

factors, with reference to the conditions which would govern the establishment of an enterprise of this nature in New Zealand.

Mr. Tannock's paper on "The Afforestation Work of the Dunedin City Corporation," delivered on August 11th, is also printed in full in this number.

On September 22nd Mr. Roche read an illuminating address on "The Timbering of the Otira Tunnel." In order to give a comprehensive view of the whole subject, he started by describing the surveying of the tunnel and the formation of the drive, and then proceeded to detail the placing of the timbet sets used in the process, their treatment and the amount of timber used in their construction, showing blue-prints and drawings to amplify his descriptions. He went on to particularise in the case of the Otira Tunnel, in the construction of which he took an active part, illustrating his remarks from an apparently inexhaustible fund of breezy anecdote.

At the last ordinary meeting Mr. McLaren read a paper on "The Afforestation of Sand Dunes." Starting with the extent and situation of the chief dune areas of the world, and the importance and necessity of their afforestation, he then detailed types of dunes and methods of fixation dealing with barriers, and especially with the planting up by such sand-binding plants as Marram grass, etc. He then mentioned the best species of trees for dune afforestation, and described the methods and progress with tree-planting in some sand-dune areas in New Zealand.

The First Annual Dinner.

As a fitting close to the year, and in view of the fact that our vice-president was leaving us to take up a position with the State Forest Service, it was decided to inaugurate the custom of an annual dinner of the Club. Accordingly, on the 27th October, the Club assembled as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Foweraker at their home in Hackthorne Road, to enjoy a most delicious meal, followed by an evening of jollity and good fellowship.

Three members were unavoidably absent, two with illness, and one through official duty, but these unfortunates were appropriately remembered, and at the singing of "Auld Lang Syne" the Club terminated its activities for the second year of its career.

HANMER SPRINGS: TERM VACATION, 1926.

Hanmer must have stepped straight out of Hans Andersen, I think. That winter afternoon, when first we arrived, Skipworth, Clark and I, there was a bright sun giving us long shadows, but no warmth, and Hanmer was faintly haloed serenely golden. There's Conical Hill, with its improbable symmetry, the little house on top, the boulder balanced

on the very point of tumbling—so it seems—from the hill's summit: the whole made one think of wizardry, and impossible tasks for the hand of a princess more lovely than the world had known; who but a spinner of fairy tales had imagined it? And then the orderly plantations of young pines and long vistas of saplings in a cool gloom, leading down to a clear tumbling brook and upward to snow-capped hills. Hans I thought of that first day, and the association will not fade.

Well, we arrived that Saturday (I forget the date, but that doesn't matter), secured a four-roomed whare which promised to be very comfortable, and settled in. Sunday we spent in chopping wood and strolling round the village; our fame had gone like wildfire before us, and everyone recognised "the students." Next day we started in pulling the seedlings mostly; Skip spent the first week or so in this way at the nursery, but Arthur and I were promoted to path-making round about the new office for a time. After this we were all on burning, digging, scraping, shovelling; making new cart-tracks and clearing the creek to make all shipshape for the expected floods. Skip and I spent, too, a few days knocking pinaster cones—great sport! You must picture him and me (neither of us a flyweight) jumping up and down at the end of a swaying branch, which sagged further towards the ground as we stretched out, just one inch more to be within cudgel-range of that bunch of cones so temptingly placed at the tippermost part of the branch above; and whacking wildly at refractory cones, whilst dead ones fell on our heads and the wind laughed at us: now put the whole picture on top of a howling precipice, with the Waiau River tearing through the gorge two hundred feet below—picture this, and if you use a fair amount of incredulity you will get a moderately accurate idea of our antics.

But it's not so much the work, perhaps, that sticks in the mind (am I a traitor to my profession. Never.) as certain "off" times. Choruses of imprecations shrieked at that stove; it makes my blood boil even now to think of it. Oh! but one morning Skip and I decided to be lazy; we would do without the fire for breakfast—nothing hot, and there were twenty degrees or so of frost, and the sun not up over the surrounding hills till nine or so. But that stove—it would have excused worse follies. . . . Well, up we got, later than usual, as there was no fire to light; shivered over our icy wash, our clammy bread, our solid butter, jam that was cold comfort at best; put on our stiff, muddy boots, and were starting off, hungry and bad-tempered, when an eye (I don't know whether his or mine) fell on the Wooster's Great Pepsin Cough Preserver, which had been bought for some small cough or other. Together we dashed at the bottle, and let the fiery syrup trickle down our throats. It

seemed to spread all over us, warming the very cockles (wherever they may be) of our respective hearts. O Wooster!—but I'd better not start apostrophising that worthy philanthropist.

Then, too, one recalls a certain brand new pair of working boots, fried in dubbin before the fire; still we did rescue a bit of them. And those memorable Sunday mornings with sulphur swimming baths, on one of which Henry Lee Robinson, the celebrated forester (I can think of no shorter description of him; there are other Henrys, other Lees, other Robinsons, but our Henry Lee, etc., is unique), on one of which, I say, or meant to say, he dubbed the writer, who was throwing a chest and pretending to look big, Simpson—Simpson, who slew—but if you don't know the story this is not the medium for it.

Other things, too: Arthur's woollen tam-o'-shanter, which was useful for keeping his ears on, those cold mornings; innumerable village scandals—oh! Skip the dashing went to a dance; the late ineffable and ubiquitous Rudolph V., languidly disporting himself one night before the village "fans" in the hospital gymnasium turned into a temporary cinema; football matches and a game of golf that never came off.

But the term's beginning came in sight; so we perforce packed up and away, with very pleasant recollections of solid work, and those blue skies, hard frosts, brief mid-day sunbaths; we'll come again, Hans Andersen, we'll come again.

—A. W. R.

SPRING CAMP, 1926.

The initial three-weeks' camp of the School of Forestry at Moana last year proved such an unqualified success that the continuation of the custom then established was a foregone conclusion, and the question asked where foresters foregathered was not "Will we have a camp this year?" but "What arrangements have been made for the camp?"

The arrangements made differed very considerably, however, from those of the previous year, as the camp programme this year had to cover field instruction work of greater variety and on a more advanced scale than was needed in 1925. The locality selected, therefore, was at Darfield, in the centre of the activities of the Selwyn Plantations Board, whose operations present for detailed study a working local body forestry organisation carrying on a complete programme of activity according to a definite forest policy laid down upon well-considered lines, such as is not to-day found elsewhere in New Zealand, nor, indeed, in most parts of the world outside the continent of Europe. All forest activities from seedling-raising to milling are in progress within easy access from Darfield, while the many mature

and growing stands of different species under various experimental silvicultural treatments and in different sites could be studied side by side, and practical conclusions arrived at.

The camp was made, therefore, at Kimberley, near Darfield, in a small whare owned by the Malvern County Council. The advance party, Messrs. Hutchinson and Russell, left Christchurch on Saturday, 21st August, in the School Ford, with a mountainous load of camp gear, instruments and personal kit, and arrived in due course at Kimberley, took possession of the place, and commenced housekeeping, having everything in first-class order by the time the rest of the crew put in their appearance on the Monday following. No cook was taken on the camp, as it had been thought that some experience in camp cooking was essential to all budding foresters. Therefore, it was arranged that each day one student should act as chef, being relieved of other duties for that day. The system worked very well on the whole, and the camp certainly did not suffer for lack of plenteous well-cooked meals, though the cooks had each their trials and tribulations with green pine slab firewood and smoky, ancient stove. Lack of pots and pans was a matter of grave concern, until a raid on the Darfield garage set us up with goodly supplies of the ubiquitous and versatile petrol tin. It was rather fortunate, too, that the shops of Darfield were only a scant three miles away, so that in case of dire emergency a dash into town in Bobbie's car would always save the day. A settled routine was very soon established, however, and things went quite smoothly, a great deal of talent hitherto unsuspected coming to light in the great field of domestic economy.

The question of mobility had to be considered, for the Selwyn plantation system covers practically all the plains between the Waimakariri and Rakaia Rivers, and wide distances must necessarily be covered in an examination of areas. However, Canterbury country roads are excellent both in extent and condition, and the camp moved on wheels, with two cars and a bike providing the *modus operandi*. There was, of course, the School Ford; then McLaren brought his Buick roadster, while the bicycle was more or less disowned, but seemingly came from some rather questionable haunt in Rolleston House. With a little squeezing the two cars contained the whole party, and were in use every day, over nine hundred miles being registered by the two vehicles in connection with the camp.

The aim of the work at the camp was primarily toward giving the students a broad and comprehensive view of a working forestry organisation in all its various aspects. The first few days were, therefore, spent in a tour of inspection of practically all the reserves