

JUNE 1940.

HERETAUNGA TRAMPING CLUB. (INC.)

BULLETIN No. 24.

RON. CRAIG,
Hon. Secretary,
Ellis St.,
HASTINGS.

F.L. GREEN,
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P.O. Box. 86,
HASTINGS.

"TRAMPING IN THE RUAHINES"

It rained, and rained, and rained, and rained,
The average fall was well maintained,
And when the tracks were simply bogs,
It started raining cats and dogs.

Then after a drought of half an hour,
We had a most refreshing shower,
When most curious of all,
A gentle rain began to fall.

Next day was fairly dry,
Save for a deluge from the sky,
Which wet the party to the skin,
And after which the rain set in.

We wondered what we next would get,
We got in fact a lot of wet,
But soon will have a change again,
And then we have a lot more rain.

H.R.L. may not know it, but we are indebted to him for this piece of well written poetry, and it was taken from a Southland paper - apparently they have a bit of inclement weather down there too.

PRIVATE & CONFIDENTIAL.

We take great pleasure in requoting the engagement of our two well known and popular members - Ailie Baird and "Cap" Cooke. This is great news and we can truthfully say this is entirely a Tramping Club affair. Congratulations to both of you and we wish you long life and happiness.

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We wish the very best of luck to Les. Holt, "Cap" Cooke and Cliff Hunt, who left on Friday 17th. May to undergo Military training with the 3rd. Echelon. Don't forget your winter woollies boys. "Cap" mind those knobbly knees. "Les" there will be no wild Goats. "Cliff" no baby pets by request. All the very best and our good wishes go with you. Kia Ora.

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Max McCormick - our longest member - has had word to report at Levin with the Air Force at the end of July. Good luck and our good wishes to you Maximum.

Peggy Marvin has been and gone and done it: and at Helen Bligh's wedding she announced her engagement to Lindsay Castles of Gisborne. Marriages and engagements are becoming so numerous it is hard to keep track of them all. There must be something about Tramping and Trampers: The very best of our wishes to you Peggy.

Nora Finn - our little Ray of Sunshine - left our happy throng on the 31st. May, for Wellington, where she is to carry on with her Nursing profession by taking a refresher course. We wish you the very best of luck and good wishes Nora, and hope to renew your acquaintance at some future date.

So far Ronagh Hobins name has not been mentioned in this Bulletin, so we take this opportunity of reminding members that our live wire leaves us on the 7th. July.

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LOCAL & GENERAL

Howlett's Hut, which is known very intimately to quite a few of our Members, is now almost completed, and the builders tell us we will be advised when it is completed, with a view to running a combined trip down that way.

CLUB ROOM EVENTS.28.3.40.

The first meeting after the Easter Holidays was the scene of much frivolity and members took part in a very hard-up evening. The participants may have been hard up, and from outward appearances this would seem to be correct, but the fact didn't prevent them having a great time - the noise was fair terrific. The costumery, or perhaps we should say the lack of it, was varied and very effective. Among such competition it would be hard to decide who was the biggest wreck. Marg Evans was very closely contested for that coveted title of Rag No. 1, Harold Bush was an eyesore --- and his rags were only surpassed by Les Holts (later in the evening). The hilarity was continued well till 12.30 before the rag bags decided to wend their way homewards.

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11.4.40.

Arch Toop and his Cinematograph blazed forth in a series of interesting films. They all contained that personal touch and showed members on various trips including the Mystery Hike, Three Johns, Three Fingers, Kawekas and Ngaruhoe. All very interesting. Thanks are due to you for this jolly evening Arch.

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27.4.40

Mr. Stewart, with many reels of coloured film reeled off a running commentary on his trip Home to England. The route was via Colombo, The Red Sea, Mediterranean, Italy, France, and so to England. The trip back was taken via America and the Islands. A very interesting trip and fine photography.

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2.5.40

Admission Free - Amusement Tax deducted: Ron Bowles films of skiing were very much appreciated by a far too critical audience. Skiing, ranging from elementary to polished stuff was witnessed. Very thrilling - and how easy it looks. A comedy reel called, "Alls Fair" was found to be an amusing race between the stronger and weaker sex. The result is still rather doubtful, so perhaps it would be best to call it a dead heat.

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16.5.40

Mr. A.E. Lawrie, educated us still further by showing us films of his pleasure cruise to the Islands in the good ship "MAUNGANUI". The colouring of the vegetation and the beauty of the flowers are unsurpassed by their rare splendour. We almost caught a whiff of their fragrance. The Tongan Group, Fiji and the New Caledonian Group were visited. A very interesting trip and ideal from a pleasure seekers point of view.

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30.5.40.

Mr. H.G. Harvey had some interesting films to show of various parts of the world which included Australia, England and the Continent. Two topical films of the King's and Queen's visit to America and a summary of the most important events in the past 12 months were very interesting.

THE MOUNTAIN RANGE.

At Easter I went camping with Eustace. This was very foolish. He called for me in his car, which proceeded by fits and starts until we had reached the foot, or at any rate the toe, of Mr. Carp on the shoulder of which was the Hut where we were to camp. Then the trouble began. We unpacked the provisions and gear from the back of the car, and Eustace produced the weirdest gadget I've seen. A bright and shining, more or less cubical object with various projections and a barred visor like a mediaval helmet. "What's that, Eustace?" I asked, busy with a sack of groceries. "Ah: said Eustace, proudly, "That's the reason we're going camping. It's the very latest idea to make camping even more enjoyable. Its a Mountain Range."

"A Mount.... Oh, I see, a stove. Does it work?
I Don't know, said Eustace. Its new so it will be alright.
Who's going to carry it, anyway? I wanted to know.
Let's toss, said Eustace.
I lost.

Believe me that wretched range had more corners that I thought possible. My back's still sore.
However, we duly arrived; the stove too, though by this time the darned thing weighed about half a ton.
Now, said Eustace, Tea.
Good idea, said I, where's the water.
The spring is about three hundred yards away, just over the next spur, confided Eustace.
Oh, said I, How about you getting some.
Let's toss, said Eustace.
I lost.

When I got back Eustace was sitting on his bunk reading by the light of a foul smoking oil lamp minus a glass. How's your stove? I enquired.

Well, he said, I thought we'd leave it till the morning when there's more light. It takes a bit of time to get the hang of it.
Tea consisted of cold salmon, bread and water, which was pretty poor.
I said as much and Eustace went to bed in a huff.
Who'll get breakfast, said Eustace after a while.
You can, I said casually,
Let's toss, said Eustace.
I lost.

The range looked perfectly simple by the morning light, so I set it up on the hearth, and, after a tussle, got the visor open and lit a fire in it.

After I had thrown it bodily outside, and the smoke cleared away sufficiently to breathe, I made a fire in the quite good indigenous fireplace and cooked breakfast.

Eustace and I were hardly on speaking terms, and in a small hut where the only lamp is a huge chimneyless kerosene thing that belongs to the non-speaking partner, you'll realize my restraint. I'll draw a smoke screen over the next two days.

When we packed up to leave, the offending stove was left till last. I looked at it. Eustace looked at me. The range stared insolently at each of us.

Let's t.... began Eustace.

No: said I.

Eustace sighed as he looked back at the hut where he had left his camping-made-easy Mountain Range. He should'nt have looked back because he tripped over.

I helped him up, and picked up his scattered belongings. First, a small booklet on the working of the range, which Eustace had apparently overlooked. I glanced at it casually. No wonder it did not work. The huge useless kerosene thing that Eustace said was a lamp, was the burner and should have been inside the range. I cursed Eustace for a fool. Then I spied something else. Eustace's penny. I picked it up casually, turned it over. Now I've told my wife that we are not at home to Eustace, even when he is able to sit down again.

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PRIVATE TRIPS.

Whariti to Big Hill. 26.11.39 to 8.12.39

On Sunday 26th. November, two of us left Woodville for our trip from the Southern to the Northern end of the Ruahines. In a cold and misty rain we climbed Whariti, and followed the track north, and later west. It was wet when we camped that night, and the next morning we had the prospect of another bad day. We followed the track West - a track very dirty in places, till suddenly we found ourselves looking through wisps of mist at bush cleared valleys below us, and, in the distance, Palmerston North. We decided that the weather and the probable lack of a track were against our continuing along the main ridge of the Ruahines, we followed our open spur to civilization. At our camp that night on a tributary a few miles from the Pohangina, we tasted delicious trout - or was it eel - it was good anyhow. On Tuesday we set off for the Umutoi district, and after walking for miles - in the blazing sun, each mile seemed like three - and after welcome lifts for about 20 miles in a car, a cream lorry, and a timber lorry, we at last reached the old mill. That night we visited some local inhabitants - among them was Shorts, the blazer of the famous SHorts Track - who kindly supplied us with much valuable information and helped perform running repairs on Dick's boots. Being misled as to the distance from the Old Mill to Pohangina Hut, We did not get an early start. We climbed up Short's track in the blazing sun, and found that its engineer had made an excellent job. It was well on in the afternoon when we reached the Iron Trig, but the prospect of bad weather and an uncomfortable camp urged us on to reach Pohangina Hut. When we had walked for about 3 hours our perseverance was rewarded by at last seeing Pohangina Hut on the next spur. (We had passed about half a dozen "next spurs") At 7.45 we arrived dog tired at the hut, and soon turned in. As we felt like having an easy day we started late and reached Howlett's in the evening (Thursday). The weather broke, and it blew a fierce gale, and for four days stayed thus, so that we could'nt attempt the crossing of the Saw Tooth Ridge. However, we were'nt altogether idle. we opened up the track, made a chair from beech branches and flax, (Tony says it is over the bank now) shame on the wind, and

visited the Tuki Tuki and slab hut, and carried up some material for the new Howlett's hut. On Tuesday 5th. as Tony and his barometer liked the weather prospects, we left Howlett's and the end of a perfect day saw us camped in the Waikamaka. Wednesday dawned fine and we climbed Fenwick's Peak (LXVI) where we had an excellent view of Ruapehu and Ngaruhoe, and we stopped that night by a good tarn at the North of the saddle beyond Naropea. Next morning was windy and cold. However, we kept good time past the Te Atua Mahuri, Tupari, Poipoi, and came to the bush plateau, where we wandered about for a while till we found a good track heading for Three Fingers. As we started looking too soon we almost didn't find No Man's, but when at last we did see it - after a 13 hour day - I doubt whether we have ever welcomed a hut so much. Next day was fine, and after a hot tramp we lunched at Ruahine Hut. a delightful spot, and had another hot tramp before reaching Big Hill Station, the end of a 13 days trip.

TONY DRUCE.
DICK HARRISON.

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Howlett's - Saw Tooth - Government Spur. 11 - 12th. May.

The gale had blown itself out in the light Southerly for which all good Trampers pray, with snow down to 4,500 ft and the rivers still discoloured. After the - only too usual - delays, the car left Hastings at 7.25 and we left Mill Farm at 10.15. On Mr. Thomsen's advice we followed the tramline up the river cocks till just short of the 2nd side gully, then cut over the ridge, and slightly left at the top to strike a spur into the Tukituki, which landed us just below Ian's waterfall creek in 2½ hours. Many groans over the climbing involved, but quite a useful flood route. From here to the Slab Hut - whose undamaged half may be called habitable - took an hour, using a rope for some of the crossings. Howlett's at dusk in just under two hours and made ourselves comfortable for the night in its shell. The erection gang made a shipshape job of it in an amazingly short time. Floor a bit damp, drainage rather a problem. The absence of windows and a comfortable night led to a regrettable delay again in the morning and we didn't get away till 9.30 with the peak snow white and crystal clear above us. The snow was in better order than we had hoped, mostly nicely crusted with just a bit of step kicking and one or two strokes of the ice-axe at the summit of Turaha - one hour 50. Frank took one eyeful of Te Hikenga, an unbelievable crag with snow on it and said, "If we had a camera, there'd be no holding those Wellington fellows when they saw the photo. Retribution for our late start was now hovering in the background. A blanket of dark cloud was rolling in from the west, crawling up the Oroua Valley to blot out the cone of Tunepo, already occupying the Hikurangi Range, and soon Te Hekenga and 5534. However, Frank was rearing to go in spite of the lateness of the hour. We had already made up deficiencies in ice, axes with more or less straight poles on our way along from Howlett's, and in snow glasses with the most villainous looking tarpaper masks - Stan perhaps the most bloodthirsty looking ruffian, We had a rope - rather short it was true, but we could make do - so we roped up, redistributed the tools and set off down the Saw-Tooth. At the best of times it is narrow enough ridge - with a fine lined snow crust it is fantastically so - but with the snow

in good condition we went slap over everything, except the one bluff near the Northern end. Mist was down part of the time. One unearthly view of Ruapehu through a window in the clouds apparently hung in mid air. No trouble but slow progress - four hours from Tiraha to 5534. Here it was thick mist and at first a perplexing take off, with compass out and some difference of opinion as to the whereabouts of the Hikurangi Ridge. However to guessed right though the take off for the Government Spur Ridge is not well defined, a face rather than a ridge and a devilishly steep one at that. Some pretty patches of hard stuff and some step cutting necessary. By the time we were unroped, it was well on to sunset, the cloud lifting again with Broken Ridge and South Rangi clear and a pink glow on the snow slopes through the Kaukatau Saddle. However it was no time for views, and we set off along the ridge piloted by a stag, earlier seen coming along the skyline. At the bush line it was dark. We then discovered that we only had 3 torches and that batteries made in N.Z. have a short effective life. Doug nobly loaned out a spare set which were used up in the next few hours. Frank hit the start of the track, rough going at first, but well marked and we kept to it without much trouble for most of the way down, though unable to make a very fast pace. Near the bottom the track was only intermittently marked with old blazes and showed a tendency to bear left, throwing us off directly down the slope at two or three places. Finally we ran off, cast left and failed to pick it up - got panicky that we were bearing too far down into the creek from the Kawhatau saddle, stopped for a snack and found that out main need was water, then bore right handed down a series of steep faces onto the river flats. Thime 10.20 and a fine starlight night with canopies bright at the hear of the valley. After a quick boil up we made our way down stream, with several crossings, none difficult, and woke all the dogs in creation it seemed at the Mill Farm at 1.20, and then home to catch a few hours sleep - lucky the two school teachers with a free day on Monday.

BRUCE BEACHEY.

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Trip No. 116. No Leaders report yet to hand.

Trip No. 117, 3rd. March. Three Fingers.

Leaving Big Hill Station, Kereru, at 10 am. on Sunday morning, twenty one Club Members made their way in bright sunshine up Big Hill Stream to Herricks Hut. Dark clouds on the Ruahines melted away as the party got nearer and except for a cold wind on top the day was summery. Half an hour south from the hut along the foot of Herricks Spur saw the party lunching beside Gull stream in very pleasant surroundings. Six of the number saw no reason to leave such a spot but the more energetic scrambled out the far side of the gorge and began a two hour climb up the southernmost spur of the Three Fingers Ridge. This represents a variety of tramping country giving patches of grass, manuka, tussocks, shale, leatherwood, rock, birch bush and finally snow grass. A stream near the top gave previouslt tired, hot trampers a new lease of life but the wind cut sight seeing from the top down to the minimum. The descent was made via the northern spur, a scrub and bush covered wilderness preactically trackless. The accepted method of progress seemed

to be bulldozing, while the last few hundred feet were fairly open, and very steep where sliding in a mixture of mud, leaves and small rocks produced some very undignified attitudes. Some went down on their feet, others did not and were less fortunate. Down the Gull stream a short way then it became too rough so a climb out the other side through scrub led to open ground and the camp site. From here a direct line was taken back towards Big Hill stream which was reached at dusk and followed down to the Station, the truck and so home.

No. in Party. 21.
Leader. A. Toop.

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Trip No. 118, Shut Eye & Tu Atua Mahuri 16-17th. March.

Transport proved very complicated for this trip, but in dribs and drabs the party straggled up to join the forces at Shut eye, and joined forces with two Deer Cullers already installed, before dark. Of the rest, Doug drove alone to Waipawa in the morning, Bill went through to Gardners Mill per motor cycle and met Doug at Whakarara, and Doug had by this time collected Joan and Nora who had travelled down to Waipawa by train. This party reached the track entrance shortly after dark. The flashes of a torch, later learned to be from Les Holt outside the hut showed the party their nights lodging. This should have proved a guiding light but didnt, the result being that straying south of the true course a glorious half hour was spent squelching through acres of bog before finding the ridge and scrambling up it till the track was tripped over. Once on the track all was well until it came to finding room to rest weary bodies inside the hut. The rafters, table and mantleshef were all suggested as possibilities but finally the floor claimed most victims while the old saying "Three is a crowd" was proved conclusively in one of the bunks. For once the middleman lost on a deal. (Shopkeepers please note) A fine day saw a fairly early start for Armstrongs saddle, then leaving two drivers behind to bring the cars around, the remainder carried on Northwards along the main divide. Lunch and a sun bathe on Moropea, then on past Remutipo to the Te Atua Mahuri, the goal, which was reached at 3 o'clock. Normans botanical fervour overboiled and he made hay while the sun shone collecting blades of grass and carefully stowing them away in a wee bag, they all looked the same to most of the party, but that didnt stop Norm from having a lot of fun. A short stop on top gave everyone energy to cross the shingle slide and dive into the bush past the two camp sights on Te Atua Mahuri Ridge in an effort to reach the Mill before dark. This was almost successful, only about half of the 36 or was it 38 crossings of the Makarora being made in the dark. Mrs. Barker supplied a very welcome cup of tea before the now mechanised unit left for home, one car taking two hours, the other four hours, while the motor bike took 24 hours - a very disorderly retreat from the ranges.

No. in party. 9.
Leader. W. Hayman.

Trip No. 120. Purahotangihia. 7th. April.

The prospect of an easy trip brought out 24 stalwarts and not-so-stalwarts for find out that the lorry was nearly half an hour late. One or two trusting ones arrived up to a quarter of an hour late and still didn't have to go off home straight away. The lorry was stopped at a side road just past Eskdale railway station from where the crowd took off at 9.30, leaving behind one who had the courage to do what half of the others would have liked to do - sleep at the lorry all day. We kept to the road up the very long incline, being rewarded by the magnificent views. The Kawekas were particularly clear and the shingle slide off Cook's Horn could be distinguished quite well. The land between the Kawekas and the Esk sloped gradually down hill. The views of Napier and Hastings appeared to afford great satisfaction to the dwellers in same, while Mahia was clearly defined. Lunch was being eaten punctually at noon on the sheltered side of a hill. The next two hours we ate and lay in the sun. After the food was finished we just lay. One or two members showed a remarkable aptitude for tattooing greatly at the expense of a certain stick of lipstick. The general effect produced was commendable. After lunch the more energetic pushed on while the others went down hill. The former went on until the place where the trig should be was clearly in sight and after gazing at it for a while decided it was too far and went down to the railway lines. From here there was a weary tramp home, lightened by a brew of tea just as the earlier group was moving off again. All we back at the lorry by 6 and were soon on the way, Hastings being reached at 7.30.

No. in party 24.
Leader. D. Sheppard.

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Trip No. 121. Waikamaka. 20.21st. April.

With 15 names down and only transport for 14, the scheduled trip was modified to take a lorry load to the Waipawa end. Actually 18 turned out. The Napier contingent was late and then a false start necessitated returning for a packet of clouts. Les Holt was also picked up and we left 25 minutes late. 2 hours 10 minutes to the mill where we located the derelict chimney and decided to take it up, 5 members staying at the mill for the purpose. The rest took the door in and arrived at 8.35, 3 hours 20 minutes travelling, using torches beyond top camp, and aided by a full moon. Some difficulty with accommodation, only 7 on the Maori bunk, 3 in the upper bunks, 2 on the floor, in the bivvy (complete with Alpine Cooker) one more. Much argument as to sleeping layout and the possibility of increasing bunk space - suggested pet name for the Hut, "The Sardine tin". Everyone slept in, hut too dark, windows urgently needed, even Doug making up for late nights. Started work towards 9 am assembling and fitting door, turning girls out of top bunks, lacing up broken netting and coering with woolpacks, the floor a confused pile of tussock and sleeping girls. Not long after Les and Co. arrived, big drum effects on the chimney hood all the way in had rendered the carrying party slightly deaf. Frank

Simpson and Ezra Bartle got busy on the fireplace, altering the stone work to fit the hood, and made a great job of it. Intermittent rain settled in to a soaking drizzle about midday, however firewood was cut, the fireplace finished and the bivvy repaired. As nothing more was left to be done and the hut was fairly congested, the vanguard moved off about 2 pm. The rear-guard, after a long and inconclusive argument, about further bunks, at 2.40. Even then Dougald, unable to bear himself away, turned back when half way up the creek on some flimsy pretext. Sleet on the saddle - what Highlander does not thrill to the rasp of snow-slushed tussock- and down river to milder levels and tea and toast at the mill an hour ahead of time. All aboard - still ahead of time. As we swung out on the road the mists parted to show the face of 66 streaked with new fallen snow. Through Waipawa on the stroke of 7 and so home.

No. in party. 18.
Leader. N. Elder.

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Trip No. 122. Makahu Stream. 4th. May. 1940.

At 7.30 the lorry left Napier with 28 members bound for Puketitiri and the Makahu Stream. Weather conditions were doubtful with scattered showers on the way, but all eyes turned hopefully towards a lightening sky over the Kawekas. This hope was fulfilled during the day as one or two light showers occurred. Arriving at Puketitiri, the party was royally entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Holt and Mrs. McLeod. A repast set before us being fit for kings. To say we did full justice to this enticing meal would be expressing it mildly. The lorry continued onto Whittles Farm, and the party now 29 strong, left at 10.30. Passing a paddock a talking magpie distracted members attention from the more serious business of tramping. Max got worsted in an entertaining argument with the bird silkiest come hither sound in his voice beseeched the bird to "Come Closer". The bird replied in a very raspberryish tone of voice "Wont". Max repeated his request but the bird had been schooled to such advances and asked innocently "Why? Max was well floored. Following a gently rising spur to the top of the Black Birch, the party reached the 3600' mark just after 12. A short halt, then down to the makahu stream where lunch was enjoyed in comfortable sunshine for an hour, and after which a move was made down stream. Members made their own time downstream and the botonists found much to interest them. The country changed from rugged gorges to contrast with the gentler sheep grazing pastures. 4.15 saw a general assembly round the billy at the junction of the makahu and the Hot Springs track. at 5.30 they rejoined the lorry $\frac{1}{2}$ a mile from the Mokaka River and arrived back in Puketitiri once more. The Holts' hospitality was overwhelming and another sumptuous meal awaited the members and as usual the club was not backward in coming forward. A hearty vote of thanks and appreciation was passed to the Holt family. A pleasant trip home neath a moonlight sky topped a perfect day.

No. in party. 29
Leader. Stan Craven.

Trip No. 123 Matthews Hut. No leaders report to hand as yet.

Trip. No. 124. Kawkeka Hut. 1 and 2nd June.

A party of 16 left Hastings at 2.30 pm. on Saturday for the Kaweka hut. The clouds over the mountain, the weather looked bad, but we arrived a kuripapanga about 5.15 pm. with only a few spots of rain. Then a hurried change and we set off for the hut, the leaders doing the trip in about 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ hours, the rest of us straggling behind. The weather was cloudy most of the way necessitating the use of torches, but as the Hut was reached the sky cleared and showed us myriads of stars. Snow could be faintly seen on the tops. After a meal and a warm by the fire, we retired to the bunks. Next morning, after more food most of the party left for the tops at 8 am. Three of the members staying behind to tidy the hut, and then to climb the Cook's Horn ridge, returning via the shingle slide. Snow was found in patches as we neared 4915, everyone enjoying it. There was a magnificent view of snow covered Ruapehu and the Kaimanawas. The main party went down to the Bivvy for lunch while four members trudged on to the Trig, the view and the snow being well worth the effort. The party returned via Cook's Horn shingle slide. Four of the party climbing the Horn by way of a little rock work, then down to the Hut for tea. The main party leaving the hut about 3.30 pm and the others at 4.20, we arrived at the lorry after a pleasant walk under a clear sky. The conditions all day were pleasant with sun and cool wind to make climbing a pleasant way of keeping warm. We arrived in Hastings at 9 pm. after an uneventful trip home.

No. in Party 15.
Leader Joan Lovell Smith

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FUTURE TRIPS.

TRIP. NO. 125.
16th. June.

RUAHINE HUT.
Via Hollowback Ridge.

LEADER.
W. HAYMAN.
PHONE 3012.

Trip NO. 126
30th. June.

KOPUA TRIG
Early snows should
make this trip worth while

LEADER.
M. MCCORMICK

TRIP NO. 127
13.14th. July.

WAIKAMAKA HUT.
via 66 & Shut Eye.

LEADER.
F. SIMPSON.
