

HERETAUNGA TRAMPING CLUB (INC).

Bulletin No. 37.

August 1944.

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WELCOME HOME.

TO:

Harold Cooper who has returned from the Middle East. We were very pleased to see you once again Harold, and hope that you'll be able to join us as an active member as soon as you are quite fit.

John von Dadelszen who has recently returned from the Pacific and has been transferred to essential industry. The Club is looking forward to seeing you John and hearing of your experiences in the "South Sea Islands."

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TO OUR OVERSEAS MEMBERS.

HUCK FINN: It's such a thrill to hear from you so frequently Kid. We are amazed how you manage to keep up such regular correspondence when you must simply be "up to your eyes" most of the time. It's grand to think you can all keep in touch with each other as you do. What a lovely summer you must be having! All the letters we have had from you kids lately, seem to emphasise the beauty of the countryside, the mountains and the wild flowers. Descriptions of strawberries, cherries and grapes have just made our mouths water - quite uncalled for! Lots of love Huck, from the old H.T.C.

NANCY WILLIAMS: Your A-G to hand Nancy for which many thanks. Tandem riding does sound a rather perilous business. We find riding solo is an energetic form of exercise, but when things are further complicated by the presence of a back seat driver, life must be just ghastly! Nothing but spills and thrills. (For the pedestrians!) Love from the Club, Nancy, and all the best.

RON CRAIG: Hullo Ron or perhaps we should say Ronnie! May we offer our deepest sympathy in your recent sad loss. The utter devastat-

ion of a "shrubbery" such as you describe must be a bitter blow. The Club weeps with you and hopes that from the ruins may arise a bigger, better and brighter mo - one that will even put Joe Stalin to shame! Many thanks for airgraphs, letters and the account of your trip. Cheers and beers from the Gang.

LINDSAY LLOYD: Howdy Lin? Janet keeps us well primed with your latest exploits. Glad you've managed to contact the rest of the Gang. Shall be interested to hear if you follow the prevailing fashion and rear a special variety of face-fungus. If you do, let us hope it doesn't meet with the fate that overtook Ron's pride and joy. Your prowess in languages has made a deep impression on the Club - you must find it useful at times. Cheers for now from the H.T.C.

JACK HANNAH: Everyone agrees, Hack, that the photograph of you which appeared recently in the Auckland Weekly does not do you justice unless you have deteriorated since last we saw you! Thanks for your last letter and the postcard, friend - we love hearing from you. Lots of luck and congratulations from the Club.

DUDLEY SHEPPARD: Hullo Duddles. Your latest airgraph has arrived - many thanks. You all seem to have quite a healthy respect for the mountains of Italy. Sam thinks the tramping would be excellent if Army conditions didn't prevail! The same sort of thing as packing the Waikamaka Hut over the Saddle? Cheerio for now, Dudley, from us all.

FRED GREEN: Thank you for the airgraph Freddy. By the time you receive this Bulletin you will probably be up with the rest of the Gang. Our new 'umble home is very comfortable and snug and a definite improvement on our one-time temporary meeting place in the kitchen. We hear that Miss Green is rather a fine specimen of her sex, and we hope a likely tramper in years to come. Cheers for now Freddy, from us all.

CLIFF HUNT: We have received an airgraph and a letter from you recently Cliff - thanks so much. The new Club-room does not offer quite as much scope as the Race Course for a reunion, but we'll manage somehow. Till then, all the best from the Gang.

FRANK SIMPSON: We have received what almost amounts to a young novel from Frank describing his reactions to life in Canada, U.S.A. and Bermuda. Many many thanks Frank for such a marvellous effort. You certainly manage to get about a bit. The glamorous photograph you sent was duly passed round the Club and many a heart fluttered the faster! Cherio for now, Kid. All the best from H.T.C.

BILL BENNETT: Hullo Bill. It was nice to hear from you again and we hope that it won't be long before you present yourself in person to the Club. Till then, all the best from the Club.

JOE ARMITAGE: has also turned up trumps with a long newsy letter giving us all his latest doings. This you may read for yourself also where in this issue. Many thanks Joe - do it again because we can take it. Lots of luck from the Club.

BRUCE BEECHEY: We received a corker wizard Beech effort the other week

and thoroughly enjoyed hearing all the news. Now that you have taken to "fly the plane" Beech for Heaven's sake take it easy! Glad to hear that you have been enjoyeing some leave too. Hope also that you will have an opportunity of seeing some of the other kids soon. All the best luck and cheers and love from us all.

JOHN COLLINS: Your latest communication was an airgraph written in June acknowledging the arrival of a parcel - thank you so much John. Your description of your leave spent on an island whose sole industry is wine making sounded rather profitable and restful. A cheerio from the Club and the best of luck.

SEALY WOOD: Many thanks for the radio greetings, Sealy - it was good to hear your voice once more. Sorry we can't print your last interesting letter this time - lack of space prevents it. Your vivid description of a "luscious gangrenous appendix" caused quite a shudder in the Club-room when your letter was read to the members. They just couldn't take it quietly! Cheerio for now Sealy. Best of luck from H.T.C.

SAM HARALDSEN: Hullo Sam. Thanks a lot for the airgraph. We're pleased to hear you've sampled the tramping possibilities in Italy although we agree that Army "atmosphere" doesn't combine too well with tramping. Cheerio for now and best of luck from us all.

ARCH LOWE: Your letter caused quite a considerable amount of amusement when read out at a meeting Arch - we could do with some more in the same strain. The description of the foraging expedition tickled us immensely, especially your remark about the complete innocence of the guilty parties and the ignorance of the onlookers! It must have been very funny. Cheers for now from the H.T.C.

DAVE LYNCH: Hullo Dave. We haven't heard from you lately old-timer, so you'd better get going. We don't like losing track of people. Loads of the best from us all and hears hoping we'll get a wizard letter very soon.

HARRY RICHDALE: Terribly thrilled to receive your letter of the 5th June, recently Harry, and it is a treat because we hear so rarely from you. Glad to hear you are fit and well inspite of being in the artillery! Hope you have an opportunity of seeing some of the others some of these days. Cheers and all the very best from the Club.

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Hearty congratulations to Joe Armitage of the Fleet Air Arm who has just recently received the D.S.C.. The Club is very proud of you Joe, and wish you all the best of luck in your future ventures.

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NEW MEMBERS.

We welcome the following new members and wish them happy tramping with the Club:-

Ian Wilkinson, Jack Lawrence, Denise Mulvey, Hilda Neubauer, Mavis Baker, Wendy Pascoe, Hester Graham.

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SOCIAL NOTES.

Our warmest congratulations to Fred and Joan Green who have a new addition to their family - a little daughter.

To Arch and Joan Toop on the occasion of their recent marriage. The Club wishes you both long life and happiness.

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CLUB MEETINGS.

April 19th was the occasion of the last meeting to be held in Messrs. Ebbett & Gifford's rooms, Queen Street, where the Club has been housed so comfortably for some time past. Two working parties sufficed to make our new room at Rolf Keys' Studio habitable for Club meetings and when our pictures were up and the furniture installed a snugger "home away from home" could not be imagined. The opportunity was also taken to make the change over to our old Club night Thursday, which seems to suit the majority of active members.

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CLUB TRIPS.

Trip 221.

BLACKBERRYING - MARAEKAKAHO. March 12th.

The party of 10 included the Craven four, Norman Wilde, Peg, Morris, Joan L-S., Ona Allison, wee Ron from Hastings, and the leader from Napier. Occasional showers reached out from the hills and blackberries were plentiful. The leader met the party as they were packing up to go home, having mistaken Fernhill for Roy's Hill. Left alone he gathered berries and fled, reaching Napier at 9 p.m. experiencing encounters with runaway horses, a bottle of wine, lack of balance, showers and a lunar rainbow, and had his jam potted at 2 a.m. after a 50 mile ride.

Leader: Angus Russell.

CLUB TRIPS.Trip No. 222.WALNUTS - HORSESHOE BEND.March 26th.

Havelock straggled up to the starting line a few minutes late to find the Hastings contingent just ahead of them; Napier worked a slinter, going ahead on push bikes right through to the plantation! However they took the sacks down. The walnuts were just about right and a little fancy work with poles (following the "woman, a dog and a walnut tree" rhyme) brought most of them down. A little equitation helped raise an appetite for lunch. The mean was disturbed by a bellowing noise - Campbell leading his family in and unable to pick up the party huddled in under the pines on account of a drizzle. Early in the afternoon the final gleaning was finished - 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ sacks - a after the usual interlude for photography, we left the load to be picked up by the Tauroa truck and set off, some to climb the limestone bluff above Horseshoe Bend, the more sedate by the direct route. The only hitch on the road home was a halt to boil up. A masterly demonstration of toast-making by Angus.

No. in Party 17.

Leader - Norm. Elder.

Trip No. 223.EASTER TRIP - WAIKAMAKA HUT.

For the benefit of those who did not attempt the Easter trip a brief explanation is necessary. A party of ten got away to a good start on Good Friday morning in brilliant sunshine. Fate was against us however, and before we reached Otane a mechanical hitch occurred in one of the cars. To proceed, was out of the question, so Clem's car was filled to capacity, the remainder of the party staying behind on the road-side. The adventures of the Waikamaka party may be followed in the account given by the deputy-deputy Leader, Clem Smith. It may be mentioned that, as the Leader and the Sub-Leader were included in the stay-at-homes, Clem was appointed to do the honours. Follow the fortunes of those marooned on the road-side. To while away the time we knitted and talked and then decided to lunch. We had no sooner set the table than the familiar orange and black of the A.A. hove in sight, so hurriedly packing up again we hitched on to our rescuer and set out for home arriving in Hastings about 4 p.m. A Council of war produced many likely schemes but in the end, Molly, Joan and Peggy set out for the Maraetotara where they camped just over the river from Mokapeka (John Chambers). The weekend was a very social affair but on Monday a rapid dash to the top of Kahuranaki justified the party as trampers. An anti-climax after all our preparations for a Waikamaka trip, but a very enjoyable one.

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Extract from a letter written by the Deputy Sub-Leader, Clem Smith, to the Leader, Joan L-S.

"After we left you we had to go to Waipawa before we could get a phone - restricted hours or something - your mother sounded as if she had a problem to deal with when I shovelled it into her lap and left her to it. Good Friday and all the garages closed did not sound too good for you on the side of the road. Well we pushed on and sure

enough before we reached the Mill it was raining good-o - just what I expected. We had something to eat - the girls were pretty hungry - but did not boil up. Left the Mill at 2 o'clock and reached hut at 5.45. Dave and I were in a bit earlier and had the fire going when the others arrived. I think it was very lucky you did not go. It was very cold when we reached the Hut. It rained and blew like the devil Friday night and the stream was up and discoloured in the morning. The girls went somewhere up the back of the hut and seemed to enjoy themselves. Dave went to the top of the Ridge and did not see a thing which was quite as I expected as the cloud was right down on it most of the time. Angus Noel and I got to work on the hut. The fire had smoked abominably the night before so we lifted the chimney and inserted a piece of sheet iron Noel had carried up from the Mill. As the weather blew and rained all the time we were there we had a good chance to see the results, and the verdict is that tho' gusts still drive the smoke down occasionally it was very much improved which is something to be thankful for, and more that I hoped for. A man calling himself Buck Blake of Taupo had been there only a few days before and thanked the H.T.C. for the Hut and invited us to call on him in Taupo. He had cut down a tree and left it, so we cut it up, but it was annoying to have growing trees cut near the hut. I tried to make a notice to hang in the hut but I had nothing to write it with except a pencil: we ought to get a good one - someday the Club will be blamed for this tree cutting. We thought you might come on Saturday or Sunday as the weather was still ghastly and we were tied to the hut and everything we could do was done, I suggested we go out on Sunday if there was no improvement, so at 2 o'clock we started out. We did not have to do anything to reach the Saddle except lift our feet, and the wind did all the work. On the Saddle Angus got the idea of trying the track on the opposite side of the gorge that Norman suggested. I was in front and soon lost what track there was and I found myself in for a good old scrap with the leatherwoods: half the time I was lying on the top of them, the wind was fiendish and nearly tore us loose from the mountain several times (we would have had no wind on the other route) presently we reached a bit of scree with no sign of a track. Angus elected to go up. I knew he was wrong because he was going higher than the Saddle. Dave went down and the rest of us waited to see who was right. Dave signalled that he had found the track and we went down and plunged into the leatherwood again. I got into an awful hole over my head in leather-woods - my feet still off the ground, but eventually reached the big scree. It was very rough and I made across it as quickly as I could as the others were starting rocks as big as footballs that were tearing down past me. We all got to the bottom safely but Angus who had completely disappeared, presently he came in sight on the bluffs above the scree and we had to wait a long time for him to reach us. He was all over blood and had a blood curdling story to tell about leather-woods he had struggled through. At the mill we gathered all the sheet iron we could find and some timber and hid it - we need it to roof the bivvy to keep firewood and to put round the walls of the hut. I was expecting a spot of trouble at the small stream outside the gate, when we reached it on the inward journey and we found an almost vertical bank about three feet high which hit "Ponty" a good jolt on the soft underbelly as we went over it, but some good

Samaritan had carved the top off it for the width of a car while we were in, so we had no trouble. I told the girls it would be fine on Monday if we went out, but not if we stayed, and Norman says 66 was clear on Monday.

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Trip No. 224.

MOKAPEKA CAVES.

23rd April, 1944.

Left Hastings at 8.15 and met remainder of party at Red Bridge. After changing were soon on way to main ridge, a long and steady pull. By 11.30 decided that must be near caves and after scouting around soon found them. Packs were dropped and torches lit. The Kiwi Tramping Club having torches of paper wound round a stick and dipped in mutton-fat. The main case is growing in size. These we explored until nearly 12 and then followed an earthquake fault, and so round to the creek where we had lunch. The boys amusing themselves catching freshwater crayfish. Lunch was just finished when Angus arrived having mistaken time of departure, and the boys rushed off to the caves again. The party visited the fault again and set off for home. A boil up by the Tuki Tuki was much appreciated and the final glimpses were Norman and five boys trying to cross the river and water getting deeper and deeper.

No. in Party 6 H.T.C.

9 K.T.C.

Noel Fendall -Leader.

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Trip No. 225.

HISTORIC: OTATARA.

7th May, 1944.

An autumn morning, a Nor'west breeze with the Tutaekuri river bed blazing with yellow trees, and a boiling billy - such was the stage when the Napier and Hastings parties met at Redcliffe Bridge. By courtesy of Mr. Davis of Redcliffe Station, we left our cycles there and attacked the pah from the cliff side. The Ngatimamoe were driven from this pah about 500 years ago but the fosses and pits still remain over many acres. The palisades required 10,000 men to man them. A detailed inspection was made while Norman Elder with measuring line and prismatic compass added another map to his valuable series of Heretaunga pah sites. Then lunch by the river, more mapping, a sunset boil up at the bridge, and home beneath the full moon. At the morning boil up an ancient mariner's memories roused by June's young beauty! related to her how 60 years ago his sweetheart of sweet seventeen passed away after they were forced to part. Janet to console him, offered him gingerbread all sliced, he took the lot and like Lord Ullin, she was left lamenting." That also was tragedy.

No. in Party 8.

Leader: Clem Smith.

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Trip No. 226.

GRAGGY RANGE to MARAETOTARA FALLS.

21st May, 1944.

Eight members left Hastings on this cold, foggy and frosty morning at 8 a.m. (about). We picked up Nancy at her gate, an unexpected pleasure, and cycled on to Te Mata Corner. The fog was clearing a little by this time and soon we discerned Angus appearing out of the mist in a cloud of warmth and good nature. Nancy and Marjory Clayton were also here and we rode on to Craggy Range Bridge where we turned off the road.

By this time the sun was gaining in strength and the journey across the paddocks to the outstation cottage warmed us considerably. Many dogs greeted us, evidently a rabbit is in possession, but we did not see him. Leaving our bicycles in the shed we changed and were away by 10.15 proceeding along the track leading towards the river. The weather was now delightful and we had a most pleasant walk over to the terrace above the stream, arriving there about 11.30 a.m. There are a number of small falls and interesting looking pools about here. A gum plantation and willows abound the bank on this side while on the further edge scrub has taken possession of the hills. There is a small hut on sleds which we inspected with a view to a weekend in the summer. Accommodation would be somewhat limited. We boiled up near the stream and all enjoyed the meal and rest in the sun. We decided that the Falls proper must be further downstream and about 1.45 p.m. we set off to look for them. Nancy left us at this stage in an endeavour to be home for afternoon tea! Some took the high road along the terrace, enjoying the sunshine and views of the countryside while the others walked along the river's edge and eventually paddled across the stream above the falls. These were duly admired and the stream crossed again, this time below, them without much difficulty. A slip on the papa here and there being the only occasions for amusement. The homeward turn was taken about 3 p.m. and the party wandered back over the rolling hills at an easy pace. Noel and Angus nobly took the billy and set out at a faster stride, having the billy boiling and a lovely fire ready for toast when the party arrived. Bulls were a minor thrill and we skirted a hill to avoid them. After a good meal revived us all before we began the ride home in the gathering darkness. Unlighted and brakeless bicycles gave the leader rather a nightmareish feeling but eventually we arrived in Hastings about 7 p.m. intact. Thus ended a pleasant and peaceful 11 hour day. One feature of the trip was that there were four prospective members out. We trust that they enjoyed the outing.

No. in Party 12.

Leader: Joan Lovell-Smith.

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Trip No. 227.

TE AWANGA.

June 3rd Weekend. 1944.

Instead of being able to tramp to our hearts' content in the snow over this long weekend, we were more or less compelled through circumstances, to have a lazy time at Te Awanga at Mr. Fryer's batch - we could at least see the ranges from the front lawn of the batch, and kept concoling ourselves all the time that we were sure it must be wet and misy up there all the time! However we had great fun and games, with lots of community sings with Mardi at the Piano, and quite often thrilling renditions of old-time ditties by Angus alone. On the Saturday afternoon Heather gathered up Noel and Angus, and when they got to the batch found Dave and Julia already installed. Apparently they did great work gathering wood off the beach, much to the consternation of a neighbour who thought she was being robbed, and when Joan, Peg and the leader arrived at about 9.30 p.m. that same night (after a corker ride out in the moonlight) they found everyone installed round a new coke stove which, owing to the nature of the fuel which was put on, was slightly smokey, but nevertheless warm. A very great improvement, especially when next day a certain amount of tree-robbing went forward for cones, and when a good supply was installed, the fire went like one-o'clock and from then on no smoking. On Sunday

morning where were wild shrieks along the road which heralded Nancy and Mardi's arrival. In the afternoon we had a small trip over Glenny's property to the Lake, and back through green paddocks full of rather inquisitive black steers which made us hurry more than usual because of their playful little habit of following us at a trot!! That night we had a stew fit for a King, and a sing-song and so to bed. We were pleased to meet Jack Taylor during the afternoon and he spent the evening with us and came with us to Rabbit Gully the next day. We left at 10.30 a.m. and had a leisurely walk round the beach to Rabbit Gully, after buying as much precious chocolate and biscuits as we could at the Clifton shop, and proceeded to tramp round the hills until lunchtime when Angus, Jack and Dave and Noel organized the boiling of the billy, and after a prolonged sunbathe, we took off for Shingle Creek, eventually reaching it, & returning home that same way. We had another meal and ~~etc~~ cleaned up the batch, farewelled Julia and Jack, and left for the homeward journey about 5.30 p.m. The trip home was made in the moonlight and was a very pleasant finish up. Angus ofcourse was in his element! We must thank Mr. Fryer for his kindness in letting us have the batch once again: it was a great help having it and just made the weekend perfect.

No. in Party 11.

Leader: June Budd.

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Trip No. 228.

18th June, 1944.

OHITI PA SITE.

The official leader of this trip did quite a spot of arranging in order to put the whole party, 10 from Hastings, 3 from Napier and 2 from Waipawa, in its bicycle as it were! Having completed arrangements she dropped out and passed the billy on. Eventually the crowd collected at Fernhill at the cross-roads and all proceeded to Ohiiti Station a distance of about 3 miles. A water splash at the end of a hill afforded some amusement but all crossed without undue wetness. Mr. Davies at the Station gave directions as to the whereabouts of the Pa and also kindly told the party several legends relating to the district generally. Another mile along the raved road brought us to the foot of the hill which is the site of the pah. Some springs where the party collected for lunch call for comment. These are three, called the Upoko Pawa springs, form a deep clear blue pool some 10 yards square. The water tasted good and no doubt the siting of the pa had a connection with them. The cemetery situated on a near-by hill was inspected while the billy boiled. The site of the pa itself, was a hill overlooking the Ngaruroro rivver, which flows at the bottom of the cliff some 50 ft. high. Mounds and shallow trenches on the terraces would have had meaning to Maori scholars, but unfortunately there was no one in the party who had much knowledge of these things. The party returned to the Station and walked up the hills to view the lake, which abounded in ducks and swans (black). A boil up was a pleasant and then all mounted their iron-steeds and set off for home. The Hastings party arrived in toen about 6;30 p.m., well pleased with the outing.

No. in Party 16.

Official Leader: Peggy Morris.

Trip No. 229.SMALL'S PROPERTY.2nd July, 1944.

An alteration in the fixture list changed the destination of this trip. So Sunday morning saw the Hastings gang congregating on the corner of Selwood Road and forming all kinds of antics to warm up on this, the coldest morning we had yet experienced this winter. We lost no time in getting to Havelock where the party increased at every corner until there were 23 in all, including 7 Kiwi Trampers. Everybody finally arrived at the rendezvous just over the Red Bridge and having changed, charged up the track by the Lime Works. Once up on top we found that in spite of brilliant sunshine an icy wind was blowing - consequently we were not disposed to linger. However, the H.T.C's lost touch with the Kiwis and by the time we had finally run them to earth in a comparatively sheltered valley we were quite ready for food. After lunch the Kiwis spent an exciting three-quarters of an hour big-game hunting two opossums falling victims to the chase. Our route home led to the head of the valley and so down via Craggy Range ridge. Before reaching our base, we experienced several changes of climate finishing off with a hail storm. A quick boil up, a snack and a change, saw us ready for the road and so home after a very pleasant day.

No. in Party 16 H.T.C.

7 K.T.C.

Leader: M. Molineux.

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SPECIAL TRIPS:KAWEKA HUT AND TRIG.May, 1944.

After much scheming, cancellations and readjustments, a party of 18 High School boys plus a Master finally got away from Hastings in three parties between 4 a.m. and 8.30 a.m. We left the road at approximately 2 p.m. and arrived at the hut with the remainder of remnants of daylight. For nearly everyone it was an initiation in the art of carrying a pack, so the close-up view of the hut has scarcely been more fully appreciated. The whole party was away for the tops at 8.30 next morning almost frisky on being relieved of the odd 30 lbs weight. The foothills and plains to the coast afforded many an excuse for a pause for breath but the view of Ruapehu and Ngaruahoe was an ample reward for the last fifty yards sprint to the ridge. Deer in the foreground appealed more strongly than distant mountain systems. It took over an hour for nineteen of us to skin and dismember the only two the party saw. After the Tits and 4915, we lunched at the Saddle then split, one party going to the Trig and the other to the Bivouac. Misty clouds were appearing to the West so we re-assembled at the Bivvy and so down the stream and up to 4916. The exhilaration of the shingle slide was well worth the scramble round Cooke's Horn. There was some talk (idle it appears) of repeating the experience several times the following day. Everyone was content to spend the next morning in restoring the wasted tissues, replenishing the wood supply and in general preparations for getting out. The deer-slayers went off and added a third scalp. The weather emboldened us to risk sleeping out by the road under the stars. One (aged) taking refuge in the car. The same car, paced by thirteen bicycles got us back in leisurely fashion next day. A novel experience for most of us and an enjoyable trip that must be repeated if it is fair to count on the benevolence of those who solved the transport problem.

Leader: E.S. Craven.

ATTEMPT ON PARK'S PEAK - JUNE 3rd, 4th, 5th - 1944.

After many false starts Hilda Neubauer and I took off for our much planned Ruahine trip, from Waipukurau at 12.50 p.m. - Saturday. Camp followers were Stan Wragge and Alan Fraser. We arrived at Milnes farm after a hair-raising switch-back ride from Ashley-Clinton. Boot, pack and away 2.30 p.m. Weather, showery and cold, but we were hot enough slogging up the valley. Took $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours to get to Stag's Head which didn't leave enough daylight to make Pohangina Hut that day, so we stayed put. Stag's Head is small but has 3 good bunks, table, frying pan, billies and plates. We found a supply of dry wood inside and soon had a hot brew on. We gathered more wood, had dinner and spent the evening in ridiculous illogical debate, laughter and song. It was a glorious clear moonlight night but after a beautiful and vivid dawn, it started raining again. We were off at 7.15 a.m. on Sunday ~~to instruct-~~ ~~ions,~~ then and crossed the stream according to instructions; then back again and up through virtually trackless bush to the top of a fine open ridge. Some recent clearing has been done near the top of the bush which was greatly appreciated. In spite of the wind and rain squalls, we enjoyed the climb and occasional glimpses of the view, when our cloud curtain parted to show the sunny Takapeu Plains. As we climbed higher, the wind became really stiff, and brought us up standing on the crests. We lost the track among long snow grass and a baby blizzard, and beetled back and forth on the stinging wind, hoping we hadn't missed the hut. Picked up the track over to the right and there was the hut looking very inviting down on a little saddle. Thankful again for dry wood, we nevertheless had a job to get the fire going, as the wind blew as strongly inside the hut as out. The walls are riddled with holes and show daylight through many a join. There are no bunks but a good pile of clean straw on the floor, a rickety sloping table, billies, frying pan and emergency rations, comprise the interior comforts. Stan, having mislaid his spare trousers somewhere en route, had recourse to a sarong fashioned from a small blanket, which was long enough, but not too wide! A playful breeze took advantage of his pre-occupation while observing the weather later in the day and his moving story of the chase in a bitter wind and little else, was touching indeed. We were also vastly entertained by reading the hut diary, written by, and obviously for, deerstalkers. There were cryptic comments on the weather, and the unpredictable habits of game, with notices and memos for following parties, and abuse for vandals, and all who leave green wood in the hut etc. The weather was very thick on the next high ridge leading to Howlett's and snow squalls were racing across it, while terrific gusts of wind came roaring down ridges and up gullies to hit the hut with a concerted crash. It rocked and swayed alarmingly, but as such storms made not uncommon entries in the diary, we convinced ourselves that it was safe enough. It was useless to continue in face of such weather so we contented ourselves with hopes for a good enough day on Monday, to continue home via Howlett's. Park's Peak looked rather ambitious. Two inches of snow lay round us in the morning and everything inside was wet with snow that had blown in through cracks and holes. We only caught a few glimpses of our ridge all Monday morning, which was exasperating as we were now willing to be satisfied with just a look over the top; but snow squalls kept whirling over and we had to give it up.

Taking leave of the one permanent resident, a small very embarrassed mouse, we took off at noon, after making our own facetious addition to the diary. We were all very fit and were disappointed that the trip wasn't more successful. We struck a stinging snow storm on the first crest and were glad to stagger over to the lee side. Frolicked happily downhill with frequent glimpses of the still sunny plains. We tried to keep to the ridge in the bush, aiming at a sickle of clearing above Stag's Head, but floundered and slid through the mud for an hour before getting there. Took shelter from a heavy hail storm, and arrived back at Milne's at 4 p.m. We heated soup and pies and changed our wet clothes at Milne's and were off down the road by 5 p.m. The Bowlers Ball at Waipawa was a grand finish to a trip which was great in enjoyment if not in mountaineering.

Leader- Denise Mulvey.

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WAKATIPU - MILFORD - MT. COOK.

The well-known N.Z. Climber Edgar R. Williams, Mrs. Williams and Angus Russell H.T.C., with tent, left head of Lake Wakatipu on Dec. 22 for Routeburn hut, fine views of Mt. Earnslaw up Dart Valley. Then over Harris Saddle to Lake McKenzie and Howden hut passing Earland falls, As they sidled up the Hollyford Valley above the bushline. Then out to the road near Marion Camp past Mr. Christina to the Homer Hut surrounded by great precipices with spring avalanche debris here and there. On through the unlit tunnel $\frac{3}{4}$ mile long, altitude 4450 ft. down the Cleddan river at the foot of great cliffs, saw the Chasm 5 minutes from the road and at Milford 1 p.m. Dec. 29th. Fishing in the Sound Edgar gazed at his old love Mitre Peak: four years before he was the only man living who had stood on her head. The party returned to Lake Howden returning to Elfin Bay, Wakatipu, via the Greenstone River. The trip was 100 miles of the most beautiful grandeur on N.Z. Visibility was good, the weather usually hot. Alpine ribbonwards flower at sea-level at Milford, at Arthur's Pass in Canterbury not below a height of 2500 feet. All Western Otago is deeply glaciated and Milford's high precipices block the winter sun, hence the sub-alpine flora. Birdlife fairly plentiful - an old man Kea came on to the other end of Mrs. W's. walking stick and in the bush a robin extinguished a lighted match. The Greenstone beeches are fairyland. Along all the route are magnificent alpine climbs including bush, rock, snow and glacier work. The two men cycled from Queenstown to Hermitage about 170 miles over Crown Range 3635 feet, and Lindis Pass, alongside the Ahuriri river with loaded bikes doing 20 miles a at 17 miles per hour. In places wild gooseberries were profuse both red and yellow. In company with Rev. Selwyn Grave, they essayed Cook camping on the Plateau ice, near Silberhorn Corner. Commencing their climb at 3 a.m. in misty moonlight their last crevasse forced a retreat from the foot of Zurbriggen's route. The Linda route also was reported "all shot up" so after a glorious sunbask at 8000 ft back to Haast Hut, and they were two days cycling to Timaru including a 50 mile lift to Fairlie. Queenstown reached in two days from Napier, then three days without a tent, huts only to Milford. Otago Clubs have parties on other routes and climbs around Mt. Earnslaw etc. and are well worth contacting, Mid-January was too late for good climbing, but

(continued on page 22).

NEWS FROM MEMBERS
IN
PRISONER OF WAR CAMPS.

From Bill Hayman we have the following:- "Since seeing your photos of the gang, my room-mates no longer think tramping a mugs game, they are enlightened. You may frame or quote that with my blessing. Send me more. Sorry about Hoben, better luck next time, I hope. Glad Brick and Buzz are O.K., they are not far from here. But for them and the other Kiwis in their camp, this card and all our others from here would not go air-mail. Stout fellows all of them, wish we could meet. Bigger and better tramps to you all, bags of love, cheerio, Bill." Date. Feb. 9th, 1944.

IVAN COLLETT writes:- "Thank you ever so much, for your helpful letters of Sept. and Oct. It is wonderful to get them and I wish I could write you more often. No snaps of Cap. and Ailie yet. My best wishes to Les Holt and his lady, perhaps he could write me ten lines about it sometime. Spinach is "mightee" scarce, "disaway" kid, thanks again for mail." Feb. 19th, 1944

LETTERS FROM OVERSEAS
MEMBERS.

During the last few months the Club has received a record number of letters, airgraphs and cables from our Overseas members. Many thanks to you all. We regret that lack of space prevents us from printing them all in this issue. Ed.

FRANK SIMPSON writes:- " Dear Club: Gee, what a long time it seems since I heard from or wrote to you all. The trouble is, when I left England, I fully expected to be back before very long, and so arranged to have my mail held instead of being forwarded. Over three months have now gone by, with the date of return still very indefinite so what a pile must be mounting up in the Post Office!

I think I sent an Air Letter soon after arriving, but that would'nt contain much news, so I'd better start right back. I came across by sea in a super duper extra huge luxury ship, and made almost a record fast crossing. On arrival at a port, I had previously visited on the way over from New Zealand, I wasted no time in transferring to a train and setting off for the West. The temperature was over 90 deg. so after England this was really summer. The other chaps and myself duly appreciated the air conditioned carriages. Arrive here after twenty four hours in a welter of sweat and dust and rapidly took in a good bath, a hotel and a tour of the town. Some of us found that we would be living in whatever city digs. we chose for the duration of our stay so very soon

there began a hunt for good economical accommodation. Living in this place is about the most expensive I have met anywhere, and even though our living out allowances were handsome, bringing some of us temporarily near the \$1000 a year mark, quite a few chaps got hopelessly overspent. We found for instance that an average meal in a restaurant would cost anything from 80 c. to 1.20 dollars which is 4/- to 6/-. The shops were full of half forgotten luxuries must shouting for an owner, but items like a sports jacket priced at 20.00 dollars to 30.00 dollars, i.e. £5 to £7. Of course liquor, Night Clubs and women are the ruination of many a good man's cheque book here - four friends of mine went in to the wrong place for a few drinks one night, and after an hour or so were presented with a bill for 75.00 dollars!

After a little while I was given some leave and made straight for the great City of New York. I guess I did the usual things. Rockefeller centre, Radio City Music Hall, Broadway and the Harbour, but here again it was terrifically hot - August and mid-summer, so any air-conditioned place was the haven I always sought. A weekend on Long Island and Atlantic Beach and another in Washington completed my visit to the States.

(Later) Elizabeth City, North Carolina -- Sudden departure from Montreal put the seal on the first instalment of news. The scene now shifts to the sunny south where cotton is king. I've been doing a little poking around down this way and found many things new to my experience. Two of us hitch-hiked one day sixty miles to the place where the first aeroplane left the ground, under the care of the Wright brothers, 1903. On the way we stopped to pick cotton in a nearby field and saw miles of tobacco and peanuts in other fields. The country is flat and at least as far as the negroes are concerned, very poverty stricken. I saw negro shacks full of inhabitants, that seemed to stand up on imagination and will power alone -- the shacks, not the inhabitants. They reminded me of tumbledown cowheds on a deserted West Coast farm. Nevertheless apart from the ferocious race prejudice, I like the South. The accent of the people is cute, to say the least. Maybe some of you girls can bear me out in that. Down there they still fight the American Civil war too. They seem to take a generally poor view of Northern "Yanks".

Three of us took a boat one day recently and rowed miles in search of fish - much organizing in local stores for fishing lines bait etc., but the ardours of getting to the spot soon evaporated our enthusiasm. What little fishing we did, mostly consisted in catching the roots of mangrove trees and underwater stumps.

Down here in moderate and tinted autumn, I have been in the most heated private house in the world. I'm sure that's true. While waiting on the roadside, a little out of town one hitch-hiking day, I went into a farmhouse to use the telephone. The small sitting room had a furnace in it at least five feet high and three feet square. It took up most of the spare space and the

farmer had it roaring full blast. It was sunny and warm outside, but the walls inside felt as though the house was on fire. The telephone itself was hot and it could have cooked an egg on any of the furniture. Think of that next time you get a fire going - half way up to the Waikamaka Saddle and camped in the snow.

----- Now its Bermuda. Just a few hours in the air and a darker patch shows up on the sea ahead -- looks at first as though a gust of wind had turned that part of the water a darker blue; then it turns out to be a long low green island, with show-white coral sands around the bays and hundreds of pearly white houses dotted all over. This promises to be a little winter fairyland; and so it turns out to be. The moment we hit the water, we realized that here was where we could discard our "blues" and all the warm clothing we had brought, and settle down for a while to shorts and shirt and bathing togs at every opportunity. A far cry to the freezing rain we had left behind in the late autumn of Montreal. If every day more a month here, it wouldn't be enough. Mind you, even at that we lacked the welcoming bevy of girls with garlands of flowers when we landed and further investigation revealed that each female on the Island, from 14 to 74 has a line of about a dozen Americans!

This bit is on the stationery of the Hotel where we were billeted and incidentally, is written a couple of months after, in chilly Scotland. However Bermuda still holds my pleasantest memories. While there, during one very short week, I met up with several N.Z.ers attached to R.A.F. transport command and visited places of interest all round the Island. The atmosphere was like Auckland in summer, and the sea a deep blue. The pearl white beaches were cool to walk on but there I got my only sun and sea bathing for the year. It was enough to remind of good times in Hawkes Bay and of what I had been missing. There are caves on the Island - without the glow worms. These had the usual stalactites etc. but reaching deep down into the underground lake. Multi-coloured fish and marine life of all sorts abound on the expensive reefs and the huge bay full of small islands and the reefs are perfect for yachting and fishing.

I went exploring on a borrowed bicycle for banana plantations and found them. They are run by Portugese and English settlers. The former of whom are by far the most friendly and hospitable people there. By the time we left I had collected half a dozen huge bunches for distribution to all and sundry in England. We had the idea that the odd banana would get us places back there, as Englishmen have'nt seen one since the war began.

Other pleasant memories of Bermuda are:- the surprisingly good type of coloured person there; enthusiastic swimming parties in the phosphorescent Hotel pool at 1 a.m. composed of hilarious evacuees from the bar and dance hall who did'nt know what they were doing till they hit the limpid water. Any number of films available in the shops; an open air picture theatre; a walk several miles round the coast in a warm gale; the view from my

window of islands and bays; and sleeping with nothing but a sheet for covering and barely at that. Yes, and I did climb one of the highest points on the Island -- several hundred feet up! "And so as the sun sinks slowly beyond the gently waving palms - ----- --- we say farewell --- etc". The dawn rises far out over the Atlantic, a few hundred miles off the coast of Ireland. We fly on and on, for hours and hours and hours, finally battling through a 70 m.p.h. gale and touching down with about half an hours petrol left after the longest trip ever. By the time we had got ashore, through the customs and other nuisances, carefully shepherding our Bananasm, eaten and got to bed, it was almost 36 hours since our heads had touched a pillow. And what a temperature! Freezing cold with even the stars shivering. Planes flying low overhead with hoar frost plainly visible on the wings. What a place!

Since coming back I've been parked up here in Argyll, within reach of Ben Nevis, but so far have been scampering all over the country too fast to give the hill much thought. On the rare days of good visibility we can see it, heavily snow-covered, about 30 miles away up the Caledonian canal. Maybe a weekend will come soon when I can gather together one or two keen types and make the trip - where's Angus?

I had a note from Jack Hannah recently in reply to mine. He had done a few trips over Hunland and was hoping to contact me for a congenial mug before long. He is evidently in rather a hot spot for ops. and time is everything. Beech, as far as I know is still instructing.

Now Joan, about a year ago you asked for a photo for the album. I promised it several times from several places, but as far as I can remember, never did send it. Anyway better late than never, so here it is. It was done in a Montreal studio by a bit of CzechoSlovakian glamour that would turn Mardi green with envy! The Polish manager was most co-operative and wanted to give my friend and I the names and addresses of half the extra special samples he had around his walls. The French counter-girls offered to look up the files for us, and see us suited and the Russian salesman saw in me a promising student of his language though I'm sure I don't know where that would have got me. He took me into the back room and began teaching me the alphabet on the spot. "After that it's easy" he said. "Just pronounce it the way it's spelt"!! -- Like me, the Jewish spotter was doubtful. Such is Montreal."

From RON ACCOUNT we have the following account of a trip in Italy.

Here is the account of a short trip done by three M.E. Members of the club within sight of the gun flashes and hearing of front line artillery. Yesterday I was feeling rather brownd off with life in ~~gaeraly~~ general when a letter arrived from Nora and to my amazement she was waiting from only a mile or so away. A few enquiries revealed the approximate position of Nora's unit and today, having no urgent jobs to do I set off to find her. Much hitch-hiking and a few enquiries from the Red Caps, brought me to the spot and to my surprise someone else was there too. None other than Dudley all smiles and looking very spruce for a front line soldier just taking a day off the war to do some visiting also. An exchange of news followed then Nora suggested a walk up to a nearby village situated as is the case with hearily all Italian villages, on top of a hill. The three of us set off along the road braving the dangers of the traffic and believe me it is not easy to walk along a military highway here, but is much safer than to risk stepping on Hun mines which are still plentiful in this area.

Leaving the road at the foot of the hill we started to climb through the dirty, narrow winding lanes of the lower part of the village. Onwards and upwards until only the time worn and crumbling walls of an ancient Roman battlement was above us. Undaunted the three stalwarts made the last few feet into a small walled area, gaps in the wall commanded a fine view in all directions. From here the rumble of guns can be heard, perhaps we were used to it or the view took up our attention for we were not aware of them. In one direction, snow dapped ranges presented an inviting sight to us and turning around there lay before us a flat fertile valley dotted with camps and interspersed with cultivated patches and olive groves. Another range behind this, screened Naples and the famous Mt. Vesuvius from view. A blue ribbon of the Volturno River wandered through this balley. Nora immediately started talking of swimming but one glance at the snow capped ridges around us made me shiver to think of such a thing, just now anyway. It was hard to realize that within a few miles of this scene a war was going on.

Having feasted our eyes sufficiently, we sat down inside the wall, out of the wind and in a sunny spot and believe it or not a bottle of wine and glasses were produced. A toast to the club and a bar of chocolate while memories of peace-time trips were rivived. Rome was suggested for the next club trip but the date remains uncertain.

Back to Nora's camp by the same route where afternoon tea was still on at the Sisters' Mess. Here I thumbed my way back to my unit leaving Dudley to return by the same method to continue his part of the war and Mora to continue her excellent work which is typical of what our N.Z. girls are doing for us up as near to the scene of battle as it is possible to come.

Three on trip. Nora. Dudley. Ron.

JOE ARMITAGE writes:- " I've forgotten when I wrote last but have an idea it was from Trinidad so will give a rough outline of my doings since then and hope its not too boring.

Before leaving the "Gem" of the West Indies, flew up to the Barbadoes for two weeks leave. Now this Island is a "Gem" being in the Tropics and surrounded by the broad Atlantic enjoying an ideal climate. The temperature remains more or less constant around the 84 deg. mark and facilities for swimming, yatching and hiking are unlimited. The southern half of the Island is comparatively flat and most of the crops, such as, sugar and root crops are grown there likewise most of the people live in the same area.

In the north, which by the way is called "Little Scotland", grazing is carried on in the hilly type of country which bears striking resemblance to that part of the world from which it gets its name. The whole island has good roads and from the little I saw, excellent trips could be undertaken especially round the rocky shores on the east coast where the mighty Atlantic roars its challenge. On this coast are hardy fishermen who set out daily in flimsy boats to catch flying fish which are plentiful and delicious when fried.

Before proceeding to the grounds the fishermen have to go through breaking surf and its a wonderful sight to see them undertake this hazard in such small craft, likewise, to see them riding on foaming crests when they return. I personally take my hat off to them and wouldn't begrudge paying them more for their catch, as it is, I think they are paid a few pence for each fish.

Visiting Naval officers are made Honourary members of the Royal Barbados Yatch Club and it was here that I spent most of my time. In the morning, would bke down and relax on the beach with an occasional dip to cool off. Towards lunch, waitresses would bring down egg noggs and after a couple would return to the Hotel for lunch. The afternoon was spent in much the same way with perhaps a game of tennis from five until six.

I was very sorry to leave the Island after such a pleasant stay. For a rest cure, I should say it is unbeatable. In a few weeks time was on ship bound for this country via New York where I spent ten days sight seeing and spending much money.

I called in at the Anzac Club, meeting Mola Luxford who is its President and one of its "live wires." They do wonders for visiting Anzacs; arranging invitations, tours, weekends and tickets to shows and parties. In fact, at times they do too much, if you understand what I mean.

The Atlantic crossing was uneventful except for the fact that the ship was dry - Pepsi-Cola and ersatz soft drinks. What a memory. On landing was given sixteen days leave before joining a Squadron during which time managed a few days in London, Sussex and Yorkshire. Sussex was very pretty and had some good bikes-

rides around Littlehampton, Worthing way, exploring the woods and eating blackberries which were plentiful.

I'm afraid that I can't say what I've been doing or just where I am now except that I'm on an aircraft carrier and have seen a little more of the world".

SAM MARALDSEN writes from Italy:- "I am not particularly keen on this country, while the change in scenery was appreciated, the cold rain and snow are not. Of Huck and Nancy, since arriving here, I have seen quite a bit and they are both looking very well.

To date, I have taken part in two "Tramping Trips" over here. The first was by way of hitch-hike to Barletta and back in company with Huck and Nancy. The weather was rather boisterous, nevertheless, the trip was most enjoyable. I understand Huck has written up the notes on this outing so I won't repeat. However I am going to attempt an account of trip No 2 viz: -

Monday 14th, February 1944

Object: To explore suburbs of Bari
Conveyance: Tandam.

Met Huck at the Hospital shortly after lunch. Nancy could not get away, so we two made our way to the shop of the chappie who plies a trade in hiring out tandems.

After selecting a suitable machine and deciding that it was road worthy, we set out -- the time 2 p.m., weather, ideal -- not a cloud in the sky. I was the pilot occupying the front seat. Huck, the navigator in the rear. After wobbling about the streets for not a few yards -- the pilot got the "feel" of the machine, but not before he had run over a small dog and almost cleaned up a pedestrian. The navigator was directing him up this street and down the next, until eventually the outskirts of Bari were reached. Here we turned inland on the Altamura Road and after passing through one or two small villages eventually got into the "country". The olive groves looked quite pretty, these were on both sides of the road, and occasionally the white blossoms of an almond tree could be seen -- the whole presented a pleasing rural picture. Women were busy tilling the fields -- apparently women of the peasant type are employed rather extensively in this type of labour in this part of Italy.

The first town we reached was Modugno; it was here that I nearly piled the ship up -- it was a choice of colliding with a horse and cart or squeezing in between the said cart and the gutter -- chose the latter and just got through. After cycling along the main street of Modugno, we thought it time to get back, but wished to do this by a different route -- stopped a couple of Italian soldiers and enquired the way to Bari. They pointed to the way from whence we came, I couldn't speak their language

and by much gesticulating tried to convey to them we wished to reach Bari by a different route -- all to no avail. We decided to turn left and eventually reached a place called Bitetta, just a small country village - complete with village pump. Met up with a Tommy who put us right and directed us to another village called Bitretto. It was here we caught up with a main suburban road into Bari and all was well -- no need for search parties.

On the outskirts of Bari, we passed some Tommies lining up to mess, and they apparently thought the tune of "Daisy Bell" quite appropriate, because they gave us quite a good rendering of this song as we sailed by. The navigator did a good job -- we struck Bari just behind the Hospital and so to the place of the chapie who owned the tandem -- finishing time 4-30 p.m. -- distance covered - something over twenty miles -- a most enjoyable trip.

We adjourned to the Sisters's Mess for a much needed cup of tea -- thence to the Y.A.C.A. where we enjoyed a very nice dinner and so ends the story.

A further trip of a like nature is planned and this will take place in the near future -- weather and Army permitting."

JOHN COLLINS writes:- "What a change this part of the world is to Egypt! Where we are now is very similar to the country around Taihape - hills, with trees dotted all over the landscape which are mostly olives and oaks. There are numerous small towns and villages nearby and most of them are perched high up on crags which made them natural fortresses in olden times. They are most picturesque from a distance but not so good when you get into them.

The streets are all cobbled and extremely narrow and when you walk along you have to be on the lookout that you don't get in the way of a bucket full of rubbish travelling from house to street as except in the larger and modern towns there is no drainage at all and they rely on the rain to wash the rubbish away from their doorsteps. So far, I have not visited any of the large towns apart from Taranto which has a wonderful harbour but otherwise is most uninteresting. We saw several ships of the Italian Navy there but most of them had left previously for Malta or Alexandria.

Up till now we have been most fortunate as wherever we have stopped for any time we have had the use of farm houses for living quarters so we have avoided the worst of the weather which at times has been pretty grim. In some parts of the country the farmers or parents peasants live in villages and go out to the fields and in others they live on the spot. The farm houses are all similar; built in stone and usually two storied. On the ground floor, are the stables, storerooms and usually the kitchen and the living quarters are up above. I was very amused at one farm house we visited. It was quite clean inside and the family were having tea but in the corner, chained to the floor was a big fat pig.

Apparently it was their most prized possession and in an effort to save it from being stolen, they had it living with them. Wherever Jerry has been, he has lived off the country and has left very little behind him in the way of livestock except a few hens and a stray sheep or pig which the peasants have managed to hide from him.

Unless you see for yourself it is very hard to imagine how much lower their standard of living is compared to our own. Their diet is very frugal - mostly vegetables and macaroni. All of the family - excluding sex, work in the fields and usually it is the women who seem to do the hardest work. They do all the carrying and balance the load on their heads. This, over generations, seems to have had the effect of making them short, stocky and broad in the beam.

There is a very acute shortage of many commodities including salt, tobacco and leather; for a pair of boots, they will give you almost anything. Most of the land is owned by absentee landlords who live in Rome or Naples and it is rented to the farmers in exchange for 50 per cent of the year's produce. In addition to this, they have to pay a tax on everything that is produced - irrespective of whether it goes in rent or not. When such commodities such as salt etc., were available, they were a government monopoly and only sold by the good Fascists.

Three or four nights ago we had quite a heavy fall of snow which is just now beginning to melt. Around here it was anything up to a foot thick while farther into the hills there was a fall of over four feet. If only we had some skis we could have had all the fun in the world as there are some really good slopes around here."

From LINDSAY LLOYD we have:- "Dear H.T.C. Am writing to the Treasurer to pay respects to you all. Am finding life busy and very interesting so am trying to keep my writing up to date while impressions are new. Once the "just bloody Egypt" stage is reached the things which call for comment now may not be noticed. If one develops the knack of shutting an eye to the dirt, there is much of interest and to tickle the funny bone in this break-up of a city. Some of the things I may mention, are probably old stuff to those who have been getting M.E.F. letters for years but just groan in unison if they are and Molly M. can skip - and no feelings hurt.

I would have liked to have had you all trailing through the waxworks with me today though I don't doubt the curators' mirth exciting broken English would have been drowned in Budd giggles. Would have given quids to have got a sound stip of him to put on at a H.T.C. meeting. Various scenes from Biblical and Egyptian history in beautiful and realistic waxworks. Moses in the raupo - Saladino's gracious act in the sending of the M.O. to attend Richard Coeur de Lion. - Joseph and his brethren. Scenes upon Napoleon's ship. Marriage of Tutankhamen's daughter. The opium

smoker and his dreams - most luscious this. Ancient Egyptian lassie with chassis stripped to bathe the bod. In the traditional bath of asses milk or camels milk -- attendant slave - maid servants also dressed for the hottest climes fluttering about with the lifebuoy and "Evening in Paris". Definitely an H.T.C. show complete with Dave and camera.

The amazing mixture of nationalities is always interesting and the multiplicity of foreign tongues. For instance, our small group at the waxworks was Uncle Ibrihim (broken English) Joe and I (Kiwi English) two South Africans (speaking the Taal) a Palestinian A.T.S. (talking Hebrew) and a civvy, wife and daughter speaking French. We got on fine with the English.

Have been putting in odd moments at the mastery of lingos and it gives me a feeling of immense childish satisfaction if any of it works. Believe it or not, I can now say "where is the lavatory?" in no less than five languages. Who says education is useless? My Arabic is tasty and very effective and I have seen seekers of alms, burst into tears in their sorrow for me at "Ana muskeen, askari mafeesh feloose, men gehir beidt" (I am a poor soldier - all my money is gone - no father, no mother, no bungalow), Believe me, there is sorrow all over their honest open handed faces. My cobbler Joe and I are being coached in Arabic by a camp painter and his cobbler this latter attired in the snappiest sample of face fungus. My blokes name is Ibrihim I Ibrihim Khalib Nga - a- Ngai (at least that's how you pronounce it - sounds a bit phoney to me. Have photographed these two with Joe and me so you may get a snap later.

After the war Ibrihim says he is coming to N.Z. so Janet, if you see him padding up the drive restrain the very natural instinct to dive under the bed. He is very quick in the uptake and his enunciation is clear so he has served his purpose and now paints shutters elsewhere.

Was very pleased to catch a remark in French in a shop today. A woman - "Hier, un piastre, aujourd'hui, deux piastres, demain - mon Dieux!" Shows the mind is catching up to the tempo. Another few years, may be speaking French in French! "

WAKATIPU - MILFORD - MT. COOK:
(continued from page 12).

Haast Hut and the Glacier Dome bring one right on to the heart of the glaciers and mountains. Any good tramper could do it with an experienced mate. There is a good book with maps by Moir on Western Otago and its human history.

Angus Russell.

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23.

F I X T U R E L I S T.

Aug. 13th -- Dec. 3rd.

1944.

<u>No.</u>	<u>Date.</u>	<u>Place.</u>	<u>Leader.</u>
232	Aug. 13th.	<u>OMARANUI PA</u> Tutaekuri River.	Angus Russell.
233	Aug. 27th.	<u>KOHINERAKAU</u>	Nancy Tanner.
234	Sept. 10th.	<u>TAUREKAREKA PA</u> (Bridge Pa area.)	Norman Elder.
235.	Sept. 23rd - 24th.	<u>OCEAN BEACH</u> via Craggy Range.	Molly Molineux.
236	Oct. 8th.	<u>KAHURANAKI.</u>	Noel Fendall.
237.	Oct. 21st - 23rd. Labour day.	<u>KAWEKA HUT.</u>	Clem Smith.
238.	Nov. 4th - 5th.	<u>RONGAIKA</u> Cray fish but no fireworks - yet!	Dave Williams.
239	Nov. 19th.	(To be arranged.)	
240	Dec. 3rd.	<u>TUKITUKI RIVER</u> (say Horseshoe Bend)	June Budd.
