

HERETAUNGA TRAMPING CLUB.

Bulletin No. 39.

April 1945.

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ROLL OF HONOUR.

Gunner F. J. Green - killed in action - April 20th, 1945.

It was with very deep regret that we learnt of the death of Gnr. F. J. Green (Freddie) who was killed in action during the last days of the Italian campaign. To the older members of the Club it was a grievous blow. Freddie will always be remembered as one of those who was associated with happier days before the war days, which will be recalled in memory only.

During his long association with the Club he proved himself a keen tramper and a cheerful and willing companion. He gave valuable service as Treasurer of the Club's finances, a position which he held for some considerable time carrying out his duties with characteristic thoroughness and ability.

To his wife and family we extend our deep sympathy and lasting regret in their tragic loss.

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WELCOME HOME TO

Huckleberry Finn who returned to these shores just after Christmas, fighting fit and rearing to go. She has demonstrated her keenness by making a special return visit to Hastings in order to take part in an attempted crossing of the Kaimanawas in company with four other Club members. More of that later. We're very thrilled to have you back with us, Huck, and hope that your future plans will not interfere too much with your association with the Club.

Dave Lynch who is also amongst us once again. He has been along to one or two Club meetings and attended the Annual Picnic at Horse-shoe Bend where he demonstrated the fact that he is still a very active member! We're so glad you're back, Dave, and wish you all success in your return to civilian life.

Cliff Hunt. We hear that Palmerston North is to be your home town Cliff and that househunting is your chief hobby at the moment. We hope it won't be long before you and Nan come up this way and drop in to a Club meeting. All the best in your new job, Cliff.

Joe Armitage who has been back a few months and who, we understand, has recently been married. Congratulations, Joe. Any chance of seeing you at the Club some time? We would like to give you an official welcome. Best of luck from the H.T.C. to you both.

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 We would like to acknowledge Christmas cards and good wishes from Ronagh Black, Huck Finn, Nancy Williams, Fred Green, Lin Lloyd, Bruce Beechey, John Collins, Dudley Sheppard, Hack Hannab.

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To OUR OVERSEAS MEMBERS.

Nancy Williams. Your A.G. of Nov. 25th to hand, Nancy, for which many thanks. We hope it won't be long now before you blow into a meeting and cause a disturbance like Huck did. It's great to have you kids back with us again and makes us feel it won't be long before everyone is home. Love and best wishes from the Club, Nance.

Jack Hannah. Hullo, Jack, accept our thanks for your letters and snaps of your betrothed. We were delighted to hear the news of your engagement and hope that it won't be long before you manage to iron out all your difficulties. The snap of Janet was duly passed around at a Club meeting and met with the unanimous approval of all members - is she a possible trapper? We also must offer our congratulations on your promotion - you're doing well for yourself, Kid. All the best, Jack, to you and Janet from the Club.

Dudley Sheppard. Hullo there, Duddles. Isn't it just about time you got your ticket home? We're getting ready for you. Many thanks for your Christmas card and good wishes. Lurve and cheers and beers from all of us at home.

Lin Lloyd. Hullo soldier - please accept our thanks for letters, cards and good wishes. We think that your taste in postcards is really most refined. Janet has shown us the alleged likeness you sent her, and we're more than amused! All the best, Lin, from the Club.

Ron Craig. A super letter to hand from you Ron. Your good resolution to write to us certainly resulted in an interesting communication for which we're very grateful. In spite of your complaints that nothing ever happens you seem to have plenty to relate. It was an especially interesting little anecdote you told about your landlord -- quite a nice man, wasn't he? Cheers from the Gang, Ron.

Arch Lowe. Many thanks for your letter, Arch. We're glad to hear that you're able to do a bit of tramping now and again and hav'nt lost the knack altogether. Best of luck from the H.T.C.

Bruce Beechey. More wizard letters from you in your own original style, Beech. We can take any number of them. Hope by the time you get this your brother will have joined you and that celebrations of a suitable nature will have taken place! Loads of the best from all of us.

Frank Simpson. Hullo, Frank, of the "itchy foot." You are definitely our most travelled member and we never know from one letter to the next what your address will be. What tales you will have to tell when you return to the fold once more. Cheerio and all the best from the H.T.C.

Sealy Wood. Hullo Sealy - we hav'nt had any news of you lately but hope things are going well and that you're getting all the surgery you want. Cheerio for now. Best of luck from all.

John Collins. Hullo Hohn, How are things going, Still enjoying life? Wonder if you ever manage to squeeze in any tramping now and again, just to remind you of us all back home. Lots of luck and best wishes from the Club.

Harry Richdale. Hullo, Harry, we occasionally hear news of you through Lindsay, and understand you're fit and well. How about a letter -- we'd like one. All the best from the H.T.C.

SEARCH ORGANIZATION.

I seem to remember, but cannot locate, an article in an earlier number of the bulletin, entitled "Advice to Those Contemplating Getting Lost." The article, not the title, had some bearing on the possibilities that arose when the Easter Kaimanawa party became overdue, and club members should have some idea of what preparations were being made and what they might have been called upon to do should it have been necessary to carry out a search, with comparatively few members both fit and experienced.

The Kaimanawa party, five strong, went in from Timihanga on Good Friday, 30th March, intending to spend the night at the Log Cabin and continue via Tapui o Marua Hine, the Mangamingi, Rangitikei Forks and Ngapuketura to the Tokaanu - Taupo Road.

In 1937, an H.T.C. private party had traversed the same route under fairly thick weather conditions in nine days. On this occasion the minimum estimate of time was estimated at five days and the party was provisioned for eight.

The first four days appeared to be clear in that direction and it was assumed that they would have taken advantage of this to climb Makorako, and would be camped at the Rangitikei Forks below Ngapuketura on the night of Monday 2nd.

On the 5th and succeeding days cloud set in from the N.E. and N but there seemed a possibility of its not being very thick so far in land.

On the 7th day, (Thursday, 5th April) the up to date search list was O-Ked. in the course of a routine committee meeting. This list which guides the search committee in making up parties divides the available club members into three categories:-

1. Fit and experienced.
- 2/ Fit but inexperienced.
3. Garrison.

The list also gives telephone numbers for making quick contact - list of cars available, etc.,

After Friday, the party, having been out eight days had reached its food limit and was considered overdue. It now became necessary to study their probable movements. If they had been waiting on the weather short of Ngapuketura they had two routes out - to return to Timihanga or go down the Waipakihi to the Desert Road. If they had crossed Ngapuketura they had probably run off a leading spur and were somewhere from W. to N. of the trig. It was assumed that if there had been an accident or a serious emergency two of the party would have come out for help, consequently the party had probably been delayed and with poor weather and shortage of food would be delayed and coming out.

slowly by one of the three routes.

The search committee made contact on the evening of the ninth day and met, with Dr. Bathgate, on the morning of the tenth to make preliminary arrangements. These were as follows:-

1. Dr. Bathgate to ring Turangi (Tokaanu) asking them to keep a look out for the party and contact the prison camp. Turangi to ring Club Captain.
2. Two three-men parties were picked with a 3rd stand by party. Party 1. to leave on Monday night and to start up to Ngapuketura from the Lake. To take rifle and to fire shots. Party 2. to follow, prob. Tuesday morning for the Waipakihi, Either to camp or proceed upstream depending on strength.
3. Piet van Aych contacted re plane search.
4. It was proposed to contact the M.T.C. in case it became necessary to intensify the search W. of Ngapuketura.
5. The sending of another garrison party via Timihanga probably to Tapui o Marua Hine was discussed.

(At this stage Nora rang from Ngamatea.)

If no message had come the first parties would have been sent out, but that would have been just the start. An equal number would have been selected for relief parties, one or two carrying parties would have been needed to supply advanced bases and a stand by party for emergencies -- so that upwards of thirty members would have been called on in the ensuing week.

N.L.E.

SOCIAL NOTES

Two events of major importance have taken place since last we were in print ----

1. Catherine Crompton who is now Mrs. E. Watts was married in Havelock North on Easter Monday. Club members had the opportunity of wishing her every happiness, at a very pleasant gift evening at the home of Mrs. Lovell-Smith. Those of us who were unable to be present also join in the good wishes extended to Catherine and her husband on the occasion of their wedding.

2. June's engagement to Mervyn Skinner, R.N.Z.A.F. (overseas) after a holiday in North Auckland took us completely by surprise. We are sure all Club members will be delighted at the news since the June has been a stalwart member since the Club's foundation. Please accept our love and congratulations, June, and our best wishes for your future health and happiness.

(With apologies to the author of "Weeping and Wailing" we wish to substitute a new set of verses.)

"It was while she was pushing her bike around Russell,
That June met her true love,
The man of her dreams,
It wasn't Bob Hope, or Bing Crosby, Jack Taylor,
But a guy called Merv Skinner,
Fast worker it seems!

They tramped and they swam and they went out to dances,
They sat on the beach,
And they baked in the sun.
Then they went back to Auckland and thought it all over,
And decided they'd had quite a lot of good fun.

So Merv. Popped the question one night after midnight,
Said "Darling, I love you, Oh! will you be mine?
Here's my hand and heart and all of my fortune,"
Said June "Its a deal, pal, I'll gladly be thine."

So all you young maidens who want to get married,
Just ask June's advice,
And she'll give it you free,
She'll give you the dope how it's done in North Auckland,
Just apply to Miss Budd and results you will see.

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CLUB MEETINGS.

Club meetings have been so well attended this year that the accommodation provided by our Club Room has been taxed to its utmost.

One evening, Ian Wilkinson gave us another of his interesting accounts of tramping in the South Island.

On Febl 15th Nora Finn and Dave Lynch were given an official welcome at the Club Meeting. Huck very kindly consented to sit on a box in front and be bombarded with questions about life as an Army nurse overseas, while Dave threw in interjections from the sideline. Thank you, Huck.

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NEW MEMBERS.

We would like to extend a welcome to the following new members who are not so new. Good tramping with the Club, both of you.

Noeline Tomlinson, Edna Steele.

TRAMPING HUTS.

During the war the Hut sub-committee, except for inspection and maintainance of existing huts, has been practically in recess. With normal tramping not so far away, it has been examining the possibilities, and in the course of 1944 reported to the committee on the Club's future programme. The committee has opened with neighbouring clubs negotiations for a common scheme of huts and tracks so that they shall be sited to the best advantage, and propose to bring the matter before the Federated Mountain Clubs at their approaching annual meeting.

The hut committee's general recommendations are as follows:-

1. The Club's interest is primarily in huts accessible from Hawkes Bay and within a half-day of the road head.
2. Huts should be five to six hours apart and near the intersection of important routes.
3. The maintainance of huts three huts would probably be the Club's limit.

The Club has already built two huts, Kaweka (1936) and Waikamaka (1940), besides the Kaweka Bivvy (1938) and has assisted financially and with labour in Howletts Hut. (R.T.C.)

The committee has agreed to making available up to ten pounds per annum for hut building and maintainance, which will permit of the erection of a third hut as soon as circumstances permit. The limit of three huts was based upon an estimate of ten years life for a hut. The good condition of the Kaweka hut shows that this is an underestimate, so we can consider taking on more than three main huts.

The location of another hut has been discussed, and the sub-committee's recommendation is that this be the Te Atua Mahuru bush line, as this will close the gap between Shut Eye and No Mans and connect with Colenso's route to Mokai Patea and the Potae track to Reporoa.

Meantime work is being put in hand for the painting of the Kaweka and Waikamaka Huts and the renovation of the Bivvy.

Stop press. It is suggested that a hut in the Northern Kaweka beyond the Hot Springs, at the Makino Forks be our next venture.

CLUB TRIPS.

No. 239. TUKI TUKI RIVER. Nov. 19th, 1945.

We reached the Tuki tuki through Mr. Oswald Nelson's property - a fresh picnicing spot as far as the club was concerned. No less than twenty three turned out to inspect it. The position was ideally central, as members arrived from north, south, and east and west but there was no good swimming hole to be found even though we walked quite a distance up the river in the afternoon. The only ones to try bathing were the two who waded across from the eastern side. On their way back they got into very swift water and preferred swimming to walking.

Cold drizzly showers sent us all home pretty early.

Leader: Janet Lloyd.

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No 242. BIG HILL STREAM to WATERFALLS. Dec. 30th /44 - Jan 2/45.

Four members set off on Saturday afternoon for Big Hill and arrived at 3-30 pm. We set off for Herrick's Hut at 3-45 and after a leisurely trip arrived at 5-50. The weather was perfect and after smelling the hut we decided to sleep outside on the brackedn under the cherries. These we enjoyed though the birds had eaten most of them.

A peaceful night under the full moon was enjoyed and we were away at 7-30 with the promise of a hot day. Stream wading was cool at first but as the day became hotter it was pleasant and by eleven am. we were glad to drop packs and have a dip and sunbathe. After a meal we continued on and took the left branch at the forks. The stream was wider here and the going very pleasant. The stream forked again and we took the right branch. It soon became steeper and soon we were blocked by a series of falls. Clem climbed the first one and went ahead to see what was around the corner. He soon returned however, to say that then next fall was unclimbable, having an overhanging lip, above sheer rock walls.

We were keen to get further up so eventually managed to scramble up the left bank and then down again to the stream above the falls. We pushed on for about three quarters of an hour, the valley becoming very rocky and steep, the right side of the valley consisting of enormous screes with lonely islands of trees left here and there. We looked for a camp site and found a possible one on the left - a rocky ledge with a few trees, so dumped our packs and went on to explore. The way was now a series of waterfalls of which only three were visible to us. The stream appeared to start from the sky line in a rushing torrent of water.

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The night was not as comfortable as the previous one but we all slept more or less and were off for the top of the ridge at 7-30 am. This was a scramble until we were on the main ridge among young beech which are very thick in parts. The Rifleman wrens were seen and admired when we paused for the view. The falls could be seen from these heights and consist of six falls with a wooded valley beyond.

We continued on and arrived at No Mans at 11-45. The mountains all around were clear and we had ~~rev~~ excellent views. The walk to Ruahine Hut was pleasant though the trail is far from clear. The entrances to the patches of beech being hard to find.

Ruahine Hut was in good order and we had another good night. A late start after a pleasant laze in the sun and we lunched in the valley beside the stream before tackling Big Hill. The day was very hot and the sun blazed upon us as we toiled up in the afternoon. The views from the top were worth it however and after admiring them we arrived at the car about 5-30. A last swim and boil up at Ohara stream finished a most pleasant and peaceful trip.

Leader: Joan Lovell-Smith
4 in party.

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No. 243. TUTIRA. Jan 20th - 22nd. 1945.

On Saturday, Jan 20th. Joan, Wendy, Pat, Irvin, Angus met at Clem's car and by courtesy of Mr. Bailey sheltered from a heavy rain in a cottage at Tutira.

Eels were shy but the sun drew us out early on Sunday to wander and bathe between light showers. The strollers then climbed through mushrooms to traverse the high ridge east of the lake. Another bath and under the moon, no eels but a water rat stole our bait.

Imbued with the same feeling as the leader, the party left on Monday to explore the Wailoam river, White Pine Bush and Tangoio falls which alas are fast becoming a cascade. A warm bathe at Westshore and the happy band dispersed from Clem's home.

The view of mountain, lake and sea on Sunday was enhanced by passing rain clouds causing an everchanging display of light, shade and colour.

Leader: Angus Russell.
6 in party.

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No. 244. CAPE KIDNAPPERS. Feb. 3rd - 4th.

A small party spent an enjoyable weekend at Cape Kidnappers

making a detour on the trip out to pay a visit to the glow worms.

Leader: Dave Williams.

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No. 245. HORSESHOE BEND. Club Picnic. Feb 17th - 18th.

Saturday afternoon of a perfect Hawkes Bay day saw several members of the Hastings contingent assembled at Selwood Road eating ice creams, adjusting packs on carriers and generally disturbing the peace of the neighbourhood. A quick run out to Havelock where we invaded Mrs. Tanner's garden and parked our bikes in her shed. From there we wended our way over the now very familiar track to Horsehoe Bend. Dave was the e with Jack Taylor somewhere in the vicinity endeavouring to entice the unsuspecting trout on to his hook. Those who wished, had a swim what time the remainder prepared umshrooms for tea. Angus built a super bonfire and after we'd eaten all we possibly could everybody took up a comfortable position near the fire and prepared to be alternately smoked and roasted while chewing blackballs and making bright conversation. Angus and Les caught an eel and hung the ghastly relic in a tree close at hand (not appreciated by the general assembly⁸) During the evening Joan slid out of the darkness with the news that Huck was leaving Havelock at 10 o'clock and hoped to reach Horsehoe Bend "by guess or by God." A relief party went to the top gate and did'nt have a very long wait before Huck joined them. Back to the camp where we had a quick dip in the river and then climbed into our sleeping bags. Next morning people were astir soon after daylight and as it was impossible to continue to sleep under such circumstances two of the more hardy members of the fair sex drowned their complaints in the river. Breakfast was a movable feast and took place between 7 and 9 am. Afterwards everybody scattered in search of sun. Molly appeared during the morning and a little later a hail from across the river proclaimed the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. L. Holt and party. The last arrivals were Norman and a pack of Kiwi Trampers.

Just before lunch we all went in for a swim. Mild excitement was caused when a log to which were attached four or five members of the H.T.C. swept into the swift flowing current and shot under a nasty snag caused by the fallen trunks of several willow trees. However no serious harm was caused and we continued our journey downstream to our camping spot. Mean time Angus had busied himself making a mud slide into a very noisome stretch of back water. A few preliminary skirmishes on the edge of the slide warned everyone of "things to come" but it was not until after lunch that the main bout was staged. Huck, Peg, Les and Sam led off with a little by play which rapidly dissolved into rough house of the worst kind. It had been suggested recently that rough-house was th a thing of the past but any spectator who witnessed the display at the Club

Picnic would be in a good position to refute such a statement!

As the afternoon wore on as as more bodies were hurled down the bank to end upside down in two feet of liquid slime the slide became absolutely unmanageable. Very soon everybody but the very wise was involved in the general melee, and never in the annals of the Club history have we been privileged to witness such visions as rose from the nauseating mud hole where Les waited to catch the victims and finish the job to his satisfaction. After two hours of exertion of the most strenuous nature, everybody was in such a state of exhaustion that a truce was declared and we all made for deeper water where we manned a tree trunk complete with outrigger. This called forth a lot more horseplay but at least it was reasonably free from grey mud!

Afternoon tea followed and then everyone relaxed and listened to letters from Overseas Club members read aloud. Round about five o'clock everybody began to disperse, declaring it had been a Club Picnic in thousand. On her arrival home, Huch discovered that she had lost her watch. She subsequently made two trips to Horseshoe Bend and on the second one, she discovered her watch lying hard by the slide, complete and unharmed!

Leader: Jean Lovell-Smith.

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No. 246. MARAEKAKAHO. Blackberrying. March 4th.

The day dawned fine after heavy rain the previous evening. On arriving at our destination the party split up and everybody set about the business of gathering the berries and getting scratched. Blackberries were rather scarce but after a few hours picking everybody was satisfied. We found a good spot to boil the billy for lunch, gathered some more berries and after another boil up, left for home again; arriving back soon after five. It was a day well spent with something to show for our labours.

Leader: Mavis Baker
No. in party: 10.

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No. 247. WALNUTS ar HORSESHOE BEND. May 17th - 18th.

The walnuts, this year show signs of giving a very profitable return but as yet we are not displaying any undue optimism. Two working parties have been held, the first as a scheduled Club trip and the second on an "off" Sunday. The first trip resulted in six well filled sacks of nuts which were spread out in the woolshed to dry. (The Club's share, three sacks, were brought down to Havelock at a later date for drying out.) After having been kept hard at it all morning everyone felt in need of a little light entertainment so after lunch, a face blacking campaign was organised with most regrettable results. A mixture of honey, charcoal and lipstick does not make an ideal face pack though the Club photographers evidently thought it lent a little variety to the faces, that they were privileged to snap so often! There followed an agonising half hour at the river as, with cold water and no soap, the victims endeavoured to remove the traces of battle! The second party had no time for frivolity but worked with a will. The result of such diligence was eight sacks of nuts all to be sold in our favour. On yet another Club trip, a small party finished the job and brought back another sack. There only remains now the task of bagging the nuts again after they are dry, a job that can be accomplished by a small working party some Saturday afternoon.

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No. 248. KAWEKA HUT. Easter trip. March 30th - April 2nd.

A party of eighteen left Holt's Mill at 6-45 on Friday morning and arrived at the Kaweka turn-off at 9 o'clock. Leaving eleven of the party, the truck took the other five on to Te Mihanga from whence they intended doing the Kaimanawa crossing.

The party of eleven set off for the hut in glorious sunshine at 9-30. A stop was made at the river to boil the billy and a very early lunch was enjoyed. The party then made off in odd numbers to the hut, four of the party going up the river bed to the hut which was found to be a much easier climb than going up the track. The first party arrived at 2 o'clock followed by others at 3 o'clock and Les and Rolf making up the thirteen, arrived at four o'clock, having left the truck at Mrs. McDonalds and were fortunate in receiving a ride back to the turn-off and didn't they skite about the lovely cup of tea and cakes Mrs. McDonald turned on for them. By 5-30 everyone was busy preparing a meal and it was not very long afterwards all

were in bed. Saturday dawned another perfect day so after breakfast ten trampers donned boots and at 9 o'clock set out for the Bivvy, Irvin shooting two wild sheep on the way. Molly, Peg and Marge decided to stay behind and clean up the Hut which was in a filthy condition. The party had dinner at the Bivvy and came back along the top to Cook's Horn and down the shingle slide to arrive back at the hut to find the place just spic and span and a billy of soup and another of delicious stew waiting them. The Housemaids had done good work and every one sang their praises but these eased off a wee bit when a hunt for "Eleven More Months" was made only to discover the "Maids" had burnt the broken records and among them the favourite. Still all was for aiven when the tea was served and what a meal it was! The only noise was the suction of soup and smacking of lips.

After tea we had a musical evening and at 9 o'clock off to bed. All was not peace and quietness. Loud roars came from Les, Rolf, Sam and Irvin. They seemed to be having a slight difficulty in getting into their sleeping bags. With one roar they made for the Housemaids but Peg and Molly were by this time, in the top bunk and seemingly safe, but after dealing Marge many horsebites and dry shaves, attention was turned to the top bunk and with Les and Sam lying on the second bunk and kicking every inch of the top bunks, Peg and Molly declare they still have bruises. Still it was fun to watch them undoing the very small stitches till someone produced a razor blade and soo all was peace again.

Sunday, 1st April, dawned a lovely day again. The Holts were up at 6 o'clock, making tea. They were outside for a while when Les came tearing in, yelling, "Quick - two stags are fighting down at the river!" Bodies were seen falling out of their bunks and rushed out in various state of undress only to discover 'twas 1st April! After breakfast, Irvin, Molly and Noel decided to make tracks to Kiwi Saddle and spend the night there and go down to McDonalds on the Monday. They had a grand trip along the top - Irvin shooting six deer on the way. At the Hut, much activity was going on with tree felling and then the men decided to rebuild the bivvy and fill it with dry wood. The girls assisted by gathering manuka and helping to fill in the sides and top. Peg and Marge cooked a sumptuous meal of Roast Lamb baked potatoes, baked onions and carrots, followed by stewed apple and pears. The bivvy was finished by five o'clock so after a wash, we had tea and gathered around the fire for a sing-song. Monday was another perfect day and a start was made on the return journey at ten o'clock. We stopped once more at the river and boiled the billy. After a meal, Les, Rolf, Jack, Peg and Marge went on as they had a three mile walk down the road to Mrs. McDonald's to get the truck, where they arrived at two o'clock. Once more McDonald's hospitality was showered upon us and a very refreshing cup of tea and cakes were laid before us though we do reckon that Les ate more than his share of cream cakes. We picked up Molly, Irvin and Noel up the road then the rest of the party at the turn-off and arrived back at Masti at 5-30 pm. after a very enjoyable trip.

Leader: Les. Holt. No. in party. 13.

NEWS FROM OVERSEAS MEMBERS.LETTER FROM FRANK SIMPSON: West African Forces.

27-6-44.

At long last I'm chirping up again with the promised story of events in the sphere of another of the Club's hangers-on. As you've gathered from odd cables and air-graphs, I've moved on again - who said I joined the Tramping Club because of an itchy foot? My last packet of news was from the misty vistas of ----"Down with the Scots" ----Sorry, I mean, "Down it with the Scots"----a hardy race, no doubt and greatly respected by myself, though their climate nearly exterminated me.

Now to a vastly different scene, where, instead of hoods, mufflers and averted eyes, they stand brazenly in a loincloth or a pool of soapy water and poke their fingers up at you as you pass. The whiteman and Englishman haven't done them much good and their only come back is symbolic.

What can I tell you of this place? First, its hot - a superfluous remark. Its on the coast but bears all the hall marks, both sinister and romantic, of the darkest interior. The fact that Britain uses a small red spot on the map is really merely incidental, the people affected are a very small proportion of the whole and the main visible effect of "civilization" on those outside the main town is the use of cheap print cloth. Money is in very small quantities and the odd bit of tin to patch their mud walls with. A more opulent man, with, maybe, a job as foreman of something, will boast a bicycle and a pair of shoes and a suit for Sunday best and, of course, healthy sons in the Army, add their quota of support to the many bretheren, wives, mothers, fathers-in-law and piccanninnies at home. About here the villages are ill kept, ramshackle and anything but sanitary. Never have I seen such a conglomeration of bodies, mud and straw and rubbish. Back up country I believe the story is different and tribal laws bring some sort of order. Down in the Native Republic of Tiberia, where I spent a few days recently, they have an extremely well ordered and relatively enlightened existence. Another chap and I went for a walk back into the bush and passed through several villages where the thatched mud houses were neat, in good repair, distempered and clean as a new pin. The people greeted you with a smile and "good-morning" even if it was afternoon - an over - came their camera shyness for the "dash" of a coin or a few cigarettes. A gang of us found hair-doing in progress in front of one house, with the owner's two young wives officiating. We parked ourselves under the eaves and had our hair plaited in long strips from front to back. There were some really cute little piccaninies about but tears started to flow at the sight of a white man and they hid themselves on their mothers' necks, just as two-year-old lads and lasses of Hastings might do at the approach of a big black negro.

Now that I've settled down here, I've had time to turn my eyes to-ward the skyline and find it interesting. The hills are close, heavily bushed and high enough to provide a good day's scramble. I went out a couple of days ago with another N.Zer and discovered that distances here are most deceptive and progress, owing to heat, or maybe lack of dash, painfully slow. At first we didn't find any track and struggled through undergrowth and open patches of 8ft. matted grass expecting hostility from poisonous snakes or wild animals at every step. After finding a track and plodding upward for what seemed ages, we came out on a shoulder at the very foot of a leading ridge. We agreed "This will do for another day" and plunged down through steep bush to a river strongly reminiscent of the old Tuki Tuki. It was good to relax in a cool backwater and later sit on a stone beneath the overhanging trees listen to the water and the breeze and think of carefree evenings round the camp fire with you folks. Those days will come again. Meantime I'm arousing a little interest in the idea here and hope to have a small Club going ere long. Afternoons, or at most, single days are the only times available as darkness brings curfew, long trousers, ties and mosquito boots and camping out is, of course, strictly Taboo. Another diversion some people use is crocodile hunting in the Mangrove swamps all around us. The river forks into dozens of tidal streams and here on the mud-benks at low tide the boys often harpoon a croc., small enough to handle. WE've had a go from a dinghy on two afternoons

but saw nothing. The best time is in the evening when any beam of light will pick up their red eyes. I've often seen them myself when going to and from the aircraft at night.

One of the brightest events of the week is an afternoon at the beach, the water there is about 70°: there's broad sand, good surf and fresh air. Usually the appearance of the truck is the signal for a marathon along the sand by a mixed tribe of native women and children with calabashes on their heads. The cry is "Banana, you buy banana from me" and then begins the argument. If she's not making much headway she turns on the heat with - "You my sweetheart - I loves you too much, you don't lets me down" etc. On the whole they do pretty well at about 15/- for 1/-.

Hope you like the odd assortment of photos. Don't get the idea from them that there's any glamour about here. There isn't. We'll see about that when we get home. Meantime, folks, keep the Club Lizard slithering, the hills in place and the huts ready. So long.

-----soOo-----

Letter from Lin. Lloyd - M.E. - written 3rd October, 1944.

"The receipt of a combined effort from you has given my dormant resolution to write you an honest to goodness letter a bump on the botticks so to speak, so have decided to give it a go now. The member I saw most recently was Dudley and we lay in the sun and had a long talk. Suspect he was feeling somewhat "troppo" and had emerged to talk to some one different. Freddy has not yet caught up and expect he will go to 4th Field if he remains in Arty, as his brother is there. New members are a health sign. When things get back to normal the Club should have a solid future ahead - might have to take names on the waiting list as soon as children are born as is done say for Eaton (memo for next meeting). By the way Stan, any idle chatter about lending the Treasurer of the H.T.C. as an assistant to Walter Nash is "out the monk". She will be a fairly busy woman as I have other plans for her. Am at present 2 stone 5 lbs. lighter than when in N.Z. (suspect this should be my normal weight) but as all my expensive civvy clothes are designed to encompass 14 st 9. the only course is for Janet to spend her days cooking me little delicacies to restore me to my overfed condition so my clothes will fit these hard times. Just where is the new clubroom and upon whom is she has June been lavishing the blerney in achievement of same. You ask me Molly how I like Italy so will explain the situation. I had seven weeks in Apulia which after having seen a bit of the country north of Rome has classified the Bari-Taranto area as being mezzo wog. Have seen little of tourist Italy - neither Florence except from a hill top nor Rome except to scuttle through the suburbs in the early a.m. I am an authority on olive trees and grapevines and manure heaps and can quote the chorus of the Italian litany word for word as can any Kiwi this side. It begins: ----- Have bathed in noth the Medit. and the Adriatic in popular tourist areas where it has been done primo guerra I suspect most expensively and no doubt plus bathing costumes. They are good kids beaches no tide to speak of and damn all surf - would swop them for Waimarama anytime. The women here do 90% of the work, have 90% of the guts and are as long suffering as Balaams ass Eg. the house in which I am writing has had its only chimney smoking violently for 70 years. You married blokes - would mum suffer in silence??? I notice when an Ite gets a bit of good land in N.Z. and is working for himself he works hard and does well. Here he and his family work on shares for a wealthy padrone for the most part for the good of the cause - Italian spring and summer are like H.B. but I know the winter can be very ~~her~~ blerry indeed. Thought I might have heard of Finn's whereabouts whilst at 1 G.H. but think she must be right South. You are quite right Joan Lovell in suspecting Janet fills most

of my letterwriting time - she is one hell of a nice girl. You lassies were bricks to hoe into our estate like you did especially as you have a garden at home Joan that would keep a platoon of Vhinemen busy. If I happen to achieve a photo of myself will send one for the Club album as requested. The Ites when photographing elderly gents have a way of retouching all expression from the patients face in an earnest and unsoliated effort to restore all to early twenties. On a dash in advance basis and like it or lump it. This is a bit unsatisfactory when one has a face so full of character that by the time the Ites has finished he might just as well have used a plane. Haven't read much of interest lately except Sabatinis "Life of Cesare Borgia" rather interesting in view of the fact I was in the area he used to do his hell raising in. See the pictures sometimes but all the shorts are war stuff produced for you folks - the sort of thin one puts behind him on donning khaki. Some time ago hundred of us were sitting in a paddock watshing the screen. Guns were firing in the distance, a destroyer on the screen fires a gun and the whistle of the shell was so close and realistic everyone ducked for his life. This sort of thing is definitely on the snorer in our opinion - should be kept for bloodthirsty old men like our fathers. Thanks folks for everything, the parcels and the letters and the same old cheery comradeship. Sincerely thine."

Card received from Lin written on 8/12/44.

"Yesterday I received a parcel in good order from you. Many thanks - it arrived after a long gap and was thus all the more welcome. Got a cake from Janet the day before so we are wallowing in the fleshpots once more. Haven't seen much of the folks of late except Harry Richdale who is often not far away. When I went with him to see Dudley last the latter was in Rome on leave. The H.T.C's a bit of a marvel with so few long interesting trips to collect new members and despatch parcels as of yore. At one stage we had hills all round us and time to climb and with shame I report neither Dudles, Ron, Harry or I climbed any. Freddie was exepmt being out with a lovely little wound. A pretty pass things have come to when these tough Kiwis go the pansy way. Cheers and all the best."

-----oOo-----

Letter from Nancy Williams - dated 25th Nov. 1944. (Middle East).

"Thank you very much for your lovely parcel received a few days ago, also for a most jolly combined letter giving me all the news. The Club seems to be steadily regaining members - very good thing. What a "do" there will be when Huck blows in to a meeting. I'm dying to know what she is doing now. Lance was here the other day and was looking very well. Our hockey team went out to the Con. Depot (where he is at the moment) and played them. - I couldn't make the trip as I had been off work to play another match just before. One of our girls had met Freddie in Rome and arrived back the day Lance was in the mess having a cup of tea with us so she was able to give him news of Freddie. The weather is fairly cold but we have some glorious bright days. I'm hoping to go on leave again soon so may meet some of the boys then. We are rather far away now as you will realise. Wish we could move on a bit. Did I tell you that Arch Lowe called one day and we went to an Opera. It was "Pagliaccio" and I yelled with delight when they brought on a poor little donkey pulling a cart. The donkey wouldn't go off again. He stood there twitching his ears and looking at the audience with a surprised expression. They eventually pushed him and the cart off the stage, backwards and he lay down between the shafts. We have had farewell evenings for quite a number of our girls over the past few months and there are many new faces amongst us. The longest walk I have done for some time was one evening recently when one of the girls and I felt like a walk so we went twiceround the hospital compound - it is quite a distance but not the most interesting of walks. The countryside looks very fresh and attractive just now with the autumn leaves and freshly ploughed ground with the odd green patch in between. This should reach you about Xmas time so I will wish you all a very happy Xmas and New Year. I hope you manage some pleasant trips over the holiday period. Best wishes to all."

-----oOo-----

Letter from Bruce Beechey from England, written 31/10/44.

"This time the old pen did a bit of pushing over the pages for I've been having quite a rest from writing recently hoping somehow or other a miracle would happen and my letters would just be written. As you can see this is in mine own fair handwriting so no miracles have happened. A recent bulletin makes grand reading and hearing of the gang again fair does me old heart good. Young Simpson sure paddles a crafty scooter, or as the Yankee boys have it, "he gets around." I feel a bit of a bog trotter in comparison - mainly bogged - for here I am skulking round the U.K. watching and carefully noting a whole heap of dull weather. We haven't seen any sunshine this winter. I haven't met up with any of the old gang yet, but guess I shall bowl into some of them one of these days. Also recently received a well known parcel of super design and contents for which my grateful thanks. At the moment I thoughtfully suck a succulent barley globule of the sugar variety. I think I have previously mentioned the wails of delight which are wafted towards the rafters when the boys note one of the parcels and mighty is the scoffing thereof. With the Xmas season approaching once more I guess you are all getting down to the business of deciding where to go and more important by? means. Hope the petrol will enable some of you to saunter out to the hills somewhere and bash up a few beetles - Oh! trampers tread your crushers quietly! I hope

to nip up to Leeds with one of the boys to help circulate round the olde yule logge. We continue the flying course with all the usual fun and games and it sure is fun - who would be any member of aircrew other than the old drivers airframe! There's no doubt who has the most fun and enjoyment out of this eh ethereal sport. Any other clot in aircrew is just the merest of stooges. We are just outside Birmingham at present but have bee few opportunities of nipping into town to have a looksee and as far as I'm concerned at the end of a day the old crib has a lot of attraction and this little Kiwi crawls into the old hay and remains heavily stunned for some hours. A story:

An alcoholically supercharged R.A.F. Sgt. on the phone.

"Hullo! is that the Midland Bank? - "It is!

Well hands up!"

In my own little sphere little of note has happened so can therefore say naught about ought - however across the Channel the boys are bashing along in great style and I'm becoming all excited over the fact that the European War may end shortly and my brother be liberated. Can you imagine the throat exercise that will follow! Incidentally I think it is almost time you began collecting the odd bottle of lemonade or what have you, for the inevitable reunion which must sonner or later take place. Until then my scrub scurrying scoundrels my very best wishes and thanks to you all. "Till the B.B.Cees."

-----oOo-----

Letter from Bruce Beechey from England written 20/11/44.

"I guess that off and on you have been praised for your bulletin efforts but another little pet wont do any harm and as one of the overseas members should like to pay tribute to sterling efforts. This letter is really in answer to yours of as long ago as 29/2/44 - I hide my head in shame but as this is not an uncommon occurrence I guess you'll not be badly shocked. You did ask about a parcel received many moons ago and as to the serviceability of it - well I've received dozens of them and everyone has been absolutely "bang on", that is the "pukka gen". I have bespoken my thanks for these parcels many times ~~wo~~ wont go into all that again but merely mention that they are in all a gastronomic symphony. You probably know that I'm truing to become a pilot and that I'm training in that capacity at the present. I'm stationed not far from Birmingham. I've visited that City a couple of times. Each time however the weather was rather adverse and my impressions of this place are not very favourable and the inevitable industrial haze does not improve matters. Flying over the surrounding countryside ~~enay~~ one is not left in any doubt as to why it has been named the Black County. For miles and miles one sees hundreds of huge slag heaps rearing their ugly heads some 150' into the air - rather depressing really. There are no hills or anything approaching a decent climb nearby but the country lanes round about are wizard and I know of no such lanes at home, the nearest possible alternative being Oak Avenue. Many words have been written of the lovely English lanes so I shan't rhapsodize further, but they are as much a part of Wngland as the roast beef. Another lovely abd typical scene is the series of hedge-rows which border all the paddocks. From the air the chequered pattern is wizard and worthy of much contemplation. With the winter months fast approaching my future activities are seriously curtailed and apart from

the very occasional game of golf exercise is obtained by the odd walk preferably with a country pub as the half-way mark. This latter haven is a very fine institution and is a feature we at home could very well copy. So many of our lads have enjoyed the comfort and other advantages of these pubs that I imagine some sort of reform will be started when the boys all return. Speaking of returning I'm hoping it won't be too long 'ere I return myself and with hopes for a speedy victory I am thinking of getting myself organised on sorting my stuff together. I'm hoping I shall be able to meet Alastair over here and have a bit of leave together & make a certain amount of whoopee at the same time. Time is up Joan so must nip smartly off into the night. Kindest regards to yourself and the best to all the H.T.C. A bumper Cmas to you all and happy tramping. To the last drop!"

-----oOoOo-----

No.		FIXTURE LIST.	
249.	15/4/45.	<u>PUKETAPU</u> via Redcliff.	A. Russell.
250.	28 - 29th April, 45.	<u>KAHURANAKI BUSH.</u> <i>Puketapu</i>	U. Greenwood.
251.	13/5/45.	<u>MOUNT ERIN</u> via Middle Road. <i>Ma Rock</i>	M. Holt.
252.	27/5/45.	<u>TE AWANGA</u> Rabbit Gully. ✓	N. Fendall.
253.	3rd June Weekend.	<u>KAWEKA HUG.</u> (King's Birthday).	L. Holt.
254.	10 10/6/45.	<u>TE MATA PARK</u> Tree Planting - Working Party.	M. Molineux.
255.	11 11/6/45.	<u>OHITI PA</u> via Fernhill.	J. Taylor.
256.	12 12 - 15th July, 45.	<u>MARAEOTARA STREAM</u> - Ocean Beach.	S. Hareldsen.
257.	22 22/7/45.	<u>OTATARA PA</u> via Tutaekuri - Bus to Washout.	J. Lloyd.
258.	18 18/8/45.	To be arranged.	Ditto.
259.	18 18 - 19th August, 45.	<u>HAUMOANA.</u>	J. Lovell-Smith.
260.	2 2/9/45.	<u>TE MAHANGA BUSH</u> (Middle Road).	N. Tanner.
261.	11 11/9/45.	<u>MARAEOTARA</u> via Te Mata Ford.	M. Clayton.

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A TRIP IN THE UREWERA COUNTRY. Feb. 5th - 13th 1944

Leaving Napier at 7 p.m. on Friday the 4th by car they reached the Lake House at Waikaremoana, at 8 1.a.m. on the Sat. Morning. Mrs. Nelson having been deposited in the Hotel, Hugh Nelson and the Very Junior Member descended to the Motor Camp and spent the remainder of the night in a very comfortable hut.

Sat. 5th. Leaving the car in the Camp they boarded the Wairoa-Rotorua service car at 10.30.a.m. and travelled thus far as Ruatahuna. Here the through passengers are allowed time for lunch. The Pair started to walk the 4 miles to the Whakatane river?; but the heat of the day undermined their determination, and when the car overtook them they stopped it and reloaded themselves, at the same time trying not to notice the ironical grins of the passengers.

Finally discarded at the rivers edge at 2.p.m. they sat down to lunch. That they were now in an area that offered no kindly hospitality to picknickers was quickly made evident. A passing thunderstorm dealt severely with them.

Carrying nearly a hundredweight between them progress was slow and difficult up the tortuous stream through dripping, dark bush. The Camp that night was dark and dismal. The Pair had not yet accustomed to the overplus of moisture, minimum of light and general feeling of claustrophobia that are - they were to learn - inseparable from this tropic scene of Nature's.

Sun 6th. For a few hours progress was continued up the now merely a lawyer watering rill that represented this rivers infancy. Eventually it was decided that the difficulties and complications of the streams birth, made their further attendance inadvisable and the Pair took to the bush. They fought their way up on to a 4000' range hoping that their lunch on the top would be favoured by a view. It is not improbable that this peak that they climbed was until then unsullied by the feet of men. It was to take several disappointments before they unforgetably learnt that the Urewera mountains - virgins and harlots alike - keep their charms hidden under a heavy mantle of bush. The only addition that the height made to their meal was that a cool draught quickly chilled their wet clothed bodies.

Down over the range, they eventually dropped into a better bred looking stream than the barbaric one which they had left. They hoped it was the source of the Wairoa River. Their confidence in this idea was badly shaken when, increased by another large affluence, it travelled for a long way in the completely opposite direction from that which the map planned. Thus another lesson was driven home with crude force. Nothing in this untameable country follows convention. Maps of it are only figures of men's imagination. V.J.M. has no doubt that the plotted chart of their journey bears little relation to the actual trail of blood and sweat that they left through these trackless forests.

Bivouac that night was under some enormous Red Beech trees and was not uncomfortable.

Mon. 7th. In fine weather for 4 or 5 hours they enjoyed a walk under conditions that are the trampers recognised object to obtain - a natural peace and beauty together with reasonable physical comfort.

The Wairoa River here wandered gently through small open sunlit glades that provided sustenance for herds of fertile pigs, countless grass widow deer with their dappled fawns and thousands of pigeons,

tuis, fantails, tits, wrens, and whiteeyes, long tailed cuckoos, and bellbirds, and blue and grey ducks; whilst in the pools of the stream lurked great red splashed Rainbow trout. Encircled as it was by a vast fortified line of mountains this joyous Garden of Eden had a very real charm. Its denizens knew nothing of man's villainess. They displayed all the trustful faith in the basic goodness of all things before that is reputed to have been the behaviour of their ancestors before man acquired a liking for certain apples.

Believing that they were on the precincts of a promised land the hearts of both men were glowing, but this short morning of loveliness was only a jewel set in a morass of struggle and difficulty. By lunch time the sun had gone, the stream suffered several large accretions and what in the morning had been a peaceful, contented and easy tramp became in the afternoon a series of anxious, dangerous crossings. The knowledge that they were as yet only in the head waters of the river was a rankling worry in the minds of the Pair and was to influence their actions for the next 4 days.

During the course of that difficult afternoon, there was a further cause for unease. The primary object of the journey was to ascend Maunga Taniwha (4600). Its exact appearance and position were both very vague; but even had this not been the case bottled up as they were in that steep tree lined gorge it was impossible to see very far afield. In an attempt to ~~eliminate~~ locate the mountain they did abandon their packs once and climb a spur?; but as always in that land they could not see the wood for the trees. Daylight finally failed and they pitched their camp on a Supply Jack entwined flat near the river. In the moonlight the spume thrown off the boulders with bones in their teeth, gleamed luminously.

Tues. 8th. Having decided overnight that they must be somewhere near Maunga Taniwha, they rose early on Tues. morning and with only a minimum of food and clothing in their packs they set off to conquer this sky water beast. V.J.M. hoped that the Wairoa swine would not investigate too closely the remainder of their worldly possessions. Setting forth up a leading spur from the camp in 2 hours they had ascended to 3000' at the same time having left behind them a thorough blazed line of retreat. It was only in tune with the contrary behaviour of the Urewera country that they should have to ascend to 3000 ft. before they could see enough to realize that they were on the wrong mountain and still miles from Maunga Taniwha.

The weather was perfect - blue sky, and doubtless V.J.M. having been recently bitten was fully prepared for the vagaries of weather either botanists or mountaineers, so he frankly stated that they came here to climb Maunga Taniwha, the weather was right, and that if they did have to spend a night out as a consequence that he was quite prepared to do so. Hugh was equally unequivocal.

It was midday before they were able to weave their way down to a waterfall jumping stream that circled the foot of the mountain. A further 4 hours of very strenuous climbing (compared to which the Daphn ridge is flat and unobstructed) took them to 4400'. Here the Red Beech gave place to a wind torn tangle of scrub that was well nigh impenetrable. Abandoning their packs as the only possible way of making progress they were on the crest by 5 p.m. It was a perfect Summer evening and a purple haze was already welling in the valleys. P.T.O. PAGE 24

from the air the last glimmer of light, though for a while the mad stumbling risky descent was continued in the hope of finding a position near water. Hugh's keen ears heard water at 3000'. It was the smallest trickle but sufficed. But if that damp hollow had any potential comfort, it was either not visible or the pair were too exhausted to develop it.

Literally hours were spent trying to make a fire with wood that had never been dry since its life sap ceased to flow. Sleep that night was a series of short comas, punctuated by long spasms of uncontrollable shivering, teeth chattering and knees knocking. One's whole frame was steeped in quivering misery till another spell of sleep brought oblivion.

Under such circumstances there was no inclination to lie abed in the morning and yet it was 1.p.m. before the Base Camp ~~xxx~~ was reached. Seven hours had been spent in wandering down through the bush, following a violent little stream and finally heroning up through the malicious whirl pools of the Wairoa river. Lunch was made a feast and the afternoon a siesta.

That night round the camp fire memories of the last 36 hours were not notable for any great humility; thought of how to get out of this place down the ever zestful river however, showed no marks of overconfidence. Actually there was a latent fear in both their hearts of that bumptious river and this, the rain which started in the night did nothing to dispell.

(To be continued in our next issue.)

KIWI TRAMPING CLUB.

WAIKAMAKA - SHUT EYE. Dec. 1944.

After various adventures the main party of 5 reached McCullough's on the evening of Dec. 15th and pitched camp a few minutes upstream.

The sixth member was cycling over from the West coast, so next day while one member went from Onga to bring him in, the ~~rest~~ rest went upstream and up the Three Johns scree, and so to Rangī-O-te Atua.

We found the records in the cairn becoming even more illegible so brought them down for copying. The return was made by way of screes into the south Waikamaka and down to the hut (which made a great impression), thence back to camp. Here we found that there had been a hitch. The cyclists had not met at the rendezvous, however he was later discovered at Fould's eating a hearty supper and was in camp and ready for second supper soon after dark. He brought welcome news that transport had been arranged to Onga on Tues. giving us an extra day.

So, next morning in spite of threatening weather we moved over to the Waikaraka. In the saddle sleet was falling and we got pretty wet. As the wood was damp our energies were largely devoted that afternoon to persuading a fire to go while heavy showers of rain and sleet fell outside. The creek came up steadily and towards nightfall the clouds lifted enough to show the tops white with snow.

In the morning the weather seemed to be moderating but the streams were still up, and with 12 and 13 year olds in the party the prospects of making a move seemed rather dim. However about 9.a.m. blue sky began to appear so we tumbled out and struck up on to 67 with the idea of making an overland crossing to Shut Eye, possibly via Armstrongs saddle.

However there was more snow than we thought, the drifts on 67 some 2feet deep in places and some of the boots were not too good. The weather seemed to be thickening again and the sight of 66 - a slab of black and white appearing and disappearing in the mist- not too encouraging with a weak party. So we gave up that with some regret, and returned to the Forks via the saddle. The ridge up to Shut Eye proved a bit of a pull and it was thick on Top- Shut Eye even with the chimney down was a welcome sight.

The party settled in like old campaigners and spent a fairly comfortable night in spite of the inadequate bunks.

On the way down next morning half the party took a side spur down to the river to pick up the tent, met the others along the road and strolled out to pick up the car at Wakarara School, the 2 cyclists going ahead to Onga.

N.L.E.

APITI - WAIPAWA.

Over the New year a tramping party investigated a route across the Ruahines through an area, most of which was new to its members. The seven days allowed was ample and permitted of several side trips to points of interest, the weather causing no serious delay, in fact the main party slept only two nights under canvas.

The upper Oroua valley was, contrary to expectations, very easy going and from a camp at the topmost fork a strong deer track led up through the leatherwood to Te Hekenga. This was easily sidled on the southern face, but the rock climbers had to go back and scramble up the (to them) enticing pinnacles. A sudden change of weather with heavy rain and hail from the southwest made the proximity of the

Ruahine Tramping Club's Howletts hut very welcome. This hut is in good order and appears to be well patronized by stalkers. The weather was still foul in the morning and we left late to keep a rendezvous with a heretaunga Tramping Club party coming south from their Waikamaka Hut. The clouds lifted on the Sawtooth and we found them camped on the far side having been caught by the weather on the previous evening. The combined party then went north as far as

Broken Ridge and dropped down to Weka Flat on the Kawhatau for the night. The evening was spectacular with a bright meteor and a magnificent moon rise with queer shadow effects on the rising mist and later a hard frost with thick ice on the billies. Next day was spent on the Hikurangi Range, the highest in the Ruahines, with one of the widest views in the island. The Tararuas, Egmont, Ruapehu, the main peaks of the Kaimanawas and Kaweksa, Pohokura above Te Hoe, Whakapunaki, and Mahia were all identified. Two or three shooting parties were about but more was heard than was seen of them.

Conditions were somewhat bleak on New Year's morning, so another

another day on the tops was abandoned and the party dispersed on various pursuits, shooting, track cutting and botanizing, rejoining at the Waikamaka Hut in the late afternoon.

Most of the party spent the last day on 66 returning to the Waikamaka by the long shingle sldie for a late lunch at the hut and so out to the road by nightfall.

N.L.E.

Typiste's error here.

Urewrea Trip (continued from page 21

READ THIS PARAGRAPH AFTER PAGE 21 AND THEN GO BACK TO PAGE 22.

Very sorry about this mistake. J.L-S.

The panarama that ranged out in a full circle was sublime. Nationsl Park , Tauhara, Kaingaroa Plains, Ngongataha, Mt. Edgecumbe Hikurangi, Portland Is., Taraponui, the Kawekas and the Havelock Hills marked the perimeter whilst the inner circle contained all the named and unnamed virgin~~x~~ and harlot~~x~~ bush clothed mountains that together sink their individualty in the collective name of Te Urewera.

The price already paid by the 'Pair' to experience the beauty of that evening on the peak was high. The final cumulative cost was to become very dear but at no time has either member regretted the expenditure. It was worth it all.

Completely reconciled to a note in the open, it was merely a matter of getting as far down off the top as possible before darkness barred the way. In a puerile attempt to avoid as much as they could of the weather wracked alpine scrub, another route was taken for the descent but far from being any easier it led into areas of unimaginable ~~x~~ arboreous frightfulness. Only a recklessness born utter weariness, plus the forces of gravity down the precipitous slppes were together capable of getting these two off the tops that night. Once down under the Red Beech (Nothofagus Fusca) , their canopied tops effectively filtered ----- Page 22

WESTPORT TO QUEENSTOWN:With Bikes.

The reason for "with", "not on", Bikes will be evident in due course. We left Westport at 7.30 a.m., Monday 19th February - weather hot and sunny. Four miles out we got a lift to Charleston where we explored parts of the old ghost town of gold boom days and the old grave yard that told some interesting stories. Also stopped at Punakaiki to see the great limestone caves, Pancake Rocks and Blowholes. Arrived at Greymouth 7.30 p.m., and had 2 days in the Western Chief Port, well - nearly 3, as their traditional hospitality delayed us till 5 p.m. on Thursday. But it was a glorious hot afternoon with most inspiring views of the Alps, which may have been responsible for a wheel running into the Railway line on the Teramaketu bridge. We got a ride from Kumara Jn. for 10 miles and arrived at Hokitika 6.30 p.m. Twelve miles of very slow going on a side road took us to L. Kanieri by moonlight. Rustled a meal by the Lake shore and slept in the bathing shed. Next morning we spent an hour on the Kanieri gold dredge, the second largest in the Dominion and after a hot ride up hill and down, lunched and swam at Lake Mahinapua; a beautiful bush walk of 1 one mile leads into this little silent retreat. We intended going to Harihari where friends were arranging to have a hut ready for us, but they met us at Ross where we stayed the night. Our packs had been taken on to Hari Hari by a motorist, so we presented an unconventional appearance at the hotel dinner table in shorts and boots and remarkably shiny countenances. We were given a lift right to Waiho on Saturday afternoon and during 2 beautiful sunny days did the conventional trips on the ice, down to Lake Mapourika and over the glacier by air. Tuesday's early start from for the Fox Glacier was cancelled by the timely if disconcerting discovery that 4 of the 5 rivets out of my front sprockett were missing. However no one at the Fraz Josef Hotel could do anything about it, so I had to risk liquidation en route. My childlike faith was justified and we had it fixed at Wehoka. Here we struck 2 nights of fierce wind and rain but were well housed in a borrowed caravan. Thurs. 1st March we went forth in the rain to Bruce Bay - 31 miles, but got a lift 7 of them. Over a badly damaged bridge off the main road past bad slips where we took to the beach, to the shattered township of Bruce Bay. Heavy seas and wind had wrecked all buildings but one (the jail!) on one side of the only street. We were the first traffic to arrive to the amazement of the inhabitants. We retreated smartly, but ill-advisedly next day before the rich new deposits of gold bearing black sand were discovered. Ten miles to the end of the road - the big Paringe bridge. We stayed in a 3 roomed cottage with a deerstalker (going out way) and 3 trampers (Otago T.C.) coming out from the Haast. Here we had first hand information and warning that bikes were not the best weapons with which to attack the Pass. In good weather, the track would present no difficulty apart from the 8 miles climb along the Metakitaki Range. In company with the deerstalker and a roadman we lunched at 2 p.m. next day at the Mica Camp, where we left the roadman, and (not discovered till too late) our only bike pump. Shared the stalker's hut that night and in our dreams re-anacted the day's work of clearing trees from the track and pushing up the first 4 miles of the hills. We'd covered 16 miles altogether that day. Sunday - a day of toil on our own and over the worst 13 miles of the trip. The slips and washcuts were worse, the creeks deeper and swifter and the fallen trees larger and more tangled. One slip took nearly an hour to negotiate. But we were clear of the hills and camped in a P.W.D. hut at Copper Creek. The roadman on this

section caught us up next day and took our packs and giving us rides on his horse, but I think Hilda prefers the bike! He took us over the Haast R. that afternoon in his boat. The only alternative is to ring the people at Haast from one of the huts and wait for them to come over for you. We were given a hut at Haast and had a day of rest. Were also offered the use of a bathroom and had our first real bath since Ross. Far from making one of those quick fortunes on the Coast we lost 5/- to the locals at cards! In hopes that we'd stay longer (with no motive but hospitality) they delayed our take off till 11 a.m. on Wednesday, 7th March. We were now headed East up the Haast R. bed. There are various tents and huts - one at 9 miles owned by Crons of Haast, a roadman's camp at 16 miles, a tent at 18 miles, Clarke Hut 25 miles and Burke hut 32 miles. Four more miles of track brings you to the road and 3 miles of road to the top of the Pass. Several big rivers enter the Haast which in the end is smaller than any of them. The Clarke and Landsborough join above the Clarke Hut, the Burke R. opposite the Burke Hut and the Willis R. above that. We stayed 1 night at the roadman's camp and here in the morning we met the search party. looking for 2 deerstalkers who had been drowned the previous week. Met 3 more at Clarke Hut next day and went with one of them, a Mr. Barton to Burke Hut on Friday. As we had to ford the Haast his horses were more than welcome. It was a wet day and we used this for an excuse to stop at the Burke Hut. The next four miles would be the only hard going in the Haast Valley, as till then it is practically flat except for a few bush covered bluffs. We would also be out of the bush and we were sorry to leave it. Saturday morning the rain eased off and 2 hours saw us at the notorious swing bridge above the ford marked "Dangerous". The planks of the bridge that weren't missing were rotten and we had to step on the narrow cross-bars 3 feet apart. Rain had started again and it was slippery. Owing to the gaps we had to carry the bikes but Mr. Barton seemed to think it was all good clean fun and took a hand with the iron steeds. He and Hilda managed to break 3 cross bars and we still had packs to take across - a delicate business. Once on the road, we had to refuse his offer of a ride to Makarora as we were determined to bike over the Haast Pass and went grimly at it through 6 miles of blinding rain. But Mr. Barton was waiting in the car at the end of it and we literally and gratefully poured in. After a few miles we encountered a huge tree across the road so we all walked into Makarora where we accepted Mrs. Barton's hospitality. We had to be in Invercargill in three days so with the sun shining and a back wind sped round Lakes Wanaka and Hawee to the Wanaka Motor Camp on Sunday. Here we pitched out little tent for the first and only time. Next day the gradual rise followed by the steep 3 mile climb over the Crown Range was rather a struggle and the irony was hard when my brake went on fire going down the other side! The last 8 miles to Queenstown was by truck and we slept in a hut at the camping grounds. To Invercargill by bus on Tuesday for the ceremony (by no means solemn) of the post mortem.

Total mileage Westport to Queenstown - 453 miles.
on bikes except for lifts of 126 miles and walking track
74 miles with bikes.

No punctures - and the pump was found and posted to me at home!
No headwinds - on 14 days it rained and 14 were fine.

Hilda Neubauer)
Denise Mulvey) Co-Pilots.