

EIGHTY YEARS *in* NEW ZEALAND

By
G.E. MANNERING

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EPUB ISBN: 978-0-908329-18-2

PDF ISBN: 978-0-908332-14-4

The original publication details are as follows:

Title: Eighty years in New Zealand : embracing Fifty years of New Zealand fishing

Author: Mannering, George Edward

Published: Simpson & Williams, Christchurch, N.Z., 1943

EIGHTY YEARS IN NEW ZEALAND

EMERSON

Fifty Years of New Zealand Fishing

EIGHTY YEARS IN NEW ZEALAND

GEORGE EDWARD ALLEN

Member of the House of Commons
Member of the New Zealand House of Representatives
Member of the Executive Council of the Colony of New Zealand
Member of the House of Representatives of the New Zealand House of Representatives

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

NEW ZEALAND
CHRISTCHURCH, N.Z.

EIGHTY YEARS IN NEW ZEALAND

EMBRACING

Fifty Years of New Zealand Fishing

by

GEORGE EDWARD MANNERING

Honorary Member of The Alpine Club (London)
Honorary Member of The New Zealand Alpine Club
Honorary Member of The Canterbury Mountaineering Club
Author of "With Axe and Rope in the New Zealand Alps"

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SIMPSON & WILLIAMS LTD.
CHRISTCHURCH, N.Z.

1943

EIGHTY YEARS IN NEW ZEALAND

CHRONICLE

Fifty Years of New Zealand Fishing

GEORGE EDWARD MANNERING

Historical Member of The A. & S. Co. Limited
Historical Member of The New Zealand Fishing Club
Historical Member of The Canterbury Agricultural Club
Historical Member of The New Zealand Club

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Foreword

I have read somewhere that English Letters would be the better for more memoirs of plain, ordinary people, and for less of those in the lime-light—politicians, soldiers, writers and clerics. What Mr Mannering has achieved prevents anyone thinking of him as "ordinary" but his long life has been a quiet, busy one. I think anyone reading this book must be struck by the surprising variety of interest, friendship and fun that can be found in this country by a busy man of moderate means if he has an alert mind and an active body.

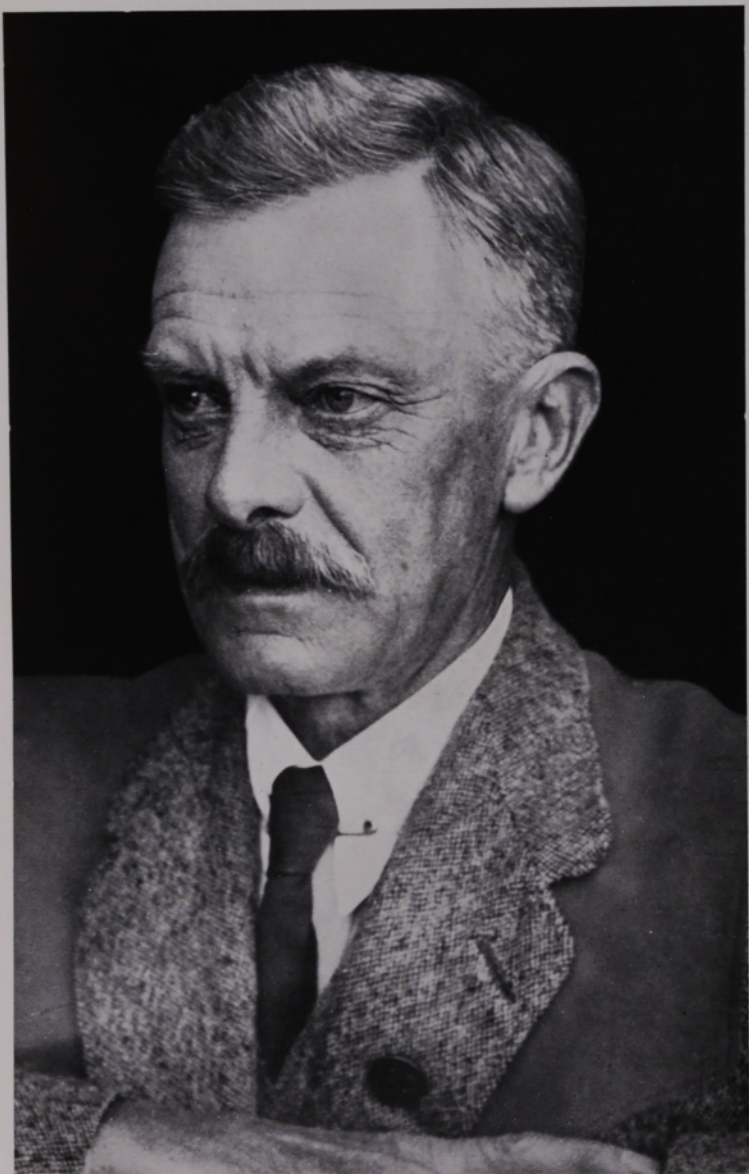
Mr Mannering's autobiography will probably be sought first by mountaineers, fishermen and his own personal friends. But he has played many parts besides banking, climbing and fishing. There are few forms of sport or pastime in New Zealand—from flounder-fishing to music—in which he has not taken an enthusiastic part.

His accounts of climbing and canoeing are capital adventure stories, and his accounts of fishing should have considerable practical and historical value. The chapter on the nature of glaciers seems to me one of the most interesting in the book. Few, if anyone, in New Zealand can have had so long or so close a knowledge of them. And I do not know elsewhere so good a description of life in Canterbury during the last thirty years of the nineteenth century.

The interesting and beautiful photographs which illustrate the book are a delight and I hope the book will have the success it deserves.

L. G. D. ACLAND.

*Hororata, N.Z.,
19th June, 1943.*



The Author, in 1912.

Preface

My father, in his 70th year, wrote a short resumé of his life, mainly for his descendants. Following his example, in my 81st year, I have compiled this collection of memories of my own life, also chiefly for my own family and connections. It can scarcely be called an autobiography though the constant use of the first person singular seems to put it in that class of writing. An autobiography is not complete without some record of a man's business career. As my calling has been that of banking (a most confidential business) it will be obvious that little could be said about that. The bulk of these memories, therefore, will be of a social character, and of those in connection with sport and recreations.

Moving about New Zealand, as I have done, brought me into touch with fresh circles of friends in various centres. I have kept a few notes, but photography, which I started in 1892 and have practised ever since, has preserved these memories fresh in mind. I have taken some thousands of photographs of the parts where I have been stationed, and of the people I have known. Also in the mountains my camera was always with me enabling me to bring back records of interesting mountain ranges and glaciers, some of which were revealed for the first time. Also in fishing excursions the camera was often in use.

In compiling these memoirs I have to acknowledge the courtesy of "The Press" Company Limited in permitting me to reprint certain articles which have been published in "The Press" and "The Weekly Press" over a period of many years. These are embraced in Chapters 18, 20, 21, 22, 23 and 25.

My acknowledgements are also due to Mr L. G. D. Acland for his kindly Foreword.

I wish also to express my thanks to the Publisher's reader for his painstaking care in correcting the proof sheets.

G. E. MANNERING.

Christchurch, N.Z.,
14th September, 1942.

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I.

BIRCH HILL (North Canterbury) 1862-1867

My father, Theophilus Samuel Mannering, came to New Zealand, when a boy of sixteen, in the year 1852. His first experience was to assist in driving a mob of 1500 Merino sheep from Nelson district to the Amuri district in Canterbury, to stock a run of some 200,000 acres which had been acquired by Henry Young from Captain Dashwood. Mr Young, who was a friend of my paternal grandfather, had brought my father out from England with him to start a sheep-farming life in New Zealand. The location then chosen was that portion of the Amuri which became afterwards Culverden station. Here he looked after these sheep for about eighteen months—mostly by himself.

Of course, this large run was subsequently divided into many smaller ones, and is known as some of the finest sheep country in New Zealand. My father returned to England where he married Anne Buckham in July, 1857. With his wife he returned to New Zealand; to Nelson, but he acquired, in 1859, with a partner, A. H. Cunningham, the Birch Hill and Fernside runs in North Canterbury and, at Birch Hill, I was born on 31st July, 1862.

It is generally conceded that early youthful impressions last long and, in my case, I feel this is correct. At the same time, I think that very early recollections are sheeted home in memory by hearing our parents repeatedly referring to them in later years.

Recollections of incidents occurring at Birch Hill when I was of the tender age of three still haunt my memory. At that time there was a team of bullocks at the station used for carting timber from the close-by

bush. My mother used to take us children in the bullock dray, packed in a big wash tub with cushions and pillows, for a day out. There were my three sisters and myself. One day, in turning the corner of the sheep-yards, one wheel of the dray mounted the corner post and over went the dray completely upside down. We were all spilled out, but, as the dray was built with strong iron side rails, we were not crushed by its full weight but only by the floor boards as they fell to the ground. I don't think any one was much hurt but all were properly frightened. At first, on counting heads, one of my elder sisters was missing, but was found undamaged in a flax bush close by.

Another memory is that of myself and my youngest sister sampling a basin of neat rum. The cask had been dripping and the basin was put to catch the drops. Needless to say my recollection of this is somewhat hazy, for neat rum must have been rather a potent beverage on stomachs of four or five years. Then there was an occasion when we met our first wild pig. The nurse girl was, I believe, more frightened than any of us and we all ran home up the Garry river-bed for our lives. Birch Hill in those days was (as described in my father's memoirs) a place of great beauty. A primeval birch forest covered the hills. The flowering birch trees, many bearing parasitic scarlet mistletoe and clematis, were a dream of beauty; whilst native birds were there in thousands—pigeons, kakas, bell birds, tuis, bush canaries, tomtits, grey warblers, fantails—all contributed to an early morning chorus, which alas! has now passed away for ever. Pigeons and kakas were so plentiful there that they were a frequent contribution to daily meals. Ground birds such as wekas and pukeko were everywhere.

Our family was eight years at Birch Hill, but in the years of 1866 and 1867 my father and his partner were practically ruined with "scab" in the sheep. Scab was the ruin of many sheep farmers in those days. Happily, it was eradicated by suitable dips as the years rolled on.



Original Birch Hill House, 1860, from an old sketch.



Original Fernside House, 1862, from an old sketch.

We had to leave Birch Hill in 1867 and my father moved down to the Fernside farm, some six miles from Rangiora. I remember going down there — twelve miles, including a crossing of the Ashley river — on top of a load of furniture. I thought it great fun. Luckily, I knew nothing of the agony which my parents were suffering. I was then five years old.

Birch Hill, in 1874, was acquired by Captain W. N. Millton, whose sons inherited the property. Colonel E. B. Millton, now deceased (1942), bequeathed the homestead for a Children's Home endowing the same with income from the runs. There are two other "Birch Hill" runs in the South Island, one in the Wairau Valley in Marlborough, and one at the head of the Tasman Valley, which embraces the lower parts of the Mount Cook Range. All three are mis-named, as the bush is in every case "beech" not "birch." The term "birch," however, is still used all over New Zealand in describing this class of forest.

II.

FERNSIDE 1867-1891

Fernside farm, of some 640 acres, was the family home from 1867 to December, 1891—a period of 24 years.

Fernside Station was originally taken up in 1851 by Charles Obins Torlesse who came to New Zealand in 1841 as a surveyor for the New Zealand Company under Edward Gibbon Wakefield. It was purchased by Mannering and Cunningham in 1859, but fell into the hands of the mortgagee, George Hart, when they were ruined by scab in 1866. Hart then allowed Mannering to occupy the homestead and farm, free of rent for the first year. George Gould of Christchurch also came to the assistance of my father. The Fernside house, built of cob (sundried bricks), was beautifully situated on the terrace of the Mairaki Downs facing east to the Ashley River, which was distant about one mile. Here my father started to farm and grew wheat successfully, besides carrying a number of sheep.

To help the family coach along my mother, who had been educated in England and in Amsterdam and was proficient in music and languages, started a girls' school, which in time prospered. Numerous girls from Christchurch and further afield were educated by her. Additions were made to the house from time to time, until it was capable of housing some twenty or more people. Old portions of the cob house were demolished, with the exception of one large room which was left and used as a store and workshop. We used to call this place "Cob Hall" and it was a great source of enjoyment to us children, where we spent many happy days and where we doubtless ruined many of my

father's tools. One end of it contained a sleeping room for the men, with an attic above. This attic was a great attraction to me as it was often stored with the effects of men coming and going from time to time. I can never forget my discoveries of powder flasks, shot pouches, packets of shot and bullets, etc., in an old chest left by a man, I think from the Chatham Islands. He had a beard like the knave of hearts and he smoked strong tobacco. I was amazed to see him poking the lighted tobacco down the bowl of his pipe with his bare finger, and, to this day, I seldom light my own pipe without thinking of him, though more than seventy years have gone by since those days.

The first exciting incident I can recall in our early days at Fernside was the great Ashley flood of 1868. I was then six years old. I remember quite distinctly being taken down to our front gate on the Fernside-Birch Hill road, about a quarter of a mile from the house, where there is a small final terrace to the Ashley River. From this terrace to the river it is about half a mile or so of good farming land. The flood came right up to this small terrace and was a rushing yellow torrent with a width of probably two miles. It has never been over that area since. About half of the Fernside farm was on the downs and half on the flat below the terrace. From the downs, in those days, came numerous springs, creating small swamps here and there in which grew much raupo, flax, toe-toe, and other native vegetation—also a few patches of manuka scrub. In course of time these swamps were drained and burned out revealing patches of very rich land. As the downs above were cultivated, the springs began to diminish, and, many years ago, disappeared altogether.

With the gradual loss of spring water supply became a problem which my father solved by digging a deep well close behind the house. I forget the depth, but remember that it was too deep for an ordinary pump; so a force pump was installed some distance down, and was worked by a windmill to fill a tank above.

The view from the house was very extensive. To the north-west Mount Torlesse, some forty miles distant, bounded the horizon and was white with snow throughout the winter. To the north and round to the north-east were Oxford Hill and Mount Thomas backed by the snowy Puketeraki Range. Further east ran the Karetu Range to Mount Grey. I cannot say at what time I was first attracted by these mountains, but it was probably at about ten years of age.

Little did I then dream that I should, in later life, explore them all so thoroughly while pig hunting and mountaineering; but these portions of my narrative must await their turn for record. The middle distance of the eastern outlook consisted of the course of the Ashley River, alive with native birds, and providing for boys attractions in the shape of bullies, whitebait, eels, and even flounders. The rare white heron was seen there on occasions, too. We always spoke of it as a white crane.

Along the foot of the downs there were many indications of Maori occupation in the shape of old stone ovens and heaps of pipi and cockle shells. Quite close to the house there was a considerable midden of these shells with which, as youngsters, we used to play. I think there is no doubt that along the foot of the downs was the Maori route to the Blowhard track which entered the hills some two or three miles beyond the Birch Hill homestead, which track my father re-opened in 1859 in order to take sheep through to Snowdale, which is part of Lees Valley. On this track sundry Maori implements were found, including some very fine greenstone meres and axes. I think I am right in saying that it was over this track that some refugees from Kaiapohia (Kaiapoi) fled, after the sacking of that stronghold by Te Rauparaha in 1832. But long before this time the Maoris used the track to obtain food in the shape of wekas and other birds which they used to preserve in their own fat. Kaiapohia was a storehouse for food, and that is the meaning of the name, which has been shortened to "Kaiapoi."

I can still remember, in our earliest days at Fernside, Maoris passing along this route through our farm.

The lay out of the Fernside home was quite large, embracing several acres, bounded mostly by plantations of gum trees and wattles from Australia—the house and garden on the crest of the terrace, the fruit and vegetable garden below, the terrace being here some 60 or 80 feet high. All the farm buildings were on the flat below. Stables, men's cottage, cow shed, and, later on, new draught horse stables and granary and pig pens were erected. The stable paddock, an area of about three acres, was used chiefly for hacks and carriage horses of which there were always some five or six on hand—also for many years two ponies, Beauty and Jet, on which we youngsters had our first riding experiences. Those ponies were a real joy. I shall have more to say about horses later on. The fruit in those days was free from many pests but these came in later. Apples, pears, peaches, plums, cherries, strawberries, raspberries—I can taste them all still in fancy. Many barrow loads of peaches I have wheeled to the pig sty, so plentiful was the supply. As to the strawberries, it was quite a common thing to have a picking of fifty pounds at a time. Visitors from Christchurch used to revel in our abundance of fruit. The only enemies then were native birds, of which the parrakeets were the chief robbers, and an occasional kaka. No blackbirds or thrushes had yet arrived to rob our orchards. The favourite apple of those days was the ribston pippin and to my taste there is nothing to excel it today.

Native Birds: In and around the garden we had robins (rare) waxeyes (blight birds), tomtits, grey warblers, kakas—no pigeons that I can remember—but there were at fruit seasons, parrakeets, both red and yellow heads—moreporks (one stuck a talon clean through my finger). Fantails were plentiful. Bats were always in evidence, flying round in the evenings with their continual squeaky call—but a bat

is not a bird! Out on the paddocks, especially after harvest, grey ducks would fly round in mobs of a hundred or so and settle on the stubble. Paradise ducks also were constantly coming in from the river, not in large mobs like the greys, but mostly in couples or small family parties. Redbills (oyster catchers) were common. Black cap terns followed the plough in clouds, flying within a few feet of the ploughman's head, dipping for worms. Stilts were common on the river — blackbill gulls, black-backed gulls, shags, dotterel, native larks (pipits). The gulls nested in large colonies on the Ashley.

At a later period, when at Christ's College, where I went in 1874, in the summer holidays I often brought a boy friend home with me and we would gravitate to the river to see the birds nesting. The big gulls were the chief attraction. On one occasion we caught a number of young but fully fledged birds. We roamed the riverbed in complete nudity, except for boots, and had to carry the birds across the streams. I had an armful and was crossing a heavy stream when one bird got a firm grip of part of my anatomy. I could not deal with him without releasing the rest of the birds, so had to complete the crossing amid the jeers and laughter of two other boys who were enjoying the joke. We penned these birds in an old sheep dip and fed them on dead lambs which we picked up on the farm. Some of the lambs were very dead, but the birds were not fastidious. Of course, numbers died, but many came through the ordeal. One or two of them became quite domesticated and lived in the orchard for some time.

III.

CHRISTCHURCH SCHOOLS

As to my early schooling—when my mother's school was established, I was roped in. My first boy companion in education was Jimmy Deck. His elder sister, Fanny Deck, came to assist in the school, and she had the teaching of Jimmy and me. I can remember the copy-books of those days with their pothooks and copper-plate headings and the numerous empty lines below which had to be filled in. Jimmy was a nailer at it, but I was the duffer. He had a natural gift for writing, while my fist was awful. I was all right for the first line or two, but by the time I had reached the bottom line, weariness of the task had set in and seldom was the last line decipherable. By the time I was ten years old it was decided to send me to a boarding school in Christchurch, and I went to Mrs Ross's "Tin Prison" (as we called it) at the corner of Montreal and Gloucester Streets, a preparatory school for Christ's College. I was an innocent amongst boys in those days, and had a pretty rough time at first. Yet, I did well there, for in two years I went right through all the classes and finished top of the school. Two matters do stand out clearly in memory, namely, my one great fight, and my earliest golf experiences.

As to the fight, there was a boy at that school whose nickname was Piggy—a Welsh boy. He was sturdily built and used to put me down at wrestling. He was always up to mischief and got more caning than any other boy in the school. We seemed to have a natural mutual antipathy which in the end came to a head in quite a bloodthirsty fight. One day we all

went to Hagley Park to play cricket, in charge of an elder boy, Willie Barker, a son of Dr. Barker. Willie was usually known as Doggy Barker. The boys formed a ring around us and we set to. There were no particular rounds; we just went for each other as the spirit moved us. It was not long before Piggy blacked both my eyes. I got at his right eye successfully but never at his left as he did most of his fighting with left arm shielding that side of his head. The boys soon tired of watching us and went off to play cricket. I think we fought for over two hours and were both badly knocked about. I had cut a slit in Piggy's ear and we were both covered in blood. At last the boys came back from cricket and found Piggy lying on the ground with me standing over him. He refused to get up, so one of the boys said, "He's licked: give him his cowardly blow." I did not understand this schoolboys' etiquette, but, as he would not get up, I knelt down and gave him a horrid dig in the stomach amidst much laughter from the boys. I have never forgotten going back to the school: how I got to the Avon under the Armagh Street bridge—then a small white painted footbridge. My tongue was swollen and mouth a mass of white glue. I must have swallowed quarts of the river. The boys washed my face and hands and got rid of most of the gore, but my black eyes and Piggy's bleeding ear gave the show away, and our good Mrs Ross got the shock of her life when she saw us. Doggy Barker received a rating for allowing us to go to such lengths.

After such a fight, boys sometimes become good friends, but, unfortunately, in our case this did not result.

A little later on both of us went to England, but not on the same ship. I attended school at Clevedon on one side of the Bristol Channel whilst he was at school at Cardiff (I think) on the Welsh side. At Clevedon School there were rumours of his misdoings at the Welsh school.

Golf: In 1873 golf was played in Hagley Park by

some elderly enthusiasts. Some of us boys at Ross's School were roped in as caddies. As far as I can remember the following gentlemen were among the players: J. T. Peacock, Joseph Palmer (Union Bank), Peter Cunningham, Andrew Jameson, A Carrick Robison (Bank of New South Wales), David Craig (N.Z. Insurance Co.) and others, whose names I have forgotten. The old clubs were fearful and wonderful contraptions compared with today's weapons—spoons, drivers, cleeks, baffy spoons, long-faced putters, lofters, etc.

I think, but I can't be sure of it at this distance of time, that feather balls had gone completely out by then, but gutties had come in. Of course the modern rubber-cored ball had not been thought of at that time. Several of us boys were not content to carry only, but wanted to play. We started with willow sticks, but soon promoted ourselves to clubs made by an old cabinet maker (named Gapes, I think) who had a workshop between Mrs Ross's School and Christ's College—the only building in that part of Gloucester Street at that time, as far as I remember. At any rate, there was nothing built yet in front of the College for it was a grass paddock where horses used to run. Raven's Paddock it was called.

That was the beginning of my golf, and, as far as I am aware, I am the earliest golfer in Christchurch and probably in New Zealand.

There was another golf club in Dunedin at that period, some of whose members used to come up and play in Hagley Park.

There were then several natural sand bunkers in the Park, one where are now tennis courts near Victoria Lake, and another where are now the hockey grounds. The site of Victoria Lake was then a running track where we used to hold school sports, and also fights!

After a nor'-wester we used to collect shot from the sand bunkers. I can only conclude they must have held pigeon matches there in early times.

Before I leave my remembrances of Mrs Ross's School, I must put on record how all decent boys loved her. She was a daughter of Archdeacon Wilson, and was married to G. A. E. Ross, an early runholder, who afterwards became first Clerk of the Canterbury Provincial Council. He, like my father, had suffered losses in sheep-farming, but in his case, heavy snow wiped out his flock. He used to teach in the school. Another teacher was Basil Lawrence who died only last year at the age of 91. I visited him on his 90th birthday when he was delighted that I was able to show him my Conduct Book dated 1873, in his own handwriting. Lawrence was a hard hitter with the cane. Luckily I avoided punishment by him. I must have been a cunning young rip, for I never had a caning at school. But, perhaps, I was a good boy!

After leaving Mrs Ross's School, I went, in September, 1874, to Christ's College Grammar School, and was there till December, 1875, and again for a short time in 1877.

This was a grand school and brought me into contact with sons of most of the leading Canterbury settlers.

The first Warden of the school was Bishop Harper, who usually officiated at chapel every morning. Dean Jacobs was Sub-Warden and frequently took services. The Headmaster was C. C. Corfe who reigned from 1874 to 1888. He was a very fine man who entered into the boys' sports and was beloved by all the scholars. E. A. Worthy was the classical master, also liked by those who understood his sometimes cynical manner, which was really only skin deep. T. D. Condell—the first old boy of the school to join the staff—mostly taught us younger boys. M. H. Berkeley was another master to the small boys. C. M. Phillips (otherwise "Pops") was the science master. Burchell Church, classical master, was a wonderful caricaturist. He rode to school every day a big chestnut horse which he kept in Raven's paddock across the street from the

front of the school. Herbert Williams, the late Bishop of Waiapu, learnt from Church, with great success, the art of the caricaturist.

All the masters had nicknames—some of them too risky to repeat even at this distance of time.

It was a happy school, with plenty of cricket and football and popular annual sports. I did not board at the school but with some dozen or so other boys at the Rev. Canon Cotterill's house in Cashel Street. Here we were a party almost exclusively of sons of runholders. There was no swimming bath in those days, so we used to bathe in the Avon, which, at that time, carried much more water than it does at present. We must have been pretty hardy to stand the very cold spring water which feeds the river. There was a "lubbers' hole" fenced in at the bottom end of the school ground for the small boys. I learnt to swim there very quickly, as did most small boys. It was all breast stroke then. It was considered a great feat to swim upstream to Worthy's House. One could not do it now, as the river is only about knee deep.

All the small rivers in Canterbury seem to carry much less water now than they did in the early days of settlement. Doubtless this is caused by the cultivation and drainage of the land.

I was in the choir at the College Chapel which gave me a taste for singing that was developed in future years. Choir boys are generally pretty lively, like any other crowd of boys banded together. I recollect one grand fight we had against the rest of the school with bachelor's buttons — yellow flowers collected from a tree growing just through the gate giving to the Public Gardens from the College ground. This occurred in the big school room while we were waiting for chapel—Mr Corfe, the Headmaster, came along and caught us at it. He selected another boy and me to clear up the yellow mess in the schoolroom while the rest went into chapel. Flowers were trodden into the floor and over the desks and forms, and the place took a lot of cleaning up.

IV.

BY SAILING SHIP TO ENGLAND—1876

At the end of 1875 my father decided to take us all home to England. There was a great clearing sale at Fernside. The house was let to Mr Clement Wiggins, who ran a boys' school there for nearly two years, and the farm was let to Captain Parsons, a farmer neighbour.

No steamers were then running direct to New Zealand, so it was decided to go by sailing ship. After consultation with Mr George Gould (who was, I think, chairman of the New Zealand Shipping Coy.) our passage was arranged for in the "Waitangi," a new ship of some 1200 tons burden, Captain Hodder, Commander.

Our party comprised our own family of six, two daughters of Mr George Gould—Jessie and Lydia—who had been to school at Fernside, May Garrick, and a very old friend, Miss Burn.

There were other passengers on board. I believe all told we were about twenty-four in the saloon—a full ship.

Captain and Mrs Rough came. Captain Rough had come to New Zealand with Captain Hobson, the first Governor of New Zealand. I think he was, in about 1840, the first harbour-master at Auckland.

Others I remember were William Reece (who gave me a deed box which I have to this day); Balcombe Brown, an old College boy, with two sisters from Wellington; Pratt and his sister and others whose names I cannot remember offhand.

We left Lyttelton on 22nd January, 1876. On the same day two other ships left. We were all bound for

London. The other ships were the "Zealandia" and the "Merope." There were numerous wagers amongst the captains and officers of the three ships on the fastest passage—mostly in top hats, as far as I could make out. I may as well state here the result of the race. The "Waitangi" officers were all afraid of the "Merope" which was a composite ship with a reputation for fast sailing in light breezes. Both the "Waitangi" and the "Zealandia" were iron ships. We spoke several ships on the way, always enquiring if they had sighted the "Merope," but we got no news of these ships nor did we sight either until going up the Thames early in the morning of 20th April, 1876, after a passage of 89 days. We passed the "Merope" at anchor in the Thames Estuary, waiting for the tide, and so beat her before she could get going with her tug. On approaching the dock there was the "Zealandia" going in. She beat us by a nose. Had it not been for a mishap near the Azores, we should have beaten them both, for there we had lost a bowsprit in a squall which delayed us for some 48 hours.

It was a most extraordinary passage for the three ships to sail half way round the world starting on the same day and arriving on the same tide in London.

Now for some of the events of the voyage. We were all deadly sea sick for the first few days—the only time I have been sick at sea. The popular remedy was then champagne, but it was no good to me. Some of the passengers were sick whenever the weather was rough.

Of course we went the usual route round Cape Horn. It was pretty cold and rough till we got round that corner, after about three weeks' sailing, as far as I remember. Strange to say, we were becalmed off the Horn where it is usually so stormy. I soon chummed up with the apprentices on board, of which there were several. I think there were four of them. Russell Jaggard, Rawnsley, Clifford were three I recollect. Jaggard, not much older than myself, became my friend. Under his tuition and that of the boatswain

(I think it was Beale) I soon learnt the names of all the sails and spars, and many of the ropes. As the weather became warmer I was much with the apprentices and some of the crew, sweeping decks, tarring ropes, making sennit, learning knots and splices (which I use to this day). I was also keen on going aloft, but this was frowned upon by the captain and officers who generally restricted me to the mizzen top. Yet, on one occasion with Jaggard, I got on to the main royal yard. The ship looked quite small from there. I don't remember the height—I think 150 feet.

Sailing through the tropics was delightful. Baths were rare, so sometimes at night we would stand out in the warm rain—and it does rain in the tropics.

The Sargasso Sea was interesting, where we collected the yellow seaweed full of small marine life. Portuguese men-of-war (*Nautilus*) were frequent. Flying fish were a joy to watch, several coming aboard at night—very good eating. Whales we sighted many times. Once we saw a great fight going on between a whale and thresher sharks—a tremendous commotion.

Birds were of constant interest; especially albatrosses and mollymawks of which we caught several on sail hooks baited with pork. The sailors skinned them and prepared the breasts for sale in London. They also made tobacco pouches from the feet and pipe stems from the wing bones. The sailors caught several sharks—one from the poop which caused havoc among the deck chairs as it was hauled forward to the main deck, nearly breaking a man's leg in its struggles. From the shark's vertebrae they constructed a walking stick.

There is endless interest to a youngster aboard a sailing ship. I used to watch the captain and first mate taking sights and fixing the ship's daily position, which I would mark off on a chart the captain gave me. Heaving the log was of great interest. We did not use a mechanical log in those days, but the old-fashioned canvas cone, and marked line on a large hand reel. Several times records of 16 knots an hour were attained

in favourable winds. We didn't sight much land, only the Island of Diego Ramirez off Cape Horn, and Corvo and Flores in the Azores, as far as I recollect.

It was off the Azores that we had our only accident. We were all sitting at lunch in the saloon. Suddenly a squall struck the ship. There was a crash which caused her to shiver like an earthquake. May Garrick, a very nervous girl, shouted "Oh! we're going down," took her plate of blancmange up and poured it into Lydia Gould's lap!

I rushed forward at once and was soon hauling on the ropes with the apprentices and sailors, when I felt a terrific clout on the side of the head. I thought it was a swinging block; but it was the captain, who sent me aft out of the danger zone. Me! who, by this time, reckoned I was a sailor-man. Damn the captain!

The doctor on board was Dr. Dunkley. He was very clever at carving, mostly in ivory. He taught many of us to make crosses, rings, and other ornaments. The broken bowsprit, a beautiful spar of Baltic pine, supplied us with some fresh material from which we made paper knives, crosses, etc., and which kept us busy for long hours at a time. There is so much time to knock down on a sailing ship that it is good to find fresh interests, as a change from deck quoits and other games. Many passengers complained of monotony, but for me the passage was one long joy as I always found something to do amongst the apprentices and sailors.

In those days of travel in sailing ships, the New Zealand Shipping Company customarily shipped an amount of live stock to provide fresh milk and meat for saloon passengers. We had quite a farmyard on board at the start—a cow in full profit, which gave a certain amount of fresh milk throughout the passage, and about twenty sheep and several pigs. These were butchered as required. There were also two long coops of fowls—one each side of the poop. These coops were used as seats.

To while away the time—both for ourselves and the fowls—I devised a wheat and cotton competition.

We would tie a grain of wheat to cotton on a reel, giving it to a fowl. The idea was to see what length of cotton the fowl could swallow off the reel. After an interval of say five minutes, "time" would be called, and we would haul the cotton back again. The fowl parting with the longest cotton was adjudged the winner.

I think I got the idea from seeing the log heaved, for the proceedings were somewhat similar.

Although the poop is always the driest portion of a ship's decks, occasionally heavy seas would even come aboard that part with disastrous results to the fowls. Jimmy Ducks (the butcher) was once asked what he did with the casualties in the fowl coops. "Oh!" he said, "them as dies we curries." (Waste not, want not.)

The sailors' shanties were always going—all the old favourites — "Shenandoah," "Whisky Johnnie," "Haul on the Bowline," "Blow the Man Down," etc. They did not seem to be able to pull on a rope without singing. They were mostly led by an A.B. named Driscoll, a rough chap, but with a fine voice. In time we got into the English Channel amongst all the sea traffic and were picked up by a tug called "The Robert Bruce," after a shouted bargain between the respective skippers—as is usual. By early morning we were well up the Thames and passed the "Merope" before she could get going again, as I have said before. It was bitterly cold, so the first sight of England was not very cheering.

From London we all went to Bristol by the Great Western Railway from Paddington Station.



Mount Thomas Homestead, modern.



The New Zealand Shipping Company's "Waitangi," 1876.

V.

SCHOOLS IN ENGLAND—1876-1877

In Bristol we were introduced to our grandmother—or rather our step-grandmother. My real grandmother had died young, but my grandfather had married again and his second wife brought up my father. She was a Graves, and with her lived my father's real aunt, Bessie Simonds, a dear old lady with old-fashioned curls.

I think these old people were rather alarmed at the precocity of us colonial children. I know such was the case with another old aunt of my mother's in London, with whom we stayed later. This was Aunt Anne Buckham, at Tottenham. She was always in a fever when we went off on our own to London or to the Alexandra Palace or some other point of interest. They could not understand our youthful independence. My father, who had been away from England for 19 years, had promised to come back before he was 40 years of age. By a strange coincidence he arrived in Bristol on his fortieth birthday.

Well, I was bundled off to school at Hallam Hall, Clevedon, on the Bristol Channel. The school was kept by a sanctimonious old man whose name I have happily forgotten. He got us up to cold breakfasts at an early hour and we all hated the place. The best fun we had there was climbing out of bedroom windows at night to go swimming in the close-by sea. This, however, was always dirty and full of sea lice which were not agreeable bathing companions, and smart as they stick to your bare skin.

There is an enormous rise and fall of the tide in the Bristol Channel—a matter of about 30 feet I believe.

I was glad to get away from this school after

one term, and to go to King's College, Taunton. I was now 14 years of age. Taunton College was a treat after Clevedon. The headmaster was the Rev. William Tuckwell. He had a charming wife and two nice daughters. The masters were all decent chaps, except the French master, to whom we used to give an awful time—the usual fate of French masters in England. I learnt a great deal at that school. There was plenty of cricket and football, in neither of which I ever excelled. We had matches with two other colleges there—the Wesleyan and the Independent, also with Blundell's School, Tiverton, which was not far away.

My holidays were usually spent with the Foxes at Wellington. Mrs Dillworth Fox was a cousin of my mother's. The firm, Fox Brothers & Co., had large woollen factories at Tonedale near Wellington, Somerset—not far from Taunton. They were also private bankers.

Dillworth's eldest son, Carl, had come to us at Fernside some years before this time and was farming in New Zealand. The second son, Harry, had been to school at Taunton College. He was now in the business at Tonedale. He was a great favourite with everybody and a fine athlete. He customarily won the Old Boys' race at Taunton College. He was a member of both cricket and football Somerset County teams. He had taken to alpine climbing, and qualified as a member of the Alpine Club. Later on, in 1888, he was lost, climbing in the Caucasus with W. F. Donkin and two Swiss guides. The whole party was lost. (See *Alpine Journal*, vol. 14, page 99.) The family sent me his gun, a "Paradox" by Holland and Holland, which, after 54 years' use, is as good as ever.

There were many families of Foxes. Joseph H. Fox had two sons at school with me at Taunton, Hugh and Gerald.

Thomas Fox and Charles Henry Fox were with their families also in the business. I think they employed about 2,000 hands. They all had beautiful homes around Wellington.

VI.

THREE WEEKS ON THE CONTINENT

Meantime, while I was at school, the rest of the family with the Goulds and May Garrick were travelling on the Continent and in the highlands of Scotland. My two younger sisters had gone to school at Vevey on the Lake of Geneva. My father arranged for me to spend the May, 1877, holidays touring on the Continent. With him I went via London and Newhaven to Dieppe and on to Paris. From Paris we went on to Vevey and picked up my two sisters, who by this time were speaking French.

It was from Geneva that I first saw some of the Swiss Alps, including Mt. Blanc in the distance. It was the Dents du Midi at the head of the lake, however, which dominated the view, and I little thought then that I should one day climb the highest peak of this massif.

We were bound up the Rhone Valley, intending to cross the Simplon Pass into Italy, and hoping to join the rest of our party at Pallanza on Lake Maggiore. At Brieg, after some difficulty with the guard of the diligence, owing to a "tourmente" (snow storm) on the pass, we, at our own risk joined the diligence and started. In about three hours we came to the snow line and had to transfer into an open sledge drawn by three fine stallions. There were some 50 men keeping the road open for the sledge. Often we were driven between walls of snow. Cold! was no name for it. A man standing on the back of the sledge looking out for avalanches was chewing either garlick or tobacco, and soon had a brown icicle right down his beard. My young

sister Maud's tears froze on her cheeks. But the snow stopped falling and the sun came out as we reached the hospice at the summit, 6,582 feet, where coffee and breakfast warmed us up. The Italian side was almost clear of snow. We drove down into summer at Domodossola and on to Pallanza where we found the rest of our party. Here we spent some days, visiting by boat features of interest on the lake, particularly the monastery of Santa Catarina, also the islands, Isola Bella and Isola Madre.

From here we went on to Milan and Turin, visiting picture galleries and cathedrals, etc., finally going back to Paris by way of the Mont Cenis tunnel. After spending a week or so in Paris, where some of the damage done in the 1870 war with Germany was still in evidence; and going to Versailles and other places of interest, we crossed the Channel to England again.

I wrote an account of this trip for the school journal, "The Tauntonian" which was my first effort in print. Unfortunately, I am without a copy.

After another two months in England it was time to return to New Zealand.

The "Waitangi" happened to be in dock, so our party of eleven chartered the saloon and after cabins. Captain Hodder was still in command though all the officers were changed. We had been joined by Miss Annie Fox and Miss Mary Loughnan. We sailed from Plymouth on 12th July, and arrived at Lyttelton in 84 days—a good passage. Jaggard was still on board. We came, of course, by the Cape of Good Hope, thus completely encircling the globe in the good "Waitangi."

Years afterwards, Jaggard became one of the leading captains in the New Zealand Shipping Co.'s service. He frequently visited us at Fernside. Once Marmaduke Dixon and I took him up Mt. Torlesse. This was in 1885. He went through his boots and did not reach the top. Other officers with whom we were on friendly terms, chiefly Mr Barnes and Captain Bone,

we frequently met in after years in New Zealand. Charlie Hodder, also, the captain's son, came to visit us at Fernside.

I could write in much greater detail of our passage out, but must keep these recollections within reasonable limits. This passage back was not so interesting to me as the passage home, as we had a large number of immigrants aboard, and I had not the full run of the ship as formerly. The best fun I had was catching birds, mostly Cape pigeons, speckled petrels of moderate size. These we caught not with hook and bait but simply by letting out astern a thin line weighted with a four-inch nail. In flying across the wake of the ship, which the birds always do in search of food thrown overboard, they would fly into the lines and become entangled. This was the usual means of securing the smaller petrels. The smallest of all was the "Mother Carey's Chicken" or stormy petrel. We never killed these but released them as all sailors consider it bad luck to kill a stormy petrel.

Christ's College again for me, but unfortunately only for the remainder of the term then current. For that short period of about two months, I lived at Avonside with the J. M. Heywoods—old friends of our family, attending school as a day boy. My chief friend at that time was Billy Day, as we always walked to school together daily. He was a white-headed boy with a good voice and used to sing most of the solos, while we were both in the school choir. Some twelve years afterwards we were again singing together in the Christchurch Liedertafel, of which I was an active member for about nine years. He was singing first bass while I was singing second tenor. The sports of that year will always be remembered by me as being the occasion when the Champion Cup was won by Herbert Brown, who years afterwards married my sister, Annie Emily, known by every one as Dot. These sports were also made memorable by the wonderful long jump of 21 feet 8 inches by Gerald Westenra, a school record unbeaten to this day—it has

stood for 65 years. Big Ben Moorhouse was then at College. He had a natural bent for birds and fishes. Sometimes a number of us smaller boys, and all boys were smaller than Big Ben, would follow him down to the Ferry Bridge over the Heathcote to fish for herrings, which in those days, when the river was comparatively clean, came in freely from the sea.

Ben also collected and stuffed birds. I had the questionable merit of introducing "tweekers" to Christ's College. These were miniature shanghais, but much more deadly on birds as they fired B.B. shot with great precision after some practice. I had learned the art at Taunton College. A shot from this little weapon would go into a boy's leg or right through a blackbird. There were many birds in the gardens adjoining the College and Ben would often call on me to procure him a specimen parrakeet or some other native bird. There were great runs of whitebait in the Avon then. I have even seen them in the street gutters, near Ward's brewery. Native crayfish, or koura, were also commonly seen in the river, but both of these natives have been decimated by the introduction of trout and the pollution of the Avon and Heathcote streams.

The time had come for me to leave school and to try to earn my own living. I was destined for the farm and put to work at Fernside at the age of 15 years and 5 months. I did all sorts of odd jobs on the farm, harvesting, including handling draught horses in harrowing, drilling and so on—nasty, dusty work in nor'-westers. I never did any ploughing. Sheep I hated. I must have been a great disappointment to my father, who then got me a job in the Union Bank of Australia in Rangiora on 22nd May, 1878.

I still lived at Fernside, riding six miles to work and back every day for five years, during which time I covered some 23,000 miles, mostly on horseback. Occasionally I walked or rode a "penny farthing" bicycle. Safety cycles had not then been invented.

A small church had then been built at Fernside about two miles from our house, supported largely

by the Brown family from Mount Thomas, by Heywood and Bowron of Banner Down and by our own family. A parsonage was attached, at first occupied by the Rev. Willmer who, as far as I remember, was followed by the Rev. Otway and later, by others. My eldest sister was organist, while all my mother's school-girls attended. There were quite good congregations from the above mentioned families as well as adjacent farmers with their families. In time the church was enlarged by the addition of a concrete apse (we used to call it *The Abscess*). The lessons were usually read by Mr Heywood and sometimes by my father.

Archdeacon Dudley and Bishop Harper would come on special occasions. Two of my sisters were married in that church: Dot to Herbert Brown, and Maud to Charlie Inglis. The church contains very beautiful stained-glass memorial windows to my father and mother; to John Thomas Brown and his wife; to Herbert Brown and others; but, with the scattering of old families, is now almost deserted.

VII.

HORSES AND RIDING

We had some fine draught horses on the farm: Dinah, was a big black mare of the Clydesdale breed; Giant, her usual mate, was a fine chestnut. These two would pull almost any load. As youngsters we would rejoice to see them moving the engine and combine at threshing time. The engines of those times were not tractors, but fitted with shafts for horse power, as were the combines. They took some moving, in stubble paddocks. In some wet seasons there was often difficulty in getting them to the stacks of wheat, oats, or barley. Threshing from the stook was not then in vogue. The grain was always stacked and often thatched.

Darkie was another draught horse, a perfect nuisance as he had a habit of jumping fences, even with hobbles on.

Nobby was a lighter built horse, often driven in a spring cart. I recollect driving him once to Foxdown in the Waikari Valley, a journey of some 50 miles, to go pig hunting with Charlie Inglis and another boy. We arrived at the crossing of the Waikari River after dark, and funkcd the crossing in the dim light. We camped under the cart,—an awful night, as it started to rain. In the morning we discovered that the ford was only a few inches deep. We had to stand a lot of chaff about it afterwards.

Of hacks and harness horses we usually had about six or seven on hand, on some of which I used to accompany the girls riding. One of our favourite rides was to the seaside on Woodend Beach, where a gallop on the sands was the attraction. The names of these

horses were: Polly, Kitty, Dick, Lunatic, Sam, a white pony from Timor, with pink eyes. He belonged to the Inglis family. There was Jenny, a nervous roan mare; Beauty and Jet, two ponies I mentioned before. The girls, of course, of that day, all rode on side saddles. Some of them rode like sacks at first. Consequently their mounts were often girth galled or sore in the withers. I would not let any of these bad riders get on to my pet hack, Lunatic. I had bought Lunatic from Bob Parsons. He had been bred wild by the Maoris at Wanganui and trained as a stock horse, and was the most accomplished horse I ever saw. I rode him to hounds many times, and also in amateur steeple-chases. He could trot his mile in three minutes, and was a wonder on the hills pig hunting. I have ridden him all over the Karetu Hills, also several times over Mt. Thomas. He could climb like a cat on bare rocks, even with me hanging on to his tail, as I did once going up the Blowhard Track from Lees Valley, a steep rise of some twelve hundred feet. Yet he had the most comfortable, easy canter which he could keep up for miles. I once rode him 50 miles in 5 hours—also 6 miles in 18 minutes. When I left Rangiora for Christchurch in 1888 I gave him to my father who would seldom then get on to any other horse. Eventually he got rheumatics and had to be shot.

I forgot to say that I used to shoot pigs off his back—but more of this when we come to pig hunting.

Another accomplishment of this horse was to take me over the home hedges bare back—no saddle or bridle—also jumping the sheep yard fences, in and out of the pens. By swinging myself into the saddle from a hold on the peak of the saddle I could mount him as he cantered along, and could stand on his back like a circus rider. He was a bucker in his earlier days, too, but gave that up before I had him.

Sam, the white pony, was also a great favourite. I taught him to shake hands, and to lie down at command; to carry dogs on his back, and other tricks. He was once turned out for nearly two years. Yet he

immediately lay down when I told him to, also held up his fore leg to shake hands. Horses have wonderful memories.

At that period a man named Cecil Wroughton, who was in the bank with me, lived with us at Fernside. He was a great horse lover. Together we broke in a number of horses, mostly obtained from J. T. Brown at Mount Thomas, who was breeding horses from a sire called Prickwillow, a Norfolk trotting stallion, which he had imported.

These Prickwillows were powerful horses, and nearly all of them terrors to buck. I had the first of them, from Hossack's Upper Fernside Station, some four miles up the road leading to Mount Thomas. He was the worst horse I ever tackled and a fearful bucker. I used to ride him to Rangiora every day, but it was always a circus performance to get on his back. At first, two men used to hold him, one on either side, for the moment he felt a foot on the stirrup he would rear up and then put his head down and buck jump for all he was worth. I have seen him lift the two men off the ground when he reared. The whole household used to come to the stable paddock to watch the performance. The only way I could sit him was to have a "dolly" in front and crupper behind and hang on to the crupper and the peak of the saddle with my hands. (A "dolly" was a stout stick wrapped in a sack and held with straps on the dees of the saddle.) That horse never threw me, though I had many spills off other horses. Wroughton and I broke in several Mount Thomas horses. He did most of the handling, but, as he was short in the leg, I had to take on most of the first mounts, and often did so with my heart in my mouth—yet trying not to show my fear.

It was no use trying to sit those horses in an English saddle. A colonial saddle with big knee pads was best.

One chestnut mare named Gulnare (evidently by a reader of Byron) I remember threw Charlie Inglis off, saddle and all, over her head without the girths

breaking. He had no crupper on. The safest outfit was crupper, leather surcingle over the saddle, and a dolly.

To revert to that first Prickwillow: I rode him for a year or so, but he would not let anyone else get on his back. I returned him to Hossack, who sold him to John Burt, the horse breaker in Rangiora. Burt broke him to harness, and people used to watch his performances down the main street of Rangiora. I never heard the end of him.

Dick was both a saddle and a harness horse. I was at the Fernside store, on the Oxford railway line (a busy place in those days) with him in the buggy. As I was carrying out a bag of sugar, Dick looked round at me, and, taking fright, set off with the buggy. I dropped the sugar and ran, got alongside Dick trying to grab the reins, but he shied to one side knocking me over—both wheels of the buggy went over me without doing much harm—but Dick continued his career for some $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles; charged the front gate, which burst open, went up the drive, jumped four slip rails, buggy and all, breaking the rails, and landed in a ditch on the side of the hill, where he was secured by David Gray, who was there engaged in fencing. Nothing was broken. We had to be careful with Dick after that.

VIII.

PIG HUNTING

Our great sport in those years from 1878 to about eight years later was pig hunting. Of course, we only had holidays and some week-ends for it. Pigs were plentiful all round Mount Thomas, White Rock, up the Okuku, and, best of all, over the Kuku Pass in the Karetu Range from White Rock. A bit later we frequented Foxdown, in the Waikari Valley, and the Scargill Creek headwaters adjacent.

Good dogs were essential. Two good dogs I used to borrow from Fred Busch, a road contractor, living in Amberley—Crib and Punch. I had one myself named Hector. There was a large brown retriever at Mount Thomas called Rover. I had a black dog, Taipo, which was killed by a pig. I also had, on occasions, from Croft, a road contractor on the road then being made into Lees Valley, a dog named Carlo. Wroughton had a brown retriever, Nellie, which met an untimely fate at my hand (of which I will write later). She was not much good, except for finding.

At first we used firearms. I recollect a Snider carbine, also a 44 Winchester. Shot guns we would make bullets for; revolvers we regarded as useless and dangerous. Later, when we had good holding dogs, we barred firearms, and used only knives and spears.

Our first experiences were round the foot of Mount Thomas and up the Okuku River, where we sometimes camped. Nearly always we rode horses, but tied them up mostly when we hunted. It was very hard work, following dogs through the scrub and over the spurs from gully to gully. At that date there was much more scrub than there is now.

A handy weapon I had was a sawn-off shot-gun with which I could sometimes fire from my horse's back, depending on what horse I was riding. But there was always uncertainty about these shots owing to movements of the horse and the risk to dogs running round. Unless one hit the pig in a vital spot, behind the shoulder, he could often get away, though the bullet might have gone through him.

I forget what bags we used to get. Perhaps 20 to 30 pigs a day. We often did not bother about half grown pigs, but were always looking for old boars. With two good holding dogs, one on each ear, we would tackle any boar with spears, or knives only. Yet one had to get up quickly or there was always danger of the dogs being ripped. Sometimes we would spear them as the dogs held them, and then one man would get hold of both hind legs of the pig and throw him on his side, the other man knifing him behind the shoulder.

One spear I owned had 185 nicks on it—a nick for each pig speared. Somehow I lost it.

I recollect a chase that I had after a boar with Rover from Mount Thomas. I was riding my favourite horse, Lunatic. This pig was too much for old Rover to hold, but he bailed the pig up in some manuka scrub. I got off and tied Lunatic up. I fired at the boar's head—all that was visible in the scrub—he fell, and I went in to finish him with the knife. He was only stunned, sprang up, nearly knocked me over and bolted. Rover followed, biting him severely behind. Again he bailed him up, and I had another shot but hit him too far back. Off he went again while I rode after him as fast as my horse could get through the scrub; but came to a steep gully which the horse could not cross. I lost that boar, but he must have died.

Among the many well-remembered incidents with boars was an experience with Dr. Geoffrey Clayton, a medico who had started practice in Rangiora. He was very anxious to see something of the sport, so we went over to the Karetu hut, which was an outpost of

Heathstock Station in the Waipara Valley. The doctor and I were on foot, had a long day, only getting half-grown pigs and sows. On returning towards the hut we suddenly stumbled on an old boar. Two good dogs bailed him up till our arrival on the spot and then they collared him, one at each ear. I told the doctor to run in and take the pig by the hind legs, but he demurred; I was afraid for the dogs. I got hold of the two hind legs and was in the act of handing them over to Clayton when he caught his foot in a manuka stick and fell right on to the boar's hind-quarters. Being an old footballer he instinctively collared that part of the animal. As they both lay on the ground I managed to knife the boar. He was a fine specimen with beautiful tusks which ornamented Clayton's mantelpiece for some years after, in the shape of a photo frame. Another trip to the Karetu hut with McNeil and Charlie Torlesse, I well remember. We went from Rangiora. I was driving in my uncle's buggy a touchy chestnut mare. Torlesse was riding behind on my horse, Lunatic. Going down the cutting leading to a crossing of the Grey Creek, the chestnut bolted. There was a sharp turn below leading to the ford where we should have capsized, had I not pulled the mare off to the tussocks on the flat to the left. The tussocks proved so rough that McNeil and I, with the big dog, Crib, were thrown out of the buggy, the back wheel of which came down on my leg making a nasty cut. The mare continued on her career with the buggy and would have gone over the terrace of the Okuku River had not the reins wound round the hub of the back wheel, which pulled her up. McNeil's long overcoat was torn from neck to heel. He also had a cut on the back of his head. The dog Crib, which I had seen spread-eagled above me as we were tossed out, was wolfing our treasured plum pudding. We hobbled some 200 yards to the buggy and found the mare with her chin drawn to her chest and trembling. Torlesse arrived and assisted us to unharness her. We were so keen on going to the hut that we were not to

be balked by our mishap, so after allowing the mare to rest after her fright, we put her in again with a kicking strap adjusted from the shafts over her back. It was evening when we arrived at the foot of the pass, a narrow, dangerous road, even in daylight; so there we left the buggy and rode over—a distance of about five or six miles. I think my horse carried two on that occasion. We arrived at the hut late at night. As we lay in the bunks we could hear wild pigs grunting all around the hut. By morning my leg was swollen and I could not walk. Heavy rain started and the Karetu Creek by the hut was not to be crossed. As far as I remember, McNeil and Torlesse went out and got one or two pigs, but came in owing to the rain.

The next day they had to return to Rangiora. I was *hors de combat* and had to stay where I was. There I stayed for five days looking after my wound, which became septic, of course, and I was short of tucker. The last day Billy Hyde, the shepherd usually at the hut, arrived from Heathstock. Torlesse also arrived in the buggy—driving his black horse, Doctor. Hyde told us that, in coming up the creek he had met a big boar; so next morning, Torlesse and I went to try to find him. I was not able to walk so rode Lunatic. The dogs found that boar quickly and bailed him up in a patch of manuka scrub. I tied my horse up and hobbled along. We both had spears. The pig vacated the patch of scrub to charge the dogs. We stopped in the small open part, and had scarcely done so when we saw the boar coming straight back at us, up a track in the scrub. We each made a jab at him but my spear missed and stuck in the ground. Torlesse got him properly, but the pig turned and rushed past me ripping my stocking as he went by. He had a terrible wound from Torlesse's spear and the dogs soon got him again, and we finished him off. His tusks measured eleven inches each.

That afternoon we drove home in the buggy. Another trip I recollect was a day out on horseback down the then new road towards Lees Valley. Croft

was camped there and lent us his big dog Carlo. We had an encounter with a boar which ripped the dog horribly. We lost the dog in the dark on the way back and concluded he was dead. He turned up at Croft's camp a day or two later and recovered.

In that part of the country I lost Taipo who fell over a cliff with a pig. Both were killed. My dog Hector went over a cliff holding on to a pig, but dropped into deep water. The dog was still hanging on when they came up. I sewed this dog Hector up in many places. He was a well scarred veteran.

I cannot close these few memories of pig-hunting without recording one or two incidents from the Waikari Valley.

My cousin, Charles Dillworth Fox, had taken up a small run—part of Glenmark Station—which he named Foxdown. It was hilly country with many creeks, containing toe-toe and nigger-heads which wild pigs would frequent. They also fed on raupo in the swamps. In all the runs in that district pigs had been kept down by contract at so much per tail. There is a story of one runholder there who found he had been swindled by his contractors, who managed to make two tails out of one, by slitting them down and curling them in the sun. He had just paid them their cheques. He jumped on his horse and rode 50 miles straight to the bank in Christchurch in time to stop his cheques before presentation. We had been hunting in this hilly part one day on horseback. Wroughton's dog, Nellie, was with us. She had a habit of taking pigs by the tail, evidently believing in "safety first." She chased a mob of half-grown pigs along a sheep track on a steep hillside; collared one of the pigs by the tail, and they came swinging down the hillside like two balls on a string. Presently, the pig's tail came off, centrifugal force sending them flying apart. It was a most comical performance.

Soon after this, Nellie met her end. We had bailed up a boar in the Scargill Creek, amongst nigger-heads. I was shooting at him with a Smith & Wesson revolver

—too small a bore. An old boar usually has a shield over an inch thick on his shoulder. Nellie was rushing to and fro and I did not see her as she crossed between me and the pig. She got a revolver bullet in her shoulder, which we found afterwards had traversed her body and was lodged under the skin of her hind leg. It was a pitiful business to watch her evidently dying, so I put another bullet into her head.

I hate killing tame things. It is agony to me to wring a fowl's neck. I used to have to shoot a cattle beast at home now and again, or a broken-legged horse. I was in a hurry to get away from the farm one morning and could not get my usual clean shot in the middle of the forehead of a young steer. One of the men said, "Shoot him behind the ear," which I did. The poor beast went careering round the yard bellowing before I could despatch him. Never again did I depart from the deadly shot in the forehead. I could not kill a tame pig at all.

IX.

BICYCLING AND SHOOTING

I think it was about the year 1881 that I took to bicycling. The only machines then were those popularly named "penny-farthing" bicycles. The short word, "bike," was not used then. The front wheels were generally of a diameter of from 52 to 56 inches. The back wheels I suppose about 12 to 14 inches. There was no gearing—only direct drive from the cranks.

My first experience was riding from the farm to Rangiora, some 6 miles, and back after work at the bank. The roads were rough. It was not long before I had a spill and sprained my ankle. I was in pain, but was not going to be beaten, so like an ass I got on again and rode to Rangiora. On arrival there my foot had swollen badly and I had to go to the doctor—old Dr. Downes. He rated me properly for being such a pig-headed fool and he was right for I was on crutches for six weeks. This gave me a lesson I never forgot for I have had several sprained ankles in later years, but always looked after them.

We used to have some great spills off these high bikes, but we got so expert on them, that we could save ourselves by throwing our legs up over the handle bars to land on our feet. A few years afterwards, when I left the farm to live in Rangiora, quite a number of young chaps had acquired bicycles. We formed the North Canterbury Bicycle Club and made a racing track round the paddock which is now the Agricultural and Pastoral Showground. Sometimes, we also held road races—usually via Woodend and back to Rangiora by the Drain Road.

I was very wiry and in great fettle in these years,

and always rode off the scratch mark. There was a much larger club in Christchurch and a track round Lancaster Park, where we Rangiora boys would sometimes go and compete. Lancaster Park was then much larger than it now is. The last time I rode there was in 1885, when, on one afternoon, I won the one mile, three mile, and ten mile races. There were riders from all over New Zealand, and I did not win any of these races from the scratch mark; but I was the dark horse from the country on that occasion.

After that I retired from racing, as I did not like the stamp of men who were taking up the sport, and there was far too much betting, which always, to my thinking, spoils sport.

Shooting: I think it was at the age of 13 that I acquired my first gun. It was a single barrel muzzle loader, which cost me five shillings. The first thing I shot with it was a wild cat, in a gorse hedge round the orchard. The cat was anything but dead and was squirming about kicking vigorously. I had seen pictures of men fighting with clubbed muskets, so I followed this practice and hit at the cat with the butt of the gun, and with disastrous result to the weapon, which of course broke off at the stock. This was indeed a calamity, but it was afterwards remedied by mending with brass plates and rivets. My next gun, some years later, was a "pinfire" double barrel breech-loader, acquired from Blackett's store in Rangiora. It had no ejector. Damp and badly-fitting cartridges would stick after firing, which necessitated my carrying about a ramrod to push out the discharged cartridges. I was thankful to trade that gun away to a neighbour's boy. The next gun I promoted myself to was one of several imported by Mr J. T. Brown of Mount Thomas. It was marked "W. Richards, Birmingham." I don't think it was a *Westley Richards*. It was a central fire breech-loader, a good gun, though heavy. This gun met its fate in the hands of my uncle, George Buckham, who borrowed it for duck shooting. He had dropped it on to sandy ground out of a boat and got, unknown

to him, sand in the muzzles. In firing at a duck, both barrels burst near the muzzle, luckily without damage to my uncle. I sawed off some 9 inches and used it afterwards for pig shooting, for which it was a very handy weapon, and easy to carry on horseback.

Not until 1888 did I own another gun, at which date I received a 12 bore "Paradox" by Holland & Holland from England, a gun which had been owned by my cousin, Harry Fox, whose loss in the Caucasus I have referred to before in this narrative. Much later I acquired a light 16 bore which I have used ever since.

A gun I used much at one stage was a 12 bore muzzle loader marked Elder Smith & Co. It had been through the Indian Mutiny campaigns and owned by Cecil Wroughton's father, who was a colonel in the Indian Army.

One of my early triumphs shooting was coming home proudly with a pair of Paradise ducks (or geese, to be precise). I had stalked them along a gully in a stubble paddock. Carefully peering round a flax bush, I spotted the drake. Drawing a bead on him I let fly—of course, sitting. When I went to pick him up there was the duck too. I had not seen her at all.

Some time in the 'seventies, I think it was, hares, partridges and pheasants began to appear on our farm. I think Mr Brown had been instrumental in having them released in the locality. They were great sport to me who previously mostly shot wekas, pukekos and ducks. The first time I shot hares, I got five, along the swamps that then were on the flat below the terrace of the downs. What a job I had carrying them home! My best bag of ducks with two barrels was eight. I had stalked a mob of greys in the Ashley by creeping up on the bed of a dry stream. On looking over the top, I saw a forest of ducks' heads within easy range, so let them have two barrels; on the water of course, because in those days, I was an ignorant youngster, shooting for the pot. I gathered eight triumphantly.

In 1878 the shooting season opened on 1st April. On that day I made an April fool of myself.

I had been watching a mob of seven wild geese in anticipation of the season. That morning I set out, primarily after duck, but came across a mob of seven geese and concluded that these were the lot I had seen previously. Stalking them I shot two—a young and an old gander. The latter was a tough bird, and as I was trying to wring his neck, I heard a shout and saw a man with a dog running towards me. He was in a state of fury, and turned out to be a neighbour named Chambers who had a small farm near the river. He took me to his wife who was wringing her hands and lamenting the decease of the “old gander.” I apologised profusely, explaining my mistake and promising Mrs Chambers to get her another, but she insisted that her old gander could not be replaced in Canterbury.

I went home carrying the young gander. What a nerve I must have had!

That afternoon I rode Jenny, a scarey roan mare, to a farm on the Rangiora Road where an old Mrs Bruns—a German lady—kept a flock of geese. Here, I bought her best gander for seven shillings. The bird was in a sugar bag with his head out. As I was in the act of mounting Jenny, the gander seized her by the mane. Away went the mare, before I got my right foot in the stirrup. She galloped for over a mile before I could stop her; the gander hanging on wherever he could find a grip. Getting to Chambers’ farm—about four miles or so—I handed the new gander to Mrs Chambers. Of course, all this got known to my family and friends, and I had to stand their chaff for years. Every season they would enquire what I proposed to shoot that first of April.

X.

REMOVAL TO CHRISTCHURCH, 1888

I have not yet said anything about my banking career, which extended over a period of more than 46½ years. I think it was early in 1888 that I was transferred to the bank's Christchurch branch. I had been over nine years in Rangiora, rising from "stamp-licker" to acting-manager—on occasions. Acquiring all the books on banking I could find, I studied them carefully, also making the close acquaintance of certain Acts of Parliament, notably the Bills of Exchange Act, Stamp Act, Land Transfer Act and Company Law, as it affects bankers, etc. I found this study a great help as the years went on.

At Christchurch we then had a staff of some 35. At first I was put on to ledgers which, I considered, a great come-down, but was soon to find out that I still had a lot to learn. I went through all departments while there during the next nine years, by which time I was the accountant, before I got my first regular management. On occasions I went to Rangiora as relieving manager.

For the present I will confine my memories to those of our amusements and recreations in the Christchurch days. They were many and various. Shooting, occasionally; canoeing, on the Avon mostly, with trips on the Waimakariri and Waitaki, which will be separately dealt with; mountaineering, which must have a special section; tennis; fishing (another section is needful); photography; golf in Hagley Park; music, dancing, amateur theatricals, etc.

We made most of our own recreations in those

days—from 1888 to 1897. There were no gramophones or wireless, only occasional visits of theatrical companies and professional musicians.

What shooting I got was on Dixon's run at Eyrewell, mostly. Marmaduke Dixon was my special mountaineering friend. We nearly always got a party to shoot hares at Eyrewell on 24th May in each year, Queen Victoria's birthday. There were some 20,000 acres of manuka scrub on Dixon's run where we would organise a hare drive. We did not walk them up there, but drove them to a line of guns. Duke Dixon would take us out in a cart with a tandem team. He was a great hand with horses. He would drop us in a line through the scrub and with boys on ponies and the cart would drive perhaps a mile of country towards the guns. In places the scrub was strong enough to lift the cart right off the ground, but that made little difference to Dixon, who would be standing up balancing himself and pushing his team through the scrub.

He would then move us for another beat. And, in his excitement, would drive us over old sod walls and other obstructions.

Canoeing in Rob Roy canoes on the Avon was an attraction for us young bachelors, which led to Dixon and myself negotiating both the Waimakariri and Waitaki from the mountains to the sea eventually.

Boating picnics were popular in the summer—generally from the Canterbury Club's sheds near Ward's brewery to New Brighton. Walking on the Peninsula Hills was frequent. Numbers of good lady walkers used to join us—even to Akaroa. These parties were usually led by Arthur Ollivier. Lawn tennis was very popular. We played mostly at the Cranmer Square asphalt courts, now built over. There were numbers of private courts and very frequent parties.

From 1888 to 1894, when I married, I lived with a party of bachelors, mostly at Llanmaes, a brick house at the corner of Montreal and Hereford Streets. This

is now a Canterbury University Hostel, having been added to. This house was kept by a Miss Partridge, which led to the occupants being called "The Covey."

It was whilst here that I started to learn photography. Professor Speight—then a master at the Boys' High School—and Dr. Evans, were my first mentors. Derry Wood, who had a dark room at the Riccarton mill, also worked with me. Soon we were doing photography in mountain regions, where I ultimately secured more than 1,000 negatives.

Golf was then becoming popular. The Christchurch Golf Club was formed with a nine hole course in North Hagley Park. I used to play in the early mornings, mostly with the Wood family, whose various brothers generally beat me. The prominent players in those days were Lambie, Charlewood, Burns, Jack and Rossmore Wilson, De Renzy Harman, several Harmans in fact, two Kittos, Derry and Peter Wood, L. B. Wood, the School Inspector (an old Scotch player), George Hanmer. Edward Wilder came from Upper Fernside now and then. He had bought Hossack's Station and named it Ngapari (The Cliffs). He had a golf course and a polo ground up there, thirty miles out of Christchurch.

Victoria Lake was not then made, but there was a formidable rush and water bunker to negotiate where many balls were lost. The part of the park up by the Riccarton Road was practically unplayable for golf, as it was a riot of Yorkshire fog. The old sand bunkers of 1873 had been filled in and grassed. Players used to come from Dunedin and Wellington. Here it was that I first saw Arthur Duncan play—in the days of his youth.

XI.

CHRISTCHURCH SOCIETY IN THE 'EIGHTIES AND 'NINETIES

Amongst the many families residing in town, the following recur to my memory. I have kept no notes of this time:

The Leonard Harpers at Ilam were good friends to me, particularly Mrs Harper, who encouraged me in singing, and I might say in moral conduct. The Blakistons and Malings were connected with the Harpers.

The Wynn-Williams family were a musical lot with an orchestra of their own.

The Acton-Adams living at Papanui, entertained by means of private dances.

The Drummond Macphersons, living in Lyttelton, were a large family, one of the daughters in particular being a favourite dancing partner of mine.

The Tabarts at Opawa, with many daughters, were always to the fore at dances.

The Steads at Strowan entertained lavishly; Mrs Stead herself being an enthusiastic dancer.

The Peter Cunninghams at Merivale.

The Way girls at Park Terrace were beautiful dancers; also the Michael Campbells, then at Upper Riccarton, I think.

Near Riccarton were the Sanders; Pat Campbell (who subsequently bought Ilam), Jim Campbell (a veteran dancer); the Neaves at Okeover (some of them still there). The Bowens at Riccarton.

Papanui way lived the Joseph Palmers (of the Union Bank), the Garricks, Matsons, Turners, Fairhursts, Gressons (Mrs Gresson, who after Jack

Gresson's death, married Sam Gordon of the Union Bank, is still alive and hearty at the age of 86). The Rhodes family at Elmwood, several Ollivier families at Opawa; Colonel Lean lived at Manchester Street. There were many daughters. The eldest married Dr. Prins. Fanny married Sam Barker. Clara married my cousin, Carl Fox. The youngest daughter, Lucy, became my very dear wife in 1894. The Goulds lived at Hambleden on Bealey Avenue (then called the North Belt). The Greenstreets on Park Terrace. The family of Archdeacon Mathias was large—mostly young men then. The Moorhouses resided on Oxford Terrace near the Royal Hotel, as did Dr. Nedwill, whose wife and daughters were musical. The Murray-Aynsleys were at Opawa—also the Reeves family.

My great friends, the Westlands, came to Christchurch from India about 1892 and lived at Chilcomb, Upper Fendalton in J. H. Baker's beautiful home (Baker was Chief Surveyor). The Hon. James (later Sir James) Westland had been a member of the Viceroy's Council in India but had retired. He subsequently went back there for another five year term and was knighted. They were all keen mountaineers with whom I made many excursions.

The John and Andrew Andersons, the Izards, Loughnans, Delamains, Deans, Cotterills, Davies, Brittans, Archers, Newtons, Robinsons, Rosses, Studholmes, Bonds, Harmans, Gordons, Webbs, W. D. Woods, Robert Woods, two Miss Stoddarts (one of them a fine artist), the Robert Wilsons (from England), Alan Scotts, Dobsons, Haasts, Meares, Huttons. All these names were familiar in those jolly days. The Meesons with a family of four clever daughters came from Nelson and were resident at Avonholme, which, later, was the town residence of Sir George Clifford. These Meeson girls were a great acquisition in musical and tennis circles. John Meeson, their father, was a man of many attainments and contributed more or less scientific articles to the Transactions of the New Zealand Institute and to the recently started New

Zealand Alpine Journal, of which I was the first editor.

I must not forget the H. B. Lane family, also the Frank Grahams and the Helmores, Cowlishaws and Kimbells. Large families were the rule in those times. There were very few twos and threes of these degenerate days. Several clerical families including those of Bishop Julius, Archdeacons Cholmondeley and Lingard.

Country Residents: There came from the country quite a large number of families to attend dances, races, tennis matches, etc.

The Tripps from Orari, Aclands from Mount Peel, Lances from Horsley Down, Courages from Amberley, Dixons from West Eyreton, Buchanans from Little River, also Montgomerys, Chapmans from Spring Bank, Elworthys from Pareora, Halls from Hororata, Knights from Akaroa, Milltons from Birch Hill, Torlesses from Rangiora, Bridges from Southbridge, Starkys from Amberley, E. G. Wrights from Ashburton, Blundens from the Cust, Rollestons from Rangitata, the Griggs from Longbeach, also the Rich family, one of whose daughters played the violin very well and was in requisition at concerts. Then there were the Dampier-Crossleys from Woodend and the two Bonds from Mount Algidus.

All these and many more came at different times and were welcomed to festivities in Christchurch.

Dancing: The great ball of the year was the Jockey Club Ball held in November, during Race Week. The scene of this was usually the Art Gallery in Durham Street. In this building a special dancing floor had been laid down, built on springs. It was the best dancing floor in Christchurch. The gallery could accommodate perhaps a hundred couples or more. A canvas covered crossing would connect the Art Gallery with the old Government buildings on the opposite side of Armagh Street, to provide additional accommodation.

Then there were the Assembly Balls, of which several were held spread over the winter months.

These were subscription affairs and popular. They were held in Tuam Street Hall. Now and then a wealthy visitor would come along and give a ball in return for hospitality. Two of such dances remain fixed in memory. General Campbell's ball and Captain Popham's ball. To the best of my recollection these were both held in Hobb's Buildings (now called the Beresford). The top storey of this was a large hall which was occupied every Friday evening for practice or for concerts by the Christchurch Liedertafel of which I was an active member for some nine years.

This was a favourite room for dances. General Campbell was a brother of Michael Campbell and had come from India. He was a generous entertainer, who also arranged driving picnics, to which he usually drove a four-in-hand team. He was enormously popular with the girls.

Captain Popham I never knew, but went to his great ball and have never forgotten it. Everything was done on a lavish scale. At these two dances some new features were introduced, in the shape of figures where compulsory changes of partners were obligatory, —quite a good thing, helping to break up cliques. It was a kind of cotillion.

There was the Girls' Boating Club Dance—always rather select, as was the boating club itself.

As to private dances. I think we must have averaged two nights a week all through the winter. The Harpers, Steads, Cunninghams, Acton-Adams, Campbells, Harmans, Rhodes, Studholmes, I remember chiefly, but there were many others.

Now, as to the actual dancing. It was real dancing in those days, not walking round the room to jazz, such as one sees today. There was an occasional quadrille, but that soon disappeared, as did the old country square dances, such as the D'Alberts, etc. Polkas, mazurkas, Highland schottische galop, all had their day, but the waltz soon displaced them all. There is no round dance to compare with a waltz, in my opinion. Many of us became very expert. On the

other hand there were those who could never improve—both men and women. It was purgatory to get hold of a bad waltzer and heaven to get hold of a good one.

The lancers were still popular, generally hilarious. The final dance was frequently a "John Peel" galop. The favourite band was Fleming's. Old Fleming played the violin and his son the piano. I forget who played the cornet. Strauss music (including the ever-green "Blue Danube"), "River Waves" (one of Fleming's own) were favourites. Many of Waldteufels waltzes and scores of which I have forgotten the names.

Claret cup was a customary beverage, but on special occasions champagne appeared. Hot soup after midnight was popular. Whisky was then 4/6 a bottle—happy days!

A Christchurch ballroom was a pleasing sight. There was a large number of pretty girls—and without the aid of rouge and lipstick. Many were clever dancers who, with a good partner, would literally float round the room like fairies.

Dances in the country were occasional. We gladly journeyed to Dixon's at Eyreton or to Amberley. More than once we saw the sun set as we drove out in a drag and saw it rise as we returned. It was the day of chaperones. Dear old Mrs Kimbell was our favourite duenna—partly because she was deaf! For the men dress was always tails and white ties and gloves. None would dream of going in a dinner jacket and black tie.

Music: I was brought up in a musical atmosphere, as my mother played and sang in her younger days, while my three sisters all followed her example. Though I never became proficient on any instrument, I picked up the rudiments and took to singing, first as a treble in school choirs, afterwards as a tenor in church choirs.

My singing was at first encouraged by, as a boy, listening to Reginald Foster at Fernside. He had been a cadet on Birch Hill. His voice was discovered, and he was encouraged in singing, by my mother. His was

a marvellous voice, a baritone, but with an exceptional upper register. He could sing the top A with ease. In later years he sang in St. Michael's Choir in Christchurch, but was at his best in solos. When I came to Christchurch I took lessons from Arthur Towsey, who was the first conductor of the Christchurch Liedertafel, and I soon joined the Liedertafel myself. It was a joy singing in men's part songs, especially without instrumental accompaniment. The Society was a select one with a chorus of 24 voices. It was also well supported by annual subscribers. Tom Barnett was the secretary. We gave five concerts a year,—three men's evenings, "Herren Abends" and two "Gemischter Abends" (mixed audiences). Everyone turned out in evening dress for these latter concerts, which were held usually in the Tuam Street Hall where supper was provided. Most of the members, including myself, sang solos—turn about. The concerts were very popular. After a time we lost Towsey who went to Wanganui, but were lucky to get F. M. Wallace, a fine violist, as conductor. He was with us for many years. We had some glorious picnics, generally over at Port Levy or Pigeon Bay when we would sing part songs more or less all day. I remember once we finished up on a sailing ship alongside the Gladstone Pier. The captain of this ship had heard us singing on the "John Anderson" as we came to the inner harbour and invited us all on board to supper, where we sang again. Then we got the last train to Christchurch, singing again at the Canterbury Club. There were some headaches next day.

The following men comprised the chorus at one stage: Frank Corbett, Arthur Appleby, N. Broadhurst, Alex. Millar, W. G. Rhind (president), J. P. Newman, —. Keyes, G. O'Halloran, Hugh Reeves, Gilbert Reeves, F. M. Wallace (conductor), Tom Barnett (secretary), Fred Barkas, H. A. Adley, W. D. Meares, A. Carrick, C. D. Morris, —. Watkins, J. J. Kinsey, Isaac Gibbs, W. A. Day, G. E. Mannering.

The Christchurch Liedertafel, on 27th December,

1889, gave a concert at the New Zealand and South Seas Exhibition, Dunedin. At that time the following men were members of the chorus and are not shown in the illustration produced herein, which was of later date. Most of them were well known businessmen. They were Alfred Evans, W. H. Simms, Gilbert King, William Izard, W. Devenish Meares, H. H. Loughnan, E. S. Harley, W. Jennings, Henry Gray and G. H. Normington.

There was a standing quartette, in which I sang second tenor.

At the time I left, in 1897, we had a repertoire of 185 part songs, many of which we could sing without the music books.

At first we sang mostly from the Orpheus collections of men's part songs. Later we procured the "Chickering" Collection, from America, containing some very fine music.

The society was partly of a social character and, as members were limited, it was not easy to get into it.

Wallace's violin solos were delightful features of the evening.

We always then sang at a horse-shoe table.

At times, we assisted the Christchurch Musical Society in rendering Handel's "The Messiah" at Christmas, also on sundry other occasions, we would join in assisting large choruses. The Liedertafel is still going (1942).

There was a quartette of us who used to go round to Warner's or the Hereford (now United Service) after practice (Corbett, Day, Newman and myself) and sing at the hotel bars. One race night at Warner's, when there were a lot of country men there, we did so. They were taken by surprise and Louis Cohen, who knew us, went round with the hat explaining that we were a bit hard up. The country men rose to the occasion and 16/6 was found in the hat. This I turned out on the bar counter and invited all to have a drink. There was a general laugh when they realised they had been had, but all joined us in a nightcap. We were known as the "Pothouse Quartette."

Music and Singing: One of my sons who has a musical bent himself, suggests that I should write more fully of my earlier musical experiences.

As a boy of thirteen I had sung in the Christ's College choir and, a little later on, in the choir at Taunton College in England. Some six years later, at Fernside, we were frequently visited by Reginald Foster, the man with a glorious baritone of great range who had in former years been coached by my mother. My eldest sister, Minnie, always played his accompaniments, for which she seemed to have a natural gift. It was Foster's singing which led me on to try to emulate his attainments and I was soon guilty of cribbing some of his more simple songs. Of these I remember "The Village Blacksmith," "Alice Where Art Thou," "The Yeoman's Wedding Song," "The Vagabond," "The Wagoner," and many others. Then some very old songs of my mother's were unearthed and I wrestled with such old favourites as "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep," "The Pilgrim Fathers" (Mrs Hemans). Some of these early songs bear my mother's name, dated 1854. It was not long before I became more ambitious and tried to do justice to Jacques Blumenthal. Those I struggled with were chiefly "My Queen," "The Message," "The Requital," "Across the Far Blue Hills Marie," "Her Name," "An Evening Song," "Venetian Boat Song," "Sunshine and Rain."

Then Paolo Tosti captured me. Of his songs, "Goodbye," "Beauty's Eyes," "For Ever and for Ever," "How Long Shall I Sigh" (this one in Italian), were all favourites.

Theo Marzial's ballads I took a great fancy to, "My Love is Come," "Leaving Yet Loving," "Ask Nothing More," to mention only a few. Maude Valerie White was another favourite composer. "Montrose's Love Song," "Go Lovely Rose," "The Devout Lover," "Absent Yet Present," were amongst my favourites.

F. H. Cowen's songs had a great charm for me. I recollect chiefly "Because" and "I Love Thee," also "Love Me if I Live."



The Christchurch Liedertafel, about 1894.

[Photo. Standish & Preece.

Back Row Standing: F. Corbett, O' Halloran, Isaac Gibbs, A. Appleby, Hugh Reeves, E. B. Wethey, A. Carrick, W. B. Broadhurst.
 Sitting: Gilbert Reeves, C. A. Morris, A. Millar, F. M. Wallace, W. G. Rhind, T. H. Barnett, J. P. Newman, F. Barkas.
 Front Row: Watkins, Keys, H. A. Adley, J. J. Kinsey, G. E. Mannering, G. Steere.



G. A. Pearson



The Christchurch Lacrosse Team, 1888.

Back Row: D. Wood, W. Macdonald, A. C. Rolleston, C. C. Corfe, E. J. Ross.
 Middle: F. S. Goldingham, G. E. Mannering, T. D. Harman, R. H. Rhodes.
 Front: A. W. Cooke, R. Blakiston.



D. Buchan

[Photo. Standish & Preece.]

Of Arthur Sullivan's songs, "The Lost Chord," "Ho Jolly Jenkin," "My Dearest Heart" come chiefly to memory.

Pinsuti's "'Tis I," "Bedouin Love Song"; Balfe's "Come into the Garden Maud" and "Si tu Savais"; Hatton's "To Anthea"—all were studied with care. Several very old songs such as "Shall I wasting in Despair" (Barker), "I Arise from Dreams of Thee," "When the Quiet Moon is Beaming" seemed never to get stale.

As the years went on scores of other songs were added to my repertoire and I was beginning to fancy myself. I had never any tuition in voice production till I went to Christchurch in 1888. I then had the opportunity to take lessons from Arthur Towsey, who soon showed me what little I knew about singing by putting me on to scales and exercises only. After a time he took me through my old songs and gave me many new ones. I have always been grateful for his tuition and it was not long before I was singing solos on the programmes of the Christchurch Liedertafel. At this time I was also singing in several church choirs, but, as the years went on, I became a backslider in this connection. Of course, in these days of mechanical music very few of these old ballads are much in evidence, though occasionally an odd one is heard on the wireless. I only wish there were more of them, in place of the plethora of "jazz" and "swing" and low type of so-called music which is inflicted upon us. The pity of it is that the younger generation is being mis-educated in music.

I have written elsewhere of my connection with the Christchurch Liedertafel and the Christchurch Musical Society. On leaving Christchurch for the North Island in 1897 I missed the part singing sadly, but it was not long before we managed to start a Liedertafel in Hastings, which lasted throughout my stay of some five years there.

I also kept up solo singing as my wife was a most gifted accompanist. I have also written

elsewhere of music in Hastings and New Plymouth. After my wife's tragic death in 1913 I practically gave up singing and have done very little since.

Mrs Wilding, a gifted pianist, was always in request at concerts. She almost invariably accompanied that fine violinist, F. M. Wallace. I well recollect a series of chamber music concerts given one winter by Mr Wallace and Mrs Wilding. I think Harry Loughnan assisted by playing the 'cello.

The Wildings at their beautiful home at Opawa were most hospitable. I remember going there frequently for tennis in the afternoon and music in the evening.

At that date Anthony Wilding had not taken tennis seriously, but he loved cricket, and would bowl tirelessly all afternoon. Mr Wilding himself was a great tennis player, and one of the New Zealand doubles champions—Dick Harman was his mate. In such company I used to feel very small, both in tennis and music, but Mrs Wilding always encouraged me in singing there. I have the happiest memories of their hospitality. Mrs Gower Burns whose husband managed the Colonial Bank, was a prominent lady singer at that time also.

Lacrosse: In 1888 we had a lacrosse team established by Pearson (a Cambridge man) and by Buchan (a Canadian). There was also then a team in Dunedin, which we beat at Lancaster Park.

An old photo of our team shows the following: Derry Wood, W. Macdonald, A. C. Rolleston, C. C. Corfe, E. J. Ross, F. S. Goldingham, G. E. Mannering, T. D. Harman, Heaton Rhodes, A. W. Cooke, R. Blakiston, G. A. Pearson and D. Buchan.

This game did not last long, but faded out.

Amateur theatricals revealed much talent on the boards. The leaders in these, and in the Amateur Opera Society, were generally, Mrs Alan Scott, G. Phipps Williams, Oscar Alpers (afterwards Judge Alpers), Maitland Gard'ner, Benson (who played Koko and other leading characters in Gilbert & Sullivan

operas), to mention a few names. The plays I recall were "The Sorcerer," "The Mikado," "Pygmalion and Galatea," "Creatures of Impulse"—there were many others. I joined both companies, but played only minor parts. One year we played "The Mikado" for twelve nights and took £1,200 for charitable purposes. This was in the old Gloucester Street Theatre Royal, Towsey was our conductor.

The Savage Club, formed about this time, was quite a strong body, led principally by Alpers, and, I think, by E. W. Roper. Richmond Beetham, the Resident Magistrate, was a prominent member. Even some of the clergy joined us. I recollect that Bishop Julius sometimes attended meetings. G. Phipps Williams was also a shining light in the club.

XII.

MARRIAGE—1894

On 22nd December, 1894, I married Lucy Harvey Lean, the youngest daughter of Colonel Alexander Lean, who was an old colonist. She was a perfect wife to me throughout our married life, until her tragic death by drowning in the Aratiatia Rapids in the Waikato River on 19th March, 1913.

We went to the Hermitage near Mount Cook for about a fortnight where we were shortly joined by E. A. Fitzgerald and his party. He had come from England, hoping to achieve the first ascent of Mount Cook, but had been forestalled by Fyfe, George Graham and Jack Clarke who had reached the summit on Christmas Day, 1894. This was a bitter pill for Fitzgerald and seemed to turn him against New Zealand climbers in general. However, he allowed Ollivier, myself and Adamson to join his first attempt on Mount Sefton. We went up to about 5,000 feet or so and made a bivouac, but nor'-west rain came on which drove us down again. I had hired a horse and buggy from Fairlie for the trip to the Hermitage and back. My wife and I left the Hermitage on the return journey on 12th January, 1895, and determined to cut 30 miles off the distance by crossing the Tasman, opposite Glentanner, to the road on the eastern side of the river. I did not know if the horse I had was any good in the river so borrowed a strong cart horse from Mr Ross at Glentanner. He drove my wife, whilst I, on the hired horse, rode in front and found fords over the many streams. We got safely over the Tasman and Jollie rivers but in the latter some water got into the buggy.

I have crossed the Tasman four or five times. It is a dangerous river. C. D. Fox and I were capsized in it in 1886—in a buggy—and we were lucky to get out.

My wife had been one of the most popular girls in Christchurch. She was an accomplished pianist who had been trained in her father's own private orchestra. The colonel played his pet Amati violin. Bonnington, the chemist, played the viola. I forget who played the 'cello. They went in strongly for classical chamber music. Lucy always was pianist, so developing talent as an accompanist.

My wife was of a very cheerful disposition. Her motto was, "Always merry and bright." She certainly lived up to it. Even when in hospital, after a serious operation, which went wrong, and she was in a critical condition, she would exchange jokes with the doctors. On that occasion she was about six weeks in hospital, weighed ten stone when she went in and only six stone when I carried her out. Eventually she became quite strong again, winning several tennis championships. She was a great child lover and all children loved her. As time went on she had two of her own; Mildred, born on 31st October, 1895, and Sefton, born on 23rd February, 1897. We lived in a small brick house just across the bridge over the Avon where the Fendalton road begins. Our principal friendly neighbours then were the W. D. Wood family, living at The Mill House just across one branch of the Avon. Here in summer I would swim with the Wood boys, play tennis, or fish. In winter we played golf in the early mornings in Hagley Park. Over this park I rode daily to the bank, but the track was then very rough and there was no thought of the bitumen tracks now existing. This track was in a dreadful condition in the winter of 1895, which was a year of great snowfall. The snow lay in Hagley Park for about six weeks. The track became glazed with ice. Skating was going on for weeks around the area now occupied by Victoria Lake.

With some of the Woods and others I made

ascents of Mt. Torlesse and Mt. Hutt that winter. From near the top of Mt. Hutt we glissaded down the main gully right out on to the plains below. In this manner we must have come down on snow for well over 4,000 feet.

XIII.

REMOVAL TO NORTH ISLAND—1897

I had now been something over nine years in Christchurch. In the Union Bank I had risen to the position of accountant.

I was now given my first management, being appointed to a small branch at Hastings in Hawke's Bay. I left, alone, on 12th July, 1897 after arranging for my young family to follow by the next boat from Lyttelton to Napier, with all our goods and chattels. From Wellington, after an interview with my Chief Inspector, Mr G. E. Tothurst, who was genial, hospitable, and encouraging, I went by train, having the luck to meet Captain (after Sir William) Russell in the same carriage. He practically took me under his wing for the journey up. We had the great privilege of becoming friends of his family in the years that followed.

The sight of all the dead stumps along the line off and on till we passed Woodville was depressing to me, coming as I did from the neat Canterbury farm lands. But I learnt the value of these bush cleared lands later. On going through the Hawke's Bay runs, further on, it was quite another story to the newcomer. The grass country there was a revelation, after our tussock country in Canterbury. The Heretaunga plains, where Hastings is situated, seemed the richest country of all. The yields from this land in fat sheep and cattle were amazing, as I was soon to learn in business.

A day or two after arrival my family came safely into Napier, where I met them. The weather had been very rough. It was on that night that the steamer

"Tasmania" was wrecked between Napier and Gisborne, with some loss of life. We lived "over the shop" in the Bank at Hastings, at the corner of Heretaunga Street and Karamu Road. The office faced the main street while the front private door faced Karamu Road. Maoris were everywhere—principally, it seemed to me, on our front door step. It was a common occurrence on opening this door to have a Maori man, or sometimes a Maori woman, fall backwards into our entrance hall, usually while eating crayfish or water melon.

Maoris in Hawke's Bay: The Maoris in Hastings district were a fresh interest for me, and I soon made their closer acquaintance, both in business and otherwise. Many of them were well to do, drawing large rents from their reserved lands. Few of them, however, could keep their money long unspent.

At about this time there was a great gathering of natives in Hastings and the surrounding pas to welcome home the contingent of Maori soldiers who had been to England for Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee of 1897. I was told that there were some 2,000 natives collected together. I went to the celebrations held at Karamu Pa some three miles from Hastings, taking my camera. Luckily I had made the acquaintance of Judge Butler of the Native Land Court, who accompanied me. The Governor of New Zealand, then Lord Glasgow, was present, also the Premier, then Richard Seddon.

The troops were mounted and rode into the approaches of the Pa between crowds of spectators. They were greeted in due form of Maori welcome by their wives and immediate relatives, who backed before their horses with repeated cries of "Haeremai" (Welcome—literally "Come here"): at the same time waving the riders on with green branches and posturing in the manner required by Maori etiquette. The troops themselves led by, I think, Taranaki te Ua and Kurupo Tareha (both great chiefs) were perfectly stolid in expression, neither smiling nor giving any sign



[Photo. Burton, Hastings.

Hastings Golf Team, 1898.

From left to right: Back row—Reihana te Ua, T. Lewis, Taranaki te Ua, Tuahine Renata, Friday Tomoana.
Front row—Nikora, G. E. Mannering, J. H. Williams, W. H. Galwey, Maurice Mason.



Maoris dancing Hakas, 1897.



Lucy Harvey Mannering with her children, Mildred and Sefton, January, 1899.

of recognition—even of their wives who were greeting them. This was another example of native custom.

In the pa the various hapus or tribes were drawn up in Companies, a large open space being left in the Marae (or open square) for the speech-makers.

Speeches of welcome were made by the Governor, the Premier and others which were replied to, in Maori, by the leading chiefs. As far as my memory serves me, I think all these chiefs were, with one exception, in European attire—some of them in frock coats. The exception was a chief from Lake Taupo named Te Rangi-tahau, who was dressed in all his native finery, and with a flax skirt with the usual rolled fringe which rattled as he strode up and down in delivering his oration. He was a real picture, while his speech was one of the highlights of the meeting.

Judge Butler whispered to me that this grand chief had been one of Te Kooti's butchers during the Poverty Bay and Mohaka massacres, and in many subsequent war operations afterwards.

After the speech-making, competitions in haka dancing between the various sections commenced. The figures of the haka are very many and variable and usually based on themes—say, as paddling canoes, winding flax, acts of defiance, etc. I was told by a native agent in Hastings that the haka was primarily a social dance (too social for European society), but that since the early days, had been modified and adapted to the requirements of a more civilised community. These festivities went on at Karamu Pa for two days, after which the competing teams met at various other Hawke's Bay pas during the following fortnight. Besides the men's haka teams there were mixed teams of men and women. The men were mostly stripped to the buff, but the women were nearly all in modern European dress—some of them with high heeled shoes. The energy of the elder fat Maori women was wonderful. The older the lady, the more ferocious the gestures. The timing was good, each

team being led by a chief, or perhaps by a woman walking up and down in front chanting (usually falsetto) the various necessary rhythm; but often the music was furnished by an accordeon or concertina.

They even once invented a golf haka. Airini Donnelly, who was of high lineage and wealthy, presented them with £100 in £1 notes. These notes they stuck up in a row of cleft sticks—one note in each. I did not see this haka though I was told they performed a lot of golfing attitudes before this row of notes to signify their appreciation. A little later than this we had a golf club, playing mostly on a nine hole course on Frimley, the property of Mr J. N. Williams, and near Hastings. Prominent members of this club were J. H. Williams (who managed Frimley and was our then Captain), W. H. Galwey (Manager of the Bank of New South Wales), Maurice Mason (a runholder), and myself. We took in a great many Maori members. Those I remember well were Taranaki te Ua, Reihana te Ua, Tuahine Renata, Friday Tomoana, Tommy Lewis (half-caste), and Nikora. Some of these men were mighty hitters, but required tuition in the finer points of the game. I remember Tuahine Renata dropping a ball on to my wrist at a range of 200 yards. We coached these and other Maoris to the best of our ability, with the result that we were at last able to meet the Napier golf team with some hope of success. Indeed, one year we won the majority of matches. There were several good native players in the Napier team, notably Kurupo Tareha, who once won the New Zealand Championship. His son, Kapi Tareha followed in his father's footsteps, and is even now, I believe, the professional at the Waiohiki Links, near Napier.

Amongst themselves the Maoris made courses in many places. One could see them even playing as many as eight balls at a time, with bets on every hole. They also became very clever club makers, mostly in pear wood. At that time gutty balls were chiefly used. These balls were very destructive to the faces of

wooden clubs, so the Maoris commenced to make club heads of old gutty balls melted down and moulded, which got over that trouble. Very clever I think.

Some of the Hastings Maoris did business with my Bank and would come in with substantial cheques for rents of their lands. I persuaded many of them to place, at any rate the larger portion, on fixed deposit for 12 or 24 months where they could not touch the money for those periods. If some of them kept current accounts the money would go in a very short time. They had queer ideas about banking. There was a Maori racing club, which at the close of the racing season had a balance in hand. Upon resumption of racing in the following season, the Maori treasurer was asked what happened to the last season's credit balance. "Oh!" he said, "I put him in the Bank of New Zealand and the plurry interest eat him all up." The explanation was considered quite satisfactory!

Another peculiar banking experience I had was connected with a paper weight on my table. It was of Italian origin, being a model of a lizard in bronze, mounted on a small block of porphyry. The lizard was the totem of the Kahungunu tribe of Hawke's Bay. This tribe wished to send 200 sovereigns to the tribe at Gisborne, as a subscription towards a new church there. The Hastings tribe's secretary happened to spot my paper weight and asked me if I would lend it to be sent to Gisborne with the sovereigns, as an indication of who the senders were. Yes, I agreed to let him have it if he undertook to hand it in afterwards to the Gisborne manager of the Union Bank there. This he agreed to do. It was the last I saw of my paper weight. Perhaps the Gisborne manager collared it—I don't know.

There were great floods in Hawke's Bay at Easter time, 1897. I went there in July. At the first opportunity I took a long ride round the recently flooded areas with my brother-in-law, Alec Lean, who was then a stock agent with Murray Roberts & Co., and resident in Hastings. There are three large rivers

converging on to the Heretaunga Plains from the mountains: the Tukituki, Ngaruroro, and Tutaekuri. Indeed the plains have been formed by these rivers.

Many cattle and thousands of sheep were washed out to sea. There were enormous deposits of silt covering much of the farm country adjacent to the Ngaruroro River, which meanders through the parts of the land near Hastings. The immediate loss of stock and feed is usually heavy, but in the end the land benefits, as the silt brought down is rich and is easily grassed again. Hawke's Bay grass seed has always been in favour on the New Zealand markets and for export. Rye grass is general and a constant source of revenue to Hawke's Bay farmers. It is customary to shut the grass paddocks for only about six weeks before cutting. The average return from the seed at that time was £9 per acre, the paddocks being available for grazing for the rest of the year.

I knew one farmer with 1,000 acres who fattened regularly 23 sheep to the acre every year. He, of course, bought sheep in forward condition as the summer went on. He had very few rejects from the Freezing Company. As showing the fertility of the soil, I quote the case of a potato crop on 50 acres. The land was bought for £45 per acre. The purchaser put in a crop of potatoes which yielded 19 tons to the acre, and was sold at about £3/10/- a ton, a return of £66/10/- per acre. He must have more than paid for the land in one crop. Most of the land round Hastings was held in small freeholds, a great deal being devoted to orchards, hop gardens and root crops such as mangolds, etc. There was a fine orchard on Frimley with 60 rows of peach trees, each one mile long. This was a glorious sight in spring time. There were also vineyards with grape vines trained on wires to keep the fruit near the warm ground. A good deal of local wine was made, notably at Mr Bernard Chambers' Te Mata estate.

I have already said a little about the golf there. There were courses at Frimley, Whakatu, Te Mata and

eventually a larger course near the Maori Mormon College. At one time I captained the Hastings Golf Club. We played matches with Napier Club, sometimes on their fine links at Waiohiki near Taradale—also with several country teams. I recollect being pitted against Spencer Gollan who once won the New Zealand Championship. Of course he gave me a good drubbing. The society circles around Napier and Hastings comprised some of the best people in the country. To name but a few of them residing in the vicinity of Hastings: There were several branches of the great Williams family, all descended from Archdeacon Williams, the early missionary (who came to New Zealand in 1823 after Marsden's time) and of his brother, Bishop Williams of Turanga (Gisborne), both of whom had large families.

Mr J. N. Williams of Frimley and his wife (who had been a Beetham) were most kind to us there. We frequently visited Frimley for music, tennis, or dancing.

Captain Russell was at Flaxmere and here we were similarly entertained.

There were three Chambers families—Bernard Chambers at Te Mata; Mason Chambers at Tauroa, Havelock North; and John Chambers at Mokopeka.

At Havelock there was dear old Canon St. Hill with two accomplished daughters, both musical.

The Fitzroys (related to Mrs J. N. Williams).

The Sunderlands—he managing Nelson's Freezing Works at Tomoana. The William Nelsons and several of their sons. The Robert Brathwaites—tennis enthusiasts—with a grass court on which we often played. The many Nairn families, all with big runs. Dr. Robert Nairn, F.R.C.S. was practising in Hastings. He became one of the best of my many friends, for we were both fishing enthusiasts. His wife was a daughter of Captain Russell. Frank Gordon (whose wife was a daughter of Mr Tanner of Riverslea) was at Clifton—Charlie Gordon at Maraetotara, whose wife

was a daughter of Michael Campbell of Christchurch. The Gordons were keen golfers. They had been at school at Westward Ho with Rudyard Kipling. The A. H. Russells at Tunanui—Mrs Russell being a daughter of J. N. Williams—he afterwards became Brigadier General Sir Andrew Russell commanding the New Zealand troops in the last Great War. They then lived at Twyford near Flaxmere.

Another genial family in that locality was the Beamishes whom we often visited. The Thomas Crosses were keen golfers.

We had a Glee Club—conducted by Ignatius Loughnan, and would meet once a fortnight at various houses, including our house at the Bank. We sang all sorts of glees. I remember mostly Mendelssohn's part songs.

Tennis parties were frequent in summer months, always on private courts, at many of the houses above mentioned.

All these people showed my wife and me the greatest kindness and hospitality—our life there was indeed pleasant.

But we did not confine ourselves to the friendship of the wealthy. The townspeople and tradesmen were also more than mere acquaintances. This I am sure was largely owing to my wife's happy disposition. She helped, especially in a musical way, and would readily play at the local concerts. We formed a Liedertafel also, of which she was pianist.

When she left Hastings in 1902, she was given a public farewell, the Mayor in the chair. An address was presented accompanied by various gifts, in which the Maoris insisted on joining. At that time I was absent on a confidential mission for the Bank.

One of my recreations while in Hastings was fishing—frequently with Dr. Nairn, W. T. Sabin, or W. H. Galwey. I have written details of this in the "Memories of Fishing" to be embraced in this narrative.

I left Hastings on 19th August, 1902.

XIV.

NEW PLYMOUTH AND TARANAKI—1902-1907

After having been for five years in Hastings I was directed to open a branch of the Bank in New Plymouth, which I did in 1902.

Here, all the other New Zealand banks had been established for some time, so I knew I was in for an uphill fight, coming so late into the field. The business here was in great contrast to that in Hawke's Bay, being mostly dairy transactions amongst small farmers and dairy companies.

I do not intend to say much about business in these memoirs. It will be enough here to say that I was successful in establishing a satisfactory connection for the Bank during the five years I was in New Plymouth.

I joined the Taranaki Club, and so met all the leading business men of the town.

Golf was then played on a nine hole course on Mr Standish's property on the hills above the Hospital. In course of time I became captain of this club also, one year winning the club championship. We played many matches with other clubs in Taranaki, and with the Wanganui Club. We also established a regular Easter tournament which was sometimes attended by players coming even from as far off as Auckland and Dunedin.

I think the first professional event ever arranged in New Zealand was that competition on this course when we put up a purse of £20 for professionals. I remember David Hood and his brother competed, as did two players from Australia whose names I have forgotten.

We had lots of fun on those links. There was a

veteran's foursome always playing, comprising Archdeacon Evans, Messrs Standish, Skinner and Morshead. The last named was dubbed "Moses," as he was so frequently in "the bulrushes" bunker at the first hole. But I have written enough already about golf.

Tennis was good in New Plymouth—nice club courts and some excellent players. Miss Nunneley used to come there to stay. She and my wife, as partners in doubles, were unbeatable. Miss Powdrell also was a fine lady player. Harry Parker, who was then the New Zealand Champion, visited New Plymouth for several tournaments. He was invariably successful there. Gillies, another leading player, came at times, also the veteran golfer, Mr Scott, from Dunedin. A great attraction in Taranaki was Mount Egmont, which, as far as I could learn, had never been ascended in winter. It seemed to hold out a challenge to me that I could not resist. I got together a party of four in the winter of 1902. None of my three companions had done much snow climbing. They were Fred Carrington, "Buss" Standish, and a young man named Dewar. We drove up to the North Egmont Mountain House. Climbing in the early morning from there we found the snow hard frozen all the way, and had to chip steps where ordinarily they could have been kicked. We estimated that we cut some 3,000 steps, but were finally beaten by a furious gale some hundreds of feet from the summit—on a ridge called The Lizard.

We returned to the charge the next winter, 1903. The party was Claude Weston, Buss Standish, Fred Carrington and myself. We found the snow in better climbing order and duly reached the summit, being observed by telescope from the Survey Office in New Plymouth.

More than once thereafter we went with drag parties to the Mountain House.

Unfortunately, I had much of my alpine gear stolen there, including a much-valued camel's hair sleeping bag.



Summit of Mount Egmont, 1903, showing remains of crater wall.



Our first motor car; Timaru, 1908.



Mount Egmont in Winter, 1902.

Some new trout fishing, in the shape of Rainbows in the Waiwakaiho River, soon had me in thrall. I was fortunate in finding a keen mate in Jack Wilson, the son of Captain Tom Wilson who had fought in the Te Kooti wars in the 'sixties, over in Poverty Bay. Captain James Wilson, his brother, had been one of the victims of the Poverty Bay massacre of 1868. By a strange coincidence Captain Tom Wilson had, for a time, managed our old Birch Hill run, where, as a small boy I once or twice visited him. I remember him taking me shooting into the bush. I was glad to meet him again after about 33 years.

I have written elsewhere in this narrative about the fishing in Taranaki.

We lived in Bulteel Street, where I bought a house. Shortly after coming to New Plymouth my wife had to undergo a serious operation. Unfortunately septic conditions followed and for several weeks her condition was critical. This was a terribly anxious time for me. After about six weeks she took a turn for the better, finally coming out of hospital some four stone lighter. For a long time she had to be very careful, eventually becoming strong again.

There were some musical devotees in New Plymouth, notably Dr. Leatham to whose hospitable home we frequently went. He had a pianola, with a large collection of records. His daughter, Constance, became a fine pianist. She gave recitals in the principal towns in New Zealand in after years.

Dr. Leatham was, I think, the first motorist in Taranaki. I know I had my first motor ride with him. I think the machine was an Oldsmobile, with a tiller for steering. If on the rear seat one faced backwards—as in a dog cart. The road seemed to be running away from one—a queer sensation.

We were friendly with most of the doctors. I recollect Doctors Walker, Home, Fookes and Wyllie. Sefton broke his leg while there.

We used to attend St. Mary's Church. The vicar was then Archdeacon Evans. One day returning from

church the question arose as to the meaning of an eagle as a lectern, of which there was a fine brass example. Sefton, my youngster, solved it for us by saying, "Of course, it's because it is a bird of *pray*." The Archdeacon was highly amused.

It must be difficult for religious teachers to instruct the young mind in such subjects.

Some years earlier the same boy was taken to a christening in Hastings, where the Rev. Mr Hobbs officiated. His mother had explained to him that Mr Hobbs would put some water on the babies who might cry and that this was a good omen. There were four babies, but none of them cried. Sefton suddenly called out, "Put some more water on them, Hobbs, they have not cried!" But Sefton was not the only one to be puzzled. At Hastings, the Mayor, Mr Beilby, had died. Watching the funeral from the upper windows of the Bank, Mildred, then aged about four, was told by her mother that Mr Beilby was on his way to Heaven to be with God. Her remark was, "I expect Mrs God is getting the spare room ready."

The rainfall at Taranaki was heavy, owing to condensation of the vapour in prevailing north west winds, and caused by the contiguity of Mount Egmont. Everyone commonly carried umbrellas—always, while playing golf. The surroundings of the town were beautiful, especially in the public park. Rhododendrons and azaleas were remarkable. The ferns, mostly the giant mamakus, grew to perfection. Bracken fern was often ten feet high in the gullies—dreadful stuff to get through with fishing rods.

Taranaki had been justly called "The Garden of New Zealand" from the early times of settlement.

In the course of business there I visited many parts of Taranaki and learnt about the local wars in early times, visiting many old pas where fighting had taken place.

"Chronicles of the Garden of New Zealand known as Taranaki," by W. H. J. Seffern is a good book to obtain which relates in detail the whole history of the province.

Cowan's "New Zealand Wars" is also invaluable to the student of the stirring times during the wars in Taranaki.

The subject is too big for me to enlarge upon in these memoirs.

Oil in New Plymouth: Away back in the 'forties seepages of petroleum were well known to exist on the shores of the harbour at Moturoa. Early attempts had been made to tap this oil. Various petroleum companies were formed and much money lost in their endeavours to get to "Oil or London" or to "Oil or Dublin." I think there was one called "To London or Bust." Well, they all "bust." About 1890 a fresh start was made. Oil was reached, but a commercial depression had then set in and the extra capital required was not forthcoming. A further company was formed about 1902 which at last "struck oil." A man named Fair was the manager who, on his birthday, struck a "gusher," gas and oil being thrown up in large quantities. The well was duly "capped." The town went crazy over it—£5 shares soared to £52. People were allowed to turn on the tap which would fill a four gallon tin in a matter of seconds. The crude petroleum came up warm, a greenish chocolate-coloured fluid which rapidly congealed on cooling. That tap sold more shares than any sharebroker. I think this oil was obtained from a depth of 2,000 feet. As I write I learn of a new bore having reached 6,073 feet without finding oil. Most people dabbled in the shares. One old lady alone seemed proof against the temptation. She had evidently been bitten in the earlier companies. She said she would not buy a share even if she saw the oil running down Devon Street, the main street in the town.

There was a lot of trouble with water in the oil, but I think this was overcome later.

This well was called the "Birthday Well" and is, I believe, still furnishing some oil. As far as I remember it stopped "gushing" and the oil had to be pumped.

I had a few shares which, luckily, I sold on the rising market. Shares soon fell again, much money being lost. I think it was the sharebrokers who did best in the flutter. Many bores have since been put down, but I do not think another gusher has been struck, though very many later formed companies are still living in hopes—both in Taranaki and elsewhere. The general conclusion seems to be that owing to the greatly disrupted condition of the strata of that locality—and in New Zealand generally—oil is likely to be found only in “pockets.” At any rate no payable supply has as yet been found. The oil has a very rich paraffin base.

Another product that exists all round the shores of Taranaki is titanite ironsand. Vast quantities of this beautiful black sand are available. Much has been done towards developing its uses. It has been smelted and worked into beautiful steel—making from surgical instruments to railway wheels. Many companies have operated, only to lose their capital. None has resulted in a commercial success.

The prominent man working on this line of industry in my day was E. M. Smith, M.H.R. He was commonly known as “Ironsand Smith” who was always confident that fortunes lay dormant in the sand. Time may yet prove that he was right. The only thing I used it for was cleaning golf clubs, for which it was excellent. It was so common that we used it in the sand boxes for tees.

XV.

TIMARU AND SOUTH CANTERBURY—1907

After about five years' residence we were sorry to have to part from so many good friends in New Plymouth, but rather glad to get away from such a wet climate. I was appointed to the Bank's Timaru branch where there was an old established business. This was good promotion for me. Going back to Canterbury was almost like going home to us, for we knew many South Canterbury people. I was also happy to be able to visit the main portion of the Southern Alps again, as opportunity offered. This transfer was in 1907.

Our two children, who were always a constant joy to us, were now growing up. Mildred was about 11 years old while Sefton was nine. Once more we lived "over the shop" in Timaru. The Bank building was of stone, making a very comfortable home. During our stay there it was enlarged. There was a considerable back yard, with a stable, which I later used as a motor shed. The outlook from the back windows was over the sea to the east.

Once more we joined tennis circles in summer and golf in winter. There was a good tennis club and there were some private courts. As a rule I was too busy to play much tennis.

The golf course was at Highfield (where it still is), a mile or two out of town.

There were some good players among whom were Harold and Percy Wright, Sommerville (an early champion), Frank Barker, Ernest Le Cren, Willy Revell who was secretary, and also many older men. Amongst these latter, I chiefly remember Knubley, Tennent of the Bank of New South Wales, William

Hay, Cecil Perry; Tom Lynch, Simmers of the High School; Gow, School Inspector, Blair, Baxter, Cotterill, Tasker, Hawley and many others whose names I have forgotten. There was quite a number of lady members. The course was good, except that it was hard to keep the greens well grassed in dry seasons.

We played a few local matches with Waimate and Geraldine teams, each place being about 30 miles distant.

I had the honour of being captain of this club at one period.

I had not been in Timaru long before I acquired my first motor car. It was a De Dion Bouton, single cylinder, of eight horse-power, with an expanding clutch, quite different from any car that one sees nowadays. A big fly wheel would help her along once she got speed up, which she could do to about 30 miles an hour—then a respectably fast pace. It was a four-seater with a tonneau behind, removable at will. Without the tonneau and two passengers behind she could get along much faster. One of my early drives was with Francis Barker, to the Rangitata mouth, fishing. There were many water races to cross, most of which I took too fast, and, as there was at first no wind-shield, we got wet. Barker soon after presented me with a waterproof rug. Putting her into a shed at the fishing hut something happened and I made a bad shot, taking some of Barker's buttons off his waistcoat as the car passed him. A close shave. The only ignition was by dry battery (no magneto). As she had only one spark to make every second revolution of the crank shaft, the batteries would last quite a long time. I went all over Canterbury with that car while in Timaru, including several drives to Mt. Cook Hermitage where the roads were very rough at that time. I got to know every nut and bolt in the car and could generally put her right if anything went amiss. Only once did I fail to get home in her. This was caused by water getting into the casing of a high tension wire, causing a short circuit. In later years I took this car to Napier,

drove her all over Hawke's Bay, and many times to Taupo. It was a joy to have a car for fishing, instead of riding a bicycle as I had always done.

At Timaru my chief mate for minnow fishing at Rangitata was Francis Barker. For fly fishing in the Opihi or Pareora, Charlie Hassall often joined me, and also taught me. I have written more fully on my fishing experiences elsewhere in these memoirs.

There were a good many dances. I recollect best those in the country,—the Elworthy's at Pareora and the Hope's at Raincliff, both most hospitable houses.

Cars were coming in fast during that period. I particularly remember a yellow car driven by a lady who was not very expert. It always went by the name of the "Yellow Peril." One of my fishing friends had an early car of another make. With him I would race on the Fairlie road. I don't think we ever decided which was the faster car. I know our limit was not much over 30 miles an hour—a crawling pace in the present days.

Those were the days of reliability trials; from Christchurch to Dunedin as a rule. Crowds would assemble in Timaru to see the cars pass through. As there were then over a hundred unbridged water races on the road and as many drivers would cross them at high speeds, casualties were frequent. Tyres were always a source of trouble. Sometimes cars would arrive in Timaru on the rims. If a tyre lasted for 3,000 miles it was considered quite a good life. Nowadays one gets perhaps 20,000 or even 30,000 miles from a modern tyre.

XVI.

NAPIER AND HAWKE'S BAY—1911-1919

After a period of five years in Timaru I was, to my great joy, appointed to the Bank's branch at Napier, which was always regarded as one of the plums of the service. Once more this was good promotion. Having been in Hawke's Bay ten years previously, at Hastings, I already knew many friends in those parts. We went there at the end of February, 1911.

I held this post for eight years and always look back to what proved to be the most agreeable time in my banking career. During that period, however, I was to pass through some very tragic and difficult times. I lost my dear wife in 1913. In 1914 came the Great War and in 1918 the influenza epidemic, which carried off many good friends.

We lived in a residence leased by the Bank on top of the Lighthouse Hill, from which eminence there were superb views of the country and the sea. The climate was delightful, if sometimes rather warm in summer. Sub-tropical trees grew readily. Any frosts in winter were light.

After a short time I was elected a member of the Hawke's Bay club which, at that time, was one of the most delightful clubs in New Zealand. I lunched there frequently, as did most of the leading business men and the runholders from the surrounding country. Many of the elderly Hawke's Bay runholders were alive then, some of whom were makers of North Island history. I had never been associated with more agreeable male company. I had business relations with the majority of these men.

I had brought up my small De Dion car, which



The New Hermitage.



Site of Old Hermitage and Mount Cook (after destruction of bush on the moraine).

enabled me to accept the many invitations to the country for week-ends, which I soon received. At the first Easter, in April, I drove to Taupo over the most difficult road and was introduced to the fishing there, of which I have written elsewhere.

To read these reminiscences one might think that a bank manager's life was a continual round of recreation and social engagements. This was not the case. It must be recognised that banking is strictly confidential business of which nothing could be written—even at a long distance of time. As a matter of fact I always "had my nose to the grindstone" and was seldom away from the bank in business hours. Leave was quite exceptional. For five years in Napier I had no leave at all, with the exception of a day or two at Christmas or Easter time.

We left our two children at boarding schools in Canterbury. Mildred at the Convent of the Sacred Heart in Timaru and Sefton at Christ's College. Always we got them to Napier for their holidays.

There was good golfing at Waiohiki, some eight miles out, with a strong club captained by Nat Kettle. The players whom I can call to mind were Charlie and Arthur Kennedy, Hetley, Troutbeck, Kurupo and Kapi Tareha, Kawhi, Tom Crosse, Pharazyn and his son, two Peacocks, Frank Logan and his two sons (they were great friends of mine in fishing), Willie Wood, Gollan, P. S. McLean, Bertie Russell (secretary), Snodgrass, W. H. Galwey (Bank of N.S.W.), two Gordons, Gould (National Bank), Lipscombe (Bank of Australasia). There were many others whose names I cannot recall at the time of writing. There was an annual tournament, usually about the end of August. The New Zealand Championship meeting was held on that course—more than once I think.

The tennis club had courts on the Hospital Hill. I have played there, but don't remember being a member. I was usually too busy for tennis. There was a good deal of play on private courts, and we had a court at the Hawke's Bay Club.

There was a fair amount of trout fishing, mostly in the Tukituki river, also Kahawai fishing at the Spit and elsewhere. We had some good sport trolling for kingfish in the vicinity of the Pania Reef, about three miles out at sea. Details are given in the "Fishing Memoirs" of this narrative.

As to shooting, what little I got was confined mostly to quail shooting with the Logan family, at several up-country stations. I recollect chiefly Groome's at Te Onepu, Anderson's at Kereru, Lethbridge's at Sherenden, (where I once shot a wild turkey weighing 24lbs). Near Patangata we also had a good shoot. Bags were not large, as the birds generally flew into the bush where it was hopeless to shoot. There were a few pheasants up Rissington way where I once went with Tom Parker, the well-known pigeon-shot. I recollect one or two pukeko shoots on Archibald McLean's country and on H. M. Campbell's run at Horonui.

I have a vivid recollection of sleeping, or trying to sleep, in a Maori whare, before a duck shoot. I had donned long waders. The fleas had got in by dozens and could not get out. Heaven preserve me from Maori whares.

I remember one or two duck shoots, at Merriwee near the coast, with the Goulter brothers. They had come from the Wairau near Blenheim. Eels were known to travel in grass paddocks on this farm. Jack Goulter told me he had with a spade cut to pieces two large eels which were travelling among some rushes.

I have known a good many cases of eels going overland at night. They did so in New Plymouth, devouring all the young trout in the rearing ponds. On our old farm at Fernside an eel came into a man's tent one night. He thought it was a snake.

In December, 1912 I had, at last, leave of exceptional length—nearly three months. My wife and children went with me to Mount Cook where we stayed for several weeks. During that time I made no less than four attempts to climb Mount Cook. Two of these were with guideless parties and two with my

wife and guides. Every attempt was frustrated by bad weather at the bivouac on the Haast Ridge, where we spent some dreadful nights. My wife, however, climbed Mount Sealy with Peter Graham in fast time, after Miss Dufaur, who started with them, had turned back.

The whole Mannering family also ascended the Hochstetter Dome together, with Darby Thomson, who was killed afterwards in an avalanche on the Linda Glacier. At that time I made the second ascent of "Rotten Tommy" (Mount Blackburn) with Peter Graham and Jim Dennistoun, besides climbing several other peaks.

There were great floods at the old Hermitage at that time. We were all then at the Ball Hut. Twenty-two inches of rain fell at the Hermitage in 48 hours, one wing of the Hermitage being undermined by the flood. This was an exceptional flood, coming down the small creek from Kea Point and was, I believe, an overflow from the Mueller Glacier. This glacier has since shrunk. At any rate no more large floods have come down that creek. The old Hermitage was removed soon after this.

On returning to Napier we decided to visit Taupo for a few days' fishing to finish up our holiday. Here disaster awaited us. I cannot write all the details of this tragic time that are so seared into my memory. It will be sufficient to state the facts briefly. My wife and I were fishing at the Luncheon Pool in the Aratiatia Rapids on the Waikato river. My wife was on the rocks at the side of a great whirlpool, while I was some 80 yards or so further down. I had just landed a ten pound trout, when I saw her fall from the rocks into the whirlpool. Climbing the rocks where I was situated I rushed up to the whirlpool, tore off my boots and swam in to assist her. She was not a strong swimmer. We were both carried towards midstream—a tearing mass of white water. I had almost reached her when she disappeared into the main current, where she immediately sank. I swam round with the back-

water current and got out amongst some rough rocks, somewhat abraded and bruised.

I am not going to attempt to describe my horror and sorrow.

Her body was recovered some ten days later, from a backwater further down the river. I went up again from Napier with my friend, Willie Wood. She was buried at the cemetery near Taupo which there overlooks the Waikato river. Nothing could have exceeded the sympathy of our friends—we received more than three hundred telegrams and letters of condolence.

My daughter, Mildred, then left school, coming home to me in Napier. Sefton remained at Christ's College.

The only relief I had from sorrow, was continuous hard work at the bank. Hard work, as a panacea for trouble, I have recommended to many since.

The rookery of gannets on Cape Kidnappers was a feature of bird life of much interest. I believe it is the only known rookery on a main land, as almost invariably these fine sea birds usually nest on islands.

I made several visits to these birds over a series of years, obtaining many photographs. I also wrote articles on them which were published in the Reports of the Lands and Survey Department. It was estimated that the colony on Kidnappers contained about 4,000 birds. They are very tame when nesting and could, with care, even be stroked while on their nests. Nests were mostly in lines and approximately equi-distant—just out of pecking range apparently. The nests are on round mounds of papa clay containing a few wisps of seaweed which are a constant cause of dispute amongst the birds. They are close sitters, even going to the length of balancing on top of growing chicks almost as big as their parents—a comical sight. They have small leg power to rise off the ground, so usually waddle to the edge of the cliff and launch out into space from there, invariably with a wag of the tail as they take off. They then fly round the rookery in a circle, always

clockwise. Above and below this magic circle birds fly in all directions. The young birds grow very quickly, soon lose their down and acquire a speckled plumage merging into white and black as they mature. The plumage of the adult bird on the head and neck is a delicate lemon yellow.

Gannets diving for fish is a great sight. They hover in hundreds above the shoals, suddenly close their wings, drop like plummets from a great height and send up columns of water as they hit the surface of the sea. They seldom miss their mark, nearly always coming to the surface with a fish—splendid “dive bombers.” Crowds of people gather on the beach to watch them. The Maoris had, in former days a cruel way of catching them, which they did for their breast plumage. They would place a herring on a small board that would just float awash. The gannet would dive for the herring, breaking his neck on the board.

Once we caught one on a trolling line, when fishing for kingfish with a herring as bait. We did not see him dive and thought we had a kingfish on, till he came to the surface. Landing the bird on the launch, we released him. He just gave his tail a waggle and went on fishing.

In 1914 came the Great War. Several of my staff volunteered, and, as all bank clerks soon were liable to be called, we began in the banks to employ lady clerks. This was quite an innovation. I soon had several girls on the staff, most of whom did well, after some tuition. Few, however, reached any responsible position. Towards the end of the war the great epidemic of influenza came to New Zealand. It was very virulent in Hawke's Bay, causing a large number of deaths—especially in military camps. At one time there were three cases in my house, which all pulled through. On the bank staff we had at one time nine of our usual fourteen laid up. It was no joke attempting to conduct the business under those conditions. But we did it, somehow. Save for a

slight touch, I was fortunate to escape the malady. Clerks used to fall down with it at their work. I recollect one clerk in my office being so attacked. He lived at Hastings, 14 miles out. As the ambulance would not carry infectious cases, I had him wrapped in blankets and rushed him out to Hastings in my own car. He recovered. Sulphur was brought down from Taupo and burnt in the streets. A fumigating chamber was established at the hot sea baths. I think this tended to spread the disease rather than to check it. It was a trying time for everybody.

I must record the names of some of those with whom we were associated whilst in Napier.

Of those living in town were the P. S. McLeans, next door neighbours. We often went in there for music. Russell Duncan and his wife were in our street also. He was a great collector of old New Zealand and South Sea books. He gave me the run of his library from which I learned much of early history. The Nat Kettles also were close by. Kettle was one of the most genial of men. I often played billiards with him at his home. Mrs Kettle was a daughter of Major von Tempsky, a hero of the Maori wars who was killed in Taranaki at Ngutu-o-te-manu. Her daughters were Mrs Hawkins and Audrey (who was on my staff during the war). Two sons were at the war in Egypt, Palestine and Gallipoli. Frank Logan and his two sons, Frank and Ivan, were all great fishing and shooting friends. In our earlier days there we often went for musical evenings to Lady Whitmore's.

Mr and Mrs J. H. Coleman were most kind. He was of the type of a retired Anglo-Indian colonel, rather fiery at times, but with a heart of gold when you knew him. I once had a business difference with him, but we were better friends than ever afterwards. When I left Napier he made a short speech at the club farewell, at which he could scarcely control his emotions. This also led me into similar feelings. We both made emotional fools of ourselves.

The T. H. Lowrys at Okawa were most kind. My son, Sefton, was employed there. At one time he had been at Christ's College with Lowry's sons. Canon Mayne's and Bishop Averill's families were amongst our numerous friends. In the country Mr J. P. Lethbridge and his daughters were at Sherenden, where we sometimes went for week ends. He was a very sociable man who stayed with us on occasions and generally joined in our fishing excursions to Taupo. He was commonly known as "Dad." His was quite a large family.

Mr Waterhouse at Mangawhare, and Tom Sanderson at Glenross in the same locality, we sometimes visited. Sanderson was from Greta Peaks, Canterbury.

The Beamishes at Whana were hospitable. From their house we once returned with a fat turkey. The three Nairn families, Charlie, Eric and Jack, all with their stations around Pourerere were amongst our good country friends. They also joined our fishing parties at Taupo.

The Chambers three families I have mentioned before. We renewed our friendship with them.

Frank Gordon at Clifton (where the gannets were) and Charlie Gordon on the Maraetotara stream, the Harold Russells at Apley, Sir Andrew Russells at Tunanui, Lowry North at Dartmore, H. Guthrie Smith and his brother Harry at Tutira, Sir William Russell at Flaxmere, Adeanes at Waipukurau, Kinross White at Omarunui, George Bayley at Otamauri were numbered amongst our friends. I must have visited them all at their homesteads — some of them frequently.

I have been privileged to know these people during my stay of some eight years in Napier.

Alas! many of them have since passed away.

While in Napier my son, Sefton, had on leaving school entered the service of Dalgety & Co. Ltd. He did not like the confinement of office work and wanted to get employment on the land. He left Dalgety's and

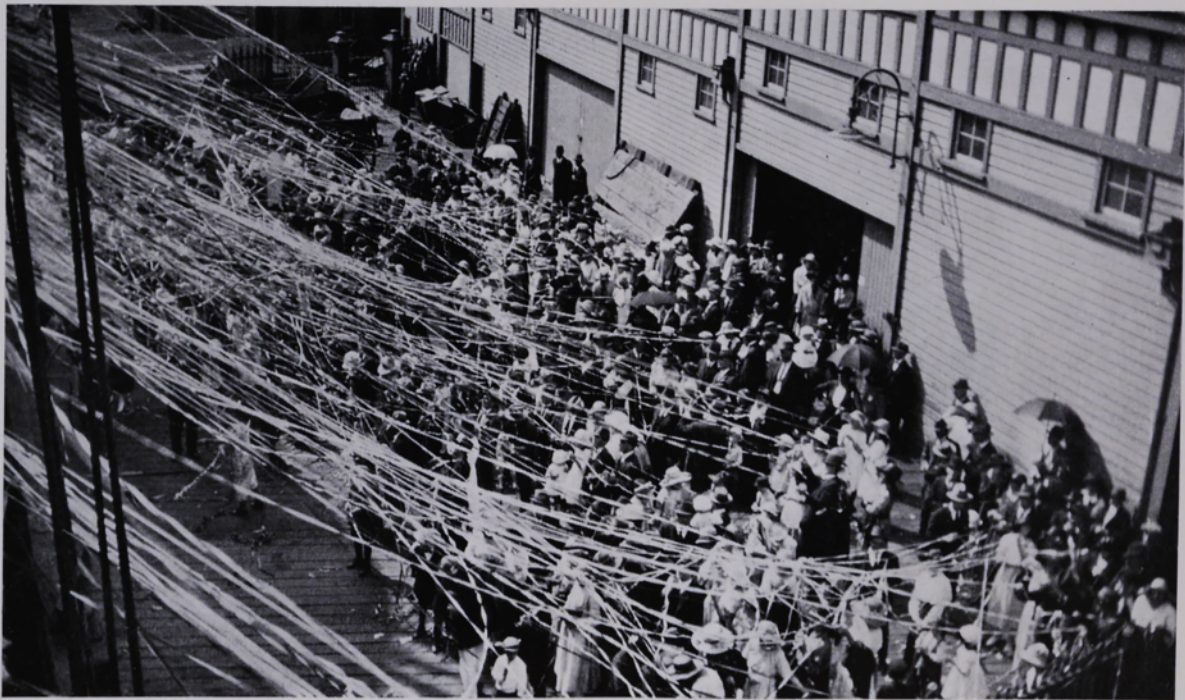
was taken on at Okawa by Mr T. H. Lowry. After some time there he went on to Mr D. Wood's station near East Cape. Later on he went to Ngatapa station. While there he was seized with acute appendicitis when out on the run. After a painful journey in he reached the Hastings hospital and the operating table. It was a bad case, with complications which were not cured till he had been off and on in hospitals for about two years. It was not possible for him to continue outdoor life. He re-entered Dalgety's service, working at Hamilton and Taumarunui, and is now their manager at Masterton. He married and has a family of two sons and one daughter.

It is distressing to recall the great earthquake of 1931, which, with resulting fires, caused the practical destruction of all the central part of the town of Napier. Hastings also suffered in the same way, but to a lesser extent.

I think that well over 200 lives were lost on that occasion.



Gannets at Cape Kidnappers. Below: the same in detail.



Farewell to the "Osterley," Sydney, 1922.

XVII.

RETURN TO CANTERBURY—CHRISTCHURCH AGAIN, 1919

After being some eight years at Napier, I was, in 1919, appointed to Christchurch branch. Christchurch was the original headquarters of the Union Bank, where Mr Joseph Palmer had reigned for so long in the early days. It was one of the most important branches in New Zealand. Though it was some 22 years since I left Christchurch to manage at Hastings, it was like coming home, as most of my early life had been spent in Canterbury.

My daughter, Mildred, came with me, but on 19th August, 1919 she married Alister Mackenzie, the eldest son of Simon Mackenzie of Timaru, a well-known runholder. She lived first at Timaru and afterwards at Raincliff and Totara Valley and, finally, at Clayton Station, Fairlie.

This left me alone in the world. In December, 1921, I married Dorothy Margaret Samuel, a daughter of Mrs Edward Samuel whom I had known, in my boyhood as Maude Miles, of the Grosvenor Miles family. We went for short leave to the Mt. Cook Hermitage. There my wife walked and climbed well.

For many years I had been trying to arrange leave from the bank to visit England where I had two sisters living whom I had not seen for many years. The war upset these plans, which had to be put aside for a time.

After being about two years in Christchurch I was able to arrange for six months' leave for this purpose. We went from Auckland on the "Niagara" to Sydney where we caught the Orient Company's "Osterley."

We visited on this boat Melbourne, Hobart, Adelaide and Perth. In Sydney and the other towns we met some New Zealanders and connections of my wife's.

While at Hobart I took a walk up Mount Wellington, from which there is a fine view of Hobart and the surroundings.

The passage from Fremantle to Colombo was hot. There was a full complement of passengers. Relays of all meals were necessary. The usual ship sports and dances were held. The Australian Davis Cup team of tennis players was aboard. At Colombo my wife had friends. We went out to the Galle Face Hotel and to an open air cinema at the Grand Oriental Hotel in Colombo, where we dined. I took some photographs there, as I had done in all the ports we had visited. We also visited one the temples in the cocoanut groves. It was our first sight of the East.

The run from Colombo to Suez was unbearably hot. On arrival at Suez we joined a Cook's Tourist party. We went by train to Cairo, and travelled well into the night, thus missing the Suez Canal.

Cairo, where we arrived late at night, was most interesting. We wandered about till well after midnight. Nobody seemed to want to go to bed there. We stayed at the Continental Hotel, in a palatial bedroom. Next day our party was taken to the great Cairo Museum and on to the Pyramids.

Going up from the Mena House Hotel, most of the party were riding camels or donkeys. I walked ahead. Half way up the rise to the Pyramids I was met by an obsequious Arab who asked if I wanted a guide. I told him that I had already a Cook's guide coming on behind. He maintained that the Cook's guide was no good and praised his own qualifications. I again declined his services, but he was persistent and said he was "The Dizzy Limit." I shook him off again and walked on, only to meet another Arab guide. The same performance was repeated, this man also claiming to be "The Dizzy Limit." I told him that he was the

second "Dizzy Limit" I had met and that I did not require the services of either. He was very hard to get rid of. As the Australians had been quartered in Cairo a year or two previously, it did not require much guessing to conclude where the expression of "Dizzy Limit" had come from.

After a look at the Pyramids we went over to the Sphinx. He seemed a bit worn out, still bearing the marks of Napoleon's rifle-men. At that time the front feet were not quite uncovered from sand. I changed a film in what little shade he (or she) afforded. It was the only shadow in the locality. That night we left Cairo for Port Said, where we rejoined the "Osterley."

The trip to Cairo was a very interesting side-show. The next day we entered the Mediterranean. At last we got a cool breeze. White uniforms were discarded. After a lovely day we went through the narrow straits of Messina and passed at night the active volcano of Stromboli, then emitting showers of red hot cinders which rolled down the steep slopes in young avalanches. Soon we arrived at Naples. "See Naples and die." Mark Twain when in New Zealand said, "See Napier and Spit," Spit being the inner port of Napier. "Smell Naples and die" has been held as being more appropriate. It's a dirty place. The harbour was crowded with derelict ships, part of the war's aftermath.

The usual boat loads came alongside, singing "Estudiantina" and other popular Italian airs. Youngsters dived into the filthy water for coins thrown by the passengers. We decided to go to Pompeii for the day and were driven out in a noisy taxi which had been robbed of its muffler, so making a hideous row. I made the driver put on his exhaust muffler for the return journey.

The drivers, both in Cairo and Naples, had only one pace, and that was as fast as they could go. Our man upset a vegetable barrow, strewing the contents all over the street. Nobody took any notice, except

the vegetable man. Pompeii was a scene of desolation, but most instructive. Mark Twain describes it well. I am not going to attempt it.

The Italians like music with their meals. At lunch there a singer was just behind our chairs shouting buffo songs till I thought my ear drums would burst. They seemed to think that tourists liked as much noise as possible, whether made by a motor car or a human voice. We did not see much of Naples city. The bay is really lovely: the island of Capri seemed to be floating in the atmosphere. After passing the island of Corsica with its snowy mountains the next stop was Toulon. We could not go ashore there. Only the passengers going across France by train were permitted to land. We arrived at Gibraltar, but again we were not allowed to land.

Our destined port was Plymouth. Here we took the train for Bristol where we met my sisters, who were living at Royal York Crescent, Clifton. I knew this part of the country well, having been there as a schoolboy.

After a week or two at Clifton and Wellington, we went up to London, finding lodgings at Eccleston Square, near the Victoria Station. We spent a few weeks in London, visiting picture galleries, churches (were at a service in Westminster Abbey), theatres, Tower of London, etc. I made several visits to the Union Bank, once lunching there with the Board of Directors.

I also went to the Alpine Club on several occasions, leaving for exhibition there a large number of panoramas of the New Zealand Alps which I had taken over a long series of years. I attended one Alpine Club dinner.

Before going to London we had visited my cousins, the Hugh Foxes at "The Cleve," Wellington, Somerset. I had been at school at Taunton with Hugh Fox who was now head of the firm of Fox Brothers with their large woollen mills. We had a delightful time with them.

We had planned to go to Switzerland and were joined by a niece of mine, Leslie Inglis, a daughter of my youngest sister. She was a good French linguist and invaluable to us as a travelling companion. I have, at the moment of writing, 1942, just received a cable telling of her death on 1st September. She had been living with my eldest sister at Chew Stoke, Somerset.

XVIII

SIX WEEKS IN SWITZERLAND

The Grand Muveran and the Brévent: I left Victoria Station, London, on 27th June, 1922, by the South Eastern and Continental railway route, via Dover and Calais, to Paris, leaving Paris the same evening by the Paris-Lyons-Mediterranean Company's nine o'clock express, which runs through to Milan. After a night of comfort in a sleeping carriage we reached the Swiss frontier at Vallorbe at 7.15 next morning, and there entered Switzerland. Here visitors pass the Customs and obtain the usual breakfast of coffee and rolls, never sufficient for colonials who have been accustomed to their chops and steak or bacon and eggs. How I did long for such breakfasts later, when climbing! We came down out of the Jura Mountains on a lovely summer morning, with Mt. Blanc and the Grand Combin in full view, a fit welcome to the domain of great mountains. The train was soon down to the Lake of Geneva, passing through beautiful meadows and vineyards, the latter mostly blue with "Paris Green" for spraying was in progress. The beauty of the scene was a great delight, and only too soon we were speeding along the lake, past Lausanne, Vevey, Montreux, and the idolised Castle of Chillon, past Villeneuve at the end of the lake, and so to Bex-le-Bains, where we alighted; my wife, my niece, and myself, bound for Les Plans, a small village five and a half miles up in the hills above Bex. We motored up the gorge of the Avancon to Les Plans, and stayed at the Pension Marlétaz, where we found ourselves in a lovely valley quite unspoiled by the ubiquitous funicular railways which now invade Switzerland in every direction. The

drive from Bex up through the pine woods and into the flower-decked meadows is like a journey in fairyland. Dominating the head of the valley is the fine peak of The Grand Muveran (10,043 feet).

Les Plans is a centre for climbing in the Vaudois Alps, and is a good starting point for many other mountains in the district. Several guides reside here, and their "tarif" for the mountains is moderate compared with those of Chamonix, Zermatt, and the larger climbing centres. The guide fee for the Grand Muveran is 30 francs.

After a day or two's rest, I could not resist the temptation of the Grand Muveran, though I had only contemplated easy training walks, after an eight weeks' sea voyage and a month's easy living in England. I gave way to the tempter and engaged Pierre Marlétaz as guide, and one fine evening we set out for the Cabane Rambert at 8,366 feet. The way lies straight up the valley, first to the Pont de Nant, a most lovely spot at the head of a valley coming down from the Dent de Morcles (9,775 feet) and draining the Glacier des Martinets. Crossing the mouth of this valley we made straight for the face of the Grand Muveran, through pine and birch woods, passing a scene of devastation caused by the spring avalanches which had swept through the woods and laid low a large number of fine trees, amongst which workmen were working to save the timber. The track leads upwards to green pastures above the forest line, and here we found flocks of goats and sheep, all with their tinkling bells. Many of the goats wanting to follow us upwards we had to pelt back with stones. At last we came to the rocky cliffs above, and along the precipices of these lay our route. Suddenly, soaring away into the blue and mist above, there rose in front of us a great eagle with a marmot in its talons; but presently it dropped the marmot, and the unfortunate animal experienced a fall of some two or three thousand feet into the valley below. We found under a rock the hole out of which the eagle had pulled its victim.

Our way, which showed a track here and there, now became crossed with steep snow slopes in which it was necessary only to tramp steps, as the snow in the evening was soft. We continued on this giddy path and reached a great outstanding rock on the face of the mountain, known as the "Roc des Chasseurs," which is about two-thirds of the way up to the Rambert Cabane. After a short rest we went on, still creeping along these tremendous precipices and crossing occasional snow slopes until, at last, we came on to the final steep debris slopes which lead to the saddle between the Grand and Petit Muveran peaks. This last slope tried me considerably and I had to ask Pierre to go slow. We had now got into the clouds and a cold wind was blowing behind us, but at length we reached the saddle, and there, a few hundred feet down on the other side, was the Rambert hut, and right glad I was to see it. Glissading down a small snow slope we were soon there, and welcomed by the hut-keeper, who quickly got some hot soup going.

The clouds dispersed as evening drew on, and we had magnificent and extended views.

As we looked south-east, the peaks of the Mischabel group were on our left, and following round to the right came the Weisshorn, Zinal Rothorn, Dent Blanche, Matterhorn, Dent d'Hérens, and Grand Combin, the view further to the right being blocked by the peak of the Petit Muveran, close to the hut. It was a glorious panorama seen in the light of a gorgeous sunset.

The hut will accommodate 40 sleepers, but we were the only visitors, and I turned in with hopes of climbing the peak on the morrow. Alas! for my desires, for lumbago gripped me suddenly during the night and it was as much as I could do to get out of my bed in the morning. The cold wind on a hot back and want of training had effectually settled me for the time being, so I had to give up the peak, and we went down again in the morning, taking it quietly, and making a fine collection of alpine flowers as we descended.

About half-way down there were splendid views of the Dent de Morcles group on the south, with their grand precipices, into the valley below, and a little further on, looking north, the prospects of the Lion d'Argentiére and the Diablerets group were especially fine. I longed to visit these latter, but was under engagement to meet a friend at Chamonix and could not spare the time. The snow slopes were hard on the morning descent and Pierre was kept busy step cutting.

So ignominiously ended my first attempt at a Swiss peak. But my reward came later.

Les Plans—Sur-Bex to Chamonix via Martigny: Leaving my wife and niece at Les Plans, I set out for Chamonix, there to meet my friend, Mr G. L. Corbett of the India Civil Service, with whom I had voyaged from Australia, and who had kindly asked me to join him for a climb or two in Switzerland.

One goes by rail up the Rhone Valley to Martigny, and thence by funicular railway up and through the hillside on a rack-and-pinion, threading tunnels and climbing like the proverbial cat. This wonderful line passes through a high alpine valley, climbing from 1,542 feet altitude at Martigny to 4,060 feet at Finhaut, and emerges into the valley of Chamonix at Argentiére (4,110 feet), where the whole panorama of the Mount Blanc range opens out. As one faces south, on the left the Aiguille du Tour with its attendant glacier appears right up in the heavens, followed by the Aiguille d'Argentiére with its glacier flowing down almost to our feet. Then, in glorious succession, appear the Aiguilles Verte, Dru, Les Grandes Jorasses, and Aiguilles Chamois, de Blaitière, du Plan, du Midi, and last, but not by any means least, the monarch of these mountains, Mount Blanc.

One runs down to Chamonix along this most impressive chain in a very short time, and it is quite a strain to keep looking upwards at these needle-like points. There is nothing in New Zealand that one can compare them with.

In making comparisons with our own mountain features, I was chiefly struck with the want of such clear evidence of a former and greater glaciation as is marked in all our great glacier valleys in the remnants of moraines at a great height above the present valley floors; also in the small quantity of present ice reaching the existing valleys, and in the lesser quantity of water coming away. None of the Chamonix glaciers reach the main valley, whilst in New Zealand all our main valleys in similar situations are filled with trunk glaciers. As to the discharge of water, I think if even one of our smaller rivers were turned into the Chamonix Valley—say the Hooker—there would probably soon be no Chamonix left. To me the Arvre appeared a very small stream to emanate from such a glacier watershed, and the allowance in the bridge arches at Chamonix looked ludicrously inadequate to carry flood water.

I think it is obvious that the greater activity and melting from New Zealand glaciers arises from the fact that they are situated at such a very much lower altitude than those of Switzerland. The high summer snow line in Switzerland surprised me, as did the altitude of vegetation. I saw wheat and potatoes growing at 7,000 feet at Findelen above Zermatt, and flowers at more than 11,000 feet in some districts. With us, in the central alpine district, everything above say 7,000 feet is ice and snow in summer.

At Chamonix I went to Couttet's Hotel (that Mecca of climbers) and found that Mr Corbett had not yet arrived, but I had the good fortune to fall in with Mr R. W. Lloyd, a fellow Alpine Clubman, and he very kindly asked me to join him and his guide, Joseph Pollinger of St. Niklaus, in a walk up the Brévent. This hill, for it is only a hill in this locality, which is 8,285 feet high, lies on the north side of the valley immediately above Chamonix, and commands about the finest view of Mt. Blanc obtainable from this direction. The height of Chamonix above sea level is 3,390 feet, so there is a climb of 4,895 feet.

The upper portion of the Brévent is a steep rocky face seldom climbed, and as we were out for a training walk only we went up the track through the pine woods, a good zig-zag path, to Plan Praz, where we discussed a bottle of the wine of the country mulled with sugar and cinnamon—not a bad drink. Then we got on to snow slopes which led on to “The Chimney,” a steep pitch in the rocks furnished with an iron hand-rail and steps cut in the rock. Here we sat in the sun and lunched and—shall I confess it—changed our saturated garments before proceeding out on to the arete and so to the summit. As we were lunching we watched a solitary climber below toiling in our footsteps in the snow slopes and slipping about in an alarming manner. On his reaching us after this toilsome procedure we found that he was armed with only a walking-stick and had no nails in his boots, which accounted for his antics below. We told him what we thought of him in varied French and English, and I told him in plain English that by rights he ought to have broken his neck; but as his knowledge of English was evidently nil I fear my reproaches fell upon stony ground. He, however, proved a voluble and cheery individual, and we fed him and got him up “The Chimney” safe and sound. His French was difficult to understand, his accent being even too pronounced for Pollinger to follow, but he proved his worth on the descent by devouring a whole loaf of bread assisted by a large bottle of wine. In the end we left him slipping about behind us on the downward track.

The view from the summit was superb, and here is a porcelain tablet mounted on a stone cairn with a panorama of the whole horizon set out in enamel, so that one may discard compass and guide book and readily identify every peak and glacier in sight.

Later, I met with another of these tablets, which are about six feet in diameter, at the Montenvers. They have been erected by Messrs J. and H. Vallot for the Chamonix section of the Swiss Alpine Club.

We descended by the western route, testing the wine also at Bel-Achat on the way down. It proved a most enjoyable day and a good training walk.

This walk may be compared with that of Sebastopol from the Hermitage as a training exercise for higher climbs, but in the case of the Brévant one ascends about twice the altitude that is necessary to attain the summit of Sebastopol.

The view of Mt. Blanc from the floor of the Chamonix is not good, as one looks up slanting-wise on to fore-shortened steep slopes, but when the view-point is altered to the summit of the Brévent at an altitude of 8,285 feet the true proportions of the great mountain are fully realised. The most striking feature is then the long ice-fall of the Glacier des Bossons, which commences at the rocks of the Grands Mulets (10,010 feet) and descends to the floor of the valley (say 3,000 feet). This measurement makes the ice-fall about twice the length of the Hochstetter ice-fall in New Zealand, but the width is very much less, and, of the two, the Hochstetter is incomparably the finer sight and is also in a much more active condition.

But it is not only Mt. Blanc itself which is so impressive from the Brévent. The chain to the left, embracing such a wonderful array of needle-like points of rock, most of which are higher than our Mt. Cook, is startling in rugged outline against the blue sky.

The Montenvers and Mer-de-Glace — Talèfre Glacier—Couvercle: Mr Corbett having arrived with his wife and a porter, David Revel of Courmayeur, we arranged next day to visit the Mer-de-Glace, the well-known glacier which descends from the vast snow-fields of the Chamonix Aiguilles. We went by funicular railway up to the hotel at Montenvers (6,267 feet), which overlooks the lower part of the Mer-de-Glace, and next morning proceeded up the glacier after a short scramble down the rocks which, as usual in such frequented places, have been "improved" with the usual iron hand-rails and steps cut in the rock. Notwithstanding these aids, several

lives have been lost in this locality. The ice stream of the Mer-de-Glace is formed by the junction of three considerable glaciers which descend from quite a large amphitheatre of mountains, comprising roughly a circle from the Aiguille Verte along the Mt. Blanc range, and to the Aiguille de Charmoz, and it is a matter of surprise to a New Zealand alpinist to find such a small trunk stream of ice emerging in the narrow valley which contains the main glacier. The three glaciers contributing are the Talèfre, Leschaux, and du Géant, the last-named furnishing the greatest supply. The Mer-de-Glace is probably the best known glacier in the world and the most visited.

During the summer season five trains a day go up to Montenvers from Chamonix, and it is often difficult to get a seat. It takes 50 minutes to go up. Hundreds of people every day, Sundays included, make the excursion, and perhaps 50 per cent. of them go down to the glacier and may cross it and descend by foot on the other side. The glacier carries little moraine in comparison with the Canterbury glaciers and, though broken in parts, can be crossed almost anywhere. Guides gather a nice little harvest of five francs per crossing, which occupies only about a quarter of an hour or so. I do not know how many tourists one guide is permitted to escort. It was on this glacier that Principal J. D. Forbes, in the year 1842, made such exhaustive surveys and observations concerning the flow of glacier ice, and I think I am correct in stating that here he made the great discovery that ice was a viscous or semi-fluid and not a solid body, which soon made clear many phenomena in connection with the motion and behaviour of glaciers, until then not fully understood. The results of his observations were published in his fine work "*Travels Through the Alps of Savoy*," which is still regarded as a classic by students of Alpine literature.

The going up the dry glacier is quite easy (much easier walking than on the Tasman), and after a couple of miles or so we arrived on the left at the

junction of the Talèfre Glacier, and branched off to its ice-fall a mile farther up. Here Mr and Mrs Corbett remained, while Revel and I took to the "improved" rocks on the left of the icefall and climbed up a steepish route to the Couvercle Refuge, a hut at 8,851 feet. This hut commands a splendid view of the upper Talèfre Glacier, with the Aiguille de Triolet (12,700 feet) at its head, and also of the upper part of the Glacier du Géant, and, more to the right, Mount Blanc itself. It is the starting point for climbing many of the peaks around, notably the Aiguille du Moine, on the slopes of which it is situated. From here one also picks out the well known Col du Géant, a glacier pass of 11,053 feet, leading over to Courmayeur on the Italian side, and much used by climbers. This pass has a highly interesting history, too long to refer to in detail in this article. Coming down from this hut, we met a young American ascending with his guide. He wanted to know if he could reach the Couvercle and return to Montenvers in time to catch the last train to Chamonix. As neither his guide nor Revel understood English and his French was even more limited than mine, there was some difficulty, not to say amusement, in arriving at an understanding, but I saw him afterwards at Montenvers, where an anxious aunt was awaiting him, and he caught his train all right. We returned without incident to Montenvers, under Revel's guidance down the glacier, and here we stayed another night. Next morning we set out to return to Chamonix by way of the Plan de l'Aiguille, a high mountain path running along the range. This involved an ascent at the start of some 1,200 feet on the slopes of the Aiguille de Charmoz, followed by a fine walk along the range to a chalet called Hotel de Plan de l'Aiguille, where we lunched. From this point we observed, by telescope, a party of three descending Mt. Blanc and traced them down to the Grands Mulets hut, where they doubtless disappeared into the blankets. But what interested us more was a party of three Swiss amateurs, whom we had previously met at

Montenvers, climbing the Grépon, a fearsome rock tooth, still reckoned as one of the formidable climbs in the district. We saw them arrive at the top. This same party had, two days previously, been attempting the ascent of the Aiguille de la République, a needle-like point on the Charmoz, and had been caught out for the night under that peak. But they were a hardy looking lot, and evidently splendid climbers, though they did not succeed in reaching the summit of the République, which, I believe, has only once been climbed, and that by shooting a rope over the top with the aid of a cross-bow! Such a performance shows to what lengths modern rock climbers will go. The descent to Chamonix from the Plan de l'Aiguille is by a steep mule path which tests weak knees.

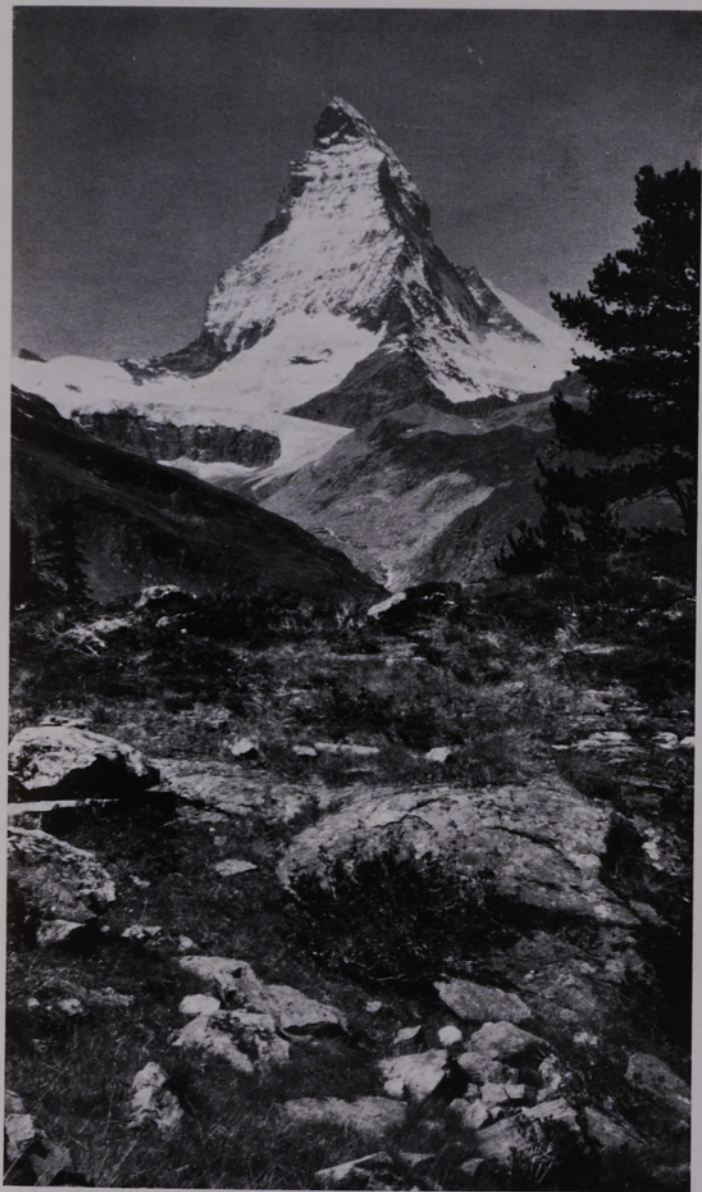
Round Mt. Blanc via Albertville, Bourg St. Maurice, and Little St. Bernard Pass to Courmayeur: We now set out by motor-bus down the valley of the Arvre to St. Gervais and on to Combloux for lunch. Here a fine hotel has recently been built by the Paris-Lyons Mediterranean Railway Company, which also runs the fine charabancs which tour from Chamonix even as far as the Riviera. These auto-buses are splendidly appointed. With double pneumatic tyres and comfortably upholstered they are almost as easy to ride in as a good touring car—a great contrast to the cars in the Italian services, which shook our bones later on. There is a fine outlook from Combloux on to Mt. Blanc and across the valley of the Arvre, which is the entrance from France proper into French Switzerland, on to a fine rocky peak, the Aiguille de Varan, whose rugged head showing through the clouds made an exquisite picture.

From Combloux we turned south down the valley of the Arly entering a rocky defile down which we proceeded for miles along a skilfully constructed road to Albertville, which is on the Italian frontier. The beauty of this drive lives in my memory as one of the finest of many such tours. At Albertville, after lunch, we took the Italian train, which enters the valley of

the Isere and trends northward to Bourg St. Maurice which lies at the foot of the Little St. Bernard Pass, leading over to Courmayeur. This train runs up a valley of closely cultivated trellised vineyards and pocket handkerchief paddocks of rye, at that time being harvested. All the Italian and Swiss villages are chequered with these yellow rye crops, besides little plots of potatoes, beans, oats, and sundry other crops, all besprinkled with gay poppies, whilst the rest of the land consists of small meadows off every square foot of which a hay crop is carefully gathered and stored in the numerous chalets for winter use. During the summer one sees but little stock at these levels, but higher up one finds plenty of belled cattle and goats, and the musical tinkling of these bells is a constant and pleasing feature of the upper landscapes. The mere sound of a Swiss cow-bell is sufficient to call back beautiful memories.

Amongst the ever repeating impressions of the higher altitudes are running water (how well is Mason's novel named!), cow bells, goat bells, church bells in the distance below, green meadows, flower bedecked,—flowers, flowers everywhere, and more flowers,—and the higher one goes the brighter seem their colours until one comes to indescribably blue gentians and forget-me-nots and the most violet of violets. The crimson of the alpenrose and rhododendron (which seems to take the place of our veronicas in New Zealand) covers patches of mountain side acres in extent, while below are pine, larch, and fir trees, and, as one lifts one's eyes, rocky precipices, with their hanging glaciers show through floating mists, while snowy domes and needle points of rock soar up into the blue. It is all lovely and completely satisfying.

Bourg St. Maurice is not an attractive or clean town. Luckily, as in most of these small Italian towns, down the narrow and cobble-stoned street is turned a stream of water which carries away—well—we won't say what it carries away, but very fortunately it does so.



The Matterhorn from the Riffel Path.



The Grand Muveran; winter.

A night here, at this typically Italian village where, as a matter of course, a bottle of wine is served with one's meal, a meal the contents of which I never attempted to discover; and we set off by motor-bus to cross the Little St. Bernard. These Italians, if they can't lay out a town, can build a mountain road, for a finer one it has never been my good fortune to cross. The charabanc, with solid tyres, was not to be compared with those of the P. L. & M. service in France, but the road surface was beautiful, and we wound round innumerable hairpin turns and arrived at the summit (7,180 feet), where stands a bronze statue of St. Bernard of Menthon (who in 962 A.D. founded the Hospice of the Great St. Bernard—not to be confounded with this pass). The descent leads down the valley of the Thuile, through several small villages to the important mountaineering centre of Courmayeur and right under the Italian side of Mt. Blanc. We had come round by this long route as the mule passes of the Col de Bonhomme and the Col de la Seigne were blocked with much snow, and we did not want to be separated from our luggage, always a dangerous matter in these parts, as I found out later to my cost.

The ordinary way for mountaineers to cross from Chamonix to Courmayeur is by the Col du Géant, but that is a climbing route, and no luggage can be taken. I was glad, however, to have come the long way round and to see the country, and found it a highly interesting journey.

But we had no intention of stopping in Courmayeur, being bound for the Chalet Pension of Purtud at the foot of the Brenva Glacier and closer still under Mt. Blanc itself. The position is comparable to that of the old Hermitage in relation to Mt. Sefton.

Mr Corbett picked up his guide, Alphonse Chenoz, at Courmayeur, and we walked up this steep road to Purtud in an hour and a half, and settled in. On the way we met a motor-car descending, which had been beaten by the steep grade of the ascent, and had only got halfway to Purtud.

Here there is a scene of desolation caused by an immense rock avalanche which broke away from near the summit of Mt. Blanc in November, 1920, and, descending by way of the Brenva Glacier, which it completely covered with its mass, came crashing down on the lovely wood of Purtud, destroying a large portion of it in its course. The avalanche discharged over the right bank of the Brenva Glacier, being about half a mile wide, and came straight for the hotel, which had a miraculous escape from destruction as the granite blocks stopped their course just six feet short of the hotel buildings, though passing it for some distance on either side. Trees which were borne down by the avalanche still leaned against the Chalet, and all around was a jumbled mass of granite boulders with here and there a large tree stump showing through. The apparent effect of this avalanche is to cause also an advance of the Brenva Glacier, which is slowly overtopping its lateral moraine in places, while the snout is pressing forward and encroaching upon small trees growing on its former terminal moraine. A new lateral moraine is in course of formation, and day and night, especially in wet weather, granite boulders are bounding down its sides, and one sees them striking fire in the darkness. This is the most active example of glacier action that I saw in Switzerland, and it reminded me strongly of the noise which is constantly going on in some of our New Zealand mountains, where ice avalanches and stone falls are the rule rather than the exception.

The Ascent of Mt. Dolent (12,540 feet): Our first climb was Mount Dolent, situated at the head of the Italian Val Ferret, which valley bounds a large part of the Mt. Blanc Range on the southern and Italian side. This necessitated a walk of eight miles or so up this valley to the Chalet of Lavachey (5,364 feet). We should have gone further still, to the Chalet of Prè de Bar, but learnt that this chalet was not yet opened for the climbing season. Starting from Lavachey meant

a long walk in the morning and a climb of some 7,000 feet for the day, no light task for men not in perfect training.

The day broke fine, and we set off by moonlight at 3 a.m.—Corbett, myself, Chenoz, and Revel. We reached the foot of the Petit Col Ferret, on a fair track, in about two hours, and climbed that steep little pinch on to the Col, which is 8,310 feet up. Here we broke off to the left, sidling up debris and snow slopes and seeing our peak right ahead, looking so near and yet being so far, as is always the case with these alpine summits. One walks, and walks, and walks, and never seems to get nearer. Soon we were climbing on snow-covered glacier and, coming to some crevasses, put on the rope. Steeper and steeper grew the slopes, but the snow was hard, and gave good foothold to our well nailed boots. To the right was the main arete, looking tempting here and there, and I wished our guide would tackle it, and get off the interminable snow slopes. But he knew better, as we afterwards found out. About half way up we rested under some rock of the arete, being subjected to a small shower of icicles during our meal, and then took up our task afresh and kept steadily at it, although I, for one, was feeling the want of training. At length we neared the actual summit, after occasional cutting of steps and crossing small crevasses, and finally getting on to the steep rocks which were mostly covered with new snow and some patches of verglas, or solid ice plastered on the rocks. Here great care was essential, as the climbing was steep, and a hard ice slope below leading to the crevasses in the Pré de Bar Glaciers did not look inviting. But we reached the top at last, and found just a little shelter from the cold wind.

Here we were, practically, "where three empires meet"—except that two of them are Republics. France, Switzerland, and Italy all claim Mt. Dolent as a corner stone, and one can be in three countries at once, with feet in two and hand in the other. The outlook is

superb. A large extent of Switzerland was in sight except—to my disappointment—the Matterhorn, which was hidden by the Grand Combin. Later, I looked for Mount Dolent from the summit of the Matterhorn, forgetting that again the Grand Combin intervened.

From the summit we realised the guide's wisdom in having avoided the arete, which was apparently quite unclimbable in many places, and bristled with gendarmes of rock alternating with snow cornices—quite a terrible looking ridge.

The descent for the first thousand feet or so required much care, as the snow was so steep that we had to use both hand and footholds, but soon we got on to the softer and safer snow and began to go down at a good pace, telling on the knees, and after a time, almost as exhausting as going up. With occasional stops we reached the Petit Col Ferret, and the climb was over. Then followed the usual machine-like trudge down, and we reached Lavachey at 4.30, thirteen and a half hours in all, and quite a stiff day for a start. Here I stayed for the night with Revel, whilst Mr Corbett and Chenoz went down to Purtud and Courmayeur respectively. I had some hard struggles at Lavachey with the French language after Mr Corbett left; but Revel and I were beginning to comprehend each other after a fashion, and we got along very well considering. I eased the conversational difficulty by getting into bed for 13 hours, an effectual way of avoiding misunderstandings.

Revel and I came down next morning, and I took the opportunity of examining the terminal of the Brenva Glacier, where men were daily at work cutting ice to send down to Italy. There was little morainic matter being discharged over the snout. Most of it seems to tumble off the side opposite Purtud.

Our next venture was to be Mt. Blanc via the Miage Glacier; but rain set in and forced us to abandon the attempt. This route, I was told, presented no great climbing difficulties, but is an arduous snow grind. To climb Mt. Blanc by way of the Brenva

glacier from Purtud is quite another matter, and is recognised as one of the most difficult and dangerous climbs in the district.

Mr Corbett now wished to go further along the Italian side of the Alps, and I decided to return to Les Plans. We therefore went down from Courmayeur to Aosta, again in an uncomfortable Italian charabanc. The road leads down the wooded ravine of the Dora, and on looking backwards reveals fine vistas of Mt. Blanc, which dominates this district even more effectually than it does that of Chamonix on the Swiss side. The Italian ridges of Mt. Blanc are stupendous, and much rougher than on the Swiss side. The great ridge between the du Fresnay and Brenva Glaciers is tremendously formidable. First, on high, there is the rocky precipice of Mt. Blanc de Courmayeur, from which the great rock avalanche came away, leaving an unweathered scar still prominent. Lower down the ridge develops into a snowy summit called the Aiguille Blanche de Pétéret, followed by a deep scarf in which are situated four thin needles of rock named (shall we say ungallantly) "*Les Dames Anglaises*." Then the ridge rises again into the famous Aiguille Noire de Pétéret, from which summit it dips in a highly serrated ridge down into the valley of the Allee Blanche just above Purtud.

I think this striking ridge of Mt. Blanc gives a finer impression of rugged grandeur than anything I saw in the Swiss mountains. I use the term "Swiss" mountains in the broad sense, as embracing those parts of France and Italy contiguous to the ranges of the Swiss Alps. Mount Blanc is situated in France and Italy—not in Switzerland.

We got down to the heat at Aosta (1912 feet), and there I parted from Mr and Mrs Corbett and their guides, and with much sorrow, for they had given me a fine introduction to unfrequented parts of the Alps, and I felt very lonely as their train steamed out.

Aosta is a remarkable town with old Roman

remains in the shape of arches, walls, and bridges, all of which made the later architecture look very indifferent and unsubstantial.

Baedeker says of Aosta: "Augusta Praetoria Salassorum of the Romans is beautifully situated at the confluence of the Buthier and the Dora Baltea, and has 6,000 inhabitants. Its antiquities testify to the importance of the place during the Roman period. Cretinism is sadly prevalent in Aosta."

The place is absolutely surrounded with trellised vineyards and vines trained on pergolas and espaliers. On the south is an immense mountain called Mt. Emilius (11,675 feet), its lower slopes adorned with vineyards and cereal crops, mostly of rye, which at this season give a checkered appearance to the landscape. The main street contains the usual water channel in the centre—and a good thing too! There is a quaint cathedral and a very untidy cemetery.

Aosta and over the Great St. Bernard: I was glad to start at 10 a.m. next day to cross the Great St. Bernard back into Switzerland. An awful rattletrap of a charabanc with open sides (convenient for looking down precipices), but with a good Itala engine, was provided; and some dozen or so passengers were jammed into this solid-tyre-springless-cushionless-abomination. But it could climb; and it had to; for the pass is 8,110 feet high,—another magnificent road with memories of Napoleon and his armies. It took three hours to go up, with very fine views back into the vale of Aosta and Mt. Emilius. In these days of motor trials cars ascend this pass of 18 miles or so in about 37 minutes. We got into snow at the Hospice, saw the monks, saw (and smelt) the celebrated dogs, and looked for lunch. Nobody seemed to speak English or to understand my excellent French, and I presently discovered that I was marooned, for there was no regular service down on the Swiss side, as I had been informed there was when in Aosta. However, I had the good fortune to find a charabanc up for the day from Montreux (on the Lake of Geneva), and the chauffeur offered me, for a con-

sideration, a seat down as far as my destination at Bex. I was extremely glad to avail myself of this opportunity. It was a fine Fiat car, and most comfortable travelling after the Italian abomination in which I had come up. The drive down was uneventful, and the scenery at first rather bare and uninteresting, but later fine vistas of the valleys were disclosed, and to my delight, Mt. Dolent came into view up the Swiss Val Ferret, standing out a very fine peak.

At Vernayaz we stopped and went into the well known Gorge du Trient, a narrow fissure in the hill-side, through which a considerable river discharges its water. One goes for a quarter of a mile or so along a wooden gallery over the rushing waters, and a boy comes along and fires off a pistol, the report of which echoes along this curious rocky defile. I had visited this gorge in May, 1877, since which date the gallery has been extended.

I reached Bex at 5.30; left my luggage with the good lady at the Restaurant de la Gare (and that was the last I saw of it for three days!), and walked up the Gorge of the Avancon (before mentioned) in two hours to Les Plans, finding my ladies all well, but content to move on.

Les Plans to Champéry and the ascent of the Dent Du Midi: At Les Plans I was most fortunate in falling in with Mr Henry F. Montagnier, a fellow member of the Alpine Club, who had just climbed the Grand Muveran and had observed my name in the visitors' book at the Cabane Rambert. He was acquainted with my early work in the New Zealand mountains, and I was delighted when he pressed us to go over to Champéry, where he has a chalet containing a wonderful alpine library. We all motored over to Monthey on the other side of the Rhone Valley, and took the usual funicular for Champéry—a most delightful spot. We put up at the Hotel Champéry, and enjoyed also the hospitality of Mr Montagnier's chalet.

At Champéry there is accommodation for some

2,000 visitors, summer or winter, and in the latter period sports are all the rage—ski-ing, tobogganing, skating, etc., ad libitum.

The weather had been bad and much new snow had fallen, but this did not deter us from attempting the ascent of the Dent du Midi—a mountain I had known in boyhood, but had never dreamt that I should one day ascend. Everyone who knows the Lake of Geneva knows the Dent du Midi, standing up as it does at the eastern end of the lake, an object of never failing beauty, and perhaps worshipped as much as any mountain in Switzerland. The Haute Cime, or highest peak of the massif is 10,695 feet, and the height of Champéry is 3,450 feet, so it is quite a respectable climb. By the back way it is long, but easy, but by the front way from Champéry the ascent is more difficult. We decided, in spite of much new snow, to make a frontal attack, and with two Gexcollets as guides went up one evening to a chalet named Mettequy, in sight from Champéry. May I never again visit that same chalet! for I experienced a night of torture from the nauseous odours arising from a conglomeration of cows, pigs, and goats, which permeated and penetrated everywhere and effectually banished sleep for me, though the guides and Mr Montagnier appeared to be seasoned to the ordeal. One had to pay for accommodation, too, almost as much as one would at a good London hotel. I was glad to start for the climb at about 3 a.m., and in darkness. At first the way led up easy grass slopes, but we soon arrived at a small lake at the foot of some scree, and here, as one of the guides remarked, we came to a "rack-and-pinion section", and it was not long before we were grappling with the rocks of the northern ridge. Very soon we had to traverse to the right and had recourse to the rope, which we put on about 6 a.m. and kept on till about noon; this on a mountain where the rope is seldom used when the rocks are clear of snow. We kept sidling round under the face of great cliffs above, mostly on snow-covered

rocks at first but afterwards for an hour or so on pure hard snow in which the leading guide had often to cut steps; for by this time there was a vast abyss below us. For a few minutes at eight o'clock we could see down into the valley of Champéry, and then the clouds closed in and we were in a cold fog most of the time. The sidling round the mountain continued, bringing us out at about 10 a.m. to the Col des Paresseux ("The Saddle of the Lazy Ones," for here many faint-hearted climbers turn back).

The way now led up a steepish snow arete with a profound precipice on the right, and we had occasionally to keep well on the left of the ridge to avoid breaking through a cornice, and the wind was piercingly cold; but we were well protected with woollen storm-caps and gloves, and we finally reached the summit, on which stand two iron crosses, then fantastically decorated with icicles. In fact, there were icicles everywhere, many of those hanging from the rocks being ten and twelve feet long. Our nether limbs were practically encased in icicles, and our woollen clothing, eyebrows, and moustaches all decorated with hoar frost. We appeared like a party of Polar explorers. Owing to the fog there was no view to describe; so my readers are spared. We sought what meagre shelter the rocks afforded, ate our lunch and drank hot tea from a thermos, but very soon commenced the descent and on reaching the Col des Paresseux we dispensed with the rope. Here we decided to descend by the easier, but longer route. More gentle slopes led down to the Col de Suzanfe and here we got below the clouds, and our way led down a long valley of the same name to its exit at a narrow gorge called the Pas d'Encel. It was a long walk down this valley, which is an old glacier bed. On our left, high on the cliffs, lay the Glacier de Mt. Ruan, a fine sheet of ice sending avalanches into the valley below. The floor of this wide valley is fairly well grassed, but numerous ice-worn rocks protrude. Here we heard numbers of marmots whistling, and saw several

running frantically about on the snow patches, the guides as usual being very excited at the sight of game. After climbing down the Pas d'Encel we struck the track for the chalet of Bonaveau and there refreshed the inner man. From here our younger guide crossed the valley, and toiled up to Mettequy to recover some of our impedimenta which we had left there—no light walk after a heavy climb—while the rest of us trudged down to Champéry, where we arrived at 4.30, having been thirteen and a half hours on the move. I was delighted to have made the ascent and expressed my appreciation to Montagnier.

Champéry to Randa and Zermatt: After a further pleasant day or two we decided to move on to Randa. We went down the valley to Monthéy, whence we took the train up the Rhone valley to Visp, noting on the way the intense cultivation of the vine, every available patch of ground on the hillsides being terraced and planted with vines trained on upright sticks; not trellised or trained on pergolas as is the custom in Italy. At Visp we changed into the funicular railway for Zermatt, a wonderful piece of engineering taking one up the Visp and St. Niklaus valleys. We alighted at Randa, some six miles short of Zermatt. Here, however, we felt that we had "not yet arrived" and next morning we went on to Zermatt, to the Monte Rosa Hotel, another "Climbers' Mecca." We were now really in the heart of a big climbing centre, and, hackneyed though it may be, the Matterhorn had an irresistible attraction for me. Mr Montagnier had recommended as a guide Julius Zumtaugwald, and I immediately engaged him, with his son Josef, also a qualified guide, for an ascent of the great peak as soon as the weather should permit. In the meantime we made the famous excursion by train to the Gornergrat. The altitude of Zermatt is 5,315 feet and that of the Gornergrat 10,289 feet so that this wonderful cog wheel railway crawls up the mountain side for some 5,000 feet passing hotels at Riffel Alp and Riffelberg on the way. On the summit there is a very fine hotel

and even at this altitude one finds plenty of grass and flowers. The hotel, which contains among other forms of entertainment, an electric piano, is of course haunted daily by hordes of trippers, generally with a chorus of songsters and "yodelers" who make the place hideous to the quiet mountain lover—though doubtless joyous to themselves. (One must not be entirely selfish; there is still plenty of room in the mountains—even in Switzerland).

From the Gornergrat the immediate view of snow covered and glaciated mountains is superb. Facing southwards, on the left is the head of the Gorner Glacier, which flows completely down the valley to our right, some two or three thousand feet below. Following round to the right, from the head of the Gorner Glacier, the mountains are in this order: Monte Ros (15,217 feet); the Lyskamm (14,888 feet); Castor (13,848 feet); Pollux (13,432 feet); Breithorn (13,685 feet); Kleine Matterhorn (12,750 feet); Theodul Pass (10,900 feet); Matterhorn (14,780 feet); Dent Blanche (14,318 feet); Gebelhorn (13,365 feet); Zinal Rothorn (13,855 feet) and Weisshorn (14,804 feet), all in full view, one of the most striking alpine panoramas imaginable. I am not going to attempt to compare it with New Zealand views, but I think it is more extensive than anything we can show. Perhaps the view of Mts. Cook and Tasman from Glacier Dome is more overpowering, and there is nothing to view from this standpoint comparable to the precipices of Mt. Sefton as seen from the Sealy Range. The nearest comparison I could find in the latter direction was the face of the Jungfrau from the Wengern Alp, which we visited later; but we are told, "Comparisons are odious" and I only quote these features to convey to readers who may be interested, the character of the views.

After a wait of three days the weather cleared up, but left the Matterhorn very white. The guides assured me however that the mountain was climbable, and were anxious to start, so in the afternoon we toiled

up the mule track which leads past the Schwarzsee Hotel (8,495 feet) and on past the Hörnli (an outstanding rocky ridge lying in front of the Matterhorn) and so to the Hotel Belvedere (10,820 feet), situated right at the foot of this magnificent wedge of rock. This is about a four hours' walk, steep most of the way. The height of the peak is 14,780 feet. (Italian measurement 14,705 feet), so that there is only 4,000 feet to climb; but it is all real climbing with practically no walking.

After a comfortable but expensive night at the Belvedere we set out at 3 a.m. by lantern light. The very first pitch is an awkward one, being over smooth steep rock without any handholds whatever. I have a shrewd suspicion that the guides leave this pitch "unimproved" by steps and ropes, purposely, for their own ends. If it be so, small blame to them, I say. For a full hour we climbed by the light of the lantern. At the guide's request I had left my axe behind, and carried only a walking-stick, yet even this became a nuisance. In front of us was a party of two, the guide and a Swiss lady evidently a very good mountaineer, and presently we were overtaken by a single climber, also an expert. Further behind us was another party of three, a stalwart young American with two guides. A cold wind from the north was blowing but as the route lay mostly on the sheltered side of the range (i.e. the left as we ascended) we did not feel it except on occasions, and the work was very strenuous and very hot. The snow at this early hour was in fine safe order, and we climbed steadily and without incident. Though the climbing was exhausting I required no assistance from the guides, and we reached the Refuge Solvay (12,526 feet) at 5.30 a.m. with the leading guide steaming like a boiler. This hut was built chiefly at the expense of a M. Solvay whose philanthropy has doubtless been the means of preserving many lives. It is used in the descent of the N.E. arete chiefly by parties climbing from the Italian side, and from the Zmutt Ridge both of which climbs are more difficult

than the ordinary ascent from Zermatt by the N.E. arete. The Refuge is maintained by the Swiss Alpine Club. We rested for half an hour in this hut, during which time the American gentleman and his guide arrived, so that we were nine persons, all bound for the summit. On the day before a strong party had turned back from this point. At 6 o'clock we set out again, and immediately tackled some of the worst of the climbing. On one occasion I had to get on Julius's shoulder to reach a handhold above. Several steep pinches brought us to "The Shoulder" and here a permanent rope, some hundreds of feet in length, is fixed on iron standards, and very glad I was to get hold of it; for, in its condition at that time, the shoulder would have been difficult and unsafe without the aid of the rope.

After negotiating the shoulder one comes on to rather easier rocks for a short time, but the sight of two more ropes dangling over precipices higher up is not reassuring, and on reaching these ropes we were considerably delayed by the lady before mentioned, who, in addition to being assisted by her own guide above, required an occasional push from our head guide below; but, as we were now nearing the top, we made no attempt to pass her. One climbs these two dangling ropes almost entirely with the aid of one's arms, now and then getting a toe into a crack in the rock. We were now on the crest of the ridge, and in the cold wind; but the climbing eased off a bit and we could already see our solitary climber friend on the summit. There we arrived at 8.30 a.m., making a five and a half hours' climb from the Belvedere, which the guides reckoned very good time, considering the snow on the mountain.

The view from the summit is very extensive and magnificent. The first thing I looked for was the summit of Mt. Dolent, forgetting that the Grand Combin was in the way. It was a beautifully clear day, and much of Switzerland and part of Italy were laid out before us like a map in every direction. The hotel

at Breuil on the Italian side was clearly in sight, and we knew that at Zermatt our friends were observing us through the telescopes.

The wind was too cold for a long stay and we soon turned to descend. Coming down is very much worse than going up, and, as we neared the shoulder I could not help thinking of the dreadful accident which occurred at this point on the first ascent of the Matterhorn, 1865, when Lord Francis Douglas, Messrs Hudson and Hadow, with the guide Michael Croz were hurled to destruction over this tremendous precipice, the bodies of three of them being recovered 4,000 feet below while Edward Whymper and the two Taugwalders remained on the rocks above, with the broken rope dangling in front of them. It was this sensational accident which has been largely responsible for the Matterhorn's fame. Whilst in Zermatt I visited the small alpine museum in which are preserved some of the relics of that ill-fated climb. Though I had often read Whymper and other writers on this sad subject, I was surprised beyond measure to see the ridiculously thin rope which parted on that occasion—just a spare cord of Italian hemp, little thicker than an ordinary clothes line. How any man in his senses could have tied up a party of seven on such a frail rope quite passes comprehension. Whymper explains that it was used without his knowledge.

A great deal of ignorance in regard to this accident still prevails. I have heard a certain New Zealand climber, who professes to teach all and sundry how climbing should be done, state, in the smoking room at the old Hermitage, that at that period there were no guides in Switzerland, but only chamois hunters, though he admitted that "of course, after that time, we all know that Croz became a celebrated guide!" He did not inform us, however, whether in celestial or other ranges! Even in the Gornergrat train another guide-to-knowledge (I think an American) was telling the story completely wrong to an open-mouthed admiring circle of tourists, and he stated that the

bodies of those lost had not long since been recovered, quite freshly preserved, from the terminal of the glacier upon which they fell. The facts are that three of them have been lying in the churchyard at Zermatt for 57 years! and that no trace of the body of Lord Francis Douglas has ever been found, though one of his boots may be seen in the museum at Zermatt. Even in the English press it was stated quite recently that the bodies were expected to be recovered at any time now from the end of the Matterhorn glacier! Any reader interested should refer to Whymper's "Scrambles in the Alps" or the same writer's "Guide to Zermatt and the Matterhorn."

The Matterhorn was practically the last great peak of Switzerland to be climbed, and more has been written about this peak than any other with, perhaps, the exception of Mt. Blanc. The most comprehensive work on the Matterhorn is that by Guido Rey and is entitled "The Matterhorn." All mountain enthusiasts should be acquainted with this work.

After this digression I must get down from the mountain—not an easy task in snow which is softening every hour.

We continued downwards and reached the two ropes, and I fear that I rather scandalised my guides by going down sailor-wise instead of attempting to get my feet into the chinks in the rock in front. Then we arrived at The Shoulder, which was easy to descend with the aid of the fixed rope, but, after that, as the snow was now becoming soft with the sun's rays, the greatest caution had to be exercised in obtaining sure footing. The strain was continuous and I was glad to reach the Solvay Hut at 10.30, one hour and forty-five minutes from the top. I forgot to mention that during the descent we met the American party just above the shoulder, still going up. We had forty minutes' rest in the Solvay Hut, and on leaving it, found the snow below in a worse condition even than that above. The glare was also trying, and we had long taken to our snow goggles. The guides, on their

way up, had discarded their ice-axes, so that the only implement we had on the summit was my walking-stick. During the descent this slid out of my belt and sped down the snow slopes, ultimately in its boundings becoming stuck in the snow; and though it was only two or three hundred feet from our route we dared not attempt to recover it, as the snow was avalanching on its own account in every direction. We kept steadily going down, feeling very carefully for a sure foothold whenever we had to tread on snow. I was fortunate in not making a single slip, and at 1.45 p.m. we scrambled down over the last nasty bit of rock and were on the safe snow slope just above the Belvedere.

Off came the rope and the great climb was over.

With the glasses we could see the other parties coming down, and we reckoned they would be an hour and a half behind us, although the single climber had gone down in front of us, with my guide's aid in occasionally shouting him directions.

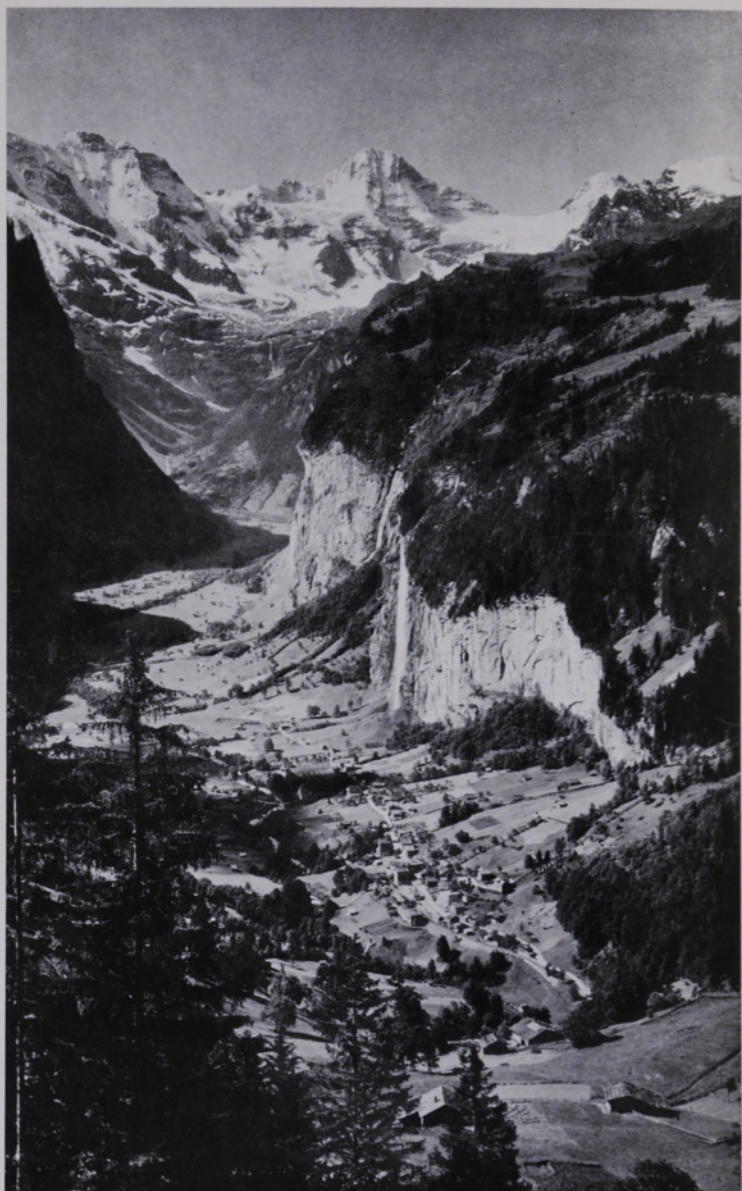
From Belvedere we walked down to Zermatt, where we arrived at 5 p.m., ending a 14-hour day.

This was the last climb of any consequence that I made in Switzerland, and I was glad to have accomplished it and to receive the congratulations of several old alpine climbers who were at the Hotel Monte Rosa in Zermatt.

Under favourable conditions, that is, with the mountain clear of snow and in fine weather, the climb of the Matterhorn by the N.E. arete is not regarded as difficult, and the guides are so well acquainted with the intricacies of the route that they think little of taking any good walkers up. My own head guide said he had lost account of his ascents, but that he knew he had been up more than a hundred times. The tariff of 130 francs per guide (with English exchange at 23 francs to the pound) is ruinous, and tempts the guides to undertake the expedition at times when, in my opinion, they should not. Though the Matterhorn's death rate is not so high as that of, for instance, Mt. Blanc, I understand that some eighteen lives have



The Dents du Midi from Gryon; winter.



[Photo. O. Nikles, Interlaken.

The Lauterbrunnen Valley.

been lost there, and doubtless history will repeat itself. The loss of life in the European Alps continues appalling. This season was notorious for accidents, owing to the large amount of fresh snow; and during my six weeks in the country, I read of no less than sixteen lives being lost, and after my return to England, of several more.

The very day we left Zermatt for Lauterbrunnen and the Jungfrau (which I intended to climb) we found, upon arriving there, that a party of four had that day been lost on the Jungfrau, the bodies actually falling between two other parties climbing below, and being shot out over a precipice. A large party of guides went out and recovered the bodies next day. It brought the sadness of it home to one to see the graves being prepared in the cemetery at Lauterbrunnen, close by our hotel. This party was without guides, but were all good amateur climbers. One of them was a lady and president of a section of the Swiss Ladies' Alpine Club. Their relatives were staying in the same hotel as ourselves.

To return to Zermatt: The centre of Zermatt abounds in interesting walks and excursions in addition to the high climbing which is available in all directions. We walked one day up the Findelen Valley, a lovely zig-zag path through the larch woods leading to the chalets of Findelen, situated near the terminal of the Findelen Glacier, a rise of some 2,000 feet from Zermatt. This glacier descends from the Strahlhorn and Cima de Jazzi (12,527 feet) and shows evidence of having been at one time very much greater, the moraines on the north side being better preserved than most of the ancient moraines I noticed in Switzerland. Looking down the Findelen Valley one has excellent views of the Matterhorn, set with an attractive foreground of larch trees and chalets.

Another beautiful walk is that to the Riffel Alp Hotel, a winding path through larch and fir forest and up rocky faces. This hotel is largely patronised by climbers, and is a favourite meeting-place for those

whose climbing days are over, but whose love for the mountains remains. Farther on from the Riffel Alp an easy track leads to the Boden Glacier (which is the lower portion of the Gorner Glacier) and from here there are delightful vistas of the Breithorn, Castor and Pollux, and the Lyskamm with their glaciers streaming down to swell the volume of the Gorner Glacier. All these glaciers are of a gentle grade and not broken into icefalls to such an extent as most of the New Zealand glaciers, though there is an icefall in the lower portion of the Gorner.

One may continue on this path to the Riffelhorn, the ascent of which was satirically immortalised by Mark Twain in "A Tramp Abroad," in that inimitable skit on mountain climbing.

Zermatt to Lauterbrunnen via Brieg and Lotschberg Railway and Interlaken: We now decided to visit the Bernese Oberland, another of the famous mountaineering centres. Descending by railway to Visp and then to Brieg, we took the Lotschberg train for Interlaken. This line is even more marvellous from an engineering point of view than any we had yet been on. It runs from Berne to Brieg, and was constructed at a cost of 83 million francs. There are 34 tunnels, 22 bridges, and many avalanche galleries. The electric power seems unlimited, and takes heavy trains up steep grades at a great pace. It runs for some distance along the rocky bank of the Rhone valley, and then turns to the right up the Lotschberg valley through a succession of tunnels, entering the celebrated nine-mile tunnel at Goppenstein (3,999 feet). As the train is run by electricity, all these tunnels are clear of smoke, and no inconvenience is felt in this respect. This vast tunnel goes completely under a high mountain range between the Balmhorn (12,175 feet) and the Schilghorn (10,817 feet), emerging near Kandersteg, a beautifully situated alpine village, also a considerable climbing centre—chiefly for the peaks of the Blumlisalp. The line continues down the Kander Valley with extraordinary

hairpin bends, finally landing the traveller at Spiez on the Lake of Thun. A beautiful lake this, surrounded by green mountains dotted with chalets, pine trees, and flowery meadows. From Spiez one follows the margin of the lake for a short distance to Interlaken, which is built on a neck of land between the lakes of Thun and Brienz. From Interlaken-east station one takes still another funicular railway for Lauterbrunnen (2,615 feet) situated in a most magnificent valley at the foot of the celebrated Jungfrau mountain, and here we put up at the Steinbock Hotel, a most comfortable hostelry. One striking feature at Lauterbrunnen is the Staubbach Fall, which descends from a jutting rock in a leap of 980 feet, most of it being converted into spray before it reaches the ground; but the most outstanding features of the valley are the gigantic cliffs which rise on either hand for some 2,000 feet in places, framing a picture of the snow mountains and glaciers at the head of the valley, the Breithorn and the Grosshorn being the conspicuous peaks. On the green alp above, to the south, lies the village of Mürren, 2,800 feet above Lauterbrunnen. A cable railway with a terrific gradient first takes one up to Grutsch Alp (4,890 feet), and thence a light railway goes to Mürren (5,415 feet), a celebrated centre for winter sports. It was here that a large number of invalided British prisoners of war from Germany were interned during the Great War.

At this point a further cable railway ascends, passing through a tunnel to the green alp of Allmendhubel (6,358 feet), and from this point the observer commands a superb view of many of the main peaks of the Bernese Oberland group, the Jungfrau (13,670 feet), the Monch (13,465 feet), and the Eiger (13,040 feet) commanding the view.

The great railway trip from Lauterbrunnen, however, is the ascent of the Jungfrau line on the opposite side of the valley. This first climbs up to Wengen (4,185 feet), a high village composed mostly of large hotels with accommodation for some thousands of

visitors. The railway now leads on to Wengern Alp (6,160 feet). This is probably the most popular viewpoint of the Jungfrau.

Baedeker says: "The mountain is seen from this point in its full proportion and grandeur; its distance seems annihilated. On sunny days snow avalanches are frequently to be seen descending from rock to rock like a cascade. To the left of the Jungfrau lie the Monch and the Eiger." As I remarked previously, this view may be aptly compared with that of Mount Sefton from the Sealy Range.

From the Wengern Alp the train ascends gradually to the Little Scheidegg (6,770 feet). Here carriages are changed for the most impressive funicular ride we experienced. This marvellous railway makes straight for the Eiger itself, and leaving the Eiger Glacier Station at 7,620 feet enters the main tunnel, and reaches the station of Eigerwand (9,405 feet). From here we view, from an outlook cut in the rock, the Grindelwald Valley below. We proceed, in the tunnel, another three and a half miles to the station of Eismeer, rising to 10,370 feet, and here, in the heart of the mountain, is quite a busy railway station excavated in the S.E. face of the Eiger, from which we can observe the glaciers right at our feet; the Wetterhorn and the Schreckhorn, framed in the outlets of the galleries. This is quite a capacious station, five trains shunting while we were there. The carriages are all heated (and mostly overheated) by electricity, and the atmosphere was anything but pleasant.

Still proceeding upward, by a tunnel pierced in the Monch, we came finally to the station of Jungfrauoch (11,340 feet). This is a saddle between the Jungfrau and the Monch, commanding an extensive view of the great Aletsch Glacier, which is the longest glacier in Switzerland. Including its glacier and névé fields it covers an area of 65 square miles. I have no record of its exact length at hand, but think it is some sixteen and a half miles long from the Jungfrauoch to the terminal face—one and a half miles

shorter than the Tasman; but the Tasman is wider, and I should think contains a greater bulk of ice.

The Jungfrau is on the right, and the Monch on the left, but the view down the glacier does not disclose any other mountains of magnitude. It is necessary to protect the eyes with snow goggles, and the contrast of the atmosphere with that inside the tunnel is very marked. The situation is wonderful, but the method of getting there does not appeal to climbers. The mountain is frequently ascended from this point, being a snow tramp of about three hours. We watched several parties making the ascent, but I had no desire to join them.

We returned to Lauterbrunnen in the evening.

Our tour was now nearing its conclusion, and we left Lauterbrunnen for Chateau d'Oex via Spiez and Zweisimmen, still another lovely journey. Chateau d'Oex is a popular winter resort, and was also a refuge for prisoners of war.

There are no mountains of any magnitude around this place, if one excepts the rocky ridge of the Gummfluh, a row of rocky teeth which provides amusement for gymnastic rock climbers.

After a few quiet days at this place we descended to Lausanne, where we caught the express for London.

I found the actual climbing behind guides in Switzerland very tame work compared to guideless climbing and exploring in the New Zealand mountains. It was a great joy though to be relieved of the customary loads which we have perforce to carry in the latter case. The knowledge that the mountains one tackles in Switzerland have been—in most cases—climbed hundreds of times before, deprives the pastime of that keen interest which attaches to climbs in a new country. Photography also loses its charm, as you know you can buy almost any view you want, and that thousands of people have seen these views before you, and you can now bring in nothing fresh. Against these, however, must be placed the historical climbing interest which surrounds the Swiss mountains. Every

peak and glacier has its tales to tell—many of them, alas! with tragic incidents, but, when the number of persons climbing is taken into account, the accidents are not perhaps more frequent than in many other forms of sport. Danger is inseparable from mountain climbing, but can be minimised by strict attention to well known rules. It speaks well for the care and competence of our own New Zealand guides that hitherto we have experienced only one fatal accident in our alps around Mt. Cook. It must be kept in mind though that for one climber in New Zealand there are probably two hundred, if not more, in Switzerland. The majority of accidents there occur to incompetent and guide-less parties. The Swiss guides are wonderfully safe and skilful as a class; and there are few amateurs that can compare with even the rank and file of them either in skill or endurance.

The expense of travelling in Switzerland is now heavy compared with the cost in pre-war times, but if one studies his Baedeker and selects, say, second-rate hotels, the cost can be kept to a reasonable figure. When I was there the following exchanges were current:

Switzerland, 23 francs to £1.

France, 53 francs to £1.

Italy, 93 lire to £1.

Omitting guide fees, frequenting second-class hotels, and travelling third-class (which nearly all English travellers do), I think the daily cost may be put at, say:

Switzerland, £1 per day.

French Switzerland, 16/- per day.

Italian Switzerland, 12/- per day.

If you want to do it in style, you can spend twice the money, but the scale I give should content the traveller of moderate tastes and means, and is averaged up from actual hotel bills. There is a good deal of extortion at the most frequented high hotels. It is a common matter to pay, say, three Swiss francs

for afternoon tea—*thé complet* as they style it there, consisting of rolls, butter, and honey or jam; there seems to be only one jam, and I never discovered the ingredients. The traveller is also commonly charged three francs for a hot bath. (I am afraid I neglected my ablutions on occasions). Extras figure prominently in most hotel bills, and tips must be allowed for at, say 10 per cent. of your hotel expenses. The best way is to make a definite bargain for *en pension* terms, which all hotels will do for a stay of five days or more. Otherwise you will be charged for every bed, meal, or service separately, and the bill will run into large figures. Baedeker's Guide gives all the *tarifs*, and we found it very reliable. There is a Swiss Hotelkeepers' Association, which fixes the prices for every kind of wine or dish served by its associated members, so that bargaining for accommodation is out of the question except in outlying small hotel-chalets, and, as these latter are usually high up and provisioned mainly by mule transport, their charges are justified by the difficulty of getting supplies.

(The reader should bear in mind that these Swiss notes were written in 1922).

XIX.

RETURN PASSAGE TO NEW ZEALAND VIA PANAMA

After another short stay in London and in Somerset, we left Southampton on the New Zealand Shipping Co.'s steamer, "Ruahine." Quite a number of New Zealanders returning were on board, some of whom we knew. It was a quiet voyage, after the noisy "Osterley."

We landed at Colon for a short time, then went through the Canal to Panama, where we drove out by taxi to Old Panama, some eight miles distant. Here I photographed the ruins of the old cathedral and the town which was sacked by the buccaneer Morgan about 250 years ago.

Adjoining the present Panama City is the American settlement of Ancon, with its large hospital. The passage through the canal was most interesting, but details are so well-known that I do not repeat them here.

We had on board a wireless receiving set for the Pitcairn Islanders. Our next stop was therefore Pitcairn Island, where we arrived on the Pitcairners' Sabbath. They came off in their whaleboats and climbed aboard, bringing curios and the most luscious oranges. It being their Sabbath they would not take any money for their goods. Directly this was realised they were rushed by the steerage passengers—a humiliating spectacle. Amongst the saloon passengers there was a hasty collection of left off clothing for the Pitcairners of which they were in need, being practically isolated from the outside world.

After receiving their wireless set, with careful

instructions as to its use, they re-embarked in their boats, singing farewell hymns. It was quite an event in our passage to Auckland.

From Auckland we proceeded by train to Wellington and thence by ferry steamer to Lyttelton.

On our return to Christchurch we lived first at Telford, on the Ferry Road, which had formerly been the home of the Loughnan family, where I had often gone in earlier years for music. At Telford our son John was born, on 13th December, 1922. His advent happened to coincide with an earthquake, which shook several bricks down the bedroom chimney, somewhat alarming his mother.

After some months at Telford we moved to Mr G. A. U. Tapper's house on Carlton Mill Road, he having gone to England for a time. He was manager of the Bank of New Zealand. On his return we moved to Jackson's Road, Fendalton, for a short time till I purchased a house at No. 10 Tui Street, Fendalton, where we have resided for the last seventeen years. Here our son Guy was born, on 5th July, 1925, and our daughter, Mary, on 25th April (Anzac Day), 1929.

I had resumed work at the bank on our return to New Zealand, henceforth having very little time for out of doors pursuits. I made a practice of walking in and out of town to work, generally walking about five miles or so daily. I soon had to give up golf, principally on account of neuritis trouble in one shoulder, but in any case there was little time for it. Some fishing at week-ends was my usual summer recreation.

Upon reaching the age of 60 I was due for retirement under the bank's regulations, but I was permitted to work on for another two years. I finally left the service, on pension, on 31st December, 1924, after rather over 46½ years' service.

We have passed through many ups and downs during the last twenty years or so. The children have been given a good education, the boys finishing at

Christ's College, my old school, and also of my son Sefton of my first family: Christ's College has had my family name on its books at various times from 1874 to 1941—a period of 67 years. My daughter Mary now attends St. Margaret's College.

My wife, who had not been in good health for some time, was found to be suffering from disseminated sclerosis. This was not definitely diagnosed until 1929. From that date she has been gradually going down hill, and is at the time of writing (1942) bedridden in hospital.

This great trouble has been constantly with us. The two boys, John and Guy, are now in the Air Force and Air Training Corps respectively. As they grew up I have given them an open air training in fishing, shooting, and mountaineering, in all of which they show much proficiency. I have had to go slow on the hills for some years now, but we have had some good times together.

From my own experience I am confident that an open air life, as much as possible, is conducive to health and strength. I am now past my 80th year and still able to walk, shoot and fish all day, without undue fatigue. I must admit, however, that uphill work is now rather strenuous. The main thing, as you grow old, is to "go your own pace" and to refuse to be hustled.

XX.

CANOEING—1889

Now I must hark back for more than fifty years—to the year 1889.

One of our amusements at that time was paddling canoes on the Avon and Heathcote rivers, near Christchurch. One trip I recollect four of us made was down the Heathcote to the Sumner Estuary where we got stranded by the falling tide in the dark on the mud flats till we found the channel again, and so to Sumner where we stayed the night. Next day we paddled up the Avon to town.

Marmaduke Dixon and I wanting something more exciting, we conceived the idea of taking canoes up to the Bealey and coming down the Waimakariri to Kaiapoi, a distance of some 90 miles.

Most of our friends considered it a very risky and hare-brained scheme.

Like most of the larger Canterbury rivers the Waimakariri has its sources in the glaciers of the main range of the Southern Alps.

After the junction of these streams from mountain regions the river cuts through a fourteen mile gorge in the front ranges and, coming out on to the plains, flows across them some 40 miles to the sea. The average fall in the river from the Bealey to Kaiapoi is approximately 30 feet to the mile—as is the case with most of the large Canterbury rivers. This fall makes for a fast current with few pools and many rapids. In fact, all these rivers are classed as torrents by physical geographers. Taking canoes 40 miles to Springfield by train we engaged a man with a cart to take us on over Porter's Pass to the Bealey—another 40 miles.

We were able to inspect the river from the road for the last nine miles. Reaching the Bealey hotel about midday we launched the canoes that afternoon at the West Coast Road crossing, amid the cheers of the whole population of the Bealey township. We got over our first rapid in grand style, enjoying the glorious sensation of gliding down fast without effort. Sometimes, on coming to shallow rapids, we could sit astride our boats, checking the speed with our feet; then, as the water became very shallow would stand up holding the canoes by stern ropes to guide them into deeper water again. So great was the fall of the river that, at times, the man behind, though but fifty yards or so, could see nothing of his friend in front but his head and shoulders—sometimes not even that. Having reached a suitable spot we left the canoes there and walked back some four miles or so to the Bealey hotel for the night.

At 3.30 next morning, after breakfasting on ham and eggs, we set off in our hired cart to the road cutting where we had left the canoes. It was a grey and dubious morning as we shoved off amid the shouts of the populace of the roadmen's huts. Two men on horseback and two ladies, who got into our hired spring cart, accompanied us for some miles down the river. The water here ran close under a succession of rocky bluffs. By keeping on the inside of the turns we had no trouble in avoiding the rocks, which augured well for the gorge work, the prospect of which was causing us some anxiety. The horsemen on the road had to break into a good canter now and again to keep up to our pace.

We reached the Mount White bridge in half an hour, about five miles from where we started.

I now quote for the rest of the journey from an article written for "The Press" at that time.

The course of the river now turned in a southerly direction, and the streams ran fairly into one large current, the banks gradually closing in. On our left lay Mount Binser, wooded from base to summit; on

our right the remarkable Sugarloaf and Magog Hill; the former, which can be seen so advantageously from Lake Pearson on the West Coast road, being a peculiarly beautiful and symmetrical mountain, sloping on this side almost down to the water's edge, and on the other to Grasmere Lake. On every hand were shown most marked traces of glacial action, terraces such as one meets within the Tasman and other large valleys contiguous to the main chain, forming large steps up the mountain sides. We sped merrily on, Dixon with a Christ's College flag in the masthole of his canoe, mine being decorated with a bunch of mountain lilies, the gift of Mrs O'Malley of the Bealey hotel. Soon we passed the mouths of the Poulter and Esk rivers, the water of the latter containing a large quantity of finely triturated matter, such as one commonly meets with in glacier streams, and being of a milky white colour, causing our stream to change from its beautiful clear blue to that of a greeny yellow hue which it now retained to our journey's end.

Blue ducks and their fluffy little broods gazed stupidly at us as we rushed by, and scarcely troubled to get out of our way, so little did they seem to be alarmed by the presence of such a strange craft on their usually unfrequented waters. Then we came upon a colony of black shags, whose nests, thickly populated with young birds, studded the birch trees that overhung the stream. But they seemed much more disconcerted by our advent, for the old birds rose in dozens and hovered overhead, whilst several young half-fledged birds in their alarm flapped wildly in their nests, and dropped right under the bows of our canoes into the rapidly running stream twenty feet below. It was wonderful to see—young and inexperienced as they were—how they took naturally to the water, and how they dived and dived again to evade our pursuit.

On we sped, the river banks closing in by degrees and the stream sometimes running close under the great overhanging cliffs at the sides, which began to

rear their heights above us. Narrower and still narrower the course became, until at last we were at the very gates of the gorge. Rain came on from the south east, and a gale of wind arose which seemed to blow right through our already wet and lightly clad bodies—for we deemed it well to be prepared for swimming at any time, and so had not clothed ourselves heavily.

The gates of the gorge lay before us. Should we rush madly in with the current to what was all unknown to us? Where no man yet had been through; though, of course, it had been seen by many from the cliffs above. We decided to pause in order to get a glimpse into the great avenue, so brought the boats round, and, paddling hard against the current, gradually edged on to the shingle at the side and disembarked. Then, by holding the long lines which we had brought for the purpose and shoving off the boats, we followed them down as far as we could scramble on the rocks and shingle at the side. But we did not gain much by that, so we jumped in again and went at it, keeping on the inside of the turns to avoid being swamped by the waves which rose viciously where the current was strongest, or being dashed against the rocks on the outside of the turns. We could see nothing before us but a high wall of bare rock, with a mass of foam at the foot, and could not even tell until we were close up, which way the river turned, to the right or left. We soon began to gain confidence though, and by experience to find out that the safest way to get through the rapids was to keep on the edge of the current on the inside, and between the current and the whirlpool which almost invariably accompanies every rapid near its foot, owing to the backwash from the rocks which seems to come from deep down where the undercurrent strikes the rocks.

The whole of the first part of the gorge work is of a similar character, and we frequently landed above the more dangerous looking rapids and sometimes climbed the rocks at the side to get a view a little

further down. Shortly after entering the gorge I had the misfortune to have a small hole knocked in the bottom of my canoe by a sharply pointed stone, and, the water coming in, we were forced to stop for repairs, which were effected with the aid of some red lead (which Dixon had thoughtfully brought) and a bunch of tussock jammed against the break from the inside of the timbers.

Wherever bush could get a hold on the rocks, kowhai trees covered with a profusion of yellow blossom were to be seen, and in many places the rocks were studded with a little star-like white flower about the size of a shilling, which I did not remember having seen anywhere else. The rocks towered above us to what seemed an immense height, and we supposed that our being so low down on the water and looking up to their crests at such a great angle lent additional height and grandeur to their aspect.

As we proceeded, the stream sometimes widened out a little, and stretches of comparatively smooth water between the rapids became greater. The wind blew strongly up in our faces, now and then accompanied by showers of rain, which added to the wetting we were constantly receiving from the splashing of the paddles and the swish of the waves, which rose to a height of about three feet or so in many of the rapids. Added to this, my boat taking in water from being stove in, our lot was not a particularly dry one. Now we came to a regular cataract, which instilled into us a spirit of awe by its furious rushing, and not caring to face it—the danger of being swamped appearing considerable—we landed at its head and waded down the side guiding our little skiffs carefully between the boulders which lined its left bank. Half-way down Dixon (who had displayed the most adventurous spirit, and was leading most of the way, being bent on reaching Christchurch that night), said he thought we could do the rest all right and jumping in led off and down we went through one of the most ticklish pieces of the whole journey. There

was no whirlpool at the foot as the river ran on straight and we went at a great pace safely into good water below.

Now the cliffs began to give way to precipitous hills on either hand, densely wooded in most places to the water's edge, and the travelling was splendid, fewer ugly looking rapids occurring. Still the banks opened out till finally we found ourselves at Woodstock, forty miles from our starting point—where I had made up my mind long since I would break the wet monotony of the journey.

Not so Dixon. On he sped, regardless of my cooeey, seeming to be made of cast iron, and impervious to wet and cold and heedless of over-worked limbs such as were troubling me, and he has since told me that after waiting on a shingle spit some ten minutes to see if I was coming along, he made the most of his time and paddled hard, getting a pannikin of tea from a "gentleman of the road" at the lower gorge bridge, and some dry clothes; and keeping afterwards on the south side of the riverbed as much as possible, eventually, at 6.30, reached a point four miles below the Harewood road, and was lucky enough to find a seat in a spring cart just off for town. This performance of Dixon's must be looked upon as something phenomenal, and I should not be surprised to learn that it had never been equalled in a Rob Roy canoe, certainly not in these colonies, or, should I say, this Dominion?

With the aid of the current (but paddling hard as well all the time) he must have covered a distance of somewhere between eighty and ninety miles during eleven hours' paddling time, as two and a half hours were spent in stoppages. This will give an average speed of seven to eight miles an hour, and just about beats the time one would make by coach and train from the Bealey to Christchurch. The feat is one which speaks volumes for pluck, physical endurance and determined perseverance such as is not often met with.

At Woodstock Station I was received with the



In the Waimakariri Gorge, 1889.



Rapid in Pukaki River, 1890.



The Author's 80th Birthday.
Standing—Guy, Sefton, John.
Sitting—Mary, G.E.M., Mildred.

greatest kindness by Mrs Dunbar, who fed and clothed me (Oh! what a treat it was to be dry and warm once more) and extended to me that cordial hospitality for which our New Zealand runholders are so deservedly famed. That afternoon (it was noon when we reached the station) I went to sleep on the sofa, and dreamt I was still bobbing up and down in the canoe, waking up with a start several times to find myself safely housed from the pouring rain and rushing river without.

A fine morning and a six o'clock start found my little boat, the Kathleen, once more dancing over the rippling current, and speeding on her merry course for Kaiapoi. The river bed here widens out and receives the last affluent of importance—the Kowai—and it was all good going in a fine stream to the lower gorge, where the railway bridge is situated. This I reached in an hour and a quarter, and here landed to partake of a billy of tea with a man located in the old ferry house, where I heard news of Dixon having passed at about two o'clock on the day previous. The lower gorge, one mile through, is very small beer compared with that above. Still, the going was good, and for two hours or so I managed to keep the main stream (which runs mostly on the south side of the river bed) until when, somewhere about opposite the upper part of Dixon's run, I found I had unfortunately left the best water, and worked over toward the north bank. All the way from here down to Coutts's Island (near the Seven-mile Peg on the North Road) I did not have a very merry time, for the boat was again stove in, necessitating a stoppage of the leak with a handkerchief and baling (by inversion of the craft) every half-hour or so, with the result that I was constantly in the water in the shallows, or straddling the canoe and feeling with the feet for stones below. It was a great disappointment, too, to miss the protection works on the south bank, but I did not know of the mistake I had made until reaching White's Bridge at half-past two in the afternoon. From here, of course,

all is smooth water to Kaiapoi, and passing under the railway bridge at Stewart's Gully and round the point beyond, at four o'clock the brave little Kathleen was through all her troubles and lay on the slip at Kaiapoi Bridge.

I went down this river a second time in April, 1890, with Herbert Brown, Ben Todhunter and C. H. Inglis. We then camped in the gorge, for one night, and took a number of photos. The journey has also been accomplished about three times since, in boats or canoes.

An attempt to come down in a raft by G. N. Carrington, J. S. Shannon and H. W. Brassington ended in disaster—Carrington and Shannon being drowned.

The Waitaki River—Canoeing from Mt. Cook District to the Sea—1890. On the first of December, 1890, Marmaduke Dixon and I left Christchurch for Mount Cook taking two Rob Roy canoes, as we had determined to return by way of the Waitaki River to the sea. We drove to Burnett's Mount Cook station on the eastern bank of the Tasman River. Here we put in for a cup of tea, meeting a man who was held up with his wool wagon and team and bound for Birch Hill on the west bank of the river, but who was delayed by a flood in the Tasman. He asked us where we were bound for. We told him Mount Cook Hermitage. What sort of a conveyance had we, he asked. Dixon said, "Oh, just a spring cart and horse." He remarked that we had no chance of crossing. Dixon immediately bet him a fiver that we would get over that evening. He took the bet but remarked that he did not wish to see us drowned. After a cup of tea he walked down to the gate with us and saw our cart with two canoes aboard. There was a good deal of laughter over it and of course Dixon told him that the bet was off.

Several of the station people and the wool carter came down to the river with us to witness the crossing. It was rather fearsome, for the main stream was running down a big yellow flood. We got over, but

shipped a good deal of water. We had to carry the canoes between several more streams, eventually making the Birch Hill Creek where we planted the canoes, covering them with sacks from the wool shed.

We then went climbing on Mount Cook for some ten days or so, after which we returned to Birch Hill, and embarked on our adventurous journey by water. I now quote from an article written at that time.

On Saturday, at 9 a.m., we walked down to the canoes at Birch Hill, and by one o'clock we were in the water, and had commenced our journey of 140 miles to the sea by canoe.

The Tasman River takes its rise from the Tasman and Murchison Glaciers, and is soon joined by the Hooker, which drains the Hooker and Mueller Glaciers. Its course from Mount Cook to its delta at the head of Lake Pukaki is thirty miles in length, and the fall is considerable, the terminal face of the Tasman Glacier being 2456 feet above sea level, whilst the altitude of Lake Pukaki is 1717 feet. The first mile or two of the journey was marked by several strong rapids, and we could not avoid shipping much water, and added to this we soon found that some old cracks in the canoes had opened out through exposure to the sun, although they were carefully covered over with sacking during our absence in the mountains. This gave us some cause for anxiety, and the discomfort of paddling in boats which were half full of water soon made itself painfully apparent. Indeed, there is nothing more calculated to put a man out of temper with all the world and his surroundings, to goad him to strong language, and to give him an uncomfortable and miserable time generally than to have to sit for hours in a craft that floats like an unmanageable log, to say nothing of the increase of danger to which he is consequently exposed in some parts of a river such as the Tasman, running as it does in many places, something approaching ten knots.

I don't think Dixon and I are likely to forget the tortures of the four hours which we passed through on reaching the lake. Here the cracks in my

canoe, which was decidedly the worse of the two, had to be jammed up with handkerchiefs, etc., before we dared venture on a journey of eight or nine miles to the ferry, at the other end of the lake, where is situated the exit of the Pukaki River.

As we scraped over the sandy shallows, and pushed off into the deep-green water, my heart sank within me at the idea of our having to cross the lake in its present rough state (for a strong nor'-wester was blowing) in our frail canoes, which were not built in watertight compartments, and were quite unsuited for the work. Every ten minutes or so I would have to stop paddling, and bale for dear life, with the lid of the billy, and the craft would immediately swing round broadside on to the seas, which seemed to do their best to upset her.

At first we kept edging away for the southern shore; and about half-way down the lake succeeded in getting within reasonable swimming distance, which, to a certain extent, we retained for a short time. Soon the wind dropped, and we paddled ashore at 9 p.m., close to the hotel, and called for brandy-and-water hot, and seldom was the indulgence more justified.

At Pukaki Ferry we enjoyed a well-earned night's rest, and on Sunday morning we effected repairs to the leaky canoes, in which operation we received much valuable advice and assistance from Mr John Gibb, an artist, who was spending a few days in sketching at this point. By 1 p.m. we were on board again and looking forward to reaching Rugged Ridges, Mr W. C. Rutherford's station, on the southern bank of the Waitaki, before nightfall. But we little knew what was ahead of us for the next seven miles.

A survey of the river from an eminence of the old moraine through which it has formed a channel, revealed as far as the bends of the stream could be followed, a rushing, seething mass of foam-covered water, with numberless blocks of rock barring the clear passage of the current, and, though we shot the

first two rapids below the exit from the lake, from that time until seven o'clock in the evening, we did not get over more than six miles of the river's course.

It is not easy to describe the wild course of the river in its descent through the enormous ancient morainic deposits, some of which might almost be classed as mountains, and must rear their tops to a height of 500 feet above the level of the river. Such an immense rushing body of water, receiving as it does the whole of the drainage of the Southern Alps, from the head of the Mueller Glacier to that of the Murchison, necessarily creates great havoc amongst the glacial and fluvial deposits through which it descends. As a matter of course, all the smaller stones are hurried and rolled along to form shingle on the riverbeds further down, leaving the larger ones, which alone can stand against the force of the flood. The natural consequence is a stream of the most broken and impetuous character—a stream whose rushing, roaring and foaming drowns all sounds contiguous to it; rapid after rapid of seemingly tempest-tossed and crested billows, of whirlpools and eddies of backwater and heavings into surface currents and never a still pool to be found anywhere.

Imagine, then, the troubles of two canoeists in negotiating this stretch of water. No canoe or boat in the world would have the slightest chance of going through out in the current without being smashed into matchwood, and its occupants assuredly drowned for swimming would avail a man nothing in such a place.

All we could do then was to keep close to the bank and let our frail boats down by the tow lines amongst the rocks in the comparatively shallow water, now shoving them into a fair stretch and hauling them up short in time to avoid contact with some ugly rock in front, then scrambling along ourselves and coiling our lines as we advanced, clambering over water-worn and slippery rocks, tearing our way through the wild Irishman scrub, or wading a few steps middle deep in the turbid water to the points where we had brought

our respective canoes up; then repeating the same performance over again and again, bruising our legs against rocks, slipping down amid the slimy stones, scratching the skin off, and receiving numerous thorns from the scrub; and wishing we had never been born, lamenting the hardships of our lot, anathematising canoes, ropes, paddles, river, rocks, scrub and everything in general.

No! that seven miles' journey was *not* all that could be desired; but having put our hands to the plough, we both made up our minds that we would go through with it even if we had to repeat the same performance down to the sea every day for a week, and the worse the river got, the more pig-headed we became. We had practically beaten Mount Cook, and we meant also to gain a victory over the Pukaki and Waitaki. At some places where a number of large rocks were congregated close to the river's bank, we would be compelled to take the boats out, and shouldering them, climb round the rocks on shore, and launch them afresh in better water below.

By seven o'clock we began to think that we had had about enough for the day, and putting the boats ashore, we walked back over the old moraine, and along the rabbit fence to the Pukaki Ferry for the night.

By 7 a.m. we were again with the canoes and once more performing gymnastic feats along the rocky bank. But our reward was now near at hand, for after an hour or so we got on board and sneaked down the quieter sides of one or two pools. The moraine deposits gave way to those of fluvial origin, and the size of the stones in the river-bed decreased rapidly, and consequently we soon began shooting the rapids again, and were making grand headway. The country on either hand opened out, and from our left came in the Tekapo River, and soon after, as we sped on under Ben More, on our right the Ohau. Now we were in the Waitaki, which is formed by the junction of these three rivers.

The hydrographic area of the Waitaki basin is 4914 square miles, more than three times as great as that of the Rakaia or Waimakariri, and it drains most of the principal eastern slopes of the Southern Alps.

The northern source of the river drains the Godley and Classen Glaciers, with their numerous tributaries, and forming the Godley River, flows into Lake Tekapo (some fifteen miles in length). Issuing from its southern end, and carving a channel for itself through the ancient moraine, it is known by the name of the Tekapo River, and, flowing for a distance of about twenty-five miles, joins the Pukaki. All these, with the addition of the Ohau, the junction of which is a few miles further down, form the Waitaki River. The Hopkins and Dobson Rivers drain that part of the Alps immediately south-west of Mount Sefton, and flow into Lake Ohau. The stream issuing thence under the name of the Ohau River runs for a course of thirteen miles, and joins the Pukaki and Tekapo as before-mentioned.

After the union of these three systems of drainage the course of the river runs through a wider bed for about five or six miles before entering a gorge some ten miles in length. Down this fine stretch of water we now enjoyed a delightful paddle, and soon we sighted Black Forest sheep station, with its rows of green willow trees on our left.

Here various kinds of river birds lent an aspect of life and gaiety to the scene—gulls, terns, paradise and grey ducks, teal, dotterel, stilt, and redbill soared over us or rose in startled dismay as we shot by.

We had left the snows behind us and were fast closing in on the foothills, and as we neared the gorge at 11 a.m. we paddled ashore on the Otago side and boiled the billy for lunch.

It seemed a delightfully quiet hour after all we had been through, and we sat and smoked in happiness and watched the rabbits skipping about amongst the bracken. We were certain—if only by that—that we were in Otago. The Mackenzie Country hands had told

us that we should find the gorge *a little rough* so we knew we were in for it presently, yet for a couple of miles we found the river good going, though some ominous spurs of bed rock now and then entering the current—the first bed rock we had met with since leaving Mount Cook—foretold what we were coming to.

After going round a few ugly corners, the white water became more frequent until suddenly we were brought up by an awkward rapid into which we dared not venture.

A survey from the cliffs, sixty feet above the stream, disclosed a tongue, or groyne, of rocks running out into the stream in an oblique direction from the Otago side, and shooting the main body of the current into the rocks opposite. A long stretch of straight water followed, but the whole stream was confined in rocky banks so close together that one might throw a biscuit across, and the pace of the current was something terrific. For half-an-hour we considered the situation, finally determining to shoot the rapid. There was really only about eight or ten feet of safe water close to the point of the groyne of rocks, and this was right in the body of the current. On either hand were eddies and whirlpools of the most formidable character which, in the event of our making a bad shot might swirl us into the rocks on one side or the other, and had such been the case we trembled to think what would have been our fate. However, at it we went, Dixon as usual leading, with a head as cool as a cucumber, and I following, like a spaniel after his master. One wild rush, a few strokes of the paddle, a mad tossing about in a sheet of crested foam, half-a-dozen bucketsful of water on board, and we were through, breathing again as we tore down the hurrying, but straight and safe, current below. Though we met with no greater obstacles to canoeing than this rapid in the gorge, such performances were several times repeated, and we had to land now and again to survey the course ahead.

To describe the mad plunging of the river through

the gorge is not an easy matter. Here and there perhaps a long even stretch is met with, but for the most part, there was a succession of bends with rocky cliffs on either hand, and now and then there cropped up through the water masses of rock against which the stream would be banked up by the force of its mad career to a height of ten or twelve feet. Immediately under the sides of the rock would be vicious-looking heavings, eddies, and whirlpools, which if one chances to get into, twist the boat about as a feather is blown upon the water's surface. A black swan and three cygnets kept ahead of us for the last six miles of the gorge, but as we entered with relieved feelings upon the more open country, they eluded our further pursuit in a backwater. Another few miles and we reached our destination for the night—Mr W. G. Rutherford's station, Rugged Ridges, where a warm, and hospitable welcome made us feel that once more we were in the regions of civilisation.

Leaving next morning at 4.30, we gave ourselves eleven hours to catch the Christchurch train at Waitaki, a distance by water of sixty miles. Four hours saw us in Duntroon (thirty miles), where, in disgracefully tattered boating attire, we astonished the natives and indulged in that from which we had been long estranged—"a long shandy"—and by 9.15 we were off again at eight miles an hour, shooting down the most beautifully safe and rippling rapids, scaring ducks, plover, gull, stilt, swan, and all manner of wild fowl; now and then startling a mob of horses or cattle from their peaceful browsing, or astonishing some slow-going shepherd or cowboy, as he stared open-mouthed at such an uncommon sight as two madmen in cockleshells of canoes rushing down his boatless river until we put the final touch on everything by carrying our canoes up to the station at Waitaki South, amid the amazement of four railway navvies, at 1 p.m. We had averaged eight miles an hour for sixty miles, allowing one hour for stoppages.

The distances by water, allowing for sinuosities in

the course of the rivers from Aorangi to the sea, may be roughly summarised as follows:—From the end of Mount Cook Range to Pukaki Ferry, thirty-four miles; from the ferry to Rugged Ridges, thirty-eight miles; and thence to the railway bridge near the sea, at Waitaki, sixty miles; a total distance of 132 miles.

Besides these canoe journeys I have quoted I made many trips down the lower reaches of the Waimakariri and Rakaia, in boats, when salmon fishing. These will be further mentioned in the articles on fishing.

XXI.

FIFTY YEARS OF NEW ZEALAND FISHING 1892-1942

The immediate portions of my fishing memories which now follow were published, with illustrations, in the Christchurch "Press" in a series of articles running from October, 1936, to January, 1937. They are reprinted by courtesy of the Editor of "The Press."

NEW ZEALAND FISHING MEMORIES

My experience of trout fishing began at the Lower Selwyn River in the year 1892, when my friend, William Izard, took me to his hut and fitted me up with a rod and line and a tinful of bullies for bait. We fished the lower water from a boat that evening, but all we caught consisted of loathsome eels. A hideous job it was to recover our casts and hooks all slime-covered and in the dark. To add to our troubles a rough south-wester caught us a mile or so down the river and blew our flattie on to the eastern bank, where we had to leave her till the morning. We were joined that night by two old fishermen, W. H. Spackman and A. M. Ollivier, who also had not much luck. The next morning we all went up the river to the first rapids. I do not remember any willow trees there at that date, but the locality is now heavily clothed with willows on both sides of the river—but, talk about fish! I could see them in hundreds and it looked so easy to float a bully down to them, and I could not make out (in my innocence) why they would not take it. I had quite a lot to learn about the wily trout. Still, one did catch hold, and ran off nearly all my line till I wondered what to do next. I yelled for my friend,

William Izard, who was farther up, and luckily nothing broke till he arrived on the scene, when, guided by his instructions, I ultimately landed the fish and it weighed $3\frac{1}{2}$ lbs.

The other experts came in, all fishless. Mine was a case of "beginner's luck."

That started me off after trout. My next experience was in the Avon river at Christchurch, where I had friends through whose big garden the river ran. Here we would fish in the evening, but our success was largely due to arming our flies with what are politely called "gentles." They are in reality most ungentelemanly blowfly maggots, but the trout like them.

In 1897 I went to the North Island, being resident at Hastings. There I met a very expert fisherman from the Old Country, W. T. Sabin, who taught me a great deal about spinning and fly casting. We used to fish a good deal for kahawai. To see Sabin spinning was a revelation. He used a Nottingham reel and would cast from his hand up to about 40 yards with ease, gathering in the line with his left hand by folding it on his palm and repeating the cast, placing his minnow wherever he chose. He told me this was the method used on the Thames. I was never able to acquire his method of gathering the line, but did the next best thing, gathered it in, in loops. The kahawai fishing at the mouth of the Tukituki was, in those days, fast and furious sport. At first we fished mostly with minnows, made from horn or toothbrush handles, and strongly mounted with stout hooks. We had soon wrecked all our trout tackle. Then I took to spoons, and with great success. The Maoris used to fish there with "reti," and a great sight it was to watch them. The reti consists of a canoe-shaped board about a foot long with a spinning bait attached with about four feet of strong line. The board is thrown into the current on its edge and is held against the current and allowed to drift out into the breakers, generally on about 100 yards of line. The moment a fish is struck the whole affair is brought in. Of course, it

can only be worked in a current, unless the operator can walk along the shore and "track" it like a canoe, with stern and bow ropes. A bait the Maoris used was generally a paua shell, often with a bone hook and sometimes a steel hook, unbarbed.

But the reti could not reach the kahawai which so often lay on one side of the current in the still water, and that was where my spoon came in. One day there were half a dozen reti at work but doing no good, while I was hooking the fish out of still water with the rod and spoon. The Maoris' interest was aroused and they were particularly taken with the "poon" as they called it—"Kapai te poon"—so much so that when a few days after I went to the tackle shop for another spoon or two, I was informed I was too late. The Maoris had taken the lot.

I became acquainted with some of those Maoris later on, when they taught me a lot about Native fish, whilst, incidentally, I was able to give them some instruction in golf. The Maoris are great sportsmen and I made many friends amongst them while in Hastings.

The most deadly bait for kahawai is a small herring (or what we in New Zealand call a "herring"). Catch one kahawai, open him, and you are generally set up with baits for the afternoon. Use the Archer spinner or a flight of triangles, and if there is another kahawai within reach, he is yours. The fish usually lie off the shore, in enormous shoals, which look like the shadow of a cloud upon the sea. They move in towards the river with the tide, and sometimes run up for a mile or so, when they afford great sport in the last few rapids of the river. We soon began to take them with the fly—any old hook with any old feathers tied on anyhow will take them, provided that you work your fly fast and make the fish chase it. I think I have taken over 2,000 on the fly, broken a good many rods and wrecked a lot of gear. A full grown fish weighs about 7 lbs. There was one family of Maoris who camped at the mouth of the Tukituki fishing there for a living. From them I was able to

confirm a great deal of what I had learnt about indigenous fish. The principal native fish upon which the trout prey are bullies (*eleotris gobiodes*), smelts (*Retropinna*), whitebait (*galaxias attenuatus*), eels, and I expect they take young flounders (*patiki*), as I know other predatory fish do so. All these fish are "anadromous," that is, running from the sea into rivers. The Maoris assert that all run down to the sea or estuarine waters to spawn in autumn. For generations they have been accustomed to take them by means of weirs and nets in the North Island rivers as they migrate to the sea.

I have seen them construct their weirs and leads with willow cuttings in the lower reaches of the Tukituki where the fish generally come down in the March moon, or in a high river about that date. Observers in the upper reaches of the river, 60 miles or so away, telegraph the imminence of the migration which they are able to judge by the shoaling of the fish in the upper pools. They informed me that within a few nights the migration is complete and the river practically denuded of "inanga." (This term "inanga" they used to designate all small fish.) The fry of these fish run up the rivers again in spring, under the name of "whitebait," though the whitebait of the market consists of *galaxias attenuatus* only. (There is no English name for it, hence the frequent confusion.) In the North Island the bully run follows the whitebait, and intermingles with it, spoiling—for the European taste—the later catches of whitebait; but the Maori is not particular, he eats whitebait, bullies, smelts, and all. Maori names for these indigenous fish are interesting—whitebait is "inanga tutuna"—that is, round like an eel. Smelt is "inanga papa"—flat sided like a smelt. (The smelt is one of the few members of the Salmonidae south of the Line. The Upokororo or Grayling is another, but this fish is now almost extinct.) Another Maori name for the smelt is "rangiriri."

I have witnessed the autumn migration of these fish to the sea, both in Hawke's Bay and Taranaki,

and seen the Maoris filling sugar bags with them and putting them on the hot stones to dry in the sun. They usually call them "Mother whitebait." I have caught trout gorged with them and shaken them, still living, out of the trout. As to smelts, there are supposed to be two varieties, "*Retropinna Richardsoni*" and "*Retropinna Osmeroides*." The first *come in* from the sea to spawn, the latter *go up the rivers* and mature there, coming down in the autumn. These latter fish grow up to six or seven inches in length and take fly freely. I have taken them on small trout flies 70 miles up the Manawatu, and also in some of the Canterbury rivers well inland, but they are very scarce now as they have mostly fallen victims to the trout.

The young kahawai is a prettily marked fish—somewhat after the style of a perch—with broad bands across the back. They come in, literally in millions, at Hawke's Bay. As the fish mature they lose their banded markings. They are strong fish, as their name indicates—kaha-wai (strong in the water). They also feed near the surface of the water on the fry of so called herrings, and other young fish. That is one reason why it is easy to catch them with the fly. I have never seen any young kahawai in Canterbury; only mature fish, and do not think the young fish travel so far south. There is good fun with them at the mouths of the Canterbury rivers in the hotter months of the year, but it is usually a wet, and maybe dangerous, sport, as they are seldom caught elsewhere than in the breakers. They do not seem to go upstream, as they do in North Island rivers.

Flounder Fishing with Maoris: While at Hastings I went flounder fishing with the Maoris at night. Their method was to wade in lagoon waters as the tide was rising, carrying on one shoulder a torch made of a greasy old sack wrapped round a pole, and a hay-fork in one hand. They would spot a fish on the generally muddy bottom and seldom missed their aim, which was usually accompanied by a grunt of triumph. They would then string their fish on a length of flax

tied round their waists. How they manipulated the torch and performed these other operations in the dark beat me. Most men would require at least three hands to succeed.

But I was able materially to aid their efforts with an acetylene bicycle lamp, the light from which was a great improvement on their torches.

There were several varieties of flat fish. The Maoris greatly preferred the fish with yellow and speckled underneath which they called "yellow bellies."

Gurnard Fish: The Gurnard (*Trigla Kumu*) was another fish that was plentiful off the shore, which we used to get occasionally when boating for kahawai. This fish is good eating and has fins like butterfly wings of a peacock pattern. It grunts like a pig when you get it in the boat.

Sharks: Off the mouth of the Tukituki we once had an experience with sharks. Dr. Nairn, myself, and a boatman were out after kahawai and got into a regular school of sharks. The boatman was quite excited and produced some schnapper lines with which we hooked and landed into the boat seven sharks. They wrecked all the lines and nearly sank the boat. He enjoyed the fun, but the threshing of the sharks in the crazy boat scared me. One day a friend and I were blown out to sea in a flattie—not a nice experience. A nor'-wester got up, against which we could not bring the boat to shore. Our anchor rope was too short and in spite of pulling till our hands blistered, we continued to drift out. What saved us was a sudden change to S.W. when we did get in. We called to another boat to come in as the sea was rising, but they were into kahawai and would not come. By the time they did their boat broached to in the breakers and they were rolled up on the beach, boat and all, and with some loss of rods and gear.

Trout Fishing in the Manawatu at Makotuku, Kopua, Oringi, Kumeroa: During this period, from 1897 to 1902, I fished the Manawatu River at various



Kahawai, Tukituki, Hawke's Bay, 1898.



A typical catch, Rakaia River, 1906.
(Mannering, Townend, Archer.)



A fly catch at Kumeroa, Manawatu, 1900.

places, from Kopua (where the railway crossed the river) to Kumeroa some 20 miles down; usually with W. H. Galwey as a companion, who was, like myself, comparatively new to the game. At first our favourite spot was at Makotuku (the place of the white heron). Here there was a small hotel within a short walk of the river. At first, to make sure of sport, we used the elusive grasshopper. Whatever might happen afterwards, we had the fun of catching them. It was no good dabbing at them *after* they had landed. You must dab at the place where they are *going to land*. As to placing them on the hook—you pierce their heads and thread the hook right through their bodies bringing the hook out at their tails and seeing that the knot at the head of the hook is buried in the head of the 'hopper. Correctly so mounted the bait will stand quite a lot of casting. It must be a horrible, but quite a quick, death, for the grasshopper. I remember that on my first attempt five nice fish were my reward. The fish at this time averaged about 2lbs with an occasional three-pounder. There was a lot of bush along the stream in those days, but I think it has all gone now—unfortunately. I recollect fishing there with Sabin and getting some lessons from him in the art of casting a fly, and it was not long before I abandoned the grasshopper and took to the wet fly. There was always an evening rise. On one occasion Sabin and I fished a favourite pool till the rise suddenly ceased. I suggested leaving off, but he said, "Wait till I try a fly I have not fished for many years," and thereupon he began to hook fish. As it was dark, I could not see what he was up to, but presently he provided me with an Alexandra fly telling me to sink it well and pull in by little jerks. The result was surprising. I forget exactly what we took from that pool on that occasion, but I think it was fourteen fish for the evening rise and after. Then we climbed the bank amid hundreds of glow-worms and walked back to the hotel. Higher up the river, at Kopua, there lived a friend of mine, Hugh Saunders—also a fisherman—

who gave me many good days. The river up there was much smaller, but teeming with fish. On one occasion, when fishing alone, I was disgusted to find a team of horses with a dray engaged in getting firewood out of the river, crossing and recrossing all day long. I thought this would settle the fishing for the day, but found to the contrary, that stirring up the bed of the river put the fish on the feed, with the result that I got 19 trout—about as many as I could carry. On another occasion, when fishing with Saunders, I made a peculiar capture. He was above me at a deep pool surrounded with fallen timber. I was fishing the run off from the pool, standing in the centre of the current, when I saw coming towards me under water, a grey duck which he had startled from above. She swam right between my legs and I grabbed her as she was passing through. My friend wondered what sort of a fish I had landed, as I held her up for his inspection.

But the best fishing of all in the Manawatu was at Kumeroa and Oringi. Fishing from the Kumeroa Hotel, mostly with my friend, Jack Mackie, and his two boys, I learnt a great deal about minnow and fly fishing. This would be about 1899. The river was then heavily stocked, but it was unusual to get fish above 3½lbs though some years previously much larger fish were in evidence. The usual reduction in size of fish—characteristic of all New Zealand rivers—had begun to set in. The explanation seems obvious. At first there were no predatory fish except eels, and the supply of indigenous fish was plentiful. Trout being released in this virgin water soon took toll of the native fish and waxed mighty. Favourable spawning streams assured a rapid increase in the trout population and has led to the practical extinction of small native fish, and finally led to slower growth of the trout, which had become too numerous for the water. To give an idea of what the fishing was at that time, memory recalls a visit I made with young Claude Mackie to the headwaters of the Mangaatoro, a tributary of the Manawatu. We rode twelve miles across the hills to the late Captain

Hamilton's station. He was the first to stock this district with trout, had a hatchery at the station and finally wrote a book about it all. We started fishing at 8 a.m. using the brown natural beetle, and fished through a big thunderstorm (supposed to be an adverse condition, but falsified on this occasion). We stopped at 3 p.m. with 93 fish to our credit. As far as I remember, the average weight was a little under 1lb, but there were a good many fish of over 2lbs in the catch. I carried the lot home across my horse's withers, because we wanted to photograph them, but I think most of them found their way to the pigsty.

A Merry Century Party: At Christmas, 1899, I was at Kumeroa with my family; a brother banker was also there with his family. We were all invited by Mr Fountaine to his house, to see the new century in. Quite a large party assembled to be entertained with dancing and billiards and meals at all hours. Towards daybreak we went out to find our horses to drive some miles back to Kumeroa, but they had been "planted" and we were told that we were to stay to breakfast, which consisted largely of cherry pie, not to mention further liquid refreshment. We got back safely about 6 a.m., but I did not feel like bed in the bright sunshine, so took my rod and made for the river, coming back a few hours later with a heavy basket of trout.

On many occasions I fished the evening rise with the fly there, mostly with Jack Mackie. I recollect one catch we had of 23 fish averaging 3lbs. In the evening we always used to get the larger fish. It was all wet fly fishing. We knew nothing about dry fly fishing. That came later. Our favourite flies were Governor, Peveril of the Peak, Coachman and Governor Alyord (a fly I do not see nowadays—it was simply a Governor with a teal wing). Black Quill Gnat, Hofland's Fancy, Red Spinner and Greenwell's Glory were also good taking flies, fished wet.

In the following year, 1901, I was at Kumeroa from 23rd October to 19th November. I find from

some records made at the time I took 166 fish weighing 288lbs—92 on fly and 74 on minnow. This included a short visit to Masterton and the Ruamahanga and Kiriwhakapapa Rivers, and also to Makuri, where I was introduced for the first time to rainbow trout. I got 16 of these, but they were small, averaging about 1lb only.

At Oringi, a few miles up from Kumeroa, at Mr Gaisford's station, the fishing was also very good, but we got caught there one night with a regular "bore" coming down the river after a big cloudburst at Dannevirke and had no end of a scramble in the dark to get back across the now flooding riverbed to our horses, followed by a gallop down to the ford at Kumeroa, which we crossed almost at the peril of our lives.

At Kumeroa I had one curious experience with a fish that took a lot of landing. He was about 2½lbs and I thought, foul-hooked, but when I got him out, I found he was "lassoed" and not hooked at all. The tail hook of the minnow had somehow got round the fish and made a running noose with the trace which held him tightly round the middle.

Another peculiar catch was an eel of some 3lbs foul-hooked in the middle parts with a bare fly. It took ages to land him.

New Plymouth-Taranaki: In 1902 I went to New Plymouth, remaining there till 1907. Here was a practically virgin stream, so far as trout were concerned. The Waiwakaiho River rises near the top of Mt. Egmont and flows into the sea just north of New Plymouth. About five miles up from the sea the river is dammed for water supply to the town. Sea run fish cannot get past this barrier. Rainbow trout had been put in above the dam some few years previously, but, as yet, none had been caught. I set out to try to find them. Fishing with a grasshopper, at a place called The Meeting of the Waters, I was soon into something which, after a long fight, proved to be a 7½lb rainbow. This was an introduction to what

proved to be some of the most exciting fishing in my experience. My chief fishing friend here was Jack Wilson. On our bicycles we toiled over the hilly roads, generally in the early hours of the morning, and prospected that lovely stream. The fish were not plentiful, but large, providing magnificent sport. I think it was in my second season there that I took 50 fish averaging 6lbs. One seldom got a fish under 4 or 5lbs, and the largest went up to 9lbs—all rainbows. It generally took from twenty minutes to half-an-hour to land a fish on the light tackle which we used. Our favourite baits were grasshoppers or grown whitebait. The river-bed was quite different from that of the Manawatu, being a succession of falls and deep holes with the bottom big treacherous volcanic boulders—a nasty river to wade. There was ample protection for the fish in the deep rocky holes. Consequently, shags could not worry them as they do in big open river-beds. The scenery along the banks was beautiful, and, although the going was rough and scrambles through fern (sometimes 10 feet high) and other scrub were arduous, the reward generally compensated for the labour. Though I have caught some thousands of trout since, all over New Zealand, these Taranaki rainbows remain in my memory as providing the most exciting sport. Of course, we had accidents and lost fish and tackle occasionally in the rough rocks and dead timber. One such break, I remember: I hooked a fish in the pool just below the waterworks and broke in him, losing a flight of triangles on which had been impaled a grown whitebait. That was on a Monday. The next Thursday I was on the river higher up and met a certain bookmaker who used to haunt the river. He said he had just had a queer experience at the waterworks hole: he had hooked a fish, with a worm, lost it, and, on recovery of his line, found he had hooked a flight of hooks with his worm tackle. These he produced, and I immediately identified them as my tackle. Fishing stories are proverbially unreliable, but this is a fact. Fancy the luck of that trout! This

reminds me of another remarkable recovery of tackle. My friend Sabin from Hastings—who was a veterinary surgeon—had been transferred to Stratford. He came to fish with me on the Waiwakaiho. He lost a favourite horn minnow behind him on the stones at night. He still had one left. He wrote me from Stratford that he had lost that in a big fish and asked me to look for the minnow he had lost on the stones. I found this by noticing the glitter of some gut—a perfect miracle, as there was half an acre of stones. I sent him the minnow and a day or two after got a letter from him saying that he had with this minnow caught the fish he lost, but that it was not a big fish as he had thought, but a two pounder with his lost minnow still in its tail! I tell these stories of recovered tackle with some trepidation, but have even more miraculous recoveries to tell of later on.

Brown Trout in the Lower Waiwakaiho: Rainbow began to be scarce, so I turned my attention to brown trout below the dam. There were some five miles of water with many good pools, but, in particular, one fine pool at the foot of the cliffs close to the sea. On these cliffs had been situated a Maori pa—the scene of great fighting in the early days of the nineteenth century. On the occasion of the sacking of the pa the only survivors were those who took a 60 foot leap off the cliff into the pool below. We could climb the cliff and observe big trout in this pool. They were all brown trout and would not take in daylight.

I had made friends with a Maori family whitebait fishing there, from them usually procuring bait for night fishing—generally smelts or “kaihuka” as they called them, a name I never heard from the Hawke’s Bay Maoris. They also would tell me in what localities the big fish rose during the day—valued information. Wilson and I used to start fishing after dark and generally got two or three big fish before 9 or 10 o’clock. We took about 50 fish, nearly all out of this pa pool, during this season. I think it was 1904. The average weight was, strangely, exactly similar to that

of the up-river rainbows—6 lbs—with the largest fish 10½ lbs. I am not fond of night fishing, but it was the only way to get the sport.

The capture of the 10½ lb fish was exciting enough for me, as it occurred in daylight. Two Maori women were getting whitebait at the hole below the dam and gave me some kaihuka (smelts) which they had picked from among the whitebait. With one of these I hooked a big fish in broad daylight, and the fight was on. It took nearly all my line out and I was forced to cross the river in the rapid. I would never have done it in cold blood, but, stirred by what I had glimpsed at the end of my line, I was prepared to swim if necessary. I tackled the rough crossing and got over. He led me into the big pool below, and though fishing with light tackle, I let him tire himself out and brought him to the gaff. I suppose it was about a half hour's fight. In town the butcher weighed him—10½ lbs.

Other Taranaki streams we visited were the Manganui, Ngatoro, up Stratford way, and several of the streams around Manaia and Hawera. The best of this fishing was in the Manganui about Midhurst, all brown trout, but nothing that came up to the Waiwakaiho fishing.

I still have a collection of photographs of these Taranaki fish.

A Christmas and New Year Excursion from New Plymouth to the Mangaatoro, Makuri and Manawatu: At Christmas, 1905, and New Year, 1906, a party of five from New Plymouth took a short holiday to try some of my old haunts in Hawke's Bay. Hiring an express and pair at Dannevirke we camped up the Mangaatoro, went over the saddle at Coonor and down the Makuri. Our bag for the trip was 183 fish. I had the luck to get 61, though handicapped with a sprained ankle. This was all pure wet fly fishing—the fish averaged 1 lb. It was quite a good trip.

I find an old record of 1905-6 fishing in Taranaki which totals 49 fish, weighing 194lbs, an average of about 4 lbs—all from the Waiwakaiho and Manganui.

Some Notes about Spinning and Minnow Fishing: W. T. Sabin, as I have said, was my early mentor. It was he who showed me how to cast up stream and pull down. This is by far the most successful method of catching brown trout in clear water. Of course, in very fast or tumbling water it is not so important to fish in this way, but, as a rule, it is far and away the surest way of making a fish take the bait. It is preferable to fish with a single-handed rod of about 11 feet—leaving the left hand free to deal with the line. It is not necessary to cast a long line, as one can approach surprisingly close to a fish if keeping immediately below it, and, what is more important, keeping low on the water one's self. It is no good fishing from a three or four feet shingle bank—you must keep low in the water. Keep a few coils of line in the left hand and gather them in quickly after each cast up stream. If you can make a fish turn and chase your minnow down stream he will generally take it, turn like a flash up stream again and hook himself. If you had tried that fish casting across and pulling up you would see him following your minnow upstream within a few inches—but the chance of his taking is small—not one in a hundred. I am, of course, speaking of upstream fishing—not tidal fishing where the trout are following up smelts or whitebait. Neither am I speaking of rainbows. They are greedy fish and easily taken when pulling up, or in slack water.

Timaru and South Canterbury, 1907-1911: In 1907 I went to Timaru where I resided until 1911. The principal rivers I fished there were Rangitata, Opihi, Tengawai, Opuha, Orari, Pareora and Kakahu.

I can find no records of my first season there, but have a recollection of using the minnow at first in spite of the gibes of the fly fisherman, who, while not objecting to the use of the minnow, asserted that it was no good against the fly in clear water. First I went out with R.F., a dry fly expert. It blew from the nor'-west and he did no good. He got one fish while I got 17.

Then P.S., another fly man, took me to his hut at the mouth of the Opihi and we fished fly, without result. Against his advice I took to the minnow and got 13 while he got nothing.

Then T., the tackle shop man, took me up the Opihi in his Oldsmobile perambulator—cars were just coming in. He put a bottle of tea on the engine, which was under the seat, to keep warm while he went up the river—he took one stream and I the other, agreeing to meet half a mile up. When we met there he had nothing on fly while I had eight on minnow, and, afterwards, I caught nine more. I don't remember that he got even one.

They were all surprised at my method of fishing upstream as they had only fished minnow across and down in the Rangitata method. It was pure murder in the Opihi and I gave up the minnow at once and took to real fishing—dry fly fishing. My mentor in this pursuit was chiefly my friend Charlie Hassall who had a most extraordinary record for 14 years' fishing in the Opihi and other South Canterbury rivers. Details are too numerous to give, but the totals for the seasons from 1894-5 to 1907-8 are 6,846 fish, weighing 6,420 lbs. Full details of this wonderful record were published in the Timaru Herald in 1909. I am pleased to say he is still fishing (1936).

The biggest bag in point of number, if not weight, that I can recollect making was from the Orari, near Clandeboye. I took 63 fish for a morning's fishing, putting a good many back. I got into the way of putting back all under 1 lb eventually, and then generally had enough to carry.

The interest of dry fly fishing was most fascinating and still remains so to me after 30 years of it. It is not only catching fish that gives this interest. It is the *pursuit* of a fine art rather than the *attainment* that gives the pleasure, and the complete change from business cares and worries. I am still looking forward to learning something more—there appears no end to it. At the same time I had not lost

interest in minnow fishing at the mouths of the big rivers, as I see by my records of the 1908-9 season I took 83 fish on minnow—mostly at Rangitata mouth and nearly all with my dear old friend F. H. Barker now, alas, passed on. What a dear old mate he was and what times we had at his hut at Rangitata and what fun going there in my first motor car, a De Dion 8 h.p. single cylinder. This car enabled me to fish much more than when I was toiling along on a bicycle, and brought a great deal of happiness to me and my family.

The same season I got 97 fish on the fly; altogether I got 180 fish, weighing 324 lbs. A few of these fish were fontinalis (American char), pretty little fish—I wish there were more of them. They were quite new to me.

At this time I was on the Council of the South Canterbury Acclimatisation Society and was partly instrumental in getting rainbow trout put into Lake Alexandrina, where they did well and still provide good sport. There is no doubt they are more satisfactory in lake waters than brown trout, and I think they are more adapted to warmer waters than are brown trout. I have caught them while standing in warm water in Lake Taupo. I don't think our South Canterbury lakes, which are fed so largely by glacier streams, are at all suitable for trout. At any rate fish from Tekapo and Pukaki are miserable specimens compared with those from Alexandrina, which receives no glacier water.

In the 1909-10 season I caught 160 fish weighing 284 lbs—111 on fly and 49 on minnow, all the latter from Rangitata. The largest day's bag in point of numbers, was 32 fish at the junction of the Haehaetemoana. In the 1910-11 season—till 19th December—I got 125 fish on fly and 55 on minnow, mostly from Opihi and Rangitata. The best bag was 25 from the Opihi at Raincliff. The whole catch weighed 231 lbs.

These records are quite insignificant compared

with future takes at Taupo, in the North Island. I was transferred to Napier in 1911.

Another fly fishing mate was R. Hunter-Weston—a great sportsman with experience of big game shooting in India, Alaska and other parts of the world. Many a good fly day I had with him from his fishing hut at Raincliff. He, also, has since passed away.

Speaking generally of Canterbury trout fishing, of which I have, at a later period, had some 17 years' further experience, the rivers, with the exception of the Opihi, are disappointing as fly rivers. They are nearly all torrents, with a fall of from 20 to 30 feet to the mile, and with moving shingle beds. The sea run fishing at their mouths is good sometimes, but nothing like it was 40 years ago. The up river fishing is disappointing. One of the chief reasons is, I think, the decimation of the whitebait. There is no protection for fish in these open rivers, and bottom feed must be scarce where the shingle is constantly moving. Floods must destroy an enormous quantity of ova, and the depredations of shags in the smaller rivers, such as the Ashley, are fatal to most small fish.

In spite of liberations of fry to the number of about a million and a half a year, the fishing does not appear to improve, and it would appear that the waters, speaking generally, are unfavourable for trout. The Selwyn is, of course, exceptional and is kept well supplied from Lake Ellesmere, but one can hardly call its lower reach attractive fly water though it is a heavenly place for the "bully brigade." They can sit in a boat with a pipe and necessary refreshments and dabble a bully to their hearts' content.

I should like to see a closure of whitebait fishing in Canterbury for a period of five years, which would, I believe, result in a development of the trout to their former plenitude and size.

Rangitata: In writing of South Canterbury fishing I must not forget that doyen of Opihi and Rangitata fishermen—Charlie Nicholas. He was one of the earliest anglers in the district, and some of his early

catches are recorded in W. H. Spackman's book, "Trout in New Zealand," (Government Printer, 1892).

He was getting on in years when I first knew him in 1907. While residing at Temuka, he also kept a fishing lodge at the mouth of the Rangitata, which was a boon to many, the late Arthur Hope of Timaru being one of his most continuous patrons. Many an English visitor had him and his good wife to thank for their sport and comfort. At about this time there arrived in Timaru two brothers; from Scotland, I believe. They astonished the minnow fishermen of the Rangitata by their success with the fly, frequently getting large bags of trout when no one else was doing much. They were believed by many to use medicated baits, to be guilty of stroke hauling and other illegal methods, but Nicholas never believed these rumours; said they were simply very clever and experienced fly fishermen, who covered far more water than minnow and smelt fishers and knew a great deal more than most men about the habits of trout. I saw them fishing occasionally, although they used to confine their operations almost entirely to night work. I think their success was due mostly to their fishing the *bottom* of the river, which they did by using heavy picture wire casts.

A few days before Charlie Nicholas's tragic death I was fishing with him right in the mouth of the Rangitata. He had played a trout into the breakers, and I went in to gaff it for him. During the process the minnow came out of the fish and stuck in my waistcoat. The exhausted trout was rolling about in the breakers and I succeeded in gaffing it. Charlie had a long line and wound up as I came in. He did not know he had been playing me instead of the fish until I got close to him! Only a few days after this the poor chap was washed out to sea in his galvanised iron boat (with another man) and was seen by the watchers on the shore to throw up his arms in a gesture of despair as both men went down in the angry breakers. The actual cause of the disaster was a flood coming down

and opening a new mouth, cutting off four men who were on the shingle bank. Two of these men Charlie rowed safely across the new mouth. He went back for the others but in returning again found the strength of the new current had increased and he failed to negotiate it. So passed this gallant old fisherman who gave his own life in an attempt to save the lives of his friends.

There have been several similar disasters at the mouths of the Rangitata and Rakaia rivers. The greatest caution in fishing from boats is necessary.

Large Fish: The largest trout I ever weighed at the Rangitata was one of 23 lbs. I believe larger fish have been taken there, but one must beware of "fish stories."

At the Rakaia in the quinnat season one old man at the huts told me that his son had landed a fine thirty pounder at the mouth. I went down there and saw the son who showed me his fine fish covered up with seaweed. On putting it on to my scales which I knew were reliable it was found to weigh 23 lbs. Many of the unweighed "thirty pounders" one hears of are probably around the same figure.

This reminds me of the angler who was always catching big fish *weighed on his own scales*. Next door to him a baby was born and, as there were no scales in the house, the nurse borrowed the fisherman's spring balance which recorded the baby's weight at 25 lbs—easily a record.

XXII.

NAPIER—HAWKE'S BAY AGAIN—TAUPO 1911-1919

In March, 1911 I returned to Hawke's Bay, being stationed at Napier.

Since my first residence in Hawke's Bay in 1897 rainbow trout had been liberated in the Tukituki river and its main tributary, the Waipawa river. These rivers previously held a rather sparse stock of brown trout, but they were large, going up to 12 lbs or so in weight and magnificent fish, living on an abundance of whitebait and other small native fish. They were only to be caught by night-fishing, which never appealed to me, and I took very few in my earlier days in Hastings.

From 1911 to 1919 I frequently fished the Tukituki for rainbows, generally using a small spoon, but after some experience at Taupo with the wet fly gradually adopted this style of fishing in the Tukituki. My chief fishing mate was Ivan Logan, who is one of the best fly fishermen I know. We made occasional trips by motor to all parts of the river, frequently getting bags of 15 or 20 fish, generally of an average of 2 lbs or so, but now and then getting a five-pounder. The river is rather open, with mostly a shingle bottom, but here and there are deep holes with papa rock bottom where the trout find some protection from shags and poachers. The stock of fish was, however, dependent upon annual release of fry in the upper waters, and I do not think rainbow on reaching the sea ever return to the rivers, as our brown trout do. Exactly what our sea run trout are nobody seems to know. Some hold that pure brown trout (*salmo fario*) are non-migratory and do not go to sea and return. Others consider

that the trout which do come in from the sea are in reality *salmo trutta*, or sea trout. The first stock introduced into New Zealand were *salmo trutta*, from Hobart, but later importations from England consisted of *salmo fario*. Personally, I think we now have a breed of our own through these early importations having crossed. But discussions on this subject are endless and hardly suited to these "memories" of fishing. We have the fish and let's catch them, whatever they may be.

I have no complete records of catches in the Tukituki during these years, but find by some notes made in October and November, 1914, that in eleven trips we caught 111 fish, which averaged about 2lbs. This was excellent sport, but above the average, and, of course, we were not without blank days, but not often.

My old fishing mate, Ivan Logan, reminds me of a catch which he and I made in the Tukituki river at Kauranaki in one morning's fishing. It was on a 30th November. The fish went mad that morning and we arrived back in Napier about lunch time with 31 fish averaging nearly $3\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. That was certainly our best day on this river. As far as I remember they were all rainbows, but now and then we used to get a "brownie" in daylight.

Trolling for Kingfish at Napier: The "kingfish" of the northern waters is not the kingfish of the Christchurch market (which is akin to the barracouda), but is known in Australia as the "yellowtail." His scientific name is *Seriola lalandii* and his Maori appellation "haku." Shoals of these fish migrate south from northern waters as the summer advances, but I have not heard of their coming south of Cook Strait. There is a reef about three miles out from Napier called the Pania Reef and here, about January, the kingfish congregate.

We conceived the idea of trolling for them with spoons, though previously they had been taken with live bait, generally a small kahawai or preferably a

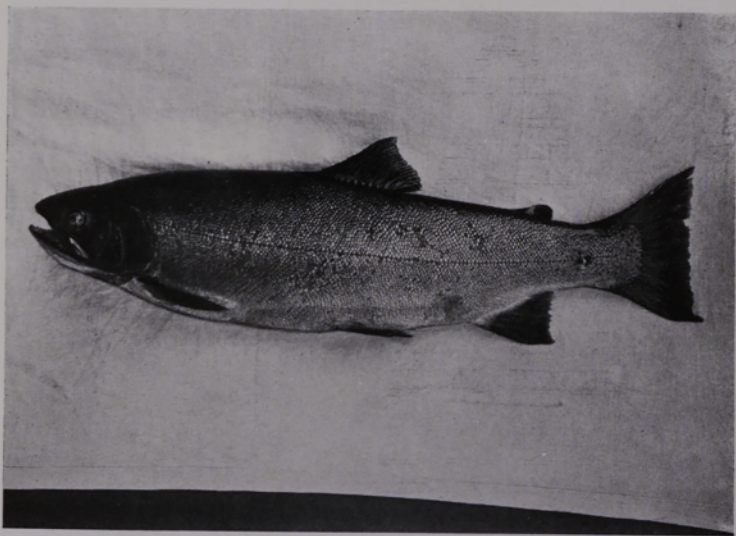
piper or a flounder. They had been taken off the wharf at the inner harbour up to 100 lbs, but were seldom seen so close in. The best time to catch them is just before daylight and for an hour or two afterwards. When the sun gets high they refuse the spoon, except sometimes in a rough sea. We hired a launch, and fished four rods at a time. The necessary gear is a good reel to carry 200 yards of strong line, a wire trace with plenty of swivels and a big spoon bait, red and silver for choice. "Dread-nought" tarpon rods were the favourite weapon, and expensive rods of similar build were used, but many of these were ruined by the rough work. I used a cheap hickory rod throughout, and it was the only one that lasted, nearly all rods giving out at the joint of the butt. Harness, or a good strap over the shoulder and hooked on to the rod, was a necessity, as arms alone are quite unable to stand the strain for long.

We used to get a 3 o'clock breakfast and be off from the inner harbour by about 3.30 a.m. steering by the harbour lights for the buoy on the Pania Reef. Find the buoy and you would generally find the kingfish, which have a habit of rubbing their backs against buoys.

Instead of trolling for trout with a long line, we soon discovered that the best place for the spoons was right in the wash of the propeller, within, say, 20 feet of the stern. The fish took much more surely in this confused water. Most mornings we struck fish at the buoy and sometimes we lost them on its moorings. Frequently all four spoons would be seized and then the fun began. On their initial rush they would take up to 100 yards or even more of line in spite of heavy brakes on the reels. At the moment of striking the driver would stop the launch, while the fish were played. Crossing of lines was frequent and everybody would be shouting advice and the fun would be fast and furious. When hooked over a rocky bottom the fish usually sounded. Many were lost, for once a fish got down no tackle could stand in the rocks below.



Specimen Brown Trout, 7½ lbs, Waiwakaiho, Taranaki, 1903.



Specimen Rainbow, 9 lbs, Waiwakaiho.



Atlantic Salmon, Te Anau. Best fish 9 lbs, 1923.

Our efforts therefore were concentrated on keeping them up till we could get clear of the rocks, which we could generally see, or recognize by the colour of the water. I don't think we ever went out without losing some tackle. After playing them for a time they would "sound," and "pumping" commenced. The line would lead almost vertically down and pumping consisted of lifting with the rod as far as possible, then getting a few turns on the reel and repeating the operation. This was the way in which rods were ruined. At last you could see your fish near the surface, but the chances were he would make another dive for liberty and you would have to pump him once again. Finally, you would have him lying on his side, and he would be "yanked" aboard with the gaff. I have seen men completely exhausted upon the fish being landed, and glad to lie down in the bottom of the boat. To kill three or four of these fish before breakfast was a man's job. We frequently hooked four fish at once, but I do not think we ever landed the lot. Generally one or two got away. The biggest bag we made was 32 before about 9 a.m., and many of these were small—down as low as 5 lbs, and, of course, the smaller ones were dealt with out of hand. Any fish over 20 lbs gives a good fight, and we got them up to 45 lbs. We were not always successful and had blank mornings, when we would troll up the coast for miles and see nothing.

It was a fluky game, and, perhaps, after trolling on a hot morning for an hour or more there would be a yell, and behind the boat would appear a mob of fish threshing the water into foam and almost running into the launch. They would be so thick that you could poke them with a stick off the launch, and they looked like a mob of sheep. They are excellent eating when cooked fresh. We used to keep the Red Cross shop in Napier well supplied.

It is unfortunate that the fish very rarely jump. This they do only when foul-hooked (which is the case with most fish). To see a 40 lb kingfish leap into the

air is a delight to the heart of the angler, but as a rule they do not show on the surface—like kahawai for instance—not until they are “pumped” up.

The first kingfish I ever caught were two from the pierhead at the inner harbour while I was spinning, with a herring for bait—much to the disgust of an old man who said he had been sitting there for, I think it was two seasons, trying for them, but had caught none at all. I gave him some tackle and advised him to fish deep, but never heard the result. Fish used to come to that locality as there was waste from a freezing works close by. Since the earthquake in 1931, I understand this part is raised in level by some seven or eight feet. The inner harbour, where yacht races used to take place, is now a flying-ground!

Of course we had some rough weather experiences, and engine troubles with the launch, which seem to be a normal occurrence with marine engines. On one occasion the engine petered out when the sea was rough. The boat immediately broached to, and rolled and rocked to an alarming extent. Everyone was seasick except the engineer—whose name was Hough—and myself. He diagnosed carburettor trouble, so we dismantled this part, laying out the screws and valves and various parts on the deck where Hough and I were sitting. Presently, Hough turned green and was violently sick over the small parts set out on the deck! This nearly settled me too, but after a breath of fresh air I returned to the unpleasant job of sorting out Hough's breakfast from the carburettor parts, and proceeded with the re-assembling. The result was successful and up went a cheer for “Hough's Mixture” and off we went. I think the whole job took about an hour. All interest in fishing had long gone by the board and we made for the harbour.

On another occasion, during a nor'-wester when several launches were out, the engine in a big boat carrying a lot of top hamper failed, and she started off for South America. Of course we had to chase her. We found her badly equipped, no sail, no sweeps, no

anchor, no tow rope. Luckily, we had a rope and got fast to her, but found our engine hardly able to tow against the wind. Hough's language to the crew in the disabled boat was unprintable, and he had a long job to get us all home.

We found that the fish took best in a good jobble and on dull mornings; but often the jobble would develop into a heavy sea. Playing fish under these conditions became difficult and even dangerous, when we used to hold on to the man with the rod to save him from going overboard.

As to spinning baits for kingfish: we tried all sorts:—Kewell Stewart six ray spoons, a very attractive lure and sure hookers; Cartman spinners; Maori paua spinners, and local inventions of various sorts. But I fancied most a five inch "Campbell River" spoon from Vancouver, with a single hook—as used for quinnat on the Pacific Coast, where the fish run up to 60 or even 80 lbs. As time went on other launches followed our lead; but they mostly fished with handlines, and, of course, made much larger bags than we with rods.

We often had some strange catches, once getting a 13 lb kahawai (the largest I ever caught), barracouda also at times and for these we would not stop the boat. Once we hooked and landed a gannet, which had dived for a herring bait, unknown to us until he came to the surface.

At about this time Cyril Maude, the actor, came to Napier with his company—their chief play being "Grumpy."

I was asked to get him some fishing and could only suggest kahawai—on the fly. I drove him down early one morning to the Tukituki to meet the incoming tide. We started to fish about a mile above the sea. He did not seem to be able to cast well at first, so taking his rod, I hooked a fish in the rapid, handed him the rod and told him to run. The fish set off down stream with Maude after him, but the kahawai was a good fish and went to the full length of the line

breaking away with the fly. Maude got the surprise of his life and came back out of breath saying, "What did I not do right?" I told him the only thing he failed in was in not running fast enough. But he soon got going and redeemed his fishing reputation by landing a number of fish. We got two bags full. Several of his company came down to see the fun, and Maude, wet through but happy, decided to take the catch back to the Masonic Hotel, though I told him they would not thank him for two bags of kahawai at that aristocratic hostelry. His chauffeur carried one bag, which in semi-darkness burst at the bottom and spread the fish all over the shingle—but he took them all home and insisted on my going fishing again with him next day. He said the fishing on the King's water at Balmoral was nothing to kahawai fishing on the Tukituki. He kept it up afterwards in the Auckland district and got some publicity in the illustrated papers over it.

I only wish I could repeat in print some of his fishing stories. He was most entertaining and a good fellow to go out with.

During this period in Napier I fished several other rivers. The Tutaekuri and its branches yielded up some nice rainbows, while the small creek at Pohue provided a pleasant surprise in the shape of 2 lb brown trout, but, owing to the confined nature of the stream, casting was difficult, and dapping with grasshoppers was resorted to.

The Mohaka—ten miles further on, on the Napier-Taupo road—held some big brown trout and a few rainbows. I remember getting nine there one day with the Logans.

At Tarawera, half-way to Taupo, we also got a few rainbows in the Runanga river, and higher up the same river, above the falls, the Logans used to get large brown trout on the fly, but I never fished up there. On the Rangitaiki further on still there was at one time good brown trout fishing, but I never visited the river below the road crossing in this

locality, though much further down at Murupara and Galatea we had wonderful sport, of which I will tell later.

At Pohue there is a small lake which then carried quite a stock of perch, which we caught usually with worms, though sometimes with a small minnow. Once when looking for worms we found a nest of newly born rats. The perch took them quite as readily as they did worms.

Taupo: We now come to the fisherman's paradise—Taupo.

I first went there from Napier, in my small De Dion car, on 24th December, 1911. At that time it was an adventure to drive a car to Taupo, especially a single cylinder small powered car. Troubles began for any car after the 30 miles to Pohue, in the ascent of Titiokura hill (before the deviation was made). If it was wet no car could possibly get up the grade of about one in five on slippery clay and papa. Horses were then necessary. But it was dry going up and the little car just got over. There was little metal on the road from here to Taupo—about 70 miles. The Mohaka cutting was a bad spot with the surface of slippery papa. The next big hill, Turangakuma, was a terror, coming back; but there was some metal on this steep grade which rises 1,400 feet in three miles. After "The Nunnery," past Tarawera, there was another bad bit, but from there the road comes out on to pumice country and is comparatively good going for the last 25 miles.

At first we went trolling. A long line with a fair sized red and silver spoon was the regulation lure. Fishing deep was the rule. The results were absolutely surprising and the boldness of the fish was unbelievable. I can't recollect particulars of the first catches, but know they were huge. Ten pounders were common and launches used to come in with as many as 100 fish in the day.

I was fishing with the Logan family and we very soon gave up trolling, taking to the fly.

Captain Darby Ryan was our launch man, a good fisherman himself with a great knowledge of the lake. He ran the mail steamer to Tokaanu, at the south end of the lake, 25 miles from Taupo township.

Captain Ryan was a versatile man. In his younger days he had been one of the great backs in the original "All Black" football team. He had a Maori wife and his house was quite a show place in Taupo, being furnished largely with Maori mats, weapons, and curios, and further adorned with numerous paintings of his own, mostly fine landscapes of Lake Taupo. He was also an excellent mechanical engineer who often offered much assistance to motorists in trouble with their cars. In short, he was just the man for Taupo at that time. His death was lamented by hosts of friends.

Trolling is well enough for the novice, but soon ceases to interest the fisherman with experience, as, by the time 60 or 70 yards are wound in, the fish is done; whilst sitting in a launch doing nothing but holding on for a bite is wearisome and uninteresting.

I am sorry though that I have not kept any record of trolling catches.

Trolling from a boat was more interesting than "chugging" round with a single cylinder launch.

Wiremu Ngamotu, whose name might be freely translated as "William of the Islands," was an elderly bulky Maori with a smelly old boat. Some English visitors had presented him with a supply of business cards reading—

NGAMOTU WIREMU

NO. 1 FISHERMAN

KNOWS ALL THE BEST SPOTS

He certainly was an artist at trolling—provided he had a bottle or two of beer aboard. The beer he said, "Make me trong—pull all day." W. G. Wood and I went out with him. His first advice was "Kapai te rong rine." At first this was a puzzler, but we soon

found out he meant "long line." His next remark was "Kapai te pig stinker"—another puzzler, which we solved as "big sinker." Both suggestions were excellent advice, from which we soon benefited and caught many big fish. Wiremu would pull very slowly, usually the most effective method. It keeps the spoon low.

We sometimes trailed big flies behind the boat and so caught many fish. Incidents in launch trips were frequent. On one occasion three of us were out as far as Whakaipo in a small launch with Parson Fletcher, a certificated engineer. He used to assist Ryan at times and was a first rate man to go out with. However, in this instance, the sailors' proverbial distrust of parsons at sea was in evidence. The engine stopped, on a lee shore under the cliffs, and we had to fend her off with boathooks while Mr Fletcher wrestled with the engine. After a long time in a nasty joggle he was overcome with sea sickness and became prostrate. He asked me to try my hand, but I knew very little about marine engines, but something of motor engines. I found there were no less than three ignitions in the launch—dry batteries, wet batteries (exhausted) and magneto. My forte was dry batteries. I found that the wiring was reversed, the wrong terminals going to coil and earth respectively. When I had changed these round—a horrid job in a wobbling boat and with wires too short—the engine started up and we made for home—Taupo. But the cells were almost exhausted, and we got only a mile or two on our way, but carefully away from the rocky shore. Darkness came on and we lit petrol flares as distress signals to the wharf—some miles away. We produced a few turns out of the engine now and again till at last it seemed hopeless. We then heard a man, who was out in a boat fishing, singing, and shouted for him to come to us, or go in and send out another launch. It was calm now and we could hear a great distance over the water. The man started to pull in our direction, but soon sang out "Too plurry far—good night." Then we knew he was a Maori. After the batteries had

rested for an hour or two we got a few more kicks out of them, finally reaching the wharf about 11 p.m. where we were greeted by our friend of the boat asking for fish! The rest of the story is unprintable.

There was great interest on the introduction of a fine new launch, the "Tainui," with a four cylinder engine, providing splendid speed. We often had this boat out, usually with Ryan, but he then had an assistant who was a wild driver and provided us with many thrills. One day he was out with Dr. Nairn and his two daughters. He swung the boat round at speed, the centrifugal force shooting him and the two ladies overboard. This was close to Motutaiko Island. Luckily the two ladies were expert swimmers, who held the wild engineer up while the doctor tried to get them with the launch, but as he was not conversant with the controls he could only circle round the swimmers till he found out how to stop the engine. This he eventually did and all were hauled on board.

Another time this man was coming in at dark to the exit of the river—to the wharf—full speed as usual. One of his passengers said they had hit something and insisted on his going back to see, which resulted in their finding Captain Ryan clinging to the beacon to which he had gone out in a boat to hang a lantern. His boat was smashed by the collision, but he had managed to swim to the beacon.

We also had a trying time in Western Bay with a small launch and Parson Fletcher. Landing by boat through bad breakers at Wanganui and leaving the launch on two anchors for the night, we hardly expected to see her in the morning, but luckily the anchors held and she was there when we came out of our tents.

Another miraculous recovery of tackle chanced in one trolling day about this time. Mr Handyside, an old Scotch fisherman, who was then crippled and unable to fish otherwise, lost a fish and 80 yards of new line when going out in the morning. After trolling round the western shores all day the launch in returning passed

over the place where the line was lost in the morning and hooked it, with the fish still on and going strong. The line was recovered and the fish played and landed by hand.

At first we fished fly, with two handed rods of 13 to 15 feet, such as are used for salmon at home, and with fair-sized salmon flies; but these rods are back-breakers and we soon took to single handed rods of about 8 to 10 ounces and generally 10 feet or $10\frac{1}{2}$ feet—as long as they were sufficiently powerful to cast a fairly heavy line and medium sized salmon fly. We would go out by launch in the morning, being guided by the wind as to our points for fishing. If the wind were in the east our favourite spots were Two Mile Bay and Four Mile Bay on the road to Waitahanui. Then, with the wind at our backs, the launch would land us in couples (there were generally 6 or 8 rods) to return and pick us up at lunch time. I recollect that in one season, when easterly winds prevailed, six rods in those two bays accounted for over 500 fish in less than a week. The average weight would at that time be about four pounds, but seven pounders were not uncommon. Apart from that we caught about 300 elsewhere over about 10 days' fishing in all. I have lost the exact record, but I have some from other years, which I will quote.

In quoting the numbers and weights of fish which now follow, as well as similar records throughout the narrative, a valued critic has suggested to me that the general reader may be inclined to regard us as "hog fishermen." This was far from being the case. In nearly every instance where large catches were made they were from water that carried far too many fish. Fish suffer from over stocking just as sheep do. It must also be kept in mind that most of the takes referred to were made twenty or thirty years ago, when the native feed was not depleted as at present, and where rods on the water were much fewer than is now the case. Here is what we called a poor ten days' fishing for 7 rods.

Mac	12
J.P.L.	16
Mrs I.B.L.	18
I.B.L.	42
G.E.M.	64
G.O.B.	19
F.L.	13

Total 184

Here is a record for 1916: 6 rods on the water, 11 days' fishing—

Dec. 25	62	
„ 26	60	
„ 27	23	$\frac{1}{2}$ -day
„ 28	104	
„ 29	77	
„ 30	47	
„ 31	28	$\frac{1}{2}$ -day
Jan. 1	37	
„ 2	86	
Three days after	188	

Total 712 fish—average
3 $\frac{1}{2}$ lbs.

The fish were rapidly getting smaller.

Here is a detailed record for 1917—some of the rods did not fish the last day.

Mrs I.B.L.	5	9	9	10	7	11	24	9	84
I.B.L.	11	12	15	7	14	18	40	7	124
H.J.B.	6	18	11	10	6	11	17	6	85
J.P.L.	—	8	6	8	15	8	19	—	64
G.E.M.	21	18	8	8	24	12	30	—	121
R.	5	2	6	2	5	—	—	—	20
R.N.	—	1	5	8	8	3	16	—	41
—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
	48	68	60	53	79	63	146	22	539
Add 2 days at Galatea—4 rods									53

Total 592

Heaviest fish 6lbs.

Average about 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ lbs.

At this date the fish had decreased in weight from an average of about 6 lbs a few years previously.

The Government were then netting the lake, which resulted in greater growth. In a few years plenty of larger fish up to 10 or 12 lbs were again in evidence. In the three years, 1913-1915 the weight of trout netted and trapped from Lake Taupo aggregated 115.4 tons. A further 35 tons was taken in 1916-17. Detailed figures are quoted in T. E. Donne's book "Rod Fishing In New Zealand Waters," the average weight being about 3½ lbs. About half these fish were destroyed, the rest marketed.

Our usual method of fly fishing was to wear high waist waders—go in as far as possible, cast down wind and gradually draw in the fly after giving it time to sink. Rainbows will take a slowly and steadily drawn fly more readily than a fly drawn jerkily. Should a fish rise and refuse the fly it is well to cast again right over the "boil" made by the rise and then slowly wind in with the reel and the chances are he will take it on second thoughts. I have caught dozens of fish in this manner. They are quite different from brown trout and much easier to catch. I did, however, once catch a 13 lb brown trout on a large salmon fly in broad daylight, but a good wind was blowing. On calm days even rainbows are hard to catch.

One season we camped at Whanganui in Western Bay and there got many fish. There is a fine waterfall in the creek dropping into a deep hole which is often full of fish. The mosquitoes and sandflies at that point however are a pest to be reckoned with, to say nothing of the natives' pigs, which patrol the beach and follow up the fishermen, stealing any planted fish, even if buried. Many a time I have seen a pig making off with a trout. This applies to other bays around the lake. From Whanganui we made launch trips along the western shore to Waihora and Waihaha at both of which places streams enter the lake and are usually frequented by fish.

Another favourite spot was Whakaipo—nearer

Taupo. Here there used to be wonderful fishing at the mouth of the stream and along both sides of the bay. Here it was that an Englishman was fishing with a Maori boy as gillie and doing no good. The boy told him that if he gave him a shilling he would make the fish come. To humour the boy the Englishman paid up and went off to his lunch. The boy then told him to try again at the mouth of the creek and the Englishman had the sport of his life. Eventually the boy told him his secret. Alongside the stream are some stagnant pools alive with tadpoles. The boy captured a petrol tin full of these and poured them into the stream, which carried them out in the lake, and they were soon found by the rainbows. I tried this game on once at the same spot, but without the desired result.

The small spoon will often beat the fly. We were fishing at this spot one day when Ivan Logan's cast got broken in a fish. I had a small spinning rod, and, after the fly fishers had done with the water, tried it with the spoon, very soon capturing Logan's lost fish with cast and fly complete, besides getting one or two more. Frequently, to vary the fishing, I took to this small Victor rod with a spoon as small as a thumb nail, casting from the stern of the launch. On one occasion a fish took the lot—rod and all. We followed it up with the boat and were just able to reach the rod on the bottom with a long boat hook—the fish being still on. We landed him in due course and the result was photographed there and then.

Coming back along the western and northern shores of the lake from Whanganui to Taupo is a delightful experience. One passes splendid cliffs heavily clothed with native bush; in places blazing with flame coloured and crimson pohutukawa blossom, the brilliant hues combined with the deep indigo of the water completing a colour picture of exquisite beauty. Rangatira Point, only a few miles from Taupo, was always a favourite spot for fishing or lunching. Here there is quite a large area of flat rocks with deep water alongside and a cave called Whakamoenga (the

Sleeping Place) where parties sometimes camped. But it was an awkward place in rough weather, as launches, or even boats, could not effect a safe landing and there was no land communication with Taupo. Many times people have been marooned there and run short of tucker.

I often wondered at the "double tug" so frequently experienced in trolling, as the fish take. It was at Rangatira Point that I solved the mystery. Casting a small spoon from the rocks I was able to observe a fish taking. Up came a rainbow and seized the lead, which I pulled out of his mouth, but the spoon followed the lead and hooked him. In the very next fish the same thing happened. I had often seen brown trout take the lead in preference to the minnow and have caught them by arming the lead. I believe, however, that this is now illegal—certainly in Canterbury. Between Rangatira Point and Taupo are Jerusalem Bay (Hiruharama—the site of a once populous pa with an interesting Maori history) and Acacia Bay—the site of an old mission station.

In 1911 and 1912 there was good fishing in these two bays. On one occasion Dr. Nairn and I were anchored in the launch while the rest of the party were ashore. We were in about 50 feet of water and doing no good till we sank our flies to the bottom with small leads. It was queer kind of fishing, but the immediate results were two ten pounders. Many a big fish I have since taken in this manner.

We made launch trips down the eastern shores, as far as Tauranga-Taupo, Waitahanui, Roto Ngaio, Hatepe (where Bishop Selwyn preached his first sermon to the Maoris), Waipahi and Motutere where one day we got 146 fish—all good places for the fly if the wind is right.

Tauranga-Taupo is one of the best rivers, for, besides the mouth fishing there is up-river fishing for many miles—a welcome change from constant still water angling. There is near the mouth some deep lagoon water which at the date in question held a large

number of enormous brown trout. We never took any on the rod, but the Maoris showed Mr Logan (under an indemnity!) how they took them in daylight from a slowly propelled canoe with a man in the bow armed with a gaff on a long manuka stick. He very soon got half a dozen off the bottom. At that time, too, the Tongariro was heavily stocked with these big "brownies." They are much fewer now. Doubtless the greedy rainbows have got the upper hand.

We usually cooked a fish for lunch. Picking the best "lunch fish" Ryan would clean it, take out the backbone, and lay the cleaned fish skin down in a flat gridiron on the embers, sprinkling with salt and pepper and adding a little butter. It did not matter how black the skin got. That was left on the gridiron, while the cooked fish was removed in helpings. Possibly fresh air and appetite had something to do with it, but fish cooked in this way, freshly caught, always seemed to us more delicious than that cooked in any other way.

Not far from Rangatira Point was a secret Maori burial cave, which we found after a close search. It was a ghastly sight: we counted 14 skulls amongst a lot of desiccated bodies, some with mummy-like skin still preserved. The whole region about was "tapu" to Maoris. A later visit revealed vandalism and removal of some of the skulls—much to our disgust.

Indigenous Fish in Lake Taupo: There are no eels in Taupo—presumably elvers cannot get up the Huka Falls, or perhaps the water is unsuitable for them, which is the case in sundry streams coming from thermal country.

There is a fish corresponding to the whitebait and of the galaxias family. There are also the mis-called "mountain trout" which are the *Galaxias Fasciatus*. The Maoris call this fish kokopu, but they call many other fish by the same name in other parts.

Koura—native freshwater crayfish—were very plentiful at one time. The Maori method of catching these was to sink a large manuka bush, leave it for

some time, and then haul it out with the koura, which had crawled into the branches.

During storms, in the pre-trout time, large quantities of galaxias were cast up on the beaches. I have seen this even in later years, but trout have decimated both these fish and koura.

The bully (eleotris) was put into the lake by the white man, as a food supply for the trout, and is now well established. I have been told that the bully did not previous to the artificial introduction exist in Taupo, but can hardly credit it. It is ubiquitous in New Zealand.

Apart from fishing, Lake Taupo and its environs are most interesting, especially to the student of Maori history. The present Taupo township is on the site of an old Maori pa, which was called Tapuae-Haruru (resounding footsteps). During the war with Te Kooti, commencing in 1868, a redoubt was established at this point. Eleven miles down the Napier road is Opepe, where some of Te Kooti's men by stealth captured a detachment of fourteen of Lieutenant-Colonel St. John's men, killing nine. The remainder escaped. It is usually called a "massacre," but this term is scarcely fair to the Maoris, as it was by the men's own carelessness that they were surrounded. The Maoris could not, of course, keep prisoners. At Waipahi is the Motutere Peninsula, a rocky point running out into the lake. Here, in olden times, was a very important pa, all traces of which have now vanished. At the extreme southern end are Tokaanu and the buried Te Rapa, where the great chief Te Heu Heu and some seventy of his people were overwhelmed by a huge landslip in 1846. His remains, together with those of one of his wives, were still unburied when Sir George Grey visited this part in 1849. Owing to the noisy obsequies, which were still going on, Sir George moved his camp to a quieter spot.

Here it was also that in December, 1841, Te Heu Heu received a visit from E. J. Wakefield, who was negotiating in various parts of the country with the

natives on behalf of the New Zealand Land Company for areas of settlement.

Previous to this—1839, John Carne Bidwill was one of the first, if not the first white man, to visit Te Heu Heu and he, avoiding the rigidity of the "tapu" on the mountains, (and, in consequence, so risking his life) made the first ascent of the active volcano of Ngauruhoe.

After this, in 1844, George French Angas, an artist, spent some time with Te Heu Heu and made many sketches of the natives and their homes and implements of peace and warfare. His fine book of coloured sketches is now very scarce.

Later came the Te Kooti wars, several engagements being fought in the locality.

The missionaries were also early established here and at one time had to flee for their lives.

Pukawa village, a few miles north of Waihi, was always a place of importance to the natives in earlier days.

Much information as to these parts was collated by Mr Russell Duncan of Napier, condensed into a small volume entitled "Early Walks in New Zealand" and published at his own expense for the benefit of the Red Cross Society—during the war. (Whitcombe and Tombs Limited, 1918.) This little book is invaluable.

This is a fishless digression and we must return to our rods to which we became absolute slaves while in reach of such wonderful fishing.

The Waitahanui River: The Waitahanui is the first fairly large river coming in on the eastern shore, eight miles from Taupo. The first time I fished there was in a boat with my great friend, Dr. Nairn. We had for boatman, one, Niko Maniapoto, and I often wondered if he were a descendant of the famous Rewi Maniapoto, who hurled defiance at General Cameron and his overwhelming troops at Orakau, creating the famous phrase, "We shall fight on, for ever and ever." There are variations of this phrase, but that is the substance of all versions. What fine men those old Maoris were!



Kingfish, Napier. A trolling catch.
(Hough, Kelly, McCarthy, Logan, Wood.)



[Photo, F. T. Boys.

Quinnat at Rakaia.
(Mannering and Montgomery.)



Five Quinnat, 112½ lbs, taken from one pool.

Niko took us out in a boat, anchored in the current, and told us to pay out our flies. In no time I was into a big fish which leapt into the air and started lakewards, taking out nearly 100 yards of line, breaking the backing and getting away with 80 yards of new No. 4 Kingfisher line and a half-crown fly. That was my start. I had to borrow Niko's line, which would have held a kingfish. Although it was queer sort of fly fishing we had great sport, coming in with nine fish weighing 96½ lbs—nearly 11 lbs average. The biggest weighed 14 lbs. That was the Waitahanui fishing in 1911. Nearly every day through the season dozens of men stand all day up to their middles paying out flies down the current and they get tons of fish. I fished there a few times afterwards, but fought shy of the place when a crowd was there. Trailing a fly down a current does not appeal to me, but it is all the fashion at Taupo, in every stream of consequence. The very best fish are taken in these situations, mostly in the autumn, as they make into the rivers for spawning. There is a little up stream fishing in the Waitahanui, but I never went very far up.

The sight of the fish from the bridge is often worth while. Sometimes hundreds, packed tightly, are in evidence and the Maoris keep them busy by paying flies down the stream; but most of the fish are educated to gut and fly and are too cunning to catch on. Only the newcomers from the lake make an occasional mistake.

In respect to the Waitahanui, a fishing mate writes to me as follows:

Waitahanui.—Exploring here in 1904 I came across some enormous brown trout. You could see them, 15 or 20 lbs weight, but they would take nothing by day, and I knew not how to take them by night. I stayed on and watched them, wondering what to do about it. Then I saw DeL., an expert fisherman, fighting a big fish lower down. He got another, and eventually I discovered he was wet-fly fishing for rainbows, which none knew were there except him. This was a new

game to me. He of course wanted this kept secret, so I kept his secret for years. He used to tie his own flies on the bank—never kept spare ones lest others should find them. He just had a bunch of feathers in one pocket, and some coloured string and hooks in another. He had his camp on a Maori burial ground to keep his things safe, as this was "tapu." I tried his methods and at once caught a $14\frac{3}{4}$ lbs rainbow, which I landed a quarter of a mile away in the rough waters of the lake. It was cut up immediately lest others should discover its size. He kept this river to himself all the season. Now the rods run up to 30 or 40 daily. He was, I think, the first to discover the Waitahanui. An interesting episode occurred there. Having lost my gaff on the river, I offered a Maori boy 5/- if any one could find it. Immediately the river became alive with Maori heads and tails of both sexes, the gaff was found and I was quietly told by an elderly Maori to stand behind a bush for five minutes as they were having difficulty with the Maori lady who found it. She had just been told she had better put some clothes on before she came for the 5/- and was inclined to dispute the point.

"We camped there that night and incidentally the pigs ate every single thing we had, and we had to set out next morning to catch our breakfast. It was two hours before we got a fish. We had a most anxious time landing it. We were hungry.

"This was the Waitahanui in 1904. I do not care to fish it now and am looking for another river where one can catch plenty of $14\frac{1}{2}$ rainbow on a fly.

"I don't suppose there is one, but I live in hopes."

The Waikato River: The Waikato leaves the lake at Taupo—in a deep rocky bed with a good deal of water-logged timber in places. There used to be a good evening rise right by the wharf. On one evening I remember Ivan Logan and I took 33 fish. Usually we had a day in boats down the river to the Spa, where we always stayed, anchoring from time to time and casting from the boats. Small fish were the general

rule in those conditions, unless one descended to fishing the bottom with some lead on the cast. Then larger fish were got. Half way down to the Spa is "Cherry Island" covered with Kentish cherry trees. We paid the Maoris 1/- each and ate as many cherries as we liked. On arrival at the Crow's Nest geyser we would walk over to the Spa, and Ryan would come down with the launch and tow the boats back. It was a very hard pull otherwise. Occasionally we used to lose an anchor on the foul bottom.

In the evening, after dinner, it was our practice to walk to the river at the Crow's Nest, or to the mouth of the hot creek to fish the evening rise. Fishing by the Crow's Nest one had to be careful not to get a dose of hot water when the geyser went off. The Spa consisted of a lot of small separate buildings, set out after the style of a Maori Kainga, with rows of bedrooms, a separate drawing room, separate billiard room and a large Maori carved dining room—a great work of native art.

One had the choice of four different baths with every sort of temperature and all with a whiff of the infernal regions. In the grounds were many samples of thermal activity. I remember losing my week's washing down one boiling hole, so one had to be careful on washing-days. Some miles down the river, opposite Rotokaua, there was, in these days, quite sensational fly fishing in the rapid waters, and on the further side of the river above the Huka Falls we sometimes made sensational catches. In one day there—where Pye's Fishing Lodge is now established, and also lower down just above the Huka Falls, my son and I landed 136 fish in one day, but many of these were small. There was no limit in those days. The largest fish I ever saw taken there was one of 14½ lbs by John Montgomery; but a few years earlier I think fish of that size were comparatively plentiful. When staying at the Spa we sometimes went further afield. To Atiamuri was one of our motor drives. I have had several good takes in that water.

Rangitaiki and Whirinaki: Getting tired of lake fishing we would drive to Murupara on the Rangitaiki via Waiotapu. I recollect that one year we called at Waimangu on the way, shortly after a big eruption, when that great geyser sent up a column of black water and rocks to a height stated to be 1,500 feet. In this instance it blew to smithereens the hotel (situated on a hill about half a mile away) and killed one woman. I drove Logan's Cadillac car for about two miles through the mud distributed by the eruption, and we managed to reach the ruin of the hotel. Stacks of timber were carried half a mile by the force of the explosion. The roof of the octagonal tea house was on the ground with the galvanised iron perforated by falling stones. It was a terrible scene of muddy desolation—mud was everywhere.

At Murupara there was then an accommodation house kept by a Mr Hutton who drove us further afield in an express wagon, always taking a spade and shovel for road making as we went along.

The Rangitaiki here is a fine stream, where we got fair fishing just below Murupara, both with rainbow and brown trout. The best fly fishing was, however, in the Whirinaki, which here joins the Rangitaiki. Fish ran from one to three or four pounds. On one or two occasions I fished some miles up this river through the gorge—walking over the hills past Galatea Station. This gorge is a lovely place. One day Ivan Logan and I staggered out of the lower end with, I think, 23 fish. He fished fly and I followed him with a small spoon. On another occasion we all drove 13 miles up the Rangitaiki to where there had been in the earlier days a mission station and where there was an acre or so of Kentish cherry trees, which, at that time were laden with ripe fruit—with nobody to eat it. We did our best, and consequently did not get many fish. There were plenty there though, but mostly brown. I remember getting one big brownie.

Then once we went up the Whirinaki by car to Te Whaiti—another old mission station—but did no

good as the Maoris had cleaned up the river in that part. Sometimes they even fish from horse-back!

Tongariro River: It is time we went to the Tongariro River—according to some people “the best fishing river in the world.” It certainly was sensational in 1912, which was the first year I went there, but had been even more so a few years before. With the Logans we had a camp near Huka Downs Pool. There were ten in the party. It was then all double handed rod fishing with large salmon flies—just like salmon fishing in the Old Country. I kept no records, but remember my own take of 12 fish in two days—the largest $15\frac{1}{2}$ lbs and the average just over 11 lbs. Ivan Logan was the champion and took many more than any of us. He had been there before and had caught fish up to $17\frac{1}{2}$ lbs and had an uncanny knowledge of their habitat. There is generally one favoured spot in a pool.

In other years we went up to Kowhai Flat and I think were the first to camp there. Our factotum was dear old Sam Crowther, who pitched a wonderful camp and brought up a boat for use in crossing the river. This was the place where the Duke of York camped many years afterwards.

Here the sport was wonderful—right at the doors of our tents and up and down the river. Again I cannot remember our tallies—not big in numbers I think, but mostly strong fish in rapid water. From there we visited the Poutu River close by, the Dreadnought Pool and other spots which got known and named afterwards. Across the river and down was a place where H. J. Beswick and I had great sport in rapid rough water, but it was a bad place to get at through the fern and scrub.

Highly coloured descriptions of fishing in this Dreadnought Pool are given by Zane Grey in his book “Tales of the Angler’s Eldorado,” but it puzzles me to know how he could cast a big salmon fly on a $6\frac{1}{2}$ oz rod. He admits great difficulty in getting the fly out.

He would have done much better with a 10 oz rod.

Many times I have stayed at Tokaanu Hotel, generally with Dr. Nairn, from there fishing the lower waters from the bridge down to Grace's and the Cherry Pool. Nowadays there is a motor road with access to nearly all the pools, but back in 1912 it was a very different matter getting at the water. Still, when you got to your pool it was generally yours and yours only. Nowadays it is a scramble to get a place at any of the pools—cars and rods everywhere, stiff licence fees and nothing like the old quantity of fish. It is no pleasure to me now to go there under these conditions.

The actual fishing there also becomes monotonous—you wade in on a moving pumice bottom, wavy, treacherous and irregular, and cast away hour after hour with strong tackle. You cannot move on to the next hole for a change without knowing you may lose your place, and probably not be able to get another. I suppose the fact remains that those who had the luck to fish the river in earlier years are spoiled, at any rate for existing conditions. We used to fish on a £1 licence—now on an increased scale up to £6. This is in consequence of the Government paying the Maoris £3,000 per annum for fishing rights on the lake and its rivers. The irony of the situation lies in the fact that the white man planted the trout, which afforded the Maori a far greater fish supply than he had with native fish, and now is paying the Maori for the privilege of catching his own fish. The only possible excuse lies in the ambiguous and nebulous Treaty of Waitangi. Is there anyone who ever understood this treaty?

At the time I speak of, rainbows would not rise to the dry fly, but of late years this fascinating method of fishing is being increasingly practised and with success, but it is scarcely like our dry fly fishing in the south. Larger flies (feather dusters they call them) are used, and I gathered when last there that not many fish were taken in this manner in daylight, except in small streams. At night, being unable to see the floating fly it was necessary to fish by torch. Half the pleasure of dry fly fishing lies in watching your fly.

Flies for Taupo and Tongariro: I am not going to say much on this evergreen subject which Taupo fishermen discuss for hours and hours. The subject is too vast altogether. My own experience started with salmon flies of English patterns. Some of the favourites were Jock Scott, Silver-Black, and Blue Doctors, Silver Grey, Durham Ranger, Thunder and Lightning, Butcher. It shocks me now to think of what money we spent unnecessarily on these gaudy contraptions. To see a Maori boy with a manuka rod and a bunch of bittern feathers hauling fish out cured me of this extravagance. I found that a penny hook and a few matuku (bittern) feathers tied in the shape of a bully caught just as many fish as a 5/- Hardy fly—sometimes more. As the fish decreased in size in the lake, so did our flies, and we were soon fishing with loch flies and, later, ordinary wet flies, No. 8 and 10 hooks, which made for easier casting. The names of these flies are legion—but I remember some of our favourites which were Teal and Red, Woodcock and Green, Claret and Grouse, Red Heckham, Gold Heckham, Tippet and Red, Soldier—one of the best was a home tied Green Beetle—but I must stop somewhere. The Maoris evolved many patterns and you could not pull the feathers off a Maori fly, as you can off a shop fly. There are many skilful fly tiers at Tokaanu—the latest being a line of dry flies tied after patterns of Captain Richardson by Mr Frost of Taylor's fishing camp at Turangi.

Early Motoring Experiences on the Taupo-Napier Road: Of my first visit in 1911 I have written about the trip to Taupo and the successful negotiation of the journey with the little De Dion car. It was a different story going back, which I did in company with a 40 h.p. Ariel car. All went well as far as the Mohaka and we got up the cutting there with difficulty and with chains on the wheels. Titiokura hill was too much for either car. We had telegraphed to Pohue for horses. The Ariel went up first with a four-horse team, the De Dion following with a pair. We arrived on the summit

as darkness closed in to find the Ariel stuck in the mud on a steep down grade and their team gone. There was a heap of clay mud in front reaching to the top of her radiator. They had no lights, were out of petrol, but had a bottle of whisky. We hitched our pair of horses to the Ariel, but could not move her till we had removed the heap of mud with our hands. Then, with two horses pulling, and five men pushing, we got her started and she was pulled down to Pohue. The De Dion came down nobly on her own power, and we stayed the night at Pohue.

I drove that little car many trips to Taupo. On several occasions we broke springs, as bumps were frequent, and holes often masked by loose pumice. We patched up with packed bundles of manuka, which made quite good temporary repairs, but I had some D clips made and carried spare spring parts using them on my own and other cars several times. Once I broke a cardan axle on Titiokura, but had a spare and got going again within half an hour.

I parted with this car in 1915 after driving her for eight years. I had lent her to my son. He ran over a policeman in Napier and broke a leg of that august officer. I changed the car for a motor bike for my son, who then broke his own leg with the motor bike. I then got a 1915 Buick which I drove several times to Taupo. She would tackle almost anything with chains on all four wheels, which were then still quite a necessity on the Taupo road in wet weather. On one occasion nine cars started back for Napier in wet weather. My Buick was the last to leave. By the time we reached Pohue we had passed several in trouble—one being on Turangakuma Hill with a broken axle. At Pohue two or three cars were marooned, having turned back from a flooded creek—Marshall's Crossing. There was an alternative road to Napier via Rissington and Apley; but this was a clay road and reported worse than even the Titiokura Hill. I had to get back, so with my son tackled the Apley road. It was terrible, but I charged bad places, backed

and charged again on low gear, finally getting through to Mr Harold Russell's at Apley. After Apley came a flooded creek and the only hope of getting through was to charge it on second gear. My son was on the footbridge and said when the car entered the creek he lost sight of it in a column of water. She went in a mass of mud and came through looking like a new car. The engine stopped, but she was safe in the shallow. The Buick was the only car to reach Napier that day. Some of them were a week on the road, blocked by slips which come down freely in that papa country.

With this same Buick I towed an overheated English car over Turangakuma and up Titikura, but the road on this latter hill had been much improved.

One of my friends had a new Vauxhall, which appeared to have a leaky radiator on Turangakuma. He and a friend spent three hours in taking off and replacing the radiator, which was found to be shedding water from the correct place—the overflow pipe!

Two Fords burnt out their hand clutches coming down Turangakuma and were without tools. I lent them a set of box spanners with which they got going again.

A chauffeur spent hours in fixing a new valve spring for an Oakland and then the spring jumped off into the mud and was lost.

On this road a few miles down from Pohue there occurred a collision between my friend W. H. Galwey in a Rover car and a Ford being recklessly driven down from Pohue. I was following the Rover up, with Dr. Nairn as a companion, when we came upon the Rover and Ford locked in a deadly embrace,—Mrs Galwey on the side of the road, luckily with nothing worse than collapsed nerves. We had quite a job to separate the cars. Mr Galwey lost his trip and ultimately the Ford speed maniac was prosecuted by the police, fined, and his employer had to stand the cost of repairs. He got the sack and deserved it.

I could tell of a lot more such trouble, but must return to the main subject of fishing.

XXIII.

FIFTY YEARS OF NEW ZEALAND FISHING— *Continued.*

Lake Waikaremoana: In December, 1903, before the advent of motors, I made a trip to Waikaremoana with Dr. Nairn, to try for rainbows, which had been established in the lake. We drove from Hastings in a buggy—staying at the accommodation house on the north-east corner of the lake. We hired the only launch and made a cruise about the lake but touched no fish. In fact, we did not get a rainbow, though we saw some big ones at the mouth of the Aniwaniwa Creek near the hotel. We found that there were brown trout in this stream, both below and above the very fine waterfall a little distance from the lake. Here we had good sport with the fly, though only in places could we get at the stream, which was heavily bushed on both sides. It proved to be peculiar fishing, as the bed of the stream consisted mainly of great chunks of limestone with crevasses between them. It was a common experience to hook a fish in the shallow water running over the flat rocks when he would invariably make a rush for the nearest crevasse and dive down. It required some skill to prevent one's cast from being cut against the edge of the rock and breakages were not unusual. It is so long ago that I have forgotten how many we caught. To the best of my recollection they went from about one to two pounds. We got quite a number above the fall. One strange experience I had with a fish which was hooked in a pool below a sloping water slide over a flat rock, perhaps twelve feet high, and lying at a very sharp angle. I was astonished to see the fish make a bolt up this water slide, in two or three inches of water, and get nearly to the top in spite of

being held by the rod. I would not have believed such a feat possible. It only shows how the trout have the power to reach apparently inaccessible water in these rocky torrents. I landed the fish, which I think was about $1\frac{1}{2}$ lbs.

While we were there Alf. Warbrick, the well known footballer and Rotorua guide, was also there, building boats, one of which had to be got up to Lake Waikareiti. He could not get paid labour, but volunteers came to his help—Neale and two sons from Waihi, Phillips from Onepoto and others—together we were a team of thirteen. The boat weighed about three hundredweight. Lake Waikareiti was about five miles away with a rise of some 500 feet. First of all there was a terrace of about 200 feet, up which we pulled the boat with ropes. Then followed a track for a mile or two along which we carried the boat slung on a long pole. Then came the trackless bush. The trees were so close together that we could not turn amongst them with the young tree we used as a pole and we were forced to discard it, turn the boat upside down and carry her with our shoulders under the gunwale, with one or two men underneath with their shoulders under the thwarts. It was a great struggle, taking us several hours to get up through the bush after clearing a way here and there with axes. We arrived at the lake in heavy rain and abandoned our hopes of going for a row. On completion of the job Warbrick produced two bottles of whisky as our reward. Soon afterwards Dr. Nairn and I received very appreciative letters from the Tourist Department. It was days before our bruised and stiffened shoulders recovered. Neale and I secured numerous photographs of the boat's progress up the terrace and through the bush.

Waikaremoana (Sea of Rippling Waters) is a very beautiful lake. The late Percy Smith who was at one time Surveyor General, considered this lake the most beautiful of all the North Island lakes, and he looked upon Manapouri (correctly Manawa-pouri = sorrowing heart) as the gem of all the South Island lakes.

There is now a motor road from Waikaremoana through the Urewera country to Galatea and so to Rotorua. I have not been along it, but have been told that owing to its winding nature car sickness is frequent among tourists.

A fair number of rainbows are caught in this lake, but the fishing cannot be compared with that of Lake Taupo.

At the outlet of the lake in the falls of Waikare-Taheke River are now situated the hydro-electric power works. Lower down there is fishing in this stream before its junction with the great Wairoa River, but I don't know much about it.

The Manawatu Again: I must not leave the North Island without recalling a fly catch which Ivan Logan and I made in the upper waters of the Manawatu above the Norsewood dairy factory. The river there held a heavy stock of brown trout, mostly half a pound up to two pounds or so. The road runs up alongside the river and we had my De Dion car. We started in at eight o'clock fishing dry fly, and worked up the river by sections, each moving up the car as necessary. As we expected to put back many half pounders we agreed to pocket a pebble for each fish so returned. We knocked off about 3 p.m. and counted out 101 fish and 67 pebbles. Logan had the larger share. One hundred and sixty eight fish for two rods in the day is the largest numerical take per rod I can remember. The 101 that we kept averaged just over three-quarters of a pound. Shortly after this a bush fire occurred (as is frequent near North Island streams) and killed out the whole stock of fish with potash.

Poaching has always been prevalent in the Manawatu districts around Kumeroa and up the river to Dannevirke and Norsewood. One story of a poacher "hoist with his own petard" comes back to my memory. At that time the use of calcium carbide for lighting was common. Poachers used it as an explosive by putting some into a soda water bottle with a little water, holding the bottle upside down until the marble

stopper was pressed home against the rubber ring and then heaving the improvised "bomb" into a good trout hole to await the explosion. One man, in doing so, forgot that his dog, a good retriever, was in attendance. The dog plunged in, secured the "bomb" which he brought to his master who ran for his life, dodging about among the tree stumps which there abounded. The poacher saved his own life but, after the explosion, only a dead dog remained.

Another story in this part concerned a minnow fisherman, who, in a not very skilful cast, managed to hook himself in the nose with the tail hook of the minnow. An operation for removal was beyond his mate's capacity in surgery, so into Dannevirke to the doctor he drove him with the minnow hanging to his nose!

They didn't think of snipping the minnow off the tail hook.

The best way to deal with an embedded trout hook, if not too large, is to put a bit of string round the bend of the hook, clench your teeth, and jerk it backwards against the barb. Of course, if you can turn the hook and push the barb through and nip it off, that is better.

The Mounting of Spoons: Spoons should be so mounted that they can revolve round the hooks without dragging the hooks round with the blades. This is more important when fishing slow or quite slack water. All that is required to effect this mounting is a swivel on the trace to be attached to the split ring which is on the head of the spoon and another swivel on the same ring to which is attached the hook or triangle. The spoon is then free to revolve "on its own."

It was a Maori at Taupo who first put me up to this cunning dodge. At that time spoons were invariably issued by the makers with only a tail hook attached to the spoon itself, which spun quite sluggishly, unless pulled fast.

The Pohangina River: This is a branch of the Manawatu coming in at the mouth of the gorge above Palmerston North. I had a short holiday some twenty

miles up this river, with Mr W. Bewley from New Plymouth. I drove up in a gig which I capsized in the river bed, giving Bewley a nasty spill and breaking a bottle of his favourite stout, which dyed his fly book and flies a uniform brown colour—all my fault.

We stayed at a farm house for 5/- per day—lived on strawberries and cream (mostly) and caught a lot of brown trout.

In another visit to this river with a party from New Plymouth we arrived just as a flood was subsiding. The fresh was from Coal Creek and had washed down a large quantity of sawdust from the mill heaps above. Dead fish—trout and eels—were all over the riverbed and some people were out with carts gathering the fish for manure. We picked up about 20, including an 8 lb eel. I recollect we wired to our friends in New Plymouth, "Twenty before breakfast — one eight pounder," but we did not say it was an eel. Sawdust and bush fires are responsible for great mortality amongst fish in the North Island.

Atlantic Salmon at Lake Te Anau: In December, 1923, I went with John Montgomery to Te Anau to try for Atlantic salmon. Having never caught the great *Salmo Salar* I was full of hope to reach what, to the fresh water angler, is the acme of sport in rod fishing. Some had been taken before that date—a few by my friend Montgomery in a previous year. No one, however, had tried the fly, as far as I knew. There were great expectations by the pisciculturists that these grand fish would go to the sea and return as monsters, as they do in European waters. But they have altered their habits in their new environment and feed in the lake instead of going down to the sea. The consequence is they do not grow to any size. It is quite possible that some do get to the sea and return, but I have not heard of any large fish being taken. I was told that poachers had been taking them for some years previous to our visit and that the local people called them "Torpedo" fish, as distinct from the trout.

All that I have seen there have been slender—some in very poor condition. They are, however, excellent eating, if rather rich.

I quote from my notes—

Dec. 14. Had a walk up the Upokororo River—only touched one fish.

Dec. 15. Montgomery took his outboard engine down and we got a boat and trolled with spoons off the exit of the Waiau River, getting five fish. Weights— $5\frac{3}{4}$, $6\frac{1}{4}$, 7, 9, 9 = 37 lbs. We lost two or three.

Dec. 16. Wet.

Dec. 17. Fished exit of Waiau from boat—got 18 salmon (17 on fly). We fished with large and gaudy salmon flies, which, if well sunk, were taken freely. I was disappointed with the size of the salmon. Eighteen fish weighed only $101\frac{1}{4}$ lbs, an average of 5.6 pounds. I was surprised to find them so easily caught. Even after getting pricked they would immediately take again, especially if the fly were changed.

Dec. 18. Trolled with small spoon towards mouth of Upokororo—got one. Fished the mouth of Upokororo (“You-puck” they call it there—another awful mutilation of Maori) without result. Went across lake and trolled down to Waiau River—no result. At Waiau exit got three on fly— $4\frac{1}{2}$, 7, $8\frac{1}{2}$ lbs.

Dec. 19. Drove up Upokororo to coal mine—about nine miles. Got one on fly and one on spoon. Were told that more fish went up in February and March.

Dec. 20. To Waiau exit—got 10 on fly, two on spoon. Rough trip back—engine failed—took an hour’s hard pull.

Dec. 21. To Waiau exit with Mr and Mrs B. She got two on spoon—I got two. Mr B. in great agitation on the shore expecting us to be swept down the river.

Dec. 22. Went to Manapouri—tried outlet of Waiau for salmon—no result.

Altogether we took 45 salmon (33 on fly and 12 on spoon). As the fly fishing was practically all “trailing” and fish disappointingly small, we lost interest and I have not since fished there. I was at

Te Anau a year or two ago and was told that a six pound fish was then regarded as large. The whole business of the importation of these fish is most disappointing. The Eglington is a larger river coming into Te Anau from the east a few miles up, and should be a good salmon river if the fish were established; but the only fish I saw from it was a wretched kelt. I have since visited the Southland streams, fishing from Lumsden, Mossburn and Te Anau with a friend but with only fair success, though in one or two of the rivers we have made catches of heavy brown trout on dry fly. We have generally found the prevailing nor'-west wind very hard to cope with, as it is a down stream wind nearly everywhere.

Quinnat Fishing in Canterbury: The quinnat, or tyee, does not belong to the genus *Salmo*—his jawbreaking name is "*Oncorhynchus Tschawytscha*." He has also many other appellations, amongst them being "Chinook," "Columbia Salmon," "Sacramento Salmon" and "King Salmon"—nearly as many names as Royalty. It has been known to attain a weight of 110 lbs in its native waters in Alaska. Rumour has it that it has attained, so far, a weight of 45 lbs in New Zealand—the largest I have seen weighed 39 lbs.

My first turn at this sport came in 1920. I had returned to Christchurch to live. I first went out with Mr E. F. Stead, a naturalist and a fisherman of long experience. We tried the Rakaia at Dobbin's Ford in the north branch, which, at that time carried a heavy stream. We got seven that day. I was very excited at landing my first quinnat, which was not a large one. I got two more—one on the far side of a stream where I had to hold him or lose him if he got down. Luckily, my tackle held and I landed a thirteen pounder. The following day we fished lower down and got 10 more. The weight of the catch was—17 fish = $190\frac{1}{2}$ lbs, an average of 11.2 lbs. The fish ranged from $4\frac{1}{2}$ lbs to $21\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. Stead fished with big minnows of his own make, but, in spite of his adverse advice, I stuck to the spoons, which I had so confidently used for rainbow



A 34 lb Quinnat, Rakaia.



Brown Trout, dry fly, Ahuriri River, 1941.



Camp Whanganui Bay, Taupo, 1912.
(Mackay, Mannering, Fletcher, I. B. Logan, F. Logan, F. B. Logan, Lethbridge.)

fishing. Indeed, at that date, practically all Rakaia fishers were using minnows—principally Gold Devons. I knew that spoons were used for these fish in Vancouver waters—their natural habitat—and stuck to the spoon, which for the last 15 years or so has become the standard spinner for these fish.

I did not keep any accurate record of catches until 1925, but my diaries record every fish taken from that date on.

The fish are amazingly strong. Fishing with reasonable tackle, say a "Murdoch" or similar spinning rod, at least 100 yards of No. 4 Kingfisher line, Jap gut and a spoon of two or two and a half inches, you are well enough equipped to handle any fish, provided you can follow it down in fast water. One often has to follow down a quarter of a mile or more in the rapid water. On one occasion I went over a mile—crossed five side streams on the way, came to a big junction where I was forced to hang on and then lost the fish, which was foul hooked in the side. No tackle would have held that fish in heavy water foul hooked.

The reel is a very important item. I have always used Hardy's "Silex" reels. Long casting is essential in the big water. Fish deep is a good rule. Spin slowly in cloudy water and fast in clear. Cast well up in strong water to give the spoon time to get down. It's no good fishing the surface for quinnat. Nor is it much good fishing the very fast water. They love to be in slow deep water. When they are running they will not take—only when they come to a rest hole. They take very much more readily up river than they do at the mouth. I know a man who fished the mouth steadily for a month, for one fish. He saw thousands go past. Yet, occasionally, a big bag is taken at the mouth of the Rakaia or Rangitata, but there is always a forest of rods there and it is not very pleasant fishing. Accidents in casting have occurred.

I had the run of a hut on the north bank of the Rakaia for several years from 1920 on—fishing there every season—sometimes alone, sometimes with a

mate. I could fish only on week ends and odd holidays. I have no records, but think, together with friends, I took about 250 fish up to 1924. I know that in those years fish were more plentiful, and rods fewer, than has been the case for the last five years and can only compute the numbers by a comparison with those quoted below.

Blank days are omitted, but they were unusual, till the last three seasons:—

In 1925	8 days	29 fish
1926	11 "	42 "
1927	9 "	39 "
1928	12 "	45 "
1929	19 "	50 "
1930	18 "	73 "
1931	8 "	39 "
1932	4 "	18 "
1933	10 "	26 "
1934	5 "	5 "
1935	5 "	13 "
1936	2 "	3 "
<hr/>		<hr/>
111 days		382 fish
<hr/>		<hr/>

The fish varied in weight from 3 lbs to 34 lbs. The average in the Rakaia would be about 13 to 14 lbs. About a quarter of the above fish were taken in the Waimakariri where the average is rather less—perhaps about 11 lbs.

I have a record of 1930 showing 70 fish = 829 lbs from Rakaia and Waimakariri—an average of 11.8 lbs. Another record (no date) shows 28 fish = 382 lbs—average 13.6 lbs.

Some of the best quinnat salmon fishing we had was by boat. Montgomery and I had a strong boat built in two sections, which we carried on cars or trailers. We floated down both the Waimakariri and Rakaia many times, thus avoiding long trudges on the shingle and much carrying of fish. It was a joy to

sit in the boat and glide down the rapid rivers, but it needed careful handling to avoid accident in rough water. We would beach the boat here and there to fish likely water from the banks.

The boating was not devoid of incident. Once Montgomery in the boat was washed under a wire fence lying in the Waimakariri. We also had a narrow shave with three in the craft going under the Rakaia bridge through Sir Francis Boys "catching a crab." With Major Sparrow, from England, I had drifted down the Rakaia, having warned the major always to step out on the upstream side, but once he did the reverse with the result that the boat, freed from his 15 stone weight, rose and upset him in some 18 inches of water and floated on top of him. I got it off and he came up laughing, saying, "I don't care a d——. We've had such good sport." We had 15 salmon. He was delighted with the game. We got most of our sport in these years from Montgomery's hut on wheels, then a few miles up the river. There was a good pool near by out of which we took 45 fish one season. I tried them hard there with large salmon flies in clear water, but without success. Then I put on a spoon and immediately got two fish.

In that locality one year with L. F. Tisdall I found a good pool out of which we took three fish one evening. Going there early next morning we got 10 before eight o'clock, much to the chagrin of two other fishermen, who had been camped close by for a week and were fishless. One of the fish I took that morning led me down and across a heavy stream that I should not have dared to cross in ordinary circumstances. After about half an hour's tussle I gaffed him in the pool below. It weighed 34 lbs and was in fine order. Of course, this pool soon became known and a doctor friend of mine camped by it and captured a 38 pounder.

My friend, Dr. Nairn, came down from Hastings in the season of 1930, when we got quite a lot of fish, both in the Waimakariri and Rakaia. We were fishing the Rakaia one day some miles above the railway

bridge in a heavy nor'-wester and got seven fish, mostly big. They were too heavy to carry, so we floated them down a side stream, which we had to cross. I had just got over when hearing an exclamation from Nairn, looked round to see him down and bumping along the rough stony bottom hanging on to two big salmon and his rod. Only his head and shoulders were out of water. I plunged to his rescue and took his rod and salmon, but even then he had great difficulty in getting out of the strong current for his waist waders were full and he was thus carrying a great deal more than his customary 15 stone. Luckily, the car was not far away and he had a change. The nor'-wester was bad that day. Sand was drifting over us in clouds, making us look like niggers.

Wading in Canterbury Rivers: Wading the Canterbury rivers on foot is always an arduous and sometimes a dangerous proceeding and calls for the exercise of the greatest caution. In fishing, wading is a necessity, as it is a common practice to cross and recross such rivers as the Waimakariri, and Rakaia and Rangitata both for salmon and trout fishing. My old Rangitata fishing mate, F. H. Barker, was a heavy man, but very safe and cautious in the water. He and I together were wont to cross the Rangitata in its many branches near the mouth, sometimes at night. To make these night crossings safely we used to carry old newspapers when crossing over in daylight, placing them on each side of our chosen ford with stones to hold them down. In the dark we could pick them up as a guide where to enter the water and were generally able to distinguish the paper on the opposite side. We would always hold on to each other's coat collars, thus being able to check a stumble on the part of either man, while a great advantage was afforded to the man on the lower side by his mate above breaking the force of the water. We had returned over the Rangitata this way one night leaving a son of Barker's to follow later and warning him to ford at the newspapers. He didn't turn up at the hut that night, but arrived next

morning, wet through. He had tried to ford where we told him but found the current too strong and had stayed fishing all night. When daylight came he tried to get over but was carried away, lost his rod and bag of fish, and had to swim back to save his life. He was afterwards put across by some men with a boat. They told him they had seen his rod going out to sea.

It is often possible to find a down stream ford where crossing is safe, but to come back against the current on that ford would be impossible. I always make a practice of never attempting to fight against the current, but of always choosing a down stream ford if water is heavy. So many lives have been lost in these rivers that one cannot be too cautious.

Quinnat. One take of quinnat that I recollect was made by four rods fishing from a farm on Fereday Island. We borrowed two horses as we had a couple of miles to go to the main river. We also took two sacks to hold any fish. The man in the yard offered to come with us, saying he could carry all we should catch—but we took the horses. We had a great day, coming back with 11 fish which weighed well over 200 lbs. The man met us in the yard and I asked him to lift the fish off the horses. He got the surprise of his life and said he was glad he had not come.

Quinnat usually show up from the sea in tidal water about January; but seldom run in any numbers until about the middle of February. The first run is usually heavy. Provided the water be clear the angler can be sure of a good capture if he is at the right water when the run is on. More than half the battle is having a knowledge of the water and habits of the fish. Only the deep slow water is good, and such places in a river falling 25 feet to the mile, are a mile or two miles apart and it is hard work walking up these stony river beds in long waders. Short waders are inadequate, as one cannot cross to desired water. I have even known men to swim over to get a good stand. That is where having a boat is such an advantage.

In fishing through seventeen seasons one meets with many strange experiences.

To speak of tackle losses: One day Montgomery and I were fishing down with the boat and had stopped at the junction of two big streams, which looked a good place. He cast in while I got ready to push off with him in the boat. On the first cast a fish took him and before he could get into the boat to float down with it the fish ran off all his line, which broke at the reel. It was now my turn. I was careful to fish standing in the boat. I hooked a fish and Montgomery pushed off. There must have been a flaw in my line for that broke too and away went the fish with about 30 yards of line. We then had lunch, after which we drifted down fully a mile in the big water. Stopping to fish I went to the slack water at the corner of a run and spotted a dead salmon on the bottom, gaffed him out and recovered my spoon, lead and line. The fish was one of 16 lbs. Talk about miracles! They do happen still in fishing.

About ten years ago, after a big flood, the water left the north branch about 14 miles up from the sea and the south branch has carried nearly all the water since. In latter years I have rented a hut on the south side near the mouth. Fishing from here one evening I got two fish both over 20 lbs. Next morning, with a boy as gillie, I struck another, but broke my rod at the middle joint. Giving the boy the butt and reel I played the fish with the top joint, the boy giving or recovering line as I directed. We actually got that fish out—27 lbs. The boy went back for another rod, but before he returned I had spliced the broken rod and landed another large fish. When he returned I took another. The five fish weighed 112 lbs—a high aggregate. They made a good photograph.

I possess a large collection of fish photos taken during a period of some 40 years at the sport.

As to the running of quinnat: I believe in their native rivers, say the Columbia and the Fraser, they travel very great distances in the day. I have been

told as much as 70 miles. In our torrents of Canterbury rivers they are believed to make about five miles a day, and many large bags have been made by parties following them up from day to day. They can be sold by rod fishermen, who take out a selling licence of £1.

In the tidal water of the Waimakariri—the only river with a delta area—netting licences of £5 are issued, and some years about 2,000 are netted. But it is a very uncertain game. The usual price in the market is from 2/6 per lb in the early season to, say, 1/- later on. They are not such good eating as Atlantic salmon and vary a great deal in quality for the table.

By the time they have got, say, 50 miles upstream most of them turn black, or brick red, and are so near spawning (or may have spawned) that they are not worth catching. They are believed to die after spawning, but I don't think this is a settled question in New Zealand waters where they have such short distances to return to the sea. A great many, though, are found dead far up the rivers after the spawning season.

One disappointing feature of quinnat is that, when struck, they seldom leap, like trout or like true salmon. Only when they are foul-hooked do they jump and try to get rid of the hook. In such cases they are a joy to see. Usually when they come to the surface they thresh along the water like a half submerged torpedo.

Montgomery had a spaniel named Sandy which used to retrieve trout which had been stranded with the rod. Once, when I was waiting to gaff a salmon for him, Sandy was by me trembling with excitement. As the salmon showed up close to the sloping shingle bank, Sandy made one leap right on to his back. The salmon went torpedo-like across the river, leaving Sandy swimming about and wondering what had happened. When we finally got the fish out he proved to be nearly as heavy as the dog—24 lbs.

Dry Fly Fishing: Of all the methods of rod fishing that of using the dry floating fly is the most fascinating

and is the highest branch of the art of angling. The risk of handling, say, six pound fish on 3XGut makes for excitement and calls for the exercise of skill. One little mistake on the angler's part means "goodbye" to the fish. Yet, to be successful with the cunning and wary brown trout, one must use fine gut, and small flies, in imitation of the natural fly on the water. A light, yet powerful rod, a fairly heavy tapered and greased line and a tapered cast are essential. Too heavy a rod tires the wrist as casting upstream is continuous. There is great risk also with a clumsy rod of breaking your cast in striking.

I began to learn this method in South Canterbury twenty-eight years ago and am still learning it. There seems no end to its interest. Some men become bigoted "dry fly purists," but I am happy to say I can still enjoy all methods of rod fishing, though always fishing "dry" where suitable.

This class of fishing has a great advantage in some waters, especially where large fish run into shallow and confined situations and can only be approached (and that with great care) from behind. It is surprising how close you can get to a fish from directly behind by keeping low; anything high they can see. The top of your rod is the danger. To avoid showing this in the usual "overhead" cast some experts use a horizontal cast to get over the difficulty. Sometimes you fish the *water*—in which case you are speculating as to the likely lie of fish. In this case a knowledge of the habits of the fish is invaluable and comes to the observant angler after perhaps years of practice.

Sometimes you cast to rising fish—always the most exciting procedure. Indeed, some men do not cast at all till they spot rising fish. This is a mistake. I have made plenty of good bags without seeing a fish rise to the natural fly all day long.

My favourite standard fly is "Wickham's Fancy." Possibly because it is a good fly to see on the water and is fished more continuously. One must have good sight to keep these small flies in view at the end of a

20 yards cast. Other favourites in Canterbury are Black Gnat, Mole Fly, Greenwell's Glory and the good old Governor. Small flies are usually more readily taken than large; but one loses big fish in their first leapings on very small hooks. Some days it does not matter what you fish with; other days nothing seems to tempt them.

Nymph Fishing: This is a comparatively new phase of fly fishing, which has been practised in England, but has not yet developed to any extent in New Zealand. One of the chief exponents of it is the well-known writer, J. C. Mottram, who has used it with success in New Zealand and recorded his experiences in his book "Fly Fishing—some new arts and mysteries." Another exponent of the art is Major B. W. Powlett, who also visited New Zealand. I fished with him on one occasion. He writes a very interesting article on the subject in the catalogue of C. Farlow and Company, London.

The nymph is the fly in a partly developed stage from the larva, before it gets its wings. As this floats towards the surface of the water, it is greedily taken by trout. When a trout is taking nymphs he is said to be "bulging." He makes a "boil" on the water in doing so, but you don't see his nose come above the surface, as when he is taking mature flies on the top of the water. When they are feeding like this it is hard to take them with floating flies—though occasionally they will suck one in. I have fished for an hour under these conditions over the same rising fish before he took my dry fly. The best way to fish a nymph (most of them are very small) is to put it at the end of the cast, leaving the last foot or so uncoiled (saliva will make it sink) and put on a dry fly as a dropper, say, three feet up the cast. The nymph then sinks while the dry fly indicates when the fish takes. I have caught some good fish, up to 6 lbs in this manner. The nymph can also be fished down with a wet fly.

Nelson and West Coast Streams and Lakes: I have made a few trips to the Nelson district and fished

some of the streams there, with dry fly chiefly; but, with the exception of one river which passes through a romantic gorge in which trout are protected by timber and deep rocky holes, both from shags and poachers, I have not had much sport. Now and then one gets a fair take of good sized brown trout, but my visits have always been too hurried to give the district a fair try-out.

In Lake Rotoroa there are both brown and rainbow, to be taken mostly at night by trolling. There are plenty of fish at the exit of the Gowan River, where there is a good accommodation house, but they are very hard to take on fly. Lake Brunner and the Arnold River running out of it are full of trout. It is a good place for night trolling with minnow or a big lure, or the local "Huhu," the larva of the matai beetle. My boys have had good fun there on several occasions. There is also some fair dry fly fishing in the streams running into the lake, where a friend and I have taken fish up to $5\frac{1}{2}$ lbs.

Canterbury Lakes: I have fished in a few of the lakes in Canterbury. In little Lake Georgina, up the Rakaia Gorge, rainbow have been established for some 20 years. There I have taken several bags on both fly and small spoon. I recollect one catch with Stead of 17 fish, which would average about 2 lbs, but have heard of larger fish being taken. It is a bare uninteresting place.

Big Lake Coleridge in the same locality holds some large brown trout, rainbows and land-locked quinnat, which grow to 6 lbs or so. I have fished there only once or twice and not caught much. I was there last year and gathered from residents at the Harper intake that the quinnat (which get in at the intake as fry, but cannot get out again) are preponderating. I should think they will probably spoil the trout fishing before long. There does not appear to be much food in the lake. Lake Lyndon on the West Coast road, 50 miles from Christchurch, has nice rainbow trout. I have fished it only a few times with fly and taken a few

fish. It is another deadly place. Further on is Lake Pearson, where the best fish I have taken was a rainbow of eleven pounds—a fine fish. Here also are mackinaw trout—from Canada, I believe. I have caught several—big ugly brutes, not giving much sport. Further on I have fished Lake Sarah and taken one or two rainbows. But all these lakes are “duds” compared with North Island lake fishing. In the Ashburton Gorge there are several small lakes, only one of which I have fished and got a couple of rainbows, but I am told there is good evening fishing for brown trout in some of these small sheets of water.

Photographs: In writing these “Memories” of fishing my recollections have been recalled vividly by the aid of photographs of fish, of groups of friends, and of many river scenes where catches have been made. Photographs are of even greater assistance than written notes, being a permanent and accurate record of the actual fish, the features of friends and the natural surroundings. For more than forty years I have been accustomed to carry a camera—not only in fishing excursions, but throughout other phases of life. Consequently, I am in possession of many hundreds of negatives, which, in a way, serve as diaries and bring back to memory many scenes and events which might otherwise be forgotten.

Blank Days: It is natural that, in recalling incidents in angling, one should recall successes rather than failures. There have been many, many failures and blank days. You can’t photograph a blank day. There is nothing to photograph. Blank days have been more frequent in the South than in the North Island, and the amount of motoring in proportion to fish captures has been infinitely greater. In longish excursions it has been quite common to travel 100 miles (or even more) per fish, and it is staggering to think what the cost of petrol and hotel bills has been. I remember an excursion of eleven days in which a friend and I drove 1240 miles and caught 34 fish; another, some 700 miles

when we got 8 fish, and another, 750 miles for 8 fish. Many a time in short excursions the result has been a blank, often as a result of unfavourable changes in wind and weather which so frequently ruin a day dry-fly fishing. We generally console ourselves on such occasions with "Never mind, we've had a day out. Better luck next time,"—a poor consolation.

Creeper Fishing: The "creeper" of the New Zealand angler is the larva of the alder fly (*Chauliodes diversus*). A full sized female larva measures one and three-quarter inches. The males are much smaller.

There are many other "creepers"; the larvae of stone flies, may flies, dragon flies, caddis flies, lacewing flies and others, all of which are eagerly devoured by trout.

The life histories of these flies will be found recorded in G. V. Hudson's "New Zealand Neuroptera," a work of some value to the studious angler.

A creeper of the alder fly is, however, far the most suitable for the angler's purpose, besides being the most easily secured. In fishing well up-stream away from the mouths of the rivers, I think it is the most deadly bait that can be used. The prohibition of its use in fly water, which is now general in most parts of the country is a good thing, as streams are rapidly depleted of trout by its immoderate use. I have fished it at times in years gone by, but only in water which was overstocked.

To give an idea of its advantage over the artificial fly: With a friend I was fishing a certain Canterbury stream which then carried a large quantity of trout, too many for the water and where trout were falling off in size. We fished up over about a mile and a half of water getting 19 fish all of takeable size. Two dry-fly anglers followed us after an interval of some hours, arriving at our luncheon place without a single fish. When they saw our bag in the back of my small car, imagine their disgust. With these genuine angler sportsmen our name was "mud." Many times since have I anathematised the creeper fishermen above me.

In my view such natural baits should not, as a

rule, be used except by boys learning or in waters where the fish require thinning out. These waters are, however, getting rare nowadays.

I now add to these "memories" notes on a short visit to the Tongariro River in April, 1942, which I was enabled to effect through the kind invitation of an old fishing friend.

Though I had fished this river on various occasions during the last thirty years, I had not been to it since May, 1934. Since that date the country adjacent to the river revealed great changes. Fern and scrub have been cleared in extensive areas which now carry quite good grass with a large stock of cattle and sheep. Roads are much improved. Access to the fishing spots is also greatly simplified by sign-posting and tracks. We put up at Taylor's Camp at Turangi. Mr Joe Frost, who keeps a tackle shop there, lent us his boat to cross the river, which was then high and crossing was not without a thrill. Though we were mainly after dry fly fishing we fished wet fly that afternoon. I lost two flies in fish through fishing too fine in that heavy water, but we soon had five fair fish, the best being 5 lbs and 6 lbs weight. This was in the "Major Jones" Pool.

Recently the level of Lake Taupo has risen by some three or four feet, by reason of a dam constructed at the outlet of the Waikato River at the northern end of the lake—26 miles away. This has much improved the autumn fishing in the Tongariro and in all rivers up which the fish run to spawn. Before the dam was built, if the lake and rivers were low, the fish would not readily cross the shallow sandy bars at the mouths of all these rivers, but, under present conditions, the fish can enter freely in the deeper water. On 19th April we walked to the Waiotaku Stream, fishing dry fly, after obtaining permission from the authorities at the Lower Prison Camp. We took only small fish. We saw plenty of large fish, but as the stream was high they would not come up from the bottom. We met two other fishermen who had the same experience fishing dry, but who had taken eight fish on wet fly.

The following day was also blank, under the same conditions.

Though we knew that we could get fish on wet fly we stuck to the dry. On 21st April we again crossed the Tongariro higher up, by boat, and walked some way to where there was a side stream. Here our perseverance was rewarded. It was blowing half a gale. There was a great rise of fish surface feeding. We came in with eight fish—the best 7½ lbs.

Next day we were again successful with dry fly. On 23rd April we had the morning free, but were scheduled to leave for Chateau Tongariro in the afternoon. We fished wet fly close by the camp, taking nine fish weighing 43 lbs—all caught in less than two hours.

The fishing in the Tongariro has changed a good deal since the early times there when the average weight was 10 or even 11 lbs. There are a great many more small fish in evidence and a larger proportion of dark coloured fish which have evidently made their homes in the river instead of in the lake. The best, of course, are those which, in the autumn time, are coming in from the lake to spawn. In earlier days the dry fly was hopeless, but now, when the river is low there are great rises to surface flies. The advent of dry fly methods in the Taupo district is a great boon to enthusiasts in this line of fishing.

Later Fishing in Canterbury and Otago: During the last five years or so, since the above "memories" were written, I have fished mostly in North Otago, on various streams, generally with dry fly. Some of the streams feeding the Otago lakes hold a fair number of rainbows. These my friends and I have usually caught on small spoons as they do not rise readily to a surface fly. We have caught fish up to 9 lbs. I recollect one of 12 lbs. They average about 4 lbs to 5 lbs in most waters.

For brown trout with dry fly we have had good sport in some of the streams, not large bags, but large fish, up to 8 lbs. The average might be put at 4½ lbs. Camping is necessary for most waters. Quite recently I caught a brown trout weighing 14½ lbs. The fly fishing around Christchurch is very poor nowadays.

XXIV

MOUNTAINEERING IN NEW ZEALAND

I have, since the year 1885, been climbing and exploring in the New Zealand mountains, more or less continuously. During that period of 57 years I have written and published such a quantity of matter that it is not practicable to reproduce much of it in these memoirs. I do not propose to embody herein any writings of mine that have been published in book form, or in magazines. Below I give references to articles published in the following books or periodicals.

1. "*With Axe and Rope in the New Zealand Alps.*"

Longman, Green & Co., London, 1891.

This deals almost exclusively, with the Mount Cook region, and over a period of five years only.

2. "*The Alpine Journal,*" London.

Vol. 16, p. 71. Review of "*With Axe and Rope, etc.*" (Of course, I did not write this.)

Vol. 17, p. 153. New Zealand Climbing in 1892-93.

„ p. 158. New Zealand Letter.

Vol. 24, p. 558. Godley Glacier and Sealy Pass.

Vol. 28, p. 411. The Linda route to Mount Cook.

Vol. 42, p. 136. The Disaster on the Tasman Glacier.

3. *The New Zealand Alpine Journal.*

Vol. 1. Inauguration of the New Zealand Alpine Club. Editorial, etc.

Ascent of Mount Rolleston.

Mount Arrowsmith.

Mount Torlesse in Winter.

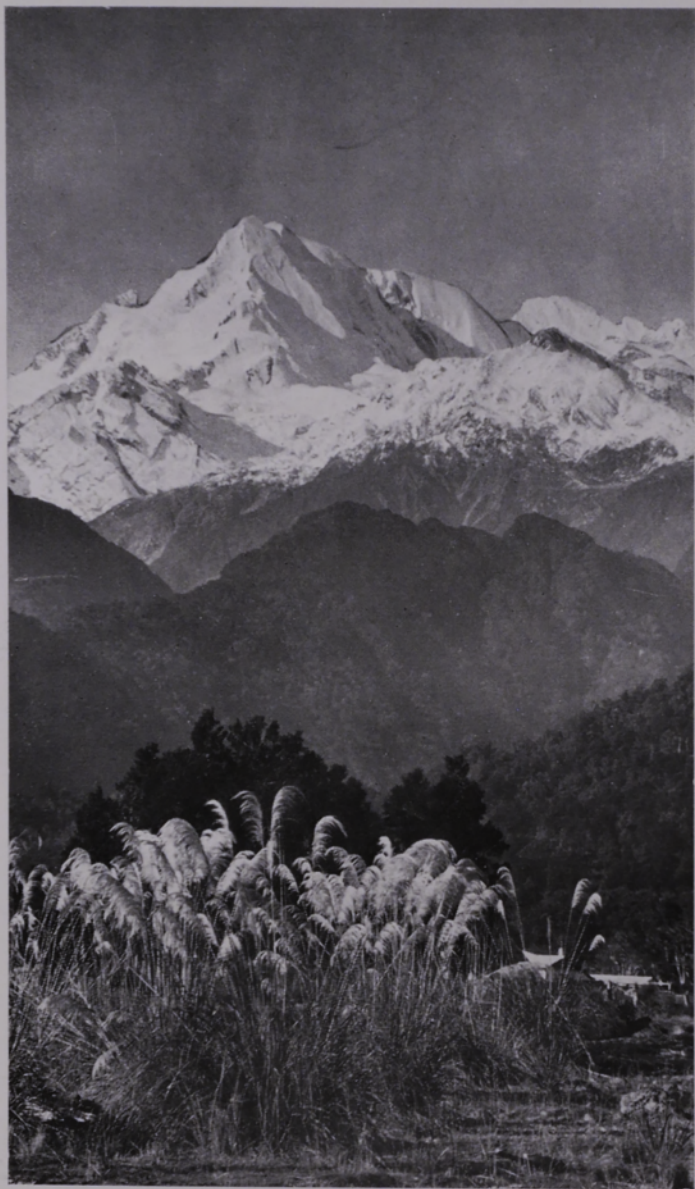
- Vol. 3. Memories of M. J. Dixon.
- Vol. 4. The Disaster on the Tasman Glacier.
- Vol. 6. Some old Mountain History: Phipps Peak, Sealy Pass, Rutherford Pass, etc.

Transactions of the New Zealand Institute, 1891.
The Murchison Glacier.

Random Recollections: I am going to write from the map of Canterbury, starting at the north and working south. Mount Torlesse, the Rubicon Peak, of 6,442 feet, was Dixon's and my own first snow climb in the winter of 1885. We rode from Dixon's at West Eyreton, accompanied by J. R. Jaggard, a sailor man from the New Zealand Shipping Company's Line. Sleeping at the old Porter's Pass hotel (the ruins of which still remain) we walked right up to the head of the Kowai River, and climbed from there. There was a strong nor'-wester blowing—not an uncommon occurrence. Jaggard went through his boots and waited under a rock while Dixon and I completed the ascent. We came down and rode back to Dixon's home, some 37 miles, in a bad sou'-wester. I think I have made since then about sixteen ascents of the mountain on one or other of its several peaks.

I went up with a younger generation of climbers in the winter of 1932 to the main peak of 6,514 feet to celebrate my 70th birthday, and again to Fog Peak of 5,685 feet with a mixed party of young climbers to mark my 79th birthday in the winter of 1941.

I have had many happy days on that hill, nearly always with merry parties, but frequently battling with nor'-westers. The glissading is, as a rule, very good. Mount Enys, 7,202 feet—over Porter's Pass, was another early climb. This was done after traversing what we then concluded from the map was Mount Olympus, but is now Mount Cheeseman. This was in summer. We went up from the Old Castle Hill hotel—now another ruin. Then some of us walked over the top of Mount Torlesse to Springfield. In this trip a



Mount Elie de Beaumont from West Coast (telephoto).



Mount Cook from Braemar (telephoto).

party of five lost 37 lbs weight in three days' walking.

Another peak which Dixon and I climbed in the front ranges was Puketeraki, in October in soft snow. We came down by way of the Whistler Creek, having to make innumerable crossings. Dixon once fell down a waterfall into the pool below.

I also made a winter ascent of Big Ben range on the southern side of Porter's Pass.

In the Arthur's Pass locality Dixon and I, with others, made some early climbs, including the first ascents of the lower peak of Mount Rolleston and of Phipp's Peak. In later times I have climbed all the points on the B'limit range.

In August, 1933, there was an accident on Avalanche Peak, when a party of nineteen men was carried down by an avalanche, one man, S. E. Russell, being overwhelmed and killed. A party of about fifty mountaineers went up from Christchurch and found his body after shovelling hundreds of tons of snow. I accompanied this party. It was a cold job, and a sorrowful one.

In summer afterwards I went up this peak, 6003 feet, with my two boys aged $8\frac{1}{2}$ and 10, and Roy Twyneham. The elder boy's feet blistered, and he went up the last 500 feet barefoot! I got fine photos from the top that day.

Again we went to Arthur's Pass, this time with a party of about 70, to celebrate the jubilee (50 years) of the founding of the New Zealand Alpine Club, in 1891. A. P. Harper and I were the chief founders of the club. We were both present, and together we climbed that day nearly to the top of Avalanche Peak. Want of time robbed us of the summit. The club gave us a great reception. Together we cut a frosted jubilee cake, with ice axes; other festivities of a suitable nature marking the proud occasion.

Arthur's Pass, accessible by rail, has become a fine centre for climbers of the younger generation, and also for ski enthusiasts. It is a splendid training ground for bigger mountains further south.

I never went to the mountains at the head of the Waimakariri, beyond the Anti-Crow River, except on one occasion, when unfortunately the weather was bad. My boys, John and Guy, have of late years made several ascents in those mountains and have done some deer shooting there.

XXV

MOUNT HUTT

Like Mount Torlesse, Mount Hutt is one of the front ranges which drop on to the plains. It is the highest point of these front ranges, being 7,180 feet high.

I have made several winter ascents, at early dates, and usually wrote articles for the "Weekly Press."

I will now quote from one of these.

A set-out from Blackford was effected at 5.30 a.m., lunch being divided into four or five lots, and in addition to the camera and sundry field-glasses, aneroids, goggles, etc., two carrier pigeons were slung on the back of a careful and steady-going man. They were caged in a biscuit tin with large slices of tin cut out of one side to admit air, and with a handful of tussock to give the poor birds some foothold. Those poor birds! They must have had a time of it. It is about the last thing on earth one need wish to be—a pigeon on an alpine-climber's back.

But I must get on to tell of the ascent. The weather improved as we neared the mountain side, which is only distant a mile or two from the sheep station, and we commenced the ascent soon after 6 a.m., making up the face of a spur to reach its crest in preference to going to its lower termination some distance further on. The first pull was a steep one, particularly so for some of the party who were quite out of training, and felt the first burst before they had got their "second wind" (whatever that may be). Several rests were made, and looking back eastward, one could not but admire the lovely morning effects on the mist and clouds. The exquisite crimson tints

where the sun's rays here and there penetrated, showed that the clouds could not be very thick, reminding us of the old saying that "every cloud has a silver lining," and instilling fresh hope into our doubting and uneasy minds. The pink tints on the snow ridge on Mount Hutt itself greeted our vision as we at last gained the crest of our spur, where we obtained occasional glimpses of the plain below, which was dotted here and there with small blue tarns and huge erratic boulders, indications of the action of glaciers at some remote period. Completing this memorable scene were grey peeps of the riverbed of the Rakaia, that great glacial river which comes down from the almost impenetrable regions of frost and everlasting ice and snow to rush through its narrow gorge and spread out over miles of stone and shingle, as it sweeps its way oceanwards.

The ridge proved very good walking, and we made the first noticeable outcrop of rocks at quiet pace, reserving our best energies for the work ahead. Here breakfast No. 2 was discussed, and stone-rolling extraordinary was indulged in by the more energetic members of the company, to the imminent danger of those who preferred gnawing a drumstick or discussing plum pudding, and vainly endeavouring to dissolve snow in whisky, the only outcome of which was to make the flask cups freeze to their fingers.

On resuming work, the mist was soon entered, and at times we could not see fifty yards ahead. The character of the foliage changed as we proceeded, and several well known sub-alpine plants were espied. Two or three of the company forged ahead with the camera, whilst those interested in geological and botanical research lingered behind and found in their inquisitive turn of mind excellent excuse for getting fresh wind now and again. Those who had not done any climbing before, were initiated in the proper use of the alpenstock, which so many beginners are disposed to use as a mere walking-stick, instead of resting the spike end against the side of the hill and leaning on it for support when the feet are disposed to slip.

At this point in the ascent the leading man—one who has done good work in Switzerland during the last few seasons there, and is looking forward to conquering some of our New Zealand virgin peaks shortly—witnessed the untimely end of an unfortunate sheep which lost its footing on the side of the hill and rolled down from a great height on to rocks below, where it lay motionless and to all appearance lifeless. The shepherd at Blackford afterwards informed us that this was quite a common occurrence on the mountain.

We mount steadily up at a quiet pace, and come eventually to the last tight pinch before getting on to the snow for good. We have passed snow patches, but find the ridges very free considering that it is the middle of winter. There is nothing like the quantity of snow on Mount Hutt at present that there was at this time last winter, and from the general appearance of the mountain from the plains it seems to have escaped somewhat from the recent heavy snowstorms which have made Big Ben, Mount Torlesse, and Puketeraki appear as white as they have done during the last month or two.

We toil up the steep shingle slips, keeping as closely as possible to any outcrop of rock or any semblance of vegetation amongst the ever-moving rubble and shale slides, and gain the snow again, where we begin to find that the cold is increasing and the wind commencing to blow with greater force from the north and west up the valley on our right. We pursue our way over rocks and treacherous snow, snow in “wretched order” as alpine men would say, sometimes having a thin crust strong enough to bear one until the whole weight is put on one foot and then giving way, letting the struggling climber in again up above the knee, and leaving the same operation to be repeated *ad infinitum* by the other leg. Ah! it is lovely work, this soft snow walking, and don’t some of us know it well. Nothing knocks one up so quickly, and when the wind increases and the cold becomes more intense, and icicles commence to form on one’s moustache and

clothes (as they did on this occasion), a man begins to think what a fool he must be ever to be tempted into climbing a stupid mountain; begins to wonder why he endures such misery and discomfort, pines for the cosy fireside and cheery pipe, talks of whisky hot and a comfortable bed, swears that if he ever gets alive off this mountain, he will never go on to another; and yet, if he be a man of pluck, he thinks ever of the summit above for which he is making, stirs up his best energies for a renewed battle with the elements, and plods onward and upward, getting more determined the more the fury of the wind increases, driving the *névé*, or frozen snow, in blinding and stinging showers into his face, forcing him to don his goggles in defence of his eyes, and wrap his scarf closely round his neck to prevent the frozen particles inserting themselves into any and every available chink in his clothing. Why he does it he cannot tell you. Yet, when he gets down, he is quite ready and often eager for further conquests.

So we battled on, now on rocks, now on snow, now exposed to the full fury of the ever increasing gale, again sheltered by some friendly ridge, till on crossing from one group of rocks to another, some two or three hundred feet higher, the last two struggling stragglers were compelled to stop and crouch down in the snow, whilst a fearful gust of wind sent the drift swishing round with the most annoying fierceness which culminated in one of the individuals mentioned being blown clean over in the snow, in which he was almost enveloped as he attempted to stand against the fury of the blast. He said, "I pass," and decided to beat a retreat—was covered with icicles and glory, having attained a greater altitude by far (about 6,300 feet or so) than he had anticipated. He had stuck to his work wonderfully, though quite out of condition, which was undoubtedly the reason of his defeat. He was supplied with food for the return journey, and his companion, on again reaching the party at the rocks above found that three others had also "concluded to pass," having had for one day a sufficient dose of

Mount Hutt and all its treachery. We were some of us in rather a bad way: two hats were gone, and one man thought he was frost-bitten. Yet the summit was nearly a thousand feet above us and must be reached. So off we started again keeping down when practicable on the leeward side of the ridge, for some distance, and making for the top by the ridge we were on, though it would have been possible, had the snow been fit, to take a shorter route across the head of the big gully on our right and up through the immense rocks directly below the summit from that direction. The photographer unfortunately took this route, and thereby the body and legs of the camera parted company (one of the main party of the expedition carrying the stand), and never came together again for the rest of the day. Not that it would have made much difference, as taking views in such a gale as was blowing would have been an almost impossible feat.

At last after much exertion, a snow *arête* connecting with the rocks close to the summit was reached, and was found on the southern side to be fairly hard, so five of us were soon close to the goal of our ambition and in comparative shelter. It was now 12.14 p.m. and we decided to get the pigeons ready to despatch, though we were very much in doubt as to whether they would be able to find their way home, owing to the heavy clouds below, which we knew to be 2,000 feet through, or be able to fly against such a gale as was prevailing; and consequently they were not liberated until part of the way down, when they were sent off with their message for the Christchurch "Press" at 1.25 p.m. We were almost afraid to let the poor birds go. It seemed as if such frail things would be blown into space, and they had experienced a shaking in the ascent, not to mention the cold wind which whistled through the tin and which must have been anything but agreeable to them. But on sending them off we soon saw how little we knew of the power of the "frail things"; and the way they winged their rapid flight away in the direction of Methven set us

thinking, and moralising on the frailty of the human creature who toiled and laboured over the snow and rocks, whilst these delicate looking little birds sped away on rapid wing, and in two or three hours would have descended through the great mist below and found their way to their home fifty miles distant.

Two of our party now proceeded to the summit, climbing up some nasty ice-covered rocks and gaining it in ten minutes or so from the spot where three of us were getting the pigeons ready and awaiting the tardy arrival of two thoroughly baked (or frozen) toilers from below, who with the most dogged pluck stuck to their work, determined to do or die, though they could barely drag one leg after another. On their joining us we proceeded up the rocks and struggled through the last ridge of soft snow for the trig-pole, which was grasped in a fond embrace by one of the new aspirants for alpine honours, as he fell exhausted at its foot, bringing down showers of icicles on his head from the pole, as if in some mystical manner it poured down its blessings in reward for the pluck and determination which had gained him the victory over all the troubles which had opposed him and beset his path. It was quite dramatic, and yet there was about it a touch of humour which seemed to lend a sort of jollity to the occasion, and made us all laugh.

Who shall describe the view, who tell of the wonders in sight for hundreds of square miles around, who shall paint the cloud banks below us to the eastward, who describe the marvellous roll of the great cumuli, who shall tell of the glories of the great chains upon chains of magnificent mountains decked here and there with fleecy clouds to the westward; the beauties of the brown tussocky valleys with their grey shingled beds and winding rivers? These are the themes that poets love, and to them only is it given to sing of these gifts of nature.

From a climber's point of view it is wonderfully interesting to see all those grand virgin peaks only waiting to be climbed. What we took for Mount Forbes

attracted much attention from those of the party who had done a little real alpine work. It is a magnificent rocky peak, wedge-shaped, and overhanging on one side. I think it must be the same remarkable peak which, on any fine morning, may be observed from the railway between Rakaia and Ashburton, up one of the various gorges which give one occasional glimpses of the great mountains that form the backbone of the South Island. (This peak is now called D'Archiac.)

But our photographer does not arrive. Two of our number have left ere we reached the summit, two more have gone and have descended below the rocks, so the last man left with me goes down to them with the understanding that I am to wait on the top half an hour longer for the photographer who is, we think, endeavouring to make his way up through the great rocks which he has reached some hundreds of feet below by crossing the great gully mentioned before. A shout from the direction my companions have descended tells me that they have sighted the photographer and after nailing to the trig-pole a card with the names of those who had reached the goal written thereon, I made my way down, and from the snow arete below the rocks we discovered the struggling photographer making his way back to the old original spur of ascent. We felt very sorry for him, for, had he known anyone awaited him at the top, he would have persevered and succeeded in reaching it eventually, for he is a good man and true, and has seen service on many a good mountain trip, including one on Mount Cook. He was severely handicapped by carrying the camera and plates all day.

Now commenced the descent, the portion of the climb in which we looked forward to some fun in the shape of glissading. Keeping along the main ridge southwards we soon came to the head of the big gully we intended to descend, and the snow was tried by one of the party with an ice axe but found too steep and hard for safety just at first. But as we proceeded the snow was found to be softer lower down, in fact, too

soft for a glissade, the surface carrying a foot of fresh snow and being in a very poor state for the enjoyment of the fun we had anticipated. Then we plunged down into the clouds. It gave us a weird feeling to see nothing but snow and mist; rocks below almost appeared to rise and meet us as we plunged or slid madly down the steep slopes. It was still intensely cold, and we were forced to stop more than once to chafe the limbs of the poor unfortunate who had made such a gallant struggle for the summit, and had embraced the trig-pole. He was now suffering badly from cramp. The hand of another member of the party, who had the misfortune to be frost-bitten, had to be rubbed with snow. Further down, we found the snow better for glissading, and, if the first man were only content to make a track for the others, it enabled them to come down in places in fine style.

The station was eventually reached about 4 p.m. and many were the blessings showered on the head of the shepherd who, with much liberality and forethought, prepared for us hot tea and light refreshment.

Of the experiences of all the members of the company in the descent it is impossible for me to write, as we had struggled in in four different detachments, and all had more or less taken different routes. The way by the big gully is undoubtedly the best if the snow is fit. Last year a party of four came down it in a very short space of time, glissading nearly all the way.

We reached Methven again at six in the evening—all hands apparently delighted with the climb and ready for another—some even suggesting one for the following week.

There was a general scramble for hot baths, and after a sumptuous dinner we smoked our pipes and fought our battles over and over again as we sat by the comfortable fireside.

The above is only a sample of our many winter climbs.

XXVI.

MORE RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS

The next big river coming down from the main range is the Rakaia. Though having done no climbing to speak of in that part, I made a hurried trip on horseback to the Ramsay Glacier for the purposes of photography, having been asked by Mr G. J. Roberts of the Hokitika Survey Office to do so, as he required more detailed information to enable him to fill in features of topography in his maps made on his then recent survey of that part.

Going at Easter time, 1894, by rail and mail cart to Snowdon station, I borrowed from Mr Gerard a fine river horse which took me to Mount Algidus station—then managed by Mr Pringle. Staying the night there I rode one of Mr Pringle's horses next day to the Ramsay Glacier. This glacier then reached right across the Rakaia riverbed, almost to Mein's Knob, with the branch of the Rakaia coming from the Lyell Glacier almost washing its terminal face. I believe it has since receded some distance.

I spent a disturbed night in the bush thereabouts, alone, and without tent or blankets and most of the time holding a restless horse that it was not safe to tether. The next morning, after tying the horse up short to a tree, I climbed on to Jim's Knob on the north bank of the river—a vantage point overlooking the Ramsay Glacier. The view of the mountains there is superb. I secured a panorama reaching from Mount Whitcombe right to Mount Arrowsmith—about half round the horizon—which Roberts said was most useful to him. I rode back to Mount Algidus that night, reaching Christchurch the next day. I was fortunate

in having good horses, as many crossings of the Rakaia and two of the Wilberforce were necessary. I must have ridden about 120 miles. All the mountains at the head of the Rakaia have since been thoroughly explored, and many climbed, by younger members of the New Zealand Alpine Club. It is a very fine field for climbers.

The Canterbury Mountaineering Club has also been very busy in this locality.

Towards the south, the Arrowsmith Range is next to be noticed. With C. H. Inglis and M. H. Lean I made one attempt to climb the main peak of Arrowsmith from the east. We drove in a buggy from Ashburton to Upper Lake Heron station, at Easter time, 1893. The station then was owned by Mr Musgrave, his manager being William Douglas. Douglas, with his pack horse, went with us to the moraine of the Cameron Glacier where we camped. Next morning, we set out at two o'clock by moonlight and went some miles up the old moraine and the live glacier to a leading spur. We climbed on rocks and ice slopes, on one of which we were for three hours and forty minutes step cutting, reaching the head of a small secondary glacier at an altitude (we computed) of 8,500 feet. The height of the main peak is 9,171 feet.

As time was limited, and as the work above us was obviously difficult rock climbing, we had to acknowledge defeat. We reached Lake Heron station that night, after a day's work of 19 hours.

The mountain has since been climbed by several routes, but not by ours. It provides some of the finest rock climbing in the Canterbury Alps.

In later years I also visited the Cameron valley with some of the younger generation of climbers, and was grieved to find all the native vegetation burnt out, or eaten down by chamois and deer.

The next big valley southwards is that of the Rangitata. This valley had been explored as far back as 1855 by Mr J. B. A. Acland and, later, by Dr. Haast. I went up there only once, and I stayed with Mr George

McMillan at Mesopotamia (Samuel Butler's old station). Being then on sick leave I could not do much climbing, but secured a number of interesting photos of the mountains. The farthest I went up the river was some 15 miles, to the "Growling Hut."

Dr. Sinclair, when with Dr. Haast in 1861, was drowned in the Rangitata. I photographed his grave out in the river bed.

Keas were destructive among sheep in that valley. I learned a lot about them from George McMillan. He was a very fine sheep man.

The Godley Valley and Glacier: This valley lies above Lake Tekapo, of which the Godley River is the main feeder. I have been up there several times, first, in 1892, with Malcolm Lean and James Annan, in 1908, with Dixon Lean and Richmond, and again, in 1934, with a party of about thirty-seven from the resuscitated New Zealand Alpine Club, to a hut erected by the club near the terminal of the Godley Glacier. In 1892 we made the first crossing of the Sealy Pass towards the West Coast, when one of our party got down Scone Creek to its junction with the Perth River. Here Lean had a bad fall at the end of the Scone Creek glacier, dislocating his shoulder, amongst other injuries. The weather broke and we had some trouble in getting back again just in time to stop a search party. In the 1934 party were my two boys, John and Guy, aged twelve and nine and a half years respectively. We all carried fair swags, traversing twenty miles in fourteen hours—a hard day in that dreary river-bed. We all got on to the Sealy Pass some six miles over ice from the hut. The glacier country was an eye opener for the boys, and reminded me of my first visit there of forty-two years before.

On this occasion, A. P. Harper and I also visited the Classen Glacier. It, too, drains into the Godley River.

Harper and I were the two "old timers" of the party, as we have been on several occasions since.

The Tasman Valley and Its Glacier: I have lost

count of my visits to the Tasman and Mount Cook regions.

From 1886 to 1890 they are recorded in my book "With Axe and Rope in the New Zealand Alps." Since 1890 I have made many visits there which have not been recorded. I did not climb many peaks, being chiefly interested in photography. I usually carried a half-plate camera with glass plates. The outfit weighed about 16lbs. With this camera I obtained, I think, about 800 negatives—many making panoramas. These I still have.

Peaks I did climb were "Rotten Tommy"—with Jim Dennistoun and Peter Graham. In addition I climbed all the peaks of the Mount Cook range between the Ball Pass and the end of the range, and also the Hochstetter Dome, this time with my wife and our children, Mildred and Sefton—the whole family. I have such a voluminous collection of newspaper cuttings and other records of this part of the Southern Alps (and other parts also) that it is not possible to condense the matter adequately for inclusion in these memoirs. There is more than sufficient material to compile an anthology on the New Zealand mountains, a work I am now almost afraid to attempt, though I have often had it in mind.

The Alps in Otago: I have not had much experience in the Otago Alps. My earliest recollection was a hurried climb of Ben Lomond from Queenstown in 1884, when, leaving at 4 a.m. from Eichardt's Hotel, I reached the summit in a thunderstorm. I must have run most of the way down, for I was only a little late for breakfast.

At Christmas time in 1939, accompanied by my two boys, John and Guy, I had the good luck to join an Alpine Club party in the West Matukituki valley which leads up to Mount Aspiring. My old friend, A. P. Harper and I were again the two "old timers" of the camp, having climbed together fifty years previously. There was a total of rather over 100 at this camp.

The beauties of the valley were a contrast to so

many of the treeless type of the Central Canterbury Alps.

It was a great treat to be with this younger generation of climbers once again. We were there for only two nights, but Harper stayed on. He reached Hector's Col on the Divide—quite a feat for a man of his age.

Alpine Clubs: I have been associated with alpine and mountaineering clubs since 1891.

In that year I was elected a member of The Alpine Club (London) and am the happy possessor of that club's "Alpine Journal," complete from the first volume dated 1863 and now in its fifty-third volume. I have also the three volumes of "Peaks, Passes and Glaciers" which preceded that journal from 1859 and led to its establishment.

In the year 1935 I was surprised to receive an official letter from the club honorary secretary in the following terms:—

"It is my privilege and pleasure to inform you that at their Meeting this evening, the Committee unanimously agreed that Honorary Membership of the Club should be conferred upon you. They do this in recognition of your long service in the cause of mountaineering."

In addition to this intimation I received a very kind letter from the president of the club, then Colonel E. L. Strutt, who wrote—

"You will have received official notice of the fact that the Committee of the A.C. has unanimously conferred Honorary Membership of the Club on you. As President I would like to add how glad we all are. Your services to N.Z. Mountaineering have been so great and long continued, that we all feel that you have more than earned the highest recognition that it lies in our power to confer. With every good wish both to yourself and the N.Z.A.C.

"I am,

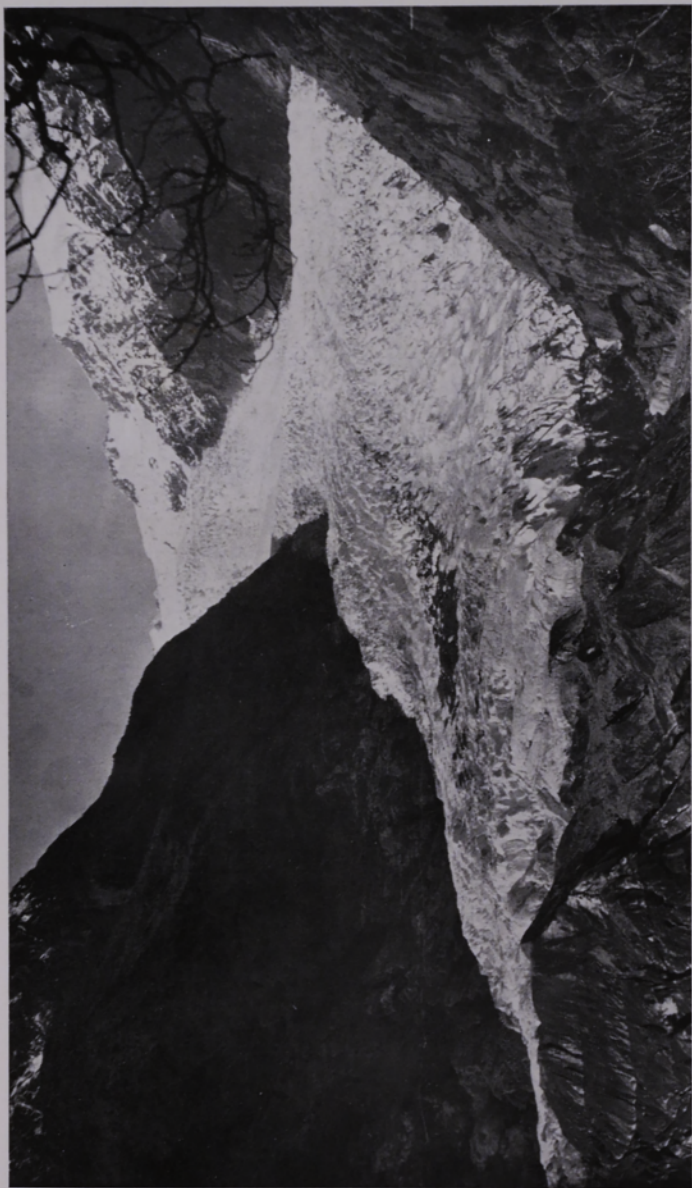
"Yours very sincerely,

"E. L. STRUTT."

It is needless to say that this high honour gave me great pleasure.

I received many kind congratulations from New Zealand mountaineering friends. I have also been a member of the New Zealand Alpine Club from the date of its foundation in 1891. The principal inaugurators of the club were Messrs A. P. Harper, M. J. Dixon and myself, in Christchurch, and Malcolm Ross, in Dunedin.

In 1935 I had the honour of being elected an honorary life member of this club also. The Canterbury Mountaineering Club, too, has accorded me the distinction of honorary membership.



Franz Josef Glacier, 1927.



On Franz Josef Glacier.
(John, 5 years, G.E.M., Guy, 3 years.)

XXVII.

THE PHENOMENA OF GLACIERS

With special reference to those of New Zealand.

A paper read before the Canterbury-Westland Section of the New Zealand Alpine Club, 2nd September, 1941, by G. E. Mannering.

The main activities of our members are devoted to the climbing of peaks, and to excursions over glaciated country. These are suitably recorded in the New Zealand Alpine Journal, but the Journal with the exception of several articles of a more or less scientific character in the earlier numbers, is lacking in records of scientific observation by members and subscribers of the club, which was one of the aims of the club upon its formation fifty years ago.

I am in hopes that this paper may possibly be the means of encouraging the study of glaciers, especially by our younger climbers, and so create for them a more useful interest in their excursions amongst our splendid mountains and glaciers.

During the last 150 years or so there have been continual discussions among men of science on the various features of the formation and behaviour of glaciers. Hundreds of books on the subject have been published. But many of the books that I have studied on these topics describe a glacier from the terminal upwards, instead of starting at the source and following down the various features as they develop. This latter is the course I shall adopt.

The Origin of Our Glaciers: The joint causes of glaciers are *precipitation* and a *low temperature*. Cold climate is quite powerless to create glaciers. Our

glaciers are originated perhaps thousands of miles away by evaporation from sub-tropical oceans, and the moisture so lifted into the atmosphere is borne along to New Zealand, which lies right athwart the path of the "Roaring Forties"—as sailors call the prevailing north-west winds which circle round the southern oceans. On striking the cold strata of air adjacent to our high mountain ranges the clouds are robbed of their moisture, and we have the necessary supply of snow, hail and rain for the formation of our glaciers, snow, of course, being the main source of supply. This collects in the heads of the valley and the normal fall is supplemented by avalanches from the enclosing ranges. The snow, from being at first light and powdery or crystalline, soon settles down under the changes of temperature, due to sunshine mostly, and, with alternate melting and refreezing becomes what the French call "névé" and the Germans, "firn." We use the French term in this country. Very soon we can detect a stratification which tells us of the annual deposit (possibly), or, perhaps, the deposit of each heavy fall. In any case it is an obvious stratification, more or less horizontal, or conforming to the general surface contours. A great many observers have contended that this stratification of the névé is accountable for the "veined" or "banded" structure of the consolidated glacier ice which develops further down the ice-stream, but I think it is agreed by all glaciologists nowadays that they are quite separate phenomena.

The névé stratification is, of course, easily seen in the large crevasses which invariably open up in the higher parts of the glaciers as they shrink away from the topmost rocks.

Now, before we go into the more difficult questions concerned with the deep seated portions of the glacier ice formation, and with the laws governing the motion of the ice river, we will suppose ourselves to be walking down the great Tasman Glacier from its head at the Lendenfeld Saddle, with the object of noting the phenomena which are observable on the surface.

We start on the névé field. The altitude is some 8,000 feet above sea level. Very soon we may have to cross some large "schrunds." A schrund is often more or less circular embracing the head of a glacier. (A schrund is a transverse crevasse the lip on the terminal side of which is lower than the other.) Usually we cross on snow bridges. In summer time the névé generally extends down to the locality of the spur which separates the Tasman Glacier from the Rudolph, a distance of some five or six miles from our starting point. Here, in summer, there is an area of wet slushy snow to go through before we come to what is called the "dry" glacier. Lateral moraines begin to show, more prominently on the left side, caused by rocks shed from the Maltebrun Range, and, on this side of the glacier they are continuous throughout its length. At the point of this spur the glacier swings round to the left, and not being provided with a differential gear, like a motor car, something must happen, for the ice on the outward part of the turn must catch up to the rest. The consequence is a tremendous system of radial crevasses—fractures of the ice under tension. It must be kept in mind that glacier ice is "plastic under pressure but brittle under tension." This turn is a striking exemplification of the effect of tension. But there is a further complication at this point, as the radial crevasses are crossed longitudinally, that is, parallel with the flow, by a further system of crevasses which must, I think, be caused by the body of that portion of the ice passing over the deep seated end of the rock spur from Mount Delabeche, which here protrudes under the glacier. The result is a large area of more or less square blocks of ice being swung round the corner. Once round the obstruction, the surface reforms again, the crevasses closing up and leaving a rough surface with countless old crevasse wounds in evidence.

As we proceed downwards we are joined from the right by the great medial moraine coming from the Rudolph Glacier. The material of this moraine protects the ice beneath it from the "ablation," or melting,

which, now that lower and warmer altitudes are being entered, causes increased surface wasting of the clear ice on either side, with the result that the Rudolph Moraine stands up, perhaps from 100 to 200 feet from the clear ice, and is comparable to a huge railway embankment. Some five miles below the Delabeche corner we are joined by the great Hochstetter Glacier, which drains Mount Cook and Mount Tasman. Many interesting surface features occur in this part:

Water Courses begin to form on the surface of the clear portions, both on the main Tasman ice and on that of the Hochstetter. At one time there were on the Hochstetter two such, which were almost young rivers, and often difficult to cross with dry feet. These invariably disappear down large holes called "moulins" (French for "mills") which appear to penetrate to the bottom of the glaciers. In places these water courses cut deeply into the surface ice. I have seen them with banks perhaps 100 feet deep. Except in warm muggy weather they may carry but little water during the night, but the water rises fast under the sun's influence.

Glacier Tables occur. These are flat rocks which have lain on the clear ice and have protected it from the melting power of the sun and from warm rains, thus forming "pedestals."

They always have an inclination towards the sun's course. In this country they lean to the north. In the northern hemisphere they lean to the south. These tables are not nearly so pronounced in our glaciers as they are in those in the Himalayas or in Switzerland.

Sand Cones are an interesting feature. They are formed by sand being washed into hollows in the ice. This body of sand protects the ice which it covers, from ablation by sun and rain, while the unprotected ice around melts away. In time, the sand becomes a cone, the slopes of which always conform to the "natural angle of repose" of wet sand. Ultimately rain comes, washing the sand cone clean. There may be hundreds of these cones in a small area, ranging from a few inches high, to perhaps, 20 feet or so, according

to the size of the original hole and the supply of sand.

The Action of Warmth on Stones is most interesting. Large stones will rise on glacier pedestals while small stones will sink into the ice. *Large stones* will not be heated right through during the day's sunlight, and consequently they appear to rise. In reality, of course, they do not rise, but the clear ice around them sinks as a result of ablation.

Small Stones are more readily heated by the sun and start to sink. Their course in sinking is assisted by the fact that water is densest at 39° Fahrenheit. This heated water follows the stone down, until its temperature is reduced to, say, 32° Fahrenheit, when it rises again, and becoming re-warmed, at 39° Fahrenheit sinks again. This peculiar current often bores holes in the ice to a depth of many feet until it is checked by a general preponderance of cold.

Moraines. These are particularly formidable in New Zealand glaciers, especially so on the Eastern side of the range, as this is the side which carries the "basset" faces of the rocks—as a rule. This rule is predominant in the Tasman area. The "basset" faces of the rocks are those which expose the cleavage to the weather. The slab faces dip to the west—like slates on a roof.

Lateral Moraines are formed by rocks shed on to both sides of the glaciers from the adjacent ranges, while contributory glaciers on either hand send in their quota of denuded material. A mile or two below the junction of the Hochstetter and Ball Glaciers the accumulation of morainic material has become so great as to cover the joint glacier from side to side, with the exception of lengthy tongues of clear ice from the main Tasman and the Hochstetter streams. Even these strips of clear ice are soon completely covered with moraine as we proceed. Beside the *live lateral moraines*, which travel with the ice stream, *dead lateral moraines* are built up on both sides by rocks which have rolled off the glacier sideways when the level of the ice was high. In the 'eighties and 'nineties

of the last century some parts of the Tasman and the Ball glacier ice were travelling at a level with, and even overtopping, parts of this dead lateral moraine; but, during the last forty years or so, the general surface of the ice has sunk to the extent of possibly 100 to 150 feet. This shrinkage is going on in all our New Zealand glaciers, and, indeed, all over the world in glaciated regions, from the Antarctic to Alaska, including Himalayan regions.

The glaciers are not only retreating at their terminals, but are showing a lower surface level throughout their entire courses. The Godley Glacier is a striking instance of this feature. In 1892 the only rocks showing through the ice on the Sealy Pass—then about seven miles above the terminal—was a small patch carrying a cairn built by Brodrick in 1888. At the present time, to reach this cairn one has to climb quite 100 feet of rock on which are now sundry alpine plants, notably *Ranunculus*. In Haast's day, in 1862, the terminal of the Godley was opposite the mouth of Separation Creek. Now it has shrunk back some two or three miles. Along the dead lateral moraine of the Tasman has been constructed a motor road which leads to the Ball Hut—probably one of the most unstable roads in the country. It is strange and interesting to note that, in spite of the shrinkage which is now going on, our glaciers are not leaving dead frontal or terminal moraines to mark their period of retreat. The Godley is leaving scattered heaps of moraines. This point has been specially demonstrated by Professor Speight.

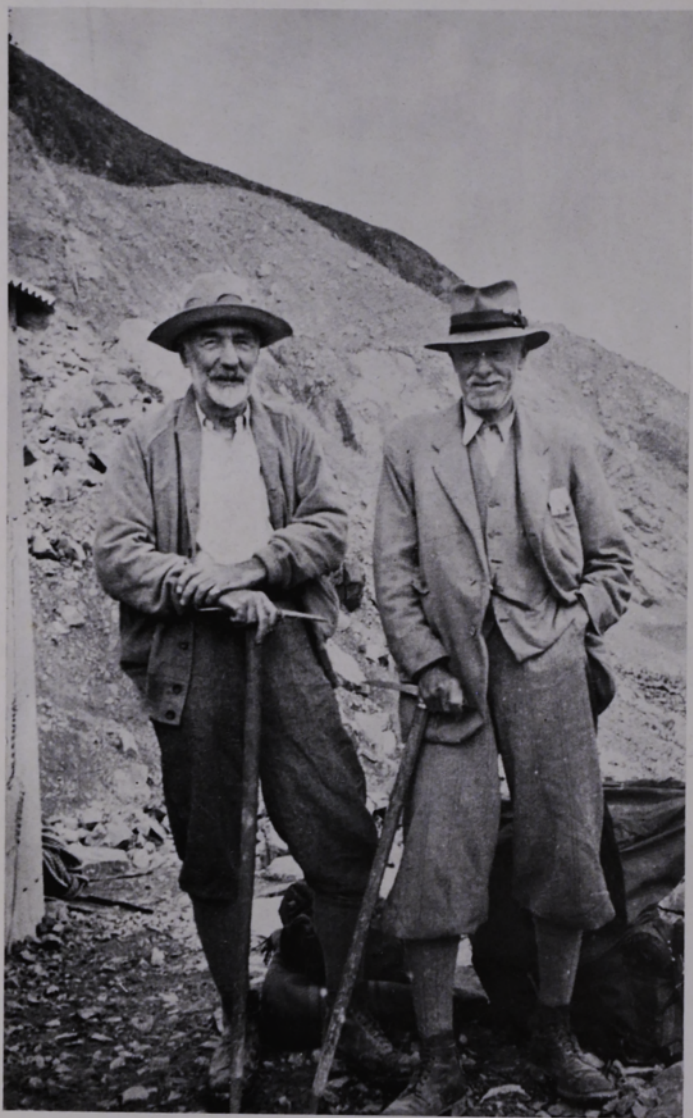
The last five miles or so of the Tasman have now been completely covered with morainic material. It will be noted that, as the ice stream passes the mouth of the Murchison valley, it bulges out into the point of least marginal resistance, and has built a dead lateral moraine which dams the detritus coming down the Murchison river-bed until, in its lower reaches, the floor of that valley is almost level. After a desperate scramble over the last five miles of unstable

live moraine we arrive at the terminal point, which usually shows a steep face of from 100 to 200 feet of dirty ice. Here it does not build a frontal moraine, but intermittently sheds rocks which seem to be dealt with by the river emerging from under the ice. The point of outlet is continually changing, and there are formed fresh torrent beds which roll away the rocks, and in time reduce them to rounded river shingle. Although this heavy covering of grey rock over the whole of the lower end of the glacier looks stupendous, it is in reality only a veneer, compared with the depth of the ice. Brodrick, in his survey, estimated the average depth of the covering moraine to be about only 18 inches. Everything carried down in glacier ice ultimately comes out at the surface. There are innumerable cases of recovery of human bodies and camp material. Even small objects like watches and instruments have come to light. Many such instances have occurred in the New Zealand glaciers.

Dirt Bands: We have now completed our walk down the glacier, but have omitted to notice the important feature of the *dirt bands*. In order to see these to advantage we must climb the hills on either hand, and be favoured with a diffused light. They can be detected readily only under such conditions.

The bands of dirty ice, alternating with spaces of clean ice, are curvi-linear in form when first apparent. As each band moves down, its middle section is elongated by the faster flow of the ice in the centre portions of the ice stream. This elongation is further developed as the ice descends, making a pattern on the glacier surface just like the grain in, say, a planed board of oak. The feature was first observed by Principal J. D. Forbes, in making his historic survey of the Mer de Glace in Switzerland in the year 1842. His great work, "Travels through the Alps of Savoy," is a classic in the domain of alpine literature and science. This book was recommended to me fifty years ago by Professor Hutton. From it I have learnt much of what I know about glaciers. Later scientists have questioned

some of Forbes's conclusions, which have been modified by further knowledge, but, in the main, his theories of nearly all the phenomena of glaciers can be observed in operation in this country. To return to the dirt bands: Most writers, including Forbes and Tyndall, claim that they originate in icefalls, by dirt and dust falling into the crevasses and hollows in the ice. This I never could understand because the icefalls are such an irregular jumble, while the dirt bands, as they first appear, are quite regularly spaced and conform to a very orderly pattern. Now, I am only a layman in these matters, but I should like to point out that, to my knowledge, dirt bands exist in three of our large glaciers, which contain no icefalls above the point where the bands originate. These glaciers are the Tasman, Murchison and Godley. An illustration of dirt bands on the Murchison Glacier is given facing page 249. They are rather difficult to portray in photography. I am very diffident in putting forward my own theory against the opinions of so many scientific authorities, but it appears obvious that some other explanation of the appearance of dirt bands in the glaciers mentioned must be looked for. From their systematic regularity and order I have for many years believed them to be caused by annual seasonal conditions on the glacier's surface. On all these three glaciers there is a summer snow-line at between about 5,000 and 6,000 feet, which is the melting point of the *névé*. You will remember that when we (in fancy) walked down the Tasman Glacier we passed through a "slushy area" for a quarter of a mile or so. Similar conditions exist on the Murchison and on the Godley—on the way to Sealy Pass. It is in these areas that dirt bands begin to be apparent. Now, it is well known that the atmosphere is full of dust and impurities carried by the wind. It may be remembered that about twelve years ago (I am uncertain as to the date) the whole of the central part of our Alps was covered with a red coating of dust which had been borne in the atmosphere from Australia during a drought in that country. That



[Photo. J. S. Shanks.

Two "Old Timers" of the N.Z. Alpine Club.
(A. P. Harper and G. E. Mannering.)



Part of Murchison Glacier, showing "Dirt Bands."

[Photo. H. O. Frind.]

was the only explanation given at the time. I happened to be amongst it up at the Almer Bivouac at the Franz Josef, and also on Mount Moltke. The snow everywhere was coated pink on the surface, and it was still obvious, stratified in the snow, during the next season.

Now, if dust could be carried from that great distance, is it not reasonable to expect that the dust generated close at hand, by rock avalanches and rock falls close by, and by many dust storms from the river beds lower down would be deposited and would remain *if it fell in water and on wet melting névé and snow?*

These slushy areas would be in evidence for possibly six months of the year, but as winter came along, the snow-line would move down to, say, 4,000 feet, or even lower, and the summer area of slush would be covered up with new snow and there would be no wet area left to catch the dust. This would account for the white portions of the ice occurring between the dirt bands. These bands are not sufficiently dirty to be noticed when one is walking up the glacier. As I said before, they can be best detected from a good height and in diffused light.

Structure of Glacier Ice: Snow falls in far greater quantities than either rain or hail. This is gradually converted into névé by a process of regelation, that is, repeated melting and refreezing. It is further consolidated by pressure from recurring precipitation. It always assumes a granular form and also contains much air, as compared with field ice, which is frozen into apparently a solid block from still water and contains little air.

If one examines glacier ice closely—say down in the dry ice area below the limit of the névé—it will be seen to exhibit an apparent stratification or lamination, there being alternate bands of blue and white ice. This is called the “veined” or “banded” structure and it penetrates right down deep into the body of the glacier, possibly to the very bottom, which, in the case of the Tasman, may be some 1000 feet. Some geologists say possibly 2,000 feet.

The formation of this veined structure has been the subject of many theories and much discussion. Professor Heim, who was probably the most prominent German glaciologist, states in his great book, "Handbuch der Glesstherkunde":

"As respects the 'veined' or 'banded' structure Forbes attributed it to differential movements or internal displacements in the ice of glaciers, and Tyndall to liquefaction produced by pressure, and as yet, observations and experiments are wanting definitely to inform us which of these hypotheses, or whether both, or neither is correct." That was written in 1885.

The latest investigations I have been able to obtain come from a Dutchman, Mr P. C. Visser, who was Consul-General for the Netherlands in India, and has been making numerous visits to Himalayan glaciers, the last visit being in 1935. He professes to have observed the actual formation of the much discussed "veined" structure.

The subject is too vast to pursue in this short article. I must content myself by referring you once more to a study of Forbes's theories as set out in his books dealing with this much discussed subject.

I might, however, mention that Forbes considers this "veined" structure is mainly caused by pressure from the ice-stream above, and that no matter how disintegrated the ice may become—as happens in the Hochstetter Icefall—below such a fall the glacier almost immediately reforms into the "veined" or "banded" structure in a regular pattern right across the whole glacier. This fact also disposes of the belief in some quarters that the stratification of the névé continues through the entire course of the glacier. The formation continues to be practically vertical throughout the course, but falls into a more or less horizontal position near the terminal face owing to friction retarding the lower parts of the ice-stream and there being no resistance in front to hold up the upper parts of the system.

The Motion or Flow of a Glacier: Very many theories on this subject have been propounded for about 150 years. Here are some of them:

Motive Power: Gravitation.

De Saussure—believed that a glacier slid along its bed.

Hopkins — liquefaction under pressure, and sliding.

Forbes—plasticity, or viscosity.

Tyndall—fracture and regelation, i.e., infiltration of water and expansion on re-freezing. This is called dilatation.

Thompson—much the same as Tyndall.

Motive Power: Heat.

Charpentier and Agassiz—dilatation—much the same as Tyndall's.

Moseley—contraction and expansion, or crawling, theory, based on the fact that sheet lead "crawls" down a roof.

These and many other theories have been reviewed by Dr. Heim, who summarises the matter in these words: "The motion of a glacier is, to a very preponderating extent, a result of gravity, and conforms to that of bodies whose internal cohesion is less than their internal friction. Its factors are the following:—

"(a) Partial internal liquefaction under pressure, which also gives rise to the 'ribbon' or 'banded' structure.

"(b) Plasticity of ice without fracture in the neighbourhood of its melting temperature.

"(c) Ruptures and slight displacements.

"(d) Sliding on its bed.

"Further investigation alone can completely settle the matter, and as yet the theory of glacier motion is not definitely laid down." This was written in 1885.

Of all the various discoveries of investigators the most light has been shed by Forbes's great re-discovery of the fact that glacier ice was viscous and, to some extent, plastic, owing to its granular form and its

being strongly impregnated with air. Forbes did not originate this "plastic theory." He elaborated it. Bordier was the originator of the idea, in 1773. We see these granules whenever we cut steps in the ice, and better still, should we shatter the ice at the terminals of the glaciers, where it is what we call "rotten." It is not really rotten, but is close to its melting point. In fact that is where its life is finished. We have, in imagination, been present at its birth and at the death.

It is a great help, in studying the flow of glaciers, to bear in mind that glacier ice is only one of the forms of water, and that the flow obeys the same laws as govern rivers, though, of course, ice travels much more slowly. The centre moves more than the sides. Where the course curves, the convex half moves more quickly than the concave, and the surface more quickly than the deeper portion. The greater the body, the faster the flow, other conditions (slope, etc.) being equal. These same rules apply to rivers. There is one feature, however, that is not comparable with a river, and that is the fact that the flow of a glacier is retarded during winter, the apparent reason for this fact being that frost slows up the motion, by robbing the glacier of its "lubrication" (if I may use this term) by water. Warm rains cause far more "ablation," or melting, than does the sun's heat. The best book I know of on this subject is Tyndall's "Forms of Water." Unfortunately, I lost my copy more than forty years ago and am only writing from memory.

I have confined myself to the present active conditions of glaciation. There is no time to go into the past history of our glaciers which is revealed to us if we study the surface geology of the large extent of country which they at one time traversed. The present Tasman Glacier, 18 miles long, is but one mere remnant of the great Waitaki Glacier, which Haast considered was at one time 110 miles long, and with its affluents responsible for the formation of the Lakes Tekapo, Pukaki and Ohau. He considered that in its

main parts it was 5,000 feet deep. I recommend Haast's "Geology of Canterbury and Westland," and Hutton and Ulrich's "Geology of Otago," as well as any more recent writings of Professor Speight if these are obtainable. Sir James Ramsay's book on his Rock Basin Theory (wherein he claims that glaciers possess the power to, and do, excavate lake basins) is an invaluable work to us in New Zealand. It seems incontestable that our South Island lakes have been formed by the agency of glaciers.

Depth of Glaciers: It is difficult to ascertain the depth of a glacier anywhere, except near its terminal face where it may be observed retreating, or, possibly, advancing. Even at this point there must be a certain amount of guesswork.

The Godley Glacier shows that its bed of some fifty years ago has now been exposed. Our club hut is built where there was about 300 feet of glacier ice then flowing. The presence of moving ice at that particular time and place is incontestable, and is supported by the evidence of photographs taken in 1891, which show that at that time, the ice was level with the grass line which is now some 300 feet above the former bed of the glacier.

The Tasman Terminal has no rocky boundary, but has always been out in the flat open valley. In 1890, when Brodrick made his survey, the ice-face showing rose 141 feet above the river-bed, but he could not ascertain whether there was a buried forward tongue of ice covered by the rocks falling over the end of the glacier. This possibility is almost a certainty in the case of the *Franz Josef Glacier* which, in its present retreat, has left a small lake at its foot. Ice blocks are reported to be rising on occasion from the bed of this lake, in such numbers, in fact, that the use of boats has been discontinued on this pool, as being too dangerous.

In the year 1889 I made an attempt to find out the depth of the Tasman Glacier in its middle course, but was able to ascertain the thickness of the glacier at

its edge only. At the mouth of the little valley draining the Beetham Glacier, which exposes the flank of the Tasman Glacier (some 10 miles above its terminal face) it was ascertained by aneroid measurement that approximately 600 feet depth of ice was visible.

Now, in eroding a valley a glacier carves out a U-shaped bed. In contradistinction a river cuts down a V-shaped bed. The valley is here about one mile broad. Were we dealing with river erosion we could probably roughly calculate its depth by producing the surface lines of the mountain slopes on either side to a point in the centre of the valley. This is not so in the case of a U-shaped bed. We can only make a guess as to the depth of the U.

The greatest depth of the Tasman ice has been estimated by one local geologist at about 2,000 feet. I think he is a long way over the mark. In 1934 an attempt was made, by means of an echo-sounding apparatus, to measure the depth of the Tasman Glacier opposite the Ball Hut. The method has been in vogue in America for some time. The result claimed was a depth of 1,250 feet. This would bring the floor of the valley at the point of experiment to almost exactly the same level at which the river flows out six and a half miles further down. It would allow no fall whatever for that distance. From the old Ball Hut at 3,402 feet, to the terminal of the glacier at 2,349 feet there is a fall of 162 feet to the mile. Is it not reasonable to deduce from this known fact that the fall in the valley bed would conform to this declination? Moreover, the central speed of the glacier opposite the Ball Hut has been ascertained by Brodrick at 18 inches per day. Are the last six and a half miles lying in a lake? I do not think so. There is no lateral leakage except at one place—at the Blue Lake—about a mile above the terminal. A small spring of glacier-water feeds the lake as a rule—or did some 20 years ago.

I can only conclude that there has been some mistake with the echo-sounder.

Rates of Flow: Brodrick's careful calculations of the rates of flow of the Tasman, Murchison, Hooker and Mueller Glaciers are recorded fully in the New Zealand Alpine Journal for October, 1894. The whole of his article is well worthy of study.

Apart from these valuable records, we have some based on recoveries of articles lost in the glaciers from time to time, and subsequently recovered later on. Fyfe, Graham and Clarke deserted a camp at the very head of the Hooker Glacier in 1894. Their tent, sleeping bag, nail-can, sardines, socks and other odds and ends appeared on the surface of the Hooker Glacier in 1913 nearly opposite the Hooker Hut. The articles, in nineteen years, had come down about 4,000 feet in some four miles of distance—disclosing a rate of 33 inches per day. I chipped these articles out of the ice myself—Jack Clarke identified them. Mr S. L. King with guides, Thomson and Richmond, was swept down in an avalanche on the Linda Glacier on 22nd February, 1914. Richmond's body was recovered from the avalanche. At the foot of the Hochstetter Icefall the first scraps of the remains of the other two came to light on the surface in 1923. Other portions were found during the next two or three years. In 1939, some twenty-five years after the accident, further remains appeared some miles below the icefall. A rough calculation, based on the first remains found, gave a rate of 48 inches per day; but, as the distance has not been accurately measured, this estimated rate cannot be accepted with confidence.

The *Franz Josef Glacier* is to all intents and purposes an icefall throughout most of its course, with an average fall of 1,000 feet to the mile. It is reputed to attain a speed of 16 feet per day in places.

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