

HERETAUNGA TRAMPING CLUB.

Bulletin No. 34.

President:

E.S. Craven Esq., August, 1943.  
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Hon. Sec.:

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ROLL OF HONOUR.

Flight Lieutenant M.W. McCormick - presumed killed - June 5th, 1943.

We much regret to report that F/Lt. M.W. McCormick was a passenger on the Flying Boat which was lost on June 5th last. Wreckage of the Plane was picked up on the coast of an Island 35 miles from Suva, but there was no trace of survivors despite intensive search operations by the R.N.Z.A.F. Subsequently the personnel of the Boat were presumed lost.

Since joining the Air Force in June, 1940, Max had done excellent work on reconnaissance flights from Nelson where he was stationed and had risen to the rank of Flying Officer before being posted to Overseas Service. He had been in the Pacific Battle area for about 12 months and while there he was pilot of a Hudson Bomber which shot down a Jap. Zero - no mean feat according to those who know their aircraft. This is what he said about it:

Extract from Max's letter dated 14/4/43:

"I find it pretty good to be up where the War is after almost three years of trying to win the War on the Home Front. We fly enough to be busy enough and I have been lucky in seeing quite a few interesting things. Doing the same old kind of job of course but it is all more interesting territory. Had a bit of luck last week when I happened to see a Jap Zero stooging along at about 1000 feet, sneaked up on him, gave him a couple of squirts and much to my surprise but great delight he keeled over and went down into the sea. I felt a bit mean catching him with his pants down but I guess he would have done the same to me. In any case he was a lot faster than I was at full throttle so it was just as well he didn't see me first - as you can see it is real fun here."

Max was coming home on leave when the accident happened. His tramping career was in the heyday of the Club and he added a gay note to Club affairs of that time. He was always cheerful and helpful, even under the most trying conditions. Somehow things never seemed quite so cheerless, the snow not quite so cold or the rain quite so wetting

when Max's cheerful grin could be seen between his scarf and balaclava. It warmed the atmosphere considerably. On the lorry too, if we couldn't see his face we would hear his melodious voice coming out of the darkness singing all the old songs to keep up our frozen spirits. He was among the band of carriers who relayed timber up the Waipawa River for the Waikamaka Hut, but he was destined never to see the completed work. To these stalwarts we owe much that we can never repay.

Having tramped with Max, we realize how much he will be missed by his mother and Doug, and to them we tender our sympathy.

-----oOo-----

#### Sgt. Les Holt:

It was with much joy that we greeted Les on his return from the M.E. Les looks well and full of fight. The Club Meeting was the night after the arrival of the men on leave, and we were very glad to see Les and Marge Evans there. Les started a rough house as soon as he came in, and through the meeting there was a current of conversation. It seemed like old times to have Stan. calling us to order so that he could be heard. Letters were read between times, and the girls provided a "posh supper" in Les's honour.

Greetings from the M.E. Branch were brought by Les who had seen most of them in Egypt just before he sailed. Let's hope we see more of them before long.

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#### OVERSEAS NEWS

The M.E. Branch held a Dinner on April 8th in Cairo just before Nora and Nancy went up to the Blue. The members who were able to attend were, Les. Holt, Sam Harelsen, Nora, Nancy and an Otago Ski Club member Mary Nees who had joined the party. Judging by the menu card which was sent out to us as a memento they all had a good time.

Since that date they have all scattered and been re-united again so perhaps we will hear of more reunions soon.

#### POP COLLETT

A card from Pop writted on Feb 15th has arrived. He seem to be fairly cheerful. Here's what he says.-

" Hope the Kawekas, Ruahines and Tararuas are still standing there after all those earthquakes. I continually look forward to the days when I can wander unrestrained, over those familiar tracks. Hope you are well- keep up the good work with the letters- a much appreciated event in our rather lives. Keep smiling. See You soon".

We sincerely hope so Pop. All the best from the Club.

#### BILL HAYMAN

Anoth letter from Wobbly written in his usual cheerful strain. He's hinting at the construction of a road all the way to Waikamaka Hut. We'll wait till you come back Bill. So that you can lend us a hand. Best of luck form us all.

## OVERSEAS NOTES (contd.)

Bill BENNETT,

Bill announces that his cake arrived safely and was much appreciated, by all those who partook of it. Glad to hear you liked it Bill. Lots of luck, Bill from the Club.

JOHN vonDADELSZEN,

John also writes that he has received his cake and took it with him in manoeuvres.,- evidently it proved very popular. Many thanks for your letter and your little bits of botanical information. Cheers from us all.

LINDSAY LLOYD,

Letters from Lin have been coming thick and fast. Keep it going- we like to keep up with the doings of the "Heavy Frigate".

Rumour has it that you're becoming rather lean these days - don't too much, Lin. Sorry that paper shortage prevents us from printing all your experiences in the Club archives.

Best of everything from us all.

MOCKY MELDRUM,

We have two letters from you Mocky, on hand. Many thanks - they make interesting reading and we could do with more in the same strain. Lots of luck from us all.

HARRY RICHDALE,

Many thanks for your letter. It was good to hear that you are very much alive and kicking in spite of handicaps in the way of sand, flies and lack of water. When you have time write again.

Cheerio from us all.

DUDLEY SHEPPARD,

Your latest to hand Duddles. We're glad to hear you're still keeping your end up over there. Cheerio for now, and all good wishes from us all.

HUCKLEBERRY FINN, Lots of news from Huck, in spite of leading a Beau Geste existence still manages to give us a thought occasionally. You certainly seem to be seeing the world Sister Finn - where do you flit to next? Love from us all.

NANCY WILLIAMS;

is with Huck at the moment. Nice to think that two of the H.T.C.'s can hobnob together. I wonder where you'll be next time you write, Nancy? Love from the Club.

BRUCE BEECHEY,

True to his usual custom Bruce has written us a racy epistle full of bright chat and words of wisdom. Many thanks Beech, We can do with any number of your efforts. Keep it up.

Cheers from us all.

SAM HARALDSEN,

We are so glad to hear from you again Sam and to know that you've received your parcels and letters. Let's hear of your doings again, fairly soon. Cheerio from the Club.

Frank SIMPSON,

Your letters, airgraphs and postcards are most ~~xxxxxx~~ cheering, Frank. We are glad you are seeing so much. You will have lots to tell us when you come back. Happy landings from us all.

ARCH LOWE,

has gone overseas, leaving a wife and a bouncing Baby behind. Let us have a letter soon Arch so that we can keep you in mind. Good luck from the Club.

Cliff HUNT,

Your letter about your sojourn in the Blue was most interesting. No one else had told us about it at all. Thank you very much. All the best from the Club.

DAVE LYNCH,

We hear that you are well, Dave but you don't write and tell us your self. Hope you are enjoying a rest now. Cheers from us all.

JOHN COLLIBS,

It was nice to hear bits of your letter the other night John and to know you are still bright as ever. I wonder if you have received the cake yet. Let us know if it doesn't arrive.

Best of luck from the Club.

Harold COOPER,

We heard that you are well and fir Harold so hope that you are so busy enjoying life you don't have time to write. Let us know if there are any more reunions over there.

Cheerio from the Club.

JACK HANNAH,

Your letters have been wizard, Jack. You R.Z.N.A.F. sure do see life and the world. We love hearing about it all. It brings a bit of 'glamour' into our lives. Cheerio from us all.

Joe ARNITAGE,

We have had no news of you for ages, Joe, so hope you are still doing interesting things in new places. Hope you have received our cake by now, or have you another address. Do keep us posted.

Cheers from the Club.

GEORGE DENFORD,

seems to have disappeared completely. No one has heard of him for ages. Just in case this meets your eye, George, Let us have your address! or you will not get any more parcels!

Cheerio from the Club.

RON CRAIG,

You will be on this list from now on, we gather, Ron. Let us know where you are and how you are before long. We will be waiting for news.

All the best of luck from us all.

## EXTRACTS FROM OVERSEAS LETTERS.

Doug. Callow,

The following is an extract of a letter written on March 7th 1943, from the H.M.S. Lightning. Doug. had just had mail when he wrote this and we are glad to know he was happy.

".... Globe trotting is good experience if you can go where and when you will. Looking at a succession of dirty waterfronts does not appeal to me, but our chief troubles are, so I am told, that we arrive in places ahead of the girls A.T.S. W.R.N.S. etc and when they turn up we push off somewhere else. I wouldn't know of course. I am also given to understand that they are in great demand socially and if we call at ports where W.R.N.S. or Nurses are established we have to join a waiting list - and invariably sail before we reach the head of it. I should worry !. -----

My chances of picking shamrock are remote. I have just seen Ireland once and that just peeping through the haze and am not particularly anxious to see it again. ----- The hills of Scotland looked much more inviting, though I was over the border on only one occasion.

----- Now for an hour or two's sleep. We have had only one uninterrupted night's sleep for about a fortnight - either being trouble or else looking for trouble. Such a life! I should have tried a battleship - they rarely leave port !

Cheerio,

Doug.

460277, L/Bdr. L.H.Lloyd,

Address, 152nd Heavy Bty.,

2nd N.Z.E.F., N.Z.A.P.O. 400. writes -

---- We are going tramping tomorrow again. I have got a horse that tramps far better than I ever will and the other two have their horse and gig booked - for sad to relate the bananas are all gone and we needs must spend a couple of bob a bunch and get a couple more - one ripe and one green. Praise be no I.M.D? operates her----

How the botanists would run riot in the bush here- quite a lot of stuff like N.Z. flora or is it fauna? (no must be flora- fauna is deerstalking no botany) plants of different kinds - luminous fungi creepers, and lantana by the mile and some trees that would make members of the Fifty Thousand club cringe into their hutches and blush all down the back. I didn't know till recently that there are 11 varieties of hibiscus and each a different colour- one woman has them all in her garden.

A quaint lazy place this, the islanders slow and drawling of speech with their own language almost, - even the birds are too tired to sing decently.

P/O. H.W.Meldrum,

N.Z. 416520, R.N.Z.A.F.

c/p Army Base P.O. 3-5 Agar St.,

London, W.C.2

writes --

I was able to have a few days in London shortly after I arrived but found it very dirty and old looking compared with New York. Of course I realise the difference in age in the two cities but from what I have seen the blitz has been a blessing in disguise. The poorer part

have a sordid and squalid appearance, no room for gardens and flat are built on the same pattern by the hundreds. I am not forgetting that New York has its slums too but they do not look so depressing somehow. Of course as regards history and tradition, New York hasn't a look in. The first afternoon I went sightseeing in England I visited the Mister Church in the south, which was built in 950 A.D. -

nearly 1000 years old! Another one at Christchurch known as the Priory was built about 900 A.D.. Even in the churchyard there are tombstones with 1769 etc on them. The churches are a marvel of architecture and some of the single span roofs which are cut in one piece are tremendous. There is a Chapel at Windsor Castle which I visited which is the most beautiful I have ever seen. The marble work of the two sculptors is almost unbelievable; there are some creases in the gowns of the figures in one group which one would swear were the real thing. The choir is very impressive and contains the standards of the Knights of the Garter. Each choir stall has the headress and standard above it. Two are conspicuously empty -

Germany and Japan. -- The castle itself is very beautiful and commands a magnificent view of the surrounding country. It overlooks Eton College which has an enormous area of playing fields and a river flowing through the grounds. I called it a river but in N.Z. one would regard it as a stream, similarly some of the Scottish Bens are only equivalent to some of our higher hills although some of them look very impressive in the Trossach country and further north.

During our tour of the castle from the outside only (we were not allowed to enter the building) we saw the princesses garden which is used for vegetables only for the duration and is tended only by themselves. The sunk garden where in peace time garden parties are held must be a very impressive sight? it is filled with carrots etc at the present time. This gives some idea of how Royalty are giving a lead to the people in the campaign to make the country as self supporting as possible. It was possible to see the chairs used by the

Royal family for their every day meals as they were in residence but absent that afternoon at a football match. We were shown certain quarters which are given to military and other leaders for services rendered in order that they may spend their last days on peace and quiet. They looked cold to me being all of heavy stone but all the

houses in some areas are of stone. This has been a help too, as in the blitz jax some houses just disintegrated because of direct hits, but being of stone they did not cause other houses to catch fire as would have happened if they had been constructed of wood.

There would have been a blazing inferno in some parts which otherwise suffered slightly. I spent an afternoon doing the Tower of

London and now realise how shaky my knowledge of history was becoming. My chief impression was that our ancestors were a blood thirsty and barbaric people. Raleigh wrote his history of the World in a room which was hardly big enough to swing a cat in. It had practically no light but he was allowed to exercise for a period each day on an area later called Raleigh's walk. The King

however did not approve of the crowds watching him exercise, apparently Raleigh was a great ~~xxxxxx~~ favourite with the people so by the Kings order the wall was built higher by about 6 inches. It is possible to see the addition but Raleigh must have been a very small man as the wall only comes up to my chest. All these events occurred in the Bollody Tower which contained Raleigh's ro

and his room is reputed to be the last resting place of the bodis-ies of the two Princes who were murdered by hirelings of their uncle. The bodies were then removed by a monk who buried them and they were lost for two years until during excavations the skeletons were discovered under a staircase.

Our guide who was dressed in a modification of a beef eaters dress was most interesting and being an Irisman certainly had the gift of the blarney. However I do not think he took me for a ride at all, as some of the stories tally closely with history. He showed us the spot where Anne Boleyn was beheaded and told us several gruesome stories about people's last words and their reluctance to be executed.

Although it was February the season is well advanced and in Hyde Park shrubs are well ahead and rhodendrums were budding and japonica almost in flower. Kensington Gardens were very pretty and while walking along the local Homeguard were stealthily stalking and unseen enemy just by the famous statue of Peter Pan. I admire the statue very much and ~~was~~ was intrigued by a bronze snail which is remarkably life like.

The country side at present is delightful and there are some beautiful gardens nearby my billet, a rock garden is just a blaze of colour made up of reds and yellows and purples. I have succeeded in getting sunburned already so that indicates what they can turn on over here. Cheerio and regards to all in H.B. from Mocky.

475830,

Gnr. J.H. von Dadelszen,  
12th Battery, 17th Field Reg.

2nd N.Z.E.F., N.Z.A.P.O. 150.

Overseas. Writes as follows --- I took the cake out on manoeuvres with me and I think it was all eaten at two sittings--not by me only. You must know how we appreciate these good gifts. ---As you know I am not a botanist but it seems to me that the vegetation ~~xxxxxxx~~ is a curious mixture. Most common trees are the niaouli (spelling correct this time) and the gaiac, both of which are of the eucalyptus family. Again there are several acacias akin to wattle which would suggest an Australian origin. Then there is the measly pine which I think I mentioned before. In other parts of the island you find only tropical vegetation, oranges and lemons, coconuts, bananas, bamboos, pineapples, mandarins and coffee plantations, also sugar cane. Guavas and lantana are very common.

Do you know how coffee grows? It grows in a bush about 4ft. high with shiny dark green leaves rather the shape of laurel leaves, with a serrated edge. It has a white flower like a small white spiky aster, from which the 'bean' is formed. The bean is only about  $\frac{3}{8}$  in. long and turns from green to red. Coffee requires shade so that it is always grown under large spreading trees.

I went on a signalling exercise up a very pleasant valley dotted with little farms and natives houses. We visited a very clean Kanaka native village of about 20 houses with whitewashed mud walls and thatched roofs. The chief's house is distinguished by a large lozenge design painted in orange round the base. The house of the secondary chief has checked design. The people were very

friendly mostly speaking French. The local missionary was Protestant which is unusual in a Catholic country. I find my French is very rusty and I have forgotten most of my vocabulary. ... I got on quite well with a dear old nun I met in one town because she spoke slowly for my benefit. She belongs to the order of St. Joseph and has been on the island for 30 years.... In the towns I have seen the buildings are nearly all old and dilapidated though they have some fine modern schools built on the lines of the newer State schools in N.Z. .... Happy tramping to you and a again many thanks , Yours ever, John von Dadelszen.

13266, Lieut. C.C.Hunt.  
23(N.Z.) Btn, 2nd N.Z.E.F.  
M.E.F.

Letter dated 8-6-43 writes as follows-  
...As you will probably know we are again back in Egypt and at present on the old camp. Leave is on and the boys are making the most of it. They deserve the best of everything and then it is not good enough for them. The job they did was grand with the climax at Takarouna on 29th April last..... We covered about 5000 miles from Alamein to Tunis and back to Cairo. The trip up was nearly all desert but the return trip by road was more interesting. Since writing last we have done a bit of hand fighting but I am glad to say I came through without a scratch.

We did not see Tunis itself and were most disappointed. Some of the lads did, but only a very few. From all accounts it is a beautiful place.

Tunisia is a beautiful place and reminds one of many parts of N.Z. .... We left Tunisia on the 15th May. The first 200 miles was across country but after that we travelled down by road. Unfortunately we bypassed Sousse, Sfax and Gabes. Our day stages were fairly easy about 130 to 150 miles and we passed through many famous places en route to Tripoli, Mareth being the first. The defences here were terrific and I did not envy the soldiers there job on this front. Medinnine was next passed, at this point we held a big line in March ... We spent a day in Tripoli but I had a job, collecting beer for the boys. It took me all day and was a thankless task. We then headed for Misurata. This part of the journey was done through miles and miles of palm groves and a very pretty picture it made. Cultivated fields also help to make the heart light.... Our next trip was the longest about 194 miles. We passed through Siste and Nufilis, both old to us as both places we had scraps on the march forward. Two days travelling from here saw us in Benghazi and a very pretty place it is too although plenty of R.A.F. evidence about. I was surprised at the size of it. Many of the shops were open but had little to sell. ... From there to Cairo I travelled de luxe with the C.O. a super adv. party. It was a grand trip and took one to many parts of N.Z. enroute. The first stop was at Barse, incidentally the first bar we had stood too was here. It is a grand little place of green fields, trees and decent houses. The Iti has certainly done a lot of hard and valuable work in this part of the country. We travelled through hill country from about 6.30 a.m. till just on lunch time, trees, valleys and crops just about ready to thresh. We called at one out of the way place Gireme and viewed the ruins from a distance. These are supposed to be some of the oldest in the world. I would have loved to have had time to poke



about. From Cireme to Derna was a heavenly trip and one I will never forget. The only thing lacking was running water in parts. Dearn's I think is the most picturesque town in all Musso's ex property. Situated on the coast with plenty of trees, really good white houses add to the beauty. Behind the town is a big hill and around it a huge wall for protection. From Derna to Cairo it was just plain desert. We covered the 800 miles from Benghazi to Cairo in 2 days but one did not notice the distance in the car.....Chins up, Yours Cliff.

N.Z. 422657,

Sgt. (Navigator) J. Hannah,

c/o N.Z. Army Base P.O. 4 Agar St.

The Strand, London: Letter dated ~~24x2x43~~ 13-3-43 writes ---

We had a little train ride out too Corfe Castle a while back - pronounced 'MCawf' and judging by its appearance one would think it had an 'acking cawf' as it appeared to be just a heap of ~~ruins~~ crumbling stones. Of course one had to pay 6d to see those ancient and memorable stones but I would rather see some of the stones in the Tutaekuri. Another weeek we managed to get down to Sevannage in excellent weather and had a look at another castle up on the cliffs. Here they have a huge replica of the world built of concrete and called the great globe. Its quite unique but I can't imagine why it was put there. Its rather a pretty place and in this spring weather it looked its best.....

We were sent up to London recently to take part in the Wings for Victory parade. It was pretty big and the route was about 4 miles long. I've since seen some of the movies but I haven't seen any of the N.Z. squadron shown. I was in the second rank from the front and third from the left. You might see it sometime.

Cheerio and all the best, Jack.

P/O F. Simpson,

N.Z. Army Base P.O. Agar St.

The Strand, London, in an airgraph dated the 15th June 1943 writes ---- I've just returned after a whole months leave during which I didn't climb a single mountain. - I'd intended to go north and climb Ben Nevis. However amongst other things I spent a week on a Highland farm - mustered sheep etc.; had a look at the famous Trossachs and Lake Katrine, drove, walked and rowed round Loch Lomond (a marvellously beautiful place in fine weather) and climbed Mt. Snowden in Nth Wales. On the farm I've been stoking up on milk and eggs rare luxuries, and here I will be able to do the same as the place is full of Ayrshire cows and I have found an old N.Z. acquaintance married to a local farmer milking 75 of them

..... Cheerio and All the best Frank.

38194,

Sister N.E. Finn,

3rd General Hospital,

M.E.F.

in a letter dated 5-5-43 says....

Sunday night two of us are going in to stay a night at a Hotel. We've only just been allowed to do it. I believe the air raids keep one popping up and down. For dinner bed and breakfast one pays 5s -- but it has a catch - the army supplies the rations - bully beef a la Hotel menu. Its amusing how ones army food keeps following one one about..... Had whoppee party the other night sitting on stools

at an underground bar with some S. Africans singing African songs to a guitar. I sampled their three different shades of local liquor - 'pink elephants' (red ink colour), velvet ~~xxxx~~ glove, (olive green, and 'plonk' the local die quick (mauve) Next morning I told my tent mates I had been drinking rainbows - sounds terrific but its not.,..... many many thanks for the lovely bits of letter  
Love Huck.

### WAIKAMAKA HUT LOG.

It was suggested at a recent committee that a copy of each hut log book should be kept in the Club room for perusal by members unable to visit the huts. Consequently on the last Waikamaka Hut trip Mollie spent most of her day copying the log and ~~xxx~~ since then she has presented a typed copy to the Club. (Thankyou, Mollie)

The book begins on Jan. 30th 1940 and the latest date entered is June 7th 1943. The following data have been gleaned from its pages-

The number of Club trip held (i.e. recorded) 8.

" " Private " of Club members 9.

" " " other trappers 4.

Deerstalking trips including visits of Govt. Cullers 11.

2 parties of Soldiers (Guide Olatoons) have used the hut and 3 men of the M.S.M.C. have visited it.

The number of names in the book is 193 of which 125 are Club member.

In all 80 days are recorded in the log and of these days 39 are recorded as windy and /or wet and /or snowy while 11 were definitely fine. The other 30 days ~~xxx~~ not mentioned we are lead to conclude were uneventful unless perchance the users of the hut on those days were indifferent to weather conditions!

The comments on the hut emphasize the comfort and cosiness of it and many compliments are paid to the builders. Arch Toop's bellows also call forth praise for the 'wind it puts up the fire'.

We can safely conclude that the Hut has fulfilled a want and that the work and time put into building it has been justified.

14-17-May 1943

The source of the Manawatu is now fixws and the lost valley behind it eliminated. The Sept. 41 party camped at the head of the Mangatewainui where the Jan. 41 crossed it without recognizing it.

The enthusiasn of the Hereworth contingent iniated the trip though it soon grew to a party of eight with car transport. The ~~xx~~ boys who came out stood wet weather, lawyer and leatherwood like old hands and only complained ~~xx~~ at being dragged home at the end of four days. We started pansy with morning tea at Ailie's but by the time a gust of wind blew Campbell's pack over a waterfall things were getting tougher.

The Manawatu was a disappointingly small stream rising in a ring of high cones well out from the main divide. We established camp in a main valley, the camp being noteworthy for smoke, oatmeal (particularly Campbell's pre-soaked variety) maize meal (Clem) wisecracks (Tubby) all night conversation (Tubby), restless sleepers (boys) and rain.

After a day's poking round in mist and wet we put in a day round the tops in beech forest, ending with a flounder through 2nd growth which brought us back to camp after dark.

The last day we packed up, went round to Dasslers and tried for the Apiti saddle, but didn't give ourselves enough time. The route appears to be across to the second saddle beyond the Mangatewainui and then up a ridge to the west..

No account of the trip would be complete that did not mention lawyer, the magic word Mangatewainui and one magnificent clay slide in the leather wood which accelerated all hands considerably.

N.L.E.

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TRIP IN THE UREWERA (concl)

The second part of Angus's trip in the Urewera consisted of a river journey. The route lay down the Waikarewhenua river whcih runs near Maungapohatu, to the forks of the Whakatane river and then up the Whakatane for some distance and then across a ridge to come out near to their starting point. The Waikarewhenua, a slow flowing shingle bottomed river runs through a steep bush clad gorge. Frequently the trees meet overhead and form tunnels. Usually the easiest method of travelling was by walking in the water, pleasnat enough in the summertime. Where ever Nature had left a high terrace of there were river flats one could see abandoned pa sites with scrub once more taking possession of the grass lands where fat wild pigs luxuriated. Two days of pleasant travelling brought the party to the forks and another two days upstream, then a ridge was crossed which brought th them to Ruatahuna near where they had started. The Whakatane a large riverruns slowly and the 60 crossings were made safely. Fish were plentiful and two of the party kept them well stocked up. Angus, says " We caught 15 3 or 4 pounders in one day and when the ranger and his mate joined us the cock led the horse needed to carry the catch. We had great roaring camp fires. trout cooked on hot stones, teeming bird life, moonlight nights and before us great ridges and river gorges, a rolling sea of the forests of Tane." Altogether a memorable holiday.

A. Russell.

### HEADWATERS OF NGARURORO RIVER.

This is a short record of a six days trip at New Year, 1943, to the head of the Ngaruroro river by way of Ngamatea station, the Taruarau river and the Golden Hills.

Our party of four - T. Mitchell, R. Keys, D.T. Bathgate and D. A. Bathgate left Hastings by car and proceeded via Kuripapango and Gentle Annie to Ngamatea Station, about seventy miles from Hastings and seven miles in from the Taihape Road. The homestead is situated on a rolling tussock covered plateau at an elevation of 3000 feet and from here is controlled the management and workings of the 240,000 acres of land owned and leased by the holders of the station - Fernie Brothers and Roberts.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Roberts gave us a most kindly welcome and very generously lent us two packhorses - Bruce and Nugget. We explained that we were really on a tramping holiday but we did appreciate this kindness and with Tom's wide experience of this form of transport, we accepted the horses with illconcealed pleasure.

We spent the first night here in the shearers quarters which are replete with all home comforts even to a hot shower. The outlook from Ngamatea station is magnificent with high peaks in every direction and the great mass of Ruapehu dominating them all. We left the station at 9 am on Tuesday after having successfully bestowed all our spare worldly goods on the faithful Bruce and Nugget. The day was brilliantly fine, the air was exhilarating, our destination was the Golden Hills Hut sixteen miles away at the Head of the Taruarau River and we had no packs to carry - truly tramping de luxe.

The track out first crosses the woolwash creek and skirts the edge of the extensive Ngamatea swamp then drops down by easy grades into the basin of the Taruarau River. The going was delightful. Beech forests crowned some of the adjacent spurs but stopped abruptly halfway down their slopes. But most of the way, the track led up through the Golden Hills. These were indeed golden in the sunshine - golden with tall waving tussock - never were hills more appropriately named.

The day was very hot and the sixteen miles seemed a long way to us - soft as some of us were - and the Hut was a welcome sight as we came to it nestling at the edge of the Beech Forest. After refuelling our transport and turning them into the paddock, we ate our meal and had a look round the clearing. There was ample evidences that some of our guerrilla troops had made this their headquarters for commando raids on the local deer herds.

Next morning - Wednesday - after boot and saddle - we left the Golden Hills Hut for Boyds whare - in the Ngaruroro. There was a bit of a pull up from the Taruarau onto the watershed of the Panoko, a tributary of the Ngaruroro.

On reaching the crest of the ridge the track proceeded for some miles along the top through the heart of a beech forest. This was a particularly beautiful part of the trip as can well be imagined - the play of light and shadow in the bush - the majesty of the tall trees - the singing of birds all lent charm and interest. Here we saw the bell bird and the rifleman, the long tailed cuckoo and the whitehead - all birds of the high ranges. Colour was lent to the scene by the scarlet sprays and masses of New Zealand mistletoe draping the beeches. The track turned suddely ont of the bush and we found ourselves again on golden tussock slopes looking northwards across the lower Panoko basin to the Headwaters of the Ngaruroro and the Kaimanawas with Boyds Rock looming up into the northern sky. It was too wonderful a sight to pass hurriedly, so we sat there in the sunshine to admire it all.

Dropping down from this ridge into the Panoko, one of the party endeavoured to take the usual short cut and succeeded in getting Nugget bogged in a creek - thus holding up the expedition till the salvage squad came to the rescue. Incidentally for those who wish transport for cross country travel in these parts, we recommend an amphibious tank - preferably of more than one horsepower.

On reaching the Ngaruroro River, the whole party had a refreshing swim in the soft, warm, sunsoaked water. Boyd's whare which has been burnt down, was situated in a delightful clearing on or rather in the edge of a beech forest, two to three hundred feet above the river and under the vast outcrop of Boyd's Rock. A more beautiful camping site would be hard to imagine - in the bush up above the river with a tiny stream up-above-the-river-with-a trickling down alongside the camp. Here the tent was pitched on the site of a deer cullers camp. Two of the tougher members of the party elected to sleep out under the stars in a couple of dilapidated bunks.

Bruce and Nugget were attended to and turned adrift in the paddock. Tom, meanwhile collected a 10 pointer within 100 yards of the camp.

Next morning, Thursday, an early start was made for Mt. Maunf garahi, a peak of 4700 feet at the source of the Ngaruroro River. Our transport was left in camp and we got away at 7 am sharp, with billy, snacks and electric torch for our luggage. From above Boyd's, the bed of the river was dotted with deer and as we were travelling light, all the members of the party had a turn at trying to reduce the surplus population of red deer. The climb up Maungarahi was through magnificent beech forest sadly damaged by these pests. Going and returning on this day

alone, close on one hundred deer must have been seen and that without turning aside from our route. The army in N.Z. had apparently not penetrated into these parts.

We reached Boyd's camp again at 10 p.m. after a long and most enjoyable day. The view from the top of Maungarahi is most comprehensive, ranging as it does from the Rangitaiki plains and Mt. Edgecombe in the north down to the Pohangina and southern Ruahines in the south. One can look into the headwaters of the Rangitikei and Tauranga Taupo Rivers. Round the horizon one sees Mt. Tarawera the Rangitotos, all the peaks of the National Park, the Kaimanawas, Ruahines and Kawekas, the Titikura saddle with the Maungaharuru, Hinarau and Urewera Ranges. While in the middle distance and to the west is the vast expanse of Lake Taupo. A truly magnificent and all embracing panorama. On reaching camp a mug of tomato soup was all we wanted and then bed without waiting to see the New Year in.

In the morning, Friday, New Years day, we had a leisurely breakfast and struck camp before midday. We left Boyd's very reluctantly - it was a place where we all felt we would have liked to stay on and just enjoy the charm of its surrounding bush and birdlife - and its quiet place and beauty - its remoteness and silence.

However time marches on and the weather began to threaten rain so we collected our horses, packed up and set off back to the Golden Hills Hut, being overtaken by a torrential downpour half an hour before reaching the Hut which was indeed a welcome shelter from the cold rain and wind. Next day, Saturday, we spent very lazily in the Hut, eating sleeping, talking and reading while outside it rained and blew and turned bitterly cold.

On Sunday, the weather showed signs of breaking so after a good tidy up at the Hut and a walk around its vicinities, we once more packed up and headed back to Ngamatea Station. The weather improved as we went on and this day proved a delightful one except for the chill of the evening breeze which struck us as we climbed back up onto the plateau.

We reached Ngamatea at 6-30 p.m., returning Bruce and Nugget in good order and condition. Thus ended a most pleasant and enjoyable holiday in the back country.

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The attendance at meetings has been, on the whole, good, the most regular members being Stan, Mollie, Norman, June, Janet, Nancys Tanner and Monck, Peg Morris, Ursula Greenwood, and Rosemary, Joan, Mabel, Marjory, Mardi, Lassie, Angus ~~xxx~~ Clem and Dave, with occasional glimpses of Doc, Freddy, Ezra and C. Clarke. We do not often have a speaker but spend the evening in exchanging news of absent members and reading letters from them. The meetings keep up the spirit of the Club even if we cannot have real tramps now.

~~xxxSpecialx~~

~~EVENINGxxxMrxxHERRICKxSxHOME.~~

A special party was the meeting held at Mr. and Mrs. E.J. Herrick's home, Lindisfarne, when the Club was most hospitably entertained.

After the usual Club business in the unusual comfort of easy chairs and a glorious fire, Mr. Herrick gave us an account of his most recent trip to the Southern Fiord country. The object of the trip was to traverse the country between the outlet of the Worsley river in Lake Te Anau to the head of the river ~~whixx~~ and to go on to the saddle between the Worsley and the Wild Natives Rivers. Mr. Herrick had previously made a trip up the Wild Natives river from Bligh Sound and was anxious to connect the two trips.

The Worsley is an extremely swift and dangerous river with as far as is known only one ford, about  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile from the outlet to the Lake. Having been landed at the outlet after a stormy trip across the Lake in a motor launch, Mr. Herrick and his companion

Mr. Muir made base camp on the left bank of the river near the ford. They then set off upstream but after  $\frac{1}{2}$  day's travelling their passage was blocked by another stream cascading into the Worsley

~~xxx~~ which was absolutely unfordable. They perforce had to return to base camp and eventually decided to make another supply base on the other side of the river. This river can rise very quickly

so that in the event of bad weather they did not wish to be cut off from their supplies. Another camp made and the tramp or rather clamber upstream was started again. The heavy bush and precipitous nature of the country must have made carrying packs heavy going

to say the least of it. The rainfall in that area is about 360 ins per annum so that nothing is ever dry. However Mr. Herrick said the weather was comparatively good and did not hamper them in their trip. As they rose the bush turned to scrub and leatherwood

was prominent in the fight uphill. After Two days they approached the pass and here a curious thing was seen. Here the ground was bare of vegetation and near the top was a huge rock, weighing about

3cwt. which had been turned completely over within the last few days. The mark where the rock had lain was clearly visible and a small tree which had grown on the rock was now crushed underneath.

There were no marks of any humans or animals who might have moved it so that the reason for its having somersaulted is a complete mystery. From the saddle the party looked down into the valley

of the Wild Natives river which runs into Bligh Sound. (Wild Natives river is so called because in the early days very shy Maoris were reported to have lived in the district. However none

have been seen for many years so that they are presumed to have ~~died~~ died out) Mr. Herrick reported that no deer were seen and even the birds were very scarce possibly accounted for in the fact that there

No berrying shrubs or trees grew in the valley. The return journey was made via the same route without incident and a memorable trip was concluded.

On behalf of the Club Dr. Bathgate thanked Mr. Herrick for his most interesting talk and truly said that it inspired us to visit that part of the South Island when circumstances permit. The next best thing to travelling new ground is to hear about trips first hand and we are most thankful to have had this opportunity to hear about unexplored and little known parts.

Mrs. Herrick then invited us to have supper with her in the dining room and full justice was done to her hospitality.

On behalf of the Club Mr. Craven thanked our host and hostess for a most enjoyable evening.

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### SOCIAL NOTES

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RONAGH BLACK has written cheerful letters to members lately.

Mary is growing fast and from the snaps we have seen she is a ~~xxxx~~ bonnie wee lass. Love to you all from all of us, Ronagh.

Lesley LATTEY is moving herself and family, Janet, Alison and Hugh to Paraparamu to join Peter who has been stationed in that district for some time. We are invited to use her home as a 'jumping off place' for trips in the Tararuas. Thankyou very much, Les, we'll be seeing you!

I.A. (TUBBY) FARRELLY

was in H.B. in May and attended the 200th trip. Old and new members enjoyed meeting Tub again, better and brighter than ever.

LUCY HODGSON and CATHARINE CROMPTON both write cheery letters and seem very well in their new spheres of labour. Nice to hear from you Kids. What a spot of tree Pruning? Love from the Club.

NANCY CLAYTON has just finished 6 months training in St. Helens Hospital Wellington, and we congratulate her on passing the Midwifery examination. Cheers, Nan.

We congratulate LLOYD and HELEN WILSON on the birth of a son. He will be company for Mary Lloyd.

NOEL FENDALL was withdrawn from the overseas list most unexpectedly and is now at Army H.Q. on the permanent Staff. Good Luck, Noel

Ezra BARTLE, sorry I mean John, is also stationed near Wellington. Perhaps you will do some tramping? EZ.

Congratulations to LIEUT. F.J. GREEN, on his promotion. It was nice to see you at the meeting on the 30th, Freddy.

RON CRAIG turned up at a recent meeting to really say good bye. Best of luck and all good wishes go with you, Ron.



KEITH BULLOCK has left us for fresh fields. Masterton to be exact to which town he has been transferred. Good luck and good tramping. ~~XX~~ Keith. Let us know if you do any tramping in the Tararuas.

AILIE and CAP COOKE, are living at 30 Jellicoe St. Waipukurau, and have been most hospitable to stray trampers. Thank you, we will call again, Ailie.

#### LIBRARY NOTES.

Latest additions to the Library are the following -

Papua Wonder land by J.G.Hides,  
By Canoe and Elephant, by J.K.Heughan,  
The Green Leaf( A Memorial to Grey Owl) by Lovat  
Dickson,  
The Flora of New Zealand by W.Martin.

Dave ~~ix~~ has donated all the foregoing books and they should all be well worth reading.  
Dave is the back bone of the Library and it is due to his generosity that we have such a good collection of books.  
We appreciate your thoughtfulness in choosing and buying us so many books , very much, Dave . Thankyou.

#### NEW MEMBERS

We welcome the following new members to the Club and hope that they will join in with all our activities.

~~Mrix~~ Marie Lynch,  
Marie Prebble,  
Marion Miller,  
Marjory Matheson.

#### OVERSEAS PARCELS

It was decided to send a cake as our last parcel to the lads and lasses overseas and these were duly despatched.(We do not mean that there will be no more parcels forthcoming, that 'last ' makes it sound so.)

Some of the cakes have been received and have been appreciated.

18.  
CLUB TRIPS.

No. 198. MO KOPEKA CAVES via HORSESHOE BEND. April 11th. 1943.

This trip was due to start from Hastings at 8-45. Havelock at 9-15 and the red gate (Norman and Mollie's point of contact) at 9-45 am. However owing to the unprecedented unpunctuality of one member who mistook the time to leave Hastings, the advance party were well ahead until the river was reached, when the second and third parties managed to connect.

The poplars (silver and Lombardy) and the willows here were a wonderful sight in their autumn colourings being duly admired. The river was very low, an easy crossing being made. The hills towards Mokopeka were then climbed and the sun being hot on our backs as we toiled up. The caves were located and glanced at hastily by the light of a few odd matches before we lunched beside a stream in the valley. Odd chatter and a little botanizing was done before the homeward trek was started. Again the party separated and the rearguard enjoyed a swim in the Tuki Tuki and tea on a sunny bank beside the water. Before tackling the tramp back to Havelock which ended a most enjoyable and beautiful day.

Leader: June Budd.  
No. in party, 15.

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WORKING PARTY. 18-4-43. PICKING UP WALNUTS.

Owing to the kindness of Mr. Chambers, who owned the walnuts and the diligence of Mollie who arranged it, the Club spent a day picking up what walnuts, the opossums had left from a small grove of trees near the Tuki Tuki river. The day was not very good but a band of willing workers turned up per car, bike and on foot and collected early- sixteen sugar bags full before being driven home by the rain. Then nuts were dried in the sun and on subsequent sundays Sundays, Mollie held rendezvous in the garage where Club members cracked nuts (and jokes) being tea'd and fed at intervals by our hostess. The walnuts were eventually sold and realized nearly £9. The proceeds being put to the Parcels Fund. Cheers!

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No. 199. THE EASTER TRIP to THE MANGAHARURU RANGE. April 23-26.

The Easter trip as originally planned was to take in some interesting country to the northwest of the Maungaharuru Range including the gorge where the lake was formed by the damming of

the Te Hoe river during the earthquake of 1931. But owing to petrol restrictions we could only get as far as Tutira in the cars and time being too short to walk the whole way in, we contented ourselves by tramping to and exploring the tops of the range.

Eight of us arrived at Tutira soon after dark on Thursday and Mr. Stuckey, manager of the station welcomed us and kindly gave us permission to occupy a small cottage near the gate, where we had a jolly meal together. The weather was fine and warm so most of the party elected to sleep under the willows. We were disturbed before we could get into our bags by a hair-raising crash up the road and we were soon on the spot where a lorry lay on its side with all lights on and the dazed driver wandering around muttering something about locked gears. Nobody was hurt however, and as we could do nothing to help, we went back to our camp.

Tuesday morning we were off about 8-15 and after about two miles round the lake shore turned into the road that climbs the long slope of the range. The weather was warm and we did not travel fast. About midday, we pulled up on the shore of Lake Opouahi, a beautiful little green gem set in tree clad bluffs only a few yards off the road. Proceeding, the road became more interesting and bush covered. Just above the lake the road passes through a gorge formed by a break in a large fragment of rock strata that in ages past must have covered many square miles of country hereabouts like a huge carapace. Another three hours travelling and we arrived at Mr. Heays' farm on the top of the range and interviewed Mrs. Heays who gave us permission to use an empty cottage belonging to them. We appreciated her kindness and also a big billy of hot soup which was "just what we needed," very much and were soon making ourselves at home. The cottage, set on the side of a bush clad gorge commanded a lovely view of bush valleys that started- stretched away to Hawkes Bay and Mahia Peninsula. The bush all around us provided a good field for the botanists. Most of the party slept out of doors again, on the verandah this time. Next morning, Saturday, the leader, full perhaps of the responsibilities of his position got out of his sleeping bag at what he thought was six o'clock and proceeded to chop wood very noisily. Presently a sleepy voice from outside said "Two watches out here say it is only three o'clock and the leader taking a hasty glance at his own watch found that in truth it was so and blowing out the lamp retired to his bag with his ears burning. However, he hadnt been there long when another uproar broke out, it had begun to rain, and the outsiders came stampeding in. We did not get up very early as the rain was heavy but later in the day, donned our coats and explored in various directions along the range. It was tantalizing to get only glimpses of faraway mountains when the clouds lifted for a few moments, but we found the track to the trig.

Sunday, the weather was much clearer and a very high wind had risen. We set out for Taraponui, the highest point on the range. The Maungaharurus run north east and south west and consist of a precipitous escarpment on its westerly aspect with a long graduated slope to the east. The track follows closely the shattered edge

of this escarpment, where great towering rocks project threateningly over the valley below. We had some wonderful views from this wind swept trail, of the gorges and peaks of the Ahimanawa mountains, away to the west and Kawekas to the south west. We could see the Te Hoe river where the lake had been and of which we had heard the story of its release by flood in the country below six years after its formation, when the water swept away a bridge and did much damage. The country looked so interesting and new to us that we couldnt help looking forward to exploring it sometime when the boys get back and tramping is not so restricted.

Three hours of heavy going in the high wind (two members being blown away at one stage) and Tarapounui Trig 4281' was reached. This was the second visit: the first being from the Titikura side. The view was magnificent but we could not stay long, the temperature was dropping though the wind wasnt, so we sought a sheltered spot in which to boil up. Hurrying through lunch we started on the back trail and reached the bush without incident; here we thought to take a short cut but although longer the bush was interesting. One who took the proper track had the fire going when we reached the cottage.

Monday dawned a perfect day and after a general clean-up and thanking Mrs. Heays we were on the way down the range. Two hours later, we boiled up at a hut in a secluded little valley, just above Lake Opouahi and later climbed a low ridge to the lake itself and hence to the road. Walking hard roads is tough on trampers and we were glad to swim in Tutira Lake at the end of the day and after a meal we boarded the cars for home and so ended a very happy four days of good tramping and company.

Leader: Clem Smith.  
No. in party. 8.

#### NO.200. Trip to Kokoroa ( report ~~later~~ later)

#### NO.201. TE MATA PEAK FROM TUKI TUKI RIVER. 23-5-43

This day dawned wet and windy so that the Hastings members decided to abandon the trip but about 1030 a.m. two Napier members who had cycled against the wind arrived at Te Mata corner which altered plans again. We eventually set off from Mr. Clayton's about 12 o'clock and lunched beside the river. The weather cleared somewhat and after lunch the walk up the steep eastern face of the Peak was pleasantly cool. After touring the tops the party journeyed homewards along the rides, the fast approaching black clouds hastening its steps. The Napier cyclists again had the worst ride the rain drenching them before they had reached Clive. The wind was exceeding chill so that all members were glad to gain warmth and comfort at home. For the Hastings party, a pleasant outing.

NO in party 6 and 2 Wolf  
Cubs.

J. Lovell-Smith ) leader.

No. 202. WAIKAMATA HUT. KING'S BIRTHDAY. June 5th-7th.

The whole trip could be summed up as "Very successful- usual conditions" but for obvious reasons I must elaborate further.

The Waipukurau contingent connected with main party at the Waipawa River bridge at 3-10 approximately, after taking a weight, or rather two weights, off Clem's car ( and his mind) set sail for McCulloch's Mill which or rather the scene of which was reached around 4-15. Weather all day had been fine but with our entry into the river at approximately 4-40 the usual dark clouds hove into sight and first spots of rain felt not far up the river. Quite good time to the Forks (45 minutes) and after a momentary pause, on to the Top Camp, darkness and rain over taking us in no uncertain manner. Game was scarce and I think 1 hare and a heel mark was all we saw.

Another 40 minutes saw us at Top Camp and pausing to eat a little chocolate and a ginger nut, we, like Smith, went on and up. We travelled quite well for a time but just before striking the jungle track out of the creek we got rather too high up the bank and expended a certain amount of time and energy uselessly. The climb up the last slope was enervating in the extreme owing to the cold and the fact that the track kept itself hidden for a very long time.

We used the shingle slide down t'other side and so on down to the hut. I might mention here that owing to my torch and my legs having given out, Molly put on a very creditable exhibition of the blind leading the blind, tho' at the time, I was very thankful.

Clem and Dave were first in at 8-50 and a good fire was soon(er or later) blazing, Archie's bellows performing wonders. Good nights rest and up early (about - er 10ish). Clem, Angus (who cut short his lunch to go) Dave and Joan went for a stroll up Rongatea ridge after lunch and while they were away it snowed in earnest - Nancy getting a freat kick out of same. Much talk went on re the respective merits as a way home, of LXVI and Three Johns and Rangī but I must confess here that the apathy of the leader rather dampened any such notions. Clem was anxious to snap LXVI at close quarters so we promised him a summer trip.

We replenished the wood supply and Joan and Molly copied out the Visitors' Book and apart from eating, that comprised our day's work - noe not unfamiliar to members of the H.T.C. and certainly not unpopular with some of them, yours truly included. Seven o'clock saw us all well fed, the three girls in bed and Angus and Clem in a strenuous vocal tussle re the Wrongs of the World with occasional interjections from Dave and I and one or two from the Gallery. At 7-45, a yell was heard and Lo and Behold and What-have-you? Doc and Rolf and Marg and David and Shirley. And how they were cold and miserable. Hot tea and the usual services rendered by thoughtful trampers put them into better fettle (Angus, the chiropractor, was in great demand,) and

so to bed around 11pm. Snow still falling next morning (Monday) and tops obscured so with a wink at the Sub-Leader, I boldly announced "LXVI and Three Johns out of the question", knowing full well we were going down the river. We fed very well (Angus, here, is attributed with getting away with the following (not counting snacks etc) 1 billy bergoo (onion and cheese variety), 1 billy apples (dried), numberless slices of toast, one rasher bacon, two sausages and some tea.

Molly spent the greater part of the morning cleaning out the hut and she and Rolf and Joan and I finally left for Mother and Home at 11-15 - a quarter of an hour behind the others. Rain fairly consistent to Top Camp - here I might mention, I browsed around a bit - the thought had occurred that some form of shelter would not be out of the way. I suggested same that Labour Day Weekend, might be utilised in carting and building a bivvy at Top Camp.

The trip down the river was just a pleasant stroll and apart from a spot (erase that - a veritable cloud) of trouble with my car and then Rolf's, the trip concluded - highly successful, if a trifle cold and damp. I reached home around 5-15 so imagine Hastings people ditto - 6-15p.m.

Incidentally, I might mention that the river bed has changed considerably and apart from providing a change from rock-hopping, the tracks we cut are now not necessary - indeed with a little care one could go dryshod to the Hut. The track above the Forks is a bit overgrown and is worthy of a little attention since it was once very useful and may prove so again.

The hut is in splendid repair and apart from perhaps a little attention in the way of mud or clay to the chimney, needs nothing done.

Leader: D. L. Cooke.  
No. on trip. 12.

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NO.203 MAORI ROCK 20-6-43

On arriving in Havelock the leader found three gallants from Napier waiting but that the Hastings party were walking out from town. Ezra valiantly offered to go to meet them while the rest waited in Havelock. 10 o'clock came - nothing happened - 10.30 - still waiting - bright ideal ring the Buick's - Ezra is being entertained! Leaving soon, so we decided to wait! ! . At precisely 11.15 a.m. three spritely lasses arrive with Ez and we proceed to start to go to Maori Rock. How's that for a good get away? Mistakes will occur.

About 12.30 we all felt that lunch would be welcome so we decided to boil the billy beside the stream under some trees. Mabel gave us a very pretty demonstration of how not to cross a stream. She finished with a splash and a cut knee. Waiting for the bill to boil Angus was busy toasting his specials, as usual, and Clem, well jam doesn't exactly stay put when thrown about.

## Club Trips(condt.)

NO.203

After lunch we walked on to the Roch which we all climbed except Clem who kept his camera well focussed while we descended ~~thax~~ in trepidation. The walk back was very pleasant - the waether having kept fine and with the exceptions of inspecting an electric fence and hunting for Ezra's jersey nothing happened. We arrived at Mrs. Tanner's at 5.0.' and were invited to tea which we accepted with many thanks. - a delightful finish to an enjoyable day.

No in Party 7  
Leader M. Clayton.

NO. 204 KAWEKA TRIG 3&4-7-43

Shortage of transport limited the party to 8( 2 standing down) We put all the girl in the first car which left in the morning, Molly bringing up the rear with the men in the evening. A cloudy night with the track rather overgrown got us in at 8.40.p.m. After supper an incipient singsong fortunately died down before much sleep was lost. Sunday. Nobody woke too early and we didn't get away till 8.20.a.m. Angus and Dave staying round the Hut. The remainder with excessive caution took the roundabout route up the middle ridge- 2 hours to the 4915. Not much snow so far and still misty but with some glimpses to the west. Continuous snow - not very thick- to Studholmes saddle with a rough crystalline crust. Ruapehu and Ngaruhoe absolutely plastered. From 5330 on absolutely clear to the west, an almost unbroken expanse of snow against blue sky with the obelisk of Makrako the only rock visible. Hawkes Bay was hidden under a belt of dirty cloud which also concealed all but a few high snow peaks in the Central Ruahines. The Trig except for a stump covered with icicles lay in ruins. Time  $3\frac{3}{4}$  hrs. from the Hut. In spite of a chilly draught the main body insisted on pausing for a bite of food, then we set off back again, reaching the Hut via the slope below west Tit in  $2\frac{3}{4}$  hr. Just time for a boil up and out to the cars by dark and home.

The track is getting grown up with manuka still fairly small; a working party in the near future would save a lot of heavy slogging later. The Hut itself is in good order except for the floor plates which are showing signs of deterioration in damp spots. A new visitors book was installed and the old book brought out for record. 714 names from Nov. 1936 to Mar 1943.

NO in Party 8  
Leader N.L. Elter.

SUB-LT. D. W. CALLOW - Missing Presumed Killed - 23/3/43.

"There was no excuse for not knowing Dougal after his first tramp" - H.T.C. Bulletin, August, 1940. This appreciation of his services to the Club, written on his transfer from Hawke's Bay cannot very well be improved on. I can only add here more personal reminiscences of the tramper with whom I worked perhaps in closer collaboration than with any other member of the Club.

Telegraph Engineer: A new member in the back of the lorry watching telephone poles and making notes in a pocket book. An inimitable account of P. & T. repair gangs after the Eskdale flood with dry asides on the accuracy of fault-locating apparatus and the connections of party line owners.

Astronomy: An advertised talk on astronomy at Haumoana when the stars failed to co-operate. A visit to Te Mata Peak for an eclipse of the moon when Doug. in town shoes was taken up a boggy gully in pitch darkness.

Acrobat: The Pohangina Hut one snowy Labour Day with Bill Reid and Dougal in wild competition leaping from rafter to rafter and to June's shoulders grimacing and chattering with alarming realism.

Hut Builder: "Gosh, what a list!" 1938. The constructions of the Kaweka Bivvy by Les, Arch and Doug, and the crumpled mattock as a souvenir above the fireplace. 1938. Leader of the celebrated working party that chain-passed the Howlett's Hut material up Daphne Ridge. 1939. After haunting Top Camp and the Waipawa Saddle for innumerable cold, wet, snowy weekends Dougal led the Labour Day party that triumphantly erected the framing of the Waikamaka Hut. April, 1940. Waikamake working party - "Even then Dougal, unable to tear himself away, turned back when half way up the creek on some flimsy pretext."

The Blood-hound of Boyd's Bush: Aug. 1937. The Hoodoo of Boyd's Bush, first instalment Feb, 1939, The Hoodoo of Boyd's Bush second instalment April, 1939. "A party of our pathfinders have at last located the elusive track."

A Hunter of Hot Springs: Unofficial parties located some rumoured hot springs on the Tutaekuri in the Mackintosh area.

Doug. Callow the Ford Fury: 31/12/38. Going up Gentle Annie in the dark with a precious cargo, the provisions for a Kaimanawa crossing. "Steering getting slack" - Dougal guessing the curve and taking a couple of turns of the steering wheel in advance. We couldn't see the drop into the river at the knife edge spur but could imagine it all right. - Makaroro. Some dealings with a missing pin in the steering. Underneath the car at some fearsome hour of night with a gale blowing. April, 1939. Clutch trouble - Doug. is very keen on non-stop runs and requests members to depart while the car is still in motion. Pecks are slung out on the road and passengers duly follow!

Anti-feminist: Annual Dance, 1939. Doug. Callow who is usually left cold by such events was noticed.....!! Dec. 1942. Apart from a preponderance of females in the Club, Doug. says it has possibilities!..



Maps: BREAKHEART: "Doug. and Arch went off Trig hunting quite early in the proceedings.

KAWHATAU: Doug. oblivious to all else pacing a prismatic traverse from the Rongotea Spur to Weka Flats.

ANNUAL REPORT, 1940: Doug. Callow has conducted a thorough overhaul of the Map data during the year.

RUAHINE RANGE: Central Portion: Retraced and brought up to date by D.W. Callow, 23/2/42.

Trip No. 134 - Labour Day, 1940: The Callow Trip. Waikamaka Hut - Hikurangi: characteristically Doug's farewell gift to the Club was £2 to the transport fund. N.E.E.

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Federated Mountain Clubs of N.Z. - Annual Meeting, 1943.

On small scale - outside delegates only from Taranaki and H.B. Powell and Elder elected to Executive as Vice Presidents. Little formal business.

Defence: In some districts Tramping Clubs are co-operating actively with Army authorities and some useful work is being done - in others the Army is moribund.

Maps: Govt. Departments are not selling maps but Tramping Clubs are not in general prohibited from selling copies in stock.

Erosion Control: Committees being set up are likely to have wide powers over headwaters of rivers. Suggested that Tramping Clubs should get in touch with Provincial Committees and ensure that tramping activities are not prejudiced. Further suggested that Tramping Clubs should offer active assistance in reconnaissance and patrol of little visited areas, as they are the only regular visitors.

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FIXTURE LIST.

No. 206 -	Aug. 1st.	Kahuranaki.	J. Loveall-Smith.
No. 207.	Aug. 15th.	Craggy Range - Small's Property.	J. Budd.
No. 208.	Aug. 29-30th.	Rabbit Gully from Clifton - weekend at Te Awanga.	D. Williams.
No. 209.	Sept. 12th.	Te be arranged.	
No. 210.	Sept. 25-26th.	Ngaruroro - Wellwood's	P. Morris.

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