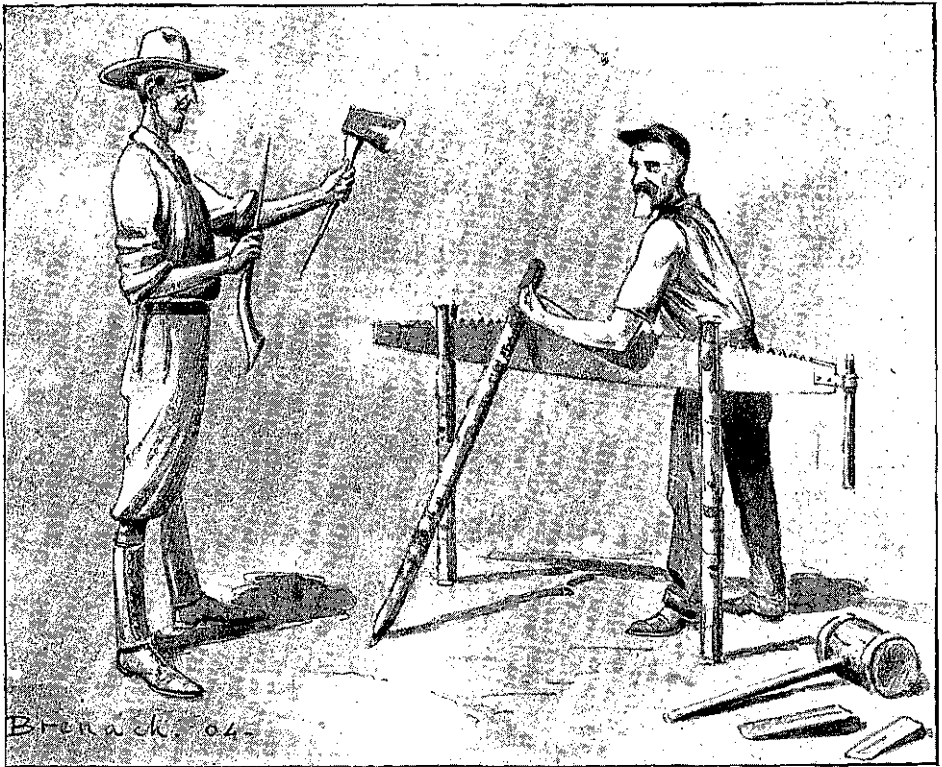


ber that he especially shone, and indeed by which he acquired the sobriquet of "Booreedy" (settlers' name for puriri), which stuck to him for many a year. It was a picture to see him opening a tough four-foot log. The wedges that our leading amateurs had tried in vain to enter—only to see them bound away into the scrub—seemed to draw like so many spike-nails. He never hurried the operation. "We'll

with perhaps a brief interval for a visit to some of his old haunts. I can see him now as he came on the "Wallaby track." A tall, gaunt figure, slightly stooping from the hips, but still square in the shoulders—his dress a short-sleeved flannel shirt and a pair of mole-skin trousers rather the worse for wear, with an old blue jumper tied by the sleeves round his neck. He moved lightly along with short,



One or two who had been out before were able to give us a Lead.

sit down and have a smoke," he would say, "and let her do the work herself. Don't you hear her talkin'?" as a gentle ticking would indicate that the set of partition had commenced. Then the wedges were "backed up," and a few solid blows from the heavy mauls would complete the operation.

He soon became a regular institution in the settlement. When he had finished with one homestead he would generally go on to another,

high steps—as a man does who has spent the best part of his life in the bush, and whose safety depends on how he places his feet. He carried his blankets Maori "pikau" fashion done up in a flour-bag, for in those days the blow-fly boomed through the land. His axe lay on his right shoulder, and in his left hand he carried a small black billy with the arm slightly kinked at the elbow, a habit he had got into from many years of carrying the "jack."