

HERETAUNGA TRAMPING CLUB INCORPORATED.Bulletin No. 40.July 1945.President:

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A national revival in tramping and kindred activities is apparent and has been for some time; even before the release of V.E. Day. Perhaps an explanation is neither necessary nor easily forthcoming but some understanding of the circumstances must guide the Club's policy. Members have shown commendable club spirit at our fortnightly reunions and in club activities only more or less associated with our main purpose. Such a spirit augurs well for the months that lie ahead. That a tramping Club exists for tramping is, no doubt, an obvious truism but one of which we must not lose sight. And now that we have our members back from overseas, we must see to it that we do get out. A release from extra War duties for most of us - the presence of many keen new members and the double ration of benzine are all conditions set fair for the ranges and for the beaches. Our hopes and talks and plans must be of weekend trips - of opening new routes - of sites for our next huts and (may it be forgiven) of arduous working parties. These last certainly linger longest in one's memory but they grow rosier in retrospect. It may even be, that our membership continuing to grow, we shall once again have to seek another home for ourselves and our gear - this by no means an unmixed pleasure.

Let us to it then, and get once more into our stride.

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TO OUR OVERSEAS MEMBERS.

Lindsay Lloyd. Hullo Lin - Janet has read all your letters to Club Meetings and they have been a source of great amusement to the members. Your capacity for talking your way into and out of various situations has got Janet a trifle worried - she's beginning to feel she might be outclassed when it comes to a skirmish. Anyway keep up the letters Lin, we can take any number. Good hunting and best of luck from us all.

Sealy Wood. Both your airgraph and your airletter to hand Sealy many thanks. You certainly made our mouths water when your description of the Austrian Tyrol was read out at a Club meeting. We're green with envy my boy, but would like to hear more about it. It's hard to believe a simple little thing like a non-fraternisation rule is any obstacle to a Kiwi. All the best Sealy, from the Gang.

Arch Lowe. Like Sealy's, your letter made us feel very envious, Arch. I suppose you will be brightening up the Waikamaka Hut by appearing in leather shorts, embroidered braces and wearing a feather in your hat - not to mention, the yodel, of course. We're expecting a verbal account from you shortly on your impressions of Austria and its inhabitants. Tons of Luck, Arch, from the Club.

Jack Hannah. And with you Jack, we should couple Janet, of course. The kids were thrilled to get your letter announcing that you'd gone and been and done it, Hack, and are looking forward to seeing you both before long. Prepare Janet for the worst, Jack, before you bring her to the Club Meeting. Congratulations and bags of luck to you both from the H.T.C.

Dudley Shepherd. We hear some of your luggage is addressed "Hastings" Duddles. Good work. Have a feeling this Bulletin will be chasing you round a bit. We'll have to hire the Assembly Hall when you get back - our Club room is bulging these days. Not suggesting your girth has increased by the way. Be seeing you, Duddles. Best of Luck.

Nancy Williams. A silence from your direction suggests that you are on the move Nancy. We hope it is so and that it won't be long before you're coming out to a meeting with the other Napier members. Here's hoping. All the best from the H.T.C.

Ron Craig. How are things with you Ron? Your movements have been wrapped in mystery lately but we hope that before long you will be appearing in person to give us a thrilling account of your experiences. Cheers and beers from all H.T.C. members.

Harry Richdale. Many thanks for the letter Harry - we were pleased to hear how things are with you. Drop in sometime will you and let the Club have a look at you. Best of Luck from us all.

Bruce Beechey. How goes it Beech? Were the celebrations up to standard? Expect the representatives of the Beechey family overseas have made the most of the reunion. In your own words "yours till the spinx blinks" - the Club.

Frank Simpson. Hullo Frank, how are you? Haven't heard from you lately but perhaps it's our fault for not writing. Hoping to hear from you once again very shortly. Cheers from the Old H.T.C.

John Collins. Here we are again, John, with the old Bulletin - hope it's not too long before you get your copy. How are things with you these days? It won't be long now before you drop in on a meeting. Loads of the best from us all.

To Bill Hayman and Pop Collett wherever you may be we'd like to send a cheerio and a greeting from the H.T.C. At the moment we have no definite news of you but are hoping it won't be long now before we hear from you both. Good wishes and best of luck from the Club.

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Federated Mountain Clubs Annual Meeting.

Access to State Forests. The meeting expressed a strong view that action should be taken over the Makaroro and authorized the committee to take action if requested. Our experience appears to be isolated, in general the relation between clubs and the forestry authorities is most satisfactory, especially so in the Wellington district.

Maps. A communication from the Surveyor General notifies the extension of contour maps to forest and mountain areas ultimately, but this is not likely to be commenced within the next five years at least. (The new contour maps make practically no attempt to give topographical information in forested areas or above 2500).

Huts and Tracks. The federation are unwilling to take any responsibility for co-ordination which might involve attempting to dictate to clubs. The H.T.C. remit was withdrawn after discussion in favour of a recommendation to clubs to combine regionally for schemes of hut and track construction.

Accidents. All clubs are being urged to concentrate on instruction in bush and mountain craft immediately. During the war there has been little opportunity for gaining experience and with fresh activity there will be a high proportion of inexperienced beginners.

Council of Sport. The Federation decided to postpone a decision on affiliation but gave permission for the Ski Council to affiliate as a separate body. Doubts were expressed in two main respects, firstly as to the purpose and functions of the Council, several delegates being of the opinion that its underlying interest was rather in the regimentation than in the promotion of sport, secondly that its organization made it both impossible for the Federation or its members to secure adequate representation and unsuitable to put forward the Federation's Policy.

Committee. With a large list of candidates selection was difficult and the club's nominee, Tony Druce, was unsuccessful in securing election. 4 of the committee are resident in Wellington, 2 in Auckland, 2 in Taranaki and 1 in Dunedin, which with the four vice-presidents representing Auckland, Wellington, Christchurch and Timaru gives both a reasonable distribution and a strong enough nucleus, with the secretary, to take any necessary action in Wellington without delay.

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GENERAL INFORMATION.

While in Wellington I took the opportunity of investigating various matters which may be of interest to the club.

Makaroro. Mr. Cullen has not yet had a decision from the Forestry Department about access to the Makaroro, but this should be made in the next few weeks.

Huts. The deer-culling branch are only operating in a small way at present but are interested in our proposals for chains of huts in the Rushinos and Kawekas and have taken a copy of them. They offer to share on a 50-50 basis in the cost and labour of erecting huts which will be of mutual benefit, in the first instance for huts at the Makino Forks and on the Te Atua Mahuri bush line. Eventually there is a possibility that this might be extended to the Kaimanawas. The Waikamaka Hut was their idea of a suitable type.

Bivvies. I attended a meeting of the Tararua T. C. hut Committee. They are at the moment engaged on the re-ction of a hut at the head of the Tauherenikau valley which will be of somewhat the same type as the Waikamaka, but their future policy is to concentrate on bivvies, with log walls, tarpaulin roof and log or tin chimney at a cost of £9. and with a life of 10-12 years.

These bivvies are to be sited far enough in to give access to a wide range of country. These of course give a big saving of labour in carrying.

Maintenance. For hut maintenance only the Ministry of Supply has agreed with the T.T.C. to issue permits for necessary materials also for petrol for transport of this material.

Physical Welfare Branch. Their hut and track projects appear to have been abandoned in favour of holiday camps with radiating tracks for day excursions to points of interest, and in any case they appear to be concentrating on the main areas of population. No field officer has yet been appointed for Hawke's Bay and Mr. Benny of the department assured me that no action would be taken in this area without reference to us.

Tramping Activities. There is intense activity in Wellington at the moment with a large proportion of younger members. A T.T.C. open night was prefaced by meetings of Hut and Ski sub committees, the latter drawing up an instruction course for the winter and checking gear. A track clearing party of 25 had been out the previous weekend and half a dozen dried tents were being rolled, while a working party were clearing the club-room walls for repainting. Three trips, two of them high country were scheduled on the notice board for King's birthday, and it may be mentioned that these notices were attractively got up with photographs and notes on route, equipment, cost etc.,. The proposal for re-erecting a hut in the Upper Tauherenikau were that in the next few weeks three parties were to be sent out, a preparatory party to fix the site and cut blocks, then two parties of 30 to dismantle the hut in Cone saddle, transport it down hill and re-erect it.

"Aspects of Tramping" The T. T. C. have in hand two publications. "Tararua Story" is the history of the club, with a chapter on the ranges north of the Manawatu Gorge. The other, "Aspects of Tramping", is of wider interest, being a hand book on tramping practice, bushcraft, equipment etc., and looks to be developing into a most valuable summary.

NEWS FROM OVERSEAS MEMBERS.

HUGH NELSON writes:- 15th May 1945

Dear Angus,

I wonder how things are going back in Napier these days. I hope you are getting around as usual. I expect you will envy me being in a good place for some first class hiking. I haven't been up Kanchenjunga yet and suppose I shall be lucky if I get near the Himalayas. I had an arrangement half made with an N.Z. friend east of Calcutta to go to Darjeeling or Gangtok. He was even on to a clue for getting into Tibet. That is off now, but sometime I may go to Garwhal and see Kamet or to Kashmir and take a look at Nanda Devi. In the mean time I get about South India fairly thoroughly, being Field Engineer for an area 1000 miles long. The Nilgiri Hills are only 8000 ft. odd rising from 2000 ft. plain, with jungle and rock cliffs they don't look very impressive from the air. I imagine hiking there would be quite impressive with elephants roaming about and jaguars and what-have-you.

It is fairly sticky here just now with a temperature of 105 degrees and very humid; it is just brewing up for the S.W. Monsoon. They say it doesn't rain in Madras and just stays fairly warm till the N.E. Monsoon about November. And then it does rain.

Things are looking pretty good across the Bay. I am hoping to move over to Rangoon before long. I had quite a good time with the N.Z. 13th reinforcements; a short time at Maadi then with the Indian Army at Mena, most of the time being spent on leave in Cairo and hitch hiking to Tel Aviv and Jerusalem. I came from the Middle East to Bombay with a lot of N.Z. troops on their way to collect their bowler hats. I am an engineer specialist in the Indian Army working with Indians and English officers and meet New Zealanders only occasionally in the Navy and Air Force.

I hope the H.T.C. is still going strong and that the victory in Europe will help you with the old M.T. problem, so that your activities will be bigger and better.

My best wishes to all the folks,

Sincerely yours,

Hugh Nelson.

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SEALY WOOD writes:- 1st July 1945.

Dear Kids,

Here's a line from an absentee member to thank you one and all from the H.T.C. for the continuance of the "good work". One smashing parcel of this that and the next arrived in good condition in Northern Italy, and the Andrews very smartly went into a tin of illicit butter while yours truly turned out oyster patties à la mode, à la carte and benissimo for an assembled gang of hungry M.O.s.

I seem to recollect dropping a line to Molly from the region of Venice in which I mentioned having run into Dudley Sheppard at a Grand Opera jam session in the Canal City. I haven't struck any other old stagers as yet, but will probably find them up in the N.Z. Div. Mountain Rest Camp in the Italian Tyrol, if and when I get there.

I have had a glimpse of peaks, packs and mountain tracks since we came to this town of Udine by virtue of having been twice over the Austrian border. The route up through the mountains is a grand one, with bare rocky pinnacles rising temptingly above the spruce-covered hills, and the sight of a set of shorts and braces, a Bergen style pack and a feathered hat, trudging along the road endowing a sturdy peasant farmer, is provocation enough to induce a burst of yodelling from any passing Kiwi. The Austrian countryside is so like the

picture postcards and background to Santa Claus that one almost expects a team of reindeer to come galloping round the corner. The Wönthee See, a ten mile blue-water bush-fringed mountain lake, could be the ideal setting for the "White Horse Inn", and I may state quite confidentially that the fresh complexions, the white blouses and the gay peasant skirts of the local lasses make the "non-fraternisation" laws an extremely awkward, curbing restriction. (Mark you, I'm speaking from hearsay only - or am I?). Some of our people have been right up to the original Franz Josef glacier, and have returned with glowing reports not only on the glorious scenery but also on the magnificent hotels, roadways, albergos, inns, chalets and what-nots which make the whole district such a thoroughly delightful playground. Of course, the H.T.C. takes its pleasures toughly, but aren't you just a wee bit envious?

Sealy.

P.S. How about the next Easter trip into the Austrian Tyrol, Norm?

P.P.S. Austria is so beautiful, there's no time to botanize! Auf wiedersehn!

28th May 1945.

Dear Molly,

And that means also greetings to the H.T.C. Your Dec. Journal has just caught up with me, and I am writing this to clear up the mystery of my whereabouts. My sudden re-departure from New Zealand in Oct. last, landed me in Egypt for two and a half months, and the last four and a half months I have spent in a most uninteresting job in a most uninteresting place in the most uninteresting part of Italy - down in the south, near Bari. However, horizons new have dawned in the last week with a move to the above address, and though the supply of gory doings has dwindled owing to the cessation of hostilities, we still get the inevitable accidents and emergencies to keep us going. However, the fact of being - now turn green, you blighters - stationed only four miles from Venice is a pretty fair compensation for the lack of work. I have high hopes of seeing some of the neighbouring mountains some time, but will write again and let you know progress.

Regards to all,

Sealy.

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HARRY RICHDALE writes:- 10th Jan. 1945

Howdee!

Well I must thank you very much indeed for the parcel which arrived a couple of days before Christmas and which was much appreciated. This year we were put out of action for 24 hours and as you may imagine a very good time was had with the assistance of 3 bottles of beer per man, a spirits issue from the NAAFI and as much of the vino as one thinks advisable. This vino is not all it's made out to be especially the stuff available to us. Each house, especially farm houses, invariably has a few enormous barrels but the quality is almost invariably poor.

We are living in a house, rather a good one with an open fire, and of course quite a few have acquired wire mattresses. Unfortunately Jerry has been a bit too accurate occasionally and what with him and the concussion of the guns it leaks in a few places and in one part is falling to pieces, but on the whole we are very comfortable.

The paper has probably told you that we have had a "White Christmas" and indeed there is some six inches of snow outside the door today.

Leave here is on a low scale, 10 days in 18 months in my case, but I am much better off than the majority as I have seen both Florence and Rome, 7 days in Rome and 3 in Florence. While of course there is no church or museum probably in the world to compare with St. Peter's, I prefer Florence as the latter place has more life, more shops, prices are more reasonable, and to cap it the club is available with all civilian amenities. The staff except for a

few soldiers is entirely Italian and the service throughout superior to that in Rome. Well of course I saw the town and the main places of interest but that can be seen any time by watching the illustrated weeklies.

The main interests are the crafts of which I should think that cameo manufacture, leather work, alabaster ware and especially mosaic are the more important. I saw mosaic work, inlaid tables, mosaic pictures which could not be distinguished from prints at 3 feet, and all done in stone. Stones come from England, Greece, Belgium, U.S.A., greenstone from N.Z. and lapis lazuli from Russia. The price however is £60 English for a picture not more than 12 inches square, so you will understand why none is going home on my account. Prices through Italy have risen many times to pre-war prices, but as the lire has also been inflated even though not in proportion they are not too disproportionate.

Well may I wish all a Happy New Year and the Club all the best of luck.

Yours sincerely,

W. Richdale.

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ARCH LOWE writes:- 25th March 1945

Dear Club,

Yes, it's your frequent and constant correspondent with one of his many letters! I'm ashamed to try to think back to when I last wrote! However, in that time I have to acknowledge the receipt of another parcel and an Xmas card, also the photo of the Waikamaka Hut I asked for. Many many thanks to one and all concerned.

Up until a week ago my tramping activities have been nil, but a tiny village in the mountains and I made a bargain with the local bootmaker (the tail-board of the truck is almost in his window) to get my boots nailed, and today is the second Sunday I've pounded the rocks round about. The trouble is that these Ities build their villages so far up the mountains that one is almost at the top before starting. This one is about equivalent to the Forks on the Waipawa half way to the Waikamaka. There are one or two shingle slides about but they are inclined to either end in sudden drops or to peter out into "boulder-slides". I was about a quarter of the way down from the tops and resting by a trough on a well-used track, when along came an old bird no more than 4 feet tall and he "nattered" away to me at high speed. The more I told him that I didn't understand, the faster he talked. He was dressed in the most incredible rags and his shoes were liable to fall apart at any moment. He wanted to buy my boots and clothes (I was carrying most of them in my hand!) I wonder if he thought I'd like to go down in my bare feet? Anyway after a few moments he said he must continue, and as he could only see one track he as much as invited me to walk along with him. But I was going down, not along. I started off at a run and the last I saw of him he was peering over the side of the path 50 feet above me as if he was sure I was crazy. By the time I had worked my way down about a dozen or so waterfalls in the dry watercourse I'd chosen I began to agree with him! I got back here with half an hour to spare before lunch. Our water-cart driver puts on hot showers every day so I filled in the half hour there, then spent the afternoon in my cot with the radio turned on quietly to lull me to sleep again in case any pest woke me!! Last Sunday I went up the peak at the other side of our little valley and there was quite a fair bit of snow about. However it's practically all gone from there now and where I went today there was no sign of snow, and even on the ridge I was warm though stripped to the waist.

From the 7th to the 14th of this month I had leave in Florence and thoroughly enjoyed it. Living in one of the best pubs in the town (the N.Z. Club) with a hot bath in my private bathroom every morning; out of bed at the crack of 8.30 a.m. every morn. Had a couple of hard cobbles with me so the first day I was there I dragged them off to see the opera "Madame Butterfly". We

paid 10/- for the seats and I enjoyed it but I had to put up with their abuse for the rest of the week. Twice a day almost every day we took in a different theatre or picture somewhere but they made sure I didn't trap them into any more operas! Florence is a flat town similar in some ways to Christchurch, but I found a bit of climbing in the cathedral. It's the third largest in the world and by the time I climbed to the top of the dome I could quite believe it! In spite of numerous army encampments Florence is still a city worth seeing with some beautiful streets and gardens and of course incredible churches. Went one day to Pisa by truck, but it's an awful long way for a one day trip in a three ton truck. However we had a couple of hours in which to look at the cathedral and climb the tower and ring a bell on the top!

Time I was in bed. Cheerio to all.

Arch.

1st July 1945.

Hello Club,

First of all many thanks for your welcome parcel which arrived a couple of days ago. The mere detail of the European war being over doesn't unfortunately mean that our existence as field men ceases immediately, as we are beginning to discover. However, in due course I hope to be well on the way home before you have a chance of sending another such welcome parcel.

I have been sitting around Triests since VE day, though we've shifted our camp-site three times for reasons unknown to me. At the moment we're enjoying life in a big Itie barracks about 7 or 8 miles from town and one mile from the tram terminus. The dining hall has been the scene of one or two dances. On Friday last there must have been about 200 girls there so you can see they are not small dances. But I don't know! Dancing is not the same in a strange language. I can't get keen on it any way.

We are quite close to plenty of good alpine country, but the locals have a disconcerting habit of planting a village on top of what could be regarded by us as a hill worth climbing. If one really tries to get into the untrod mountains, damme if some kid of about 8 or 10 goes scurrying off the top with a flock of scraggy sheep or a few cows which he is grazing there!

A few days ago I made a hurried tour into Southern Austria. That's a lovely smiling country full of cold unsmiling people! The towns are much the same as we are used to here in Italy, though cleaner on the whole. The main difference is in the country and farm houses we passed. They are far cleaner and more tidy than their Italian counterparts.

As you can see, this page has become a bit waterlogged. Well, 15 minutes ago the sun was shining. It's shining now. But there's a flood of water going past the tailboard of the truck and while I was busy rescuing my bed, this blew out of the truck! I'd no sooner picked it up, than the canvas hood suddenly sagged, letting gallons of aqua on to the bench alongside a pile of assorted clothing and papers etc.!!! The thunder and lightning are still dancing and cracking but the rain seems to be all over now. There was more here in the 5 minutes just passed than would fall in a week on the Waikamaka Saddle!

Have seen no sign of any of the Italian H.T.C. members lately. The last time I saw Ron Craig was in Faenza about last Feb. I was very sorry to hear of Fred's death, so near the end too.

Here's hoping to see you all again soon.

Cheerio,

Arch.

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250. April 28th. KOHINERAKAU.

Though not well attended by the H.T.C. this trip was much enjoyed by the participants. The day was sunny and the views of the plains with their rows of golden poplars and autumn tinted trees backed by the snowy mountains were glorious. It was one of the best of H.B.'s winter days.

We were joined at Kopanga gates by the Kiwi Trampers, the timing being almost perfect. After fixing gear we walked up to the Maori rock where the new members were introduced to the somewhat doubtful pleasure of climbing up to see the grave pits. The old hands stayed below to watch the descents. The Kiwis, most of them, slithered up and down quite unconcernedly. Lunch beside the stream in the sun and then we pushed on up to the Trig. Here the Kiwis left us to go home via the Middle Road while the H.T.C. party took a sheltered route along the valley. Another boil up and then a pleasant cycle back to Hastings and Napier (I hope).

No in party, H.T.C. 6
Kiwi T.C. 12.

251 May 13th.

PUKETAPU REDCLIFFS.

A party of nine made an enjoyable round trip on bicycles, boiling up at Redcliffs. Plans were made for a future trip to be made in this locality with transport by bus as a substitute for bicycles.

Leader : J. Lloyd.

No in party

9.

252 May 27th.

TE AWANGA RABBIT GULLY

Members intending to go on their trip congregated at different points all along the route. By the time we got to Te Awanga the full complement had been collected. The intention was to explore the different gullies running up from the beach. When we reached Rabbit Gully we explored a long way towards the head of it where we lighted a fire and had lunch. Our camping spot was a precarious perch on the side of the gully - Angus got to work and hollowed out a few resting places where members

of the H.T.C. perched like so many gannets. As soon as the sun left the gully we began to feel chilly as a keen wind was blowing, so down to the beach again to continue our exploration. We turned back about 3.30 as it was getting unpleasantly cold and windy on the beach and reached Clifton to find Mardi and Lance Green had come out for a run in the car. Afternoon tea over we piled our packs in the car and set out to ride home in the teeth of the gale. Mild excitement at Black Bridge when June's pedal flew off just when she was in a most awkward spot in the middle. However, Angus with his customary efficiency soon put things right and we continued on our way only to run into a heavy downpour at Mangateretere. By the time we reached Hastings we were wet to the skin and exhausted with our battle against the wind. Withal an enjoyable day.

Leader : Wendy Pascoe.

253. KAWKA HUT $\frac{1}{2}$ KING'S BIRTHDAY WEEK -END
 JUNE 2nd - 4th.

The crowd assembling for a lorry trip at Holt's rendezvous was very reminiscent of pre-war days and the appearance of Dr. Bathgate and Shirley confirmed the atmosphere of normal times. Perhaps that was our excuse for sticking to tradition to the extent of leaving at 1.5 p.m. - 20 minutes after schedule. Les seemed to understand the lorry however, and we made good time to reach the track shortly after 3 o'clock. Some of the confirmed cyclists were temporarily affected by the unaccustomed motion of taking bends at 30 mph. The party reached the hut in groups between 5.30 and shortly after dark; the new route out of the Tutakuri being of considerable help. A Kiwi was heard to call twice in the vicinity of the hut but a strong body of imitators, during the revels of the evening, drove him out of competition.

Leaving a working party of five at the hut, the others, undeterred by the 13 starters, the obscured tops and the cold Southerly, started off about minish with no fixed views on anything. At the divide, eight elected to persist towards the 4915 (now Kaierehi) and the bivy, in the hope of meeting with improved conditions. June, Nancy, Heather, Pat and Ian progressed leisurely back to join the working party. During lunch hour at the forks below the bivy, calm sunshine enticed us on so with a short visit of inspection (the bivy is by no means beyond repair) we moved on to the main ridge again. A fine view of Ruapehu summit standing out clearly from a thick blanket of mist rewarded our efforts. During the half-hour walk to the Trig the Western panorama cleared astonishingly and for odd half-hours the remnants of the Easter trip (Jean, Dave and Angus) would draw our attention to funny little bumps on the Kaimanawas. A repeat attack on the Kaimanawas seems to be indicated. The return to the hut by the same route (omitting the bivy and dodging Cook's Horn) was timed to avoid the darkness and to connect with the stew. Apart from cutting several cords of firewood, cleaning the hut, preparing meals, painting the roof and tarring the malthoid walls the "working

party" appeared to have done very little.

After a "variety" evening and all night stoking by Jack the crowd was in fine fettle next day. With a view to enabling the Napier and other outlying members to get home before the last bus it was decided to make for the road after an early lunch. An advance squad left shortly after breakfast. After making good time to the road we arrived back to entertain the public on their way home to evening meals. There is something to be said both ways for getting back in daylight. An enjoyable trip and the club is duly grateful for the transport.

No in party : 18
Leader : Stan Craven.

254. CANCELLED.

255. June 24th.

OHITI PA.

The party assembled at Southland Rd corner at 9 O'clock. A precedent was created by everyone arriving either before or punctually at nine, the only defaulter being the leader who, working on the assumption that the H.T.C. are usually late, arrived about two minutes past the hour! Picked up Dave Lynch at Stortford Lodge and had a pleasant ride out to Fernhill where we were supposed to meet Angus in the vicinity of the cemetery. However having sat on the wall for some time and discussed the merits and demerits of various tomb stones we decided he wasn't coming, and pushed on to Ohiti. Having reached the station and obtained permission we decided to go on to the Spring for lunch. Dave, (who by the way was rather overcome at finding himself a solitary male amongst eight fair members of the opposite sex!), gave a good demonstration of how not to cross a ford on a bicycle. The rest of the party preferred the less hazardous method of crossing by bridge. At the Spring we boiled up and spent a pleasant hour until we were rudely disturbed by Dave, who, feeling his responsibilities as the only man of the party, decided there should be action. It took him some time to rouse the rest of the party from their after lunch lethargy but he finally got every one on her feet. We wandered over to visit the remains of a cemetery (a morbid day from that point of view) and then we went up on to the old pa site.

As we wanted to go over and look at the lake we made our way back to the station where we parked our bikes in the care of Julia and Edna. The route lay through the bull paddock but we kept very close to the fence line! At the lake we sat on the bank and spent a lazy half hour watching the working out of the eternal triangle in the swan world. Clumps of rushes moving with the wind caused quite a lot of speculation among the party on the bank. Then back to the station where the billy was boiling on the river bank. The ride home was uneventful - Stortford Lodge being

reached, as darkness fell. 13.

No in party

9.

Leader

Peg. Morris.

256. July 7th - 8th.

MARAETOTARA STREAM

OCEAN BEACH

A trip, combining members of the H.T.C. and Kiwi T.C. was recently made to our old camping site in the Maraetotara. Four members of the HT.C. left Hastings in two cars picking up Jack Taylor at Craggy Range bridge. The ground seemed dry so we took the cars over the paddocks to the shepherd's house where we parked them in the shed. We walked over to the stream having the advantage of daylight all the way, pitched camp and collected bedding in the half dark. Two HT.C.'s and five Kiwi's chose a circuitous route through the paddocks and arrived, after dark to find the fire a heap of embers suitable only for cooking. However, we soon had the billy boiling, a meal was cooked and eaten and two minute tents were erected for the junior members. Accommodation for the night seemed warm and comfortable - at least there were no complaints. Next morning dawned with the weather definitely rather nasty so Jack Taylor decided to go back to Craggy Range and see what luck he had had with his traps. The more hardy members of the HT.C. together with the enthusiastic supporters of the K. T.C. finally left camp and made their way over to Ocean Beach, where they boiled up and had lunch under rather unfavourable conditions. They retraced their steps to camp by way of the falls only to find on their return that the remainder of the party were still loathe to leave the tent. Then followed general activity in the way of a hasty meal and the breaking up of the camp. Back to the cars and a spot of bother with the mud at the big house. However, the available manpower was mobilised and we got through. Quite a good week-end from most points of view.

No in party : 12

Leader : J. Taylor.

257. July 22nd.

TREE PLANTING AT TE MATA PEAK.

The original assignment for this working party was the digging of a thousand holes for tree planting by the Board. However as the supply of trees was restricted the total number of holes to be dug dwindled considerably. A large party volunteered and were transported by private car up to the park. Everyone worked with a will and by three o'clock the required number of holes had been dug and approximately 110 trees had been planted.

Angus was the prime mover in the building of a huge bon fire of all the dead wood lying and standing about + Nancy cooking sausages on the outskirts looked as though she would emulate Joan of Arc at any moment. There was the usual by-play provided by Les Holt who annoyed Nora by putting luscious juicy worms down her neck. It started to drizzle round about three o'clock so it wasn't much use doing any more. Everyone packed up and made for the cars where boots were changed and coats removed.

No in party : 19

Leader : M. Molineux.

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SOCIAL NOTES.

News from England that Jack Hannah is now a married man gave great pleasure to Club members who knew him well. We are looking forward to seeing both Jack and his wife before very long.

To Arch and Joan Toop the Club offers its sincere congratulations on the arrival of a son, who it is hoped will one day follow in the energetic tramping footsteps of his father.

We are very pleased to welcome Huck Finn back to our midst. She has taken a position at Royston and hopes for plenty of active tramping in the near future. She will probably be planning another attempt on the Kaimanawa crossing before very long.

A letter from Tubby Farrelly announces that she is on the road to recovery - a piece of information in which her old friends will have much pleasure. We were thrilled to get your letter Tub and hope it won't be long before you're your old self again.

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CLUB MEETINGS.

The capacity of the Club Room has been taxed to its utmost during the last few months with a full house at practically every meeting. This continued interest in meetings is surely indicative of the coming of better times for the Club and we can really begin to feel we are on the upgrade. Several new members have been brought along and introduced to the Club.

A scheme has been inaugurated whereby selected members are required to give ten minute talks on various aspects of Tramping and the Club Captain led off with a short lecture on the contents and packing of a pack.

It is to be hoped that old members knowledge will be revised and that the new members will gain from the information passed on from experienced trampers.

Nan

Joan L.S. and Nora & Marg Clayton have had a most enjoyable trip to Franz Josef lately. At a recent Club Meeting Nan gave us a complete review of their experiences and made it all sound just as thrilling as it must have been. I hope you will be able to read at length all about their trip in the next Bulletin.

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FIXTURE LIST.

No 259.	19th August.	Te Mahanga Bush.	U. Greenwood.
260	2nd September	Maraetotara via Te Mata Ford	M. Clayton.
261	15 -16th "	Makaroro	N. Elder.
262	30th "	Otatara	J. Lloyd.
263	14th October	To be arranged.	
264	20 - 22nd " (Labour w/e)	Waikamaka Hut	M. Molinaux.
265	3-4th November	Rongaika	D. Williams.
266	18th "	Horseshoe Bend	A. Russell.
267	1-2nd December	Matarau	N. Tomlinson.
268	16th "	To be arranged.	

This list is subject to alteration at any time.

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PRIVATE TRIPS.HITCH HIKING.

It was without any conscientious scruples at all that two members of the H.T.C. planned a hitch hiking trip somewhere in the South Island. We agreed it was useless to have our itinerary cut and dried when undertaking such a vague trip, so, beyond making arrangements to occupy a hut at Waiho (Franz Josef) on the night of Jan 22nd. no definite plans were made. The party met on the Wellington Railway Station on the afternoon of Monday Jan 15th. and proceeded to the Waterloo, meeting Ezra John Bartle en route. The dust of the day was gargled away and then Nan Clayton joined us for dinner which proved to be a very satisfactory meal. On arrival at the Ferry we really began to feel we were on our way - this being so, we sought our bunks without any delay and, having assumed a recumbent posture, were ready for anything. The night was not without incident but dawn found us at Lyttleton with everything under control.

Some little reorganisation of luggage was necessary at Christchurch as we intended to consign our suitcases to Hokitika hoping to pick them up at a later date. Taking charge of the Ladies Waiting Room we proceeded to transform ourselves from perfectly normal females into objects of profound interest, the process being a sticky one as it was found that a 2lb. bag of sugar had burst in one of the packs. The attendant viewed our activities with a very jaundiced eye and not a little suspicion!

At 3pm. our arrangements more or less complete, we caught a bus which finally delivered us in Hammer where we intended to linger for a few hours and pass the time of day with friends. However, they tempted us to stay and here we tasted the fruits of idleness for close on three days, with beautiful surroundings, pleasant company, lashings of food and much opportunity to sleep. To show our intentions were genuine we left by bus on the Friday morning on the next stage of our journey over the Lewis Pass to Reefton.

It wasn't long before disillusionment set in - a strike had been declared on the West Coast and was spreading rapidly. No rail transport, no road transport, a poor prospect for two hitch hikers! At about 4 o'clock we disembarked in the main street outside the most imposing hotel in the town. Things looked bleak but not hopeless so we put on our boots, bought a loaf of bread, changed our nether garments in the lounge and generally prepared for the road. Plenty of helpful advice followed the Expedition as it set off under the admiring gaze of the old inhabitants, carrying, what felt like a combined weight of two tons! However, we were not destined to stagger far before a magnanimous truck driver stopped and offered us a lift to Greymouth. There we spent a cheap but not uncomfortable night on the grandstand at the race course!

Next morning we were on the road at 7.30. full of hopes that our technique would have profitable results. However, whether our technique was poor or whether the cars were too full to be bothered we never quite knew - anyway, our progress was discouragingly slow. By lunch time we were not much more than half way to Hokitika and endeavouring to look on the bright side of things. As it was raining

we lunched in a railway shed on a small siding - so small that its name has eluded me. It was round about 3.30 that we sat on our packs by the side of the road having decided that the distance between Greymouth and Hokitika, 25 miles, was a gross understatement. It was the longest, hardest and hottest road we had yet been suffered to tread. However, a kindly Providence was watching over us and we were picked up by a Public Works engineer who was going to Waiho to assess the damage caused by a severe storm a night or two before. A puncture and various delays caused by slips, wash outs and damaged bridges were small affairs and it was an extremely self-satisfied Expedition that finally found itself delivered bag and baggage at Waiho. Mrs. McCormick, from whom we had hired the hut met us with food and tea and a very warm welcome.

Though our stay at Waiho was destined to be short and rather overshadowed with anxiety as to the uncertainty of our future movements we enjoyed every minute of it. We had to be ready at a moment's notice to evacuate the hut and take the opportunity of the first lift offering as the strike looked as though it would be prolonged indefinitely. Consequently we could not go too far afield - the

weather was another factor in the curtailment of our activities, but in spite of everything we managed to see all the most picturesque spots close at hand. To our regret we were not able, in the limited time available to go on to the glacier or take the plane trip.

By Wednesday it looked as though the strike had settled down for an indefinite period, so most of the visitors to Franz Josef spent the greater part of their time planning how to get away to civilisation without much official transport. The Expedition discussed ways and means and finally came to the conclusion that it was all in the lap of the gods. On Wed. evening our luck turned and by the greatest stroke of luck we managed to fall in with a lorry driver who was persuaded to take us out of Waiho. A night was spent at the only hotel in the township of Wataroa, where the inhabitants made us very welcome. Next morning we were out early and were lucky enough to be offered a lift in an already overcrowded car going to Greymouth. The journey was without incident and we were put down at Kumara Junction about midway between Hokitika and Greymouth. Another conveyance happened to be on the spot and we finished the journey into Kumara arriving about 5.30. Kumara, we were informed was the birthplace of Richard Seddon and at one time a flourishing gold mining centre, but its glory has definitely departed and we were somewhat oppressed by the general air of delapidation. However, we had a very comfortable camp for the night in a back garden with a bathroom and plenty of hot water thrown in.

Our next port of call was Otira and our chances of making it next day were slim as practically all traffic on this road had ceased. However, we were away by eight and struck a ride almost immediately with some mill hands, who finally dropped us about six miles out of Kumara. We spent the greater part of our morning eating and dawdling along the road expecting any moment to be picked up by some good Samaritan driving a truck. However, it was our day out so we began to tramp in earnest. At midday we were rather hot and weary and evidently presented a pitiful spectacle to a kind soul who

was working in one of the few gardens we saw on our travels. She took us in and fed us with junket, scones and tea. Much refreshed we set sail for Jackson's, which, we were led to believe was a metropolis somewhere on the road to Otira. We walked steadily all afternoon until, finally, in the gathering gloom and a steady downpour of rain we reached Jackson's. It consisted of a railway siding and a hotel which had long since seen better days. Any place is a port in a storm so we were very pleased to get in out of the rain. Hot baths and dinner were much appreciated and then we dried boots, socks and tent in front of the fire in the "lounge".

The rain had not abated next morning and Jackson's presented a depressing sight. The Expedition sat on the bleak verandah of the hotel and watched the traffic flashing by! At approximately 1 pm the baker's van making a bi-weekly trip from Kumara to Otira loomed out of the mist. The driver was large and jolly and immensely tickled with us. Crowded in the front of the van we listened to his reminiscences and did our best to persuade him to take us on to Christchurch. Otira was all he could manage, though, and we were grateful for that - anything was better than Jackson's. The Hotel received us for the night and we were thankful to see Sunday dawn clear and fine. The walk over Arthur's Pass was something to be remembered - a lovely clear day with a light breeze to temper the heat of the sun. We halted near the summit, boiling up on the river bank. A lone cyclist red headed and cracking hardy without a shirt shared our repast. He was endeavouring to ride from Greymouth to Christchurch in one day, but disaster evidently overtook him, as we passed him at dusk walking down hill and wheeling his bicycle, still many miles from his goal. We reached Arthur's Pass in time for afternoon tea - what we couldn't eat we carried away! The village appeared deserted so we sat in the sun and wondered just what our next move would be. As the sun went down it became very cold so we decided to look round for a spot to lay our heads for the night. However, it proved quite unnecessary as we were picked up by a truck going right through to Christchurch. It wasn't the most comfortable method of transport bouncing about in the back and covered with dust, but we got there. On the outskirts of the city we endeavoured to make ourselves presentable and about 9.30 arrived in the Square, where we had a large meal under the amused gaze of several onlookers. Then we commenced to search for board and lodging, but the proprietors of the most respectable hotels just couldn't find a corner for two tramps. However, they finally took pity on us at the United Service hotel where we endeavoured to repair our travel-stained garments, and make ourselves as inconspicuous as possible under the circumstances. One pair of shorts had given up the ghost completely and could no longer be worn. Our suitcases still reposed in the Hokitika Railway Station so we had to make the best of what we stood up in.

Next morning we went out to Sumner where the Expedition rested and refitted during the next three days in most pleasant surroundings. On Friday we set a course for Picton and sailed at midnight by the Tamahine for Wellington. There was hardly a square inch of space anywhere in the ship that wasn't occupied but by a little judicious spreading out we managed to get enough space in the lounge to stretch

out on. Next morning we packed up bag and baggage and went up to John Bartle's for breakfast. Then back to the station where we managed to get two seats on the New Plymouth express as far as Palmerston North - we were lucky that Ezra knew the run of the ropes.

At Palmerston North we found that our plan were thwarted once again - we couldn't get seats on the service car. However, some bright soul advised us to go on the local bus to Dannevirke where we might find it easier to get on to the Newman's car. This we did and all went according to plan. Back in Hastings we both agreed that it had been a most enjoyable trip not to mention the fact that owing to the kindness of truck drivers and motorists it had cost less than half it would have done had we gone as ordinary tourists.

Molly Molineux; Peg Morris.

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EASTER 1945 in the KAIMANAWAS.

At Easter time five of us, Nora, Clem, Angus, Dave and I essayed a trip through the Kaimanawa ranges, starting from Timahanga station and ending on the Tokaanu - Taupo road. We expected to be away about 6 days, took food (officially) for 8 days and eventually arrived back in Hastings on the evening of the 11th. and not hungry either.

The first four days the weather was good and these we spent traversing the Hoggett Block, camping at the Log Cabin on the 30th March. On the 31st we went up the Taruarau river to Peters Creek where we branched off to follow the ridge on the north side of the stream, over the top and down a steep track to the Kaimanawa or Te Apunga Hut. This was occupied by musterers and deer cullers who were most hospitable and we had an enjoyable night. The third day, April 1st we climbed the ridge behind the hut and followed along it in a northerly direction and then dropped down to the Mangamaire river by the Zig Zag track to which we were directed by Bill Farmer, one of the deer cullers. The Mangamaire is a beautiful clear stream with good pools for bathing of which we took advantage. We climbed out of this to camp on the Makorako ridge in the Low Saddle at the deer cullers camp. April 2nd the fourth day we set off for Makorako, our first objective of the trip, in clear sunshine after a hard frost, the ground glistening and the valleys filled with billowing mist. Spent a glorious hour on the top surrounded by nothing but mountains and hills. Lake Taupo looked nearer than we expected at that point. From Taupo our gaze wandered to Tuhara, to Edgecombe, the Ureweras, the bare topped Kawekas, the Northern Ruahines, the Southern ~~Ramahine~~ parts of the Kaimanawas, seemingly endless, the deep gorges of the Rangitikei river and, towering above them, Ruapehu and Ngaruhoe looking majestic in their snow crowns. Truly a view to be remembered for many moons.

That night camp was pitched just off the ridge leading to Ngapuketuru. A pleasant spot where a robin paid us a visit.

On the third we continued along the ridge toward Ngapuketurua and made camp early, the weather clouded in the afternoon, on the saddle at the Rangatikei headwaters; our most comfortable and convenient camp of the whole trip. The beds which were Angus's special concern were of bracken and not to be beaten. April 4th, the sixth day, when we awoke rain was falling, but we set off for the top of Ngapuketurua as planned. This range runs roughly east and west and forms a wall between the rivers which run away to the south and those which run into Lake Taupo. On the southern side the slopes have patches of bush and scrub here and there, but as far as we could see, the northern faces drop steeply from rocky tops to heavy bush ridges and down into deep gorges. As our map ran out at Ngapuketurua it was necessary that we should have a clear view of the country between us and Lake Taupo before leaving the tops.

We spent all that day on the tops hoping for a view, and eventually after a most uncomfortable boil up on a small ledge, we decided to make camp, which we did on the first possible flat place. The night was not uncomfortable despite wet sleeping bags and very wet tent. The seventh day was still misty and wet but we decided to have a stab at finding our way by compass. Took the longest ridge we could see which led in a north-west direction. Only too soon were we landed in a rushing torrent too deep to follow downstream so up the other side we had to clamber. Once more good deer tracks lured us down the ridge, but they also soon began to drop into a gorge, so we had perforce to turn back and camp on the top of the ridge, this time under great bush trees from which great drips of water dropped all night. A moss and tanekaha bed this time and still a little wetter.

It was still raining on the eighth day with no signs of any change in the weather. With one accord we packed up and made for Timahanga. We picked up our signs and tracks near the Trig which heartened us afresh and, leaving a note on the Trig, we followed our own trail to our "Robin" camp, where a more comfortable night was spent as the rain was easing off. The weather was improving rapidly on the 9th day and we crossed the Mangamaire stream and climbed the ridge to drop into the Mangamingi, a pleasant rippling creek which runs into the Ngaruroro. Once through the beech at the head of the stream the valley opens out into broad tussock lands, the surrounding hills golden with dark green crowns of bush. We hurried through this beauty much against our wishes as we hoped to make Golden Hills ~~xxx~~ or Taruarau Hut that night. We had a brew of soup near Tapui-O-Maruahine about 4 pm. and much revived we pushed on, and finally made the Hut at 9.20 pm., our longest day but not the least enjoyable. The Rabbiter treated us very well and we were most grateful for the dry night in dry sleeping bags.

We were all awake early on the tenth day and Nora decided to accept the offer of a horse and to ride into Ngamatea without delay. We others spent a happy morning in the sun drying all our clothes, packs etc. before leaving for Log Cabin. We waited for a message from Nora rather longer than was wise, so that we were late again in reaching the hut. That we did find it was more by good fortune than anything, as although it was comparatively easy to keep our

feet on the track in the dark, when we neared the Cabin the track faded out and we spent some little time groping about in the horse paddock in the pitch black. We could not use candles as we had the previous night in the bush around the Taruarau hut as it was raining and inclined to blow, so we just had to wander until we picked up a fence and then slip rails and a track. Even then our troubles were not over as Clem put his foot into a hole and gave his ankle a very bad wrench. Luckily he was able to travel the rest of the distance to Timahanga.

After an early breakfast on the 11th day we were away to Timahanga in cloud and mist which later cleared, and in brilliant sunshine we padded down to the station to find Les waiting to take home the pieces. Nora joined us here and after tea at Mrs. Mac Donald's where we revelled in the flesh pots, we arrived in Hastings at 5 pm. eager to make plans for the next attempt to reach the lake.

Joan Lovell-Smith.

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A TRIP IN THE UREWERA COUNTRY continued from previous issue.

Thursday 10th:

In an attempt to get down the river before the rain had time to increase the flow, another daylight start was made. Stripped to ~~the~~ the waist from the feet up and wearing raincoats, they travelled down the Gorge. Gradually, as more and more of the bad places were successfully negotiated cheerfulness increased. It appeared as if they had under-estimated their own amphibious abilities. Some nasty crossings were made with linked arms, where a clumsy step by one would have meant trouble for both. Some risky climbing along almost vertical gorge sides was encountered, but progress was reasonably fast.

Near mid-day they were driven out of the riverbed by some exuberant rapids. The climb around these took so long and led the "Pair" so high that it was decided to keep on climbing and travel over the Range on a compass course rather than follow the circuitous river. Whether this decision was wise will never be known. To have travelled the river would have needed to have been a very busy and difficult journey to equal and surpass the mad frustration of the next twenty four hours. To ascend any hill in this area is comparatively easy. Five leading spurs lay themselves in the Travellers path in the same helpful way as the Spider invites a fly into its parlour. But to escape off the top of the hills is as easy as it is for the fly to terminate his visit. There is nothing more exasperating and nerve wracking than this difficulty. The going is always extremely rough and obstructed. The incessant rain on the condensation from the overhanging mists compel the wearing of coats. Yet these Coats are a severe hamper to freedom of movement, and by preventing ventilation cause one to be bathed in sweat. The only known quantity is the compass bearing of the direction in

which one wishes to move. One is fortunate if one can make progress within 45 degrees of this angle. Spur after spur, starting in the right line, will either swing away hopelessly or dump the tramper in a lawyer-laced timber-baulked greasy rock waterfall.

Night found "the Pair" exhausted beside a riverlet at 3000', on a deer track with barely enough space to pitch the wee tent. Enveloped in the clouds the trees released an incessant, murderous drumfire of drops, that allowed of no peaceful evening around the campfire.

Friday 11th.

The difficulties of lighting fires are so time-consuming and difficult that breakfast this morning was cooked over the primus stove; but its cheerful song did not help much to alleviate the cold dampness of that high altitude. In the next six hours between breakfast and lunch a useful progress of only some two miles was achieved. This range had spun its web in a more diabolical design than any yet encountered. By now, too, the hurried and uncomfortable meals and the hard going had drawn heavily on the "Pair's" physical reserves.

By lunch time on this day the leit-motiv of the journey changed. Up till then the surging spirit of adventure had overcome all difficulties. But now this holiday happy mood had been blunted by the Ureweras impish tracks. They were due back at the hotel on the following day; yet had come little more than their journey. The difficulties of travel through the bush seemed so great that it was seriously discussed whether or no it would not be quicker and easier to return to the Wairoa river and follow it out, no matter how large it grew. The map was studied from all angles and gave no comfort. In both was a serious doubt as to how many more days they could stand up to travel through that satanical jungle. Decision was reached that to travel by compass through the cloud-hazed bush was probably quicker and less dangerous than to accompany the adult and untried river to civilisation. This finally decided upon, the "Pair" in a mood of cold determination steeled themselves to meet and overcome whatever obstacles there might still be in their path.

Homes, sunlight and proper meals alike called strongly, and the "Pair" made promise to themselves to secure all these fine things before Sunday night. Under similar hypnotic influence Fijian natives can walk on red hot coals, and Indian yogis lie on beds of nails. Wearing nothing that detracted from their streamlining the "Pair" splashed up the Te Mangaenuiohou River; fell into a camouflaged waterhole; tore their way through the entwined jungle of the foothills; and hand-hauled themselves up onto the embattled Kotore range completely unaware of the pain that their flesh suffered. By night time they were down the other side within a mile or two of the Lake, once again in more cheerful frame of mind. There was little doubt that, powered by this high octane spirit there was no weapon held in Te Ureweras armoury that could prevent their passage from its gloomy glades before the week's end. It is most probable that had not the immortal vapours added opaqueness to the pelted obstruction of the bush, a view from the top of the Okore Kotore range would have saved them many miles of pointless

travel. In the 24 hours following their departure from these peaks they travelled fast and well; yet only a fraction of these could be deducted from the tally still to be wiped out. Throughout this time they were taking alternatively north or south when east alone was the key to their escape.

Saturday 12th

Much of their remaining stamina, and the best heart of the day were dissipated on this Saturday, endeavouring to find a reasonably easy way across a 2000' deep valley. Mirages of connecting saddles, and ephemeral leading spurs enticed the "Pair" first one way and then back on a parallel course the reverse way, till finally when completely bewildered and a little cross, they adopted the course that is the only possible one in that land that inverts all usual tramping tactics, this is to travel only in the direction that the compass indicates. Physical obstructions are the natural condition of this Te Urewera. There is no easy way of moving through it. The quickest way is the way that leads through the least number of difficulties and that is the shortest distance between two points (i.e. a straight line). This heroic plan landed the tired but wiser "Pair" on the top of the Panakeiri Range by 4 pm. These are the hills that rising sheer from the Lake's southern shore are the bulwark that conserves these deep waters at the height of over 2000' above sea level.

The highest peak - Puketapu - 3000' dominates any view from around the Lake. But the Range is a crescendo of peaks that rise up to and then fall away from this tapered hill. The ever-present bush camouflage allows the ridge crawler no marks of progress. As the plodding "Pair" heaved themselves up that mammoth staircase, only the hope that each step ahead would be the last kept perseverance alive. Many and grievous were their disappointments. The night and a storm were both waiting to greet the "Pair" on the Apex. To continue along the edge of the Lake, down the descending staircase was the direct route to the Hotel. This way meant a high bivouac for the night, and continued travel through unknown difficulties. To the south, some two miles away could be sensed rather than seen open farmed land. The "Pair" had no difficulty in agreeing that down there, where nature played the game according to known laws, should be their haven for the night. Thus in pitch darkness on a stump-littered paddock beside a noisy stream the "Pair" made their last and least trumper-like camp. No neat fireplace or supply of cut wood; billies balanced themselves on top of the fire and the tent sagged drunkenly. Thus, in exhausted and contented silence, under a steady but ignored drizzle of rain the "Pair" gorged themselves on almost the last crumbs of their carefully hoarded stale rations.

Sunday 13th.

Five short hours in bed. At 3 am. the rain was falling heavily, and over the primus in the hot dark stuffy atmosphere of the crowded wet tent, a cup of tea was brewed and the last of the fly-blown bacon fried. Daybreak was not far off when the last guy rope was slacked and the last package stowed in the pack. Heavy mists made torches ineffective and much time was spent in trying to find the track that had gleamed so clearly the past night.

Even once the road was found it was impossible to be sure in which direction to follow it. Chance favoured them and led them eventually to the main road near Tuai. Here by the roadside they hid their packs and thus lightened felt naked (and nearly were too) as they swung their wet sodden boots up the hard stony road to the Hotel. By 9 am. they had completed a 16 to 18 mile walk. Once the staff had overcome their horror at the "Pair's" savage appearance, they served them a meal in the kitchen that in some small measure recompensed their systems for the spartan trials they had undergone.

An hour's painful effort with cold Lake water removed most of the nine days growth of beard; and after receiving the commendation of Lady Newell's chauffeur; and having bid the wondering Hotel guests farewell, they drove away on the 150 mile journey home.

A.C. Clarke.

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STOP PRESS NEWS.

MAKORORO

We welcome the news, that subject to certain conditions and the good will of the Mill owners, the Club has been granted permission to tramp in this vicinity once more.

As there has not been a club trip there since 1939 tramping up this beautiful river valley will be a new delight for many members.

A trip is scheduled for September 15th and 16th.

10-8-45.

NANCY WILLIAMS.

News has just come that Nancy will arrive at Napier tomorrow. A hearty welcome awaits her and we look forward to seeing her very soon.

Mt. Ruapehu.

Perhaps it will be of interest to overseas members to hear that Ruapehu is behaving in a most unseemly fashion. Great explosions have taken place and the Crater lake is quite filled up. We hear that the skiing grounds are unusable at present which is a sad news for the H.T.C. Party which was proposing to ski there next week. It is too bad that the first Vlub party since 1938 should be held up by the mountain as if there were not enough man made difficulties these days.!