

AUGUST 1940.

HERETAUNGA TRAMPING CLUB (INC.)

BULLETIN NO. 25.

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

MISS. A. BAIRD,  
Acting Hon Treasurer  
P.O. Box. 6,  
HASTINGS.

Pride of place in this issue of the Bulletin goes to  
to note from Mrs. Ronagh Black - nee Ronagh Hobin.

H. T. C.

"When it comes to writing to you I just don't know how to start. I thought I could express on paper what I could not say in words at the last meeting, but I'm just dumb, and floundering like a schoolgirl writing her first letter. However, I am starting on a new career, better equipped than most to make a success of it, because I have known you all and tramped with you all, and knowing you, I know that whenever I return to Hastings I will find the Club as I left it, full of grand people. If I were sure how to spell "Auf Wiedershem" I would say it, but perhaps "Cheerio" is safer. Happy tramping to you all."

Mrs. D.A. Black,  
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"Heywood"  
Mt. Compass,  
South Australia.

PRIVATE But not Confidential.

Ronagh Hobin is one of our latest casualties, she is by this time Mrs. Black, and living in South Australia. Surely we have slipped to let Ronagh slip off like this, could'nt we have bought her a place near Hastings where she could bang cows - or is it rabbits - just as well as in South Australia. When we remember her organizing abilities, her unflagging cheerfulness under conditions when tramping is not what it might be when we remember her seriousness when the occasion demanded it, when we remember the different meetings and tramps when Ronagh was present, we begin to realize what a light has faded from the Tramping Club. We are all looking forward to the time when Ronagh will be back here on a visit. "And the sound of rejoicing was heard throughout the Land".

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Goodbye to our incomparable Manx,  
Who was always left cold by our Pranks,  
Belladonna & Blitzen,  
There's no one quite fits in  
The whole that is left in our Ranks".

Doug Callow is now singing Annie Laurie (perhaps) inbetween organizing the telephonic communications in Hamilton. As his swan song Doug brought out his completed map of the Northern Range and this shows something typical about Dougal's place in the Club. He was Vice President - Member of the General Committee, Member of the Hut sub Committee, the Map sub-Committee the Search sub Committee (and also a member of the anti-feminist committee until he was thrown out as being ineligible. Most of the club cannot remember a trip in which Doug did not have some part. His great and accurate knowledge of the country of Hawke's Bay was invaluable to us so that there was always two possible leaders of a trip in case things went wrong. His quiet humour was known to us all, especially when things were at their most miserable as can be exemplified by his comments on the prevailing conditions scratched on New Hikurangi Trig with frozen fingers. "Rain. Cold. Mist. Wind. Hell:" There was no excuse for not knowing Dougal after his first tramp. He was always the person sitting among the boots in the middle of the lorry floor, having been last to get on because he was tying on gear or organizing something else at the expense of his own comfort. A Real Trampler & a Great Friend.

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Second Lieutenant (Goat Catcher) Hunt visited Hastings recently. In this connection we mention with something of pride that every club member who has joined up with the Forces has since been promoted.

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Treasurer Fred Green writes from Tauhirenika where he and Jack Dempsey are spending some time at the expense of the Government. They were sufficiently toughened up in their Tramping Days to be able to sleep in a Tea Kiosk - cum Barracks - cum whatever would make a first class hen house by the sound of it - without any detrimental effect.

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"To be or not to be - that is the question" The question being should Marg Evans be now called Uncle Marg? Her Engagement to Corporal L.M. - (Auntie Lellie) Holt was recently announced and we have much pleasure in wishing them both the very best of Luck.

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Bruce Beechy has now found it impossible to continue editing the Bulletin, and we wish to thank him for the long hours of painstaking and brain wracking work he has spent on its pages.

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CLUB ROOM EVENTS.

13.6.40

Frank Simpson with the aid of two ruck-sacs and various oddments including one leather mitten in bad condition, one boot, one length of rope and one pair of crampers, gave us some idea of what tramping really is. He interspersed his talk with such cheerful anecdotes as "They carried him out cold a week later.

"He was dead when they dug him out". His grand total however, was only three corpses and one sprained ankle - And what is a Trumper or two between friends. The rope and its use was shown by Frank who had all the past present and future girl guides and boy scouts tying bowlines and crossing imaginary streams. Very Well done Frank.

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27.6.40. Farewell to Ronagh Hobin.

With Marj. McLeay tickling the ivories, and assorted Trampers swinging it or unswinging it ad.lib. amid greenery placed about the meeting room, we met to farewell our one and only Ronagh. A projected chairing of Ronagh was unsuccessful owing to some fault in the foundation. The small gift presented by the President on our behalf were only tokens of what we think of Ronagh. Shucks kid we'll miss yeuh.

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11.7.40 Ron Craig made a cute little patient when Superintendent Snadden of the St. John's Ambulance Brigade showed us what can be done with a bandage or so. High lights of the evening were Ron's broken collar bone and an example of the fireman's hold-He flies through the Air with the greatest of ease. Our thanks go to Mr. Snadden who offered his services for any future occasion. A suggestion has been brought forward re the possibility of having first aid practises on certain of the easier trips.

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4.7.40 At the H.B. Lawn Tennis Clubs pavilion at Marawa, a sad duty was performed with quite a spot of hilarity in the truly Heretaunga style. We have lost our Irish Rose and our Scotch Thistle, and this was their last public appearance. A pickup was put to very good use and if the dancing was good, our playing of childish pranks was such as would make most kids turn green with envy. There was a serious side also, when valedictory speeches were made. We started thinking for the thousandth time just what we are losing with the loss of Ronagh and Dougal. Max McCormick who is also taking leave from us promised that he would come back and lead us as Squadron Leader McCormick. Here's hoping for that day.

25.7.40 Formal business only.

8.7.40 do

22.7.40.

As a change from the usual meeting the club staged a public lecture through the great kindness of Mr. L.V. Bryant. Mr. Bryant is known throughout New Zealand as perhaps our foremost mountaineer, and as a member of the British Party led by Shipton, which made an expedition to Mr. Everest in 1935. His services were given free and the Mayor's Patriotic fund benefited rather handsomely. In a very interesting lecture, illustrated by slides Mr. Bryant gave us glimpses of New Zealand, Switzerland, and the Himalayas. A number of amusing anecdotes were very acceptable to the audience. The object of the expedition was

to find if it is feasible to attempt an ascent of Mt. Everest under monsoon conditions. In this the men were successful in definitely establishing the fact that an ascent would not be possible. Club members were most interested to hear men such as Shipton and Smythe mentioned. These men, as leaders in the mountaineering world, figure prominently in many books in the Club Library. Thank you Mr. Bryant. Congratulations Social Committee.

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On Friday, August 9th. our Annual Dance was held in the Barrie Studio. We arrived at about 8 O'clock to be confronted with the Orchestra - Les Tasker pacing the floor - and enquiring if this was the Tramping Club Dance. Where of Where were the members. Never before had he been engaged to play for a couple of couples. However, great hilarity announced the arrival of two young "Luvvers" clothed in Goo Goo or shall we say Ga Ga. Diamonds sparkling from Marg's left hand warned us that Les had taken the great plunge, and it was amazing the number of people who collected to be in at the kill. The Orchestra pounded some notes out of the piano and the dance began. By Supper time (how typical of our Trampers) the room was quite full and everyone was thoroughly enjoying themselves. Frank Simpson was M.C. and delighted in announcing chain medleys - of course Frank always does like a change. From an enjoyment point of view the evening was a great success, but perhaps the best said about the proceeds the better - suffice is to say that we did not declare a loss.

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The following is a recommended dressing for boots.

$\frac{1}{2}$  pint raw linseed oil, 4 ozs Mutton Fat, 3 ozs Bees Wax, 2 ozs Resin. Mix over a slow fire, stirring well, apply to boots while warm, not hot, Clean boots well before applying.

The following episode may be interesting to our tougher members. "During the last war the New Zealand Rifle Brigade carried 120-lb packs for 57 miles in 24 hours. Even though it was rough going 10 yards soft sand, 10 yards rock, only one man dropped out.

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HINTS BY SUPERINTENDANT SNADDEN of the St. John's Ambulance. Triangular Bandage. recommended as being of great value to first aid.

Sprained ankle. As this is a trampers complaint (along with housemaids elbow) this was dealt with at some length. Sometimes best to leave a boot on such as when is very rough country, or when the boot is very hard to get off. Take it off usually. Start from inside of the foot and bind strongly using plain figure 8. Pour on cold water, shrinks bandage - cools inflammation down.

Knee trouble. Only treatment is to bind strongly.

Burns. Use tanifax. Goods because it has a water base and can be washed off easily, and hospital treatment given.

CUTS. Wash away from centre, apply antiseptic, bandage gauze bandage.

Broken Collarbone. Usually caused by falling on arm. St. John's Sling used. Pad under arm to extend arm. Norman bandage put round elbow to lever arm properly.

Cramp. Stretch muscle to its longest slowly & steadily.

Shock Exhaustion etc. Make the person warm.

Stretchers. A good emergency stretcher can be made from a pair of poles and some coats and other garments. This is necessary in any bad cases of concussion.

Cases of Heart Failure. Nothing need be done as the person is dead.

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#### JOTTINGS.

Dougal Callow has made a magnificent gesture to the Club by presenting two pounds to the Transport Fund. The committee has decided to devote it to the Labour Day Weekend working party to the Waikamaka Hut - "The House that Doug Built"

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Perhaps our diet experts and non weight carrying experts may be interested in a process written about in the latest "Reader's Digest" Twelve pounds of bleached, dried and powdered grass at a cost of 6 cents per lb will provide enough vitamin for a whole year. Now we know what those botanists do with those bunches of greenery they take home each tramp.

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#### THIS TEA BUSINESS.

We have tried tea with deer in it, tea with water that did not need tea to darken it. tea with whisky in it, but we take our hats off to Leader Bill Hayman. He simply boiled the iodine bottle in the tea water or vice versa and then waited for results in his team of trampers. They certainly came. A short while after drinking this apology for tea, all members followed a track which was'nt there. Through Manuka, Leatherwood and Lowyer we charged blindly trusting that the iodine in our system would nip all scratches in the bud. Strangely enough there seemed to be very little difference in the scratching power of the various shrubs and so we have decided to have unadulterated tea in future.

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Trip by Otaihape Tramping Club. Purity Hut. March 10th.

The map produced by the Heretaunga Tramping Club was a great help here. So clear were the various topographical features, that the party have planned to cross over to Hawke's Bay next summer.

PAST TRIPS

NEW HIKURANGI. Trip. No. 116. 17th - 18th. February. 1940.

"As the Devil said to Noah, Its bound to clear up" Old saying.

Sixteen members left Hastings by lorry on the Saturday afternoon for McCullough's Mill, which, after a long period of inactivity, was found to be occupied by a new firm blest with extreme optimism. One advantage to the Club is that the road will be kept in some sort of repair. The trip over to the Waikamaka Hut was uneventful, and after feeding, all except two crammed in on the bunks and floor to sleep. The two chose the bivvy and slept with the firewood. At 4 am. the toughs rose, looked at what could be seen of the weather in the darkness (not very promising) and decided to have breakfast. Over the meal we further decided to make an attempt on Hikurangi and left at 6, when the rest of the camp began to stir. Seven of us, including the Leader went up the Waikamaka stream over the Rongotea Ridge, down the Rango Stream into the valley of the Kawhatau River, reaching it at about 8.30. It was blowing strongly on the Ridge and the mist was so thick that very little could be seen. We followed the Kawhatau down for a few minutes, branching off at the Forks to go up the Trig Creek after shooting ~~down~~ up the Trig-Iron Peg Creek. Owing to a heavy mist and a prospect of wind and rain on top it was decided to have a snack half way up the creek, during which there was a shower of rain. We had occasional glimpses back to Rangi Creek. Then we entered the mist, got to one head of the creek and climbed a number of tussock terraces. We could hear a steady roar above us and soon were on top in a howling blast of cold air. There was no sign of the trig (which was known to have been blown over) or anything else except our near neighbours and the grass beneath us. We intended going south, so cast about north first but found the ridge dropping away and swinging round. We returned and tripped over the wreck just beyond where we had reached the top. Only the lamp stand similar to that under the Kaweka trig, was left standing. The vandals then endeavoured to inscribe their names on the black painted remains, which bore a record of the visit of certain well known members of the Ruahine Club, but found they had to grasp the nails they were using in their clenched fists on account of the numbing cold. Our intentions were to proceed south along the ridge and drop off down the creek entering the Kawhatau just above Weka Flats, but we were boxed up in the mist. We reached the Iron Peg alright but our route therefrom was not very certain. From map and compass it appeared that we were making too far west, but on the other hand the ridge was dropping and becoming more sheltered from the wind, which could have meant that we were on the Kawhatau (or east) side of the main ridge. Anyway we returned to the Iron Peg and on account of the cold having its effect on some members of the party, dropped off at the first spur we could be certain of to lead us into the iron peg creek. Awkward going. The Spur ran us very soon into a deep rocky gut which made our knees

a bit uncertain in their action by the time we ran out of the mist and reached the main creek. Here we stopped for a snack whereupon an advance party slipped down to the Kawhatau to get a billy boiling. It was 4 o'clock by the time we had had tea, and recovered from the cold. We returned to the Waikamake Hut by the same route as we had gone, the party beginning to straggle out of the known country. The last reached the hut at 6.30. tidied up, packed, signed the brand new visitor's book and were back at the mill at 9.40. Those who had not gone on the Hikurangi trip had made an attempt on "66" but found the wind too strong. The lighter people were actually blown off their feet. (we advise lots of lead in the boots and pockets) They therefore turned back and returned to the Mill shortly before noon and spent the day looking over the workings.

D.W. CALLOW.

LEADER.

No. in party 16.

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MATTHEWS HUT.-THREE FINGERS. Trip No. 123, 18-19th. May. 1940. This trip, originally set down for Tupari, was changed to the above owing to the expected absence of the leader, Arch Toop. However as Arch managed to turn up at the last minute his services were made use of as "Guide". Owing to a late start (shortly after 3 pm. from Hastings) darkness set in not long after we left the lorry at Poporangi, but with the aid of torches and moonlight, track and guesswork, Matthews Hut was reached at about 8 o'clock. One false move caused us a bit of unnecessary hill climbing. There was not much more than standing room for 15 people so 8 members very considerably volunteered to sleep outside. There was no appreciative response from the party indoors, only rude remarks about the difficulty of getting to sleep with a lot of chatter going on out in the darkness. It was very comfortable and cosy in the bracken but at 4 am. there was a patter of rain and the sound of voices as hoods were hastily pulled over. There were a few showers, and at 5.30 things were a bit damp with the result that all but 3 went in and began to organize a fire and breakfast. The remaining 3 went in when the rain had eased off at 6 am. Still the rain, besides testing out the effectiveness or otherwise of Waterproof Coverings, also did good work in rousing the party and we were away before 8 climbing the spur behind the hut. It was open but rough going in the beech, which at the top became stunted with tussock and fallen logs hampering progress. In addition the top of the spur became broad and badly defined, but we finally found the track blazed by members at Christmas 1938, and since cut by deer cullers, and proceeded north along this. The track gives access along the ridge from the eastern head of the Makaroro River to Ohawai Trig and No Man's Hut. Visibility was not good, but we could see the base of Ruapehu somewhat waterily. After guides Toop & Elder and the leader had done a bit of fossicking round in the shrubbery in a damp atmosphere, the ridge to Three Fingers Trig was located and the party switched off along it. Lunch was partaken of in the creek below the trig. Then down the first finger we went, crossing the flats and returning to the hut

shortly after 3. We were away again at 3.45 on the home-ward journey, promising ourselves that we would stick to the track this time. Even so it became ill defined in the vicinity of the patch of cabbage trees near the Ohara Stream crossing, and we duly lost it for a while. Just after crossing the Ohara, light rain set in and it became increasingly wet as time went on. We reached the lorry shortly before 7, changed between showers without shelter, covered over the back of the lorry with a tarpaulin (which on the way to town gathered several gallons of water) scrambled inside and moved off. This trip has settled the fate of a spare spur appearing on the present map between the Fingers and Matthews.

LEADER. D.W. CALLOW.  
No. in party 15.

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KAWEKA HUT 1st. & 2nd. June 1940.

The party of 14 assembled at Holt's at 2.5 pm. but unfortunately to the discomfort of the leader the lorry was not there. We were thus able to see Nora off on the Rail Car and then at 2.30 the lorry arrived and we sped off to pick up two of the party on their respective corners. We hope they enjoyed their rather long wait and are sorry it was unavoidable. A few spots of rain on the Blow Hard and dark clouds over the tops made the weather look ominous but fortunately it improved as we went in. We left the lorry at 5.45 p.m. and straggled into the Hut, the last members arriving about 8.30. There was a lovely fire burning and the bunks had been cleaned out by the advance party. There were no rats to be seen or heard but there was evidence to show that they had been in recent occupation. Can anything be done about smells. After tea and a lazy time before the fire we retired to bed or rather bunks, and all spent a peaceful night. It was not cold although the fire was kept up most of the night. We managed to have breakfast and leave the hut at 8 pm. Three of the men staying behind to tidy up. They also made a trip up Cook's Horn ridge and down the shingle slide taking the height of the slide which is 800'. The main party went up to the tops to a beautiful view and bright sunshine, but a biting wind. Ruapehu looked to be snow covered from top to bottom and the Kaimanawas were sprinkled. Most of the party descended the Bivvy after snow fighting etc. but 4 continued on to the Trig which was reached at 12.10 pm. the snow here was very deep and conditions looked ideal for skiing. After a little sliding and climbing up almost vertical snow slopes, the return journey was started and the Bivvy was reached at 1.10 pm. The rest of the party was seen going up the ridge to 4915' at this stage. A short stop was made for food and a warm drink and the Bivvy was left at about 1.30. Two of the party climbed Cook's Horn on the way back to the Hut which was reached at 3.30. The main party had left, but two of them had thoughtfully stayed behind and had a blazing fire and a hot brew of tea ready. A quick pack and the trail to the road was started at 4.15 the lorry being reached at 6.30 where the main party were tucked up in the lorry waiting. The weather had been good all the time and now the stars surpassed themselves



making the return trip to town more bearable than usual. Town was reached at 9 pm. The Bivvy party are reported to have enjoyed themselves with snow fights and even some skiing (mostly on earth). A noble snowman was built on 4915. Two of this party also ascended the Horn.

LEADER. JOAN LOVELL SMITH  
No. in party 14.

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RUAHINE HUT. Trip No. 125 16th. June. 1940.

After Frank Simpsons talk about rythm while tramping and climbing the number who left Hastings at approx. 6.45 professed themselves keen to try out his ideas. There was plenty of scope for the practice when after journeying through Kereru to Big Hill Station, the climb up Big Hill was commenced two hours after leaving Holt's Mill. Re this rythm business, a certain person or persons unknown decided Frank needed some handicap and therefore placed a moderately large stone inside his pack. To the south visibility was limited to about 5 miles, but elsewhere was splendid up to a height of about 3000'. On this level the clouds sat on the hills as though ruled back by a spirit level. After tramping down the back of Big Hill, the party went across the valley behind it and made another steep climb before reaching comparatively flat country along the top of the Northern Ruahine. By this time the cloud level had risen just enough to give clear going, being barely 100' above the track. The Ruahine hut was soon reached, bathed this time in sunlight instead of being washed by rain as on the last visit by the club. The poor old concertina had another concert given out of its weary bones. We were definitely not impressed. Lunch over we decided to depart with the general idea of descending via Hollowback Ridge which is the Northern boundary of Big Hill Stream headwaters. Several members were attacked by acute and chronic botany fever and shapes could be seen struggling in the undergrowth in search of elusive specimens. The air was thick with botanical names but after a time this mist went off and tramping started again. Even the deer seem to have deserted this district (although we did see the remains of a wee pig) because there was no track down, but by finding the weakest spots (perhaps) the party managed to force its way down through high tangled scrub - Oh we're tough mighty tough in the East - Easier going was found lower down and the tramp was continued with very little difficulty across gentle slopes and flat country until dropping down into a stream having its source between Big Hill and the Ruahines. The site of a deserted gold mine was inspected from the distance. Afternoon tea was partaken at dusk - the stream bed - Thanks for the shortbread Janet - and torches showed members their way down on either side of the Gorge to reach the station at 5.30.

LEADER W. HAYMAN.

No. in Party 27.

WAIKEMAKA HUT. JULY. 13th. 1940. Trip No. 127.

Although the weather did not look too promising for a trip up 66, nine stalwart members made use of the private cars available and left early on Saturday 13th. at 11.40, hoping for the best. There were 13 in the original party, and some thought the reduced number would be a good omen.

The first contingent left the Mill at 2.30 pm. and climbed or rather crawled up the saddle about 4.45 in about 18" of snow lying on the East side, but victims of shorts would have it that also 12" were being blown round in the air like pieces of split glass.

Once across the saddle found it quite easy going, right to the Hut.

About 9 o'clock shouting outside announced the arrival of Wobbly's party of three ex the Glamour Girl Austin, and then the comfort of the hut was appreciated.

Next morning a Sou' Westerly was still blowing snow, and the Leader, in mortal fear of being exterminated, decided not to mention 66 (hence he still lives) instead he and 2 other members of the Party went down the Waikamaka Gorge which was coated with ice, and congratulated themselves on the worth while of the effort.

An early start back, Fire and Hot Brew at the Mill and at 4 pm. 2 contented carloads concluded another successful week-end tramp.

LEADER. FRANK SIMPSON.  
No. in Party. 9.

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TARAPONUI. Trip No. 126. 30th. June. 1940.

The first chill gleam of dawn and a hard frost at Hastings, Sunrise at Eskdale; the church goers caught us up at Titikura and we were on the move before 9 am. The bulk of the party sidled on to the top before reaching Kopua. the leader, the Billy and the shrewder members keeping low down on the bridle track which skirts below the western faces. About Kopua however, they struck up to make contact and found themselves most annoyingly about a mile in the rear of the advance guard, who were still going strong through the maze of dry gullies to the east of the trig. At about 12.30 the two parties met in an air of mutual recrimination in the hollow below the first of the main scarps of Taraponui, and boiled up. Most of the party then went up on top about half an hour short of Taraponui Trig, with a wide view east and west. The Kawekas were largely obscured with squalls blowing up from the south, but Makarako and several other Kaimanawa peaks were clear, the whole of the Ahimanawa and Pohokura and Maungataniwha in the Huiarau. To the right of Taraponui, a conspicuous double peak, apparently Maungapohatu, then round to Morere Hill and Mahia with the curve of northern H.B. Lake Tutira immediately below us in a setting of slip scarred hillsides. These identifications were considerably interrupted by the arrival of large lumps of snow from the less topographically minded. The weather was now coming up thick in the South and mysterious wisps of vapour were appearing in lee of the ridge. A quick descent to the packs, then we moved on down to the Hut among the trees at the bottom of the basin. From here a pack track skirts the foot of the cliffs, with one or two breaks made by huge rock fall and led back on a remarkably even grade to a point overlooking the saddle. It was 5 o'clock and almost dark by the time the rear-guard came in and a black curtain of cloud racing up from the south burst on us in hail in the middle of changing. Decidedly the weather had broken. In some haste, but with less confusion than might have appeared, packs were stacked aboard, a trapaulin dragged over and the lorry rocked off for a stifling trip home. Doug Callow celebrating his final trip in H.B. took a carload home and was at Holt's to see the Hastings Party arrive.

LEADER ARCH TOOP.

KAHURANAKI. Trip No. 128. 28th. July. 1940.

We left Holt's at approximately 8.15 Sunday. Picked up stragglers at Havelock North. Had a good trip on the lorry to Greenwoods Station where we changed (girls on the lorry) good organizing (most uncalled for -- Ed) - When we left we climbed Kahuranaki from the side, not straight up on the track. Went into small plantation just below the top where there is a cave that goes down some distance into the ground. All the girls decided it was more pleasant on top and were content to watch the more adventurous of the party (3 to be exact) go down inside, armed with miles of rope. They found two more caves which they explored??? We arrived at the trig at approx. 11 o'clock. View quite good, but hazy towards the ranges. We could see the top of bare Island

at Weimarama quite plainly. We left the trig and made for the small Hut on the Maraetotara side and Tarch & Ron took to Cabbage tree sliding, but did not meet with much success on account of the bumps and small stones which were more or less hidden in the grass. Lunch proved a rather Hilarious meal (in patches) cold sausage being in evidence in more places than one. Some of us were good targets. After lunch we sidled round the hill towards where we started from at the beginning of the morning and discovered another small cave, which we explored, this cave only went in for about 100 yards. After some monkey tricks given by some of the members of the party, we boiled the tea billy and left for the lorry. We were supposed to meet same at 4.30 but as we arrived back before 4, walked along the road to meet it. We were eventually picked up after a good walk along the road. A good day but extremely pansy. Only one complaint to make, we were guilty of having two people with us (won't mention any names) who calmly took out knitting at every stop and wildly attacked same with great gusto. By the way, they didn't even have the excuse that it was for soldiers. Arrived back in Hastings at about sixish.

LEADER JUNE BUDD.  
No. in party. 14.

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PRIVATE TRIP.

1st. Annual Meeting of the Wellington Branch of the Heretaunga Tramping Club was held on Sunday 28th. July 1940, at the Exhibition Hotel at 2 pm. (Not in the Bar) (It is now a Nurse's Home) There was a full muster of members present (i.e. Active Members) and a trip was commenced there and then. All boarded the lorry (a 5 seater Morris) and proceeded with the usual promptitude and gear to the road head at Muritai. Here we left the said vehicle and with the usual packs, but the very unusual dress, viz. Skirts and shoes, and slacks and shoes, we swung into action. Leaving the road at 3.15 p.m. in bright sunshine we quickly splashed through mud etc. to Butterfly Creek arriving there some little time after. We pushed on further down the valley, where with his usual aptitude of putting his foot in it, our Leader, sank into many inches of beautiful soft yellow mud. Decided we had pierced the unknown sufficiently far to qualify as pioneers and turned back. Our thoughts turned to nourishment and soon a fire was sending out its life giving ray. Chops were the order of the day and with the help of 2 manuka sticks soon had them sizzling in the end thereof. Darkness was falling rapidly (noone being hit) and in the ruddy glow of our camp fire our hunger was appeased with the aid of grilled chops and carbon (ashes). Hot scones, brown bread and creamy sponge cake soon followed and our animal appetites were worthy of all pioneers, were soon satisfied. Having discussed most topics to a standstill, decided it was time to break camp. We found that it was much darker than we thought and with great diffuculty, and the aid of a sheet of burning newspaper, managed to locate the track, our torches being safely housed in our respective lodgings. Soon we found that the intense darkness forced us to grope our way through the bush with hands and feet. Several home made bridges with right angle turns created a little difficulty,

almost precipitating us headlong into the swampy regions below. The stygian darkness created an almost solid wall before our eyes and a remark that a party had to spend the night out the previous week having been overtaken by darkness, added a little to the thrills. However, with the usual Heretaunga fortitude and self sacrifice, ('cause we did not wish to drain the Club's transport fund for a search party) we grasped each other by the hand and crawled out of our plight to the top of the ranges. From this point we had a wonderful view of the searchlight display and twinkling lights of Wellington. From here on the route presented no difficulty, and once again a successful trip was brought to a happy conclusion in Wellington at 8 pm. in the Milk bar, accompanied by our muddy shoes and clothing.

LEADER. Jack Hannah.

OTHER MEMBERS. Nora Finn.

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FUTURE TRIPS.

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|-------------------------------------|---------------------|---|----------------|
| 131.<br>8th. Sept.                  | Rongaike.           | Easy Trip to Coast.   | Ron Craig.     |
| 132.<br>21.22 "                     | Kaweka Hut.         | 2½ Hrs from Road.   | Frank Simpson. |
| 133.<br>6th. Oct.                   | Te Aritipi<br>Bush. | Maretotere. This was the<br>Clubs first Trip 13.10.35<br>Bring out your veterans. | Dave Williams  |
| 134.<br>20th.Oct.                   | Trig B. 1603'       | Walk from Havelock & save<br>pennies for next week.                               | June Budd.     |
| 135.<br>Labour Day<br>26-28<br>Oct. | Waikamaka Hut.      | Broken Ridge or Hikurangi<br>possible combined trip<br>with Waipawa T.C.          | Arch Toop.     |
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THAT ALL KIDS.