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HERETAUNGA TRAMPING CLUB (INCORPORATED.)

Bulletin No 41.

December 1945.

PRESIDENT:

E. S. Craven, Esq.,  
505 Southland Road  
HASTINGS. Phone 2891.

HON. SECRETARY:

Miss M. Molineux  
c/o Mrs. A. Elder  
HAVELOCK NORTH. Phone 3730.

CLUB CAPTAIN:

N. L. Elder, Esq.,  
McHardy Street  
HAVELOCK NORTH. Phone 2968.

HON. TREASURER:

Noel Fendall, Esq.,  
604 Greys Road  
HASTINGS. Phone 2623.

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We should like to take the opportunity of wishing all members of the Club, at home and overseas, a Happy Christmas and profitable tramping in 1946.

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WELCOME HOME TO

John Collins, Dudley Sheppard, Ivan Collett, Jack Hannah and Nancy Williams who have all returned to the Dominion within the last few months and who have made contact with the Club once again. The Club wishes you every success in your return to civilian life.

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ANNUAL REPORT.

ANNUAL REPORT for the year ending 30th September, 1945, to be presented at the Annual General Meeting on October 11th, 1945.

Your Committee has much pleasure in presenting the Annual Report for another year.

During the year four Committee meetings were held and were well attended.

MEMBERSHIP:

This year closed with a total membership of 116, made up as follows:-

Full	members	53	(55)
Absentee	"	30	(35)
Associate	"	7	(5)
Honorary	"	26	(31)

There are now twelve members serving in His Majesty's Forces overseas and twelve members have been demobilised during the year.

It is with great regret that we record the death of Frederick J. Green whilst on active service.

PRESIDENT'S REPORT.

At this, the tenth Annual General Meeting, the Club can survey its activities during the past years with justifiable pride. Many active members have been serving overseas. Trampers answered the call of country nobly - forty one men and three women from our Club bear that out.

Dr. Wyn Irwin, Ken McLeay, Bill Boyd, Doug. Callow, Max McCormack, Hector Meldrum and Fred Green will tramp with us no more but their names will live, engraved on the highest peak of our province.

Through the exigencies of war, the radius of our excursions has been restricted, leisure hours have been fewer and increasing responsibilities left us less ready to drop everything in order to shoulder a pack. Perhaps tramping training in getting through when conditions are bleakest has stood us in good stead. That the Club has more than held together is shown in various sub-reports - that we have indeed tramped and gone out in working parties, that our cautious consideration for happier times has left us in a financially sound position; that our bulletins are as full of interest as ever

and that our fortnightly gatherings are as friendly and an enthusiastic as of old.

But we cannot live in our past, there is a revived spirit of tramping abroad and these are our prospects now - we have petrol and a truck and the whole of our stamping ground lies wide open before us. We are short of gear and are out of practice for the big stuff; we shall find that spurs are steep and that rivers are cold. For a start we shall have to go easy and allow plenty of time, but we must get out and tramp. Interesting tramps must attract new blood to the Club and new ground must be broken to maintain the interest of the older ones. That is a job for the Club Captain. He is sure to manage it.

#### CLUB CAPTAIN'S REPORT.

Club Trips. The close of the war has been too recent to have given us much more scope and our highest ambitions for scheduled trips haven't risen much above an occasional potter around the Kaweka Hut. Still we have run twenty four out of twenty six trips with an attendance (12.8), slightly up on last year's.

Private Trips. The outstanding venture was the attempted Easter Kaimanawa crossing. Though bad weather forced the party to turn back they opened up a new route from the Kaimanawa Hut to Ngapuketura and have certainly awakened interest in that area. A seven day botanical cruise at the New Year steered its usual tortuous course but established an easy route up the Oroka valley and picked up the official party camped dizzily on the Saw Tooth. An alleged skiing party recently spent a week on the slopes of Ruapehu. Three adventurous hitch-hiking or biking parties have toured Westland, one in the middle of a railway strike and two or three small parties have looked in at the Waikamaka and Kaweka Huts.

Working Parties. Les Holt has organized the colfixing of the malthold walls of the Kaweka Hut and the repainting of most of the roof. The Waikamaka has not yet been done and no action has yet been taken to rehabilitate the Studholm's Saddle Bivy. A working party has re-located the track out of the Tutaekuri on the upstream side of the washout. Two walnut-picking parties augmented the Parcel's Fund substantially and two parties assisted the Te Mata Park Board with tree planting and pruning.

Hut and Track Programme. The hut sub-committee has brought the master-plan for hut and track development up to date and has made contact with Major Yerex who has offered to come in 50-50 on this erection of huts in localities suitable for deer cullers. This will enormously ease the difficulties of fut-

ure hut buildings and we have agreed tentatively on sites at the Makino and on the Te Atua Mahuru bushline. The executive have agreed to subsidise hut building and maintenance from the general fund to the extent of £10 per annum.

Search Organisation. Search lists have recently been brought up to date and the police authorities reminded of the previously arranged procedure for calling out parties.

Maps. A further Ruahine map extending from Howlett's south to Takapari has been published in a new and cheaper form which provides duplicated copies. Central Ruahine and Southern Kaweka tracings have been amended and should be available shortly in similar form.

Recent Developments. The Makaroro valley, which has been closed against us by the Forestry Department since 1940, on account of the fire-risk following an extensive blaze in the mill workings, has been re-opened on certain reasonable and not unduly onerous terms. Most important, the Federation has gained authority for tramping clubs to apply for enough petrol for fortnightly trips and as Mr. Eric Draper is prepared to supply transport as of yore, from now on the skyline is the limit.

The organization of tramping is my official job and I must confess that I am acutely aware of the toil that lies ahead in re-establishing the club on an active footing. The first headache is "filling the truck". To make truck trips possible we must reckon on averaging about sixteen to a party if costs are to be reasonable so fixtures must be interesting enough to get people out. If you revisit old haunts, people get bored, so you try to break new ground and that scares them off instead. Then to get anywhere from Hastings, you need all the hours of daylight but some hug the blankets while others have a fancy for returning in broad daylight, so that an ideal fixture-list is an impossibility and the best that the fixture committee can do is to vamp up a variety of trips which they hope will attract at least a minimum party not only of keen trampers but also of the beginners, the has-beens and the never wases.

Some grim facts of life will have to be faced as "Six o'clock at Holt's yard" - the late starters who keep a whole party twiddling its thumbs for half an hour in the cold grey light of dawn and the cheery souls who put their names down and just don't turn up or drop out at the last minute, so that the trip is run at a loss, to the wrath of the guardians of the transport fund.

You cant take liberties with the mountains, but we have grown so used to find running to schedule and keeping in touch with the leader irksome. Straggling and unnecessary delays make the trip harder or even dangerous and in high country the leader has enough on his hands without having to worry about stragglers.

These are the kind of problems that concern the Club Captain so perhaps you will understand why in this, my tenth annual report, I am looking forward to the job of building up the club again with somewhat restrained expressions of enthusiasm. So long as members turn out on club trips all will be well and a good time is had by all but continual scratching along with poorly attended trips limits our choice of country and means a discouraging uphill struggle for those responsible for organization.

#### FINANCIAL REPORT.

This report shows a very creditable performance considering the lean war years from which we have so recently emerged, and owing to the generosity of Mr. Keys there has been no rent to pay for the Club room during the past year thus helping us to keep well on the credit side of the balance sheet.

The Post Office Savings Bank account stands at £141/8/8.

#### PUBLICITY REPORT:

Three bulletins have been issued this year not without a struggle for the technical staff. However in spite of difficulties and unforeseen obstacles the Bulletin finally reached the members on three occasions although two months overdue in one case. We should like to thank all these members at home and overseas for letters, accounts of trips and articles relating to various Club matters such as search organisation. Once again we would ask leaders to hand in accounts of trips as promptly as possible in order to facilitate the work in compiling the magazine.

The typists on whom the bulk of the preparatory work falls, have once again given their free time in order that the bulletin should be ready for duplicating. Many thanks to all of them. Mr. Pattison continues to do a first class job of work with the duplicating and we are particularly grateful for the way in which he helped us out during the difficult war years.

SOCIAL  
COMMITTEE  
REPORT:

During 1945, we were very pleased to welcome home Sam Haraldsen, Dave Lylich, Nora Finn, Nancy Williams, Harold Cooper, Dudley Sheppard and John Collins and to introduce them to our new room. At the beginning of the year Sam and Nora both gave us first hand information of most of our members in the Middle East.

To celebrate VE Day, May 10th and again VJ Day August 16th, Mr and Mrs. Craven very kindly invited everyone to their home to a Victory tea which was most enjoyable and we are indebted to our President and his wife for their generous hospitality and for enabling us to celebrate "Peace" in true tramping style. At the meeting which followed Les Holt gave a very interesting talk on his skiing experiences in Syria while at a special Ski School for troops.

After Molly's return from the South Island, she and Ian Wilkinson gave us an account of their trip to the Waikakariri river. At the beginning of July, it was decided to have a ten minute talk at each meeting, on a subject which would be helpful to both experienced and new trampers. Norman started the ball rolling by instructing us on the correct way to "Pack a Pack" so that the weight was distributed evenly and that everything could be found - even in the dark. Stan gave us a very interesting talk on "The History of the Club". Rolf Keys on "The Duties of the Leader" and Ian Wilkinson, an instructive talk on "Rope and Ice Work."

On August 2nd, we entertained Campbell Clarke and a number of his Rover Scouts and during the evening helpful suggestions were put forth regarding the building and repairing of huts.

We have indeed been fortunate in having a room placed at our disposal by Mr. Rolf Keys. In a large measure they have made for friendly meetings and the financial success of the Club.

LIBRARY  
REPORT:

This year, owing to difficulty in having the books properly displayed very few were taken out. It is to be hoped that in due course shelves will be erected which will enable members to discover just what good books we have got and that more books will be read in the future. Several books were donated again this year by Mr. D. G. Williams and our thanks go out to him for his generosity.

There are now seventy six books in the Library. Only fifteen were taken out during the year making a total of 3/9.



APPRECIATION:

Another year has passed and we would like to take this opportunity to thank all those who have rendered service to the Club - to Les Holt for helping us out in times of stress - to Rolf Keys for harbourage - to those who provided cars for transport and to those who permitted us to wander over their lands.

OFFICE BEARERS for the following year were elected as follows:-

Patron:	E. J. Herrick, Esq.,
President:	E. S. Craven, Esq.,
Vice-Presidents:	Mrs. L. Lloyd, Messrs L. Holt, R. Keys.
Club Captain:	N. L. Elder, Esq.,
Hon. Secretary:	Miss M. Molineux.
Hon. Treasurer:	N. Fendall, Esq.,
Hon. Auditor:	Miss D. Yule.
Executive Committee:	Misses J. Lovell-Smith, P. Morris N. Tanner, N. Tomlinson, Messrs A. Russell, S. Haraldsen, I. Wil- kinson.
Social Committee:	Misses M. Baker, W. Pascoe, N. Tomlinson, A. Russell, L. Holt I. Wilkinson.
Hon. Editor:	Miss P. Morris
Hon. Librarian:	Miss J. Budd.
Equipment Officer:	N. L. Elder, Esq/

TO OUR OVERSEAS MEMBERS.

Lin Lloyd .- Hullo Lin, Latest bulletins of you furnished by Janet seem to indicate that you are holding your own. Hard luck that you didn't make that trip to England. Still you've done pretty well all things considered. Best of luck - here's hoping to see you early in the New Year.

Sealy Wood. - Congratulations on being selected to captain the N.Z. Army Hockey team. We've enjoyed your accounts of the trips yhat you've done very much indeed. Keep up the good work All the best from the Club.

Frank Simpson. - We were interested to hear about your new job in British airways, Frank, but hope it won't be too long before you're showing the rest of the gang a clean pair of heels over the Waipawa Saddle. Best of Luck and a merry Christmas from us all.

Ron Craig -Letters to the Club from Ron indicate that he's expect -ing to be on the way any time now. At time of writing he was sitting in Venice's best hotel leaning back as if he had had money left him and watching life go by outside! Good luck to you Ron. All the best from the Club.

Bruce Beechey - We're waiting for you Beech, to welcome you back into the fold - and won't it be a welcome! We hope you will linger long enough to do some serious trapping with us. Cheerio for now. Best wishes from the H.T.C.

Arch Lowe - It won't be long now Arch, before you are giving us an account of yourself in person. It will be a great day. Best of luck from all the Club members.

Hugh Nelosn - Just had your letter, Hugh. Glad you enjoyed the parcel. You seem to be seeing parts of the world that none of our other members have as yet. We will be glad to hear more of your doings later. All good wishes from the Club. Hope you do manage some Himalaya climbs.

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 CLUB MEETINGS.

Attendance at Club Meeting has kept up well during the last few months - so well that the accommodation has been taxed to the limit. The system of ten minute talks, instituted some months ago has proved very successful and some interesting points of view have been brought to light and aired before Club members. Such topics as 1. The packing of the Pack, 2. Walking, 3 Ice work. 4 tThe Army Skiing School etc have all bee full of interest to th



the members.

Japan's capitulation provided us with a good excuse for a mild celebration held in conjunction with the ordinary Club meeting - high tea and high jinks were held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. E S Craven followed by a more than usually hilarious meeting.

Another occasion for celebration was Angus Russell's birthday.

A large party of H.T.C's went through to Napier by car and dropped in on Angus at his residence in Coote Rd. The evening was spent in light chatter followed by a substantial supper, the high light of which was a very handsome birthday cake, surmounted by candles.

The return of DUDLEY ~~SHEPPARD~~ SHEPPARD, John COLLINS, and JACK HANNAH has made meetings more interesting and we have been pleased to welcome these lads and to hear some of their tales. Jack has had some very thrilling moments and we were thrilled to hear about them. We hope to meet his wife Janet when she arrives in N.Z. and meantime send her our hearty greetings.

#### Social Notes.

##### Peg Morris.

We are sorry to ~~report~~ report that our Editor, Peg has fallen ill and has spent some time in hospital. Her ~~xxx~~ children at the hospital have looked after her very well and kept her provided with company if nothing else. Peg is now on the way to recovery and we hope that she will soon be as well as ever. Here's a health germ, Peg.

Norman and Hillary Collinge are to be congratulated on the birth of another daughter, and a fine child she is too.

Les and Marj. Holt have also to be congratulated, on the arrival of Sally. From all accounts she is a lovely baby, and we hope to see her soon.

Sealy Wood We have just heard that Sealy has arrived in India with the N.Z. Army Hockey Team. Good luck to you and the team Sealy.

We congratulate Dayrel (Spriggles) and Gale Frame on the birth of a daughter. The Club seems to be running to girls these days.

##### New Members

Vera Peplow and Frank Bodley are welcomed to the Club and we wish them happy times and good tramping.

FEDERATED MOUNTAIN CLUBS.

As Taranaki is well represented on the F.M.C. executive a committee meeting was held at Dawson's Falls on the 10th Nov. 1945 in conjunction with a Ski Council Meeting. Taranaki hospitality was boundless, extending even to the weather. Cross country travelling from Hawkes Bay was a protracted business, however I took advantage of my two nights in Palmerston North to look up some of the M.T.C.

Sunday morning was spent up on Pantham's Peak, mainly skiing. The non-skiers, looked regretfully at the summit but there was a prospect of its being iced up and we could not have spared any time for step cutting.

Several matters of general interest were discussed in the committee meeting. There is still no representation on the park boards of the users of parks, a matter of policy which the Federation has continually urged. (Existing park boards are composed essentially of representatives of bodies financing parks and government nominees.) However limited recognition of the principle has been secured in the appointment of Mr. Rod Syme as a government nominee following on the Egmont Park Board, following the Federation's representations. At the request of the Auckland clubs representations were made for the addition of a Federation nominee in the Auckland Centennial Park Bill. The Bill was eventually withdrawn but in the discussion glowing references to trampers and tramping clubs were made by several speakers. Few appear to have heard the broadcast and no reference appears to have been made in the press, so copies of Hansard are being circulated to members.

A booklet from the Council of Sport, setting out its aims is also being circulated to clubs as soon as possible, as the relations between the Council and the Federation will come up at the Annual meeting next May, and the delegates will probably have to be prepared to decide for affiliation or not.

In conjunction with the Ski Council, snow research and avalanching, were discussed in some detail. Knowledge of N.Z. conditions is very sketchy still and clubs are being circularised for information by the Ski Council.

A full report was received from representatives of the Federation on the conditions at the Ball Hut in the Mt. Cook district last winter. There has been a good deal of dissatisfaction since the Tourist Dept. took over, though some of the shortcomings have been probably unavoidable under war conditions. Other drawbacks appear to be unnecessary and the Federation is making further efforts to have these rectified.

The Taranaki press took a lively interest in the proceedings and a reporter was up at Dawson's Falls early on Sunday afternoon in search of a detailed account.

N.L.E.

Editors Note. We seem to have missed recording in the Bulletin that Norman Elder is President of the Federated Mountain Clubs of N.Z. Congratulations, Norman.

FROM OUR OVERSEAS MEMBERS.

FRANK SIMPSON writes:- 13th September 1945. Karachi, India.

Dear Club,

I'm having a couple of days off here on suspicion of Gyppo Bug, so am seizing the opportunity of sending that long-delayed note. When did I write last? was it in West Africa - Freetown? Let's suppose so, and I'll give you a brief summary of my doings since then.

It was way back in April that I said good-bye to that clammy but intriguing Outpost of Empire, Sierra Leone, and lolled aboard the trooper, immobile as an ex Jap internee, watching the wake lengthen between me and my other world. Followed quickly in England: surprising warmth and sunshine; surprising cold and snow; a month or more of leave, including a few days in North Wales, a few days in Cornwall, a few days in the English Lake District, VE Day and night in London with beer from Covent Garden vegetable marketers at 5 a.m., death of a close friend, and life on a Herefordshire farm in the primmest of Victorian Manor House tradition. All of this time I was taking things very quietly, the old sparkling self having seemed to evaporate, and the spring gone from my step.

I was lucky enough on return to London to run into Bill Hayman, who was the first to approach and ask if we had met before. I had looked square at him without recognition. I guess we had both altered somewhat in five years. You will have had plenthy of news of Bill by now - he was talking of staying on at his Bank for a month or two.

My disposal interviews in London resulted in my accepting a temporary but tempting job on loan to British Airways, with the result as you see on the postmark. This is my first trip on the Calcutta Route. We left Poole (U.K.) on Tuesday last, and calling at Marseilles and Augusta (Sicily) arrived at Cairo by midnight. A day's rest followed, during which time I got my bearings and caught up on one or two old friends of schooldays who had not yet been repatriated. N.Z. Club in town is fairly full of lads en route from Italy, and it was good to sit down among strangers who were friends by common interest, and no preliminary coolness. From Cairo, we next called at Kallia on the Dead Sea, just 2 hours flight away, and I had time for a rather uncomfortable swim. On to Lake Habbaniyah, near Bagdad - a mere barren Hot Spot in the Desert - and a night at Basrah. British influence is heavy in Iraq, but they seem to like it. I would like to have spent more time than just one evening in the City Markets, because here the curtain begins to close on Western ways, and the East appears. From Basrah we carried on down the Persian Gulf and called at the pearl-fishing island of Bahrim, another hot spot, but this time surrounded by crystal clear blue water with coral underneath. Another swim here, and on over the Land of Oman and Outlaws and Sheiks - barren and high, to the shores of Baluchistan, also high and hot and barren. No landing here, but straight on to Karachi, where wonder of wonders, is a climate as mild at this time of the year, as summer in N.Z. A cool (relatively) S.W. wind blows all day from the sea, and compared with other places this side of the Med., one feels at ease. From here we carried on to Calcutta the following morning, and arrived at dusk. In between, we landed at Gwalior, in the heart of India and centre of the tiger-shooting country. The landing area was the Maharajah's city water supply, an artificial lake. An hour farther on we landed for a few minutes at Allahabad on the Ganges, which is at this time very muddy and flooded. In fact from Allahabad to Calcutta the country seems half under water. As we flew over I thought "How miserably damp down there" - and at Calcutta I found it was. A more steamy, mildewed hole it would be hard to imagine - worse than Freetown by a lot. One hour night on the houseboat there was plenty. I lacked interest on the 8-hour trip back here, owing to

the complaint mentioned, but we put down for half an hour at the sacred city of Raj Samand - very beautiful, with a white Mosque surrounded by white buildings, walled in, and set on the edge of another artificial lake.

After tomorrow comes another night, and maybe a day, in Cairo, and then U.K. (I can't say "Home"). When I set course for Home, Hawkes Bay, and the sight of the Vision Splendid - your bunch of cheeky faces; and when we have the privilege of cavorting together in insane joy upon the pass and down the stream and in and out of the Hut at Waikamaka - is in the lap of the gods. I'll try not to grow a beard waiting!

So long, and good scratching,

Frank.

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BRUCE BEECHEY writes:-

11th October 1945.

London.

Dear T.T.C.

Tho' long overdue I never expected to write this letter for I have been waiting daily for the clarion call which will send me packing on to the boat.

I have a couple of parcels to acknowledge and my ever grateful thanks as usual for the provender which is as acceptable as ever. I had been hoping to thank you all personally but I guess there will still be a few weeks intervening before I am once again back into harness with my beetle ushers pounding the virgin soil of the old home country.

The only approach to real tramping I have accomplished within recent months was a bit of pansy stuff up in the Lake District. Even then, being out of condition, I didn't over exert myself. There are some nice little hills round that district and wish now I had been a little more energetic. However a maxim, sound advice, is never to regret.

I wonder if you are slowly returning to a peace-time footing, with more petrol at your disposal and many of the old gang back again. I believe quite a number of the lads have returned and guess quite a few odd parties may have been staged. Hope the birthday party was a success; if my reckoning is correct you are all 10 years old now, or is it only 9? Anyway you are getting on.

I am not far from being repatriated for at present I'm at a holding unit awaiting my turn to board a ship. I am told the next boat sails at the end of the month, so all things being equal I should be home by Xmas. It's quite a pleasing thought as it will be 6 Xmas's ago that I was last at home. That reminds me that my bones are becoming old and feeble. Ee! I remember the winter of '38 when I were a mere slip of a lad - Aye, those were the days when tramping was tramping and hiking was pansy stuff. The boys of today are not what they were in my day! (To quote from the classics.)

At the present moment I am up taking the air of Argyll - very bracing stuff too. It's quite a spot and if I was sure none of the Bairds would hear of this letter, I should go into raptures about Scotland generally, but then you know how it is. In the words of the Buddias - down with the Irish!

There are numerous handy hills over which I could stretch my limbs, but after all damn it I'm on leave and the straight and level is good enough for the time being anyway. I have casually passed Ben Nevis from time to time, waved a jaunty hand at it murmuring I could climb it if I tried, and console myself with the thought of past climbs in the Ruahines and their greater altitude.

Must sheathe my sword. Good luck and best wishes to you all and thanks again.

Kia Ora,

Beech.

RON CRAIG writes:-

24th August 1945.

M.E.F.

Dear Club,

I know that I should be shot for neglecting to write to you for so long. You all know how easy it is to let things slip and there are no excuses to offer.

I have to thank you for a parcel which arrived some time ago and was very much appreciated, a bulletin which came a few days ago and a club letter the same day. Actually I have answered that but the letter is back in camp and I doubt very much whether it will be finished and posted. Instead, the idea is to answer it in person in a few weeks.

Mother has a letter at home giving an account of a tourist trip of Italy I did a month or so ago, you can if you wish, get it from her, censor parts of it and read any parts which may be of interest to the members. Since the war finished in Italy I have been touring around practically all the time and have now done well over 7000 miles sightseeing in Italy, Austria, and Southern Germany.

A great deal of my travels have been through country which we read of in books in the Club library, the Dolomites and Alps of Italy, Austrian Tyrol, Bavarian Alps around Salzburg and Innsbruck. There was another range I don't know how to spell it but it sounds like "Lidimite" mountains. The Katchberg Pass is in them anyway, and is notable for being the steepest road pass in Europe. Believe me that is steep too. Unfortunately, in one way, I was on duty all the time so did not have the opportunity of stretching my legs on any part of it and did all my tramping at the wheel of a V8. In Italy the mountain roads are marvellous, crossing passes as high as 9000 feet, and the trip through the Dolomites is the finest mountain scenery I have seen. Probably Lin has given you a description of it as he has seen it too. You should have the minutes of our meeting held in Madonna di Campiglio in the Brenta's.

Apart from these mountain trips there are very few parts of Italy now which I have not seen. The lakes district, Como, Maggiore and Garda is a perfect place for a rest holiday or pansy trips. For a fortnight I lived at Bellagio on Lake Como and had a perfect holiday. That letter Mother has gives a full account of it.

There are six clubs or hostels here run by the Div. and V.M.C.A., and in the last three months I have been at least twice to each, the Florence club saw me three times in three weeks. At the moment I am sitting in Venice's best hotel looking out on the main street - sorry, the Grand Canal - watching life go by. This includes boats of about 5 or 6 thousand tons. Before coming here I must have spent at least a fortnight in camp, found it very strenuous so came here to help fill in my last few days in this country. This leave, believe it or not, is the first official leave I have had since leaving N.Z.

Well kids that is about all I have to say just now. I am looking forward to seeing you all very soon and exchanging chin waggles.

Cheerio for now and all the best,

Ron.

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SEALY WOOD writes:-

20th July 1945.

Dear Molly,

By way of thanking the H.T.C. for its last parcel, I am sending you an account of two climbs I recently did in the Italian Dolomites at the N.Z. Alpine Leave Centre. You may like to produce them at a meeting or reproduce some of the account in the Journal. It was a really wonderful week to be up among the tops again, and I felt fit enough to bat the whole Jap army sideways when I came down.

I'll let the notes speak for themselves; I have some postcards and some photos to follow. Should I send these home, I'll get Mother to let you see them. All the best to the boys and girls,

Sealy Wood.

P.S. Neil Hamilton (Ch'Ch) and Frank Simmons (Auck), both N.Z.A. Club, are the leading spirits behind this Leave Centre.

By the way, have been around Campanile Basso, one of Italy's most famous rock climbs, involving 16 double ropes in the descent. Needless to say, I haven't set foot nearer than a mile from its base.

Sealy.

Traverse of Gruppo Cima Brenta, 12th July 1945, from Rifugio Tuckett.

Neil Hamilton (leader)	N.Z.A.C.
Bob Stewart	Canterbury M.C.
Sealy Wood	Heretaunga T.C.

The twelfth of July was a day out of the box. After yesterday's rain and cold, the prospects seemed poor for a climb but at 8 o'clock, Neil, who had been pushing a reluctant nose out of the bedclothes at intervals since 4 a.m. roused us with the news of fine weather, and by 9.45 we had started for the west end of the Cima Brenta chain, the intention being to make a traverse of all the peaks up to the Tuckett Pass.

A long slug up the scree at the foot of the rocky faces to the beginning of our real climb took us about an hour. Towards the end of this phase we were able to see two figures on the top of Castelletta, the "graduation" rock peak next to the hut, and the yodels of the Italian guide, Giglio, were easily replied to. An hour's climb up a steep rocky gut put us on the westward member of our peaks, Cima Campiglio. From here we had a magnificent view of Cima Tosa to the south, The snowy summit ridge and the sheer northern cliff faces standing out beautifully. We were able to gaze down a sheer drop on to Brenta Hut and also had a fine view of Presinella away to the west, already cloud-capped as well as Adonella and Care Alto of that group and Pietra Grande to the north. To the south-east the Brenta Peaks Alta and Grande, wherein the high-altitude track runs, showed up clearly, the whole panorama more than repaying our view-less climb of Cima Tosa three days before, and a disappointing ascent made yesterday by some of our party of Cima Brenta in the face of a driving sleet-storm.

About an hour and a half later, on Cima Mandron, while reclining in the sun absorbing sardines and the splendid aspect of Cima Tosa, we exchanged yodels with a couple of Italian climbers who suddenly popped up on the snow of Tosa's summit. I was very tickled at this yodelling duet, it was like the realisation of a childhood dream to be able to get an answering "lay-eee-dooch" from a peak in the historic Tyrolean mountains.

By three in the afternoon, we had reached the trig station on Cima Mandron where the view on all sides was adequate reward for the sweat of dropping down and around each jagged between peak. On all sides, the mountains fell away steeply; to the south in frightening defiles and precipices matching the steepness of Tosa and Brenta Alta; to the north in steep ridges, couloirs and ice-falls leading down to the Tuckett glacier. Near the trig station a jagged, burnt scoring in the summit rubble showed us where an electrical storm had struck, probably the one that drove us from our ski-ing the day before. From this peak we could look right down on the Tuckett Valley and the Rifugio far below.

Another hour's trekking, this time over the snow as well, brought us to the snowy dome of Cima Brenta Occidentale, and from there we pushed on for a like space of time to Cima Brenta, the peak at the eastern end of the chain, traversing the top of the ice-fall en route. With the finding of the little papal memorial cross on the summit, our climb was over. From this peak our view stretched beyond the mountains eastwards to the exquisite blue of Lake Molveno shining like a jewel, the verdant fields and forests patterned with a filigree of roadways and tracks making an harmonious setting for this rare piece. To the south, portions of Lake Garda could be seen nestling in the hills. The other peaks all around set off this glimpse of the more placid

spruce hills and the valleys.

We drank our fill of this beauty and resolved that this was a vista we could never forget. Such a view, once seen, furnishes the complete answer to the agnostic's question, "Why do people climb mountains?"

The descent led down in a north-westerly direction, and with Bob leading we were soon doing a real mountain-goat act down an infinitesimal track which somehow seemed to vanish around a corner towards a seemingly impossible precipice only to squeeze its way round a pinnacle or a shoulder and lead gaily downwards. Our way eventually led through a narrow couloir on to the snow-field above the glacier head and here Bob was compelled to do a chimney bracing stance while a seemingly endless stream of soft snow avalanched through the narrow gap and spattered hopefully at his legs. A few manoeuvres down some ice steps saw us on to the snow-field, Neil meanwhile standing profanely in the chilly splashes from a snow fed waterfall anchoring us down safely.

Aslithering run down the snow, a trudge down the glacier and a short tramp to the hut led us by 7 p.m. to some of Signora Brunno's tasty cooking, and then fortified with food and a bottle from Brunno's vino cellar, we were soon scampering gaily down to the jeep track, the Grande Albergo and a well-earned beer, bath and bed.

(Editor's Note: An account of a further trip will appear in the next Bulletin.)

SEALY WOOD writes:

21st October 1945.

Dear Trampers,

The address above may come as rather a surprise to you. In many ways it's quite a surprise to me, for when the Div. Hockey Council of which I'm a member, got working about three months ago, we weren't very sure what sort of reception we'd get with the idea of a touring Army team. However, it has come off, and we are now on our way to Egypt for final trials and training. We expect to be in India for a couple of months, and hope to be home before next Easter.

I have another of your splendid parcels to acknowledge, which reached me some weeks ago, and which has had its final "doing-over" in the four day rail trip, in cattle trucks, which we spent in travelling between Florence and Bari. By Friday, I shall have seen the last of Italy, and I can look back on it as an interesting country, one of extraordinary contrasts, both in economics, population and scenery. The poverty-stricken, swarthy people of the barren, rocky southern provinces are so markedly different from the comparatively well-set folk of the northern areas such as Milan, Turin, Venice and Trieste, beautiful places to look at and to live in, comparatively unscathed by the war, and well-stocked with goods of all sorts, provided the money can be got to pay the exorbitant prices forced by black market racketeering and lack of efficient rationing. Two days before I left Florence for the south, I did a four-day scoot round Milan, Turin and Genoa, and the difference between those places and this district is very prominent in my mind. The drab prospect of these stony, olive-covered hills down here is a very unwelcome change from the lush green plains of the Po valley or the glorious splendour of the Dolomites or the magnificence of the northern lakes like Como. I can think of no lovelier land than the Tyrol, and no more depressing vista than lies round Bari and Taranto.

However, all that is behind me now, and a sight of India will be something very different. I'm hoping our tour will take us at least within sight of the Himalayas!

Till just a bit later, folks, Cheerioh, and all the best

Sealy Wood.



CLUBTRIPS

258. Aug. 4th - 5th.

TE AWANGA*Album 3 p 58*

On Saturday afternoon, August 4th Peg, Noeline, Nancy, Nora, Edna, Colin, Angus and Dave gathered at the bach on Te Awanga beach. Plans were made for a trip up Rabbit Gully to see the Glow Worms, so a large stew was put on for refreshments on our return.

We left Clifton about 6pm clad for bad weather as the forecast had predicted rain. From the entrance of Rabbit Gully we scrambled and climbed for about an hour, though the going was not very difficult and the water course was fairly dry. At the head of the Gully we found small patches of glow-worms and then a stretch of a hundred yards or so with clusters of twinkling points of light on either side of the bank from the ground to the top high over our heads.

Angus had cautioned us to keep quiet or the glow-worms would disappear, but we proved his theory wrong, or perhaps they were not afraid of such melodious noises as produced by the H.T.C.

We came out by the same route and arrived back at Clifton at 9 pm. The weather-man had been wrong too, so we reached the bach dry but hot and happy and very hungry. Two helpings of stew soon settled the hunger.

On Sunday Molly, Janet, Joan, Mavis, Noel and Frank arrived by car. After a cup of tea we walked through Mr. Haggerty's property to see the Lake. We followed a round-about route taking care to skirt the paddock with the three bulls. The fire for the lunch billy was made on the far side of the lake. After lunch we followed the ridge round the back of Mr. Glenny's farm, then down into an old water course and back to the bach for another cup of tea before setting off for home.

Leader : Dave Williams.

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259. Aug. 18th - 19th.

RUAHINE HUT*Album 3 p 59*

It was just as well we couldn't assemble a party on Wednesday. The high wind on Saturday was deterrent enough, and we "ain't what we used to be." We could only beat up two cars, which limited the party to 8, and we only battled our way as far as Herrick's Hut on Saturday night. The wind was still up on Sunday morning and the best plan we could devise was to go up Big Hill Stream till we were clear of the Hollowback and strike up on to Rakautanga. This had its drawbacks. The stream was swollen, and bitterly cold and scoured out rather awkwardly and it took us two strenuous hours to get round Herrick's Spur. Striking out we found ourselves up near the tip of the long curving spur running off Rakautanga and had to come back some distance along it, taking 2½ hours to reach the top. As we had made a late start there wasn't time to do more than jog down

to Rushine Hut, have another meal and come out. The weather had moderated by afternoon, but there were still snowdrifts on Ohawai, and the Kawekas, well plastered, a dazzling sight.

We failed to locate the new sidling round Big Hill and came in the hard way, over the top, reaching the cars at nightfall.

No. in party : 8  
Leader : Norm Elder.

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263. Sept. 15th - 16th. TE ATUA MAHURU

*Album 3 p 56*

Te runga o nga puke - the Tops of the Hills! With Dudley back to the fold, Cap. and Ailie out and our familiar haunts in the Makaroro valley open to us again, this trip had quite the flavour of old times, even to the hour of return. A delay at the mill kept us from reaching Colenso's Spur till nightfall, so that pitching camp and cooking were carried out in the usual conglomeration of shadows, guy ropes, boots and plates. A spitting drizzle cleared and we spent the evening round a large fire, mostly in song.

Next morning we went straight up the face to the track, and ambled along doing a bit of clearing and blazing, stopping at the top camp to boil up. Deer, plentiful in the valley, were not much in evidence and the sidle across the big scree was very faint. Patches of snow near the trig were mottled with volcanic ash, but the top was bare, though there was still a fair amount of snow to the south. Ruapehu was almost totally obscured, otherwise the view was extensive and we spent half an hour picking up land-marks and planning future trips.

The trip down was leisurely with more track clearing and we hit the camp flat nicely. An advance party had the tents struck and the billy boiling.

At nightfall we were back at the mill in a very happy frame of mind for another brew of tea before packing up and getting on the road. Cap's boots held out!

No. in party : 17  
Leader : Norm Elder.

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264. Labour Day weekend - Oct. 20th - 22nd.

*Album 3 p 62*

WAIKAMAKA HUT

A party of eighteen set off and later arrived at the Waikamaka Hut - the advance party arriving in the late afternoon and the rear-guard in the evening - not to mention two who stole a march on the rest of us and reached the Hut on Friday night. We all hope that

~~that~~ these two enjoyed "breaking track" for those who followed in their footsteps the next day. Good time was made by most of the Saturday afternoon party, accompanied by a light snow drizzle going up the Waipawa and a breezy south westerly in the Saddle. The leader didn't do quite so well, and gave a fair demonstration of "slow motion" tramping from Top Camp onwards - violent attacks of cramp in BOTH legs being the cause of several hold-ups. However like all journeys - this one came to an end at last and never was the "blue bitter smoke of wood" more welcome than that night when the leader and her escorts staggered down the creek and at length reached the hut and warmth and food. All available space was needed to bed down eighteen trampers, and somehow or other this was managed to everyone's satisfaction - definitely a full house - this night.

Sunday morning dawned clear and sunny much to everyone's amazement - quite unprecedented for the Waikamaka Hut - and still the good old sou'wester blowing up on top just like old times. A carpet of snow on the ground and snow-covered bushes gave the appearance of the traditional Christmas card and all this was just too much for some of the party - they just couldn't appreciate the Waikamaka under sun and snow conditions, so humped their swags and away off up the stream and home. The official, Sunday returning, party made a leisurely start an hour or so later - ambled up the Waikamaka up the shingle slide and down the Waipawa, spending about a couple of hours at the Forks - boiling up - and lazing in the sunshine before returning to the cars and home.

The five who were left to uphold good tramping tradition - having got rid of the fainthearted and others - prepared to settle down and to enjoy what time was left, - so they proceeded to scale the heights of the Rongotea Ridge, battling with the wind that greeted them up there and making their way along to the saddle and so down to the creek that joins the Waikamaka near the hut. They then proceeded to paint the hut - the ex-naval member doing good work on the roof without the aid of a ladder and the rest of the party, apparently, were very successful in their line - when they weren't painting themselves they daubed the sides of the hut and presumably completed the job all in good time so as to enable the party to explore the track that leads up to "66" for half an hour or so before turning in for the night. Alas! this was when they began to miss the cosy comfort of numbers and to shiver in their sleeping bags in spacious accommodation - somewhat of a contrast to the conditions of the night before!

Monday morning, they packed up and set off, taking the usual route as far as the Forks. Here they diverted up the ridge which leads to the Shut Eye ridge and after a scramble in the undergrowth eventually came out on the top and made a quick run down to Shut Eye Hut - out of the wind, and then down a much overgrown track to the road. Here the car struck a spot of trouble and got stuck in a hole in the road. However, like all difficulties which are made to be overcome, this was overcome - in time - and the five stalwarts of the Labour Day weekend were soon on their way home.

No. in party : 18

Leader : M. Molineux.

Trip No. 260.TUKI TUKI - RIVER.*album 3 P 64*

Nine of us all girls! met at the Tuki Tuki (Black Bridge) and had a consultation as to where we would go, as the trip was to be arranged enroute. We eventually decided to bike along the Tuki Tuki River Road to Mrs. McCormick's farm, leave the bikes there and walk along the river bank as far as we could be bothered! It was decided too it was to be a "lazy day". We had quite a wait at the farm gossiping to the people there, and then took off along the river bank. It was very pleasant and walking - the willows and other trees making shade for us most of the way. When we had gone some distance it was discovered that "Bennie" a black spaniel belonging to the farm, was following us. Being a very obedient dog - he didn't go home when told, and we had him with us all day - to our sorrow. We eventually came to a farm and dodged round its outskirts to once more get down to the river. While doing this we came upon a very sick sheep which we had to lift up a steep gully. It was really quite an experience hauling the poor thing up by the wool, and had it been more wide awake, I am afraid it would have been an impossible task. While all this was going on, we lost Bennie, and I had hopes that he may have returned home. It was not long after we had got down to the river bed and were preparing the fire, that we heard a shriek and yelp from Bennie, and there he was at the bottom of a high bank unable to walk. He had been at the top, had seen us below - got excited and somehow or other hurtled over. It was a horrible business really to discover that he had a broken leg. We were all thankful that Huck was with us to administer first aid, and it was not long before he was lying on a ground sheet with his leg in "willow" splints, and his body wrapped in putties. We didn't enjoy our lunch much because there he was in a very unhappy frame of mind. We helped a bit (we hope) by crushing an aspirin in a rather grizzly looking custard tart, and giving it to him! The next thing was how to get him home. We made a dreary procession really - four of us held an end of the ground sheet and took turns in carrying him home that way. We were followed in some paddocks by doubtful cows, and also on the way home saw a sick horse, and cow, so decided that we had "had" farmy trips in a big way and had our fill of sick animals. Everything turned out all right, but only after a visit in a truck to the vet with Molly at the wheel and Wendy and me as "nurses". For all that we had a good day.

Leader: June Budd.

Not in Party. 9.

Trip No. 262. Sept 2OTATARA.*album 3 P 59*

The weather was very doubtful and only Wendy and June braved the elements and caught the 9.30 bus for Napier. We disembarked at the Waitangi Bridge to find Dave, Tommy and Angus, just arriving at the same time. In a few moments Norm and his "Kiwi Band" hove into sight, and we had quite a reunion on the railway line near the side of the road. It was decided to walk along the stop-bank to the Redcliffe Bridge at Otatara, have lunch there and return on the

other side of the river, catch the bus and then home. Just as we were starting out it teemed, and we hid as it were, under a large bush! It rained in spasms until we were nearly there, and then the sun appeared and we were all pleased we had come, and sorry for the "pansies" who had stayed at home. We had lunch by the bridge, and watched the antics of the "Kiwis" which amused us immensely. They then took off, and we had a couple of hours snooze in the sun which was very nice indeed. Angus gave us part of his life story, and we all heard bits in between sleeps! We had a very enjoyable trip back along the river bank - this side in our opinion being prettier than the other. The trees were lovely. We reached the Napier Highway just in time for the two Hastings people to get on before they had time to "do up", and the amazed looks and remarks passed by the busload of people, were really amusing. The Napier kids didn't have long to wait, and so ended a very happy and enjoyable day.

Leader: Janet Lloyd. (J. Budd).  
No. in Party - 6. also Kiwis.

Trip No. 263.

MARAETOTARA - VIA TEMATA.

*Album 3 p 61.*

We left for Clayton's at Havelock picking various people up en route. Along the Havelock Road we were hailed by Mr. Rainbow who asked us if we wanted any asparagus. We jumped at the chance and went into his huge paddock and picked a large Maori kit full which we cooked and enjoyed at lunchtime, under the eagle eye of Angus, who as an asparagus cooker, is hard to beat. We left our bikes at Clayton's, and took off to cross the river after an enjoyable "cuppa". Mariel had a spot of "tooth" bother, and that was the only mishap. We had a leisurely amble through valleys and up easy hills until we came to a handy spot for lunch. The sun was warm, and most of us decided to laze and sunbathe, while four or five of the more energetic ones went right over to the Falls. They said we had missed a treat, and we know we did too - still the sun bathe was good! After another large feast of asparagus we took off for our worthy iron steeds, and reached Clayton's about 5. Coming home from Havelock wasn't pleasant owing to the grit from Ruepehu, and we all suffered from sore eyes. Thank you Mrs. Clayton and Marge for your hospitality.

Leasers: M. Clayton & J. Budd.

No. in Party: 11.

265. Nov. 3rd - 4th. Rongaika  
*all 3 p 65*  
 Account not yet to hand.

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266. Nov. 18th - 19th. HORSESHOE BEND  
*album 3 p 64*

Clem's car brought the Napier party to Mrs. Tanner's; Nancy transported the locals. The erection of tents, cutting of big logs and swimming preceded the moonlight revels with torches and eel spears, which ended with the victim's escape after a great struggle. We consoled our bodies with heat from a glorious bonfire. At 11.45 pm we insulated that heat in sleeping bags under the stars.

Sunday was sunny and calm, ushered in by rural sounds from land, water and sky. Soon we climbed through trees to the ridge to see Ruapehu's smoke clouds, while the Sunday party of 12 and some Hereworth boys located the camp below. After lunch, swimming and log-riding made many joyful, while the brilliant sun painted pink colours on various areas of epidermis. The boys entertained the more decorous grown ups with exhibitions on the mud slide. The Te Awanga duo arrived full of vim in the middle of everything.

The day was perfect and all streamed back over the hills to home before sunset. Clem leaving the equipment of tents etc at Molly's home. A very pleasant trip to a charming river.

No. in party : 19

Leader : Angus Russell.

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PRIVATE TRIPS.

Waimakariri River - Carrington Hut - White Col Bivvy.

May 5th - 12th, 1945.

Three derelicts from "Capping Week" and one stray H.T.U. left Christchurch by the Hokitika express on Saturday morning, in perfect weather which stayed with us for the entire trip except for the last two hours when we had to don loilskins as we came down the river. At Springfield, we changed into a "goods" train plus one carriage (presumably for our benefit as there were no other passengers) after a slight altercation with a refractory railway official who definitely did not approve of the change over and who as definitely said so. However all doubts were quickly dispersed, on the appearance of the Stationmaster who allowed us to proceed on the "goods" without further ado. So away we went as far as the Bealy Bridge, where by special dispensation, the train stopped and four packs, ice axes and trampers hurtled down on to the track - away went the train westward while we picked ourselves up, heaved on our packs, grabbed our ice axes and started on our trek up the Waimakariri river.

This proved good going, the river being very low and in two and a half hours we came to the Anti-Crow Hut in spite of heavy packs and several pauses. Here we found a party of three C.M.C. (Canterbury Mountaineering Club) members and two very juvenile deer stalkers who were roaming the ranges in pursuit of game.

A good hot meal quickly followed by luxurious bed (Sleepwell mattresses) accompanied by the drone of the C.M.C. members who were recounting to the two juvenile deerstalkers gruesome details of past search parties. A leisurely start the following morning but not before another party of C.M.C. members arrived from Bealy, who after casting furtive and disapproving glances at the two women folk, disappeared into the hut and more or less stayed there until we moved on.

A gentle amble up the river brought us to the Carrington Hut about four hours later. This we found occupied by two members of the Kararua Tramping Club and one Les White, C.M.C. and later on, our two young friends whom we had met at the Anti-Crow hut joined us. So here we were a party of nine and only eight "Sleepwells" so this meant that one very disgruntled C.M.C. had to sleep on plain sacking and no mattress! Shame! - Hot stew and so to bed.

The next day, Monday, we were away by 8-30 am - a party of eight, as all the other occupants of the hut, save one, decided to come too - three to return that same night to Carrington hut. The White Col bivvy was our destination. So up the White river for an hour or so, then a scramble up a four hundred foot snow-covered scree where we came to a track which runs parallel with



and on the west side of the riverbed and which maintains its height to the source of the stream. Along this track it was that the H.T.C. member came in for sarcastic remarks and abuse as whilst in the lead (her pack being carried for her) she lost the snow covered track for about six yards or was it six feet?

On reaching the source of the stream, we scrambled up a bluff and then commenced our arduous trek up a long snowfield of soft snow - then over a ridge, partly frozen, at last arriving at the White Col Bivvy or Barker Hut early in the afternoon to find that our home of the next two days was all of a tilt, it having been blown off its foundations and so taken on itself a most drunkenly and disorderly appearance. However, why worry ..... we were well rewarded for our toil and sweat by a majestic view of all the neighbouring peaks, snowcovered peaks glistening in the sunshine - Carrington Peak, Mts. Campbell, Isobel and Davie all of six thousand feet or over.

The White Col bivvy is built at a height of about 5000' so we prepared for and enjoyed a chilly night, there being no fuel other than kerosene, the cooking being done on a primus and what a primus! And no "Sleepwells" this time so what?..... Next morning, after tentative efforts on the part of the only early morning enthusiasts, to get the male members up and away early, they got away late - roped and cramponed and bound for Mt. Murchison 7373', while the remainder of the party, after airing the sleeping bags, hanging up frozen socks to thaw and washing up cooking utensils in the snow, made an abortive attempt to follow up to the Col but soon turned that in and returned to sunbathe amidst glorious surroundings.

Later the climbing party returned having achieved their objective in perfect weather and ready to consume in great quantities all the stew, sausages and Buck Wit that had been prepared for them by their slaves, on a most temperamental primus. The following day, the same party climbed to the Col with other plans, but this time the wather weather was against them and they quickly retraced their cramponed steps to the bivvy, a quick meal then away down the snowfield, down the track, down the stream and back to Carrington Hut. The following day, a lazy one was spent amid the usual wood hauling, chopping and stacking activities later followed by venison stew, plum pudding and other delicacies. Away for the Anti-Crow hut via the new bush track next day - a pause here while we read the news of "surrender" in a newspaper which had been left a few days back by some visitor to the hut and a "boil up" before continuing down the river - a surry along to the Bealy pub for a meal then a seven mile trek in the dark and rain to Arthur's Pass where at some horrible hour we boarded the train for Christchurch and for the parting of our various ways.

Four in party:- Allison Wilkinson, Ian Wilkinson, (C.M.C.)  
Jack Ede, (C.M.C.) Molly Molineux, (H.T.C.)

KAWEKA HUT.

Nora Finn is leaving us for pastures new so we get busy and plan a farewell trip to the Kaweka Hut. Saturday afternoon saw seven packed up and on the road and in due course arriving at the usual place where cars will go no further and the passengers metamorphise into these strange creatures - trampers. A two and a quarter hour walk, scramble, climb and plod eventuated in seven dishevelled trampers arriving at the hut in the evening and quickly settling down to the business of eating and later sleeping.

At 5.30 am, all but one were wrapped in the arms of Morpheus so the one turned over and dozed off, after putting on the billy for the morning cup of tea. This was served at 7 am to the accompaniment of groans and sighs from various occupants of the bunks but these were passed unheeded and soon breakfast was on the way and later still the party was on its way up the ridge at the back of the hut, making for the bivvy. Here the wind began to make itself felt - blowing in tremendous gusts so that at one moment one had to cling to the ridge with hands and feet as if bowing in obeisance to some hidden god and the next - going for one's life making as much as headway as one could before the next blast threatened to lift you off your feet entirely. At the top, the wind developed into quite a presentable gale. The weather forecast of "variable winds" for the weekend, we felt was somewhat of an underestimation, as we battled against the fury that greeted us. All thought of going over to the bivvy was very quickly dispelled and the unanimous opinion was to get down into shelter. A climb down into a shingle gully leading into the right-hand branch of the creek that passes the hut, soon gave us shelter and a quick run down to the hut where we had a spell and a boil up before setting out for the road.

On reaching Hastings, one of the cars showed ominous signs of a slow puncture - a ghastly hissing sound - the gallant companion, says he "go for your life" and believe me, she went with the wind and won!

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### A Round Trip from Big Hill Station

This was another farewell trip for Nora Finn and this time to Big Hill station and Ruahine Hut returning by Big Hill Stream and Herrick's Hut.

A party of seven set off - four in the morning and three in the afternoon - the morning party picking up Jack Eaylor at the homestead and sallying forth filled with high hopes of reaching the hut via the new route around Big Hill, in good time. Alas! fate intervened and five and a half hours passed before this party ultimately reached the hut as they had had a terrific struggle against the wind once they had got on the top of the range - such wind that you just had to lean on it to make any progress whatsoever and then with your eyes shut because of the sand and shingle bellowing in and around. However this party did reach the hut that night which was more than the later party succeeded in doing. They proceeded up the orthodox route - over Big Hill - but they had not reckoned with the wind that developed to gale force as they neared the top of Big Hill. So terrific was the breeze and the consequent spraying of shingle on ones' bare legs that without hesitation they decided to let the furies have it and to seek shelter in a manuka gully until the wind had died down. For three hours they crouched and listened to the roaring of the wind as it belaboured the western side of the hill then as there seemed no lessening, the three beat a hasty retreat back to the homestead where they were most hospitably entertained by Mrs Ormond.

By 7-30 pm the wind was definitely losing its blast so the party much refreshed, started off again. This time by the new route which skirts round the left side of the hill. Dusk was falling and very soon they were travelling by torchlight and after much mucking around - losing and regaining tracks - they found themselves in the stream bed which flows into Big Hill stream - glow worms provided a wayside thrill - and then having come to the conclusion that they had definitely stepped off the dotted line at some point they promptly dosed down for the night and waited for dawn. At 5.15 am they were soon on the right track and making for the Ruahine Hut and breakfast. Hut reached at 9 am thus creating a record of thirteen hours and a half time into the hut -- but not all travelling hours!

The advance party had moved on half an hour earlier (with the tea) making for No Man's but their enthusiasm petered out by the time they reached Lessong's and they retraced their steps to the turn off for Hollowback where the later party later found them hiding in the tussock. Well now we were all joined up at last, and so proceeded along Hollowback Ridge soon dropping off down a shingle slide - through a mass of tangled scrub and finally fell into the Big Hill stream. A paddle down for an hour

and a bit - a scramble up the steep bank and soon we were at Herricks' enjoying a well-earned cup of tea before making the last lap back to Big Hill Station in the late afternoon.

On reaching Hastings, one of the cars had a really nice type of blow out and she didn't even say "go for your life". He had "had" it!

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### CLUB NOTICES.

At the recent Executive meeting the following sub-committees were appointed.

#### Search Committee.

The President, E.S. Craven, The Club Captain, N.L. Elder, The Secretary, M. Molineux, and Dr. Bathgate.

#### Hut Committee.

N.L. Elder, L. Holt, A. Russell, A. Toop.

#### Fixtures Committee.

N.L. Elder, U. Greenwood, I. Wilkinson, A. Russell.

#### Social Committee Notice.

In future a roster of all Club members is to be drawn up for supper duties. One member of the Social committee and three others will be responsible for the dispensing of supper at meetings.

#### Fixture List.

Due to uncertainty as to what transport will be available in the New Year there has been no Fixture List drawn up yet. However as soon as possible the list will be issued to members, and in the meantime we will have to depend on the meetings for knowledge of trips.

#### Next Meeting

will be held on the 17th January 1946.

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