

HERETAUNGA TRAMPING CLUB (INC.)

" P O H O K U R A "

BULLETIN No. 48 - APRIL 1948

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Club activities have been fairly varied since last we went to Press. Trampers evidently can turn a hand to most things and the last few months have seen parties with varying degrees of enthusiasm turning out to thin and pick fruit , gather walnuts , put finishing touches to Kiwi Hut and make a start on the Memorial Cairn .

The metamorphosis of trampers into orchard workers was rather a strange phenomenon and it is to be hoped that the help we thought we were giving wasn't cancelled out by our inexperienced handling of the trees . Proceeds from these club working parties have enabled the Committee to make a considerable temporary reduction in fares .

NOTICESCLUB ROOM

In order to preserve the continuity of fortnightly meetings we have once more shifted our headquarters, this time to Queen Street where we've rented quite a palatial suite of rooms from the G.G. Association.

LINKERS.

These can be obtained at the moment from Hallenstein Bros. Ltd. at 4d. each, so be in if you want them.

LIBRARY BOOKS.

The Librarian has been doing some extensive research work and announces that he has lost track of the following books -

Alpine Journey - Smythe .
In Australian Tropics - A. Searcy .
Jungle Lindsey - Hector Lindsey .
The Dangerous Islands - Gessler.
Climatic Accidents - C.A. Cotton.
Tararus Story .

Would each member kindly cast his eyes over his book shelves and make sure he isn't the offender.

NEW MEMBERS

We would like to welcome the following new members and wish them good tramping with the Club . -

Helen Shelton, John Cranko, Ray Custance, John Linneker,
Tim Bathgate, Cyril Daveys .

FARES

It was decided in Committee that it might lighten the load a little for members to reduce some of the heavier fares by further subsidisation. In order to do this we are making use of the proceeds accruing from working parties until such time as this fund is dissipated. Until further notice the maximum fare will be 5/- .

REPORTS OF TRIPS.

It would facilitate matters if leaders would only hand in reports at the earliest opportunity - that is the meeting following a trip. So don't forget - write up your report while the trip is fresh in your memory.

CLUB ROOM EVENTS

Attendance at Club Meetings has been well maintained over the past few months. Some interesting talks have been given by different Club members describing trips undertaken outside the Club Schedule. We were pleased to welcome once again a member of St. John Ambulance to continue First Aid instruction commenced last year.

CLUB TRIPS

No. 318.

Makaroro River

24-25th Jan. 1948

all 4 p 9
 The sympathy expressed by the Tribune at the sight of trampers starting off on a scorching Saturday morning was not wholly misplaced. Though the Makaroro was unexpectedly cool and pleasant, it only served to lure us into the rather more ambitious project of a round trip up Tupari Spur and here Walter's estimate of adding 50% to standard times became grimly accurate, and the member who decided to stay in the valley showed intelligent anticipation. It was strikingly evident that, between inexperience and infirmity, there was a lack of tramping rhythm in the party which made travelling very tiring, and seen from the rear, the series of still-life groupings up the spur were both exasperating and funny. Of the time spent on the ridge, an extra hour must have been spent either in standing on one foot wondering where to put the other, or in resting from this pastime.

The wind was getting up and at the bush-line it was blowing a howling gale, and a patch of damp mud was all that remained in the bottom of the big tarn. There was nothing for it but to accommodate ourselves along a more or less sheltered trench that ran across the ridge and turn in with a dry supper.

Some slept, following the principle that "comfort in the ranges is mainly a state of mind"; others appear to have spent the night in the consideration of the vast subject of liquids and their merits. The sky cleared but the wind was as strong as ever at dawn. A dry breakfast and an early start brought us on to the divide to a glorious view and a still more glorious trickle of water in a hollow. The next stop was at the Tupari tarns where we boiled up and did some serious drinking. The wind was now moderating and the journey along the range was leisurely and uneventful. Even the big tarn at Rotohau was dry. Off the tops it was oppressively hot and the water at Waiokegonge was appreciated. After a swim and a serious meal at the river we jogged down to the mill where the Grant family turned on a very welcome brew and we started the return journey in daylight.

Number in Party - 17.

Leader: Norm Elder.

No. 319

Club Picnic - Waimarama.

Feb. 8th - 9th

A medium sized party was finally assembled and left town on a perfect morning, gathering up the odd bod on the way. We arrived at Waimarama without untoward incident and made for the woolshed on the Homestead property. Permission was given to camp near the pine trees which have long since been topped and now harbour a mass of thistles. However, we found a suitable clear space in which to manoeuvre and proceeded to make things home-like by emptying the contents of our packs about and generally making the landscape untidy. During the afternoon two more of the party appeared, having come by car. The swimming was wonderful and our laze on the beach was only spoilt when we were suddenly engulfed by a tidal wave which carried off various

bits of wearing apparel and swamped watches, shoes and other valuables left, supposedly above high water mark. In the evening still another car load of stragglers appeared and everyone repaired to the beach where we built a huge fire and roasted on the east side while freezing on the west!

The Sunday party appeared fairly early next morning and the day was spent as all days at the beach are - swimming, sunbathing and indulging in desultory and rather inane conversation! Packed up in the cool of the evening and came home enveloped in clouds of dust from the traffic on the road.

No. in Party - Indefinite.

Leader: P. Morris.

No. 320 22.2.48

KIWI HUT WORKING PARTY.

On Saturday 24th February the lorry headed for Kuripaponga with a party of fifteen sitting on and amongst an assortment of galvanised iron sheeting, two window frames and thirteen panes of glass. It took about 4 hours to reach the new hut with our loads. Angus was soon at work sewing holes in the malthoid and fitting the ready-made frames, while others softened putty and began putting in the glass. One window was placed at eye level overlooking Napier and the Bay, a very pretty view, the other is high up and faces west.

That evening was mellow and Autumn tints adorned Ruapehu and the Kaimanswas. We all slept comfortably in the hut. The following day was fine and we finished the windows, collected moss and pecked it into the sashes and cracks in the malthoid to stop the draught. Leaving at 1 p.m. we moved regretfully towards The Willows. Angus followed down his new route from 4100' while the rest of us galloped wildly down the scree. Dusk saw us home again after a pleasant weekend at Kiwi.

No. in Party - 15

Leader: George Lowe.

Tradesman: Angus.

Technical advisors: All the others.

No. 323

EASTER TRIP

all 4 p 21

Crossing of Southern Tarrarua (Otaki to Kaiteke)

Eight of us decided that the Club should visit the Wellingtonians stamping ground, accordingly we jacked up the trip. Fare 15/9d. (down) and 19/- (return) 7/6 for a truck from Otaki to the end of the road (11 miles).

Five left on Thursday at 3.5 p.m. and the other three followed on a special at 10.30 p.m.

After fish and chips in Otaki we unrolled our bags under a brilliant moon and friendly poplars near the railway station. The three later arrivals were invited to sleep in the station beside a fire.

They accepted, not thinking that 13 expresses were going to thunder passed within a few feet of them and with as many clanging bells and jittering telegraph tickers commenting on their comings and goings .

A truck picked us up at 7.30 a.m. on Friday and dropped us at the Otaki Forks Cottage . We boiled up and chatted to the other occupants and then left for Field's Hut, just below the bushline at about 3600' It was an easy 2½ hours and we slept for the remainder of the day .

On Saturday we left Fields at 5 a.m. and reached Alpha Hut on the East side of the range at 12 midday . The crossing of the open tops was quite straight forward except for thick cloud over Mt. Hector (5016') and the Beehives (4,800') . We used a compass and practised map reading over this section . Later we had grand views of Kapiti, Wellington, and the Weirarapa .

Alpha was a rugged hut and 28 people slept in and around it (it's made to hold 10). It was here that many codewords were used by the party . Mention of "drip,drip,drip" , "Say Red", and "Raisins" caused gales of laughter . Those who were lucky enough to be in the party will long remember these with a grin .

10.30 a.m. on Sunday saw us leaving into the wind and rain , through Hell's Gates and up the Golden Stairs and along the Merchant Ridge . In the open the wind and rain lashed at us in great fury . We dropped about 2½ thousand feet from the ridge into the Tauheranikau Valley, (pronounced Tire-knee-cow) and followed the river down to the Tauheranikau Hut . Twice we had to ford it . Care was needed as it was in half flood . We used the long pole method - valuable instruction to us all . The valley was bristling with shooters and trampers . We boiled up at Tauheranikau (which had over 50 beds in residence) and continued on to the road at the head of the Hutt Valley . At a P.W.D. camp we secured two huts and moved in on a rainy night . The camp Y.M.C.A. was especially kind to us . We finished the day with cups of tea, conversations and table tennis . Cyril beat one of the locals at snooker while Muriel and Jo fell into discussion with a communist . It was a pleasant evening which also included a glorious hot shower .

On Monday we caught the train to Woodville via the Weirarapa and home at 4.30 p.m. .

The party was one of the happiest I have ever tramped with and we shall always remember the Tararua when greeted with - "Say Red, What have you got in your basket ! "

Party - Muriel Shaw, Jo Goymour, Cyril Davy, Max Brown, George Lowe, Ian MacArthur, David Sherry and Walter Shaw .

No. 324 *all 4 p23*

Kaweka Trig & Cairn Building.

3rd & 4th April .

The weekend following Easter a trip to the Kaweka Trig (5652') was proposed but only 8 managed to heed the call .

We left town at dawn and reached the Kaweka Hut about midday . The trip in was uneventful except for the gentle caress of the manuka and braken above the lakes and the disturbing of some young pigs followed by the crashing snorting flight of a really big black boar , followed by the roar of an unseen stag .

After investing "Dizzy" Marvin with the order of sub-leader and captain of the Kaweka Garrison, six of us continued on to the Bivvy (2½ hours) . The Bivvy was very dark and wet . The roof needs repairing and the floor needs a wooden frame to keep the visitors above the seeping water . The bunks are quite useless , new secking would soon put them right . A working party could make it a very pleasant spot in a day .

Two tents were pitched and we spent a pleasant night . The morning was perfect . We left for the Trig at 7.30 a.m. and reached it easily by 9 a.m. . Above Sudholme Saddle we saw two stags at close quarters and also about 30 sheep (mostly rams) . The view was grand . The Bay and all the lower valleys were brim full of white morning mist.

An hour and a half were spent on top . We marked out a circle and commenced the Memorial Cairn . It is situated about 50 paces North of the Trig . The base is about 4 feet across and we propose to build it about 7 feet high . At 4 feet we have placed a big flat rock facing East - (towards Hastings and Napier - and the morning sun) on which we hope to fix the plaque .

Leaving the top about 11 a.m., we made good time back to Kaweka in beautiful weather . The truck had us home at 6.30 p.m. after a very satisfying trip .

No. on trip - 8

Leader - Lin. Lloyd

NEWS OF CLUB MEMBERS.

There has been very much coming and going amongst Club members since last we went into press . In fact it becomes increasingly difficult to keep up with people's movements !

A few week's ago , Edna Steele suddenly announced her intention of departing for Fiji where she is to take up a teaching position in Suva . She takes with her the best wishes of the Club .

Weddings have been the order of the day amongst former tramping fraternity - Mardi Budd and Lance Green were married after Christmas and flew to Sydney where they are setting up house . In January Dudley Sheppard married Althea Woodhouse - several Club members attended the reception . Nora Finn added a post script to her last letter in which she mentioned she'd been a guest at Seely Wood's wedding in London but so far we've had no details of that function . And last but by no means least, we hear that that confirmed misogynist, Bob Miller has recently taken unto himself a wife . The Club wishes you all long life and happiness .

CHRISTMAS PARTY AND DANCE - A VICE VERSA DO.

13th December 1947 .

To those who were unable to attend this "DO", we say we are sorry and hope you are too. To those who did attend we say, thank you and wasn't it fun?

Picture again the masculine WAAF in pink cotton stockings waving her (or his) skirt in a vain endeavour to get a coolish breeze. The nurse with her medal, cap and uniform just right; And the sweater girl such as you have never seen - Mm. - Come up and see me sometime eh? Glamour was there too. Gents sporting flowers in their hair, beauty spots, long flowing gowns, even one or two gliding about the dance floor in gay coloured evening shoes. Whilst the girls had to disguise themselves as males. This proved more difficult but there was a gent all ready for bed in rather gaudy and large pyjamas, complete with night-cap and hottie, then we had a Major, a member of the American Medical Corp, both in Summer Uniforms (They knew something for it really was a warm night). Several sporting gents were present in cream flannels. One depper soul in full evening regalia was complaining of the heat (Her father's "tails" - no less!!) A boy scout was dashing about being prepared, whilst a Sheik was an admirable disguise. Some rigouts were brief, whilst others were very much the opposite.

The hall was decorated in streamers and balloons depicting the Club colours. Thanks to those who donated to the excellent supper.

Well it's over for another year but wasn't it fun?

ODD TRIPS AND EXCURSIONS.Christmas Trip.

Frid. 26th Dec.

Left 9 a.m. a party of 8 plus 4 Rangers who camped at the Willows, picked up Bruce Hannah. Arrived at Kaweka Hut after a leisurely trip. Saturday began with a wee sma' hours repair of the iron chimney by Angus. While Walter, Bruce and Dave built a very good bath hole in the creek, Angus, Max and Dulcie did a valuable job in prospecting and traversing a more direct route to Kiwi Saddle by travelling the ridge above Kaweka Hut and cutting across near its end down a spur almost direct to Kiwi Hut. With a little amendment and clean up Angus' track promises to be a main route.

Sunday 28. Bruce departed. About 2.30 p.m. the Ranges arrived and departed strong for the road after breakfast. Next morning Clem and Angus replaced a decayed porch post and then left via Angus Track to take up residence at Kiwi Hut.

On Tuesday 30th in the current glorious weather we loafed round the tops to Kiwi Saddle. Shot a lamb on the way which solved the meat problem to perfection but provided Dulcie and Janet with a gory bundle

on a pole a bit upsetting to graceful movement . On arrival we found "The Specialist" had been working with skill and enthusiasm and the water supply seen to also .

On Wednesday most of the party climbed a hill N.W. of Kiwi Saddle to get a look around the area and tie it to the map . Lin spent most of the day baking bread from a new recipe . New Year's Eve dinner was a sumptuous and hilarious repast and toasts were drunk in coffee and milk, sheer high spirits providing the alcoholic effect . So with tummies tight and shining thence to bed . . .

Friday was pack up and depart . Clem and Angus about 8 - the balance after lunch . A memorable trip in gloriously fine weather .

No. in party 9 H.T.C
4 Rangers .

Leader . Lin. Lloyd .

PORONUI.

This could better be classed perhaps as an experience rather than as a tramp , for though the Taharua valley is 21 miles long even part of that was done by truck which providentially came along . This was manned by Mac, in charge of the show, Dick, an American journalist, Eric, a Rotorua photographer , and Johnny . What had been intended for a solo botanical excursion developed into a ringside seat at the preparation of an article for an American magazine with a fabulous circulation . Demonstration and photography were the order of the days and explanation and anecdote went far into the night . Eel, mutton and venison were on the menu , and even some beer and gin came in with the pack horses . To say that a good time was had by all is a serious mis-understatement . Eric perhaps had the toughest time, frequently the skinning was too swift for him, and after the experiment of draping the skin artistically around one carcass, the boys took him out at high speed over hill and dale to get a really photogenic deer . They returned at dusk and Eric after a brief remark about "running up hills like a lot of mountain goats" turned in and slept till supper was ready .

The Mohaka and Oamuru valleys are most attractive tussock flats through beech forest , but the only outing up a sharp peak above the camp to sort out the country was spoiled by mist though the trip produced some interesting bush shooting . Dick was not there unfortunately , for the shooting in the open though spectacular enough was not in the same class .

Of minor incidents the camp fire, suspected to be staged for a photograph of local colour, but which turned out to belong to a couple of Hastings Rovers tramping through to Ngamatea, and the tug of war between Mac and a large eel for a shoulder of venison will remain long in memory .

RUAHINE CROSSING

Friday 19th - Sunday
21st March 1948.

A party of eight left Waipawa at about 9 p.m. for McCulloch's Mill where we bedded down somewhere about midnight.

We were awakened a few hours later by the smell of tea - time 4.30 a.m. After a lot of stumbling and grumbling in the dark we fed and were away at 5.55. We ambled up to the Waipawa Saddle and down to the hut in 2½ hours.

After a brief half hour we pushed on down the Waikamaka river and arrived at the foot of the scree leading up to Rongatea at 11.30 a.m. A short spell and we staggered on our way. After a hard pull we reached the top of Rongatea at 1.15 p.m. Here we ate our well earned lunch.

By now we were all refreshed and we set off at about 2.0 p.m. along the Ridge where we were greeted with a great view of the range. We arrived at the whare at 4.25 p.m. Here we were met by three more Manawatu's who had come up from Mokai Patea. These three provided us with free entertainment - it only wanted Angus and there would have been a riot.

As our leader was a non tea-drinker this was our first billy of tea since we started in the morning and it was fully appreciated.

Although it rained heavily during the night we all slept well under canvas. Sunday morning - breakfast at nine and away by ten. Descending the Mokai spur we arrived at the site of the ceremony at 12.10.

Hugo and I had very little trouble getting a ride into Palmerston North, a distance of 60 miles and received much hospitality from the Manawatu organiser and his wife for which we were grateful.

We arrived back in Hastings at 1.00 p.m. Monday after a hard but very enjoyable trip.

Our thanks to our very capable leader.

The Party consisted of the following -

Leader	Michael Greenwood	} Manawatu	Neil Hansen	} Rushine
	Jack Body		Fred Lemburg	
	Selwyn Drake			
	Ray How			
			Hugo McKay	} Heretaunga.
			Max Brown	

EXTRACT FROM BULLETIN NO. 14 JULY 1938.TALK GIVEN BY NORMAN ELDER ON REV. W. COLENZO'S ATTEMPTED CROSSING OF THE RUAHINE'S IN FEBRUARY 1845 FROM AN ACCOUNT PUBLISHED BY COLENZO AND SOME FRIENDS IN 1884.

On arrival in H.B., Colenso, who up to that time had lived in the North, had his first glimpse of snow in New Zealand on the Ruahines. After having a talk with a Maori - Mawhatu - who had been held as a war-slave by the Waikatos in the country behind the Ruahines, he decided to make up a party to cross these mountains and penetrate the country beyond. Starting out from Waitangi with six porters, Colenso went down through Peki Peki, passing near the Whakeraras, where they encountered several herds of mean-minded wild pigs, then, crossing the Waipawa River eventually arrived at the Makarora. It was decided to go up this river but as the banks were covered with impenetrable scrub and native bush the only method of progressive travel was to wade upstream but this was not without difficulties as in places the banks narrowed to sheer rock-faced gorges. From a point an hour from the foot of a long spur leading into the ranges Colenso described a wonderful view of Te Atua Mahuri. As the Maori guide was uncertain as to the track Colenso took the lead, guiding the party through dense forest by compass bearings.

Food supplies were getting short and on arrival at a spring called Te Weiokongenge (Water of Weariness) sent Peora, who was related to the Patea Maoris, and Mawhatu ahead to make peace with the tribes in the interior to ensure the party a reasonable welcome. Colenso was enchanted with the botanical specimens which were in profusion everywhere and spent several days collecting varieties while waiting for his advance party to return.

As they did not return on the appointed day it was decided to climb Te Atua Mahuri hoping to meet them on the way. Near the top Colenso recounts walking in to patches of enormous Spengliards, (Taromes) which annoyed the party considerably.

From the summit a minute inspection of the country was made by telescope, but without seeing anything of the missing men so Colenso took his party down to the bushline where they again pitched camp to await their return. They were overjoyed when the two men bounded into camp that night but were disappointed to learn they had been unable to find the Patea Maoris. As they had had nothing to eat for two days and the food supplies were reduced to a mere handful of rice, Colenso decided to return to the coast, coming down the Waipawa River which was crossed and recrossed 108 times.

That concluded the first attempted but unsuccessful crossing of the ranges by a pakeha, Colenso gives translations of some familiar place names which briefly are :-

Te Atua Mahuri - The evil spirit opposed to good feeling.

Te Atua-o-parapara - (may be "66") - A place of snow, dregs or leavings of a southerly gale.

AORANGI

Te Papaki-a-Kuuta (Aorangi !) - The barrier of the war god
defender of the interior .

WAIMARAMA TO CLIFTON - NEW YEAR 1948.

Arrived midnight New Year's Eve per bus Weimarama Camping ground .
Scrounged a spot of food - Rations $\frac{1}{2}$ bacon, 2 oranges, $\frac{1}{3}$ rd lb. butter
6d. loaf bread, 4 potatoes, fresh green beans, 2 onions, 1 tin meat ,
 $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. dried fruit, $\frac{3}{4}$ fruit cake, 4 eggs, cocoa, Jam or honey ,
 $\frac{1}{2}$ condensed milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb sugar, 2 handfuls tea per person .

Meals seemed quite sufficient - Breakfast - Bacon & eggs, bread
butter, honey or jam and tea - Lunch - Bread butter and honey, cake
, $\frac{1}{2}$ large orange each (No water handy midday) . Dinner - Stew , bread
and butter, stewed fruit, , tea . Each day the menu was slightly
different but did not include the fish we'd hoped to catch -

The party consisted of Myrtle Boyer, Pat and Betty McAvinue and
Muriel Shaw . Left Weimarama approximately 10 o'clock fortified by
chocolate biscuits and peaches . As there were loads of interesting
rock pools to investigate we took rather a long time to reach Ocean
Beach where we had an enjoyable swim , compared sunburn , had a large
bag of delicious peaches given to us also , Qtol and later bottles of
pop, by campers in the vicinity . Next morning broke camp about 7.30
and ploughed our way in the soft sand . Tide was fairly high - Later
discovered a road inland a bit . It was grand to feel solid ground
under our feet once more . The sun hotter than ever - wearing
slacks to-day to give the scarlet lower limbs a chance to recuperate
after the previous day's burning up . Gosh it was hot ! Half an
orange and two bites of peach each, plus lunch and onwards once more -
Back to the beach - The tide almost full out now and sand better to
walk on . Waded around the point and arrived Rongaike 3.15 - chased
the cows away from the springs and later got some comparatively clean
water for the much looked for cuppe - Bedded down at the usual sight
there . Met Rolf and David Keys .

Next morning meandered over to Flat Rocks to do some fishing
but sea was a trifle choppy - Found 5 sheep in a cave , facing death
bravely as the sea came gradually in . A trifle of struggle and we
sold them the idea of getting out . I didn't know before that sheep
could swim . Boiled up at Flat rock , headed for Kidnappers Rest Hut -
On route struggled for over an hour to get a sheep out of a very
stickey (and incidentally smelly) bog in the valley . Couldn't make it -
Evening in Tomoana had nothing on our "Midday at Bog" perfume - It was
that black sticky stuff . Pat was the lucky possessor of soap that
would lather even in the sea, so down to the sea we went and had a
stunning swim and bath combined . Hot girdle scones and cocoa was on
the menu . Ate all the food, just leaving enough for breakfast .

After a grand breakfast, Spagetti , toast, fried bread dipped
in egg and fried in butter (Will I ever lose weight ?) We tottered
around to Clifton to get treated royally by some extremely kind folks
who seemed to have heard that we were starving - (Rolf spread the tidings
before we arrived) . Bus arrived about 6 o'clock and so another

P.O. Box 1065

Nassau

Bahamas

29 Dec. 1947.

Dear Angus,

Your letter written in July arrived only a few weeks ago after having made quite a journey via India, London, the United States to Nassau. I was pleased to read that you were still as active as ever and doing climbs of more than 5,000 feet at a time down south. I was interested in your latest ideas on skiing, but just now I don't have much opportunity of doing any skiing, as the highest part of New Providence Island is barely 100 feet and the lowest temperature is about 65 degrees.

I left India last February and went to London where I was released from the Army and I got a job, flew over to New York and spent two months in the U.S.A. then came to work here. After I left India the family moved up to Gulmarg, near Shrinagar in Kashmir. It must be one of the loveliest places in the world from all the descriptions of it. Although it was the beginning of the Hot Weather, the children were playing in the snow during the earlier part of their stay. They were in Calcutta for the memorable 15th August and had quite a gay time, joining in the festivities with some Indian friends.

A few months ago they all arrived safely in the United States and I flew over to meet them in Miami. This is a great place for the kids with swimming all the year round and we have a house right on the beach.

I find I have a few spare prints of photos taken on my Himalaya trek and some of these are enclosed in case they are of any interest to you. I wonder if you received my letter written while I was on that trek, to the club.

Please give my kind regards to Campbell Clarke if you happen to see him; and to other friends in the H.T.C.

Best wishes, very sincerely,

Hugh

From Nora Finn - written from Uppsala, Sweden, 25.1.48.

" There are icicles hanging from everything outside and I've had a wonderful day trying to ski. I arrived in Sweden on January 8th - it was good to see land. I'm afraid I shall never like the sea. The snow covered countryside and fur hatted males was a pleasing and unique sight. I thought for a moment that I'd got into the Russian zone!! I left Gottenburg, the port for Sweden (west side) at mid-day and travelled by fast train to Stockholm. A missionary guided me safely through my first steps of Swedish technique - she was a pleasant old soul who travelled on the same boat as I did. They have an expensive

Christmas in Sweden. No one knows when it ends and we are still greeted with a few lighted trees, candles and stars. It gives one time to enjoy the festivities after the last card etc. has been hurriedly bought. Unfortunately it was dark when the train reached Stockholm but there we ran into a brightness of lights I have not seen for years.

At the Central Station I had an hour to wait for the Uppsala train. The language turned me completely dumb! I was a bit curious as to whether or not I was on the right train when the time came to depart and as no one could understand my English I felt a little at a disadvantage. However, I arrived and there on the station were two sisters from the Hospital and it was snowing.

The hospital is an expansive place - one could have a good game of hide and seek. It seems to snow a little each day and we're now knee deep in it. The trees are a picture now that hoar frost has set in. Unlike the snow in N.Z. it is dry and powdery and does not appear to have any firmness - nor is it so fast. I bought some ski boots for £2. They look good but time will tell and I must keep my feet out of sight of the customs officials.

Uppsala is a University town. It is very old and most fascinating. Plenty to buy but it is the same old story - "plenty falouse!!" which the English bank refused to give so I'm playing about with £15 and receive no salary here as I'm only a guest but they feed and water me free. The hospitality is terrific - I don't know if its because I speak English or because I'm a rare specimen but people pounce on me from all directions. On February 2nd I leave for Norway where I have been given a paid job in a Hospital at Ståvanger. In April or May I shall return to England. I wish you could come here - you'd love it.

All the best -

Huck Finn.

9 Wentworth St.
Randwick, Sydney.
N.S.W. 3-2-48.

Dear H.T.C.

Many letters have I heard read out thru' the War years and since, but somehow never thought the time would come when I would be writing one, but here the time is, and while writing I want to thank whoever thought to send Lance and me a telegram on our wedding day, it was very unexpected and for that reason muchly appreciated.

We are very taken with Sydney and it is a beautiful place. Very vast but fascinating to me for that reason.

No tramping possibilities that I've seen, because everywhere the eye can see there are buildings and more buildings and so far I haven't gone beyond them. I suppose there must be a club in Sydney somewhere. I'll make enquiries and see if there is.

Those of you who remember June may be interested to hear she had a son on 27th January . Clever girl !

Well I must away now, thank you again for your kind thought .

Good tramping and all the very best

from Mardi and Lance .

FIXTURE LIST

- No. 325- April 18th - Leader, George Cooper .
DON JUAN - A good day trip to a range that looks up to the Kewekas .
- No. 326 May 1st - 2nd. - Leader : Lindsay Lloyd .
KIWI HUT WORKING PARTY - There is some timber to lug up and the chimney and fireplace to finish before winter comes .
- No. 327 May 16th - Leader : Jo. Goymour .
ELLIS' HUT - This was called Murderers Hut because Ellis (the murderer) hid there and was captured by a daring policeman . It has interesting pictures on the wall .
- No. 328. May 29th - 30th - Leader : Stan Craven .
KAWEKA HUT AND TRIG - Completion and dedication of Memorial Cairn .
- It was the wish of the Club that the 7 who were killed on Active Service should be remembered by a Cairn fitted with a granite plaque on the highest point in H.B. This should be a Mecca for the H.T.C. Make a point of going to Kaweka for this weekend .
- No. 329 June 5th, 6th, 7th - Leader : David Bathgate .
 A round trip covering interesting country across from the Kiwi Hut , Kuripepanga to Log Cabin, then to the Manson Hut , across the Ngareroro and on to Kiwi Saddle and out to the road . This is a trip many have been wanting to do .
- No. 330 June 20th - Leader : Betty Beckett .
KAHURANAKI - An easy and pleasant day trip to a good hill - limestone caves and a pretty waterfall .
- No. 331 July 3rd 4th - Leader : Max Brown
WAIKAMAKA HUT - Our first visit to the Rushines for the year. We have made arrangements for the weather to be fine.

15.

AUGUST TRIP- Keep in mind this trip to Ruapehu for a week's skiing and snowballing about the 22nd to 31st of August .

For the benefit of new members we again print the following hardy annual .

<u>A reasonable week-end pack -</u>	<u>25 lbs.</u>
Pack, Sleeping Bag and Cover	8½ lbs.
Bush Coat, Sou'wester, 2prs. Sox, Slacks, Shirt, Singlet, Pullover, Scarf, Gloves, Shoes and Towel .	7¼ lbs.
Torch, Pannikin, Plate, Spoon, Knife, Compass, Matches, Toothbrush, Elastoplast etc.,	2¾ lbs.

FOOD -

Bread 1 lb. Biscuits, ¼ lb. Butter ¼ lb. Jam or Honey ½ lb. Tea, Milk ¼ lb. Sugar ¼ lb. Meat 1 lb. Eggs 2, Fruit ½lb. , Cake ½ lb. Cheese ¼ lb.	5 lbs.
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IDIOSYNCRACIES .

Extra pullover, notebook, tobacco, soap, oranges, candle .	1½ lbs.
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25 lbs.
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