

HERETAUNGA TRAMPING CLUB.

Bulletin No. 30.

Hon. Secretary.  
Miss Molineux,  
Box 72,  
HAVELOCK NORTH.

Hon. Treasurer.  
Mrs. J. Lloyd,  
St. George's Road,  
HASTINGS.

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Since the last Bulletin was produced the fortunes of the Club have changed considerably.

Most of our man-power has gone into Camp and the restriction on benzine has confined our activities to purely walking or cycling trips.

Our member-ship seems to be keeping up though, and maybe the shorter trips will introduce newcomers to tramping gradually. Trips into the mountains will be long awaited and remembered.

In conclusion we send the members good wishes for 1942, and especially for the Overseas people do we hope for brighter and better days in the very near future.

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ROLL OF HONOUR.

We regret having to record the following casualties to Club members.

SGT. K. A. McLEAY.

We record with pride that Ken was awarded the Military Medal for gallantry in Greece and Crete. Soon after this news, we were sorry to hear that he was wounded in Libya, and that he lost his life through drowning when a Hospital Ship he was in was bombed, and torpedoed.

PTE. DICK BRIGHT.

Dick, once a member of the Club was serving in the same Company as Les. Holt, so that we have had recent news of him. We were very sorry to hear that he was killed in the Libyan Campaign.

MAJOR B.T. WYN IRWIN.

Major Wyn Irwin known to members as "Bugs", died a few days after returning to New Zealand in a hospital ship. He served through the Greece and Crete actions as head of the Hygiene Section.

He was out with the Club only a few times, but he kept up his association and was one of the founders of the Overseas Branch. We feel we have lost a stalwart supporter of our Club, and of tramping and mountaineering generally.

The sympathy of the Club has been extended to the relatives of these members.

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OVERSEAS NEWS.

Mails are becoming infrequent with the changes in the War situation, but here is the latest from the various members.

We thank Nora for a cable sent at Christmas time, and also a snap of herself in a gas mask - we hardly recognised you Nora!

Cap Cooke, Dudley Sheppard, Cliff Hunt, Ron Craig and "Bugs" Irwin, all sent us Christmas Cards, and in response to the cards we sent out Ronagh Black and Jack Dempsey wrote letters. We do appreciate all these.

NANCY WILLIAMS:

Surprised us all by slipping Overseas with the New Zealand W.W.S.A., in a Hospital Ship. Knowing absolutely nothing about it we had no opportunity of saying goodbye. Herewith we wish you Godspeed and happiness Nancy. May good fortune be your companion.

Nancy's address is:

Pte. N.M. Williams,  
No. 72155,  
N.Z. W.W.S.A., No. 1. N.Z. Hospital Ship,  
G.P.O. Wellington.

NORA FINN:

Last time we heard from Nora she was packing for the Desert. We trust she has returned from there by now as cheerful as when she went. It will be great to hear about it some day.

CLIFF HUNT:

Seems to be keeping his end up all right in Egypt. He keeps us posted quite well.

LES HOLT:

We hear you missed on the Libyan Campaign Les. We sympathise with you, but are jolly glad all the same Lelly. We are pleased you enjoyed your Xmas dinner!!

CAP COOKE:

We were sorry to hear that Cap had collected a bullet in his left elbow and very glad that it was no worse. We've heard since that he is convalescent, so we hope he is well on the road to complete recovery.

HAYMAN BILL:

Bill is now an official Prisoner of War, and his mother is keeping us posted with his doings. He was one of six men in a Bomber which crashed in Germany. The Bomber caught fire but the three uninjured men managed to rescue the wounded - they were then taken Prisoner. Bill was very fortunate in coming through the ordeal with only a broken ankle, and the last we heard was that he was managing to get about with the aid of a walking stick. Cliff Clarke who was with him had his leg broken, and the

pilot cuts on the head.

Bill's address now is:-

Prisoner of War Post  
Kriegsgefangenenpost.

Sgt. Pilot W.C. Hayman,  
Royal New Zealand Air Force British Prisoner,  
P.O.W. No. 90078,  
Stalag VII, A, GERMANY.

Please all write to him. You go about it like this:

His name and address in the left-hand top corner of the letter, and your own address and name on the right-hand top corner. The letter must be typed or ~~ne~~legibly written. If the paper is thick, you may use both sides, but if thin, only one side may be written on. Put your name and address on the back of the envelope as well. The letter does not have to be stamped unless sent Air mail.

POP COLLETT:

Is also a Prisoner of War, but we have not his address. We would be glad to have it if anyone knows it.

DAVE LYNCH:

We have had letters from you Dave in the dim past. Hope you are still enjoying life and are well.

BILL BOYD:

Your last letter was a real budget Bill. Thanks very much. We all enjoyed hearing it.

JOE ARMITAGE:

Is in the Fleet Air Arm somewhere in England, but we haven't heard from him yet.

NORMAN LOWE:

Is still Overseas, and has been more or less ill most of the time. We do hope you will be better soon Norman.

HARRY RICHDALE:

Dropped off into the blue last year, and we have just got his address. Good luck and a safe return Harry.

SAM HARALDSEN:

We enjoyed your letter Sam and are glad you liked the parcel. We hope you'll get another soon. Keep hoping!

DUDLEY SHEPPARD:

You are our best correspondent to date Duddles, keeping in practice for this job when you come back I hope (Ed.) We hope you receive our efforts and appreciate them. We enjoyed your account of the Pyramid climb. The official report must have been sunk. Hasn't come to light yet anyway. We enjoyed receiving the photo, although you looked almost weighed under with all your gear!!

JOHN COLLINS:

Has been seen by Dudley in Egypt, but we haven't heard direct yet. How about a letter John?

FRANK SIMPSON:

Was last seen by Mardi standing on the Station frantically waving his arms to attract her attention. He is a Sgt. Pilot now and will be away soon. Good work Frank! We've enjoyed your letters. Sorry you missed the Meeting by a week - bad organization!1.

BRUCE BEECHEY:

We've just had your last letter Beech and were thrilled to know the parcel arrived and that you liked it. Letters give us a great kick these days, and we will be looking forward to another master-piese soon.

GEORGE DENFORD:

George your letter was a wizard and we welcome you as a member. Keep believing and you'll get another letter someday. We have about 20 lads away so it takes a time to get round them. George is in Suva and has had a reunion with Frank Bee.

DOUG. CALLOW:

In his usual talkative style has gone into the Navy as a Sub-Lieut. We feel the Silent Service has gained a member who will be true to its traditions. He visited Hastings on his final leave and members had an opportunity of seeing him at the Meeting and wishing him happy days. He looked very well and was resplendent with glittering buttons and gold braid. It was good to note that beside the gold braid on his arm, he sported a thick "Irish" green band too!! We hope we will have letters from you Doug. You being our first Naval member, we will be particularly interested. Good luck!

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FROM THE HOME FRONT.

"Though the ranges seem a --ll of a way away there are blokes here who know them.

Our second day in a cheery mob spent 24 hours together on picket swapping yarns. Somehow or other Pohokura came up. One of the gang had spent several years on it as a musterer and could remember it like the back of his hand. The Hot Springs can now be pinpointed and the pack-horse track up Wild Sheep Spur. (The take off is not marked by a definite track, but is up through the tall manuka immediately up the Ikaawatie from the forks - only 100 or 200 yds). The where near the forks is the Te Koau Where or Macdonald's Where.

The next discovery was a young Boyd of Boyd's Bush who cleared up some hazy points about the track to the Hogget and the track to Cameron Camp. He says he planted the pines under which Piessie's party slept, as seedlings from Timahunga, and adds that there used to be exceptionally fine strawberries along that fence line.

The third, Joe Logan of Mt. Logan in the N. Taranua, one of the early Levin-Waiopahu trampers. He is connected with early Eketahuna crossings and with building the Waiopahu Hut.

Lastly my Platoon Sergeant casually mentioned trips us Holdsworth in

the Wairarapa in the days of his youth.

- No, lastly, this afternoon Angus Russell turns up with Sergeant Pilot Frank Simpson, looking a reel sight - more like a soldier than I ever shall."

Hooray!

NORM. ELDER.

Norm. is in the N.M.R. in Napier. Thank you for all the news, and let's hope we shall have the opportunity of seeing you soon at a Meeting.

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The mobilization of Territorials in December and the National Reserve in January, has deprived us of the company of F.J. Green and Noel Fendall (Territorials) and Norman Elder (N.R.) for the duration.

In camps in New Zealand the following are serving in various capacities:-

E. BARTLE:

Who wrote us a letter of doggerel. We we most amused Ezra, so your effort was not wasted.

J. DEMPSEY:

The lucky ones were gald to see Jack a few days ago when he was up here on leave. He is at Trentham Camp.

RON CRAIG:

Who appears in Hastings on leave periodically is a Sergt. in the Tank Corps in Waiouru.

HAROLD COOPER:

Left us a few months ago and is now in Overseas Camp.

"MOCKY" MELDRUM:

Is serving in the R.N.Z.A.F. at Rongotai. He was at home last week and several of the members had an opportunity of seeing him.

MAX McCORMICK:

"Tiny" is doing reconnaissance work in the R.N.Z.A.F. and is stationed at Nelson. He was home on leave recently and was looking very well.

ARCH LOWE:

Arch gave us a big surprise last weekend by appearing in Hastings and coming out on the trip. We were all terribly pleased to see you Tarch, and your presence made the tramp quite like old times. Arch is in Camp at Trentham.

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Our Club has one cycler of him you all know,  
He tours all the country and rides to the snow,  
But all must agree, since our blackberry "hike",  
That nothing can equal our Baird on a bike.

SOCIAL NOTES.

Peggy Rae left N.Z. for Sydney, in September last, and came back a few months later as Mrs. W.S. Meads. Nice work Peg! Bill Meads is in the R.A.A.F., and has just gained his "Wings."

Peggy Mervyn announced her engagement to Lloyd Fraser of Hawera, and but for a sudden whim of the Army, would have been married 'ere this. Peg was almost left waiting at the Church! Disappointing to say the least of it. Better luck next time Peg.

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It has come to our ears that the Egyptian Branch of the Club have sent us souvenirs in the form of ash trays made in the shape of our Badge. These were made by the native craftsmen and sound most attractive. When they arrive we will say a more concrete "thank you".

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We were very sorry to read that "Tubby" Farrelly lost her brother in the Qantas Airways Flying Boat which was shot down by the Japanese. We tender our sympathy Tubby.

Marjory and Nancy Clayton's brother Decie is among the missing soldiers. We sympathize with them in their anxiety.

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YOUTH HOSTEL ASSOCIATION.

The Club has recently become affiliated with the Youth Hostel Association and members are now entitled to the privileges of the Y.H.A. Mr. Craven has been appointed Local Reservation Officer.

Any member of the Club may join the Y.H.A. for the sum of 2/6 (over 25 years) or 1/6 (under 25 years). The membership fee for outsiders is 5/- and 2/6.

In the North Island the only privilege obtainable at present is reduced rail fares when engaged on purely tramping or ski-ing trips - first class fares at second class rates and second class fares three quarter rates - irrespective of the number in the party. To obtain the concession, application must be made to the "Local Reservation Officer" (in this case Mr. E.S. Craven) who issues a voucher for each trip. This voucher is presented at any officered railway station by the person purchasing a ticket.

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We wish to take this opportunity of thanking Mr. C.H. Slater and Peggie Meads by whose courtesy this bulletin is being printed. This help is much appreciated particularly by the Editorial Staff.

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The Editor thanks the "Staff", especially Mollie Molineux and June Budd for their assistance to date, and the members of Committee who will help with the despatching.

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## ERGOT

The Club has made a valiant effort at gathering and sorting ergot and so far twenty one ounces have been passed in and sold for 10/6. No mean result, by one who knows!

## MEETING NIGHT.

We call your attention to the fact that the meeting night has been changed to Wednesdays, commencing 4th. March. 1942.

## LIBRARY.

Several new books have been presented to the Club Library, and we thank the donors very much.

The new books are as follows:-

"Scott's Last Expedition" Vol. 1 and 2.  
(Being Journals of Capt. Scott.)

donated by Lindsay Lloyd.

"The Great White South" Herbert G. Ponting.

donated by D. Williams.

"Birdie" Banners of the Antarctic." George Seaver.

donated by D. Williams.

"A Very Gallant Gentleman". L.C. Bernacchi.

donated by C.C. Smith.

"Snow on The Equator". H.W. Tilman.

Donated by J. Lovell-Smith.

"In The Aussie Tropics" Alfred Searcy.

donated by J. Lovell-Smith.

## NEW MAP.

Dougal finished "bringing up to date" the map of the Central Ruahines, just before he left New Zealand. It is very much fuller than the one which we used before and the work has been considerable. It gives us quite a thrill just to look at it. Lets hope we will need it some day. Prints may be procured by applying to the Secretary.

## NEW MEMBERS.

The following newcomers are welcomed to the Club:-  
Julia Isdale, Lovell Lovell-Smith, Nancy Hunt, Ursula Greenwood, Heather Baird and Ethel Treneman.

## BULLETINS.

We acknowledge bulletins from the following Clubs:-  
Manawatu T.C. Tararua T.C. Auckland T.C. Paua T.C. Hutt Valley T.C.  
and copies of "Forest and Bird" from the Forest and Bird Protect. Soc.

MEETINGS.

Meetings have been well attended despite the fact that other meetings and parades have clasned. Most of the time has been spent in arranging and re-arranging trips and transports and reading letters from and writing letters to the members overseas.

The Social Committee has served a welcome supper every night. I It does give the evening a warmth and cheeriness. Thank you Social Committee.

Thanks are due to Angus Russell for an account which he gave us of a Cycling and Tramping trip, he made from Napier, up the East Coast to Te Araroa, to Opotiki, Rotorua, Taupā and back to Napier. He climbed Hikurangi (East Coast) en route and had encountered heavy snow there. He had some good photos of themountain and told an interesting tale of the climb.

Archie gave us an evening on the English Fire Bomb, with full instructions as to what to do with it. Now all we hope is that any bombx that may descend on us will be similar so that we will know what to do.

It was most interesting to the see the construction of the bomb and to realize its potentialities.

Thank you, Arch, for an instructive and enjoyable talk.

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Mr. B. Teague of Wairoa gave the members a most interesting evening showing his slides of the trip in Westland and Otago in which Angus Russell was a participator. The slides vere very fine and made members realize what a great trip it must have been. When the War is over we must do some South Island tramping. Thank you very much Mr. Teague.

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TRIP NO. 159. BLACK BIRCH RANGE.

Three car loads left Hastings for Puketitiri in fine weather. A short distance from Puketitiri, one of the cars unfortunately broke a spring but the damage was repaired with the aid of wire and the party proceeded to Cherry Tree Farm from whence the tramping began. The usual route was taken to the top of the ridge and tea was brewed at the tarn. Suggestions as to visiting the Iron Whare and Makahu Stream were vetoed so the party decided to return by Jack Taylor's spur further south. After describing circles in the beeches the party took a firm grip of its direction and proceeded to the spout. A pleasant scramble in the stream and then a steep pull out and the party returned to the cars after an enjoyable tramp.

Leader: Ezra Bartle. 13 in party.

TRIP NO. 160. BIG HILL STREAM HEADWATERS.

Labour-Day weekend trip up the Big Hill Stream to No-Mans Hut. The first party left Hastings at 10-15 on Saturday, reached Big Hill about noon and Herrick's Hut about two o'clock. The rest of the afternoon was spent in gathering wood and exploring for an easy way down to the bed of the stream. Later two more parties arrived making thirteen in all, amongst them the Club's botanists who had a scratch around amongst the weeds and things in the stream bed in search of rare orchids or whatever it is they look for.

The hut was pretty full and the hard floor did not encourage over sleeping so we were up at five and away at seven. The weather fine and cool and just right for tramping. Although the Club has been in this region many times none of us had actually traversed the bed of the Big Hill stream for any distance before, so it was with interest that we started on this bit of new country. The stream runs in a deep gorge, richly wooded and very picturesque; the water is not deep and no falls or difficult places were encountered until we were well up towards the source. About a mile beyond the second fork however, we came to a double fall in a narrow rocky gut which decided us to leave the stream and take to the ridge on the south side, which we calculated would bring us out on the top of the range near No Man's Hut.

After a boil up and lunch we tackled the ridge which at the bottom was narrow, rotten and steep and required care: further up it broadened out to easier going though there was no track. Light snow fell intermittantly and after a 2½ hour climb we gained the top of the range. Only two of the party had been to No Man's Hut before and they were quite confident they could find it all right, but huts are apt to be elusive and though several landmarks were recognized, the point where it becomes necessary to leave the tops and start down towards the Hut was overshot, and while we were gazing around in something of a mental fog we were enveloped in a very real one in the form of a driving snow storm that completely blotted out the whole landscape. Things were very uncomfortable for a while, with snow driving against our bare legs

and our wet feet frozen to numbness and we were rapidly becoming victims to that "show me the way to go home" feeling when Freddy suggested that we got into some warmer clothing. After that was put into practice under the cover of some stunted birches, another bright Intelligence suggested that we back-track to the Iron Peg and try again. We had no difficulty in doing this as our tracks in the deep snow were plain enough. At the Iron Peg, Mim with a flash of feminine intuition lead us to a track in the birches that the leader did not know existed and in a few minutes the Hut hove in sight. Was it welcome? Spirits went up with a bound and with a good fire and dry clothing soon everybody was talking at once. The hut held the party fairly comfortably only one having to sleep on the floor and in the morning the weather was much improved. We took our turn the ridge and noon found us at the Ruahine Hut. The day and an interesting outing ended with the party lightly tripping over Big Hill and down to the cars.

Leader: C.C.Smith. 13 in party.

P.S. A note from the botanists.

They found twenty seven new plants in that stream bed i.e. twenty seven new ones to that area. A most satisfactory result.

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TRIP NO.161. 8th and 9th November. CAPE KIDNAPPERS.

A weekend party of nine left on Saturday afternoon and via the beech had a good trip to the Cape. Crayfishing and rock hopping sports were indulged in before the party retired for the night. Next morning, Rongaiika and the gannets were visited before the day trippers arrived. They, 26 strong, left Hastings and Havelock so punctually that two members were left behind. The said members managed to bag a third and they journeyed out together, just appearing in sight as three little dots on the horizon near the cottage. From Clifton, the party proceeded up the Maraetotara stream a short distance and then branched up a spur to the left and across the hill tops to the cottage. The day was sunny and clear and the patches of bush in the gullies gave variety to the views of green hills and blue seas and sky.

About 12-30 a halt for lunch was made at the cottage and then the journey to the beach was continued over the hill. The weekenders were disporting themselves on the sands having just consumed a meal/ A visit to the birds and then the the Black Reef was the next objective.

It had been reported that the special seaweed needed for research work grows on the Reef but the sea being rough, none could be collected. Tea in the sun under the cliffs was a pleasant interlude before the return to the lorry.

Leaders: Dave Williams and Joan  
Lovell-Smith  
38 in party.

TRIP NO.162. LONGFELLOW. 23rd. November.

Twenty-two members set out for Longfellow, a steep, narrow ridge lying between the Omanaki stream and the Ngaruroro river. From Whana Whana out-station, the party kept north of the fence line, crossing it to reach a saddle just below a prominent knob on the banks of the Omanaki. The banks of this stream are high and precipitous on the Whana Whana side, but slope rather more gently up to Longfellow on the other side. Four members tried out a direct route, dropping straight down to the stream and dropping straight down to the stream and going straight up the other side, while the main party chose an easier face slightly to the south, found a good track down, made a quick descent, then travelled downstream as far as a tributary, the Ngatamariki. Three of the party wanted to have a lazy day, so remained here. The rest crossed to the Longfellow side and up an easy slope to the knob where they had arranged to meet the exploring four who had branched off earlier. After an exchange of views on the two different routes, the party proceeded to the top of Longfellow. The weather was extremely sultry, making the climb one of the thirstiest on record. There was no water on top, but a noble band went about 300' down to the Ngaruroro and toiled back with a large billy full, earning the gratitude of all. The heat, together with the alluring coolness of the Ngaruroro below, made a swim seem far more necessary than any further exploration of the tops; so after lunch the party retreated to a well-remembered bathing hole at the junction of the Omanaki and the Ngaruroro, where they disported themselves, while the picnicing branch, found lying in the shade here, hospitably brewed more tea.

On the return trip, the party went up the Ngatamariki to its first tributary, then up a knife-edge spur, on round a hillside and picked up the fence line not far from the starting point. The country was seen at its best, there being many bush shrubs and trees in full bloom, the manukas, kanukas and cordylines showing particularly well, while the scents of the less showy flowers filled the air with sweetness.

Leader: Janet Lloyd. No.on trip 22.

Now we have found a leader good, who looks both bright and stern,  
Who counts up all her follerers at every creek and turn,  
A lecture she will give you -- Dont leave the straight and narrow,  
To help you guess our meaning, we call to mind "Longfellow2".  
While "tuffies" climbed up on the ridge some stayed bust down below  
And brewed them tea when they arrived so swimming they could go.  
These trampers three were called a name they really dont deserve,  
Reported as "some picnickers" that surely was a nerve!!

TRIP NO. 163. MARAETOTARA STREAM from CLIFTON. 7th Dec. 1941

Seven members gathered at Clifton to explore the Maraetotara stream and falls. Dave led the party which followed up stream for about half an hour and then branched off to the left up hill. An hour's travelling and the party overlooked the stream again, limestone formations in the stream bed being interesting and peculiar. A scramble down, a short distance upstream and the falls came into sight or rather hearing, as the willows are so big and dense, they obscured the actual falls. These falls are about fifty feet high and are worth inspection. A swim above the falls and lunch in the long grass were enjoyed before the party left on the homeward trek. Following the stream down, the party, after a certain amount of wading reached Clifton in about two hours. A pleasant and easy summer trip.

Leader: Dave Williams. 7 in party.

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TRIP NO. 164. NO MAN'S + POHOKURA - OTUPAE. NEW YEAR. 1942.

A last minute dash before mobilization set in, thanks to Clem supplying the transport. The weather was steadily unkind and we didn't do all we set out to do but it was a great trip and a great party.

Six of us set out from Big Hill Station at 10-45 on Tuesday 30th and went up the stream, dropping Mick at Herricks', to the waterfall on the No Man's tributary. As several of the remainder were knocking we camped the night instead of going up to No Man's.

Wednesday. Dec. 31st. Up the spur to the Iron Peg in under three hours. Seem to have spent another three hours in lunching, botanizing and poking about before picking on a clear spur which took us down into the open Pohokura country. Orchids, sheep and startled deer everywhere. Only two hours from the top to the Ika awatea - Makirikiri forks. Boiled up while a reconnaissance party went ahead. Forbidding rock walls to both streams and an abrupt cascade one hundreds yards up the Makirikiri blocked our first choice of route. Toi maru not too good though actually practicable by a steep scramble through manuka from the Ika awatea. We were tempted by a strong game track up a long dog leg spur on the other side of the Makirikiri but the weather came on wet at that point so we decided to camp and filled in the evening poking up the Ika awatea, steep walls but a good bed and interesting botanically.

Thursday. New Year's Day. Rain and wind. Lay in, tacitly abandoning a 6 o'clock start for Reporoa. Skirted the Paramao Bush instead and picked a short spur to the top reached in just over three hours from camp. As we stood on the ridge, the rain

stopped and the mist rolled clear so we had a view though the wind was as bitter as ever. Came down the Otupae spur following a derelict telephone line, failed to pick up the hot spring and sidled into the bush and hit upon an old camp-site then zig-zagged from lagoon to lagoon, botanizing (Pohokura is dotted with swampy hollows) back to camp.

Friday. January 2nd. Broke camp at 8-45 in showery weather. Examined a small musterers hut and made for what looked the best spur back but were blocked by a papa gorge which swung us back to our previous route. Picked on a good track up (what was an old spade doing in a manuka bush half way up?) and were blown up the last part by furious squalls. Three hours to the top from camp. Got bushed on the first knob, then set out across country by compass reckoning for No Man's, crossing the Te Koau, here a sizable stream in a shallow tussock valley, then a wide boggy plateau with scattered stunted bush, hardly more than scrub. Landed in a patch of thick stuff just behind the hut but found a route through. Time on the traverse, one and a half hours.

In the afternoon, we visited Trig D with almost sunny spells and picked up some of the upper Ika awatea country, with a view to further cross country operations, also found some good botanizing round the group of tarns, west of the hut. A smothering evening (the chimney is in need of repair) and a cold night.

Saturday. January 3rd. Eleet on the ground, mist and driving drizzle. Round by Herrick's Spur (some track cutting wanted here) to Herrick's Hut in a little over three and a half hours. Mick had left but he had also left us some of the cherries. Picked him up botanizing his way down-stream and in spite of trouble with a baulky tyre valve, put Tony on the 5 o'clock train with a few minutes in hand.

D.L.E.

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TRIP NO 165. January 11th. 1942. ERGOT GATHERING EXPEDITION.

Six of us left Havelock soon after 8 a.m. on bicycles, but before long Molly's tyre went flat and continued to do so every few yards. We picked up the two Hastings people at Mangateretere, where we left Molly's bicycle, which Angus later mended, and met the other three at Clive. There seemed to be quite a bit of ergot near the Whakatu turnoff, so we went back and found quite a bit. From there the party decided to try at the Waitangi Estuary, but there turned out to be plenty of tall fescue but scarcely any ergot. The billy was boiled out on the shingle and afterwards everyone set to and cleaned the ergot, a painstaking job. Then another boil up and we returned home via the Farndon back road and round about the Pakowhai road, the party splitting up and going various ways. A very pleasant day, about a quarter of a pound of ergot being gathered.

Leader: Nancy Tanner. 11 in party.

TRIP NO. 166. January 25th. 1942. ERGOT GATHERING.

It was mixed feelings that I awakened one Sunday morning to hear rain pouring down from a darkened sky. The thought of collecting ergot in such weather, walking through long grass and receiving a shower bath every time I cut off or plucked heads of grass rather dampened my enthusiasm for the trip proposed for this weekend. Tramping may be all right in wet weather, but collecting ergot is a different matter. Then I realised that if ergot collecting was out of the question I could have a good old sleep in, but before settling down I looked out of the window. Yes, the sky was nine-tenths black but that one-tenth which was a streak of blue towards Napier seemed to be increasing. Perhaps the old saying "wet at seven fine at eleven" would prove true. By nine the sky showed more definite signs of clearing, and about 9-30 a.m. I started off in case some others would turn up.

At Pakowhai Bridge, I was joined by the Napier party and after waiting some time for the appearance of further members from Hastings I decided to go to find out per telephone what had happened to the rest of the party. On informing them of the good weather which had just arrived from sunny Napier, the other members decided that they could make it by eleven. I rejoined the original party at the Bridge where we profitably filled in the time, looking for ergot till the main party arrived. When they joined us the sun was shining brightly making everything hot and steamy. We then proceeded on down Farndon Road, turning in at a drive lined with tall fescue. This certainly looked good for ergot collecting, but the "inner man" was calling, so it was decided to press on down to the lake and lunch under the willows. Trampers were warned about a hidden ditch overgrown with grass and one soon found it, but did not seem too pleased with the discovery or his black stockings. The lake proved somewhat disappointing to some. Its placid green waters did not reflect the many willows surrounding and growing in the lake itself. The water being completely covered over with a green weed. It was more of a duck pond than a lake.

After lunch, a diversion was caused by the discovery of an old canoe (Maori) and we enjoyed trying to paddle the canoe. After settling lunch with canoeing, we started out again to collect ergot. We tramped by the edge of a barley field till we reached a place where fescue grew fairly abundantly. After a fair time of harvesting, members had scattered abroad. Some working down back to our original place had discovered another prolific paddock. We were kept busy till it was time to boil up again for afternoon tea. We then spent a leisurely time winnowing the grain (separating the the blight from the grass seed.) As anyone knows who has done this job, separating the ergot from the grain takes time, and although many bright suggestions were offered as to quicker ways, we found that the "slow but sure" way was the best. When the time came to cycle homewards, everyone was unanimous in voting the day's excursion most enjoyable and profitable. Bags of unthreshed seed to be picked over at the next T.C. meeting were taken home, so that we could prove to other members who missed the pleasure of this outing that we indeed er-got some.

Leader: Julia Isdale. 10 in party.

TRIP NO. 167. Feb. 8th. 1942. ANNUAL PICNIC. HORSESHOE BEND.

This event was unusual in that the party tramped with packs from Havelock to the Tuki Tuki river, camping spot, instead of the usual picnic style of lorry riding to the appointed place

Nine members were encamped and a pleasant evening was spent sitting over a smokeless fire, yarning of old times. Next morning seven more trampers arrived and swimming, sun bathing and eating were carried on in the usual manner. The day was perfect which was more than appreciated after the changeable weather Hawkes Bay has had this summer. The party journeyed homewards, tramping to Havelock and bicycling to Hastings in the cool of the evening.

Leader: Arch Toop. 16 in party.

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TRIP NO. 168. Feb. 22nd. RABBIT GULLY. and BEACH

On Sunday, Feb. 22nd. seven members arrived at Clifton about 9 o'clock under the impression that a trip to Kidnappers was the objective. After waiting an hour and a half, a further party arrived and then we learned that Kidnappers was off and a pansy trip along the beach with a swim and sun-bathing was the programme. Six of us decided on something more strenuous and took to the hills and about mid-day reached the head of Rabbit gully where we had a leisurely boil-up. Later we skirted the gully to the sea and came upon the rest of the party splashing in the surf. They had come by boat and were enthusiastic about the new means of transport for the Club. At least, those who had not done any pulling were, the toilers of the party were more reserved in their opinions. Presently, we were all splashing in the briny, the boat was launched and most of us scrambled in for a short cruise (not nearly short enough for the writer.) Ailly took up a position in the bows and liberally rope's ended everybody within reach, until seriously threatened by her victims with the fate of walking the plank. What with the desire of those outside the boat to get in and the longing of those aboard to get out, the splashing and the inconvenience of having oars digging in one's back and the general feeling of instability of the whole affair, the return to land was a relief. It was lovely and warm in the sun and we stretched out on the beach to enjoy it when somebody started to throw wet seaweed about. Angus, whose bathing costume had reached a perilous stage of disintegration, retired discreetly to a distance and presently returned dressed in an impromptu costume made up of seaweed, in which he proceeded to give us his version of the Hula dance. Later the real trampers walked back along the beach, reaching Clifton three quarters of an hour ahead of the sea voyagers. Thus ended a very pleasant day in glorious weather.

Leader: C.C. Smith.

TRIP No. 169. Mch. 8th. MARAEKAKAHO - (Blackberry Trip).

14 of us collected at Stan's about 9 o'clock and after a chat to Val took off in the direction of Maraekakaho. There was no breeze to speak of and as the road was good all the way we had a pleasant ride out. We arrived at the appointed spot which was Wellwood's property at Maraekakaho (about ten miles from Hastings) at about 10.30, and were directed where to go to find the river and also the best blackberrying spots. Bikes were lifted over gates and away we went biking over the paddocks. I am sorry to say we couldn't have followed directions minutely enough tho' because we landed in a spot very thick with silver poplars. We pushed thru' these and after much circling and calling out eventually arrived at a very pretty spot beside the river. Most of us plunged straight in, or almost straight in, and had a very refreshing swim. A certain amount of ducking went forward, and as usual wherever Mr. Sprig. is, mud-slinging. We had lunch under a willow in the warm sun, and then away to pick the blackberries. It was actually a little too early and some of the berries were not ripe, but after toiling manfully for a couple of hours in the hot sun we all had quite a few to show for our labours. Back for afternoon tea and more swims, and then surprise of surprises Ailie turns up all alone. She had not been able to come in the morning and was free in the afternoon, so after a spot of frantic ringing to find out where we'd gone, she mounted her trusty bike and came out in search of us. She informed us that most of her afternoon was spent climbing fences with bike, dodging bulls, and shouting and getting no response, but with a great effort she eventually found us. More rough house followed, and about 5.30, as some of the kids had to be back early, we packed up and walked back to our bikes, thanks to Baird, by a much easier route than we came in by. We wish to thank Marge and Lindsay Wellwood for letting us spend the day on their property. They were also there for the day and we met them later in the afternoon, and so were able to thank them personally. We mounted the bikes once more and as there was still no wind, had a pleasant ride home, arriving in good time for tea. Unfortunately the Napier party missed their corner and had a few extra miles to ride, but I think even with that they, like the rest of us voted the day a distinct success. I know the blackberry jam tastes good anyway!

14 in party - Leader Mardi Budd.

TRIP No. 170. Mch. 22nd. TUKI TUKI from TE MATA.

Only nine members turned out for this trip which was most enjoyable. Three cyclists left Hastings at 8.30 and were to meet at Havelock and then to Clayton's at Te Mata. They were half way to Havelock when two more bikers passed at a great speed, and after the latter had slowed down it was noticed with great surprise that one was our "Tarch" Lowe, who was home on leave for the weekend. We were all very pleased to see him and he was able to give us some new ideas as to novel brakes and carriers, and also on the way out gave us some really "arty" exhibitions as to how to ride a bike the "breakneck" way. We picked up Mollie from Havelock and then it was non-stop for the rest of the way (except for a spot of bother with Sprig and a pump) and there we found Clem waiting for us. Marge and Nan were there to receive us also and were kindness itself. After a rest and a pear or "three", we left to cross the river and to find our Leader, who was to meet us on the other side. We got across the river without mishap, although our feet suffered somewhat on account of the stones (still we are tough), and met Dave up on a road high above the river on the other side. We followed the road for about  $\frac{1}{4}$  of an

hour, and then took to the paddocks. We walked for about two hours in the direction of some falls which are supposed to be quite worth seeing, but as the day was so hot, and food called, we decided to stop beside a small stream and boil up. We had lots of fun here watching various spots of rough house, and after lunch we retraced our steps and made for the river and a swim. We reached the river about 3.15 and didn't waste much time plunging in. It was good too. Our Leader watched us from the opposite bank until we had finished playing about, and then left us to walk to Clive. When we arrived back at Clayton's, Mrs. Clayton had hot scones and honey and a cup of tea, waiting for us, which was most acceptable. It was a good finish up, and the fact that Tarch was with us gave the trip quite an old time air. Thank you Claytons all, for your hospitality.

9 in Party. Leader D. Williams.

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An after-thought - LIBRARY.

Eleven new books have been purchased, from the funds, and all are worth reading. Look them over and select one - your intellectual outlook will surely be broadened thereby! Here is a list of them:-

Selections from The Seven Pillars of Wisdom.	by	T.E. Lawrence.
In Quest of the Sun.	"	Alain Gerbault.
Gino Watkins.	"	J.M. Scott.
Cruise of the Conrad.	"	Alan Villiers.
Over Tyrolese Hills. (replaced).	"	F.S. Smythe.
Birds of the Water, Wood and Waste.	"	H. Guthrie-Smith.
<u>Penguin Series.</u>		
Jungle Lindsay.	"	Hector Lindsay.
The Land that Gave God Cain.	"	J.M. Scott.
Arctic Village.	"	Robert Marshall.
Watkin's Last Expedition.	"	F. Spencer Chapman.
Out of the Beaten Track.	"	Major C. Court Treadwell.

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FIXTURE LIST.

<u>NO.</u>	<u>DATE.</u>	<u>TRIP.</u>	<u>LEADER.</u>
172	April 19th.	<u>OTATARA.</u> (A Maori Strong- hold, in the bad old days.)	C. C. Smith.
173	May 3rd.	<u>FLAT ROCK</u> <u>Tongoio</u>	D. Frame.
174.	May 17th.	<u>MT. ERIN</u>	June Budd.
175.	May 31st.	<u>WATERFALLS</u> <u>Maraetotara</u> Stream via Clifton.	Nancy Tanner.
176	June 14th.	Cycle trip. Locality to be arranged.	Angus Russell.
177.	June 28th.	Week-end to <u>HAUMOANA</u> and <u>CAPE KIDNAPPERS.</u>	Molly McLeay.

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