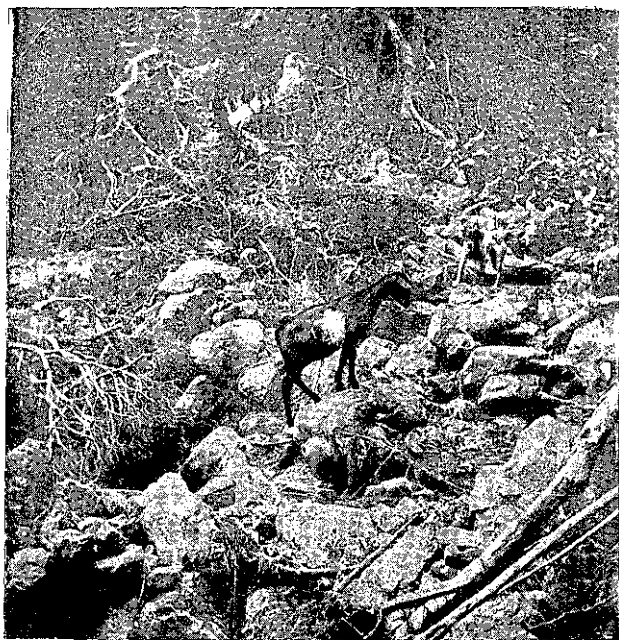


we at once set to work to secure the skins and the billy's horns as trophies.

By the time this was done the lengthening shadows warned us that it was time to make tracks for camp. We made excellent representations of Robinson Crusoe and Man Friday as we tramped off with goat-skins strapped across our shoulders, billy goat's horns stuck in our belts, and our shirts and trousers in a sadly dilapidated, blood-bespattered condition. Down

negotiating a crossing, and as we were about to enter the bush a brace of fine paradise ducks flew past on their way up-stream. Every kind of game abounded, as this first day's incursion into the wilds of the Tararuas clearly proved.

The thick, impenetrable darkness of the bush came upon us just as we caught sight of a bright point of light flickering on the ridge among the tree trunks. With a great and ravenous hunger urging us on, we lost no time in making camp, where



A Nanny at bay in a torrent-bed.

the rugged gorge we made our way, climbing over the great heaps of flood wreckage that everywhere blocked our passage, and at times wading knee-deep in the rushing torrent that brawled and foamed among the great boulders.

In due time we reached the river-bed, now wrapped in cold shadows, cast by the great range behind which the afternoon sun had sunk to rest. Several grey ducks rose with a sharp whistling of wings from a bend in the river as we were

we discovered the rest of our expedition sitting round the fire, gazing longingly at several well-blackened billies that hung simmering over the blaze.

What a sumptuous meal we had that night, too ! Pigeon and kaka stew, onions and potatoes, and bread and butter, and best of all, several large pannikins each of choice billy tea. Afterwards we heaped more logs upon the fire, and related the day's adventures as we lay around in the glow, whilst the