

HERETAUNGA TRAMPING CLUB. (Inc.).

Bulletin No. 29.

Pres. E.S. Craven Esq.,
204 Davis St.,
Hastings.

Hon. Secretary. Miss M. Molineux,
P.O. Box 72,
Havelock North.
Telephone 3730.

Club Capt. N.L. Elder Esq.,
McHardy St.,
Havelock North.

Hon. Treasurer. Mrs. J. Lloyd,
St. Georges Rd.,
Hastings.

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We feel that some apology is needed for the late appearance of this Bulletin. Marge Evans who has done all the typing and printing for the past two years has unfortunately been transferred to another department so that other arrangements have had to be made. We tender our sincere thanks for the work that she has put into the job and congratulate her on the good appearance of the past Bulletins.

Well here it is now and we trust the news will not be too old to be of interest. You people overseas are always in our thoughts and we hope we will see you all again soon.

We wish you all a very Merry Christmas and a Brighter New Year in 1942.

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ANNUAL MEETING AND REPORT.

The Annual Meeting of the Club was held on October 9th in the Club Room. There was a good attendance of Members active and past active, 31 being present. We were particularly glad to see the non-active members keeping up their association with the Club. Mr. E.S. Craven was in the Chair. The report and the financial statement were read as follows:-

ANNUAL REPORT for year ending 30th September, 1941, to be presented at the Annual General Meeting on October 9th, 1941.

Your Committee has much pleasure in presenting the Annual

Report which shows that the Club has had another successful year.

MEMBERSHIP:

This year closed with a total membership of 101, made up as follows:-

Full	-	Members	58	(77)
Absentee	-	"	5	(23)
Associate	-	"	17	(7)
Honerary	-	"	21	(7)
			<u>101</u>	<u>114</u>

During the year the following members have joined the Forces in addition to those recorded last year:-

Nora Finn.	Nurse. N.Z.E.F.
Bruce Beechey.	R.N.Z.A.F.
Frank Simpson.	R.N.Z.A.F.
John Collins.	N.Z.E.F.
Ron Craig.	" "
Jack Dempsey.	" "
Norman Lowe.	" "
H.W. Richdale.	" "
D. Sheppard.	" "

In addition to these, there are a number of members who are engaged in Territorial, Reservist and Home Guard duties, also in various womens' War organisations.

MEMBERS The total number of members now serving in H.M. Forces is
ON 23; of this number, fourteen were recorded in last year's
ACTIVE report and an additional nine have joined up during the
SERVICE past year.

A branch of the H.T.C. has been formed in Egypt, the members of which have been keeping us posted with news of their meetings and activities. This should be an excellent idea as it will help to keep our members in Egypt in touch with one another. Joint letters have been dispatched from the Club Room, from time to time, to our various members now overseas, also copies of the Bulletin. The presentations of mirrors prior to departure and the sending of parcels to these members have been attended to.

PAST On looking back over the past year we should congratu-
ACTIVITIES late ourselves that the Club has been able to maintain its fortnightly trips in spite of benzine restrictions and mounting costs and we all sincerely hope that during the forthcoming year, the Club will be able to pursue, to some degree at

least its normal activities.

CLUB Trips.
CAPTAIN'S
REPORT

Of twenty-seven trips scheduled for the year ending 30th September, 1941, twenty-four have been carried out with an average attendance of thirteen, and three cancelled. Ten of these were for week-end or longer periods and were reasonably attended as they gave better value for the limited petrol available. Road mileages had necessarily to be much reduced, nine trips being local and coastal, and five to the foothills, as against nine high country trips (six Ruahine and three Kaweka).

Noteworthy club trips were:-

A six day trip in the rough country as the head of the Manawatu and Pohangina Rivers together with the Ngamoko Range and Tihaha.

The Labour Day tour of the Kawhatau - Hikurangi and Rongotea area, this trip being aided by Doug. Callow's bequest to the Transport Fund.

A Government Spur - Saw Tooth - Howlett's weekend trip.

A preliminary investigation of the Big Hill Basin is worthy of comment, also the laying of the "hoodoo" on Tarapounui after many years.

TRANSPORT After a year of vicissitudes we are still contriving to get hold of sufficient transport to get most parties out.

The year opened with a thirty mile limit on lorry transport which had already necessitated one heavy week-end's road walking over the Blowhard. Permission was then granted, by the authorities for a limited number of lorry trips to the ranges but the drop in attendance by then made the cost generally prohibitive, so that private cars have had to be used considerably.

It is urgent that members should consider the difficulties of the organizers of trips. The few car owners of the Club have made generous use of their vehicles and petrol, but their utmost aid will only provide for a portion of trips for a portion of members. Lorry parties have to be arranged even at a loss, but there is a delicate balance between a manageable and an unmanageable loss on a trip and on several recent occasions unjustifiable expense has been thrown on the Club by last minute changes. Members should realize that the transport fund is only solvent because of the efforts of a handful of members who have contributed, by securing petrol, by foregoing full transport rates and by direct bequest, together representing a considerable cash value in the course of the year.

Working Parties The project of doing something to meet the labour shortage on up country farms by sending out working parties did not

develop on any great scale. Three small parties went out, made quite a respectable showing and contributed something to the patriotic funds on top of a free trip. They were most hospitably entertained and the work, ensilage making, thistle grubbing and carrot thinning was within their scope, though larger parties and a "shift" system would have been an improvement. The need and opportunity this coming summer should permit of an extension of these trips.

Combined Howlett's. The Club, together with the Manawatu Tramping Club, was represented at the official opening of the Ruahine Tramping Club's new hut, towards the erection of which the Heretaunga Tramping Club had assisted by subsidy, by two official and several unofficial, working parties.

Waikamaka. Trip No. 141. was run as a combined trip with the Manawatu Tramping Club to introduce the area that has been opened up by this Hut.

Great Barrier Id. Some of our members joined the Auckland Tramping Club Christmas trip.

Ngongotaha. A few members foregathered with Doug. Callow on the Auckland Tramping Club Easter trip.

Private Trips Angus Russell did a fortnights' Twain - Landsborough crossing in the Southern Alps during the summer.

Various parties made a succession of botanical trips into the N.E., N.W., S.E., S.W., extremities of the Ruahines last December and January and got into some queer, rough and curious places.

State Forests The Makaroro River has been definitely closed to visitors on account of fire risk in the mill workings. Efforts to have the restriction lifted have been unsuccessful.

Cullers operated in the Ruahine Range this season with fair results but appear to have been mainly on the other side round Mokai and Mangaohane. They have now cut a track sidling Potae from Trig U. to the Bushline near Makirikiri.

Maps No further progress. Revised Central Ruahine map is still in the Draughtman's hands. Material is being collected for a Southern Ruahine sheet at some future date.

FINANCIAL REPORT Financially we have had a most successful year. Although the paying membership has been greatly decreased by the departure of our members for overseas, the actual amount collected for subscriptions is greater this year than that of the previous year. All members serving overseas became Honorary members of the Club for the duration of the War. The presentations and parcels to these members was paid out of general funds. The

transport, this year, has proved a liability rather than an asset but as the Post Office Savings account is only three pounds less than last year, the expenditure on transport is justified. Subscriptions are due from three members only, these having taken no part in tramping during the past year.

The balance in the Post Office Savings account is £63.17.7.

PUBLICITY.

During the year three numbers of the Bulletin have been published and distributed to all members, including those overseas. These have been duplicated and covered with a blue cover with the Club Badge stamped on the front.

Miss Marge Evans has done all the typing and duplicating which is the greatest part of the whole Bulletin.

Misses June and Mardi Budd have helped with the distributing and leaders of trips have assisted with reports.

To all these people the thanks of the Editor and of the Club are extended.

LIBRARY.

The Library is still going strong although it cannot be said that it is much in demand, possibly because last year we had 23 volumes and this year, we still only have 23 volumes. All the same, 21 books have been out during the year and the sum of 5/6 is in hand.

If more books were available for members and therefore a bigger list from which to choose, the Library should prove more popular.

SOCIAL.

During the year we were lucky enough to procure a Club Room which proved a great success. We have a central meeting-room, an adjoining room and a kitchen. Before acquiring these, we had to store our furniture and were holding our meetings anywhere we could. It did not take us long to establish ourselves in the new rooms and various pieces of furniture, such as chairs, a table, stove, curtain and other useful articles were kindly donated by Mrs. Elder. (Senior).

One Sunday, during the winter, seventeen club members went by lorry to Waimarama, on a wood-collecting expedition and came back laden with logs for our winter fires, and the back room is stacked with enough fuel to last us many a day.

APPRECIATION.

Our thanks are again due to all property owners who have kindly allowed us access to their land; to car-owners who have jealously reserved their rationed benzine for Club trips, and to all

those who have in any way helped to forward our activities.

The Press have been very obliging in publishing reports of trips, too.

Executive Officers for the ensuing year were elected as follows:-

Patron: Mr. E.J. Herrick.

President: Mr. E.S. Craven.

Vice Presidents: Dr. Bathgate, Mrs. N.L. Elder, Mr. A. Toop.

Club Captain: Mr. N.L. Elder.

Hon. Secretary: Miss M. Molineux.

Hon. Treasurer: Mrs. J. Lloyd.

Hon. Auditor: Mr. N. Fippard.

Executive Committee: Misses J. Budd, A. Baird, J. Lovell-Smith.
Messrs. L. Lloyd, C. Smith, E. Bartle, A. Russell.

Social Committee: Misses N. Tanner, M. Budd, P. Morris, M. Wyatt.
Messrs. D. Frame, G. Blackmore.

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On the motion of the President the Report was adopted.

As a matter of interest Fred Green told us the tale of the Search Party on Ruapehu in which four of our members took part. The search was organized by trampers and worked well to plan. It was noticeable he said that another party of searchers who were not trampers did not work satisfactorily, being more of a worry than a help. It proved the value of "Search" practices and he advocated the continuation of trial searches as a regular feature of the Club's Programmes. In fact beyond the point that the lost men walked out before they were found, the search seems to have been most successful and enjoyed by all.
(We enjoyed hearing about it too).

In the course of the President's speech, Stan congratulated the members on the way they had kept the Club going although everything was more difficult to arrange. The Secretary - Mollie, and Treasurer - Ailie, deserved special mention for the work they had done, and in mentioning the Committee he spoke of June's good work in

connection with the Club Room. It was due to her efforts that we had one, and she and Mardi had done much of the tidying and cleaning. Rolf Keys also spoke, expressing surprise and delight that the Club was in such a good position. already
The election of Officers for the ensuing year then took place, as/ recorded.

Supper was served by the Social Committee before the close of the meeting.

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OVER-SEAS NOTES.

We were very glad to hear that several of our members in Egypt had formed themselves into a branch of the Club. At the first meeting Nora, Cliff and "Bugs" Irwin, were the only ones present but from the account of the evening which we received, they all enjoyed themselves. Les. Holt, Cap Cooke and Dave Lynch were at the next gathering which took the form of a dinner. "Zibibs" were the "theme" drink apparently. It gives one a good hangover we hear. Others who have joined in since are Dick Bright, once a member, Rod. McLeay practically a member as his wife is one, Glen Cooke who has tramped with us, and Jean Pitcaithly who comes from Hastings.

We have sent the Branch a badge to hand in its "Club Room" and we look forward to hearing of its tramps, even if it is only up the Pyramids.

News of all the members is hard to collect, but here is what we have gleaned.

CAP COOKE,

as aforementioned in Egypt, has just recovered from pneumonia, and to celebrate his recovery has passed in his stripes and got himself put into the front lines. Nothing less than the V.C. is going to satisfy Cap.

BILL HAYMAN,

after hearing the bad news that Bill was "missing" on operations, we were very cheered to hear later that he is a Prisoner-of-War, and wounded. The last news from Bill was that he was 1st Pilot of a Bomber and had Cliff Clarke of H.B. on board as "Observer" and four English boys as crew. We are very glad to hear that Bill is safe and hope that he will be well enough to let us have first hand news soon.

KEN. McLEAY,

is in Egypt after going through Greece and Crete where we hear that he did very good work.

BILL BOYD,

in Egypt has written to us about soldiering in the Desert. At first he was near Maadi, and says:-

"We work quite hard training on the same lines as in N.Z. for a start. We lived in quite good huts and trained in the Desert. Where we were, the Desert consisted of about 6 inches of sand with a good deal of lime in it and under that solid rock. We tried digging slit trenches by our huts and many were the oaths and curses that were said about the so-called sacred sands of Egypt. After about a month at Maadi some of us were sent up to an Italian Prisoner-of-War Camp. They were quite peaceful and seemed quite satisfied, so we had a good job. The Italians were very adept with stone and made artistic walls and figures in front of their tents with mud and cement. One tent had a model of an elephant and another the Leaning Tower of Pisa. They also had a good band, and a number of good singers and one afternoon entertained us at a concert which was very good."

RON CRAIG,

has been training for some time and surprised us by appearing at our last meeting, Sept. 11th. He seemed to be enjoying life.

CLIFF HUNT,

in Egypt too. Has been one of the live wires in the new branch. We like hearing from you Cliff. Cliff is now promoted to Lieutenant. Congratulations.

NORA FINN,

at the 3rd General Hospital, M.E.F. in Egypt, has written us several letters and sent a bundle of snaps taken on her way over there. She has bought a new camera so we hope for more photos later. She says she "can think of heaps of interesting things to do besides killing Germans" so it sounds as if she is making the most of her time. Nora has been promoted to the rank of Army Sister - the only draw-back to this honour is the fact that it entails no extra money. Nice work kid!! Keep up the good work.

DAVE LYNCH,

in Egypt, but we have not heard from him direct as yet, but we have heard that he now "sports" two stripes. We are very pleased Dave.

LES. HOLT,

The latest from Les is that he has chipped his knee-cap, and has been off the parade ground as it were. We hope it is better by the time you receive this, Les. Here's a Health Germ. X. Besides chipping his knee, he has "won" the promotion of Staff Sergeant. Good work Lelly!!!

POP EYE COLLETT,

We were very cheered to hear first hand news of Pop. He

is in England and enjoying life as much as possible, but mentioned that he is now down to 16 stone on account of the lack of "spinach" over there. His other letters had evidently gone astray, but he appreciated the mirror and the Bulletins.

Since writing the above, we have heard the bad news that Pop is "missing". We hope very much that better news will be forthcoming soon. Pop has recently been promoted to Flying-Officer.

BRUCE BEECHY,

is in Canada and has written us interesting letters (see further on). Beech now has his "Wings". Congratulations!!

D. SHEPPARD,

has had final leave from Camp and is on his way now. At his last Club meeting, which was also Frank Simpson's last night, Stan presented both lads with mirrors, and the girls provided a special supper.

FRANK has gone into the Air Force, and is at (Bell Block), New Plymouth.

ARCH LOWE,

has also just had final leave. We were astonished at Archie arriving in Hastings with a "wife". He kept things very dark. Congratulations Archie!

BERNIE McLELLAN,

a past member of the Club was on the same Transport as Les., and we hear that he was married before he left N.Z.

NORMAN LOWE,

in Egypt and has had the misfortune of being ill almost ever since he left N.Z. We hope you will soon be well again, Norman. We were very pleased to get your letter.

"BUGS" WYN-IRWIN,

who calls to mind an extremely wet trip up Herrick's Spur in the Ruahines is in Egypt, at the Head of the Hygiene Section. He has joined the new H.T.C. branch, and we have heard from him direct from the "Minutes". He has recently attained the rank of Major. Cheers "Bugs"!! Keep it up!!

JOHN COLLINS,

is on his way to the front lines, and has been learning to sleep in a "hammock" and finding it rather difficult to stay put. Hope the seas aren't too rough John!

ROD McLEAY,

has just received his Captaincy. Being almost a member of the Club, we feel proud of his achievement.

Beechey sends this interesting account of his experiences in Canada:-

"Our next station was situated on the shores of Lake Manitoba which is a miserable sort of Lake being useless as far as swimming is concerned, for after wading out for about 5 miles the water is still ankle deep and one drops from exhaustion and drinks deeply of the bath water. I've never seen such a mass of nothingness in all my life for in every direction for miles and miles there is nothing higher than a gopher hole (for June's benefit a gopher is an elephant like animal the size of a rat - it is a specie of ground squirrel and looks very like a weasle) Any wind that was around used to descend upon us gaining momentum as it came and hit the show with skirt raising violence. We were there during the hottest months of the year and our wing parade was held in 114° of heat which is not too Arctic. Our six weeks there was spent in dropping eggs and shooting popguns after which we received our wings and are all now proudly sporting the Observers Wing and Sergeants Stripes.

The one redeeming feature of MacDonald was its position in comparison with Winnipeg, we were just 75 miles away and on our weekends and spare leave six of us would hire a taxi and buzz in and have a little look. It's hard to describe a town for all towns have a sameness about them and to pick out the differences is a job for architects. The buildings are large, but don't extend more than ten stories, all seem very square with no curves or anything to relieve the monotony. The most noticeable thing is the absence of verandahs over the pavement and in a shower one just gets drenched. The biggest departmental store I've yet seen was visited by us many times and much money passed hands. They have an Indian section which is well worth seeing and we spent an hour or so roaming round and perusing scalping knives, pistols rifles, canoes and all the rest of the Indian weapons of war. The Hudson Bay Co. have a store but we were disappointed not to see furs everywhere and a fur coat was the nearest approach. Some men wear these coats in the winter time (I always thought Pansy was a girls name!) A particularly fine park called the 'Assinaboine Park' is the pride of all Winnipeggers hearts. A dribble of water passes through the middle and hundreds of trees are dotted here and there and a few amorous couples can be seen flinging woo at all times of the night and day. It has been known for a game of cricket to take place on this park but the majority of Canadians are blissfully ignorant of our super recreation. A sort of zoo is pretty interesting also, for they have almost every Canadian animal and bird there, and we checked up our coyotes, prairie wolves, timber wolves, foxes, huskies, beavers, buffaloes etc.

... The Fort Garrie Hotel which is the posh Hotel of Winnipeg is some structure. It's a C.P.R. Hotel and as usual one is legally plugged for giving them the honour of one's presence. We had a meal there which was about all we could afford. It has over 1000 rooms and everything is very much the sweet potato. The hotel is built on the original site of the Hudson Bay Coy's fort at Winnipeg named Fort Garrie. The old Fort Gates are still

to be seen and are of stone with two small turrets at either side. Very romantic, don't you think? ...

Ever heard of Red River Valley, well it's here. The Red River flows past Winnipeg and joins the Assinaboine river whence it is called the "Red". There is no valley attached to it but some guy had a lot of imagination and an ear for jam music.

We are now at another station in Manitoba and have only a few days to go before we depart for fresh worlds to conquer. "

Letter from BILL HAYMAN (Sergt. Pilot) written on 18/7/41.

"At the moment I am a resident of the gay city of Lossiemouth, Scotland, not I should think, one of Scotland's highlights. In case you don't know it, it is a typical fishing village, definitely a two men and a dog place. I understand on reliable authority that some years ago the dog died and one of the men has joined the army. The other man must be a hermit. Nuff said.

Sorry I can't give you the lowdown on the "Royal Hawaiian", either the quality of its beer or its accommodation, as we did not go near the island, but I could talk about the "Grand Pacific" and what it's got. Quite an interesting spot, Suva, we had a day there. I was sorely tempted to keep up the old traditions of the Club. However, I decided that the authorities here might possibly tell me that since I left home, a new weapon, called a gun, had been invented and was rapidly replacing the bow and arrow. Still, who knows, on the way back it just might come to pass. We made a wild rush across Canada with no stop longer than an hour anywhere, then cooled our heels in Halifax for three weeks, cursing our luck. Fortunately I met some very decent people, a young married couple, who took three of us under their wing and proclaimed an open house, and drove us just about all over Nova Scotia, 'Popeye' and Michael von Dadelnszen were both at the camp, 'Pop' for only a few days and Michael for a couple of weeks, so we had some good old cracks. Incidentally out of fourteen observers on their way to Canada for training, the squad I was attached to, one was a cousin of Pop's and another a cousin of Rona and Gean Gilberts' - this one for June Budd's benefit, a third member of the squad was one Bob Brisco who amazed me by calling me (a ruddy sergeant, mark you) 'Woboloby'. Pandemonium broke loose. With a squad of such hangmen to look after, can you wonder the trip was by no means boring.

Except for the dropping of a few depth charges from our ship and the pastime of watching the convoy bobbing along all around us, the trip was uneventful. We had turns of watch-keeping, but saw rarely a thing but water and our own flock. For nearly a day we lay a few hundred yards from shore before we were allowed to land. Then for almost three hours we were locked in a railway station with all public telephones disconnected before our train was ready. There was nothing much to be done about it so I left Scotland for England, a sadder and a wiser man. We were made residents of an evacuated private hotel in Bournemouth for four days, and were sobby it wasn't for four weeks.

It is a lovely place, full of hotels and amusement places, purely a summer holiday spot and must have been a great sight before la guerre. Even now, although all beaches are taboo, thousands of people were staying there and going gay. We had enough time to lose our sea legs and don our old ones, but strange to relate some of the boys very soon developed a different type of rolling gait. I hired a car one day and drove through the New Forest to Southampton. We loved every yard of it, really English villages, country lanes, thatched roofs, ye olde village inns and the forest drive. It is a wonder I didn't drive into something my head was out the sunshine roof most of the time and my eyeballs several inches ahead. I should have had one of our transport drivers on the job so I could sit back and take life easy!

On the way here we had three or four houses in London, so hiring a couple of taxis became Cooks Tourists. We had one of those cabs with a detachable rear half and a glasshouse round the driver. The driver spent his time shrieking out the names and history of places through the glass to the boys behind it, who relayed the glad tidings to the other two sitting up on the back in the fresh air. In the meantime all the policemen and passers-by stopped everything to gaze at the sight, while the number of waves and cheerios that we returned from our roof top perch, made us feel like nothing less than royalty. The old boy took us round Hyde Park, Buckingham Palace, St. James Palace, St. Pauls, Big Ben, Houses of Parliament, Piccadilly Circus, The Strand, Tower of London, over Tower Bridge, Waterloo Bridge, London Bridge through Admiralty Arch, Pall Mall, Mayfair, Threadneedle Street, Oxford Street, Regent Street. In fact we saw the works. Unfortunately our train left at ten and nothing more was seen until Edinburgh. We had time there only for breakfast and a distant view of the Castle before moving on. The Forth Bridge, Dundee and the Tay flashed past. Aberdeen fed and shaved us, then on our merry way we went. Starting from our second ady here, two weeks today, our programme of ground work has covered seven days a week, eleven hours work for four days and three days of eight hours. We hope to begin flying our Wellingtons this week so we can have a rest for a change. "

A letter from Cap Cooke, which tells us what we want to know about the new Branch: -

"Hello, Hello, Hello. This is the Voice of the East (slight huskiness due to dust and flies) coming to you through the courtesy of Re Gallagher who owns both pen and pad. First of all let me give you the lowdown on the activities of the H.T.C. in the Middle East. I think in all there are six of us here and will be seven when Holt gets here. Anyhow there's Huck Finn, tending the sick and wounded (and what a bedside manner that girl has!), Cliff Hunt - movements at the moment very obscure - two boys from Napier whose names I can't remember (Bill Boyd and Sam Haraldsen probably. - Ed.) Dave Lynch and yours truly - movements - as little as possible. We, i.e. those who could were to have met last Sunday and ridden out to the Pyramids and then

and then attacked the largest of same in traditional H.T.C. manner. Something went wrong. I was unable to go anyway but I don't know what happened to the others but they just didn't go. ~~anyway~~. However Huck and I have decided that we will do the job on our own I'll try to give you a few pictures of Egypt from a trampers point-of-view, but before I begin let me tell you that the rooster who wrote of the "glamour of the Nile" and the "mysterious spell of the East" was either a crazy wog (native gyppo) or else a writer who did all his sightseeing from the drawingroom as Shepherds. This said Nile is about 150 yards wide in most parts I've seen and about the colour of the Tuki Tuki in flood. A soldier falling in or in any way coming into contact with the water is reputed to have to go through 24 injections, the water contains 47 diseases! The glamour of the Nile! Bah! Egypt as a Trampers playground is a washout. True there are hills and hollows (wadis) of from a few to a couple of hundred ^{ft} deep in some places. There are elevations of 1500' but these are only to the South, to the west and towards the Libyan desert the sand stretches as far as the eye can see and a darned sight further. Slight pause here while I check up on directions. Yes, got that a bit wrong. In the north it is very flat but to the south it rises to 1000' and 1500' It certainly is a great country but, just but! I certainly am sick of the sand, the sun and the flies. Norm Elder would like a bit of this weather, one doesn't have to say "if it is fine on Sunday we will go up to the Waikamaka" its fine all right. The Sun never fails to rise However to sun it all up we're very well off here and can't growl.

Tramping Gear for Sale

Members who have gear for sale or for hire such as Boots, Packs coats or sleeping bags etc. are invited to announce it in the Bulletin.

At present there are two pairs of boots for sale. For particulars apply to N.L. Elder or the Secretary, Box 72 Havelock North.

WAR REPORTS.

The attention of members is drawn to the pamphlet sent out by the Plant Research Bureau asking for help in collecting of *Lycopodium Volubile*, and of seaweed. Both these are needed in N.Z. and tramps will be doing a useful work in assisting. All directions are on the notice board.

Club Nights.

Club meetings have been opportunities for hearing the news from overseas & general gossip. We read the letters at the meetings & then they are put in the rack for individual perusal.

Mr Ashton gave us an interesting talk on Tramping in Japan. The sidelights on the Japanese people & life were most interesting. Our thanks are due to the speaker for giving us his time.

The Social Committee has served supper & kept us warm with good fires at the meetings.

The Club room is now adorned with photographs from Clem Smith & Dave Williams. All the photos happen to be of the Ruahines. We hope for some of the Kaweks later. Thanks very much.

We are making a roll of honour on which will be inscribed all the names of those overseas. Arch has given us the board & Ailie is doing the rest. Thank you too.

Transport.

We should like to draw the attention of members to the rule which it was necessary to make since transport became difficult. It is to the effect that any person who signifies to the leader that he intends to make the trip & then does not attend, then that person is liable for half the fixed fare.

This rule has been in force for some time but some people seem to have missed it.

Social Notes.

News from Australia.

We had news of the arrival of Miss Mary Patricia Black in June, some time ago & we have just had more letters from Ronagh. She sounds very happy & says Mary is adorable. We bet she is. The snaps of her show her to have lovely dark eyes & a most decided character even at 10 weeks. We send our greetings & good wishes & would love to have her near H.B.

Ron Craig who was in Australia some months ago hoped to see Ronagh but time was too short for the long distance to be travelled.

We have another baby to report. Mr & Mrs Rolf Keys have just acquired a daughter. Congratulations, Davis & Rolf.

Subscriptions.

On behalf of the Treasurer we would remind you that subscriptions are now due.

Christmas Tramping in the South Island. 1940.

A glorious Boxing day saw two of us loading up a car with camping gear & early in the afternoon we set off along the Gt. North road towards Lake Sumner. An uneventful trip in hot sunshine ended at the forks of the Hurunui river & we proceeded to ford the East Branch. Four miles tramp along the dusty trail on the far side & we reached the spot where we had to ford the West Branch. It was necessary to strip off for this crossing or carry on with wet clothes on the other side, in the gathering twilight. The river here is fairly wide & swift but with the weighted packs we were soon able to make a slow but sure crossing. Three miles up the tributary on the other side we reached a musterers hut & here we deposited most of our heavy swags.

Up at 4 am. & still dark but the fast gathering light & the paling stars indicated a scorching day ahead. We moved quietly & steadily up stream in the hope of surprising some game at their breakfast but luck was out until about 6:30 when we spotted a big black boar trotting along one of the numerous tracks terracing the slopes. A quick aim, a rapid squeezing of the trigger & the wild life was definitely awakened by the reverberating echoes of the shot. The pig seemed to gather speed as if unhurt & headed for the bush; a little disappointed at the luck we climbed up to the track & saw blood stains. The sight of this gave us quite a kick as we knew he had been hit. Pursuing the track further into the bush we came upon the pig stone dead with a wound over the heart. It was a marvel how he could run so far with such a hole in his body. An hour spent skinning the animal & we made our way back to camp in brilliant sunshine.

A meal over, a swim in a mountain torrent & then a quiet snooze in the shade of some young birches. Lunch came & passed by & we commenced to tramp to the top of the ranges. This was hot work & necessitated frequent rests. Halfway up we scared a deer out of the scrub & another "Blitz" started. Soon finished him off & spent some time skinning him. From the top we had some wonderful views of the surrounding country which is pretty rugged. On our way home we picked up the skin & hind-quarters of the deer & by the time the camp was reached we were feeling indeed in need of a little refreshment, as well as another dip in

the nude, pardon, I mean stream. The second day, back down to the main stream we trekked with all our gear & sporting trophies, which we cached till our return journey to the car. Crossing the stream with our heavy loads was a ticklish job as the current was strong & the water deep & cold. The weather was frightfully hot & I am afraid as trampers we did not show up to advantage. We had a couple of swims on the way & did nearly 8 miles in 5 hours. On reaching the Lake Station we enquired which of the two visible lakes was the Lake Sumner. Imagine our surprise & horror when we found that neither was our destination, the main lake being 9 miles further on. We refreshed ourselves with some tea etc. & finally reached the hut on the shores of the lake shortly after 8pm, with lagging footsteps & burnt faces.

The hut we stayed in, a large & commodious one was the old homestead cut down. The situation is excellent & the beautiful clear night showed the local ranges to advantage. What a wonderful country for tramping. Mt Higgerhead as well as numerous other peaks loomed up over the shores of the lake & presented a very tempting attraction for any trapper. The flats surrounding the lake are very favoured by deer for feeding purposes but having left our rifles at the station we were a little indifferent.

Next day we had to get back to the Lake Station for an early start next morning. The day passed quickly without event & it was not long before we found ourselves back at the car enjoying a swim in the river. Except for an hour or two shooting rabbits on the way home nothing of comment happened & we were soon back in civilisation in time for the New Year celebrations.

Jack Hannah.

WAIKAMAKA HUT.

From the start of the career of the H.T.C. one of its objects has been the opening up of the ranges with huts at the intersections of the main routes. The hut sub-committee decided at an early stage that the construction and maintenance of three huts would be the limit of the clubs's resources.

When the invitation to erect a hut in the Central Ruahine came from the deer-cullers, the sub-committee had already roughed out a standard type of hut from experience with the Kaweka hut and of other huts, and the Waikamaka Hut is the first model. Compactness, durability and cheapness were the main requirements.

The number to be accommodated was set at 14 (later increased to 17) so the ground plan was set at 14' by 9', half the floor being occupied by a Maori bunk so that the greatest possible number could be squeezed in, sardine fashion. That took seven and two side bunks four more. The top tier of bunks, sleeping six, was a happy afterthought. The roof pitch was kept steep to throw snow and the roof was covered with corrugated iron for durability. Owing to lack of pole timber at the site, sawn framing 3 x 2 C.B. was used, the framing being cut and assembled on the home front to save time and labour on the site. Horizontal dwangs were largely used for bracing to help stiffen the malthoid covering of the walls. Six foot studs were used and the spacing of them carefully worked out so that the malthoid went on vertically with an allowance for overlap.

The original intention had been to bolt the bottom plates on to a concrete foundation but the weather broke before a start could be made, so the framing was erected on temporary mountain beech piles - which, it must be expected, will have to be replaced before many years.

As flat stones were handy, the hearth was built up of stones bedded where necessary in clay, the chimney was a bit of loot from the mill. It is placed just clear of the bunks in the long wall. The door is at the far side of the adjacent end wall, so that there is no direct draught.

The donated windows are rather grand and light the hut well, the big one high in the northern gable, the other of necessity between the bunks at the other end.

Of the after thoughts the bench at the foot of the bunks and the removable sliding bench across the fire are most successful, while every hut should have a good pair of bellows.

The netting and sacking bunk covering appears to combine strength with comfort -- neither alone has a very long life.

What about shortcomings? Five showy days spent in internment there, have provided a fair test.

Snow. At 3700' there is enough dry drift snow to make the fitting of door, etc., a matter of importance. A porch would help but the site is too cramped for this.

Although the drainage is good the great piles of snow that come off the roof and accumulate behind the hut seem to keep the ground damp and the floor is not dry at the edges. Rattling might help. The settling of the malthoid has produced some wrinkles allowing snow to blow in.

The dimensions of the Maori bunk, 7' by 9' are not quite right for sleeping the maximum number either way. It was designed for eight but will only take seven (admittedly one was Max). 7'x 10' or 8'x 9' would give better sardining.

N.L.E.

WAIKAMAKA IN AUGUST.

Snow from Top Camp on -- soft snow with holes in it. Avalanching at the corner and a snowfield in the basin below the saddle, though this unfortunately did not come down as far as the open shingle and we had to follow the track. The other side was snowier --- snow bridges at the waterfall and about two feet at the forks. The bawvy sopping inside and the fire wood pile behind the door damp and showing traces of the snow that had blown in through the cracks and settled on it. Spent an energetic evening splitting wood and pumping the bellows at a sulky fire.

Wednesday. Away on a showery morning for the Rongotea Ridge. After some soft floundering through scrub got on to avalanche snow which was firmer. Zigzagged up under a cornice then swung right to get round it. Fair surface on the ridge but the weather was thickening. Eyed the Kawhatau but there was a lot of snow down there too. Retreated to the hut, cut, split, and dried firewood.

Thursday. A foul day, mostly a thick drizzle and thaw with the creek running dirty. Spent the day in sleeping bags or drying out wood over the fire.

Friday. A glorious dawn, the sun striking the snowy ridge clear above us in a blue sky. Scrambled through breakfast and

set off again up the ridge with full packs though snow wreaths were already eddying off the cornice. Better time to the top, though with some nervousness about the signs of fresh avalanching from the cornice. By the time we had reached the crest conditions were little better, the wind increasing and cloud settling down. The Kawhatau no more inviting, so returned and set off down the Waikamaka. The gut has filled up and presents no difficulty, but the water was cold and snow began to fall steadily. After two hours we called a halt, hungry and shivering, bolted a few mouthfuls and decided, nem. con. to beat yet another retreat.

Saturday. After a snowy night, a calm morning with everything white, pearly mist and traces of sun. A leisurely breakfast and clean up and away at noon. We were almost tempted to drop our packs in the saddle and go for Rangī, but time, the softness of the snow and the thickening of the cloud dissuaded us, so we loafed down the Waipawa, with more time to look about us than usual, to the mill and a hospitable toasting fire.

N.L.E.

MANGATAWANUI. 9th - 12th. Sept.

The country behind Norsewood calls for guides and that's about the strength of it. Driver of the local service hadn't been in, but had helped to build the Stag's Head so we fraternized.

Nearly went up a blind road into a jumble of knobs covered with second growth but an angel disguised as a hostile farmer, heading us off his lambing ewes announced that he had been across to the Pohangina and put us toward the river, the Mangatawa or Manga te wai nui. An old tramline ran up the river but the terraces were choked with masses of logs brought down by the Pohangina March flood -- say an average flood level of 10 ft. Further up in the bush, the banks were completely stripped of vegetation and soil and the terraces buried in feet of rocks -- even the side streams -- the whole stream bed one raw gutter up to waterfalls at the head.

Came to a fork and took the right one as ordered and camped on a shingle flat well up. A mouldy sort of night but a good fire and fairly comfortable. Next morning, got the compass out. Our suspicions confirmed, we had been running a long way N. if

not slightly E of N at the finish. The head of the stream only turned back W. to drain a snowy scrubby knob. A scout around only disclosed a low saddle lying NE which proved to lead into another head of the Manawatu. So we dropped down to the fork and up the other branch, dropped packs on a possible ledge of shingle and set off upstream till the stream split into three tributaries blocked by waterfalls. Scrambled on to a spur bearing N. and floundered most way to the top when we realized that we were on the Southern shoulder of the same snowy knob and making too ingh, so returned, picked up packs and went down to a tin chimney on the tramline. A clear night and a hard frost.

The morning was so superb we decided to stay in and have a look up a fair sized tributary bearing S.W. Not very promising at first but turned west and opened up a fair sized basin. After scrambling up a series of log jams and waterfalls we struck up through some dirty growth with scattered trees till we snaked through some tall leatherwood and made the divide at 3500".

Ate our lunch perched in the scrub with a glorious view of the whole Ngamoko range under heavy snow and the Pohangina running at the bottom of the valley. No saddle was immediately in sight, but there seemed to be one about two miles south and another immediately below Takapari.

Followed our horopito twigs down and reached camp in daylight. The road walk out next day was pleasantly lightened by meeting our driver who took over our packs, allowing us to stroll at ease down to Norsewood Hotel

N.L.E.

SKIING TRIPS.

Several members of the Club have visited National Park to ski during the winter. An attempt was made to form a party from the Club but accommodation was unobtainable. The Manawatu Tramping Club very kindly took pity on the disappointed ones and invited them to join them. A most enjoyable eleven days were spent skiing, making friends with the Manawatus and loafing about in the sunshine. The H.T.C. members came back full of enthusiasm for the delights of skiing and with great praise for the organisation of the party by the M.T.C. leaders, A. Fuller and A. Beattie. Everything went without a hitch and everyone was very happy. Thank you M.T.C. We hope that we are invited again. Doug. Callow and Tubby Farrelly were there for some of the time and were looking very fit. They sent greetings to everybody.

NO. 151. TARAPONUI.

On the 22nd. of June (shortest day) a party of fourteen in four cars, left Napier for Titikura and owing to the greatly improved road reached the Saddle, a distance of thirty three miles in an hour. The surrounding hills held a thin covering of snow, not enough for skiing, so the enthusiast who had brought along two pair of skis was disappointed.

Two and a quarter hours tramping along the western flank of the Maungaharuru Range, on a good track that was frozen hard in places brought us to the hut on Mr. McKinnon's property and we boiled up and had lunch. It was not originally intended to try and reach the Taraponui Trig on this trip so an early start had not been made but the peak looked so inviting and the weather was so clear and cool and conducive to the effort that though it meant part of the return journey would have to be made in the dark, we decided to push on. The ascent was made by way of the ridge to the north of the hut and the trig reached in one and a quarter hours.

We got quite a thrill from reaching the Taraponui (big dark peak) trig (4281 ft.) as Club parties had made several attempts on it that had failed for one reason or another, so Dave was quite triumphant when he got his hand on its rotting woodwork and shook down a lot of ice. The view from this peak was glorious; from our feet stretched a world of purple mountains. The Ruahines to the south, then the Kaweka, Kaimanawa and National Park mountains, all covered with snow; then the Ahimanawas and Tuiarau. Over on the horizon to the west we could see the volcanic cone of Tauhara near Lake Taupo. Down below, the course of the Mohaka river could be traced for a great distance even to the point where it reaches the sea and its junction with the Waipunga and further north the Te Hoe streams. It was in the gorge of this latter stream that the earthquake of 1931 threw down a mass of material that dammed up the water to form a lake about four miles long and several hundred feet deep. A storm some six years later washed out the dam and the lake emptied itself into the Mohaka, doing a lot of damage. Another interesting landmark we could see in this direction was Te Kooti's Lookout, a lone peak whereon the old warrior, in the early days, kept watch for his enemies. The remains of the wooden lookout platform are still on the top.

On the way back from the trig we visited a tarn about a quarter of an acre in extent that was frozen over to a depth of three inches and we spent some hilarious minutes skating over its surface on our nailed boots. Thinking to save time in returning

to the hut we went down by the valley instead of the ridge; this was a mistake as the way proved longer and rougher, though we did find an interesting sulphur spring and wondered if the smell of it had had anything to do with the naming of the place, Maungaharuru which means "foul smelling mountain."

At the hut we boild up again and atarted out; the last half-hour before the cars were reached was done in the dark and we got separated and wandered from the track, giving ourselves some extra walking, but eventually all arrived somewhat tired but with the satisfaction of a good day well spent.

LEADER: C.C.Smith. 14 in party.

There was a young tramper named Miriam,
 Who went into a kind of delirium,
 When she found all her pals
 Both the boys and the gals,
 Called her Mim, Mim, Mim, Mim and not Miriam.

NO.152. WAIKAMAKA HUT. 5th - 6th July.

Another Waikamaka trip -- with Trig 66 reposing comfortably in the background. The trip was a simple repetition of many previous ones, with the exception that there was over three feet of snow around the Hut.

Car shortage was the problem from the outset and not everybody who would like to have gone could be squeezed into the two vehicles available. Ten people finally made the trip, Clem's carload getting away on Saturday morning, and arriving on the Saddle about 2 p.m. Here the snow was daep, the wind reasonably light, and Angus and I enthused over skiing prospects. The others went on to the hut and had a wonderful time on the way down the snow covered stream. The snow was soft, deep and all embracing, and various wayward wanderers were seen at times to dive through feet of it to explore the roots of native shrubbery. Botanists have strange times and places. Like a joyful Polar Bear ^{Clem} scorned the resistance of a mene three feet of snow, and becoming definitely acquatic, plunged through it down a bank to greet the fishes in the stream-bed.

Meanwhile the two snow-babies on the Saddle also became ambitions. Strapping on our home-made seal skins we tried for

the first time the art of ski-mountaineering, with Trig 66 as the object of the experiment. The light was bad and we did not see the angle of some of the slopes we went up or we may not have tried them. Elated with the success of our venture, we left our skis on the Shoulder of 66 ready for the morrow and descended to the hut by moonlight. Not long after we arrived, Molly's carload scrambled in, and 8 p.m. found everybody comparing notes on snow, riverbeds, moonlight and supper. Somebody saw a dull deep red Aurora over the Rongotea Ridge and after this flutter, sleep closed discussion for the day.

Nine o'clock in the morning saw the hut empty and everybody wending saddlewards. But alas! for 66, as they drew nearer and nearer, the wind grew stronger and colder, and again the comfort of the Waipawa valley prevailed. Angus and I, ascending for our skis, found that above the actual Saddle the wind was lighter, and in any case we could hug the lee of the ridge. Future parties should remember this when the wind chills their bones on the saddle, or else start climbing from near the hut, when there will be no easier alternative to deflect their purpose.

The afternoon was occupied mostly by a walk up to the mill workings in the bush and we made a good early start back for town.

LEADER: F. Simpson. 10 in party.

NO. 153. KURIPAPONGA TRIG. 4100 July 20th/41.

A party of trappers from Hastings and Napier left Hastings for a tramp in the Kawekas during the weekend. A heavy frost lay on the ground and the air was clear giving promise of a good day. After a boil up at Kuripaponga, the party began the trip towards the top of Kuripaponga Hill. The ridge leading up to the Trig lay between the Ngaruroro river and the Kuripaponga stream the two streams providing the party with beautiful views all day. Manuka scrub is thick on the lower slopes and it was with difficulty that the party reached the top of the ridge where there has been a track. The pull up the slope was gradual and by lunch time the party was nearly at the top. Lunch in a sunny spot was enjoyed with the panorama of Hawkes Bay spread before them, visibility being very good. No time was lost in continuing on to the Trig. Snow was encountered on the tops and the main Range of the Kawekas coming into view the sight of the snow clad tops was glorious. Ruapehu and Ngaruhoe showed to perfection in their winter coats and tops of the Ruamoes were to

be seen in the south. On the ground where the frost and snow had been were left banks of the daintiest snow flowers, the crystals forming into beautiful shapes and patterns.

The return journey was made by the same route the party reaching the road in time for tea just at dusk. A pleasant trip home and a good day was ended.

An afterthought. Quite an incident occurred when the lorry tilted sideways in regaining the road. Dave, who was standing up shugging himself into a sleeping-bag he had brought with him as protection against the "cold blast", was caught quite unprepared for the jolt and was sent sailing in a perfect arc for the opposite side of the lorry where he would have probably injured his skull but for a miracle. The miracle was Molly's head which conveniently acted as a buffer. The geography of both heads was slightly rearranged by the impact. The individuals on the floor of the lorry also got a shock when the flying Dave landed on them. one had just found an apple and placed it on his stomach; he declared that the said apple was so impressed on his anatomy that when recovered it bore a distinct imprint of a segment of his spinal column. He accept his statement with reserve as the evidence is not now available. The incident might well have had serious results, nevertheless certain callous wretches thought it was funny.

Leader: Dave Williams. 14 in party.

NO. 154. MT. MCNEILL. (Rissington) 3rd. August, 1941.

Eleven members and four boys set out for Puketitiri in dull weather. Before long it began to rain and by the time we were on the Hakawai road we were collecting pools of water in the tarpaulin which unfortunately had some holes in it. At Rissington, we decided not to go further as it was obviously getting worse so a halt was called and after some negotiating we repaired to a woolshed to dry off. The shed was certainly drier than outside but that was its only advantage and after a meal most of the party set off to stretch their legs. Mt. McNeill is nearby and proved a pleasant walk. We overlooked Dartmoor and the Waihu district and had good views of the Ranges looking dark and dirty. A wander across country to look at the flooded river and Reka Peninsula and the party returned to collect packs and make for home. The wet ride home did not damp the spirits of the party and some members were most disgusted at being home so early.

Easy pleasant trips could be made from Rissington towards Dartmoor, either by following the Mangaone Str. or across country.

Leader: J. Lovell-Smith. 15 in party.

NO. 155. HUKANUI (?)

Eleven of us arrived at Holt's and were duly sorted out and put into the two cars and whisked off to Puketitiri. We had gone about a mile along the narrow winding Hukanui Road turnoff when a small house (obviously deserted) came into view and as it was drizzling slightly we thought we would wander over and see if we could get into the house to boil up. After a certain amount of organizing, two windows were opened and one small boy with us was prodded and pushed through the bigger of the two -- after all that the amateur house breakers were most disgusted, when, after a consultation between the leader and car drivers it was decided to abandon the abandoned house and drive another mile further on to Twigg's homestead, (and we call ourselves "trampers") which was a picture with snow a few inches deep all round. "I always thought that hens were white until I saw half a dozen roaming round the snowy backyard -- Rinso definitely needed". Still that is just by the way. There was no sign of life round the place except the fowls, so we left them to it and started off for the trig. It was an extremely pleasant trek up especially as the snow was quite deep and we had lots of fun dodging and collecting the snowballs which were thrown about. We reached the trig at about 11.30, but the view was unfortunately hazy owing to snow clouds, especially over the Kawekas it was most disappointing. When the mist and clouds lifted for a few fleeting seconds at various times the range looked magnificent -- the snow being well down and thick. We had lunch in a very pleasant sunny spot in a valley on the other side of the Trig from Puketitiri and then decided to climb again on to the ridge and make for Ball's Clearing. We tramped along the ridge for about half an hour and then dropped down into paddocks liberally supplied with broken down trees, and eventually hit the Puketitiri Road which runs through part of the bush near Ball's Clearing. We had a short and sweet taste of bush-walking and came out into the Clearing which was rather swampy but quite easy to negotiate. It was a matter of about an hour's walk from the Clearing to the cars which we reached at approximately 5 p.m., after wandering along a wooden tram track for some time and finishing up through the green paddocks on the Station. Only saw one ferocious "Ferdinand" which apparently didn't see Dave as it didn't bat an eyelid when we passed. The day was extremely pleasant, but I might add that all through the day different ones kept losing things such as gloves, two pairs (later retrieved) and a knife, to say nothing of Doc. and Molly who completely disappeared just before lunch and weren't located until we found them teeing in the farmhouse on our return to the cars. Arrived back in Hastings at approximately 7 p.m. A great day.

Leader: June Budd. 11 in party.

NO. 156 cancelled for lack of support.

NO. 157. TE WAKA Sept. 14th.

The lorry punctually picked up six Hastings and three Napier members on Sept. 14th. en route for Te Waka.

From Napier one sees below and to the left of Te Waka, a patch of bush from the centre of which issues a deep canyon. We encompassed this bush by a triangular route. The lambs and willows told us "spring is here."

By courtesy of Messrs. King and Ruddenklau at Te Pohue, we made our tramp from Mr. King's at Pohue valley to Te Waka, up a direct spur. Our scouts aided one sheep to its feet. The cliff at the summit gave us a glorious viewpoint. A cool spatter of sou'west rain challenged us so we strode along into the wind along the sky-line ridge alongside a weather sculptured limestone scarp. Big trees soon invited us to wander through their beautiful and rich variety. Here we boiled up. Further on, we emerged on to grassy spurs and turned back to King's along the third side of our triangle. We wisely kept up near the bush; it was well, for the canyons precipitous sides barred our way until we had climbed to a place where it was possible to descend to the stream. After another chat around the billy, we traversed the spurs and gullies until we came out above the bluffs behind King's. Clem here found a way down a rocky declivity and through numerous walnut trees to the lorry at 5 p.m.

After leaving Te Waka, we "wandered" just picking our route by mutual consent; a happy band in the spirit of the hills

The rocky faces and chimneys hinted that the club could gain interest and mastery of the technique of rock climbing and rope work, if suitable rock was available in Hawkes Bay.

Leader: Angus Russell. 9 in party.

NEW MEMBERS

We have several members and welcome to the Club, Miss Dulcie Yule, Mr. A. Russell, Mr. C. Paul and Mr and Mrs. Syd Riddell of the T.T.C., M.T.C., Christchurch, Winter Sports Club and the C.M.C.

NO 158. BIG HILL - NGARURORO RIVER. Sept. 28th.

This was a trip slightly reminiscent of a certain club trip to stony Cattle Hill, a few years back.

The lorry was awaiting us - astonishing but true - and we were away from Holt's at 7-40 a.m. - twenty-eight all told, arriving at Big Hill station about 1½ hours later.

After climbing Big Hill, we forgathered for a moment or two while some of the party discussed going on to Ruahine Hut. The suggestion was vetoed and off we went taking the right-hand ridge to the river which proved good going except for stones that would roll, either voluntarily or involuntarily. A fire was soon burning and the billy boiling in a cosy corner on the river bed. Here, it was discovered by the leader, that eight members were missing -- gone elsewhere -- anyway we had both the tea and the billy, so why worry! We lunched in a hail storm and coats were donned, then the sun came out and coats were doffed and so it went on for the rest of the day.

After a spell, we started down stream but soon decided to climb out of the river as it was fairly high, so up we went to the accompaniment of more rolling stones and soon hit a track which led round to Big Hill station. One member decided to do a bit of rock climbing all on his own, on a bare face leading from the river consequently the main party spent a pleasant twenty minutes or so waiting about in a hail storm and biting wind for him to arrive or not as the case might be. However all was well - the body arrived in tact - and we continued our trek along the track, falling in later with the eight delinquents who had gone elsewhere. Tea was indicated so down we sat and boiled up while younger members of the party trapped unwary lizards. Another half hour along the track and we reached the lorry, soon were all aboard and set for home.

A gentle reminder might not be amiss; that though a rolling stone may gather no moss, it can darn well hurt if it hits!

Leader: M. Molineux. 28 in party.

FIXTURE LIST.

<u>NO.</u>	<u>DATE.</u>	<u>TRIP</u>	<u>LEADER.</u>
159.	12th.Oct.	<u>Black Birch Range.</u> Great viewpoint for Kaweka Range.	J. Lovell-Smith
160.	Labour Day week-end. 25th-27th Oct.	<u>Big Hill Stream - No Man's Land.</u> This should be an interesting link-up of the new country in the basin with the route along the tops.	C. C. Smith.
161.	8th-9th Nov.	<u>Rongaika.</u> Even though fireworks are off, crayfish are still in season.	D. Williams.
162.	23rd.Nov.	<u>Longfellow</u> via Whanawhana. A cheap trip to interesting country on the edge of the Ngaruroro - Taruarau Gorges.	J. Lloyd.
163.	6 - 7 Dec.	<u>Ellis Hut and Trig R.</u> (and for Yeoman & Gardners') Good route in, ask June, Romantic Hut, gruesome legends, less energetic could stroll round to Makaroro and visit our old friends at the mill	N. Tanner.
Christmas and New Year.		Should any members wish to get out an effort will be made to arrange suitable trips. Pohokura and Reporoa Bog (N.W.) western crossing from Waikamaka are probabilities. Possibility, a S. Ruahine (Maharahara) crossing on the lines of last year's leatherwood bouncing.	N.L.Elder.

This list is subject
to confirmation by
in-coming fixture
committee.
