

HERETAUNGA TRAMPING CLUB (INCORPORATED)."P O H O K U R A."Bulletin No. 45.March 1947.PRESIDENT:

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Although we are well into the new year active tramping has not gained the impetus we had hoped for. Our membership is well up but we are not getting the support that is necessary to maintain a financial working basis. Transport, is of course, the main stumbling block and while it has been considered necessary to operate a system of subsidization until such time as the Club is well on its feet again this cannot go on indefinitely. We therefore appeal to all members for active co-operation in support of future trips.

Once again we should like to stress the necessity of maintaining the goodwill of property owners, through whose kindness we have access to much valuable tramping country. By observation of a few written and unwritten laws we can do this :-

1. No guns to be carried unless absolutely necessary.
2. No dogs allowed on trips.
3. Care should be taken that all fires are properly put out.
4. Leaders to make quite certain that permission has been granted before parties enter any property.
5. All gates must be closed and members to take particular care how and where they cross fences.

By paying attention to these small points of etiquette we establish our reputation as a responsible body of people capable of crossing anyone's land without causing any inconvenience to the owner.

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PACKING A PACK.

First the old, old story - 20 pounds of personal gear. Not so easy. The accompany sketch shows the components of my present pack totalling 21½ lbs. To cut it down to 20 lbs it would be necessary to count rope and first aid as part gear, cut out a torch and probably substitute a lighter sweater.

Now to pack it. Everyone has his idiosyncracies, and this is merely one man's way suitable for one type of pack.

Here are the main-considerations;-

1. The pack must be comfortable.
2. It must ride well.
3. Everything should remain as dry and safe as is possible.
4. In any type of emergency required articles must be handy.

1. Comfort. Where the pack bears on the back there must be no hard spots. As the bearing surface is the bottom third of the bag the sleeping bag is packed at the bottom and extra clothing above it against the back.

2. Balance. Packing is all important with a square pack, less so with a bag or frame pack. AS the square pack is apt to hang back the object must be to keep the pack ~~xx~~ shallow and to keep heavy objects as near to the back as possible. The pack is kept shallow by packing the corners as tight as possible as in baling wool. It is impossible to keep all heavy articles at the back of the pack as clothing is needed for padding, so that heavy articles must either be kept low where they won't pull back on the shoulders so much, or better still high and as close to the shoulder-blades as possible. Bulky articles of little weight should be reserved for the top of the pack away from the body, bread for example or a lightly-packed tea billy.

3. Safety. With a well packed pack it should be possible to ;-

1. Go through a patch of leatherwood.
2. stand on your head.
3. Fall into a pool

without loss or injury to equipment.

These feats are neither impossible nor improbable when tramping.

These requirements demand ;-

All pocket flaps hooded and securely strapped.

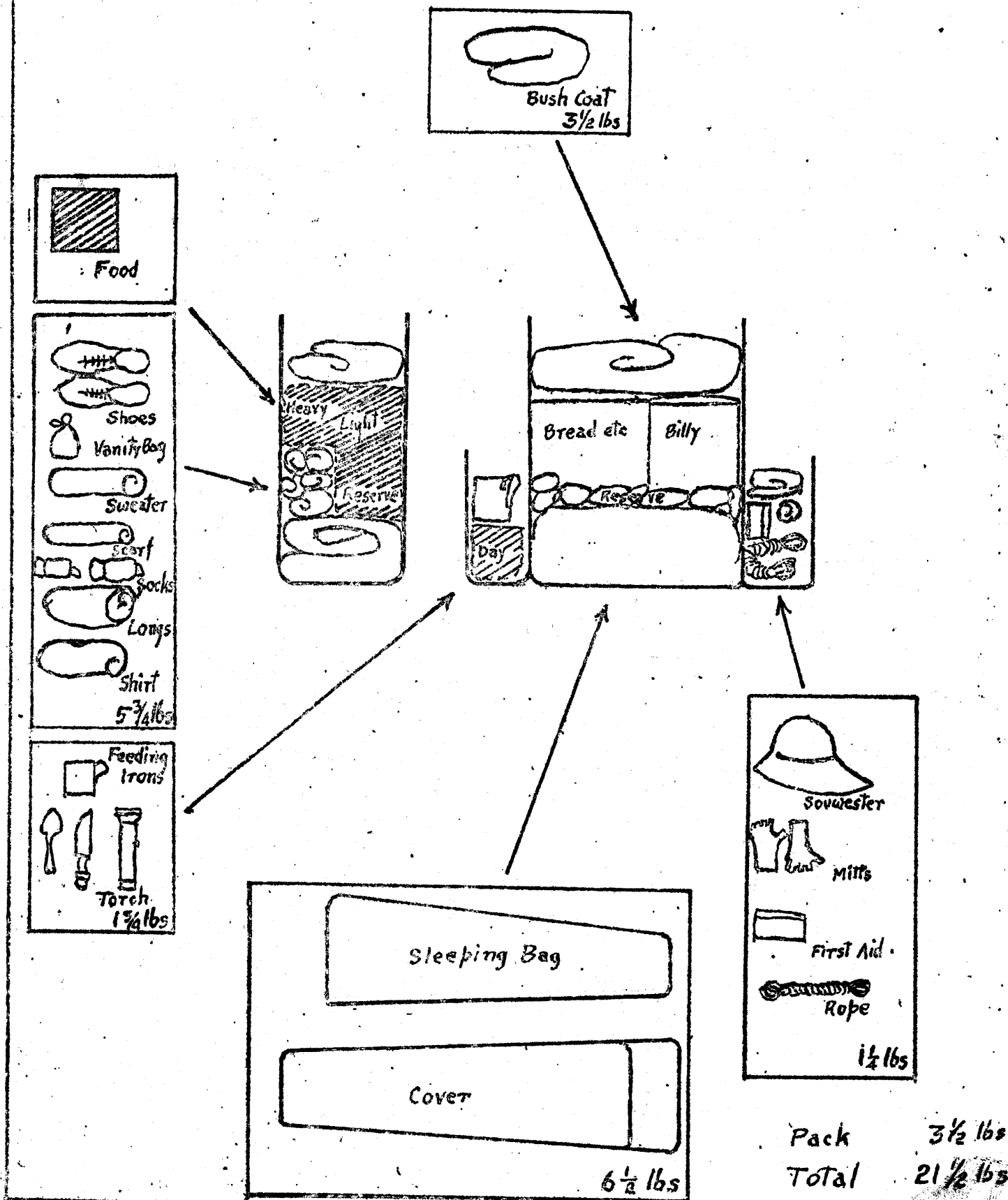
Nothing fragile in side pockets.

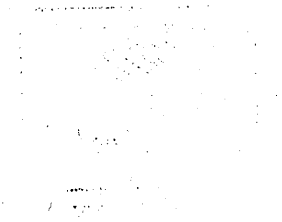
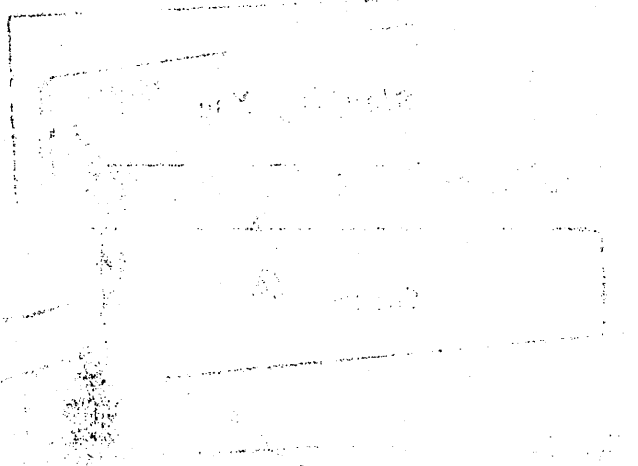
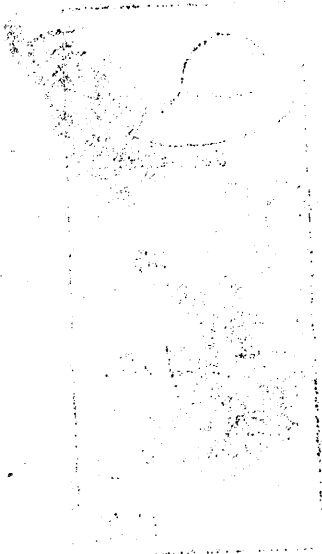
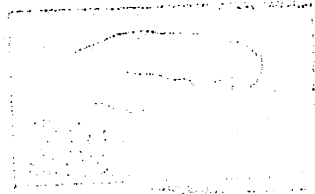
Nothing projecting from the pack hood in rough country.

sleeping bag well wrapped up in waterproof cover.

Waterproof top tied up tightly.

# PACKING A PACK FOR A LONG TRIP





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It is impossible to keep the bottom of your pack dry where it rubs against your back so you can only protect your sleeping bag as well as you can. The outer part will shed water for a long time and matches, maps, sugar etc., should be safe at the top immediately below the waterpfoof cover under the worst conditions. Nothing that will suffer from moisture should be carried in side pockets when bad weather or river crossings are likely.

4. Handiness. Bush coat and souwester are the most obvious articles and it should be possible to get them out without exposing other articles. Mitts are almost as important, compass map and torch must be immediately available, also rope and first aid for an emergency. In case prolonged exposure may be necessary some running rations, i.e. those that can be eaten without having to halt, should be handy. They may make all the difference to a flagging party. Under ordinary conditions it is convenient to have the food and equipment for a midday boil up handy, with as little unpacking as possible. If a tent is carried it should come out next to the bush coat as in really bad weather it must be pitched immediately the party stops.

Clothing is most conveniently packed in order in which it will be used - i.e. sweater on top, then longs and shoes, with the clothes you will sleep in at the bottom.

In the same way with food. bulk and emergency food such as flour and bacon will be packed low, and food for the day at the top.

It will be necessary to unpack each night to get out your sleeping bag. A good rule, invaluable in pitching camp in the dark, is to lay down your bush coat and unpack everything on to it, roughly repacking bulk rations etc., for the night. It is a good precaution to buckle your pack up securely before turning in. Camps have been flooded out or blown down before today and galloping through the bush in the dead of night with a gaping pack however amusing to one's friends is exasperating.

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### New Members.

We welcome the following new members and wish them a happy and successful association with the Club ;-

Lesley Hutchison, Betty Marven, Eric Marven, Desmond Marven, E. C. Frederic, T. P. Monaghan, H. A. McLean, Dudley Williams, Ian MacArthur, Helen Hodgson, Mary McMillan.

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### Very New Junior Members.

The congratulations of the Club go to the following people who are looking to the future and providing prospective members;- Clem and Joan Smith whose son Brian was born in January.

and

Les and Marge Holt whose latest addition to the family is John.

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### Social and Club Room Events.

On Saturday Dec. 12th a very happy informal dance was held in the Band Room, Warren St., While it was officially a wind-up of the Club's Social activities we also took the opportunity of wishing Heather and John Collins all the best for their future happiness and presenting them with a framed photograph of the Kawekas. To all this John made a grateful though blushing acknowledgement !!

In January Muriel Shaw gave the Club an account of a trip she did to Milford Sound with a Tararua Party.

On March 6th Dr. Bathgate came along to the meeting and spoke to us on the trip which he did from Queenstown. He had some beautiful photographs to show us and gave a graphic description of the beauties of the Eglington Valley and Milford Sound. If any members are thinking of making a similar trip Dr. Bathgate would be the very person to approach for information which is very hard to obtain through the ordinary channels.

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### Subscriptions.

The Treasurer would like to bring to the notice of Club members .

that subscriptions for the current year are now due. To facilitate the smooth working of the Club's finances we should like your subs. as soon as possible.

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### MAPS.

RUAHINE. We have sent in our information to the Survey Department but it will be two or three months at the earliest before they are likely to start work on it. They do not propose to do as elaborate a job as the Tararua map. There are two or three snags outstanding.

1. There is a gap between the existing survey maps and existing tramping maps which will have to be closed, as it would leave an awkward and most unprofessional gap. These gaps are mainly in the Mangaohane and Tikokino districts.
2. The greater length of the Ruahines compared with the Tararuas means that a mile to the inch map would have the impossible length of 5 feet. Consequently the map maybe reduced to the scale of 2 miles to the inch.
3. The survey Department have a convention of lining up maps so that the top of the map is the North. As the Ruahines do not run North and South this would mean that country West of Taihape and East of Dannevirke would appear in the corners and Big Hill and Umutoi would be on the edge or missed out, so that although the map would cover a larger area it would be of less practical use. It may be possible to persuade the Department to slew the map on to the line of the range - roughly N.E.

KAIMANAWA. With additional information from the Ngapuketura and Middle Range - Moawhango trips, also with information supplied by Rover Scouts for the Country south of Tawaki Tohunga it is possible to amend the Kaimanawa map considerably and a new tracing is being made. Any comments on inaccuracies in the existing map will be welcomed.

### NOTES.

RUAHINE CROSSING. An account of the T.T.C. Labour Day trip appears in the Tararua Tramp for December 1946. From the Waikamaka Hut they followed the usual route up Trig Creek to K Hikurangi (having no difficulty in locating the track down to Rangi Creek, H.T.C. parties please note), then turning off at Iron peg for Purity Hut and the track out.

SEARCH REPORT. The Paua T. C. bulletin for December uses extracts from the H.T.C. search report for the benefit of its members.

WAIKAMAKA HUT. The 400th visitor to the hut was sighted from Three Johns swagging it over the Waipawa Saddle on 21st. December.

Lessong's Monument. Phil Gardner reports that the name Lessong's Monument is applied locally to the iron peg on the rock outcrop at the head of the Hollowback Spur, and shown by Doug Callow as Rakautanga. The stone breastwork round the peg agrees with the story, consequently the name should no longer be applied to Trig F. furthering up the ridge as this was only given on rather vague information.

"SAFE TRAMPING" This is the title of a pamphlet issued by the ~~Paua T. C.~~ with the December Trampler, a useful summary of the commonsense precautions that make up sound tramping practice in the sort of country we are concerned with. Most mishaps are due to the neglect of these precautions and nobody is too experienced or too clever to gain from studying them.

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#### NEWS OF MEMBERS.

Nora Finn sailed for England early in March. She is to take a Theatre course at Hammersmith Hospital, London. All the best of Luck, Huck.

Rolf Keys has been on the sick list but is about once more. WE hope it won't be long before he's back again at the Club meetings.

June Skinner (ye olde Budde) paid us a flying visit a few weeks ago. She, also, was recuperating from a severe illness and we hope that she has fully recovered by now.

WE hear rumours that Frank Bodley is going back into the Navy - right Frank? Best of Luck, from the Club.

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CLUB TRIPS.

NO 293. Dec. 7th & 8th. HORSESHOE BEND.

Nancy and Clem's cars and sundry cycles brought 8 men and 2 ladies to the usual bathing hole in warm weather. At dusk George Lowe and a performing eel put on a great turn for 15 minutes. A pleasant camp fire, and a moonlight night induced all to sleep under the stars. Nancy and June left early on Sunday. Some climbed over the hills to meet the Sunday party who indulged in log riding in the warm river, sun bathing and involuntary immersion. During an afternoon ramble up the river bank, Bob caught an oversize kura, we found the nests of various birds and a healthy poplar 26 feet in girth. We are indeed happy in having access to such a pleasant valley and ideal river. And the fish was a beauty.

No in party : 10.  
Leader : A. Russell.

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No 294. New Year 1947.

KAIMANAWA RANGE.

Friday 27th Dec. Fresh bread but no fresh meat, Timihanga. Tramping arithmetic, 550 lbs divided by 12. ( and 85 lbs of it non-essential - wouldn't it rock yer ! ) Angus and the roast.  
Saturday 28th. Horotea-Lake proved attractive botanically otherwise a desolate mere. The botanists were baulky this day and reached the Golden Hills Hut an hour after the main body. Angus and the bench.  
Sunday 29th. To the Kaimanawa Hut. Angus and the potatoes. Found the zigzag after some floundering round and bivouacked by the Mangamairi.  
Monday 30th. Tom saw us off before heading back. Scud on the tops and rain in the offing. Gave Makorako best and pushed on down, finding a sunny ~~xxxxxx~~ corner for lunch. Where the Rangitikei swung in under the Middle Range we pitched camp on a sheltered flat.  
Tuesday 31st. A wet night and a showery morning, with the river well up. Whio hanging about. Spent the day cooking and baking at our magnificent stone fireplace, with some drying of gear and botanizing in the afternoon.

New Year's Day. A perfect day. Across the river and up on to the tops. Lunch on a mountain stream. Noel wounded a deer but it got away. Botanists got loose up in the Middle Range. A cunningly-concealed camp below Karikaringa Saddle nearly had them fooled. A cold night for those that slept out.

Thursday 2nd. Thawing out - a late start. Egmont through Tama Saddle. The track over the Pinnacles was quite spectacular. The day was hot and still - too perfect for the long slog up to Patutu. A lovely bivouac on the creek below the crest. Ice-cream, a bathing pool, tall tussock and Huapehu in full view.

Friday 3rd. To the head of the Moawhango. Botanists baulky again. Down the Moawhango West. Gorges amazin'! Up a long ridge with an unexpected campsite near the top. Mist coming down caused a hurried reconnaissance to the crexst. Rain in the night and a scramble for the tents.

Saturday 4th. Windy but clear. Picked up a pack-track which led us to the tops and through open beech forest into a long valley. The first creek left the valley and dived into a gorge, the second ditto. Amazin'! Tractor tracks, bulldozers, a truck, a lift, hot showers, a three-course dinner, a cornet, a fire in the waiting room. Enter the botanists.

Sunday 5th. The night express. Bodies and fug. Palmerston station at 4 a.m. the motor camp. Porridge and sleeping bags. Kecce parties later went out and secured bread and tobacco. Dinner at a restaurant, but a limit of omelettes. And so to the service car.

These notes will ~~xxxxxx~~ serve to recall the trip to those who were on it. To those who weren't, our apologies, and our regrets that they missed it.

NO in party; 11 & 1.  
Leader ; N. Elder.

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NO 294. New Year 1947

#### KAIMANAWA RANGE.

After nearly ruining the Timihanga roast we set out for the Log Cabin. On this and the following day the botanists were inclined to be baulky, so that on the second night we had only reached the Golden Hills hut, thanks to lingering at Horotea Lake, which however alluring botanically is to the outward view a bleak and lonely mere. The two bearded occupaxixnts of the hut were shy but when one of them was trapped by Angus's collapsible seat it broke the ice so to speak. Next day we went over to the Kaimanawa Hut and followed the marks of a pack train over to the Mangamaire. We were still half a day behind schedule and here

Tom had to turn back without visiting Makorako. This was particularly unfortunate as up to this point neither the weather nor the country had been suitable for his collecting. The weather now broke. By the time we reached the saddle the higher topshad vanished in scud and rain was setting in from the south west, so we abandoned Makorako and ducked down a steep ridge to the Rangitikei. The rain held off long enough for us to spend a pleasant two or three hours on the river and to locate a sheltered camp site where the river swings in under the Middle Range. It was a dirty night with the river coming up so we spent next day in camp. The weather mended in the afternoon allowing some pleasant pottering about.

New Year's Day was superb - one out of the box. After fording the river a quick spur took us on to a shoulder of the big unnamed peak south of Thunderbolt. We meandered up a pleasant mountain stream and went out on to the tops in the afternoon. Crossing to the Middle Range we put up half a dozen deer, the only mob we saw on the whole trip. Noel wounded one, but it got away along a scrubby face. Some of the party went north up the range, leaving the rest to go west to make camp in the Karikaringa Saddle. The northern party did some botanizing, failed to find the bolt-hole on Thunderbolt and had a good deal of trouble locating the others, who had pitched camp well down the creek on an invisible terrace below a cliff. We had a remarkable sight of Egmont and played around on the Karikaringa Pinnacles. The long pull up to Patutu proved very tiring and we were glad to hop down to a beautiful gite for a bivouac by a creek just behind the crest, with the whole of Kuapehu as a back curtain.

Next morning the botanists again got loose in a bog at the head of the Moawhango but all were safely rounded up in the Moawhango West for lunch. We followed this down for some distance then struck up a long ridge in the direction of Waiouru, striking a useful camp site near the top, with water and timber at hand. Though the country looked open it had some queer gorges and when mist started to come down on the tops we got a trifle apprehensive and had a quick scout round before nightfall. We picked an open valley running out of the desert, but it didn't agree with the map which showed streams running at right angles. - However we laid out a compass course for the morrow in case of necessity. There were some showers in the night, sufficient to drive sleepers-out into the tents.

However the morning was fine though windy. Some made a side trip to look into the big gorge of the Moawhango and found an old gorge paralleling it, also pebbles and boulders on the ridge. Hoof marks were now picked up leading down through open beech forest to the long valley sighted the night before. The map was right however. In following it out we came across three streams all of which drained into the Moawhango at right angles.

WE came to tractor tracks then bulldozers up a hill and a lorry. There was a bulldog rush for this and even an earnest attempt to persuade the obdurate botanical rearguard to take a lift. The lorry ran the main party to the camp where they had hot showers and a three-course meal. The rear guard came in at 10 p.m. and between seeing a wedding party off and supper and a sing song before the fire at the railway station the time passed till midnight. The train was a nightmare, stuffy and hot or stuffy and cold and manoeuvring packs among the crowded bodies was something of a feat. Palmerston North at 4 a.m. was grim. Scouting parties made nothing of the town, so we plodded down to the motor camp had a good brew of porridge and rolled into our sleeping bags. In the course of the day we located bread and tobacco, and finished with a real restaurant meal before joining the service car. Tom Arlidge visited us and insisted on running our packs up. Thanks Tom.

No in party : 11 & 1.  
Leader : N. Elder.

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NO 295.

# KIWI SADDLE - WORKING PARTY.

Perhaps a record was established when our lorry driver was able to start up on the stroke of nine. After such a good omen our tally of thirteen was merely a subject of light banter; nor were we over dismayed on discovering that the timber and oddments to be hefted up the hill was not available but would have to grace the shoulders of some subsequent enthusiasts. After a snack at the willows we moved off towards the lakes and so through the scrub and steeply up via the slip. Most of us decided that the route was too steep for regular use and mutely paid humble tribute to the stalwarts who had carried the malthoid, netting etc. Bob broke from tradition by producing a well-filled bottle at the top and shattered the principles of most of us by generously passing it round. Dave refused to break from tradition and led a party of one some distance ahead. The Saddle was reached in timely fashion with sufficient daylight for preparations for a comfortable camp.

Sunday morning broke calm and clear. A small contingent sallied forth to persuade a kindly deer to contribute towards the lorry while the rest carried out the usual Sunday morning activities. There is never much rest with Norman about however and he soon spotted suitable specimens for posts and stays and struts and piles. Those who could not get a hand to tool or timber found solace in trundling boulders for the fireplace - carefully refusing to do too much until the site for the hut ( and fireplace) had been settled. After an early lunch the return trip was

undertaken, with some suggestion that several should try out the Public Works spur for future consideration. The attraction of watching Angus ease his cramp by taking the steeper grades in reverse proved too strong however so we kept more or less together. The advance party had a fire set while they waited for us (and the billy) so after a quick boil up we were on the road again by 5.30 and home at a respectable hour.

No in party: 13.

Leader : S. Craven.

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NO 296. Feb. 8th - 9th.

### CLUB PICNIC - WAIMARAMA.

The party got away from Holt's on Saturday afternoon in good time, picking up spare parts in Havelock North. We were lucky enough to have the use of a cottage thanks to the kindness of Mr. and Mrs. McIntyre. The afternoon was spent in settling in, swimming and making ready to eat, a process which took some considerable time. After tea the party repaired to the beach and spent a pleasant evening around a large fire whose presiding spirit was as always, Angus. Quantities of sausages and bread and butter were demolished for supper. Several of the hardier spirits went for a moonlight swim before finally turning in for the night. On the Sunday morning a party of four left fairly early for Red Island and from all accounts had a very enjoyable day. The rest of the crowd spent a lazy day beach combing. The weather was absolutely ideal for the pastime and everyone came home several shades darker than when they went out. When we left about 7 o'clock the weather had taken a most unexpected turn for the worst - a striking contrast to the lovely day we had had earlier.

Leader: P. Morris.

### DANCE...

The Social Committee is Putting on an informal dance in the Band Room on Thursday, May 8th. We hope all trampers and trampesses will attend. Bring your friends. Admission 2/6.

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12.  
EXTRA CLUB TRIP.

POURERE BEACH

14-15 Dec., '46

Seventeen left Hastings at 9 and met a truck load of the Wednesday Social Club from Waipukurau at Waipawa and followed their lead to Pourere. As the tide was not yet low enough for the trucks to safely go along the beach we had a boil-up, and watched a light truck getting stuck in a soft patch of sand. The gear was left to be brought in later and we walked the mile or so to the cottages and a lazy afternoon was spent swimming and sunbathing and preparing the evening stew, also perriwinkles and pawas and sea-eggs were consumed by some. In the evening there was a large bonfire and singsong on the beach until the rising tide forced us to desert, some later went eeling unsuccessfully.

Sunday was another perfect day and for the most part was spent lazing on the beach. A small party of H. T. C's walked along the sand to Aramoana and Blackhead stations. When nearly home they were picked up by the rest of the party riding on a trailer behind "Gallopig Gertie" - a very ancient light truck without any super-structure and run on kerosene. They were then whisked over the same route as they had walked but in much quicker tempo.

After a huge meal of Pipis we left for home soon after six. It had been a glorious weekend on a lovely beach. Our thanks are due to the Waipukurau Club who arranged accommodation and made everything so enjoyable. We hope to have some more trips with them.

N. Tanner.

PRIVATE TRIPS.

Te Atua Mahura. 1-2 Feb., '47. It was hot, swimming in your boots is all right but it doesn't get you anywhere. The track up the spur is in good order and the water was all right at Wai o kongenge, though the ground was tinder-dry and we had to be careful with the fire.

We all slept in and got away rather late. Another perfect day with a fresh breeze on the ridge. On the big scree there was a great display of flowers, but a couple of hours' assiduous quartering failed to produce the particular species that was the main objective of the trip.

We boiled up at the tarns then went south, putting up a hind and fawn (the only deer seen) on Cross Ridge. From the shoulder of Maropea we struck down the long spur to the mouth of Gold Creek and between leatherwood, a stretch of dense lawyer and a steep and tricky take off at the finish it was nightfall before the river. After a hospitable supper with Mr & Mrs Grant we drove home down roads swarming with rabbits.

London, England.

6th Feb., 1947.

Dear Club,

Many thanks for your December letter which I have had carefully tucked away for some weeks now. The arrival of Pohokura No 1 has however moved me to action and hence this letter. I was very glad to read this last bulletin with its encouraging news of a revival of interest and a growth in the membership. Those faithful ones of you who kept the embers smouldering in the dim days will see the reward of your efforts in these brighter flames which burn now, good work, chaps.

I must confess my tramping activities have, during the last nine months or so, been confined to rushing madly after buses, tubes and trains with a couple of sessions with my relatives on islands in the Firth of Clyde - Bute and Alvan - just to remind my lungs that such a thing as fresh air still blows.

To clear my head of the fumes from October's exam session (successful, too, please note) I, with three of my confreres, went off to Switzerland for Xmas and New Year. We had a perfect fortnight, just the most comfortable and enjoyable play-time I've ever put in, I think. We went to a ski-ing village called Adelboden in the Bernese Overland, arriving just before the season got under way. Consequently we became well known at our hotel and were in on the ground floor for ski-gear, ski-lessons and so on, and we knew all the best spots in town before the mobs arrived. Two of our number - a South African and a Rhodesian - sustained respectively a wrenched knee and a dislocated shoulder in the first two days of fooling about; so that left the Canadian representative and myself to exploit the ski-school and ski-lift which we did to our uttermost. I had even forgotten how to stem, but so good was the snow and so good the instruction that I finished up, with my cobber able to do christies and stem christies and to come down the ski run in under 15 mins. where at first, our time had been over 50 mins.

I realize that I'm laying myself open to some dreadful abuse from Norm and others of the handy school; Club believe me, I loved it. The joy of coming off the ski run at dusk, sinking into a hot bath, charging into the "soup and fish" and dancing till the small hours was such a change from foggy, cheerless England that my pride didn't even get dented. True to tradition, I insisted upon up with the in the French trains, and my friends jibes changed to satisfied when the deed was done and the explosion menace passed.

Once more, I have photos, heaven knows when you'll see them, but I must inflict my wanderings on the club sometime in the future. Poor Club. There must have been a queue of people over the last little while all waiting to tell you where they had been.

Anyway all the best to everyone, and good tramping. Kia Ora.

Sealy Wood.

From Frank Simpson - 11. 2. 47.

Dear Club,

Thanks so much for your recent letter, also "Pohokura" which came yesterday. I was really beginning to feel out of touch - my own fault for not writing of course - but these batches of news put things right. I must have missed a Bulletin or so, as I didn't get the point of one or two references to people in your letter, notably that concerning Clem. Has cupid been at work?

The year that has passed since I paid that flying visit to N. Z. has been a busy one for me, and I have added about 75,000 more miles to my wanderings round the Globe - in fact, maintaining my position as the most - travelled member has been at times quite tiring. Up to the end of October I was making regular trips as far as Singapore. In December I started flying on a World-wide Air Charter Service, transferring to Landplanes. The first trip, by Lancastrian, was a week-end to Athens - Ankara (via the Dardanelles) - Athens, and back to U. K. on the way to and from Athens our route took us dead over Rome and Monte Cassino. The only order arising out of the latter hill of chaos and memories, is one little area of hillside at the back of the Monastery - tended by the war graves commission.

The week-end before Xmas I went to Geneva, and wished I could have got up into those gleaming white mountains to a log cabin and a pair of skis to lose trace of myself for a fortnight.

January saw me making two trips to Hong Kong - in record time, 3 days there and 2½ back. We had 3½ days in Hong Kong each time and the route back each trip took us over the high ground to the North of Indo-China - across Yunan and Northern Burma. People in these parts farm intensively at about 8,000 ft - on rugged hills something after the style of the Kawekas (any working parties for a potato patch on the Kiwi Saddle?)

Another interesting spot is Bangkok, Siam, during several night - stops at the huge modern Ratanakosin Hotel near the ancient palace of the King of Siam, I met the strange teeming mixture of old and new; East and West; as only the new East

can show it. I didn't meet the twins but saw, nevertheless, many heavenly bodies. If I were a travelling talent scout, I would say Siam comes first in this respect. I still seem to gaze upon mountains from a distance and from above. On a recent clear day I was thrilled to see clearly at 10,000 off the South of France - the Pyrenees in Spain; the French, Swiss, and Italian alps; and the mountains of Corsica, all simultaneously and brightly. On this recent trip too as we approached Calcutta I was able to see the high peaks of the Himalayas reaching above the Haze.

The future with me is indefinite. Within the next week or so I may do a quick non-stop trip from here, straight over the Eastern Mediterranean, Atlas Mts. of North Africa, and Sahara Desert, to Accra on the Gold Coast. By the end of the month I am likely to be back in Hong Kong again, this time doing "short" hops between that place, the Phillipines Shanghai, Siam, Singapore and maybe even Australia. One of these days I will probably feel extra tired and just pack up everything and come home to a Club hut and sleep it all off. Perhaps it doesn't sound like the old Frank, but I can picture myself adorning the most comfortable bunk in the Kaweka Hut, watching Angus pile huge logs to a roaring fire, and having an unending procession of mugs of the best brew handed up to keep the body nourished.

Well so long for now, and don't forget, I like to know what's going on, in spite of the cramp in my own pen hand. I see the Club is doing trip no. 300. My memories are of No. 100 on Three Johns, so I guess that makes me an old timer, Anyway all Hail to the new ones, and more power to their legs.

Yours,

Frank Simpson.

# FIXTURE LIST APRIL - AUG. 1947.

<u>Trip No.</u>	<u>PLACE</u>	<u>Leader.</u>
301 April 25,26,27th.	Ahimanawa via Puketitiri	E. B. Craven.
302 May 4th.	Kohinerakau.	U. Greenwood.
303 May 18th.	Smedley - Whakarara.	P. Tyres.
304 May 31st June 1st & 2nd.	Working Party Waikamaka Hut.	L. Lloyd.
305 June 15th	Three Fingers - Ruahines.	J. McIntyre.
306 June 29th.	Ball's Clearing - Puketitiri.	J. Goymour.
307 July 13th.	Blowhard Trig.	E. Marven.
308 July 27th.	Te Pohue.	N. Elder.

Subject to alteration and amendment if necessary.

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