local paper, I write to say that I have seen the kea at work on the sheep's back. The latter was driven frantic by the bird's attack, ran wildly in any and every direction, eventually making a bee line down a steep slope, and as if blind, took a 'header' over a precipice, more than a hundred feet high, and was dashed to pieces on the rocky and shingly bottom. The kea hung on to its prey until the moment the unfortunate animal left terra firma, when the bird relaxed its hold but flew down almost on the very track of its prey, when it was lost to view by the writer and a shepherd who was there also."

Mr Donald Burnett writes:—"It was in the afternoon, I was mustering in Boundary Gully, Mount Cook Station, at the time, and had a mob of sheep in hand and was about two chains away, when a kea, one of several that were flying around, settled on a sheep. The beast at first gave a jump or two and then made down hill at a great rate. When the sheep got into motion, the bird spread out its wings, and as the pace became faster, the wings came together at the perpendicular. The sheep continued its race until both were lost to view, after going some distance through the storm."

Mr Thomas Wilson writes:—"Some years ago a kea rode a sheep into the woolshed on the Double Hill Estate; I was an eye witness and closed the door. The kea was caught and I killed the sheep, which was badly picked on the back and the entrails were pulled out just over the kidneys."

Mr J. Sutherland writes:—"In 1887 I was keeping a boundary where keas were numerous, and on several occasions I saw them attack sheep. I saw a sheep running down the hill with a kea hanging on. I followed after it, and found the sheep lying in the gully, with the kea tearing away at it. I drove it off. The sheep was not dead, but the wool and the skin was torn and a hole was made in the sheep's back, just above the kidneys, a wound from which it would have died; however, I killed it to put it out of pain."

Mr H. E. Cameron writes:—"One day while mustering in the summer time of 1895, I saw a kea on a sheep's back, clinging to the wool, and digging his beak into its back, and a number of others flying about. I went down to the sheep with some other men. Some entrails had been pulled through a hole in its back, and we had to kill the sheep."

"I was camped at the foot of Davies Saddle (Longslip Station) one foggy day, and at three o'clock heard a great screaming of keas, so I went out to see what they were at. On going down the creek a short distance, I saw a sheep coming down the face of the hill as fast as it could, with a kea on the hips, and twelve more birds following and screaming. The sheep when it got to the foot of the hill ran under a bank and went down on its knees, the kea picking away at its back and the others watching as if waiting for a feed."

"I went up to the sheep after throwing stones at the birds. When I got up to the sheep it had two holes in its back, the kidney fat had been eaten, but the kidneys were lying bare in the sheep. The entrails were pulled out through the hole in the back. The sheep was not dead, but had to be killed."

Mr J. H. Bond gives his experience while on the Mount Algidus Station:—"I saw a kea settle on a sheep and begin to tear away at its back, while I was within a few chains. The sheep bolted downhill into a gully and stood up to its belly in the snow at the bottom. From three or four chains off it looked to me as if the kea then drove its beak deep into the flesh; the sheep gave a big jump and stood still. When I went to examine the sheep, it had a bad wound just over the kidney, quite fresh in appearance."

Mr Hugh McKenzie writes:—"In 1884 on Lorne Peak Station, Wakatipu, in the month of July, there came a heavy fall of snow. One morning early, myself and two other men went out to look up the sheep; at 10 a.m. we sighted a mob."

"As we got within about a quarter of a mile of them, we could make out a number of keas flying about the sheep, making a great noise screeching. We at once hastened on to the sheep, which were stuck on a point of a spur about 3,000ft in altitude. At a distance of three to four hundred yards, we saw two sheep floundering in the snow with a kea perched on the rump of each sheep, and at work on the loins. These sheep would be distant from the mob about eighty yards, and fully twenty yards from each other. As we sighted them, however, notwithstanding our singing out, and hurrying up to the sheep, neither kea quit his position until we were within twenty yards of them. They, however, did not damage these sheep enough to cause death, as we came just in time."

Mr J. Morgan writes:—"In Mesopotamia Station, in July, 1905, one afternoon at 2 p.m., the kea settled on the snow alongside the sheep, and then hopped on to the sheep's back. The kea then started to pull a tuft of wool out above the ribs and then another, etc. Then it inserted its beak at this the sheep ran into the mob, and the kea just flew off, and when the sheep was quiet again, it once more got on to its back and started to use its beak again. At this the sheep plunged downhill into the snow. The kea went through the same performance again. All this occurred in-

side of five minutes. Of course we did not let the kea kill the sheep."

Mr A. S. Smith, of Fairlie, writes:—"The first occasion on which I actually saw a sheep killed, was one time while mustering. I noticed two sheep that had been passed some little distance, and while in the act of hunting a dog for the sheep, a kea flew down to the back of a sheep, which made headlong down the hill with the bird all the while on its back. After running some little distance, the beast stumbled and fell. Then the bird rose to its wings until the sheep got up, and continued its race downhill, evidently much terrified. The bird then flew on to the sheep's back again while it ran. This occurred, I should say, three or four times before the bottom of the gully was reached. When I went to investigate, I found the sheep not quite dead, but beating with evident pain, it would appear on account of a hole in its back, close up to the shoulder."

Mr A. Wilson, Pembroke, writes:—"I have seen them attack a sheep at midday, when it was quietly feeding, and it would rush away as fast as it could go, until it either tripped itself or fell down exhausted, when the kea that followed it would start picking the wool off the loins. I have followed sheep under these circumstances and found the keas picking them until I drove them away and set the sheep on to its feet again. I have also found sheep actually able to walk a little, even though they had portions of their intestines pulled out through the hole in the loins and hanging down their sides. These, of course, we killed."

Mr H. Heckler, of Lumsden, writes:—"I was keeping boundary up the Gladstone Gorge, after snow muster, and was gathering stragglers off the high country, when I ran across about twenty keas. Two of them were on a sheep's back. The balance were flying round him (a stray wether) making a terrible noise. The sheep was going at full speed down the spur. I watched him where he ran to, and followed him down for about three miles. When I got down, the sheep was dead, with two holes (one on each side of the backbone) in him, and most of the mob of keas were picking out the kidney fat. I crawled to the rock where the poor sheep was lying, and the keas were so busy at work, that I killed three with my stick."

Mr Andrew Watherston writes of his experience in 1904, as follows:—"I was looking out a mob of wethers, and found that the keas had been killing them, and there were eight dead. As it came on a dense fog, I had to return to my hut. Early on the following morning I went out to the wethers again. Arriving where the sheep were camped, some time before sunrise, I could hear the keas calling, and following up the sound, I got to where there were about forty of them."

"They had about three or four hundred wethers rounded up. The sheep were huddled close together, and the keas were flying over them and alighting on their backs. When the keas started to pick the back of the sheep, it would start to run round and round the mob; the kea would rise, but as soon as the sheep stopped, the bird was on its back again. This continued for a little time; the sheep apparently getting sulky, lay down with its neck stretched out and its lower jaw resting flat on the ground, when it showed no further resistance, but allowed the kea to pick away at its back. I never knew a sheep, after it once sulked, to show any further resistance. I shot nineteen keas and left the mob, but, on looking round, I found that they had killed thirty-eight wethers, most of them being quite warm and in splendid condition."

Many more such instances could be cited, but enough has been said to show the method and the results of the kea's attack on sheep.

(To be continued.)

THE KIDNEY THEORY.

It has always been supposed that the kea attacked the sheep for the sake of the kidneys, and the first man to dispute this, as far as I know, was Mr F. F. C. Huddleston. Dr. Alfred Russell Wallace, in his book entitled "Darwinism," after describing the method of the kea's attack, says:—"Since then it is stated that the bird actually burrows into the living sheep, eating its way down to the kidney, which form its special delicacy."

From the evidence of men who have seen many sheep killed and wounded by keas, this statement appears to be erroneous, and of the many correspondents that have communicated with me, only one states that the bird eats the kidneys, and later on the same writer says, "I have shot many keas by the dead sheep, and they vomited up fat."

It appears as if, even in this instance, the birds eat the fat rather than kidneys.

Mr T. Toms says: "I have not examined many sheep that have been killed by keas, but in the ones that I have examined, I have always found the same result; the fat has been torn away, and the kidneys left. Of course the kidneys have been found mangled, but they were not sufficiently torn to give the impression that the keas had been eating them."

In three other accounts, namely those of Messrs Donald Finlayson, H. E. Cameron, and C. W. Symonds, the fat was also eaten and the kidneys left exposed and untouched; now, if the kidney itself was a special delicacy, as Mr Wallace's book states, the keas, I think, would have eaten the kidneys as soon as they were exposed. Mr McKay, of Geraldine, had a Kea which would not touch sheep's kidneys. He says "I repeatedly tried him (the kea) with kidney fat and the kidneys themselves, but he would scarcely deign to put his beak into them."

One reason why people suppose the kea to be fond of kidneys, is that the keas nearly always attack the sheep on the loin just near these organs, and as they eat their way through the flesh and fat, people have jumped to the conclusion that they must be after the kidneys.

In looking through the authentic accounts of about fifty eye-witnesses, I cannot find any evidence to support the kidney theory.

The reason for the keas always tearing open the sheep above the kidneys, can be explained, I think, by the way the animal attacks sheep.

All my correspondents, with three exceptions, say that from what they have seen, the kea always settles on the rump.

Mr R. Guthrie (15) thinks that they only settle on the shoulders when the sheep is stuck in the snow, but I have an instance where the shoulders were eaten, and the sheep was not caught in the snow.

The reason for the keas always sett-

ling on the hindquarters are as follows:—

Firstly, the rump of the sheep is its widest part, and so it makes a firm platform for the kea to settle on and to get a firm hold.

Several witnesses say that it is almost impossible for the kea to keep on the sheep's back unless he perches on this part.

Mr Guthrie (15) says:—"It is almost impossible for a kea to stick on a sheep's back, while pecking it, in any other position than behind the kidneys facing the head. I have seen them trying to hang on to a sheep's back, but unless they were in the position described, they could not stick on for ten yards."

Secondly, When flying after a sheep, the rump is the nearest and handiest part to settle on, and as the birds often have to alight on the sheep while it is running, it is no wonder that the rump is that part chosen.

Though keas seem fond of mutton fat, I do not consider that this is the only reason why they make for the loin.

It naturally follows that when perched on the sheep's hindquarters, the bird will commence to pick the sheep's back at the handiest part, this without doubt, will be the part that is under the kea's nose, namely the loin.

Again, the loin is very easy to tear open, owing to the absence of ribs, and this again would commend itself to the bird.

To me it seems that the preceding reasons do more to influence the kea when attacking than the presence of the kidney fat. Even the first recorded accounts of sheep-killing mention that the bird attacked the loin, and the only way to explain this, is that the kea found the loin the easiest and handiest part of attack. I can hardly believe, as some people do, that by some kind of instinct, the kea knew where the kidney fat was to be found in the live sheep. This latter idea is somewhat upset by the fact that cases have been seen where the flesh around the backbone has been eaten, and the kidney and the kidney fat left almost untouched.

The kea appears to eat whatever part of the sheep that comes first; first the skin and flesh, then on to the kidney fat. In some cases they do not even eat all the kidney fat, but begin to pull out the intestines, and several sheep have been found alive with these organs protruding.

Mr A. Wilson (41) says:—"One day I came suddenly upon two or three keas busy picking at the loin of what I supposed to be a dead sheep. There was a hole right through the sheep's back, and the birds were putting their heads right through to the inside of the sheep and pulling out portions of the intestine, but I cannot say if they eat them or not. I then went over, and to my surprise, I found that the sheep was not dead, so I killed it to put it out of pain."

It is evident that these birds do not mind what part they attack as long as they get something to eat, and when a sheep is buried in the snow, they go for the handiest part.

Mr E. Cameron (4) says:—"A snow-slip carried some sheep with it. I found the sheep stuck in the snow, where it landed, still alive, with its leg eaten to the bone and half a dozen keas tearing away at him."

I think that the theory about the bird killing the sheep for the kidney alone, is entirely wrong, and I doubt very much if the kidneys are in any way the source of attraction. The birds certainly do not leave the sheep to die a lingering death while their hunger is unappeased, unless they are disturbed.

As to the kidney fat theory, though this has some evidence to support it, I think that it is mostly because these parts are easiest to get at. The very fact that the keas eat all parts of a carcass, except the wool and bones, rather weakens this theory.

HOW THE HABIT WAS ACQUIRED.

We now come to the interesting question as to how the kea acquired the habit of killing sheep and eating the carcasses.

This can never be completely answered, but there are several theories, which are well worth considering, as they throw a certain amount of light on the reasons for the bird's change of diet.

1. The "Vegetable Sheep" Theory, is certainly the most popular, though it has very little to recommend it. The supporters of this theory suppose that the kea had been in the habit of tearing open the "Vegetable sheep," *Haastia pulvinaris* and *Raoulia eximia*, in search of grubs which are supposed to

live in these peculiar plants. They are found especially in the northern half of the middle island at an altitude of from 4600 to 6000ft, and in external appearance they somewhat resemble a sheep, growing as they do, in the form of cushions often as large as sofas, and the whole surface having a woolly appearance. It is supposed that when the sheep first wandered into the kea's domains, the birds mistook them for the woolly-like plants, and with the idea of digging out the grubs, they began to tear open the skin of the sheep. In this way the keas are supposed to have acquired the method of killing the sheep and eating the flesh.

This all sounds very feasible, but on further investigation, it is found that the true facts do not support the theory.

Firstly, Where the keas were first known to attack sheep, namely around Lake Wanaka, the "Vegetable sheep" do not, according to Dr Cockayne, grow to such a size that they might be mistaken for sheep; in fact, *Raoulia eximia* does not occur there at all, and many mosses, etc., are often as conspicuous as the Otago species of *Raoulia*. The true "Vegetable sheep" *Haastia pulvinaris*, does not even come as far south as Canterbury, and *Raoulia eximia* does not go further south than Mt. Ida in Central Otago, its only known Otago habitat. Therefore it appears, that where the kea first acquired the habit of killing sheep, the

"Vegetable sheep" is practically unknown.

Secondly, I have never found any grubs in the "Vegetable sheep," though I have pulled many up, and I have read and heard of no one who has seen grubs in these plants, of such a size or numerous though, to attract the kea.

The only supposed reference that I can find is in an article by the Hon. Dr. Menzies, M.L.C., in 1878. He says:—"They suppose that these birds (keas), formerly fed chiefly on berries and the large white grubs abounding in the mossy vegetation on the hills."

Whether Dr. Menzies or the shepherds from whom he received his information, mistook the "Vegetable sheep" for a lichen or moss, as many people do, I cannot say.

Thirdly, When the keas first attacked sheep, and up to the present day, they seemed to confine their attacks to the shoulder or rump, the latter in preference. Now if the keas were in the first instance looking for grubs, then they would almost be sure to work right along the length of the back, but in the accounts that I have seen, this is certainly not the case.

Fourthly, If the keas feed on these grubs that are supposed to live in the "Vegetable sheep," one would expect to hear of the plant being found in a partly torn up condition. However, I can find no instance of the plants being seen in this condition, and though I have been upon the ranges where the keas and "Vegetable sheep" are both numerous, I have always found the plants intact.

It seems to me that unless further evidence is forthcoming to support this theory, it must be left out of consideration.

2. The Curiosity Theory. Some writers think that it is nothing but the kea's insatiable curiosity and destructiveness that has got the bird into the habit of sheep killing.

Taking into account the bird's love of investigating anything that is at all strange, it is suggested that when the sheep first appeared in the bird's domains, they became at once the centre of attraction. The keas, would, no doubt, walk round the sheep and inspect it, and finally hop on to the animal's back. When the sheep commenced to run, the bird would most likely fall off, but by repeated attempts, it would at last find the way to hold on. Once on the sheep's back, the kea most naturally would begin to pull out the wool, and finally find his way down to the flesh.

In this way, he would soon find out how to get food from a living sheep.

Again, if a number of sheep were half buried in the snow, their position would be quite strange enough to attract the keas, and with their natural love of tearing, they would soon find their way to the animal's flesh.

It seems to me, that this theory has very much in its favour, and may account, to some extent, for the bird's change of diet.

3. The Hunger Theory. The supporters of this theory, suggest that it was the lack of ordinary food that caused the kea to attack sheep.

They say that when the ground was covered with snow and frozen hard, the birds would have a difficulty in finding sufficient food.

Being pressed by hunger, they would visit the meat gullies at the homesteads and feed on meat, skins, offal, etc., and in this way, they would soon acquire a liking for meat. Having once acquired the taste, they would next take to eating dead sheep or dead sheep caught in the snow, and finally take to tackling the live animals.

4. The Maggot Theory. This is a slight modification of the hunger theory, and was first suggested by Dr. Menzies in 1878. He says:—"They suppose that these birds formerly fed chiefly on berries and the large white grubs abounding in mossy vegetation on the hills, and after the country was stocked, they first, by feeding on maggots and insects on dead sheep, and afterwards on dead animals, acquired, not only the taste for meat, but also a discrimination of the choice parts. By and by, they attacked living sheep, and their upper mandible enabled them quickly to tear open the skin."

Reischek, in 1885, supports this theory, and says:—"My opinion is that these birds became carnivorous through being numerous when sheep were introduced, and feeding on maggots which soon appear on carcasses of sheep dying on the runs, and have thus probably acquired such a liking for the fatty matter, that it has emboldened them to attack live sheep."

This theory seems to have much in favour of it, especially when we remember that the kea is naturally insectivorous. Again, the very fact that the birds seem fond of dead carcasses rather supports this theory.

It is of course impossible to say which theory is nearest the truth, but I think that there is no doubt that the main factors that caused the keas to change their diet and become birds of prey are expressed in the last three theories.

THE TIME OF ATTACK.

It would be unwise to say in what month of the year the keas are most destructive to the flocks, because all the sheep that are killed, are not found, and naturally when musters are out on the ranges, they will see more results of the kea's work than when they remain on the homestead.

From the records that I have received, they seem to attack mostly in the winter and the spring, and frequently at mid-summer. There are several reasons which may account for their attacking in winter.

Firstly, When the ground is covered with snow, or frozen hard, the birds will have much difficulty in finding sufficient food, and hunger, no doubt, would make them ferocious.

Secondly, The sheep are made an easier prey owing to the depth of the snow, and often they are buried in it, so as to be almost unable to move, and so would give the birds very little trouble.

In early spring the climatic conditions, are, if anything, intensified, and the ordinary food is scarcer still. Besides it is the kea's nesting time, and the extra work of sitting, and the feeding of the young birds, would make the parents more hungry and daring.

During the late spring, when their ordinary food would be more accessible, they appear to kill less sheep, and do not become very much of a nuisance again until about the middle of summer.

The reason why the keas find this season a good time for their depredations, is uncertain, but may be accounted for as follows:—

Firstly. Owing to the snow having melted, the sheep are able to roam in the kea's domain.

Secondly. The sheep have favourite places for sleeping, and if anywhere near, they make for them, night after night. These spots are called "Camps," and no doubt the kea are always sure of finding a good supply of sheep in the camps, whenever they intend to attack.

Thirdly. At shearing time, the sheep are confined to small paddocks, and so have less chance of getting away from the kea.

They do not, however, confine their attacks to these seasons only, but have been known to kill sheep all the year round, though autumn seems the time when they attack least, whether it is due to the quantity of their ordinary food, that would be plentiful at this season, or not, is hard to decide.

The time of the day when they attack sheep, is also uncertain, and speaking generally, they have been known to attack at all hours, but the evening, night, and early morning appear to be their favourite times.

Why night time should be their favourite time, may be accounted for in several ways:—

First. The sheep are said to make for the same sleeping grounds or camp for several consecutive nights, and the birds would be sure of finding plenty of sheep together during the hours of darkness.

Second. Being partly nocturnal in their habits, they have an advantage

over the sheep, and at night there is less chance of their being seen or disturbed.

If attacking in daylight, they seem to choose dull or foggy days, but this is not always the case, as I have heard of several instances of attacks being made in bright sunshine. However, in these cases, there has always been snow on the ground, and the helplessness of the sheep or the lack of food, may have made them more daring.

NUMBER OF SHEEP KILLED.

It is impossible to work out anything like a correct estimate of the damage done to the flocks of sheep by the keas, owing to the uncertainty of the results sent in.

For instance, where every sheep that is missing is put down as the work of these birds, the damage is exaggerated, and in cases where sheep are killed by the keas, and their remains are never seen, there will be an under-estimation of the loss.

Again, if we take the number of birds killed in a certain time, we go wrong, because the birds seem to kill at irregular intervals, and when percentages are given, we have to find out whether it is made out on one flock, one station, or one district.

Often when a percentage is given on a week's or a month's damage, unless it is very clearly stated, it is sometimes taken for the annual loss, and in this way, very erroneous results have been published.

Some people quote the damage to stations at 30 and 40 per cent., but I think that this is very wide of the mark. A rough idea of the number killed, even in a short time, can be seen by the following accounts:—

Mr J. Morgan writes as follows:—"In spring, 1894, Mesopotamia Station, Rangitata Gorge, we found a lot of strong wethers dead, and on skinning some, we found a small puncture through the skin above the loins, and the flesh torn about under the skin. On going over a block, we found a mile long and a quarter wide, we found close on 300 dead sheep. The next night a man went out and shot a few birds; in all, during two days, he shot 63 keas, and we lost no more sheep on this spot."

On another occasion, when taking hogs out in the spring, we put them through a gate at dark. When we went in the morning, we found seven of the sheep dead, about their camp. The following night we shot eight keas at this place, and although we took out several mobs of sheep the same way afterwards, no more were killed."

Mr P. E. Challis states that he has seen 19 sheep attacked in one evening.

Mr A. Watherston reports that one evening he found some keas attacking the sheep, and eight of them were killed. On going out at daybreak next morning, he found that during the night 38 had been killed, and the keas were still attacking them.

The carcasses of the sheep were, in most cases, still warm, and out of about 1600 sheep, about 300 were killed. This loss works out to about 18 per cent. for the winter.

Mr W. N. Ford says that around Lake Wanaka the losses in the year are about 26 per cent. of the sheep, and about half of these are put down to the keas.

If the birds always kill on an average 20 or 30 a night, the loss would be tremendous, but it seems that they make special raids, and then are quiet for some time. Many of the keas must either kill for the love of killing, or else to have a number of dead sheep on which to feed for some time. Many are killed and left almost untouched. However, from evidence it seems that they come back afterwards and feed on them until the carcasses are devoured.

In most of the kea-infested country the annual damage is, I should say, well under 5 per cent. A few stations may lose as much as 10 per cent., and I doubt if any station loses as high as 20 per cent.

ATTACKING OTHER ANIMALS.

Though the sheep are the favourite animals for the keas to attack, they do not seem to confine themselves to them alone, for I have instances sent to me where they have attacked horses, dogs, and rabbits.

Mr Guthrie gives the following account of an attack on a horse:—"The pack horse was tethered on a piece of flat ground about ten chains from the camp. After we had tea, I strolled over to where there was a large flock of keas on a little knoll above the pack-horse. This would be about an hour before dusk. One or two flew down on to the horse's back. He was an old, stiff-built cobby horse of very sluggish nature. He took no notice of the keas when they flew on and off his back for some time, giving him an occasional peck. At last an old fellow perched on his back and started operations in a most serious manner. He soon had the old horse showing more life than he had ever done before; in fact, before he got the kea dislodged, he was almost mad. When I got down to him, he was in a heavy sweat, and the blood was trickling slightly over his loins. On examination, I found a nasty wound that took a long time to heal, as it became very dirty. Ever after, the horse would go almost frantic when there were any keas about."

Two of my correspondents record cases where the keas have settled on dogs, and also cases of where rabbits have been killed by these birds.

NESTING HABITS.

As well as the evidence that I have received, there have been several notes about the kea's nesting habits, which I think are worth while putting on record.

Their breeding season has been recorded as beginning in August, but this seems to be too late in the year.

Mr J. McIntosh says:—"They nest at all times from May onwards. I have seen eggs from May on to September."

Mr Turton states that he has seen them early in July, and Messrs Huddleston and Ford in August.

The late Mr Potts says:—"It breeds in the deep crevices and fissures, which cleave and seam the sheer facing of almost perpendicular cliffs, that in places bound, as with massive ramparts, the higher mountain spurs.

Sometimes, but rarely, the agile munterer, clambering amongst these rocky fastnesses, has found the entrance to the 'run' used by the breeding pair, and has peered with curious glance, tracing the worn track till its course has been lost in the dimness of the obscure recesses beyond the climber's reach. In those retreats the home or nesting-place generally remains inviolate, as its natural defences of intervening rocks defy the efforts of human hands unless aided by the use of heavy iron implements that no mountaineer would be likely to employ."

From the above account, it would appear as if the kea's nest was inviolate unless one used force to get at it. Several of my correspondents have obtained eggs and young birds, and none of them say that the nests are always so inaccessible, though they often communicate with the exterior by a long run, and are usually built in places that are very difficult to reach.

As far as I can ascertain, Mr Potts never saw a kea's nest, and it seems as if the poetry of his description has obscured some of the facts.

The nests have been found in other places besides fissures and crevices in the rocks, namely, under rocks, in rabbits' burrows, in banks, in cairns of stones, and even on the flat.

The nest seems to be just a small hollow, lined with a few straws. The young birds have been known to hatch in June, and, from all accounts, they stay in the nest for a long time.

Mr J. McIntosh found young ones in September, and took them out of the nests in December, and this seems to indicate that they remain in the nest until they are nearly as big as their parents.

It has been suggested that the taste for meat has now become hereditary to the young keas, for when they are given raw meat, they seem to eat it greedily.

For instance, Mr W. N. Ford found some kea chiefs only a few days out

of the shell with their eyes still closed. He kept them for six weeks, feeding them on sop and raw meat, but they died one night, owing to them being left out in the cold.

This would appear, at first sight, as if the taste for meat was hereditary, but as pieces of meat have been found outside the nest, it is most likely that the old birds teach the young to be carnivorous.

Again, the fact that young birds will eat meat does not prove conclusively that they have inherited the taste. Other instances are known where animals have instantaneously taken to food which they could never have tasted before.

By the kindness of Dr. Cockayne and Mr E. Jennings, of the Dunedin Museum, I am able to publish the following interesting incident:—

While on a tour of the Southern Islands of New Zealand in the Government steamer Hinemoa in 1904, a specimen of the flightless duck of New Zealand (*Nesometta Aucklandia*) was captured, and brought alive to Dunedin. From the time of its capture it was fed solely on bread and milk, which it seemed to take to very readily. Now this duck is found only in the Auckland Islands, where it feeds on small crustaceans and other small animals, etc., which are found among the rocks of the sea shore and the kelp where this bird swims. These islands are uninhabited, and are practically never visited by any shipping except the Government steamer Hinemoa, which pays them an annual visit.

It can almost be taken for certain that this particular bird had never before seen bread, much less tasted it, and yet, when caught, it at once took to this strange food, which was so entirely different from its natural supply. This instance, I think, shows that even if birds take to new food readily, it does not prove that the taste is of necessity hereditary.

(To be continued.)

HABITAT.

That the kea is found in the mountainous country of Canterbury, Otago, and Westland is a well established fact, but whether it lives among the snow-capped peaks and the glaciers or lower down near the forest line, is a question that has never been satisfactorily settled. The generally accepted opinion is that the bird's stronghold is far up among the snow-capped peaks, and a recent book states that the kea lives "Up in the mighty mountains where the snow never melts and men seldom go. Sometimes it is driven from its stronghold, and is compelled to seek food at lower elevations."

The late Mr T. H. Potts describes the bird as living "Far above the dwarfed vegetation, in a region often shrouded with dense mist or driving sleet, etc."

It is quite true that the keas do sometimes live in these desolate regions, for they are common at Mount Cook near the large glaciers, where they may be seen soaring from peak to peak.

Sir Julius Von Haast saw two of them flying over the Godley Glacier, but though he saw keas several times while exploring the mountains of Canterbury, only once did he see them in the perpetual snow-clad regions and among the glaciers.

Again, nearly all the accounts of these birds attacking sheep have come from districts which are situated many miles from the regions described by many writers as the kea's home.

At the present day, however, the bird does not seem to be a dweller of the glacier regions only, and although it does sometimes frequent these heights, it is most commonly found about the forest limit.

Dr. L. Cockayne describes, in a communication to me, its habitat as follows:—"I have observed the kea in various parts of the Southern Alps, from the Humboldt Mountains in the South to Kelly's Hill in Westland. Although frequently met with on the

open alpine and sub-alpine hillside, I consider the bird essentially one of the forest limit, where it may be seen in numbers at the junction of the forest and sub-alpine meadows, and in the Nothofagus forests at lower levels where such are pierced by river-beds."

Mr Taylor White does not consider the bird one of the forest, for he says:—"I remember being astonished on reading of the kea living in the forest, for I never, even during the severest winters, saw it perched on trees."

However, in spite of this, as early as 1862, Haast saw one in a tree near Lake Wanaka, and since then they have been often seen perching in the forest.

I have, on several occasions, seen the kea both on the Birdwood Range and Mt. Torlesse, and each time the bird has been about the forest limit. Though I have often seen them at an altitude of 5000ft I have never seen them above that height.

Twice have I seen them perching in the Fagus Forest, once in July, 1903, in a bush behind the Glenthorn Homestead and while camping for several days, near the source of the Avoca river, we continually saw them flying in and out of the forest, about 500ft above us.

Seeing these birds so low down in summer rather upsets the statements of many writers who say that the keas only come from higher altitudes in severe weather, for both times when I saw the birds at low altitudes it was in midsummer, and the weather was warm and fine.

They come much lower than some people suppose. Potts says that they have been seen at Hororata, near the Malvern Hills, and Mr G. Rutherford states that nearly every year keas have been shot in the thirteen mile bush, which is situated near the foot of Porter's Pass.

At first I thought that perhaps the keas had learnt to live at lower altitudes so as to be near the sheep, but the fact that before the kea had learnt to kill sheep, namely between 1861 and 1867, Sir Julius Von Haast saw more keas below the snow line than above is against this suggestion.

I consider that in the future their habitat should be described as follows in the words of Dr. Cockayne:—"Although frequently met with on the open alpine and sub-alpine hillside, the kea is essentially a bird of the forest limit, where they may be seen in numbers at the junction of the forest and sub-alpine meadows, and in that Nothofagus forest at lower levels where such are pierced by river-beds."

DISTRIBUTION.

As I have not yet completed my investigations in this part of the subject, I will simply confine myself to the main facts.

The kea's area of distribution can be roughly stated as the mountainous country of the Middle Island of New Zealand; from Lake Te Anau in the south to Mount Robert in the Nelson province in the north, and I have just heard that it has been seen in the extreme north of this, on an island near Cape Farewell.

The western limit seems to touch the coast; for the birds have been seen near Hokitika and Bruce Bay in Westland. The eastern boundary seems to follow the eastern limits of the mountainous country, but extends farthest east in Canterbury at Mount Peel and Mount Torlesse. Through the kindness of Mr T. E. Currie I hear that the keas are making their way into the Marlborough province, where they have been lately seen around the Hillersden and Taradale stations. The evidence seems to indicate that the birds are extending northward, and one wonders if Cook Strait will prove an impassable barrier, or whether they will cross over this narrow sheet of water and establish themselves in the North Island.

Though the habit of killing sheep has not reached as far north as the keas, it seems to be spreading in that direction, for in some places where keas have been seen for some time, it is only lately that they have been known to damage the flocks.

In spite of the numbers of keas that have been killed they still seem very plentiful, but in case all these interesting birds should be exterminated, I would suggest that a number of them should be placed on some island, off the coast of New Zealand, where they could live and flourish, without doing harm to the flocks. Such islands as the Auckland or Kapiti would do admirably for this purpose.

In concluding I should like to take this opportunity of thanking all those who have so willingly helped me in my investigations, especially those who have sent me in their actual experiences with the kea, for I know that without their co-operation this paper could never have been written.

ADDRESSES OF COMMUNICANTS OF INFORMATION ABOUT THE KEA.

- Bond, J. H. C., Templeton, Canterbury.
- Burnett, Andrew, Aorangi Station, Cave, Canterbury.
- Burnett, Donald, Sawdon Station, Burke's Pass, Canterbury.
- Cameron, Ewen, Pembroke, Lake Wanaka, Otago.
- Cameron, H. E., Longlip Station, North Otago.
- Challis, P. E., Parawa, Southland.
- Cockayne, L. Ph. D., Olivier's road, Christchurch, Canterbury.
- Daw, Fred., Miller's Flat, Otago.
- Dunbar, Peter, Waiatu Amuri, Marlborough.
- Faulks, J., Makarora Station, Lake Wanaka, Otago.
- Finlayson, Donald, Lochindorb Station, Taunua, Otago.
- Ford, W. N., Pembroke, Lake Wanaka, Otago.
- Foster, Reginald, Hasledon, Papanui, Christchurch, Canterbury.
- Gully, —, Acclimatisation Gardens, Nelson.
- Guthrie, Robt., Burke's Pass, Canterbury.
- Hassal, R. H., Benmore Station, Otago.
- Heckler, H. T., Stock Department, Lumsden, Southland.
- Hilgendorf, F. W., M.A., D.Sc., Agricultural College, Lincoln, Canterbury.
- Ironsides, John, Pembroke, Lake Wanaka, Otago.
- Jennings, E., Otago Museum, Dunedin.
- Kidson, Edward, Canterbury College, Christchurch, Canterbury.
- King, John H., Pembroke, Lake Wanaka, Otago.
- Lake, C. C., Olivier's road, Christchurch, Canterbury.
- Legg, W., Double Hill Station, Canterbury.
- McGregor, J., Burke's Pass, Canterbury.
- McIntosh, John, Burke's Pass, Canterbury.
- McKay, A. J., Geraldine, Canterbury.
- McKenzie, Hugh, Etowale Station, Nightcaps, Southland.
- McKenzie, Rodk., Blackmount, Southland.
- Morgan, Jno., Lake Coleridge Station, Canterbury.
- Rides, C. V., Acclimatisation Gardens, Christchurch, Canterbury.
- Rutherford, Geo., Dalethorpe, Russell's Flat, Canterbury.
- Scott, John, Bannockburn, via Cromwell, Otago.
- Smith, A. S., Fairlie, Canterbury.
- Sutherland, J., Benmore Station, Otago.
- Symons, C. W., Christchurch, Canterbury.
- Toms, Thomas, Richmond Station, Lake Taupo, Canterbury.
- Hodkinson, H. E., Pukeuri Junction, Otago.
- Turton, J. G., Peel Forest, Canterbury.
- Urquhart, R., Algidus Station, Canterbury.
- Watherston, A., Rees Valley Station, Glenorchy Lake, Wakatipu, Otago.
- Wilson, A., Pembroke, Lake Wanaka, Otago.
- Wilson, Thomas, Alford Forest, Canterbury.

KEA LITERATURE REFERRED TO IN THE PAPER.

- Geology of Canterbury and Westland—(a) 22, (b) 36, (c) 117, (d) 143.
- Zoologist, 1871, Vol. XXIX.
- Journal für Ornithologie, März, 1872.
- Brehm's Thierleben-Vogel, Vol. I, p. 166.
- Nature, Vol. IV, p. 469.
- Nature, Vol. V, p. 282.
- British Museum Catalogue, Vol. XX, p. 4.
- History of New Zealand Birds, Vol. I—(a) 165, (b) 167, (c) 169.
- Animals of New Zealand, p. 155.
- New Zealand Journal of Science, 1871, p. 260.
- Climbs in the New Zealand Alps, Fitzgerald, p. 94.
- Proceedings of the Zoological Society, 1856, p. 94.
- Zoologist, 1881, p. 230.
- Australasia, A. R. Wallace, p. 230.
- Zoologist, 1883, p. 278.
- Darwinism, Wallace, p. 75.
- Transactions of the New Zealand Institute, Vol. III—(a) p. 13, (b) p. 52, (c) p. 86; Vol. XI, p. 376; Vol. XVI, p. 316; Vol. XVII, p. 449; Vol. XVIII—(a) p. 98, (b) p. 113; Vol. XXI, p. 212; Vol. XXVII, p. 273.
- Out in the Open—(a) p. 188, (b) 189.
- Cambridge Nat. Hist. Birds, A. H. Evans, p. 364, 374, 375.
- Dictionary of Birds, Newton, p. 627.

(Concluded.)

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 Kakapotahi 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.

July, 1929

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

July, 1929

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.

November, 1928

THE WESTLAND CHURCH MAGAZINE

7

"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.: Kakapotahi, 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.: Kakapotahi, 3 p.m.
- " 22nd.: Evans Creek, 9 a.m.
- Dec. 4th.: Mikonui, 9 a.m.
- " 5th.: Kakapotahi, 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
Kakapotahi: 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
Kakapotahi: 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

Shop by Post

Address your orders to **McKAY'S**, for the latest
in **Frocks, Millinery, Hosiery, Men's Wear, and
Household Requirements**

Give full particulars regarding size, length, width of any
article required. It saves time

We pay
Postage



We pay
Postage

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.

another ed out almost now one of their some ex them ou of thing racking.

We turn on the Fr for our sh and Tom Toohy w the milky

We had a after whic by this th almost ha stumpy at the return above the seen Ad C and I trot good pace a gun fro well, so w wasting (that was) or not we the anim carried th with Ad.

After at J. Cron's member v nice—we I believe on foot, regained ahead to Copper Cr first of Clay's fie we had na ing many strangely all told.

I scard the and maul where we shag, whi man or Then we try to pr Friday's t coming o

We rea after whi to pluck that nig far behin Cron spot time—we

Wehaka in the distance, leave nothing to be desired. The only redeeming feature of the road to the river is the backward view of the Fox Glacier. The fording was easily done, though it made me wonder however I would find the road across the river bed on my way back. However I was told that the ford is always changing so perhaps it might even be dangerous to know the old ford. However I took a good look at the country to know where the road came out.

From Cook's to Karangarua we did a slow jog trot behind the pack horses. Saltwater River was almost alive with pigeons, as was the track further on. From then on we passed through miles and miles of country where the hill had come a cropper and fallen on to the road. The mess it left did not improve the road, though after months of hard work the roadmen had made quite a good road through the debris. I could recognise Havelock Creek as the creek that had taken the gravelling contract. However Bessie did not approve of the large boulders it had strewn with prodigal carelessness all over the particular part of the landscape over which she was to travel. He arrived at Mrs. Scease's just half an hour after she had returned home from a holiday, but the South Westland welcome and shelter was there nevertless. We had a bright service that night. There was no need of a piano with George Bannister, Billy Wilson and Dick and Mrs. Trevathan to help us sing. I thought then how good it would be for me if I could take them round with me to places where I had no pianist.

Mrs. Scease and Harry both assured me that it would be raining hard in the morning. "It always does when the parson comes!" I looked out on a cloudless night, and I thought I had broken the evil spell. But I hadn't; and I could easily realize the fact after I had been awake for one minute next morning. We had Early Celebration, and then Bessie and I pattered off in the rain to Walter Scott's. I don't know whether I frightened the horse tied up there, but it certainly broke the bridle soon after I appeared. I found Charlie Smith fixing up various matters before proceeding and George Koeti ready to fix up another matter of importance to himself and a girl friend. George and I had a race for the river just in case it should feel ready to rise too soon. However we crossed quite easily and Charlie met us on the other side. Then came a long slow stretch between rows and rows of fine black and white pine trees to Manakiau where I met Mr. and Mrs. Thompson and family. I went in and had a short talk with Mr. Sam Fiddian, who carries his ninety odd years amazingly well, though suffering a good deal at present. With a promise to be back again, I went out into the kitchen to watch the cook for a while, while Charlie got rid of some of his mail. Then we pattered on through the rain to Bruce Bay, while Mrs. Ritchie had had a steam pudding waiting impatiently for us for some time. I appreciated the fire on my nearly dead hands and very wet clothes, but I think I appreciated the internal refreshment more. I had been finding it very difficult to judge distances,

more especially as the day progressed—the ten miles from Karangarua seemed fully twenty.

It was brightening up a little when we set out for Mahitahi, later on in the afternoon. The beach was heavy going, and it was quite a treat to get on to the beautiful bush track that leads up along side the Mahitahi River for four miles or so. I was very stiff when it came to getting off the horse at Mr. Condon's hospitable farm—evidently so, because Mr. Condon remarked "you are not used to riding." He discovered we had made all sorts of mistakes at Bruce Bay. The icing sugar for the birthday cake had travelled many miles too far, a loaf of bread had strayed into our pack, the way-bill had forgotten itself, and other things went astray. However, the 'phone proved useful to some extent, judging from a mysterious talk between Sarah Mahuika and Charlie. That night was wet—in fact very wet. The heaven lit up, and the artillery performed all night. The morning brought forth nothing but wetness, so Mrs. Condon had to put up with us for another day. Miss Condon and Mrs. Archie Barrett came along in the evening with Jack Condon, so we were a happy party in the evening.

It rained again the next morning, but not so hard, and so we set out for the long stage of our southward journey. Charlie and Mr. Condon both prophesied a painful ending for me. I think the middle was worse than the ending, because my knees seemed to have the wrong angle and they got a sort of toothache. But the country was becoming very interesting. First the Mahitahi River, with plenty of water in it; then a long stretch of magnificent bush country to the Paringa River which also was very full, though the ford there is excellent. We called in at the Paringa Hut to tie up a dog which had wrongfully come with us, and then on past the short glimpse of Lake Paringa, across all the small streams which flew into the "Windbag," to the Blue River. It was a sight worth seeing—the surging torrent, dark in water and white with foam and rapids, confined narrowly in its bed between the two hills, grotting angrily among boulders the size

of large rooms. As we rose rapidly up the steep five miles to the top of the hill we could hear the incessant rush of the waters below. Having crossed the Blue River, we divided the horses, each taking one to drive. Mine did not appreciate my words of urging, but when I found a long stick, it appreciated that, and we managed to catch up to the front pair again. Then came a quiet trot for twelve miles round the heads of the Little River and the so called Maori River. That twelve certainly seemed to have no ending. Fortunately it did at the iron hut, where Jack Sweeney made us welcome with a cup of tea. After introduction Jack informed me that the country was fit for "lawyers, parsons and black rats." I wasn't too sure of the second, but seeing a big bowie knife in his belt, and believing him able to use it, I did not protest. I did not know whether to feel happy or not when told that Copper Creek but was eight miles further on. I am afraid I had over estimated the distance we had done by far, and it was nearly night time then. However we pattered on down the steep six miles to where Coppermine Creek crosses the road, and then quietly on a very long two miles to Copper Creek. I was very interested in Slippery Face. One wonders however, they manage to keep a road on the hill at all—it is a soft formation of loose slate, very rotten on a greasy back.

(To be continued)

Published by Nelson Wright, H. M. Cocks and E. Osmer, Vicars of Hokitika, Kumara and Ross respectively and printed by W. E. Richards at his registered printing office, the Westland Printing Works, Revell Street, Hokitika.

W. H. Stopforth

Mercer and Gents's Outfitter

P.O. Box 94

Telephone 167

We aim to give you High Grade Goods at a Reasonable Cost, and the Best Attention Possible

TRY US!

Donations to "Magazine"

	s.	d.
Mrs. Head	2	6
Mrs. R. Cherrie	2	6
Mrs. W. Bannister	2	6
Master J. Minehan	2	6
Mr. W. Adamson	2	6
Mr. A. Wall	8	0
Mrs. Campbell	4	0
Mrs. Forrest	2	6
Mrs. W. Detlaff jr.	3	0
Mrs. Cornish	2	6
Mrs. Martin	4	6

THE FAR SOUTH

(Continued)

We were fairly comfortable at Copper Creek, so were not over early in our start the next morning. The sky was very gloomy, and the wind ominously from the north, while rain began soon after we had started. We went down Copper Creek to the Maori or rather the Waita River, which we crossed four times. The last crossing was fairly deep, as the river is joined by the Maori River proper which comes from the lakes further inland. From the mouth of the river we went along the beach to the mouth of the Haast River, and then for a mile or so along the bank until we came to the lower ford. It did not look enticing, but we plunged in, heading almost straight up stream. The current was very strong, in places the horses seeming almost unable to make any headway. However we got through with nothing worse than wet feet and legs. I appreciated the dinner which Mrs. J. Cron kindly invited me to stay to; nor was I over-anxious to make a hurried start on again. The rain was by this time almost torrential, with a fierce wind from the north, bitterly cold. I cantered to Ted Cron's, where I called, but found no one at home and then began to trot along the beach. For a while I was making the best pace that I had done on the journey, but it had a sudden ending. Bessie found a soft sandy place near a culvert, and dug a big hole out, promptly losing one of her legs in it. She then found it awkward to stand on three, and so ceased to stand with remarkable suddenness. I also ceased to sit. When Bessie had rolled off me, I got up to have a look to see what had caused the delay, but when I looked back again Bessie had moved on. She moved on with movements parallel to mine, when I stopped, she stopped; when I walked, she walked; when I ran, she trotted. This rather humorous proceeding (on her part) lasted

for the best part of an hour, in which time I suppose we had covered almost four miles. Then, Bessie disappeared around a corner and off the track. After some minutes fruitless search, I found her waiting for me behind a flax bush. I considered myself lucky, and proceeded very quietly to the Okuru River. There I saw Charlie on the other side, having been ferried across, so I recalled Din Nolan, and he took me across. A gentle trot brought us to Okuru, though Bessie looked twice at all the culverts she crossed. Well and truly moist, I was very glad to find a seat alongside a roaring fire at Mr. Ad. Cowan's. Both the weather and myself were far too wet to go visiting, so I changed into other clothes while mine dried. In the evening we had a happy service, though parts of it were hopelessly drowned by the music of pouring water on the roof.

Next morning turned out fairly well, though the wind was still north, and there was plenty of water in all the streams. After early celebration, we set off, but found the Okuru River far too full to cross, and so had to rouse Din Nolan again. Then on to the Haast, where again I was fortunate in arriving just at dinnertime. The Haast too, was much too full to let us risk the crossing, so again we pressed Mr. Jack Cron into service and ferried across. Then down the river, along the beach for a few miles, where we saw hundreds of rabbits of all shapes and colours; and on up the Waita River. It too was too full to cross in the

lower ford, so we went gingerly over the bridge across the Maori River. The said bridge has one end hanging, and is also narrow and slippery, so one has to watch where one walks. Going down towards the bridge, the pack horse had quite an interesting step dance with a fallen branch, but fortunately arrived at the other side of it without falling. Then we went on up the Waita River and Copper Creek to the hut, where we found Jack Sweeney in possession, with the billy boiling. That evening we had a resume of his life, with many interesting details. Early next morning we set out for the long trail. The weather was gloomy and bitterly cold. Jack reckoned that this gully where the Iron Hut was had a mortgage on any rain that might be about. He promised us that we would meet it there, if not sooner. However Charlie packed the covers up with the mail as a guarantee that we wouldn't, and he was right. This time I found the trip across the heads of the rivers more interesting as I knew by then the lay of the land, and the reason behind the course of the road. Just before the Blue River we came on Mr. Carroll on his monthly jaunt. At the Paringa hut we made arrangements for early tea at Mahitahi, and then pushed on quickly. The Paringa was very low, with an excellent ford. On the other side we passed Tom Condon and one of the Mulvaney boys, going down to look at their stock at Paringa. We soon crossed the straight level going to the Mahitahi, 8 miles further on, and came in to Mr. Condon's just as the storm began to break.

Shop by Post

Address your orders to MCKAY'S, for the latest in Frocks, Millinery, Hosiery, Men's Wear, and Household Requirements

Give full particulars regarding size, length, width of any article required. It saves time

We pay Postage



We pay Postage

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 K...

8

THE WESTLAND CHURCH MAGAZINE

December, 1928

We had been going since 7.30, and so tea was welcome—it was our first time off the horses. After that, we set out in the storm for Bruce Bay. It was quite dark, but the horses could see the road. At the end of the track down the river, we found two of Dalgety's men wandering in the swamp trying to find the track. They must have been there for a long time. He set them right, while I got off to fix my bridle which somehow had come "unput." Charlie moved on, much to the disgust of Bessie, who showed her disapproval by breaking into a gallop before I had mounted. Naturally I dismounted, ungracefully, and saw constellations that no astronomer has seen through his telescope. Luckily Charlie saw that the horses reins were loose otherwise Bessie would have followed him quietly into Bruce Bay, and left me lamenting. However she proved too fast for him in a gallop down the beach, so I had to plod on behind the pack horse in the pouring rain, while Charlie rushed along the beach to intercept Bessie—which he did. Then we proceeded to the Bay, where we arrived about 10 o'clock.

That night and next morning were choice samples of what the sky can do. We had an early celebration, well attended, and then having borrowed Mr. Addison's bike—Jacob's River did not look inviting to ride across by horse—I pushed out to Mr. Wilson's, where arrangements were in progress for the nuptial event of the afternoon. After that Mrs. Thompson had a surprise visit, followed by a celebration. I had my second talk to Sam Fiddian, though it had to be cut short unfortunately. After dinner, the road led back to Mr. Wilson's, where George Koeti and Ruby Wilson faced the music. After the wedding breakfast, I made back for the Bay, and when I arrived, the sun came out. Leaving my coat behind, I went to visit the Mahuika and Bannister families. The sun had been only pulling my leg, because I could hear the roar of something coming miles away. It proved to be the hardest hail shower I have ever seen—and I beat it to George Bannisters verandah by one second.

That night we had a record service in the schoolroom—38 present. At the service, Billy Wilson's little boy and George Bannister's girl were both baptised: William Elden Fane, and Mora Mary. Next morning, which also was a magnificent example of what a northerly can do, the school children had their two stories, and promise of more to come. Then Mr. Ritchie, who had come back home on the previous day, went over my riding outfit and showed how near death I had been. I felt grateful for the added assurance that a stronger sircingle gave and went on, leaving Jacobs about 11.30. It rained off and on to Karangarua, where I found the river just high enough. After exploring the river bed for half an hour, I struck the road on the other side, and reached Mrs. Scease's just in time to dodge a big shower. After a welcome cup of tea, Harry and I went onto Have-lock creek, after which I carried on to Cook's. I wasn't feeling too confident about its passage, but again Charlie Smith was my guardian angel, because he

met me on the near side and escorted me across the biggest streams. After a talk with Jack Roberts at the hut, Bessie carried me on through innumerable gates to Mrs. Sullivan's. Here again I received welcome and refreshment, and about 5 p.m. or later set out on the last slow fifteen miles. Just as one rises from Weheka I met Mr. Sullivan, who seemed to think I was late setting out. At Waikukupa I met Mr. Sullivan, who seemed to think I was late setting out. At Waikukupa I met Mr. Power and the roadmen having a Conference in the street, but Bessie did not seem anxious to stay long, so we went slowly across the Oemeroa Range, arriving at Mrs. F. Gibbs' about 9.30—just as they were thinking of going to bed.

I thought my adventures had ended, but they hadn't: the next day was the most adventurous of the lot. I saw snow falling at the beginning of the day. That soon turned to rain and hail. Having given the children at the school a talk, I proceeded to Miss Gibbs', and then up the far side of Dougherty's, in the rain, to Mr. L. Gibbs'. Rather foolishly refusing their kind offer of dinner as I thought I would be to Waiho in time, having had a talk with Mr. Arndt, I tried to make the motorbike go. She seemed too sluggish altogether—evidently the rain and water from the creeks got on her "nerves," but at any rate I had to push it to Waiho. Then my engineer, Mick Collett, fixed up the magneto and other parts for me, and she "went." After I had a welcome cup of tea with Mr. McCormack to keep my emptiness less insistent, the Waiho children had their Bible lesson; and then, at 5 o'clock, I pushed off to get to Wataroa by teatime. Tom Clare got me across Slatey's alright on his dray, but MacDonalds had no dray handy. I certainly wasn't going to go back; so, shutting off the engine, I began to ford it. The first creek wasn't so very bad, though certainly high. The second looked impossible, but, with moisture other than rain running off me, the bike got to the other side. However, the water had come up to the seat of the bike, so I thought myself lucky to get across. The next

stream was smaller. Unexpectedly, I kicked on the kick-starter, but without further waste of time, pushed the bike to MacDonald's Creek Hut, where I lit a fire in anticipation of spending the night there. I found that the water had entered everything, but by 9 o'clock managed to get a kick out of her, and then she soon filled the room with her exhaust smoke. Quickly re-dressing into still wet clothes, I hit the trail, but found that the clutch had almost forgotten how to act. The bike certainly would not pull me in low gear up a slight incline. However, by combined effort, we got to the Hotel where I was very pleased to get something to eat, and then slowly and spasmodically pushed on to Wataroa. That night I did not even dream!

Westland Printing Works

FOR
VISITING CARDS
and
Wedding Stationery

Published by Nelson Wright, H. M. Cocks and E. Osmer, Vicars of Hokitika, Kumara and Ross respectively and printed by W. E. Richards at his registered printing office, the Westland Printing Works, Revell Street, Hokitika.

December, 1928

W. H. Stopforth

Mercer and Gents's Outfitter

P.O. Box 94

Telephone 167

We aim to give you High Grade Goods at a Reasonable Cost, and the Best Attention Possible

TRY US!

The Easter Trip to Bruce Bay

1904
Easter Monday at Waiho was wet, decidedly wet, that warm wet which brings the snow down and swells the rivers, so the Waiho indicated, and I decided to wait a day before continuing Easter Services in the South. Next morning was unsettled but bright in patches, so I thought I would go over the hills and have a look at the Cook. At Louis Gibbs a thunder storm arrived about the same time as I did and things didn't look too rosy for the South. Louis thought I would do well to keep north of the Cook river. At Weheka things looked brighter and I was assured things would be all right if I kept to the ford, which didn't sound too cheerful, however, after lunch I mounted "Mark" and ambled along amid showers and sunshine the six miles to the river.

The Fox was a dirty white torrent tearing down at seemed ten times its usual speed and "Mark" didn't like going in at all, yet once I was decided, he was, and we cossed O.K. The other streams were not so high, and we were soon at Karangarua. I found Mrs. Scease and Harry well, but not very hopeful of a congregation that evening, just us three, and we felt the force of the saying "Where two or three are gathered together in my Name there am I in the midst of them." Mrs. W. Scott made me comfortable for the night. Next morning Walter Scott assured me the river was fordable so I set off in threatening weather for Jacob's River and Bruce Bay.

MAN

25

got across without getting fine and very warm. On y Wilson digging a lonely bit of news. I hadn't ull of P.W.D. men and ste had come through that

ate of cheeriness and he I went on to Jacob's— ver bank I saw what Bob k in the middle of the Some of the men were in the front seat with ough the cab. I offered cided to remain by the of converting her into a

's, I went back to the ng the ladies were quite ark Koeti and "Mark" cued an hour or so later. nd by the time I arrived and not "play about it." rying my ecclesiastical across my shoulders, it

reminded me of Pilgrim's Burden in the famous Pilgrim's Progress.

Clive Clark and Mr. Head Teacher welcomed me in to tea and dry socks, then found me a bunk in the Boss's house next door. The Boss was away to the Coronation, so besides his bed, I borrowed his old grey pants and gum boots—I put them back as I found them, they were holy before I used them.

After a visitation in the Bay we held service in the hall during a terrific downpour through which one could hardly hear oneself speaking—however we had a service. It's surprising how one overcomes trifles like that in S. Westland—the last time we had service in the hall the sand flies nearly drove us out in mad stampede. The next morning half a dozen sinners turned out to Holy Communion at 7 a.m.

After breker the rain came again and I set off to find my horse, intending to ride round to the P.W.D. camp to baptise Mrs. Cain's baby—the godparents had set off earlier on cycles—but lo! When I got to the paddock I couldn't find "Mark" anywhere—I searched high and low, ploughing through wet fern, brambles, and flax, and even looking up trees!—my heart sank, he had got out! but no! in a very inaccessible corner I found him, well tied up in supplejacks and looking wet and bedraggled. Procuring the saddle from a tree, we set off for the river. Turning a corner I heard shouts of mirth and saw sitting among a tangled mass of iron on the wet road the godparents, laughing heartily. None the worse for a spill, they picked themselves up and made for home, the Baptism being off until a better day. Arriving at Jacob's River I was glad of a hot

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 Kakariki...

We had been going since 7.30, and so tea was welcome—it was our first time off the horses. After that, we set out in the storm for Bruce Bay. It was quite dark, but the horses could see the road. At the end of the track down the river, we found two of Dalgety's men wandering in the swamp trying to find the track. They must have been there for a long time. He set them right, while I got off to fix my bridle which somehow had come "unput." Charlie moved on, much to the disgust of Bessie, who showed her disapproval by breaking into a gallop before I had mounted. Naturally I dismounted, ungracefully, and saw constellations that no astronomer has seen through his telescope. Luckily Charlie saw that the horses reins were loose otherwise Bessie would have followed him quietly into Bruce Bay, and left me lamenting. However she proved too fast for him in a gallop down the beach, so I had to plod on behind the pack horse in the pouring rain, while Charlie rushed along the beach to intercept Bessie—which he did. Then we proceeded to the Bay, where we arrived about 10 o'clock.

That night and next morning were choice samples of what the sky can do. We had an early celebration, well attended, and then having borrowed Mr. Addison's bike—Jacob's River did not look inviting to ride across by horse—I pushed out to Mr. Wilson's, where arrangements were in progress for the nuptial event of the afternoon. After that Mrs. Thompson had a surprise visit, followed by a celebration. I had my second talk to Sam Fiddian, though it had to be cut short unfortunately. After dinner, the road led back to Mr. Wilson's, where George Koeti and Ruby Wilson faced the music. After the wedding breakfast, I made back for the Bay, and when I arrived, the sun came out. Leaving my coat behind, I went to visit the Mahuika and Bannister families. The sun had been only pulling my leg, because I could hear the roar of something coming miles away. It proved to be the hardest hail shower I have ever seen—and I beat it to George Bannisters verandah by one second.

That night we had a record service in the schoolroom—38 present. At the service, Billy Wilson's little boy and George Bannister's girl were both baptised: William Elden Fane, and Mora Mary. Next morning, which also was a magnificent example of what a northerly can do, the school children had their two stories, and promise of more to come. Then Mr. Ritchie, who had come back home on the previous day, went over my riding outfit and showed how near death I had been. I felt grateful for the added assurance that a stronger sircingle gave and went on, leaving Jacobs about 11.30. It rained off and on to Karangarua, where I found the river just high enough. After exploring the river bed for half an hour, I struck the road on the other side, and reached Mrs. Scase's just in time to dodge a big shower. After a welcome cup of tea, Harry and I went on to Have-lock creek, after which I carried on to Cook's. I wasn't feeling too confident about its passage, but again Charlie Smith was my guardian angel, because he

met me on the near side and escorted me across the biggest streams. After a talk with Jack Roberts at the hut, Bessie carried me on through innumerable gates to Mrs. Sullivan's. Here again I received welcome and refreshment, and about 5 p.m. or later set out on the last slow fifteen miles. Just as one rises from Weheka I met Mr. Sullivan, who seemed to think I was late setting out. At Waikukupa I met Mr. Sullivan, who seemed to think I was late setting out. At Waikukupa I met Mr. Power and the roadmen having a Conference in the street, but Bessie did not seem anxious to stay long, so we went slowly across the Omeera Range, arriving at Mrs. F. Gibbs' about 9.30—just as they were thinking of going to bed.

I thought my adventures had ended, but they hadn't: the next day was the most adventurous of the lot. I saw snow falling at the beginning of the day. That soon turned to rain and hail. Having given the children at the school a talk, I proceeded to Miss Gibbs', and then up the far side of Dougherty's, in the rain, to Mr. L. Gibbs'. Rather foolishly refusing their kind offer of dinner as I thought I would be to Waiho in time, having had a talk with Mr. Arndt, I tried to make the motorbike go. She seemed too sluggish altogether—evidently the rain and water from the creeks got on her "nerves," but at any rate I had to push it to Waiho. Then my engineer, Mick Collett, fixed up the magneto and other parts for me, and she "went." After I had a welcome cup of tea with Mr. McCormack to keep my emptiness less insistent, the Waiho children had their Bible lesson; and then, at 5 o'clock, I pushed off to get to Wataroa by teatime. Tom Clare got me across Slaty's alright on his dray, but MacDonalds had no dray handy. I certainly wasn't going to go back; so, shutting off the engine, I began to ford it. The first creek wasn't so very bad, though certainly high. The second looked impossible, but, with moisture other than rain running off me, the bike got to the other side. However, the water had come up to the seat of the bike, so I thought myself lucky to get across. The next

stream was smaller. Unexpectedly, I kicked on the kick-starter, but without further waste of time, pushed the bike to MacDonald's Creek Hut, where I lit a fire in anticipation of spending the night there. I found that the water had entered everything, but by 9 o'clock managed to get a kick out of her, and then she soon filled the room with her exhaust smoke. Quickly re-dressing into still wet clothes, I hit the trail, but found that the clutch had almost forgotten how to act. The bike certainly would not pull me in low gear up a slight incline. However, by combined effort, we got to the Hotel where I was very pleased to get something to eat, and then slowly and spasmodically pushed on to Wataroa. That night I did not even dream!

Westland Printing Works

FOR
VISITING CARDS
and
Wedding Stationery

Published by Nelson Wright, H. M. Cocks and E. Osmer, Vicars of Hokitika, Kumara and Ross respectively and printed by W. E. Richards at his registered printing office, the Westland Printing Works, Revell Street, Hokitika.

December, 1928

W. H. Stopforth

Mercer and Gents's Outfitter
P.O. Box 94 Telephone 167

We aim to give you High Grade Goods at a Reasonable Cost, and the Best Attention Possible

TRY US!

River was surprisingly lowly & we crossed a Fox. 151

which commences activities this week

The meeting closed with a very K. May for her enthusiastic leadership

Thanks to the help of Mr. Osmers concrete path is, at length, set, and is Recently the Ross Sunday School which resulted in 64lbs of jam being

Waitaha. The outstanding event of the Harvest Festival—The Church hearty. There was a bountiful supply kinds of produce, eggs, butter, jam, and amusing auction took place after handsome sum of £4 was realized for Waitaha and many thanks.

The meeting of the Waitaha Church Monday May 10th. at 8 p.m. We donation of 10/- to the Waitaha Church Robinson of Mananui, and of 10/- to S family. Thank you.

Coronation Services are being held the services will be taken from the Dedication commended for general Canterbury and York, and sanctioned Archdeacon A. C. Purchas will

The Karangarua was fairly high but got across without getting wet, and the ride to Thompson was mostly fine and very warm. On one of the long straights I came upon Kelly Wilson digging a lonely ditch by the wayside and we exchanged a bit of news. I hadn't long left him when to my surprise a lorry full of P.W.D. men and two ladies came up from behind—LeCompte had come through that river under his own power, jee wis!

I found Bob Thompson in his usual state of cheeriness and he provided the welcome "stirrup cup" before I went on to Jacob's—There, as I rounded the corner on to the river bank I saw what Bob had prophesied "one day," the lorry stuck in the middle of the river with the water well up the bonnet! Some of the men were ashore getting out wires, the two ladies sat in the front seat with feet cocked up out of the water running through the cab. I offered to take them ashore on Mark but they decided to remain by the ship and Captain LeCompe was confident of converting her into a dry land lorry again soon.

After a rest and a meal at Mrs. Ritchie's, I went back to the scene of the wreck and as the river was rising the ladies were quite willing to be taken off on horse back. Mark Koeti and "Mark" Sullivan took them off and the ship was rescued an hour or so later.

In the afternoon I rode on to the Bay and by the time I arrived at the horse paddock it really decided to rain and not "play about it." I trudged the last 3/4 mile into the Bay carrying my ecclesiastical paraphernalia in the form of a sausage across my shoulders, it reminded me of Pilgrim's Burden in the famous Pilgrim's Progress.

Clive Clark and Mr. Head Teacher welcomed me in to tea and dry socks, then found me a bunk in the Boss's house next door. The Boss was away to the Coronation, so besides his bed, I borrowed his old grey pants and gum boots—I put them back as I found them, they were holy before I used them.

After a visitation in the Bay we held service in the hall during a terrific downpour through which one could hardly hear oneself speaking—however we had a service. It's surprising how one overcomes trifles like that in S. Westland—the last time we had service in the hall the sand flies nearly drove us out in mad stampede. The next morning half a dozen sinners turned out to Holy Communion at 7 a.m.

After breker the rain came again and I set off to find my horse, intending to ride round to the P.W.D. camp to baptise Mrs. Cain's baby—the godparents had set off earlier on cycles—but lo! When I got to the paddock I couldn't find "Mark" anywhere—I searched high and low, ploughing through wet fern, brambles, and flax, and even looking up trees!—my heart sank, he had got out! but no! in a very inaccessible corner I found him, well tied up in supplejacks and looking wet and bedraggled. Procuring the saddle from a tree, we set off for the river. Turning a corner I heard shouts of mirth and saw sitting among a tangled mass of iron on the wet road the godparents, laughing heartily. None the worse for a spill, they picked themselves up and made for home, the Baptism being off until a better day. Arriving at Jacob's River I was glad of a hot

J. R. Gurney's last leaf Salt with A. K. Warren
& Gurney's farewell letter

ROSS AND SOUTH WESTLAND

Saturday, January 7, 1928

THE WESTLAND CHURCH SUPPLEMENT

5

St. Saviour's

As some of you know (to your cost!) I've been carrying on my annual raid on behalf of the funds of St. Saviour's Orphanage. But, owing to the fact that I've been trying to do several other things at once, I've not been able to get round to you all yet. I hope I won't miss any of you. I'd just hate to do that and deprive you of the pleasure and privilege of handing over your high-voltage cheques and many-horse-power notes to so splendid a cause. But if by any evil chance I do miss you, you'll know I didn't do it on purpose. So send along your casques of doubloons to me just to show the error of my ways.

My Departure

I've had no word yet as to when I'll be leaving these parts for Hawera. Neither have I heard any answer to the absorbing question, "Who is my successor?" However, I think I certainly won't be leaving before the end of January and probably not before well on in February.

Mrs. Young and my daughters are going over to Christchurch in the middle of January to be out of the way of the clouds of dust and straw and bits of paper with which I'm surrounded when I'm packing. Have you ever tried to pack crockery with three eager little daughters to help you? It's really much more enjoyable for them to be having a holiday somewhere else. Also they're out of the way of father's astonishing bursts of Hebrew poetry when he hammers himself on the thumb.

Anyhow, I'm not going to say goodbye to you in this Supplement, as I'll probably be perpetrating another one before I depart.

List of Services

- 1928—Jan. 1st.—Sunday after Christmas
Ross: 11 a.m. Holy Communion
7 p.m. Evensong
Ruatapu: 3 p.m. Evensong
- January 8—1st. Sunday after Epiphany
Wataroa: 11 a.m. Holy Communion
Hari Hari: 8 p.m. Evensong
- January 15—2nd. Sunday after Epiphany
Ross: 8 a.m. Holy Communion; 7 p.m. Evensong
Ruatapu: 11 a.m. Holy Communion
- January 16—Monday
Waitaha: 2.30 p.m. Evensong
Kakanotahi: 7 p.m. Evensong
- January 22—3rd Sunday after Epiphany
no services
- January 29—4th Sunday after Epiphany
Ross: 11 a.m. Holy Communion
Hari Hari: 8 p.m. Evensong
The Very Rev. Dean Julius will preach at both services.
(N.B.)—Dean Julius, who is still our Archdeacon, hopes to visit Waiho during the week following.)
- February 5—Septuagesima Sunday
Wataroa: 11 a.m. Holy Communion
Hari Hari: 8 p.m. Evensong

THE FAR SOUTH

I always count this Spring trip of mine as among the wettest of the year. Also the rain had been raining in an intermittent way for about a month, so that one could just about reckon it was getting into its stride. Wherefore I made sure of my oilskin and sou'wester, gave my riding boots a thorough soaking in oil, and made what preparations I could for a semi-submarine voyage.

We had a service at Harihari on the morning of Sunday, Nov. 27th, and it was drizzling a bit in the afternoon, when, in company with the Rev. A. W. Warren, I climbed into "Primrose," and headed South. As most of you know, Mr Warren is out on leave from England, where he is working, though he is a New Zealander by birth. We had planned for some time that he should accompany me on this trip. Then, as the news of my impending departure spread as we went down, everybody took about three skips to the conclusion that I was bringing my successor with me. Unfortunately the idea fell to the ground when it stepped on the banana-skin of the upsetting fact that Mr Warren had to return to England in February. Still as he was some 6ft. 4ins. in height I considered that he ought to be more in touch with the upper strata of the atmosphere than I was, so I gave him sole charge of the weather for the expedition. And a wonderful job he made of it.

We had a service at Wataroa that afternoon and at Waiho in the evening. On the way down, we called at Tom Condon's, where I had bespoken a horse, and Tom promised to bring "Mollie" (in whose pleasant company I've travelled the road before) down to be ready for us after the Waiho service. Stan. Allen, who happened to be going down to Fred. Gibb's, took her on there for us, so we journeyed as far as Ted. Gibb's after service that night, and put "Primrose" to bed in his dray-shed.

Next morning (Monday, Nov. 28th) the weather was perfectly lovely, and we set off very gaily in the clear sunshine. "Bessie" was at the top of her form—full of spring grass and impudence, and "Mollie" was equally festive and seemed quite unperturbed by the fifteen stone or so of humanity she was carrying. I had thought the possibilities of sunshine such a negligible quantity that I had omitted to bring a hot-weather hat, and rode for

the first couple of days bare-headed through the sunshine, with the result that I grew a splendid crop of sunburn. After a while it began to peel until my venerable celluloid head presented the appearance of a rather over-cooked pink blanc mange, with a severe attack of scale blight.

However, we're getting ahead of our story. We made fair going over the long thirteen miles of hill across the three ranges. As we came down the further side of the first range and were nearing the little Oemaroa River, we came on Barney Rodden busily making a square stringer for a square job of bridging the little troublesome creek that crosses the corner of the road as you turn out on to the first flat by the Oemaroa. "Ah! Barney," said I, "it's the pampered motorists who get all the improvements in the road made for them." "But aren't you a motorist yourself these days?" he retorted. I pointed out that I wasn't one at the moment anyhow, and Bessie snorted at the idea (or the new chips, I'm not sure which) and went flouncing off down the road, "casting nasturtiums," on Barney's personal appearance, and general politeness in a horse voice. A few minutes later when we came to the Oemaroa ford, we met Messrs Bill Roberts and Laughton, paddling pleasantly in the cool waters that hot morning. Incidentally they were carrying stretcher-loads of stones to build protection works against the ravages of the fierce little river. Mr Warren tested his camera out by taking a photo of them. I've not heard how much damage was done! So we left them to it, and climbed away up over the next saddle, along the sun-dappled road, with the birds singing, and the long delicate tassels of the young rimus swinging in the wind and the light glistening on the bright dark leaves of the ratas. All the gorges and clefts of that tumbled country were full of clear sunshine and purple shadows, and I was indeed glad that a visitor should have at least one day in which to see Westland as it ought to be seen.

Towards mid-day we came down the last long hill from the Weheka saddle and saw the wide, tawny flats stretching away to the smoky-blue expanse of Cooks river-bed. We called in at Fred. Williams' ever-hospitable home and were much refreshed by cups of tea which Mrs Williams kindly provided. For, as Bill Roberts says, it's a dry road to travel, even when it's raining.

as
he
as
ki
et
te
ne
28
m
d
g
l-
le
ie
as
e
d.
6
6
d
0
o
0
n
0
k
0
e
0
y
4 0
e
t
the
leas
s at
day,
on
and
im-
e up
wing
ern-
even
nge-
ave
tow-
list
ways
So
sue.
s to
may
lear
er to
the
akes
tting
l (so
was
Day-
ford
hern
lant
ley's
more
light

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

I asked for news of Mr and Mrs Lorne Williams, and heard that they were back from their Australian tour and had reached Nelson on the homeward journey. They were expected to arrive back at Weleka within a week or so. We set out again on the five or six miles of level down the flats towards the ford of Cook's River. It was the weekly mail day, and the road was quite busy. We met Bob Foster driving in, with Jim McGuire riding along beside him. We made a date for lunch with Bob on our way back, over at his ranch on the south side of Cook's, and I invited Jim to take a run down for a cup of tea in his old haunt at the Iron Hut. But he didn't seem to hanker after it.

A little further on we met Bill Breeze and Peter Vincent riding in from their bush-falling camp between the Fox and Cook rivers. Then Newman's mail car which had passed us on the way over, had stopped to collect mail, passengers and lunch at the hut by Fred Williams' new woolshed. We met Harry Busch there, doing his best to disguise the smile that wouldn't come off, on his way over to Canterbury to be married. We gave him the assurance of our best wishes.

When we came to the actual ford, there was very little water in Cook's, though, as usual, it was so porridgy that one couldn't in the least tell by merely looking how far the bottom was from the top. However, I'm glad to say it held no surprises for us. The clouds had been piled in a bit round the tops of the mountains, so that we couldn't see the high peaks, which was a pity. Every now and then a gleaming shoulder of Cook or Tasman would show up, but only enough to give a hint of the bulk beyond. But we had a good view of the Fox Glacier, coming cascading down in great crystal ripples from the snow-fields above, to be lost in the dark green of its bush-covered gorge.

It was very hot on the two-mile stretch of stones that is Cook's River-bed, and it was pleasant to be in the shade of the great trees through which the road drives to the Saltwater Creek. I had hoped for a clear view of the peak of Mount Cook from there, but the clouds still hung and all we got was the hint of a great shoulder again. Before we came to Black Creek, with its invisible waterfall roaring away in the bush, we met Tom Toohey on his way up on a rush trip from Okuru. He had been down there fixing up the

cheese-making plant which Nolan Bros. have been installing. He seemed to think Okuru was a long way off by horseback. We gave him directions for finding the ford in Cook's and then travelled cheerfully on to Mrs Scease's expectant teapot, and that day's journey's end. Mrs Scease rubbed her eyes several times to make sure that it was really I who was coming in the sunshine. But I hastened to explain that Mr Warren was in charge of the weather this trip. When we had dealt faithfully with a cup of tea and perhaps a shade less faithfully with the merits of Mrs Scease's skim-milk cow, I left my companion contentedly draped over the length and breadth of a sofa, while I went on to the Scott homestead to report my presence and send my usual wire. As I rode down, I met Harry Scease coming up with the mail, mounted on a gay-looking draught horse. I found Walter and Mrs Scott and their household well, and also passed the time of the day with Charlie Smith who was heading for the Far South in charge of His Majesty's mail. I also met Alec Wilson and Claude Morel, who had come to swell the numbers of the citizens of Karangarua.

We'd service at Mrs Scease's that evening, to which Alec Wilson came up, and Stanley Scott from across the river. And there wasn't a sign of a cloud in the sky when we turned in that night.

Neither was there any sign of one when we turned out for an early Com-

munion Service next morning (Tuesday, 29th) the day was absolutely radiant, and my celluloid dome turned pinker and pinker. Warren, who was much better thatched, escaped with a highly-tinted nose. We turned up the Karangarua River to tell Mr and Mrs Harvey that we were on the road, and to make an assignation with them for our journey back. Then we struck out across the Karangarua river-bed, fording the river with the greatest ease just above the top of the flax island. The water was almost clear—an unheard of thing for this time of the year. We made very good going of the long straight stretches of level over the eight miles to Bob Thompson's, across the little Manakaiaua River. We found all well there and old Sam Fiddian up and about, although he had had a bad turn or two lately. So on we went to Bruce Bay and the sparkling waters of Jacob's River gliding down between the green banks over the only quiet ford in Westland.

We found Bob Ritchie to be away north, but expected any day. Mrs Ritchie entertained us very hospitably to lunch, and while we were there Bill Hawkins happened in, so we were able to get the latest thing in siderial time (which is N.B., not the time derived from Mr Sidey). While we were preparing to go, Bill went over to the Mahuika homestead, and when we met him on the road later on, he told us of a little conversation that had taken place there. They'd asked him who it

Just Arrived

Large Range Ladies' Velour Coats
Maids' and Childrens' Coats in Newest Style
Ladies' Wool Jumper Suits. Jumpers and
Cardigans in Newest Styles and Shades
Ladies' and Children's Underwear a Speciality
40" Dress Flannels in All Shades

AT

F. A. THOMPSON'S

LADIES WEAR SPECIALIST :: HOKITIKA

ROSS AND SOUTH WESTLAND

was that had come along to Mrs Ritchie. "That's Mr Young," said Bill. "Oh," said they, gazing at Mr Warren, then turning their eyes on me, "And who's the little fellow with him?" Well now! I ask you! The "little fellow" indeed! I'd have ridden by very proud and haughtily with head held high if I hadn't had such a crick in my neck myself from continually having to look up to my companion.

So we rode cheerfully along the three or four miles of good springy going to the sands of Bruce Bay. The said sands were really very loose fine gravel and exceedingly heavy going, but the sea was such a wonderful blue (almost purple) and the breakers so crisply white, and the long dark headlands so clear and sharp cut against the sky that who would want to hurry? Certainly not I.

But we made good time again up the lovely track by the Mahitahi River, and through the beautiful miles of pack-track towards the Paringa River. At the Paringa swamp hut, before we came to the river, we found the four stalwart keepers of the road camped. Tut Mahuika, George Bannister, Dick Trevallan and Billy Wilson. We passed the time of day with them and were much entertained by a natural caricature of a pack-horse which they had found in the bush—a tree trunk with appropriate branches for legs and wanting nothing but a suitable head. They'd fitted it up with the remnants of an old pack-saddle and declared it to be at the disposal of tourist parties for a reasonable fee. However, we didn't engage its services, but travelled on across the Paringa River and along the mile or so of track to the Paringa Hut. On the way we overtook Alec Gunn, who was returning from his bushfelling to this same hut, where he had his abode.

While we awaited the boiling of the billy, Warren and I strolled over to the river for a dip. Though the sunshine was still hot, the water came straight off the ice, and the millions of sandflies declared most eloquently by their attentions that they considered us to be gentlemen of very good taste. It was one of the occasions when I did not grudge my companion his superiority in bulk. He could entertain a wonderful number of sandflies!

That evening there were odd wisps of cloud drifting about and I made gloomy prophecies for the morning. However,

we didn't let them affect our appetites, and sat in front of the fire afterwards swapping stories and projects for the culling of deer.

Next morning (Wed. Nov. 30th) we were astir early. And sure enough the sky was heavily overcast. However, it hadn't yet begun to drip any drips by the time we'd breakfasted and (by a combination of skill and luck) caught our horses. So we gave Alec our thanks for his hospitable entertainment and took to the pack-track again for the eleven long, rough, stony miles to the Blue River and the foot of the Big Hill. These same 11 miles, by the way, are immensely improved in going and reduced in length by the attentions that Tut Mahuika and his merry men have been paying to them during the last three months. The removal of outstanding boulders has made them much less uncompromising for the horses' feet. So much easier is the going that it seems as if they've cut a length or two out of the track here and there. Nevertheless its any amount long enough still.

The wild little Blue River was looking very picturesque cascading among its dark boulders. But I never saw so little water in it in the springtime. We walked a good bit of the way up the steep five miles climb of the Big Hill. The clouds had been gathering up all the time and we met a misty shower or two when we reached the "top going" which necessitated the donning of our oilskins for the first

time on the trip. I was sorry it was happening just then, as it spoilt the seven or eight miles of track, niched as it is, away up on the Matakaitaki Range, and from a height of 2,200 feet overtaking a tumble of picturesque gorges and hills away six miles to the sea.

But the time we reached Chasm Creek the rain was much heavier and began to come down in the long straight streaks so familiar to travellers on that track. It kept up all the way to the Iron Hut at the top of the long eight mile descent. But it was purely a local shower, and by the time we'd crossed Slippery Face (which was in splendid order) we began to get out from under it, and by the time we were coming down to the top crossing of Copper Creek, even the drizzle had stopped and the track was quite dry again. As we entered the last straight heading down to the Copper Creek we were confronted by a moving picture of light and shade passing swiftly over the landscape. It materialised into Tommy Duggan mounted on a young piebald mare which he was breaking in. His mount had got the idea that she was being pursued by her crupper and that she'd like to leave it behind. However, the only thing she did succeed in leaving behind was Tommy's disreputable old felt hat, to his wearing of which she had a marked objection. At least she took him out from under it as often as she could. However Tom persuaded

Shop by Post

Address your orders to **McKAY'S**, for the latest
in **Frocks, Millinery, Hosiery, Men's Wear, and
Household Requirements**

Give full particulars regarding size, length, width of any
article required. It saves time.

We pay
Postage



We pay
Postage

153

on
28
28
d.
6
6
0
0
0
0
0
0
the
e as
s at
day,
on
and
im-
e up
ving
ern-
even
nge
have
tow-
list
rays
So
sue.
s to
may
lear
r to
the
akes
ting
(so
was
day-
ford
hern
ian,
ley
por-
a
igh

*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

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

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

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

ed her to return w
He told us that he
happy morning try
to her first set of
sisted on standing
had in hand and
three at him with
and dexterity,
tended to be und
one-sided.

We turned the
dock by the Coppe
hour's spell while
and had a belated
I also rang up the
Jack Cron of our
find out if the for
same place at whic
in it last. When v
again Tom came a
little way. He had
out of the paddock
to mount, she wa
than a touch of his
before she began
tempt to buck her
hide. However, w
succeeded only in
old hat, she settled
along very amiabl
And so off we
Maori River, cros
by the way. Befo
final ford, we said
and the riebald, v
Conner Creek.

When we reach
Maori and turned
miles or so by the
going very good.
has been very mu
new section of it o
the old disused r
to scramble along
soft.

It was about 4.3
non when we tur
great stony expans
er bed. The first
as you come to it
an impressive one,
wandered not a l
going to get on i
but, by the time
mile and a hal
ome to a really
oked by no mea
s we neared the
rom Weheka, cau
een travelling beh
ng come from
ave all but caug
ft-Copper Creek.
me one in which
oming north last

When we had breakfasted we passed a hearty vote of thanks to Mrs. Jack Cron and then passed through the gates and down the road to Ted's, where we completed the plot for Warren's complicity in the cattle-lifting deer-culling raid the next day. Then we travelled gaily along the ten miles or so of springy 'inside track' and good firm beach to the ford of the Okuru River. As the tide was low, we crossed very easily and turned down the mile and a half of beautiful road towards Jack Nolan's kindly home. Din Nolan caught us up (you've got to be travelling pretty fast if you're in front of Din and he doesn't catch you up!) and we complimented him on the beautiful climate of Okuru.

business.) And thus we scored an extra hour's sleep, while still arising at a more or less respectable hour. When we had breakfasted we passed a hearty vote of thanks to Mrs. Jack Cron and then passed through the gates and down the road to Ted's, where we completed the plot for Warren's complicity in the cattle-lifting deer-culling raid the next day. Then we travelled gaily along the ten miles or so of springy 'inside track' and good firm beach to the ford of the Okuru River. As the tide was low, we crossed very easily and turned down the mile and a half of beautiful road towards Jack Nolan's kindly home. Din Nolan caught us up (you've got to be travelling pretty fast if you're in front of Din and he doesn't catch you up!) and we complimented him on the beautiful climate of Okuru.

We found Mrs. Jack Cowan at home and her welcome as warm as ever. Jack was still up at Mahitahi putting the finishing touches on Harry Busch's homestead and building a boat for the Trans-Okuru-Harbour traffic. After lunch we called on Mrs. Ad. Cowan and then strolled up the road by the Turnbull River to meet her husband and Dave Heinz, who had been doing some clearing on Ad's upper section. On the way I delivered a telegram at Jack McBride's house—found no one at home, but left the wire in a conspicuous place with a note on the envelope hopefully demanding half-a-crown for special delivery. If my heart was given to being made sick by hope deferred, it would still be feeling a bit squeamish over that half-crown.

Presently there was the sound of the approach of heavy cavalry and Ad. and young Dave appeared, each astride a monumental draught horse. My old friend Billy was one of them (the Bishop's chariot-horse from the Haast down.) I didn't gather the name of the other; but he's like Billy only more so and puts down his feet with an even firmer hand. We brought Ad's cows along with us, and were given a job on appro. in the milking shed. Young Dave, struggling violently to suppress a grin, whisked on to me the 'beauty of the shed'—a red cow with a black temper, much frayed at the edges; a blind teat (I think she must have kicked the eye out of it) and two right-handed (i.e. dextrous) hind feet. She wouldn't be quiet even when I sang to her—a cow without a soul.

Next day, (Friday, December 2nd.) carried on the splendid tradition of cloudless weather. We decreed it a morning off for Mrs. Jack Cowan and did the lacteal fluid-extraction and fatty-globule-discrimination (yes; that means that we milked and separated) in good time. Then we made our plans with Hector Brown for the earliest start he could manage with Warren up to the Haast.

After breakfast we were treated to a front-row view of a little private circus Jimmy Nolan was having in rounding up a mob of river-bed horses on the hard, flat sands of the estuary at low tide. It was a most thrilling and finished display, and ended in the mob thundering off in the desired direction with Jim hard on their heels, the pistol-cracks of his stockwhip detonating through a cloud of dust.

We caught our horses and rode quietly up to inspect Messers Nolan Bros.' newly installed cheese-making plant. On the

way we passed Paddy Nolan shepherding a woolly flock to the sheep-yards for their annual haircut. Then we came on Charlie Smith striding along to collect outlying portions of His Majesty's mail in preparation for his long return journey: We also took a brief and singularly ineffective part in Jimmy's circus. The mob of horses had gone past the yard gate, and I stood to stop them going past again when Jim brought them back. As they came thundering along, I gave Bessie a dig in the ribs to move her into the road to cut them off. But she merely stood and grinned cooly and twitched herself, as who should say "Don't tickle me so!"; and by the time I realized I hadn't my spurs on, the circus was past and Jim had to head them again! However, he got them in the next time; and we rode on to the Cheese Factory. I met Bert Wilson there and was introduced to Messrs. Bert Henham and Bruce Culling of the cheese-making staff. We admired very much the up-to-date arrangements, all the way from the cow-bails to the cheese storing-room.

In the afternoon I saw the hunters depart in great spirits and a cloud of dust for the Haast. Later on I rode up the Turnbull in the company of the Misses Helen and Mamie and Mr Bill Harris (all on the one horse) who were returning home from school. I had afternoon tea with Mrs. Harris Sr. and Miss Lilly and also looked in to pass the time of day with George and his household next door. Then I rode back across the Turbhill and down to the McPherson homestead. I overtook Jim McPherson as he was bringing home the milk-suppliers. At the house I met Mrs. McPherson and Mrs. Tom Duggan and the latter's three young hopefuls, (all of whom are sprouting up at a great rate). I looked in at the milking shed before I came away and found Donald, black to the eyebrows, busily greasing the wheels of industry before the milking started.

I called in at Jack McBride's as I came past and found him and his gang of road-builders busy getting their tea. Messrs. Hope (who had been up Jacob's River with Bob Ritchie last time I was down) and Kennedy (whom I'd last met at Harvey and Caine's sawmill at Karangarua) and Simmers (who had come up from Barn Bay with Mr. Hugh McKenzie) were with him in camp. And I met Fred Bannan just coming in as I was leaving. They're engaged in extending the road up the Okuru River away beyond the Nolan homesteads. I was late for my job in Ad. Cowan's milking shed that evening and was the more sorry when I found that Ad., who must have eaten something very quarrelsome, had to retire to bed, which left Mrs. Jack Cowan and Dave Heinz with a good many handfuls of cows' teats upon which to bring pressure to bear. However I was in time to twirl the handle of the separator. Next day (Saturday, 3rd.) we decreed that Ad. should stay in bed. News had come down that the good ship "Elsie" was on her way south and Ad. was anxious to get his harbourmaster's boat out of the creek where it is tethered before the tide left it too high and dry. So I went and got it out and rowed it down to deep water before I joined in the milk extracting business. Later in the morning I was taken on in the butter-making department and Dave and I took turns in making the churn take turns. Presently Ad., who was a bit better, came along; and not long afterwards the butter came too; Then we had a change to the life of the navigator. Towards mid-day the tide was right out, and Ad., as harbour master, had to set his beacons for the guidance of the "Elsie" across the bar that evening. So his son, little Bernard, and Dave and I went with him to assist. The sea was wonderfully calm and the bar splendid. We went right over it to the open sea without encountering a break (except one that nearly happened

Just Arrived

Large Range Ladies' Velour Coats
Maids' and Childrens' Coats in Newest Style
Ladies' Wool Jumper Suits. Jumpers and
Cardigans in Newest Styles and Shades
Ladies' and Children's Underwear a Speiality
40" Dress Flannels in All Shades

AT
F. A. THOMPSON'S
LADIES WEAR SPECIALIST :: HOKITIKA

ROSS AND SOUTH WESTLAND

in the handle of an oar.) Then we returned to shore and set up the beacons to give the navigator his line across the bar. And after that we collected handkerchiefs full of pipsis as bait for an afternoon's fishing expedition.

After lunch I walked round to Din Nolan's home, where I met Mrs. Nolan and her father, old Mr. John Ritchie, who still carries his well-over-eighty years with surprising agility. We discussed many subjects and afternoon tea together, and then I walked back to the wharf in time to see the "Elsie" in the offing. I watched her come gracefully in over the bar and up the channel, and then wandered off to my milking-stool!

We had our Evensong that evening full of Christmas hymns.

The next day was Sunday, December 4th, but for all that the milk still has to be extracted from bovines. After breakfast I accompanied Ad. down to the "Elsie" to pay my respects to Captain Archie and the ship's company. I was sorry to hear that Archie is relinquishing his command at the end of the month. What with him going from the sea and me going from the land, the place will be losing some of its most picturesque old identities! And what South Westland will do without either a ship's pilot or a sky-pilot, I don't know—not go on the rocks, I trust!

We had our Christmas Communion Service that morning. At the close of the service, Mr. John Ritchie made a most embarrassing speech of farewell to the Vicar. It still sends my temperature up ten degrees to think of the kind things he said—and of how little I've done to deserve them!

But for all that (though I perspired) I appreciated very much the kindness which prompted his words. I've no idea what (if anything) the vicar said in reply, though I have a faint recollection of his doing some babbling.

After lunch, I caught and saddled "Bessie" and bade a fond farewell to beautiful little Okuru, dreaming in the sunshine, between its gleaming rivers, with the blue of the sea in front and the snow-capped mountains behind. It holds for me very happy memories of hospitality and friendship.

And so I rode up the beach to the Haast. I called in at Ted Cron's to collect Mr. Warren's "Mollie" and led her on up to Jack's. We were just contemplating dealing with afternoon tea when the three hunters returned, tired enough, sunburnt and happy. They had brought a mob of cattle straight down the riverbed, crossing the river where they met it, instead of taking to the tracks over the bluffs. So my companion had had some experience of places where the bottom of the water is some distance from the top! When we had tea and stirring accounts of the chase (of cattle and other things), Warren and I said our grateful adieus and set off across the Haast River once more and along the 12 miles or so to the Copper Creek but as we cantered along the 'inside track' by the beach, Bessie put her foot down a rabbit warren, and I prepared to dismount. However, after jazzing along in a manner of her own for about half a chain on her elbows and knees, she decided not to come down and we carried on as before. She's

an extraordinarily nimble old quaduped for her build.

As we neared the hut in the clear summer dusk I asked Warren to listen to the response I'd get. I let loose a howl of some sort, and sure enough was answered by Tommy Duggan's unique mill-whistle. My companions was all agog to know how it was produced, but was never enlightened. So we had our tea and spent a very pleasant evening there. Next morning (Monday, December 5th.) we were early astir. Still the draught held. Still the sun shone. We were on the road in good time thanks to Tom's ever-kindly help. The horses, headed homewards, were travelling so gaily that we'd gone a mile or more before I discovered that I'd left my spurs. However, it didn't take long to canter back and get them. Then up the long eight-mile hill we climbed through the cool of the morning. Warren took a snapshot or two of 'Slippery Face' as mementos. But, along the 'top going' the views were so wonderful and so plentiful that we hardly knew which to choose. Of one thing, though, I wish I had a photographic record. As Warren cantered along in front of me, I saw, raised by his horses' hoofs—what, think you? Spray? no; mud? no; a loose stone? no. None of these, but dust! Dust, I said! Dust, mark you! Dust, up on the 'top going' of the big hill! After that, I felt I'd have to give it up. No longer could I say that I knew anything about the climate of the Coast! Water I've seen by the river-full, and mud and hail and snow and sleet. But dust!—for the first time I felt that it was just as well I was going to Hawera!

Down the long, rough five-mile descent we came, from Stormy Corner to the Blue River. We paused at the little hut there to boil the billy and have our lunch and a siesta in the sunshine. Then we patterned along to the Paringa, called in at the hut there to warn the Mahitahi homestead of

our approach, crossed the Paringa River, passed the time of day with Tut and his merry men, and so along to the Mahitahi. We turned down the south side of the river and called on Jack Cowan at Harry Busch's new home. We admired the compact and ingenious little house very much.

During the afternoon, the sky had gradually become overcast, and there were puffs and sighs of a north wind in the treetops. As we rode along Warren had expressed the wish, after all he'd heard, to see just one river in a bit of a flood. He got his wish. That night, when we were safely under the Condon's hospitable roof, the rains descended and the winds blew and beat upon that house. They were still hard at it next day, and our steeds didn't respond very easily to our enticements when we went to catch them. Down the track through the bush by the river, we didn't feel the wind; but the rain kept dripping, enthusiastically. And when once we turned out on to the Bruce Bay beach we got the full benefit of the storm—wild, wind and driving rain and flying spray in our faces! But we could soon turn in off the beach again, and we made good going of it to Bob Ritchie's and lunch. Jacob's River was well up and whirling along in good style that afternoon. So I walked over the swing-bridge and paddled through the rain and streamlets the mile and a half down to Hunt's Beach to see the Wilson household. I found them all well and cheerful, and the children growing at a great rate. Ernie Wilson introduced me to his newly-acquired spring-cart, which he had got as a result of the notice I put in the last "Far South" Account. The success of the plan almost moves me to insert an advertisement of "Primrose" with whom, to my sorrow, I have to part. Perhaps something like this would do: "For sale, one car named Primrose Chevrolet; thoroughly quiet and kindly disposition,

Shop by Post

Address your orders to **McKAY'S**, for the latest in **Frocks, Millinery, Hosiery, Men's Wear, and Household Requirements**

Give full particulars regarding size, length, width of any article required. It saves time.

We pay Postage



We pay Postage

£200 or any higher offer not necessarily refused." However I may have sold her by the time this appears. But if you're interested, just enquire.

However, this is a digression. When we'd had a pleasant cup of tea, at which Charlie Smith joined us, I waded back through the streamlets to Jacob's River and called on Mr. and Mrs. Dick Trevathan. Dick told me that he and his three companions had made a run for it early that morning, after the rain came on, and had just got across the Mahitahi River before the flood came down. I was very sorry to hear from him, too, of the death of old Mrs. Katau. She had passed to her rest over in Canterbury, after quite a short illness. She had lived most of her long life in and around South Westland and was universally respected and beloved. Her memory will always be lovingly cherished at the Bay.

I went on to see Mrs. Mahuika and her household and found them all well. Little Hinemoa, whom it seems as if I christened just the other day, is growing out of all recognition. In fact all the children seem to have moved a step or two up each time I came along. I went on again to call on Mrs. Geo. Bannister, and found her household all well. We made arrangements for Evensong that evening at 7.30 o'clock. On my way back I met Mr. Allison, headmaster of the Bruce Bay Academy and old Barton Jacob.

We had our Service that evening in the school. And how it did rain! But that didn't seem to make any difference to anybody—even gallant old Bill Hawkins braving the flooded creeks and long tramp through the rain in order to be there. And a very fine Evensong we had, with the school packed. But, when it was over, my poor delicate system got another dreadful shock! Mr. Addison arose, and in polished phrases made a speech of farewell to the Vicar, and presented him, on behalf of the residents of Bruce Bay with an envelope full of gold and good wishes! I felt as purple as a plumb by the time he'd finished, and longed to get under the table or climb into a chalk-box and pull shut the lid. Again I've no idea what I said in reply, but I did appreciate very much the good will which prompted the presentation. But I'm quite sure there's some mistake, as the debt is on the other side—from me to the generous hearted folk of South Westland. Next morning (Wednesday, 7th.) we had our Communion Service at 7 a.m. It was still raining in great style. But after breakfast the wind turned south, and the sky began to clear. I had my class as usual in the school at 9.30 a.m. Jacob's River was still quite unfordable and it was very much of a question whether we'd be able to get across the Karangarua at all that day. However, I walked out to Bob Thompson's for an 11 a.m. service there, leaving Warren to follow after lunch with the horses, if Jacob's became fordable.

I was sorry to find old Sam Fiddian not quite so well again, and staying in bed. However we included him in our Communion Service. And when it was over, I sat on his bed and heard some more of his hair-raising adventures—an escape this time from being poisoned in Hokitika! His mind and memory are wonderfully

keen—and he'll be 91 this year! After lunch Warren turned up with "Mollie" and "Bessie," so we rode quietly along the eight miles or so to the Karangarua River. We found George Koeti camped close by where the road meets the river-bed. I had a parcel to deliver to him—ordered through the splendid wireless system so much used on the Coast. George had asked Charlie Smith, who had asked Warren to ask me to ask Mrs. Bob Thompson to send him along 3lbs. of sugar. So of course I brought it along! George said he thought we were going to find the river pretty wet—and the indications were that he was right. However, we left its fordability an undecided question for the present and rode up the south bank the three miles or so to call at Andrew Scott's home. We found Mrs. Scott there and Stanley. We admired her twin daughters, who are flourishing, and heard good reports of her new baby. After a pleasant cup of tea, Stanley led us out to show us the line of the top ford, by which Andrew had crossed over on his big black draught-horse just a little while before. We inspected the impressive-looking stone groin which Andrew had put in to deflect the hungry river, which was eating away his good paddocks at a great rate. The river was up a bit and running very muddy, but we crossed it without trouble. Just as we came out on the north side, we met Andrew returning. We passed the time of day with him and then rode on in the clear sunshine down the river-bed to Mrs. Harvey's kindly home where we spent the night.

Next morning (Thursday, 8th.) we had our Communion Service at 7 a.m. Then we breakfasted, said our good-byes and departed on another very lovely day. We called in at Walter Scott's and at Mrs. Scouse's as we passed, and then travelled happily along to Saltwater Creek. We turned up it for a mile or so and were lucky enough to strike the end of the short cut track through to Cooks river-bed up by the Williams' sawmill. From there it was but a short ride up to Bob Foster's hut and the hospitable lunch he had prepared for us. When we had dealt faithfully with it we said good-bye to Bob, and cantered off down to the ford in Cook's. Just as we came to the water, across the long stretches of shingle, we

saw Walter Scott and Mr. Irwin, the school-inspector, coming in from the other side. There was still a fair drop of water in Cook's, and as usual, it was very thick and porridgy. But the fords were quite good. When we'd passed the time of day with the south-going travellers, we splashed across quite successfully by Walter's skilfully-chosen line of fords. Then we rode cheerfully on the five or six miles to the pleasant cup of tea Mrs. Williams had waiting for us at Weheka.

As we set out from there to tackle the last slow stage over the three ranges, we saw young Ernie Wilson, energetically rounding up sheep for the shearing, with a stockwhip! Sheep are inclined to have an interesting life of it with these cattlemen! We looked with interest as we passed at the site of Sullivan Bros. new accommodation house. The piles are all in and building operations imminent. Then we met Paddy Power, carting gravel for the approaches, and found Ned Walsh in the gravel pit providing the material for him. It was a lovely ride over the ranges, albeit always a slow one. As we came up towards the second saddle, out of the Waikukupa, we met Bill Roberts and Barney Rodden returning to their camp, and wishing them a Merry Christmas, passed on, and down to the Oemaroo. On the further side of it we saw Mr. Irwin's car, where it had jibbed at the sight of the stream. Then up we went to the last saddle, and down the long winding five miles or so to Dougherty's Creek and Ted Gibb's hospitality at tea time. Behind us, when the sun was setting, flamed and glowed the great snowy pyramid of Eli de Beaumont—one of the most perfect peaks in all Westland.

And so, on Friday, December 9th., when Warren had spent the morning on the Glacier, and "Mollie" had been returned to Tom Condon, we trundled back to Hari Hari in "Primrose" at the end of the finest Far South trip I've ever experienced.

Published by J. Perkins, H. M. Cocks and J. R. Young, Vicars of Hokitika, Kumara and Ross respectively, and printed by W. E. Richards at his registered printing office, the Westland Printing Works, Revell Street, Hokitika.
Saturday, February 4, 1928

W. H. Stopforth

Mercer and Gents's Outfitter

P.O. Box 94

Telephone 167

Revell Street, Hokitika

We aim to give you High Grade Goods at a Reasonable Cost, and the Best Attention Possible

TRY US!

ROSS AND SOUTH WESTLAND

Priest-in-Charge: Rev. R. O. Williams, B.A.

Lay-reader: Mr. H. Osmer, Ross.

IN MEMORIAM: Markham C. Lysons.

Once again the people of South Westland, and of Waiho in particular, have felt the inexorable toll of war, in the death of Mark Lysons—killed in action shortly after his arrival in Italy. He was one of those lovely characters of whom it might be said that even in his life he seemed to belong to Heaven. Beneath the shy quiet of his unassuming nature there glowed a warmth and sincerity which won for him the love and admiration of many. He will be known and mourned far and wide as a former guide at the Glacier, and latterly as a photographer of the highest order. One imagines that the real artist is he who portrays his subject, not only as the eye sees it, but as his soul sees it, and one feels that Mark accomplished this with his camera. His studies were chiefly of scenes from the wonderland of nature that he so much loved, and which he so truly reflected in his own nature. But many of us will remember him chiefly for what God meant to him, and for his years of faithful services as lay-reader at the little Glacier church which he so adorned with the reverence of his humble sincerity. To his widow, children and parents we extend our deepest sympathy.

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

J. R. Guery.
Vices 1923/24

not the sort on which one likes to start mounted on 'three legs and a swinger.' So I took her to Louis Gibbs and borrowed a good old mare called "Dolly" to see me at least part of the way down, as she was rather old to attempt the whole journey. It was a beautiful day and we had a very pleasant ride over the three ranges to Weheka. Near the top of the first hill we passed that indomitable couple of roadmenders, Messrs Rochfort and Roberts, and on the second Barney Breeze was busily engaged cutting roadside ferns and clearing out water channels. At the Kupikup we found Mr McEnroe still held up by the construction of the bridge over that little river by the non-appearance of the monkey to drive the piles. I was informed on good authority that it had joined Wirth's Circus. Possibly so: I've heard less probable things on my travels.

We had lunch at Mr. Fred Williams' hospitable homestead at Weheka, and then Mr. Williams and his daughter Sheila, accompanied us as far as the other side of Cooks River, where they turned up towards their sawmill, and we rode on along the beautiful road to Karangarua. We had afternoon tea with Mrs. Scese and then went on to Mrs. Scott's for tea. I had planned to hold service here on my way down, but as both Harry Scese and Andrew Scott were away that day, I was petitioned to postpone service until my return. By the way, I caused a certain amount of consternation to the inhabitants by insisting that all their clocks were an hour fast. We discussed this question at some length, and having convinced my audience at last, I pulled out my watch again to see exactly how fast they were—and discovered that they were then an hour and a half fast! On further investigations I found that my watch had stopped. It never goes really well unless I wind it.

The next morning, (Thursday), we journeyed on towards Bruce Bay in perfect weather. We crossed the Karangarua with very little water in it, and a few miles along the road met Bob Thompson out looking for some erring cattle. He came back with us and we called in at his house before going on to Bruce Bay for lunch.

There had been a good deal of speculation, when the word got round that Constable Moodie was on his way down as to whom he was after. It is even rumoured that one or two shy gentlemen found that they had important business at the back of the tall timber—not that their consciences were at all uneasy, of course, but still—absence of body is always better than presence of mind. (This paragraph isn't to be taken too literally.) And in reality Mr. Moodie's mission was nothing so exciting as a man-hunt. He was merely collecting agricultural statistics—the Christian names of all your bees and the number of teeth the ducks have cut during the season and all that kind of thing, you know.

We had lunch at Bruce Bay in the hospitable house of Bob Ritchie. I had rung him up beforehand to ask about borrowing a horse, and Mrs. Mahuika very kindly lent me a great old traveller by the name of "Biddy." So I left "Dolly" in Bob Ritchie's tender care, and as Mr.

Moodie had to turn back towards Okarito, I went on by myself to the Mahitahi. I was entrusted with a telegram for Mr. Busch, so I travelled up the Mahitahi riverbed, where I came on him busily drafting sheep with the help of Mr. E. Wilson. I reached the Condon's homestead in the latish afternoon, and as I heard that two of the boys were over at the Paringa Hut, I asked leave again to go over and stay the night with them so as to get a flying start over the long stage next day. As the state of the meat supply at the hut was uncertain, I was entrusted with three parts of a goose to take over. The goose at that moment was in the pot boiling and had about half an hour to go, but was taken out and we had a great wrestle with it all over the kitchen table trying to separate off the bits that were to remain behind. It was very hot and not yet cooked soft, and displayed an astonishing agility in bounding about the table to avoid being taken to bits. However, I can carve almost anything, if only I can get my foot on it, and the goose finally came to bits and my share was put in a biscuit tin and safely conveyed the eight or nine miles to the Paringa hut. We persuaded it to go into the camp oven there and weighted the lid down with wedges, so that it should 'stay put,' and after half an hour's roasting it was delicious.

It was too late in the day for 'athletic sports' this time so Jack and Willie Condon and I had to be content with planning a glorious deer-stalking expedition—up the Paringa and over a pass into the head of the Landsborough and down that river until it joins the Haast. The deer were coming in for a terrible time, but unfortunately I could join in no more than the planning.

Next morning, with a very hospitable send-off, I got away about 7 a.m. on the long stage. The amiable "Biddy" travels along splendidly at a pace of her own invention. I've never met its like before. It's either the fastest thing in walks or the slowest thing in canters that has ever come my way. My own theory is that it's a bit of both—that she walks so fast with her front legs she has to canter with her back ones to keep up. Anyhow it's very comfortable to ride and the miles slip behind at a surprising rate. About three miles this side of the Blue River I came on Messrs Tui Mahuika and Gus Katau busily at work restoring the track to order and straightening up the beds of some restless little creeks which seemed to have been tossing about in them a good deal. Indeed, in these parts, as well as in a good many others, the creeks seem to be like the roadman's permanent boarders—their beds have to be re-made every morning.

It was a perfect day, and it had been very pleasant riding along through the bush in the cool of the morning. But it was very hot going up the five miles of steep rough track beyond the Blue River, climbing all the way on to the Maikifaki Range. I called it the Thomas Range last time, but I find it isn't, as the Thomas is the next one parallel. The sun just blazed on us as we climbed and most of the stout old Biddy's fat seemed to turn to dripping. It was cooler for the seven or eight miles along the top

and the views out over the deep bush-covered valleys were magnificent. Far off through some v shaped gorge on the coast line there are glimpses of the sea, shining vivid blue beyond the olive green of the bush. And, in the mid-day heat, the whole world seemed still, save for the eager rushing of some mountain stream.

I reached the Iron Hut (at the top of the long down grade) in time for lunch and found that Charlie Smith had resigned his position as curator of that wild and lonely bit of track, but I was made very welcome by Jim McGuire who reigns (and is reigned on) in his stead. After lunch, "Biddy" and I took our leisurely way down the long eight miles of hill to the Copper Creek Hut. Just before we got there we met Dick Trovathan, the mailman, hunting his packhorse up the track at a great rate. Dick showed signs of heat, mental and physical. He explained that this packhorse had got away from him in the flax flat, opposite the hut, and that it had been merrily playing hide and seek with him there for the past hour in the warm afternoon sunshine. Finally, with some mistaken idea that he might prefer the fun of a paper chase, it had left a trail of mail-bags behind it, shedding them gaily from the pack. I fear its efforts at humour were not appreciated. Dick said it wasn't at all a nice horse, and proceeded to hunt it along up the hill with a supplejack.

All the way along from Copper Creek to the Haast I was following the recent tracks of some foot-traveller. I had heard at several places of a man on ahead of me who was walking all the way down from the Waibo. And when just at sunset I came out of the track on to the Haast riverbed, there he was, sitting on the stones, with his light swag beside him, busily engaged in warding off the ferocity of the starving sandflies. There is a deep little backwater which runs across the end of the track, and he had gone into wade this, found it too deep, and, not knowing what to do next, had sat down to wait. Jim McGuire had told me where to find a shallow crossing, and when I'd explored for and found it, the footpassenger followed me over. As we made across towards the main river, Ad. Cron came riding over to meet us and kindly gave my companion a lift behind him across the ford, which I'm glad to say, is an unusually good one just now.

I stayed the night with the Jack Crons and heard such thrilling tales of deer-stalking up the river that I immediately began to plot for the stealing of a day wherein to go hunting. Next morning I rode a little way up the Haast Track to where Messrs. Jack Cowan and Reynolds were busy making a beautiful motor-road of it. Hardly that?—well, at least, a thoroughly good pack-track. I then turned back towards Okuru and called in to see Mrs. Ad. Cron, who was still very ill after five weeks in bed. I found there too, Mrs. Condon from the Mahitahi, who had taken charge of the nursing.

Ad. Cron had a cheerful young three year old called "Starling," recently broken in, whom wanted given some exercise to keep her civil. So he asked me if I'd care care to ride her on to Okuru and back. I said

I would like to, so I left Biddy in his care and again set off on a new mount. "Starling," I'm glad to say, did not indulge in any of the higher flights of equestrian acrobats but behaved like a perfect lady, never once, throwing me up and neglecting to catch. The only original suggestion she made was that, when we turned, warm and perspiring, from the travelling along the beach in the sun and crossed a most inviting bit of soft dry sand, she should lie down and have a roll in it—a suggestion which I met with marked disapproval.

I had Jim McGuire's company along the beach, and we crossed the Okuru by the ford (it being low tide) and went down to Mrs. Jack Cowan's for lunch. In the afternoon I went up the Turnbull River, looking in on the Ad. Cowans, Mr. McBride, the McPhersons and finally the Harrises. It turned out that I had timed my visit to Okuru very propitiously, for that evening (Saturday) one of the monthly Euchre and Dances was being held. It was a very cheerful evening and I distinguished myself by being one of four who won 6 games out of 7, but my hand must have lost its cunning, as I was left in the out, and relegated to the "also started." The dance, too, was a success, with Mr. Paddy Nolan as M.C. calling for 450 more coupled that he averred were wanted to make up the music with his accordian. When it was time to go home, I sang them a song—"Waltzing Matilda"—but they didn't go home. They're hardy folk, these citizens of Okuru.

Next Day, (Sunday) we had service at 11 a.m. and at 7.30 p.m. and in the afternoon I went up the Okuru and called on the Nolan brothers and the Len Crawfords. I had originally planned to go out to the Haast on Monday to be ready for the long stage on Tuesday, but, in accordance with my deer-stalking plot, I rode out there after the evening service on Sunday night, thus salving the whole of Monday for an expedition up the river. And sure enough up the river I rode next day, under the expert guidance of Jack Cron, and in company with his son Alan. Time doesn't permit of the giving of any details of that very interesting day. Suffice it to say that I looked on most successfully at the turning of a nice little seven pointer stag into venison, and that we hurried down through the extraordinary black night to get home ahead of the threatening rain. But I'm very grateful to Jack Cron for all the trouble he went to, to give me the expedition.

That night it rained in torrents, and was still hard at it next morning when I went down for an early service with Mrs. Ad. Cron, whom I was very glad to see looking so much better than when I had been there first. But about the middle of the morning, when it was rather late to make a start, the weather, which seemed to be having a seasonable little game with me (this was Tuesday, April 1st) cleared up and was quite fine. However, I waited that day for the rivers to run down, and occupied myself with a little amateur hair-cutting—or plucking would be the better term.

Next morning, Wednesday, was beautifully fine, and Biddy and I set off early. The Haast had run down so that I rode across it without getting my boots wet;

but there is a backwater on the far side the contents of which are very damp. I know, because I had my boots full of it for fifty miles! We were crossing it just deep enough to make me hold my feet up, when Biddy threatened to take a nose-dive over a stick on the bottom, and I brought my feet down with a loud splash into the water. I was wearing splendidly watertight boots, too; These didn't let a drop leak out the whole way.

I got a surprise as I was nearing the Copper Creek hut; I rounded a turn in the road and came suddenly on a fine stag standing in the creek bed; Now I had promised Jack Cron to take some venison up to Jim McGuire at the Iron Hut, but, much to my annoyance, had come away without it. So it occurred to me that, if I could lead this fellow up by the ear it might solve the difficulty. So I spoke soft and enticing words to him—in fact I absolutely fawned upon him—but he refused to recognise me as a little dear and galloped away in the most haughty manner with his head in the air; and though she made a gallant effort, Biddy soon gave up the idea of running him down.

Jim McGuire very forgivingly gave me a cup of tea at lunch time at the Iron Hut. When I came to the top of the hill overlooking the Blue River I could see trouble gathering ahead in the shape of thick black clouds. So I pushed along to get over the Paringa before I met it. I called in at the Paringa hut to ring up Mahitahi to say I was coming, but I couldn't persuade the telephone to tell, so came away and left it to talk to itself. Once across the Paringa I came quietly along and reached the Mahitahi just as darkness and the first of the rain fell. Incidentally I very much surprised an old pig (and myself) by walking on her as I came up the path to the Condon's house.

Next morning (Thursday) the rain cleared sufficiently to let me get on to Bruce Bay with little more than a sprinkle. On the way I called in to see Jack Mulvaney (who was 'enjoying' a touch of lumbago) and Mr. and Mrs. Kidd, who entertained me very hospitably. When I reached the Ritchie's at lunch time I found that I had again Mr. Fred Williams as a companion. He had been down to the Bay with a load of wool and was held up by the floods on his way back. It seems that each of us can pass through Bruce Bay alone without upsetting the atmospheric conditions, but that when we arrive there together its too much for the clerk of the weather, and the sky drips like anything. It dripped very hard all that afternoon. In the evening I had a service in the school, and also the next morning early. After breakfast I walked (or waded—there was a little stream flowing down the road, with fish in it) out to the Wilson's at Hunt's Beach, and had a Baptism Service there; then rode a pony Mr. Wilson very kindly lent me on to the Thomson's at the Manakiaiu, where I held service and walked back to the Ritchie's in the afternoon. The rain cleared off that evening (Friday) and next morning we crossed Jacob's river without trouble. The faithless "Dolly" had got out of her paddock at the Ritchie's and had made for home, but was held up by gates at Karangarua. So I rode one of Mr. Williams'

Services for the Month

- May 3—Saturday Waitaha
- May 4—Second Sunday after Easter Ross: 11 a.m., Holy Communion; 7 p.m., Evensong Ruatapu: 3 p.m., Evensong
- May 11—Third Sunday after Easter Wataroa: 11 a.m., Holy Communion Hari Hari: 8 p.m., Evensong
- May 18—4th Sunday after Easter Ross: 8 a.m., Holy Communion; 7 p.m., Evensong Ruatapu: 11 a.m., Holy Communion
- May 25—5th Sunday after Easter Hari Hari: 11 a.m., Holy Communion Wataroa: 7.30 p.m., Evensong
- May 26—Monday Okarito
- May 27—Tuesday Waiho
- June 1—Sunday after Ascension Ross: 11 a.m., Holy Communion; 7 p.m., Evensong Ruatapu: 3 p.m., Evensong

Far South Again

My journey down the Long South road this time is quite a study in means of transport, or beasts of burden. My erring "Bessie" as most of you know, got as far as Weheka, where she was caught and brought back to the Waiho. I left Hari Hari on the afternoon of Sunday, March 23rd, and rode Mr. W. Smith's "Tommy" down to his home in Wataroa. Next day, Monday, I travelled the next stage—to Okarito—in Mr. W. Gunn's car, together with a fishing party. (We caught a mixed bag of smelts, bullies, herrings, spotties and Kawhai.) From there down to Bruce Bay, I went under police escort, as I had Constable Moodie for a travelling companion—the law and grace-going together as one wag put it. He put his good little mare, Queenie into his gig and drove me down as far as Waiho on the Tuesday. That evening I went out to catch "Bessie" to have her stuck on to a new set of shoes. But to my sorrow I found that she was very lame in the off fore-leg so lame, that she let me catch her without trouble. Next morning (Wednesday) she was a little better, but not well enough to travel. That South journey is

The Parcel of Ross in 1919/20.

ged, still inues ay or yula, and com- The is a teams tland n of ndus- s be a of these, and also icts, gold, nony rist enor- ist's isite and lead- the e of tural : to e en- in can e to asily hotel btain on to con- nurch ppor- gdom upon

J. R. Gummy.

team horses (another new mount called "Crescent") until I came up with her. There was a fair drop of water in the Karangarua, but we got across without trouble. Having regained "Dolly," I had lunch with Mrs. Scott, and then rode back and up the Karangarua and across to where Andrew Scott is living at this time, and had a cup of tea with him and Mrs. Scott and George Bannister who was working with him there. Then Andrew rode back with me for the service that evening and George came over for the early service next day.

I spent the night under Mrs. Sease's hospitable roof, and, after the early service next day (Sunday) rode on across Cook's River (I met Peter Graham going South to Copeland, in the middle of the great expanse of shingle bed) and then rode down the track to Gillespie's Beach. I stayed the night with the Peter McCormacks there, and hoped to go on to the Gibbs' next day by way of the beach. Peter McCormack very kindly went with me to put me round the first bluffs, but when we got as far as Black's Point we found the bluffs all cut out and the going impossible. So we had to turn back and I'd to go by the track. On our way back we left our horses and scrambled up through the bush to the top of an old trig station, from which a wonderful view of the mountains

can be obtained. It was a perfectly clear, still morning, and I've never had such a marvellous view of Mt. Cook, flanked on either side by the Tasman and La Perouse.

I reached Weheka just after lunch time and found quite a gathering there—Fred Williams himself just off to get his last load of wool on the dray to take to Bruce Bay; Dick Trevathan starting with the mails for Okura; Tommy Watson bringing the North-bound mail to Waiho and Tom Green on his way to Gillespie's. And in half an hour we were all scattered up and down the roads.

I came quietly on over the hills. When I got to the Kupikup I found that Chris Gibb had secured the missing monkey and had just handed it over to the bridge-builders. It was a glorious afternoon, and that beautiful bit of road was at its best. I reached Dougherty's creek just as the sun was setting and in time to see at the head of the valley the perfect peak of Eli de Beaumont flushed pink in the evening light.

I returned the good "Dolly" to Louis Gibb, and found Bessie waiting there for me, quite cured of her lameness and "full of long grass and impudence." I rode her down to Ted Gibb's, where I spent the night. Next morning, Tuesday, April 8th.,

I crossed the Waiho and made good time home here to Hari Hari.

There are a couple of things I'd like to say at the end of this account. For one thing, I've been a good deal interested in various characteristics imputed to the waters of certain rivers and streams I've crossed. There's Copper Creek (which isn't noticeably coppery) and the Blue River (which is brown) and the Blackwater (which is amber) and the Saltwater (which is fresh) and the Clearwater (which is, curiously enough, clear.) Then, of course, there's any amount of the dish-water variety, particularly (and perhaps appropriately) in Cook's River.

Last of all I want to thank all those who have been so good to me on my travels. I want to thank all those who lent me horses and looked after others. And I want to thank those who gave me such friendly hospitality. It's been a strenuous 16 days, but a very happy time, owing to the true kindness shown to me everywhere.

Published by A. C. Purchas, and J. R. Young, Vicars of Hokitika Kumara and Ross respectively, and printed by W. E. Richards at his registered printing office, the Westland Printing Works, corner Revell and Hamilton Streets, Hokitika. Saturday, May 3, 1924

The D.I.C. Offers a Remarkable Value in Heavy Plaiding Flannel

 31 inches wide **3/6** per yard 
Regular Value 5/6

Colours: NAVY and GREY

ORDERS BY MAIL SENT POSTAGE PAID

D.I.C. P.O. Box 1013 Christchurch

The Parish of Ross in 1919/20.

WESTLAND.

The following article is contributed by the Rev. Wilson, whose earnest appeal for the West Coast made so deep an impression at Synod.—Ed.

To most Canterbury people, Westland is a mysterious place somewhere across the Southern Alps—a place of which little is known because the mountain barrier has effectually hindered intercourse between the dwellers on its eastern and western flanks.

The Canterbury Settlement was founded in the Fifties of last century, and was already well established before much attention was paid to the unknown West across the Southern Alps. At that time Westland was nominally part of the Diocese of Nelson, but so isolated and uninhabited that it was regarded as of no great importance. When many thousands of people suddenly rushed into this unknown land in search of gold, a high road was opened over Arthur's Pass. The Bishop of Christchurch took the Episcopal oversight of the new settlements there, and presently the whole district was transferred from the Diocese of Nelson to that of Christchurch.

The Diocese of Christchurch may be divided into three strips nearly equal in length and area. The eastern strip is mostly the Canterbury Plain, closely settled and populous. The middle strip lies behind the Plain, between it and the Alps, and is hilly to mountainous in character. The western strip lies between the Alps and the Tasman seacoast. It extends from the Teremakau River to Awarua Bay (Big Bay), and is all mountainous, with numerous large rivers running through extensive flats. The eastern and central strips are mostly destitute of timber—open tussock country; while the western strip is densely wooded.

The settlement of Westland began with the discovery of gold fields near its northern end. The older fields of Victoria, Otago, and Southland, had already been robbed of most of their easily won gold, and thousands of eager miners "rushed" the new fields of Westland. This movement began in 1864, and reached its height about 1866 to 1870, when nearly half the population of New Zealand became concentrated in Westland, which now became a Province. So important was Westland in the later sixties that an effort was made to move the seat of the Colonial Government, and make Hokitika the capital of New Zealand

Hokitika was then a town of about 15,000 people, with two steamers weekly running regularly to Melbourne, and a vast body of irregular shipping as well. Over 130 vessels of various kinds have been seen at the Hokitika quays at one time.

The Hokitika goldfield was discovered about 1864, and was the most important. The Ross field followed three or four years later. Kumara opened about 1876. Less important fields further south followed later, dotted along the coast, almost down to Milford Sound in the Diocese of Dunedin. These goldfields declined in the eighties and Nineties, and are now of comparatively slight importance. With the decline of the gold output many of the miners left the district, so that the population greatly decreased. Those who remained gradually turned their attention to more settled occupations, becoming sawmillers and farmers. At the present day the principal industries of Westland are sawmilling, cattle raising and dairy farming. The bush is being rapidly cleared off and the land grassed, and the whole district has been proved most admirably suited for pastoral and especially dairy farming. There are about nine prosperous dairy factories in Westland, besides many others in the Grey Valley and adjacent parts of the Diocese of Nelson towards the north.

The climate is very equable without sudden and marked alternations of extreme heat and cold, so common in other parts of New Zealand. It is also almost windless, in marked contrast to New Zealand as a whole. The mean annual temperature is about 1 1/2 deg. F. above that of Christchurch. The total annual sunshine in Hokitika is not far short of that of Christchurch. The rainfall is very heavy indeed, say about 130 inches per annum. Light rain is uncommon. It comes down in heaps, as compared with handfuls in Canterbury. Most of it falls at nighttime. Mud is almost unknown, because there is practically no clay in Westland. The roads are mostly clean and smooth. A traveller can take the road shortly after a heavy downpour without getting much splashed.

South of Ross a good motorcar road runs for 74 miles to Waiho Gorge, through several rivers still unbridged impede traffic very seriously. South of Waiho the road in places is for many miles excellently adapted for motor traffic, but no motors have yet been used there, because none of the

larger streams have yet been bridged, and some stretches of road are still mere bridle tracks. This continues south of Ross to Jackson's Bay or Cascades, over 200 miles. The population of the far south is still small, and cannot increase much until better communications can be provided. The great need of South Westland is a good trunk road with all streams bridged. Given this, South Westland will certainly carry a population of many thousands.

From present indications the industries of Westland will always be mainly pastoral, the production of cattle, sheep, wool, hides, cheese, butter, pork and probably poultry and honey and fruit. Timber will also be one of the most valuable products, and minerals of various kinds, gold, copper, silver, manganese, antimony—and coal at Caringa. The tourist traffic in years to come will be enormous, for here you have a tourist's paradise with the most exquisite scenery in New Zealand, mountain and glacier, river, lake and forest, headland and sea, conspiring to charm the eye at every turn. The people of Westland are so surfeited with natural beauty that they seem unable to appreciate it, and marvel at the enthusiasm of a visitor. To anyone in search of beautiful scenery I can recommend no place preferable to Waiho Gorge. It can be reached easily by motor, and has an excellent hotel with experienced guides for mountain and glacier.

So much by way of introduction to my subject. Next month I will continue with an account of the Church life of Westland, and the great opportunity for building up the Kingdom of God which we are now called upon to seize.

WESTLAND.

THE TWO NORTH WESTLAND CURES.

As we saw last month, Westland is a long, narrow strip of country between the Southern Alps and the Tasman Sea. The road length of the district from Arthur's Pass to Awarua Bay is about 360 miles—nearly as far as from Christchurch to Invercargill. The population is about 8000 to 9000, of which about 6000 live in North Westland; that is to say, north of Lake Mahinapua, in the Hokitika Valley, or north of that. The remaining 3000 live in South Westland.

The settlements along the Midland Railway between Springfield and Arthur's Pass in respect of Church life are in even worse case than the most isolated places of Westland. Kowhai Bush is part of the Malvern Cure and receives regular ministrations. Beyond Kowhai Bush the railway runs up the Waimakariri Gorge at the precipitous foot of Mt Torlesse. Then comes the growing coal mining settlement of Avoca; beyond that several sheep stations, and, finally, the township of Arthur's Pass at the south end of the tunnel. I want Canterbury people to realise that in all this stretch the Church has done nothing for the people since December, 1915. Think of this, and reflect that this is in Canterbury within sixty to ninety miles of Christchurch. Here for four years past the Church has ignored the claims of several hundreds of God's people.

Over the Arthur's Pass, on the Westland side, lies another township of about 500 people, Otira. This is the northernmost centre in the Kumara Cure. There is here a Mission Hall called "A! Souls' Mission," where the Vicar spends a week-end once a month. In Otira Church life has never reached a really high level, and during 1918-1919 particularly it suffered severely through the shortage of clergy. Otira is a place of very beautiful and grand scenery and a healthy bracing climate, and the men engaged in the tunnel work short hours for good wages. Whatever else may be said must be on the other side of the account. Working conditions are wet, unpleasant and unhealthy. The houses are squalid kennels, poky, inconvenient, insanitary, over-crowded, totally lacking in those requirements of privacy and pleasant homeliness as dear to the wage-earner as to his boss. No private employer would venture to kennel his employees in such sordid surroundings. To a soul-less Government Department no iniquity is impossible.

From Otira the main road for forty miles runs through pleasant farm lands

or picturesque bush, down the Taramakau Riverbed, to Kumara. On either hand rise mountains 4000 feet to 6500 feet in height, very precipitous, densely bush clad, with beautiful waterfalls and running streams, and, above all, snowy tops against the bright blue Westland sky. Westland as a whole is a picnickers' and tourists' paradise.

The road emerges from the mountain gorges at some eight miles from the sea. A stretch of rolling downs, heavily timbered, smoothes cut into a plain some 360 feet above the sea. Kumara stands on this plateau at the foot of the first hills. The town now contains about 600 people, where formerly lived several thousands. The Parish Church of the Holy Trinity is quite the best in Westland, and one of the largest. At least one service a Sunday is still maintained there, and sundry week-day offices as well. In proportion to their numerical strength and means, the Kumara people are unsurpassed in the Diocese in their support of the Church and its work, and I think I am right in saying that few places have such an active spiritual life as this. I speak from several years' experience of Kumara.

Ten miles south-west of Kumara, and on the main road to Hokitika, is Stafford, another old worked-out mining town, together with an adjacent place called Waimea, formerly known as Celdsborough. Stafford was the headquarters of this Cure, until the rapid rise of Kumara about 1876-1878 caused the Vicar to take up his residence in Kumara. Hence it comes that this Cure has two substantial Vicarages, one at Kumara and the other at Stafford. The Church of St. John the Evangelist at Stafford is a quaint tiny place close to the Vicarage. The congregation is now very small and still dwindling. There used to be the Church of St. Luke at Waimea, but it was some three years ago removed for use at Whataroa, some ninety miles away, in South Westland.

The future of this Kumara and Stafford Cure depends largely upon the development of dairying and timber milling. Of a revival of gold mining there is very little possibility. To clear the shattered bush and drain and grass the land will be the best thing possible for the Cure. Then once more it will be able to take its place among the Cures having resident Priests in charge.

Among those who have been Vicars of Kumara are the Rev. John Holland, now of Kaiapoi, the Rev. Canon Bean of Addington, the Rev. Arthur Hore of St. Albans, and myself. The present Vicar is the Rev. A. C. T. Purchas, now resident in Hokitika, where he is also Assistant-Priest to Hokitika Cure.

Hokitika is a beautiful little town of some 2300 people. It "touched bottom" long ago and is now well on its way to a new prosperity, based no longer upon gold mining, but upon agriculture and dairying. The Church dates from the sixties, and is about to be re-built in stone.

All Saints' Church, Hokitika, is the mother Church to a numerous group of smaller country Churches at Arapura Maori Pa, Kanieri, Rimu, Kokatahi and Koiterangi, outlying from three to sixteen miles from Hokitika. The Cure comprises the wide plains of the Hokitika Valley and of the Arapura to the north. Dairy farming, sheep and cattle raising and timber milling are the principal industries. Here, as in Kumara and Stafford, gold mining is almost a dead industry. Probably Hokitika will always be the principal town of Westland, and we may expect that it will remain the centre of Church life. Here St. Agnes' Hostel is established, a branch house of the Deaconess Community. Sister Dora is in charge, with two assistants. Some day St. Agnes' will develop into a big girls' school, as well as a community house for women who devote themselves to the religious life.

Here also, as in Kumara, some of the best-known clergy of this Diocese have ministered—the Rev. Canon Thos. Hamilton, Canon Staples Hamilton, the Rev. H. S. Leach, the Rev. Arthur Hore (after being at Kumara), the Rev. Percy Revell (in the out-lying districts). The Rev. J. E. Holloway, D.Sc., is at present Vicar, with, as his assistant Priest, the Rev. A. C. T. Purchas, who is also titular Vicar of Kumara. It should be understood that Mr Purchas is not wilfully a pluralist, but that the exigencies of the time compel him.

Next month I hope to describe in more detail the South Westland Cure.

C. L. WILSON.

*2nd of July 1919
70 pm seal. The dedication
to the C.S. de Keri Ch. Ch.
where C.D. Rice was
Cura. before the Com. of the Coast*

WESTLAND.

THE SOUTH WESTLAND CURE.

In the January issue of this Journal I gave a brief description of the two Cures in North Westland, Kumara and Hokitika.

This month I will try to describe the Ross and South Westland Cure, of which I have had charge since January 1918. Unfortunately, over-work has now compelled me to resign and I am not likely to return.

When I term South Westland a wilderness, you must not conclude that it is a place uninhabitable or untameable. Indeed it is a place of romantic beauty, of giant snow-capped mountains, wonderful glaciers, beautiful lakes, flowing hot springs, and great rivers—a land of luxuriant sub-tropical bush, rich in minerals of almost every kind. Its gold-mines at one time seemed inexhaustible, and are still very far from exhaustion. It has deposits of silver, antimony, copper and other metals still untouched. At Paringa there is coal never yet worked, except for a specimen exhibited years ago at the Melbourne Exhibition where it won second prize for Australasian coals. Moreover, this is now already a land of rich farms and stock unsurpassed anywhere in this Dominion. Along the railway, too, are huge sawmills. Butler Bros.' mill at Ruatapu produces about 45,000 super feet a day, and could double that output if fully staffed. Stuart and Chapman, at Ross, are building a mill of even greater capacity. South of this, saw-milling is unpracticable on a large scale, because Government lacks the enterprise to provide railways or even bridges and suitable roads for heavy transport. Hence it is that the settlers year after year burn hundreds of acres of valuable timber to make space for grass. This needless destruction of nature's lavish gift is the tragedy of South Westland.

The South Westland Cure begins at Lake Mahinapua, about 8 miles south of Hokitika; it stretches to Awarua Bay (Big Bay), some 260 miles away, not very far from Milford Sound. The railway runs to Ross, about a dozen miles from Mahinapua. Beyond Ross is a fine coach road for 74 miles to Waiho Gorge and the Franz Joseph Glacier. Traffic on this road is still impeded by several rivers and numerous creeks unbridged. Beyond Waiho there are no bridges, and the road in places is still a mere pack track for many miles out of a total stretch of about 170 miles.

The northernmost settlement is Ruatapu, round Butler Bros.' big mill. This place contains perhaps 300 people. Church Services are held in the State

School—Holy Communion one Sunday a month, and Evensong at 2.30 p.m. a fortnight later. At celebrations there are commonly about a dozen communicants, a few adult non-communicants, and a dozen to twenty children; at Evensong a dozen to twenty adults and twenty children.

Ruatapu contributes £20 a year to Parish funds. This severely taxes the resources of a very deserving, hard-working, hard-living handful of people. Who, among the readers of this Journal will help Ruatapu to build a modest Church to the glory of God and the use of His people there? We have already a small sum in hand, but quite £100 is still needed. You Canterbury people worshipping in Churches beautiful and well appointed, will you help? I know well that you would give far more than our bare needs if only I could take you with me to see the place and the people.

The next settlement is the borough of Ross. Here we have a population of about 500, with a lively expectation of doubling the number within two years or so, when saw-milling and gold-mining and lime-burning draw the 200 workers for whom they are calling. Ross is another place in dire need of assistance, but I am thankful to Christchurch people, mostly of Merivale, who recently gave me £80 to provide for our most pressing needs.

St. Paul's Parish Church stands on a steep hill, 100 to 150 feet above the town, and such a climb, far too much for aged and infirm people. At one time the town was round the Church on the hill; now the Church stands isolated, and the people are anything upwards of half-a-mile away. The Church is over 50 years old and too decayed to be moved, but it may well serve as a school for some years yet. The school or Parish hall is nearly new. We have bought three-quarters of an acre of ground in a central place on the flat, and that £80 will soon be spent on moving the hall to the new site, and adapting it for temporary use as a Church. Then the old Church will become a Sunday School, until we can build a new Church on the new site, and restore the other building to its former use. How much will this cost? Quite £800. How much will you give?

The Vicarage is 50 years old and is VERY rotten. Indeed the ground behind is caving into an old mining shaft, and the Vicar keeps his heavy furniture in the front rooms to prevent the house from capsizing backwards into the hole. It is a most romantic situation. You will understand that this place is quite unfit for habitation. A new dwelling on the new site with the other buildings must be provided.

The cost will be probably £1000. Ross at present provides £50 a year to Parish funds. Congregations are small, but will increase greatly when the buildings reach the new site. None of the people are in affluent circumstances.

No doubt somebody thinks me a shocking beggar. Well I am getting used to the feeling, but not at all ashamed of showing you plainly the need of God's people in this missionary work, and I know from experience that I have only to arouse your sympathy in order to get your help. Send your contributions direct to me, or else through your own Vicar, but whatever you do don't rest until you have sent all you can spare. Give until it hurts!

C. L. WILSON.

WESTLAND.

THE SOUTH WESTLAND (or ROSS)
CURE.

Ross is the terminus of the railway. A coach road extends for 75 miles southward to Waihao Gorge, with branches varying in length up to about ten miles. Leaving Ross the traveller feels at once that he is entering an undeveloped country. After three miles the Mikonui River is crossed and the road at once plunges into virgin bush, winding up hill and down dale through avenues of lofty rimu, miro, kahikatea and other timbers whose tall stems naked, or clothed in creepers rise eighty or an hundred feet before breaking into arching boughs often meeting across the roadway.

Here a break in the timber gives a glimpse of distant blue sea and gleaming white surf; there in another direction is seen a beautiful lake set amid bush-clad hills; again the distant view of snowy mountain peaks rank upon rank towards distant Canterbury; here the road sweeps round a rocky cutting and over a rumbling bridge high above some foaming mountain torrent; there a tumultuous cataract rushes roaring towards the sea. On every hand native birds abound, pigeons, ducks, swans, pukaki, bitterns, sailing stately past, fantails, wrens, and tom tits, tuis, paradise ducks, etc., etc.

Then came the road travellers, first a Public Works roadman with dray and horses, or more commonly wheelbarrow and picks and shovels; then a drover with dogs and a mob of fat cattle from some place a hundred miles away; next a farmer's gig, a motor car, a freight waggon, a milk cart going to the factory, a mob of bleating sheep, children on their way to school, the mail coach piled high with goods of all kinds.

The first settlement is at Ferguson's nine miles out. Regular services should be here, but for want of men nothing is done yet.

Seventeen miles out is Waitaha settlement, off the main road is the picturesque Waitaha Valley with its rugged hills on either side and snowy mountains at the Valley's head. Some twenty farms are here. In 1918 a few services were held with encouraging results but in 1919 I found myself unable to continue the work.

Harihari is the centre of the largest settlement of all. Here some fifty farms are grouped in a large flat about fifteen miles long. The post office is 30 miles from Ross. There is an hotel, an excellent store, a

cheese factory, supplied by some 800 cows. The church, dedicated in the name of St. Cuthbert, is able to seat some fifty-five adults, and needs enlarging urgently. This settlement should be the centre of the South Westland Cure with Vicar and at least one assistant priest resident here, and one other at Ross.

Two services each month are provided at present. Surely where congregations of fifty assemble there should be at least one service every Sunday. From Harihari southwards the only other religious body ministering to the people is the Roman Catholic: all the rest are dependent upon us.

This means that in Harihari alone over forty households look to us for spiritual sustenance.

Whataroa settlement stretches over a length of nearly twenty miles. The new church of St. Luke is about fifty-five miles from Ross. It is not yet finished. Generous aid in the erection of this building was given by people in Canterbury and elsewhere, largely through the exertions of the Revd. H. W. Monaghan, my predecessor in this cure. In the January issue, I remarked that St. Luke's Church at Waimea was removed for use at Whataroa. This statement is literally correct, but as it seems to have been misunderstood, I may now explain that the Waimea Vestry of 1917, wishing to help Whataroa with material when they could not give money, placed their old building at the disposal of the Whataroa people. This gift was worth quite £130, quite the largest contribution made. The new church owes its roof, most of its glass, all its seats, and its service books, to the unselfish acton of the Waimea people.

There are about sixteen families of church people at Whataroa. The Romanists there outnumber us, and have a small building of their own, their only chapel south of Ross. The cheese making industry is here very large, and will be multiplied many times as settlement increases.

Below Whataroa is a little seaport called Okarito, with nowadays only a very small population. Services are held there in the Magistrate's Court House at intervals of two or three months.

At Waiho (75 miles), services are held at intervals of two months in Mr. J. W. Graham's Hotel near the Franz Joseph Glacier. This is the terminus of the coach and motor road. Beyond this point unbridged rivers and unformed roads require saddle horse traffic. Even the weekly mails go by pack horse for another hundred miles beyond Waiho.

The congregation at evensong at Waiho is commonly twenty to forty. At the Eucharist, from six to sixteen.

Wehaka is the next settlement (about 92 miles). All the settlers are Romanists.

At Karangarua 105 miles from Ross there are two or three households all our people. Services are held in Mrs Scott's house at intervals of two months. From this point the tourist track over the Copland Pass runs to the Mount Cook Hermitage.

oftener than about once each year. I was there last in March 1919. Think of the situation of these people. Does it not appeal to your sympathy? We have about five families here and a few Romanists. Okuru has caused us more heart ache than any other settlement in this gigantic cure, but I cannot find how to do more for them at such a distance. I always go there by steamer from Hokitika.

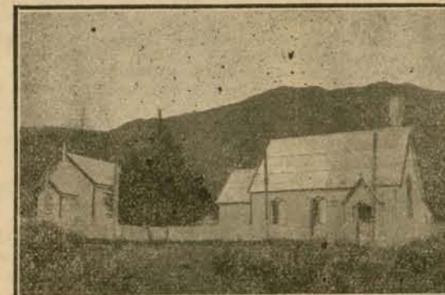
South of Okuru, settlement is going on as far as Martin's Bay some sixty

CANON AND MRS J. W. STACK.

The last mail has brought a letter written by Mrs Stack on the day before she died (December 2), which will not be without interest to the friends of the much respected Canon and his aged helpmate. He died October 13, at 85, and Mrs Stack, December 2, at 91. She writes to a local resident: My daughter has just read to me the interesting account in the papers of my dear husband's life and work in New Zealand. I feel so happy and grateful that his



The Old Vicarage, Ross. Built about 1870.



St Paul's Parish Church, Ross, built about 1867, also Parish Hall, built about 1915.

At Manakiaiu (113 miles), the Eucharist is celebrated for two families every two months.

At Bruce Bay (Makawhio River), there is a settlement consisting mainly of Maoris all of whom are church people. Almost all over fourteen years of age are communicants, and prepared for confirmation, though not any have been confirmed. It is impossible to get the Bishop here and very difficult to get them to Waiho, 42 miles distant, the furthest place to which the Bishop goes.

At Mahitahi settlement (129 miles), all the people are Romanists, except a few who go to Bruce Bay Church.

Between Mahitahi and Haast lies a lovely stretch of some 56 miles of road without any settlement or homestead.

Haast (about 185 miles) has one family of church people.

Okuru is the furthest south settlement. It is a sea port about 200 miles from Ross by land, and 130 miles from Hokitika by sea. No Vicar of Ross has ever been able to visit Okuru

miles further, but there are no women or children more than six miles beyond Okuru. The old Jackson's Bay settlement is without inhabitants, though stores are sometimes landed there for cattlemen or bush fellers. Some day, please God my clerical brethren in Canterbury will be stirred by the romance of this work, and the strong and youthful of them will here offer Him their best endowment of the early years of their ministry, their youth, health, and strength. Here the young parson is "on the ball" all the time, working it may be to a break down, possibly to his death as John Lock did, drowned in the Whanganui River seven years ago this month. Anyhow it is a man's work, a work worthy of God's young priests; would that more of them could see that.

To my lay brethren I may say that though God may not call you to personal service here, yet you have your part to do for Him in supporting the work by your alms and not less by your prayers. May God stir you to give to this work until you feel that if poorer in purse yet of a surety are richer in spirit.

C. L. WILSON.

MELANESIAN MISSION

The monthly meeting for Intercession will be held in St. Michael's Church on Friday, March 12th, at 7.30 p.m.

ARCHBISHOP JULIUS CELEBRATES HIS 90th BIRTHDAY

THE DIOCESE'S CONGRATULATIONS.

We have the privilege to offer congratulations on behalf of "Church News" readers to His Grace Archbishop Julius on his 90th birthday, which occurs on Oct. 15. His Grace purposes celebrating the occasion by entertaining Synod at tea that evening.

Born at Richmond, England, in 1847, ten years after Queen Victoria's accession to the throne, he has lived under five monarchs and has witnessed the dramatic change wrought in the world's life by the developments of modern science. For example, he learnt photography when negatives were made on paper, before the use of collodion opened the way to the glass plate and the film. He recalls clearly an occasion when a learned professor took him out to expose a paper-plate. The professor remarked: "A bit dull—we'll give it 40 minutes" and when that time elapsed said "We'll give it another ten minutes"—quarter of an hour either way was neither here nor there! And to-day



The Old "One-Lunger."

the press photographer armed with reflex and flashlamp will take his portrait in his workroom in a fraction of a second, and a film man could record movement and voice in less. The Archbishop's own keenness for photography almost led to tragedy early in his episcopate. While driving the buggy he brought from Victoria on the West Coast he and Mrs. Julius pulled up to camp by the side of a steep 20 ft. gully, and wishing to take a photograph he set up the camera and with his head under the cloth (no hand-cameras those days) he unwisely move the stand closer—the horse promptly backing from the apparition towards the gully edge. By good luck he reached the horse's head in time.

The Archbishop has used in his work every new mode of aid to locomotion as it came in, save the aeroplane which arrived just too late for his active episcopate. (He has been "up"—he went up with Mr. Chichester from Wigram for a cruise over the city and country). He recalls how his father bought for him one of the first seven mechanically-propelled bicycles, invented in France, to come into London—the front wheel was driven as in a boy's tricycle to-day. It was a tremendous advance on the clumsy velocipede which one bestrode and propelled with feet on the ground. Later he rode a "penny-farthing," and for using it on Sunday to give his horse a rest, was called to solemn account by the local clergy. His defence about the horse's rest disarmed the deputation but they murmured something about the wicked "pleasure" he got out of it on the Sabbath. Whereon he blandly suggested that perhaps if he

had a tack sticking through the seat on Sundays —! In Christchurch His Grace was in earlier days a familiar figure as he moved about the city on his modern pneumatic-tyred cycle. When motor-cycles came in, he bought one of the early machines to travel the Diocese with, as speedier when going if less reliable than buggy or coach; but at last disaster befel him. It was then he bought the famous "one-lunger" Rover with its solitary Cyclops-eye lamp projecting goitrously ahead of the radiator but with a windscreen and pneumatic tyres. In that vehicle he chugged his way to every part of the Diocese. Of course he has had since then several cars each more modern than the last, and fitted with many efficient "gadgets" of his own devising. Only recently did he give up driving personally his modern 10 h.p., after someone ran into it broadside on and gently tipped it over, happily without material damage to either Archbishop or car; after the spill he drove it off under its and his



A Characteristic Stance.

own power! Perhaps the toughest vehicle he has ever driven was the lever-propelled "jigger" lent him by the P.W.D. at Kowai Bush when the line to Arthur's Pass was being laid down.

We are happy in being able to report that the Archbishop is in good health; fairly hale and active, still fertile of mind, strong in memory and firm of voice, not looking his great age; though since an illness some weeks ago, from he made a good recovery, he finds walking a distance too trying. His limit, he says, is to the gate of "Cloudesley" and back. But, indomitable as ever he has resumed celebrating at the Sunday 8 a.m. service at St. Augustine's, Cashmere Hills and on Thursdays at 10 a.m. in the Cathedral. The Archbishop is certainly the oldest living prelate of the Anglican Communion and the Senior Bishop in respect of consecration.

And he still smokes his pipe assiduously and with enjoyment. May he live long to do so!



The (Christchurch) Press.
Aug 16. 1947.
Purchase of the Hotel & E. Government.

THE GRAHAMS

A NOTABLE FAMILY

Within the next few weeks, the Graham family, known throughout New Zealand and to tourists and travellers in almost every part of the British Empire and in the United States, will leave the Franz Josef Hotel, South Westland, which they have owned and conducted for many years. The hotel has been acquired by the Government. It is now 36 years since the Grahams took over a small hostel, built on a site near that of the present aerodrome at Waiho. From that year, until the present day, Mrs James Graham has lived at the hotel and taken a leading part in its management. She is a member of the McBride family, well-known pioneer farmers in Westland, and some of her brothers and sisters—there were 10 in her family—live at Waiho, Wairoa, and Greymouth. Her husband, Mr James Graham, was the third of the five sons of Mr and Mrs Graham, sen., whose home was for many years at Okarito. He and his wife and Mr Alex. Graham, whose services were already greatly in demand as a guide, conducted the hotel until the outbreak of the 1914-18 war, when Mr Alex. Graham went overseas in the Army. At that time Mr Peter Graham was making history as a guide at the Hermitage, conducting local and overseas visitors in ascents of peaks in the Southern Alps and himself climbing Mount Cook more than 20 times. Some time after the return to New Zealand from active service of Mr Alex. Graham, his brother James died, after an illness of only a few days. His widow, with her three young children, continued to live at Waiho. She and her brother-in-law carried on the hotel and later were joined by Mr Peter Graham. Under their guidance the business grew, extra buildings were erected, up-to-date amenities were introduced until in recent years thousands of visitors have stayed each year at the Franz Josef hotel.

A Friend in Need

But before the family were known as guides or as proprietors of the hotel, their parents had established themselves firmly in the esteem of the residents of Westland, especially Mrs Graham, who was a true friend in need to many sturdy pioneers of the district. A native of Dublin, she spent most of her early life in England until she came to Australia to live with her uncle, who was a doctor in Victoria, and his wife. Before long both her uncle and aunt died and she entered the Melbourne Hospital to train as a nurse. Some years later she came to New Zealand and was married to Mr Graham, a Scot, who had gone to the West Coast after spending some time on the Otago goldfields. But although it would seem that she would be fully occupied in caring for her husband and family in a country where household equipment was primitive and amenities were few, she continued to use her nursing skill and knowledge for the benefit of others. She was a small woman—five feet and half an inch in height—and her sons recall with affectionate amusement that she never forgot the half-inch, which made her the same height as Queen Victoria. Some of their earliest recollections are of knockings at the door of their home at night when a settler on horseback leading another horse would call to ask Mrs Graham to ride to his home to attend a confinement or give advice and help in case of serious illness. And they cannot remember that she ever refused to go, no matter how stormy the night or how rough the road to be traversed. The last years of her widowhood she spent at Waiho, where she died during the 1914-18 war.

It is interesting to note that three of Mrs Graham's granddaughters have embarked on healing professions and one of them, the wife of a young New Zealand doctor, now overseas as the holder of a post-graduate scholarship, has recently been on the staff of the Melbourne Hospital where her grandmother trained more than 70 years ago.

The two elder brothers of the Graham family settled in Westland, further north than Waiho, where one died a few years ago. Representatives of their families are also connected with the Franz Josef hotel, Miss Margaret Graham, the daughter of one, having been in charge of the office for some years.

Friends, far and near, will join in wishing members of this remarkable family long and happy years of retirement and will hope that when they have leisure, they will write their reminiscences, a task that not even their own sons have yet been able to persuade them to undertake.

Boat to Canada across Bay side. Port E.C. St. Cath. C.T.E.

Canada C.N.2. Port. English N.2. via Pacific Port.

Leave Canada. Old socks. Sleeping car attendant - 2 dollars for 3 night's work.

Meat also 4 dollars a day. (Coffee & other things cheaper in station restaurant.)

and 3 small bags

In buying silk shirts take a tape measure (the width centimeter is useful)
& to take L-measure for width of chest & length of skirt. From a skirt in the
store ask for the list.

HE Paper purification - (small ladies handkerchiefs & gins) very useful. Wafers
many times provide wine (C.P.R. boat-hum vessels) but a small
gluck of few - wash as usual.

a fruit house is useful - ? a box of figs.

? 1/2 - 10 ft 6 in 11 ft 2 in length

Canada

Tobacco. Heads on Bay Superior mixture 1.40 to 1/2 lb.

Career in Bank C.O. - Bay cut. not good. Unhappy tobacco.

McDonald. Detail Coast Cigarettes. 2 of 25¢. Small Caprol shop.

Take 5 feet Lake Winnipeg L. - Montreal in Quebec with considering.

The Dominion News daily. The Montrealer July - Sept.

Baggage is checked thru - Sewell bag is a sleeper.

? in Rocky array & for 5 tops & get no night-traveling. Believe Duff /

+ something else - Kinnis.

Books "Romance of the Beaver" "History of the Hudson Bay Trade Co" ? 2 vols.

In Golden Age - poaching seal & sea otter off Alaska.

Miss change the S. John (Allandale) L. Eastern) Mt. William (L. Central)
D. Wadsworth (L. Montreal) Field (L. Pacific Line)

Hotels etc. W. Underman Victoria B.C. (west of. David Spence of)

Hudson Bay Store) Duff Montreal (Alfred Chad best of the midday)

Deer Lodge Lake Louise. Hotel - Lake Louise. Duff / (Hotel)

Edue Lodge Paul Lake (12 mi) Kamloops. B.C.

W. Underman Toronto. New Caribou (a "Green" hotel (CVR))

Montreal Fox Head Inn. Niagara Plaza (managers) and Island Kamloops.

Fishing see also. (Victoria) Duff. See Fish & Game in B.C. A. Duff in Victoria
1921. also Gov. office.

Plants. See Kamloops. Hotel Duff.

exp. Duff - rising subject. Victoria Yes F 11 a 16.

Duff.

A.O. W. heeler. Seiderby Vancouver Island (June - Sept. Duff)

New Zealand Addresses

Alber Day Jerusalem Wanganui Rain N.1 Day
 Mr. Clara Vile Raetiaki Mani Transit N.1 Day
 Mr. Olive Slope O Koroire Wai Haurua N.1
 Mr. Myrtle Stratford POTO HIWI RD. WAIPUKURAU Hawke Bay N.1 "
 Charlie & Arthur Helswell Junction Ch. Ch. "
 A.A. 151 Worcester St. Ch. Ch.
 John Pascoe 405 c/o Harper St. 110 Steep St. Ch. Ch.
 J. Shanks P.O. Box 1628 Wellington Phn 44988
 Algernon Newson KIHIKIHI TE AWAMUTO Waikato N.1
 Reginald Newson MATIERE OTANGIWA. (wip dead) N.1
 Mr. Talbot 64 Remuera Rd Auckland (Droffs & Co's cousin)
 Miss E. Miller 30 Cashel St. Ch. Ch. Peter's friend
 Miss Doreen c/o Mr. Sturges Lane Upper Riccarton 36748
 Robert Deane Doreen R.M.O. The Hospital Dunedin
 Mr. Murray P.O. Box 190 Nelson ¹⁴⁰ 52 Brougham Terrace Ch. Ch. Clifton Drive Waimea Rd.
 Hugh Chambers MAHOPATEA Hastings Hawke Bay
 Hawke Bay 8 & 7 P. Hill Street Ranganui Ch. Ch.
 Glenmuir Waipara At Canterbury
 Mr. Mann (Missie's name) Dawn N.Z. Ch. Ch.
 Mr. Scrimshaw ⁵⁵ Kaitiaki Street Ranganui
 Miss Osmer ⁵⁵ Kaitiaki Street Ranganui
 J. W. Mitchell 17 Regent St. Sydney (Shirley & Dawn) ^{Corner of High St & Cashel St. 36766}
 C. Buchanan Vico Ch. Cas. - but. Section N.Z.A.P. T. 31287
 G. E. Manning 10 Jui Street Ch. Ch. T. 35387
 F. K. Hewitt Sec. Cant. N.Z.A.P. N.Z. Insurance Co P.O. Box 9 Ch. Ch.
 308 Papanui Road Ch. Ch.
 Waterworks 705 Colombo St. Ch. Ch.
 Annie & the Sacred Name 151 Barbodora St. Ch. Ch. T. 32748
 Archibald Julius Cloudsley Hawthorne Rd Caslin Hills Ch. Ch.
 J. O'Connor Addington ^{Dunedin}
 J. A. Sims (Edith N.Z.A.P.) P.O. Box 459 / Helbury Chambers 150 Railway St.
 Miss F. A. Roberts / (Wanda's name) 2 Helenburg St. ^{Dunedin}
 Miss M. L. Roberts ³⁹⁶ 122 Highgate Roslyn ^{Dunedin}
 Miss M. B. Scott 31 Heriot Row ^{Dunedin}

Miss D. Theomin ^{Holst} OCEVSTON Royal Terrace ^{Dunedin}
 Judd 91 Cashel St. Ch. Ch. (Walter Dentist - over) ^{Hicks Road 7.10.0 for Dunedin}
 Jack Osmer Miller Rd Grey mouth
 Doreen 14 London Rd Hamilton N.1. (Technical High School)
 Lucy Moran 150 Mani Street - Palmerston N.
 H. H. (Laddie) 20 Hinemoa Avenue ^{Dunedin} Auckland.
 Miss Nancy Westgate 23 Russell St. Ch. Ch.
 Jim Gunn 115 Ormrod Rd. Gisborne
 Val Warrington Wgk Springfield?
 Cecil Richardson P.O. Box 141 Blenheim ^{New Brunswick Rd Old Barley Estate}
 A. K. Warren Church Lane Marlborough
 K. McLean Arch. Dept of Hawke Bay Hawke Bay N.
 E. D. Reie (Cunna) Waipukurua Hawke Bay
 A. Stewart - Fairview (city end off. - bin (R) Gordon Rd ^{Dunedin} ^(Cant. Area)
 Willie Lendry 15 Parkside Terrace Greys Auckland. (fulford)
 H. F. Wright (N.Z.A.P.) 125 Albert St. Auckland (Box 1722)
 Andrew Gunn 3447 Bell St. Wanganui.

Cochran Park Maunua in Potoona
 Lela Samps Sja Hotel / (ing Spring - Welling) ^{Consult - Potts in Ranges at Samps.}
 Taylor Camp Turangi Turoko (S. & P. Lake) (Invercargill)
 Strickland Auckland Royal Oak Wellington - Federal Ch. Ch.

MOUNT IONIA CLIMBED

AIR TRANSPORT FOR MOUNTAINEERS

SUCCESS OF CANON NEWTON'S PARTY

Highly pleased with the success of the arrangements made for the transport of the party, equipment and stores by aeroplane, Canon H. E. Newton, one of New Zealand's most active climbers before the war, but now resident in England, returned to Christchurch during the week-end from a successful trip to the headwaters of the Arawata river, South Westland. With Messrs M. I. Roberts and M. B. Scott, of Dunedin, Mr Alec Griffiths, and Capt. Jack Cox, Canon Newton made the first recorded ascent of Mount Ionia.

Canon Newton has been delighted to get back into his old hunting grounds in the New Zealand mountains, but he told a reporter of "The Press" last evening that one of the things that have given him most pleasure was to find how interest in mountaineering has increased among New Zealanders in the last few years. He is generous in his praise of the thorough exploration work that has been carried out by parties from the New Zealand mountaineering clubs in a comparatively short space of time.

Natural Landing Ground

Canon Newton, who is a member of the Canterbury Club of Air Travel, had transported his party and equipment into the Arawata in a day—have taken five days' gear was taken to Okuni boat and Mr Griffiths there. Air transport for mountaineers, of course, was limited by the nature of the country in which the Arawata is situated, but it was a remarkable thing that clearing and landing gear was found in some of the most inaccessible parts of the country. In the headwaters of the Arawata there was a natural landing ground, and it was there that Mr Griffiths has now erected a hut on the "Second" "Saddle".

The party was flown into the Arawata by S. C. Harvey, Captain of the "Dart" service, on April 23, and the party was able to operate the "Dart" service.

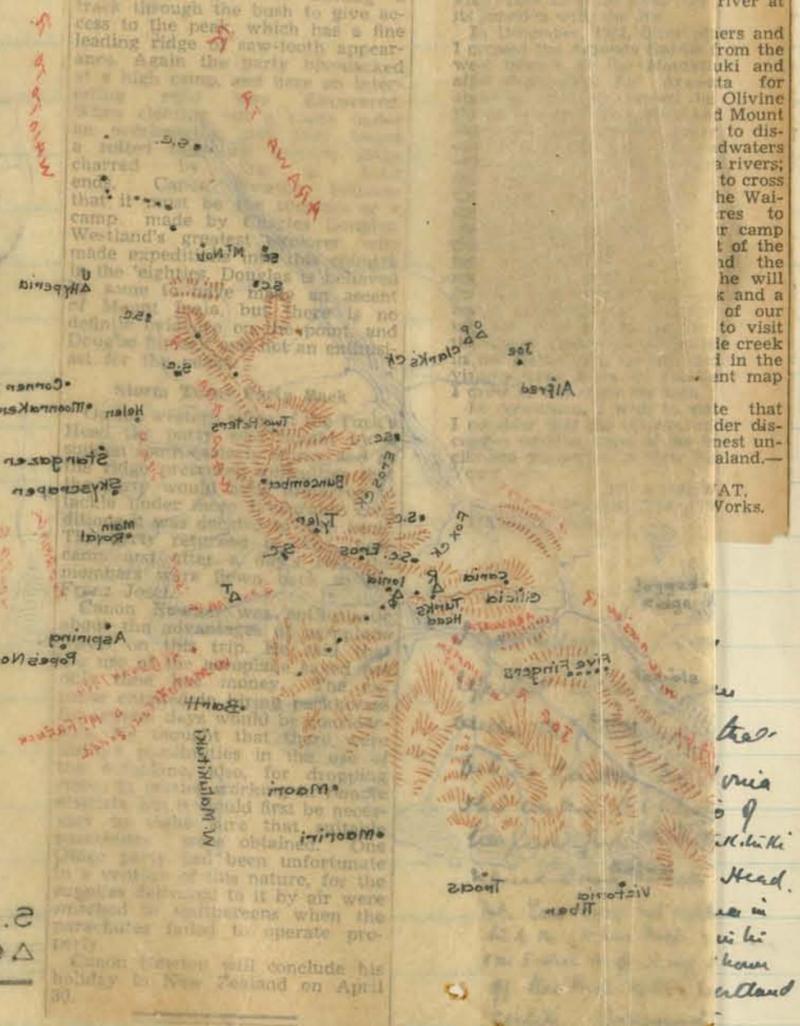
spent in getting a truck down to bush track to the road leading to Mount Ionia, and after a night's rest in a high altitude hut, the party climbed Mount Ionia on Wednesday, February 27. The ascent was not difficult, but it was described by Canon Newton as "the Canon Newton's first climb". The ascent was made in a party of four, and the party was accompanied by Canon Newton's dog, "Dart".

Canon Newton's party was the first to reach the summit of Mount Ionia, and the party was accompanied by Canon Newton's dog, "Dart". The ascent was made in a party of four, and the party was accompanied by Canon Newton's dog, "Dart".

The party was accompanied by Canon Newton's dog, "Dart". The ascent was made in a party of four, and the party was accompanied by Canon Newton's dog, "Dart".

Canon Newton will conclude his holiday in New Zealand on April 28.

Canon Newton will conclude his holiday in New Zealand on April 28.



INT

ch 11, I ton and ing the South that the from an he Ara-

ge the feat of sint out mbled in Mueller, t to the his ex- Aspir- ing out ssibility land or of the enough tent. wata is on the t Barff, th-west town as the dis- roplane amson's river at

ers and rom the aki and ta for Olivine d Mount to dis- waters a rivers; to cross he Wai- res to r camp t of the id the he will s and a of our to visit le creek i in the int map

te that der dis- un-land.— AT, Works.

the- 'oria 9 'kiki Head. as in i hi 'hour alland

clear that he climbed last failed by I need. I he showed word wa record in the history of the high s.c.

In this map from the 'Dart' service, the 'Dart' saddle is really on the summit of Mt. Ionia.