

JUNE, 1941.

HERETAUNGA TRAMPING CLUB (INC)

BULLETIN NO. 28.

Miss Molineux,
HAVELOCK NORTH.
HON. SECRETARY.

Miss. A. Baird,
P.O. Box. 6,
HASTINGS.
HON. TREASURER.

The most heartening event about the Club for some time has been the acquisition of a Club Room - we hope a permanent home. The first meeting in the new room was great fun. The building was not lighted at all and not tenanted upstairs so that the first comers groped round long passages and empty rooms with an occasional swing door to hit them unexpectedly. A torch arrived later and then the furniture so that all present went to work to make the room usable. The next week a working bee was held and much dust and dirt removed. Since then several comfortable chairs, a table, curtain and a kerosene stove have made their appearance, mainly we may add through the efforts of our Secretary. The room is now so cosy that it is hard to send people home from the meetings; almost a case of ejecting them. The library is housed in the room and numbers of files of other Clubs bulletins have appeared. The Social Committee has been serving supper at meetings lately and an increased attendance has resulted. Also we have had good speakers lately and good programmes do make for good attendance at meetings and good numbers on the trips. Keep it up Social Committee.

ABSENT MEMBERS. Letters are some of lifes bright spots these days and Club Members have had several from the lads Overseas. It is the least we can do to keep them cheerful by writing to them and letters as a club effort have been sent. We have had a letter from Nora Finn written soon after she landed in Egypt. She has enjoyed her experience on the trip over, and had two weeks in India and sent some interesting snaps taken there. Bruce Beechey has written from Canada, a very amusing letter, thank you Beechey, we all enjoyed it.

Bill Hayman had reached Vancouver when he wrote last. He was on a boat with only 3 women aboard and seemed to be finding life a bit slow. Are the girls flattered.

Ron Craig has written from Melbourne. Ron left after a very short final leave so there was no time to officially farewell him. We all wish you the best of good fortune and hope you will be back before long. He is finding his training very strenuous and it sound enough to knock the toughest tramper back. We hope you'll come through alright.

Didley Sheppard is training at Papakura and has written to the Club. We'll be seeing you.

Cliff Hunt is at present Q.M. of a battalion in in Egypt. Cap Cooke has landed in Egypt.

We have had no word from Bill Boyd, Sam Haraldsen or Dave Lynch but "No News is Good News" we hope for the best. Les Holt has just had another leave here. He has been in Suva for seven months and looks fit and well. We were glad to see him at the last meeting. Arch Lowe has joined up with the Army and also become engaged to be married, Congratulations Arch. Jack Hannah has gone to Wellington again until Christmas when he is joining the Air Force.

NEWS OF INTEREST TO THE SOCIALLY INCLINED.

The number of the younger generation of trampers grows larger. We hope they will carry on the good work when they grow up and we are old and feeble. The latest additions are:
To Peter & Lesley Lattey, A Daughter.
To Lloyd & Helen Wilson, A Daughter.
To John and Micheal von Dadelzen, A Son.
To Norman & Hilary Collinge, A Son.
Sprig Frame and Peg Morris have both been suffering from the same indisposition but fortunately they are on the way to recovery. Fred Green is gracing the town of Hastings again after being in Camp for nearly a year. It is quite like old time to have him on trips again. ~~XX~~

Lloyd Wilson has been ill for some months, but we hope he is recovering now. The sympathy of us all goes to him and his wife.

PATRIOTIC EFFORT.

The carrot thinners were cheered to see a cheque and some welcome coupons from the owner of the carrots, showing that their efforts were of some avail. We hope that the non starters of the party will have an opportunity of doing their bit later.

BULLETINS FROM OTHER CLUBS.

We thank the following clubs for copies of their bulletins and glean interesting news from them.

Manawatu Tramping Club.

Ruahine Tramping Club.

Paua Tramping Club.

Auckland Tramping Club.

Tararua Tramping Club

Taranaki Alpine Club.

In the April number of Wanderlust A.T.C. we notice that one of their members has had a trip in the Maimanawas from the Western Side. As a Club we have not yet explored these ranges, although several private parties of Club Members have been through. The country sounds fascinating and in the future we hope to put into practice some of our plans.

We are very sorry to hear that the Coppermines Hut of the Ruahine Club of which we heard so much when we attended the opening of Howletts Hut has been destroyed in a storm. We offer our condolences. In the same storm our Waipawa River bed was very much altered and many of our tracks and cutouts were rendered useless.

TRANSPORT.

Transport continues to be difficult but we are lucky in having a few car drivers left who are giving every assistance. The arranging of carloads takes hours and is very harrassing for the leaders. More active members would enable us to use the lorry more often and would simplify things allround. We all know the delights of Tramping. Lets let a few more into the secret.

NEW MEMBERS.

We welcome A. Russell and Gordon Blackmore to our midst, and hope they will enjoy their association with the club.

NOTICE BOARD.

A notice board has been made and put up by the Secretary and members are requested to NOTICE it. Future trips will be listed on it so that members will be able to plan ahead.

PLEASE NOTE:

Will anyone who wishes to go on a trip but who is unable to attend the meeting before the trip, please notify the Secretary by the Thursday previous to the trip. M. Molineux, Secretary,

Telephone 3730, Hastings.

Acting on the above instructions will save you disappointment.

BUSHCRAFT.

The following hints on bushcraft were taken from an Article by W.N. in the Tamarua Trampers; April 1941 and should be of use to all Trampers and especially leaders. The full article is in the Club Library and is well worth reading.

1. Before making a trip study the map and endeavour to obtain a clear mental picture of the lay of the land including the directions of rivers and prominent landmarks.
2. When entering a river at or near its source mark the point of entry into the creek by a blaze mark or a small pile of stones.
3. To avoid going down the sides of a bush clad ridge keep an eye on the bush ahead. The crest of the ridge is where the bush appears highest. If off the track go back till one is definitely on the crest of the ridge. Never try to sidle back onto it.
4. Take special care on knobs or points of ridges as these often mark a junction with another ridge or indicate a change of direction. If out scouting for direction leave someone on the knob.
5. With a large party it is essential to have a good man at the rear to keep check on party and also to keep check on general direction. This is most important at night.
6. A good torch is essential for night travelling. Always pick up next blaze before going on. In winter blazes may be near the ground or snow covered.
7. In foggy weather use a compass and map and extreme caution especially when going down hill. Erect small piles of stones at intervals to ensure a safe line of retreat. If necessary to seek shelter from weather, be sure that the valley chosen is not an impassable gorge and leave a cairn at point of departure from ridge.

MEETINGS.

These have been more interesting since we have been in our own room. We have had two speakers and Arch showed us his movies again. Needless to say we all enjoyed seeing ourselves disporting ourselves on Ngaruhoe. There were also some taken on the Hikurangi trip which we had not seen. Its almost as good as a trip to see the films afterwards. Thanks Arch. Angus Russell gave us a talk on his trip on the Southern Alps. He had a book of sketches of different parts of the country and had made several sketch maps which helped us to have a better idea of his trip. Thank you Angus.

Mr. Peters of Napier came and told us of his experiences in the Deserts of Arizona, and of the Grand Canyon. Mr. Peters is a most interesting speaker and we all enjoyed his descriptions of his trip, and also looking at his pictures of which he has a fine collection. The weather probably accounted for the attendance not being as large as it might have been, but those who did attend were well rewarded. A vote of thanks was accorded at the end of the meeting.

TRIP. 143. HEADWATERS OF TUKITUKI 1-2nd. March. 1941.

After a little wangling with petrol and cars, false alarms about starting and a bit of general wandering about, the 9 enthusiasts who had realized the possibilities of the trip got under way from Hastings about 3 pm. Jack Hannah was waiting at Waipawa and Joans carload was transferred to him, the party then making all speed for Thompsons. The outstation was reached about 5 and there the Shepherd produced Doug Callows long lost slasher. It was just on dusk when we reached the camp at the foot of Govt. Spur, and we had just settled down to chat supper when June's startled voice announced a bush fire to the south. Further inspection revealed it to be Auroral lights and a great display they made, covering the whole southern Arc with a red glow, and sending searchlight beams at intervals ~~at~~ right up to the meridian. In the morning we were away at 7 and taking things very easily, reached the top of 5330 just after noon. Here everybody congratulated themselves on the view which brilliant weather made one of the best we have had in the Ruahines. From here, under the prevailing conditions, it seemed a mere hop skip and jump over to the Waikamaka and in reality it would have been an easy day to get there. Those who left their packs lower down now retraced their steps while Nancy, Clem Jack & I spurred on along the Saw Tooth to Tiraha, arriving there an hour and a half later. Here we spelled for another half hour, debating the time available to pop along to have a look at Park's Peak. It seemed such a shame to leave it on such a lovely day, but with the enemy creeping round to 3 pm. retreat was the only course. We reached howletts in $\frac{3}{4}$ hour after enjoying our second bout of pineapple & Cream, hustled on down to the slab hut and thence to the camp which we reached about 6.5 in time for tea and a quiet trip out. Allowing for stops our travelling time from 5330 to the Govt Spur Camp via Tiraha was only about $4\frac{1}{2}$ hours, thus disposing of the Sawtooth Ridge bogey. In good summer weather a traverse from the Waikamaka to Howlettes in the day should be within the capabilities of the club. Leader F. Simpson.

TRIP 144. TUKU TUKI RIVER - HAVELOCK NORTH.

The party assembled at Mrs. Tanners round about 9 o'clock and were shown over Mrs. Tanners young native shrubbery and were given delicious hot scones and tea before leaving at 10. We went up Duart Rd. past the Reservoir and then up the ridge to the right, with a view in preference to the meatl road up the valley. At about half way up here Frank got left behind with his visitors who did not seem to be very fit. The cool breeze and passing slouds made very pleasant walking conditions. We got to the top and cut down to the right behind Tauroa Homestead to the river where we had a swim and lunch at 12.30 just opposite Horseshoe bend. After lunch we walked down the river, a very pleasant walk beside the river under the willows. We Waved to picnickers on the other shore and Clem took a photo of June on the shingle all unknown to poor June. Then we struck back towards the Peak, through herds of curious cattle who appeared to get a Sunday thrill out of our passing. The day being cool and bracing we all swarmed up the steep side of the Peak in record time. Here we were met by herds of motorists who were apparently seeing hot Trampers for the first time. Keeping these out of our line of vision as much as possible we gaxed at the landscape cloudscape and seascape, then hurried down the valley to the left where we met Frank and Friends on the main road. The party got back to Nancys at 6 and were treated to quite a delicious tea, for which they were very grateful.

Leader. L. Hodgson. 8 in party.

TRIP 145. DON JUAN MARCH 29th. & 30th.

A party of six left Hastings by car at about 1 pm. for Hawkeston taking the Fernhill Moteo Rissington route, and arrived at a point about a mile beyond the new Homestead at 3 pm. $\frac{3}{4}$ of an hours tramping brought us to the side of the old Homestead. After a hopeful but fruitless explorations of the old orchard, we made camp beneath the pines in mild calm weather. In the morning we left at 8.20 to climb Don Juan, taking the northerly or right hand ridge. The going was a bit rough through the Manuka and fern with which the track is overgrown, but we presently emerged onto the bare slopes aboe the tree line. During the climb we were keeping a look out for the day party which was expected to arrive soon after nine and occasionally gave a community yell but received no answer except from the roaring stags. We had been on the tops for about $\frac{1}{2}$ hour before we saw the party crossing a face on the southern ridge. Don Juan consists of a cluster of clay knobs and rock, starkly bare of vegetation, the highest being 3094 feet high with a trig marked H. The view from the top was grand, with the great wall of the Kawekas to the west, and an expanse of gorges and ridges backed by the Ruahines to the South/West. The Wakarara Range and Ruahine Hut Ridge were clearly visible and in the distance Hikurangi end on. The day party arrived some time after midday having stopped to boil up where a small stream flows from near the top of the ridge. Our original intention was to descend by the Southern ridge thus making a complete circuit, but in order to keep the now united party together we decided to return the way we came up, which we did, with a slight difference that when within a minute or so of the camp the majority of us got well and truly bushed and floundered about for about 20 minutes in a messy region of bog and bush. On our

ultimate arrival at the Camp we were greeted with that air of amused superiority which the lucky extend to the unfortunate on such occasions. After a boil up we all tramped back to the cars and so home. A not too strenuous outing but very pleasant.

LEADER C. SMITH. 11 on trip.

TRIP. 146. EASTER TRIP. 10th. April. 14th. April. MORERE.

After a lot of confusion a party of 6 left Napier on Thursday, 5 travelling in the first Rail car and Ezra & the luggage in the 2nd. From Wairoa we went to Morere by car and arrived at 10 pm, wondering how we were going to put up our tent at that time. At the mention of an empty Cabin, we tuffies rushed it and with Marge settling herself comfortably in one bunk reckoned the fairest way was to draw straws to see who had the other bunks. After a few very nasty remarks to the female member this was done and we all settled for the night with Ezra and Dave enjoying the comforts of the floor. We arose early or thereabouts and with some cooking Breakfast and others pitching the tent we settled to a meal at 7.30. After scrubbing and polishing out we set off for Momoukai. We walked up the road for 3 miles to Mr. Shaw's homestead and with his permission we started from the back of the house to climb to the top. Moumoukai meaning "Plenty of food" is an historical spot as it was here a Maori war was fought, one tribe being on top and the others trying to invade them, but they tried to climb from the wrong side and were beaten. It is a very rocky hill, unclimbable from Morere. We had to climb a ridge, sidle round the slope and attach it from the other side. On top it commands a wonderful view of the country, overlooking Opoutama, Mahia, and even 66 was visible. Great and hot were the arguments as to the different points visible. The country was conspicuous by the absence of Scars and erosion as seen from the Kawekas overlooking the Southern part of the Bay. All the hills were richly covered with grass and it was a grand sight. We walked along the top of Momoukai keeping back from the edge, which was a sheer drop of well up to 100ft. We found a small cave but it was just a lot of spiders and dirt, so Ezra & John informed us on their return from the darkness. There is only one place to get down from the top and that is beside a huge rock which seems to balance on the very edge of the cliff and juts out about 20 feet. We walked back across the paddocks and so back to camp. Mable & Pauline arrived just as lunch was ready, and then it was decided that the afternoon should be spent at the baths. At night we gathered round the Camp fire and had a sing song. At 7.45 a Bell was heard to ring and as there was a church in the ground Mable Pauline & Marge made a wild rush for hats and with uncombed hair, dirty faces, the three made a dash for the church, when a voice yelled out "Who Rang that Firebell" well were their faces red. Saturday we set off for the caves. We walked 4 miles down the road till we came to the Mangaone Gorge turnoff and then climbed for about 4 miles and boiled up the billy on the roadside and gorged. We climbed to the top of the road and $\frac{1}{2}$ a mile down the other side to the turnoff where once more we began to climb hills. These were not so good either. Clem John & Ezra found a steep grassy slope and pulled themselves up to the top with the aid of tussocks, but the rest of us decided to do some rock climbing and went the hard way, but were rewarded as it brought us out to the

exact spot where the track leads to the caves. The cave was a great success. We walked along for about 40 yards and there found a ladder which we climbed and came to the second story. This cave was a mass of Stalagmites and stalagmites. Much time was spent exploring this and Extra and John climbed yet another shelf and found Glowworms. From the caves we decided to walk across to Nuhaka where we arrived at 5.30. Some people from the camp kindly offered to take our packs back for us so we had a look round the Huia, our tramping attire bring many grins from the Maoris. We had a look where they were doing the cooking and then put on such hungry looks that they could not do anything else but invite us in to dinner, so 400 Maoris and 8 Trampers sat down together and eat a hearty meal of Pork, Cress, Kumera, Oumpkin, Potatoes and Boiled pudding. Feeling very bloated, we went into the concert and there witnessed Hakas, and were very loathe to leave, but as we had a 5 mile walk back to camp we had to make a start at 8. About half way home a car came along and drove the 3 ladies back to the camp. Nice work girls. The baths were closed when we got back but not to be outdone we snooped along the grass and made a rush for the trees where we were hidden from the Caretakers house and was that bath good. Sunday we went up through the bush at the back of the baths. It was a lovely tramp, the bush is very pretty, and quite a lot of birds were hovering about. At the top we came to open country and there Clem espied a trig, and you know our Clem cannot resist Trigs. We boiled the Billy in sight of the Trig, or Clem would not have been able to eat for fear the jolly thing might suddenly vanish. Unfortunately everyone ate too much and could not move. That is except Dave, and the sight of our Dave putting the finishing touches to his menu by cleaning up the jam tins was just too much for the human eye, we all had to look the other way. Eventually we set off for this Trig E. Trig F. was on the Momoukai and 82 on the Hills above Nuhaka Road. From the Trig we had an perfect view of Opoutama, and Mahia from a different angle.. We then decided to make our way back to Camp and worked our way over the hills to the road. We arrived back at 4 and prepared tea, had a swim and then tinned a honeymoon couple who had just arrived. Monday morn we were up bright and early, packed and then went to the baths again and were picked up at 11 and taken to Wairoa. It then started to rain, this being the first time a cloud had been in the sky since Thursday night. We arrived home by rail car and thus ended a very enjoyable trip.

LEADER. M. Evans. 8 in party.

NO. 147. EXPLORING BIG HILL STREAM.

Members of the H.T.C. spent a useful weekend in the Northern Ruahines exploring Big Hill Stream. The weekend party left Hastings on Sat. morning and had a pleasant trip over Big Hill down into the valley and up to the main range, arriving at Ruahine Hut in the afternoon. The day was very clear and good views were obtained of the Kawekas and foothills. The light snow fall had disappeared from this range. A good night was spent in the Hut. Bright sunshine with a biting wind greeted the party next day, who were soon off on the track to No Mans Hut. After an hour traversing the flat tussock the party turned East down Hollowback Spur. Watch was kept for the day party throughout, but no sign of them was visible despite the fact that Herricks Hut was in full view where they expected to be.

An hour of downhill through Manuka and scrub of which a little goes a long way, the party felt like a little river work. A course from the Hollow of the spur was taken and the party made its way through the bush towards the stream far below. Deer tracks were in evidence and after $\frac{3}{4}$ of an hour of scrambling and sliding the party were on the top of a bluff, the stream being about 200' below. A halt for a meal and then some sidling until a good track was found to the bed of Big Hill Stream. The stream was dirty but not deep and no difficulty was experienced in wading down. The gorge is in parts very narrow and rocky with bush coming right to the edges. Tracks of the day party were picked up here and about $\frac{1}{2}$ hour downstream contact was made.

DAY PARTY. Two parties left on Sunday morning, one being a little ahead of the other so a start was made up the stream around the Big Hill and across the flats to the Ruahines & the Hollowback Ridge where smoke signals were sent up for the party on top. Leaving the Ridge in the Hollowback we set off down into the stream, where we boiled the billy. On journeying down stream we ran into the last 3 who had come in via Herricks and up the stream, so they joined with us and we continued on down where we were caught by the five who had come off the tops and crossed our tracks in the bush, meeting us further down stream, so the combined parties went up out of the stream at Herricks Hut and boiled up before setting off for home.

LEADER A. TOOP. party 11.

TRIP NO. 148. CAPE KIDNAPPERS. Leader D. Williams.

No leaders report to hand but we hear that the party had a good day, walking along the beach and visiting the gannets which had not migrated, returning along the tops of the hills. Perfect weather. No. on trip, 12.

TRIP. 149. KAWEKA HUT 1st. to 3rd. June.

This is the Leaders report and not an account of the whole trip. A carload of 4 members left town on Saturday afternoon and had a good trip to half way up the Blowhard where the car suddenly blew up with a loud report and clouds of steam and hot water were sprayed on the radiator and windscreen. After examination as to causes etc. the party settled down to a cosy hour in the car to think out the next move. Eventually the car was turned with some wangling, and after dressing an adhesive plaster and a puttee had been applied to the broken part, the party returned to Waiwhare. Here hospitality from Mr. & Mrs. Fane in the way of a nice cup of tea in a warm kitchen complete with a stove was most welcome. A good night was passed by all. Sunday dawned sunny and bright with the mountains looking their best. After breakfast in the sun Mr. Payne one of the men on the Station came and mended the car in a most professional manner and with cheerful hearts we set off again. Our joy was shortlived however as the car began to heat again and we were forced to abandon it at the bottom of the Blowhard. Leaving as much gear as possible behind we set off and although the day was perfect the way seemed long & weary. We lunched at the Iron Gate after 2 hours walking and started again at 2.30 to do the 4 miles in just over an hour. Tea at the stream near the old house encouraged us to go on and the tramp into the hut was enjoyed after the hard hot road hiking. Snow was encountered on the Tutaekuri river bed fern there on the ground had a light covering of soft

downy dry whiteness; very beautiful in the moonlight. At 6.45 the tinny strains of "Underneath the Mellow Moon" were wafted down the track and the hut was in sight. For at least $\frac{1}{2}$ an hour noone stopped talking and then we made our meal before an enormous fire and Arch & Co. had made. Another comfortable night and the party rose to another fine day. Thoughts of the car stuck on the road however, were not pleasant so that an early start back was made. We lunched at the stream in in pleasant sunshine and then two of the party began walking (without packs and believe me it makes all the difference). At Iron Gate Clem caught us up and we squeezed into his car for the rest of the way. Back at the car another examination was made and the party started off keeping together. At Waihare a stop was made to look for a lost torch and here Ezra Clem & Arch between them found the root of the car trouble. A piece of wire was produced, a pipe cleaned out and everything was fixed. (E.P.S. Transport Drivers take notice.) The Hut has had several parties in residence since the last Club trip. The Govt deer cullers have been in and report that the Bivvy Hut roof leaks badly. The teatowels and dishwashing utensils need renewing and more soap is needed. The first party had a good day on top. Arch with 3 girls made a new route down from 4915 to Mackintosh country. The snow was quite thick on the tops and the going down the ridge was icy and from accounts very slippery and nasty. From the Stream running down from 4915 the party turned towards the hut and had a scratchy time. Clem and party went on to the trig and then further to have wonderful views of all the ranges and plains.

LEADER J. LOVEL SMITH. Party 12.

TRIP NO. 140. WOODING AT WAIMARAMA.

This trip was held at the suggestion of Tarch and proved most successful although Tarch himself could not attend. We had 17 on the lorry and all worked hard to gather and chop as much wood as we could possibly transport in the space available. The party wandered up the hills and looked at Rea Island before packing up for home. There is now a considerable amount of wood for fires at the meetings. We will be cosier than ever.

LEADER. M. MOLINEUX.

A TRIP UP TARAWERA.

We were interested to read this account of climbing Tarawera by Doug Callow as we had hoped to have our official Easter Trip in that vicinity. However transport was not available for this. By this account though it sounds as if it would be a good place for some future occasion.

Last weekend five of us went to Mr. Tarawera. Next time we go we will do it from the Lake, using the regular launch for transport. However I'm pleased that this time we didn't. We left Hamilton about 3 pm. Saturday, had some fish & chips in Rotorua and reached Waimangu after dark. We bunked down in the bracken at the side of the car. Quite cosy though the ground was frozen in the morning. Rose early and cooked a meal and got going shortly after 8. Did the trip down

to Rotomahana in east stages, inspecting the sights on our way. Then we had to climb a ridge and drop down some mud pinnacles to the narrow strip of land between Lakes Tarawera and Rotomahana where the pink & white terraces used to be, until we reached the landing stage at Lake Tarawera where we had a late lunch and a plunge, pretty cold, though it was the sound of feminine voices arriving at the launch as much as the cold which accelerated my withdrawal. We decided it was too late to do Tarawera then so we sent two scouts out to spy out the land while we prepared a meal. It is all fire district there and fires are prohibited, we used primus stoves at Waimangu. Another fine night so we did not put up the tent. On Monday we rose not quite so early as we should have, scratched breakfast and tore up Tarawera on steep scoria slopes. Dumped the tucker on the first main shelf and went on to the Ruakaka Trig. The view was magnificent. National Park, Pirongia, Naungatauri, Ngongtaha, the adjacent lakes, Mt. Edgecumbe, White Island, Urewera and the forestry country, but the best was the sight of the Kawekas. The rift along the top of Tarawera is huge. You want to see it to appreciate it. Well we dashed down and packed just in time for the 2 o'clock launch across Tarawera. The two girls and one of the lads with all the gear were placed aboard while Eric Calvert and I went back to the car at Waimangu, travelled back to Rotorua and then down to Te Wairua to pick up the others. An excellent week end. There is a sequel to our Tarawera trip. One of our men in Rotorua last week ran across a tourist who was enthusing about a trip he had made on Lake Tarawera. On the launch there was a small mixed party with enormous rucksacs, so heavy that when they got off the launch it took the service car driver all his time to lift one, and these were actually being carried by young women.

CROSSING OF THE SOUTHERN ALPS.

A crossing of the Southern Alps under the leadership by Mr. Edgar R. Williams, Vice President of the Canterbury Mountaineering Club, was made in January 1941, with him were B. Teague of Wairoa and A. Russel of Napier (the writer). The route chosen was from Karangarua to Lake Chau via the Karangarua river, the Regina and Twain valleys, the Douglas pass, Landsborough River and a new pass near Mt. Williams to the Hopkins river, this being a distance of about 100 miles. We all cycled to Scotts farm at Karangarua to which stores had been forwarded and there loaded up with 87 lb packs. On Jan 1st. at 12 noon we set off up the Karangarua river reaching Cassells Flat at the foot of Mt. McGloin on the 2nd. Here the 3 rivers, Karangarua from Copeland Pass, Twain from the Main Divide and Regina from the Karangarua Range meet. The Twain, much the largest issues from a gorge with a sheer precipice alongside, and the crossing of the river was most unpleasant. We proceeded up the Regina Valley and here we saw hundreds of large moths fluttering above the bushes. Dense bush clothed the steep slopes and massive and erratic rocks had to be circumvented both in the creek bed and in the bush where we were forced by the cataracts and falls in the stream. Above the bush line we worked up the stream in a beautiful flower spangled valley whose Eastern wall was glazier

crowned. We reached the saddle 5580 ft. between Regina and Twain in 3 days after much heavy toil. Here we cached some food in case of a retreat being necessary. There are no important animals in this valley. Near the saddle we saw rare and beautiful butterflies, and from the saddle we had clear weather and fine views of the Karangarua range, glacier clad all the way to Mt. Sefton, and of the Twain Valley. Here we roped up and descended on to the Pilkington Glacier, past the precipices of the Horace Walker glacier, to its moraine where we bivvied at 3885 ft. We tramped on the 8th. day up the Twain to the lake at the foot of the Douglas Glacier and then for 2 miles we climbed up and down the rock covered surface of the ice, then up the lateral moraine to Fitzgeralds Flat 4560 ft. where weather detained us. From here we saw the remarkable frequent avalanches from the glacier falling down a cliff face 3 miles long and in places 1000 ft. high. One evening a thunderstorm gave variety. On the 11th. we crossed the Douglas Pass 6600 ft. by the long ridge which runs up to Mt. Maunga. From here we glissaded down to the McKerrow glacier flat smooth and silent, and on down for 2 miles to the Karangarua Pass below which the ice drops steep, crevassed and covered with enormous boulders from under which the Landsborough issues black & surging. It continues down a long V trough whose sides are the Southern Alps and the Hooker Range. For about 14 miles this rushing and roaring torrent numerous side streams from glaciers rush into it, several being dangerous to cross. Bad weather on the 13th. day drove us from our camp on the Le Blanc glacier to below the level of the falling snow. Here we passed the stream up which we had planned to go toward Mt. Williams so that our new crossing of the Divide was cancelled. Beautiful ice fields extend for miles along the Hooker Range and the Peaks looked most tempting. We enjoyed the hospitable deer cullers camps and then crossed the Divide at Brodericks Pass 5300' and came down the beautiful Huxley valley to the Hopkins River bed to Lake Ohau. The whole trip was interesting. We were not "Led by Still Waters" neither did "We lie down in green Pastures" but we simply lived in the spirit of the hills. I learnt that I could not do enough for my mates, we were all of such value to each other. We received great kindness everywhere we went, and are also indebted to Mr. A.P. Harper for the guidance we received from his book. I felt it a great privilege to be asked to join in this journey through what is probably the most interesting alpine country of N.Z. The success of the trip was largely due to the arrangements of Mr. Williams which were flawless.

FIXTURE LIST.

| <u>NO.</u> | <u>DATE.</u> | <u>TRIP.</u> | <u>LEADER.</u> |
|------------|--------------|--|--------------------|
| 152 | 5-6 July: | <u>WAIKAMAKA HUT</u> and winter ascent of " <u>66</u> " | F. SIMPSON. |
| 153 | 20th/July | <u>TE IRINGA.</u> The old Stamping Ground. Hike up Gentle Annie & save Petrol. | D. WILLIAMS. |
| 154 | 2-3 Aug. | <u>BLACK BIRCH RANGE.</u> & Iron Hut. | TO BE ARRANGED. |
| 155 | 17th. Aug. | <u>TUTAEKURI RIVER</u> from Waikonini. The old Coach Rd. | J. BUDD. |
| 156 | 30-31 Aug. | <u>ELLIS HUTT TRIG R.</u> and perhaps upper Makaroro using Hut as a base. | N. TANNER. |
| 157 | 14th. Sept. | <u>TE WAKA</u> via Napier and Titikura. | M. Evans. |
| 158 | 28th. Sept. | <u>BIG HILL</u> to Ngaruroro River following old fault line. | M. Molineux. |

We have done our best to think out suitable
Trips.

PLEASE SUPPORT THEM.