

HERETAUNGA TRAMPING CLUB (INC).

" P O H O K U R A "

BULLETIN NO. 49

SEPTEMBER 1948.

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NOTICE OF ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING.

Notice is hereby given that the Annual General Meeting of the Heretaunga Tramping Club (Inc.) will be held in the Girl Guide Rooms, Queen Street, Hastings, on THURSDAY, OCTOBER 14th 1948, commencing at 8.p.m.

B U S I N E S S.

1. To confirm minutes of the last Annual Meeting.
2. To consider and adopt the Committee's Report for the year, ending September 30th, 1948.
3. To consider and adopt the Annual Accounts for the year ending September 30th, 1948.
4. To elect Officers for the coming year.
5. To discuss any other business which may be brought forward.

A special invitation to attend is extended to all members.

The above means just a little more than a formal notice of the Annual Meeting. It means that all members should begin to think seriously of suggestions for the smooth, efficient and possibly improved running of the Club. Constructive criticism, with sound reasons and good ideas, is required of every member. Club administration must of necessity fall upon the elected few, but that does not mean that Club members should refrain from giving tongue to any matters upon which they feel rather strongly. Club efficiency concerns everyone so just give it a little consideration.

And then there's the election of Club Officials, a matter which requires a little more than last minute nomination of candidates. Proposers and seconders should consider candidates according to their qualifications and suitability for the positions available. An elected member should realise that he has quite a bit of responsibility thrust upon him and react accordingly.

So, members, don't shelve the Annual Meeting. Come along on October 14th prepared to pull your weight.

We are indebted to a Club member for the following contribution to "Pohokura".

GIPSY FEET.

Goodbye for now, farewell to town;
The range has donned a golden crown,
The minstrel bird is soaring high,
Goodbye for now, farewell to town.

Goodbye, farewell, nor need explain
What call it is, what sweet refrain,
What misty gorge or lofty peak
Has given us gipsy feet again.

Goodbye it is, farewell to town;
On dreaming hills the stars look down,
By mountain ways a song prevails,
A Gipsy song, farewell to town.

Lester Masters.

N O T I C E S.

We should like to welcome the two newest elected members and wish them good tramping with the Club -

Godfrey Mackersey, 912 Gordon Road, Hastings.
David Sherry, 608 Mairangi Street, Hastings.

REPORTS OF TRIPS: It would greatly facilitate matters if leaders would hand in reports of trips to the Editor at the following meeting. It has been said before so pardon the repetition. But I still want those reports.

PRICE LISTS OF TRAMPING AND ALPINE EQUIPMENT:

1. Clarkes' Sports Supplies, Stratford, have sent a list.
 2. W.H. Tisdall, Wellington have sent a price list.
 3. A second edition of Moir's Guide book to the Lakes, Valleys, Tracks and Mountains of South West Otago and Southland, will be published in November
- Any members requiring information on the above should see the Secretary who

holds price lists and information from various firms.

NEWS OF MEMBERS.

Since last we went to Press there has been quite a lot of coming and going amongst members of the H.T.C.

JULIA ISDALE has gone to U.S.A. where she was married in August to Mr. Thomas Cotter, a former acquaintance. Good luck from the Club, Julia.

EDNA STEELE has also taken off overseas to fill a teaching appointment in Fiji. See letter further on in this issue. Good luck, Edna.

NORA FINN. The latest news of Nora comes in an air letter in which she said she was sailing for New Zealand on the TAMAROA on August 27th. So we'll probably be seeing Huck before long.

JUNE SKINNER (nee Budd) returned to her native heath for a week or two bringing a very fine specimen of babyhood with her. Quite a reunion.

MAX BROWN has gone to Auckland to gain further experience in his line of business. Now a member of A.T.C. and enjoying life. All the best, Max.

JO GOYMOUR left us a few months back and is now considering taking her training at Palmerston North Hospital. Good luck, Jo.

INFORMATION FOR THE BENEFIT
OF NEW MEMBERS.

MEMBERSHIP. Every candidate for membership shall be proposed and seconded by another member of the Club on the prescribed nomination form signed by proposed member, and may be elected to membership by the votes of two-thirds of those present and voting at a meeting of the Committee. The Secretary shall send to each newly elected member written notice of his election and upon payment of his first subscription he shall become a member of the Club.

SUBSCRIPTION. The annual subscription has been fixed as follows -

- (a) 15/—, reducible to 12/6d if paid before the end of December of current financial year.
- (b) Juniors attending High School - 7/6d per annum
- (c) The subscription payable for a man and his wife is £1 per annum.

CLUB COLOURS AND BADGES.

The Club colours are dark blue, light blue and red. Limited stocks of blazer and cap badges are available from the Secretary at 7/6d and 5/6d

respectively.

- LIBRARY.** (a) The Club has a good collection of books dealing with tramping, mountaineering and travel topics. This is open to members on Club nights and a nominal lending fee is charged.
- (b) The official bulletin of the H.T.C. is "Pohokura" which is brought out three times a year and is supplied to all members.

EQUIPMENT. The Club has a limited amount of gear which can be hired out on application to the Equipment Officer or Club Captain.

HUTS. The H.T.C. has now three huts under its control in the local ranges.

1. KAWEKA HUT situated in the Kaweka Range with comfortable accommodation for fairly large parties - two hours in from road.
2. WAIKAWAKA HUT - half an hour down from southern side of Waipawa Saddle. Approximately three hours in from old mill site.
3. KIWI SADDLE HUT - below saddle of that name reached by track from Kuripapanga.

TRIPS. Trips are run every second week-end and are arranged at the meeting preceeding the scheduled trip. Fares are fixed at this meeting and are payable to the Leader on that night. Defaulters are liable for half the fare. Members who draw out of a trip are expected to contact the Leader beforehand so that no delay occurs.

LEADERS. Suitable leaders are appointed for each trip, their duties being -

1. To obtain permission from property owners.
2. To work out proposed route of trip.
3. To collect fares, arrange time of meeting with those members going.
4. To arrange transport with drivers.
5. To collect billy and Club tea.
6. To report on trip to following meeting.
7. To hand in a written report for publication in "Pohokura".

MAPS. These are available for sale from time to time and members can apply to Secretary for information regarding them.

MANAGEMENT. The entire management of the Club and of its property is deputed to an Executive Committee consisting of a President, three Vice-Presidents, Secretary, Treasurer, Club Captain and seven other members. Election of all office bearers shall take place at the Annual General Meeting each year and nominations in writing must be in the hands of the Secretary before the commencement of the meeting. Any financial members (other than Associate

members) shall be entitled to nominate or be nominated and the Committee shall nominate suitable persons for the positions of Secretary, Treasurer, Club Captain and Hon. Auditor. The Committee shall have power to appoint any member to fill a casual vacancy on the Committee and any member so appointed shall hold office until the next Annual General Meeting.

FIXTURES

3rd October .

Day Trip - Craggy Range to Ocean Beach .

Leader : Betty Beckett

23rd - 25th October . (Labour Day Weekend)

Three days - Howletts Hut via Tuki Tuki River .

Leader . George Lowe .

31st October .

Day Trip - Waipatiki Beach .

Leader. Muriel Shaw .

20th - 21st November .

Weekend . Kaweke Trig - Dedication of Cairn .

Leader : Stan Craven .

28th November -

Day Trip - Clifton to Maraetotera Falls .

Leader . George Couper .

11th - 12th December .

Weekend . Taupo Road - Double Crossing or Mokamokanui -
or somewhere . . .

Leader : Hugo McKay .

CHRISTMAS - NEW YEAR TRIP.

CLUB ROOM AND SOCIAL EVENTS

Club meetings have been reasonably well attended over the winter months, comfortably filling our new meeting room. Outside diversion of a kind indigenous to tramping has been fairly hard to find lately so Club members have been filling in gaps with accounts of trips etc. Lloyd Wilson brought along a most interesting collection of slides, not the least interesting part being the unexpected angles at which we were supposed to look at them!! - Rolf Keys operated the lantern. Lloyd gave a commentary on the slides which ranged from views in the Eglinton Valley and Hermitage Region to National Park where we saw one or two fine shots of Ngarehoo in action. We should like some more some time, in a like vein.

HARD-UP DANCE

A noisy and strenuous hard-up dance was held on August 14th. Though the "maddening crowds" we expected were not as large as we should have liked those "tramps" who were there thoroughly enjoyed the evening.

HERETAUNGA TRAMPING CLUB

If you're on the rocks and there's holes in your socks,
Then come to St. Bernabos Hall.
There'll be oodles of fun, the odd tea and bun,
For this is the Mountaineers Ball.
We don't mind your rags, or old sugar bags
Take off your coats if it helps you to prance.
So put on your patches and comb out your thatches,
and hie ye along to the Hard Up Dance.

The Place - St. Bernabos Hall, Selwood Road.
Time - 8 o'clock, 14th August, 1948.

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CLUB TRIPS

No. 325.

DON JUAN

18th April.

The weather looked somewhat forbidding as the truck left Hastings and bumped off along the road to Hawkston but on arriving we were pleasantly surprised to see the clouds break to show a clear blue sky. The party left from Hawkston and three quarters of an hour later, having mastered a difficult water jump, we had a boil up and started off on the actual climb of Don Juan. Our progress through heavy scrub was marked by colourful language and from this scrub we emerged on to the open ridge to find pleasant conditions on top and a clear view. The sight of a pack bouncing off happily down a scree was the signal for general laughter in which the owner did not take part. After having a light snack on the summit, the party at 2.40 started back down the main ridge and divided, one party with Janet in the lead descending over the original track and the remainder

luncheon in Kiwi Hut and departed for an easy amble out to the waiting truck on the road . Good tramping weather and an enjoyable trip .

Number in Party : 13

Leader: Muriel Shaw .

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No. 329.

TIMAHANGA STATION

LOG CABIN

(King's Birthday - June 6th - 7th)

Six of us left in a very faithful Chrysler on the Saturday morning for Timahanga . We paid our respects to Rosy and thundered up Gentle Annie with the radiator steaming and the passengers walking ! It took us 3 hours to get to our destination, after three or four stops to cool off our steaming charabanc - which looked like a battleship with six of a crew and six packs adorning prow and stern like turrets .

After a bite of fresh air we set off for Log Cabin . We paused at an old broken-down cottage where David Sherry picked up an old photograph in the rubbish and looked at his father's image - amazing ! We disturbed two big pigs from their rooting . The walk through Boyd's bush was delightful - especially for Beillie our Botanist . Hogget Trig was reached after a seemingly endless plod into the gathering mist and then it wasn't far to the Log Cabin. By this time it was raining . Our intentions were either to go to the Manson Hut , or possibly cross the Ngaruroro , and then to Kiwi Hut (we knew this would be very doubtful after winter rains) .

However, the Sunday was very wet and we lay abed eating and talking , finally deciding to retreat to Timahangi and home .

Crossing the trig was a place for the compass and lively movement because of the ice and rhyme forming on all the tussock . At the station we camped in one of the huts and told Doc. Bethgate and party of our luck as they related their pig-hunting experiences . Evening passed with singing and toe-toasting around the communal fire.

The return on the Monday was uneventful ! - save that we left about 10 a.m. and reached home about 5.30 p.m. after a gear-grating journey to Pukehemoemoe where we ran out of juice , combed the countryside for a phone, received some gas, blocked the carburettor, wrestled without tools, waylaid a passing motorist and cleared our troubles - and reached home .

Number in Party :
6 and 4 .

Leader: David Bethgate .

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No. 330.

HUKANUI

13th June .

A scheduled start at 8 o'clock for this trip but threatened tyre trouble held things up to a final get away at 8.30 of a "cold and frosty morning" . An enjoyable drive for front seat passengers with interesting frost effects on fern and grass but too cold for general interest . A lovely day later with grand views of the Kawekas clothed in snow - and a cold wind blowing therefrom . The tarn below the trig was covered in ice and proved a fascinating playground for Muriel and Betty who , however, failed to fall in to the disappointment of the rest of us . A boil up, lunch and a laze was enjoyed in a sheltered sunny spot near a miniature waterfall and a scrubcutter's camp . As time would not permit a return through the bush and home along the flats, the general idea seemed to be to find a sunny spot out of the wind and sit down . A final - and protracted - boil-up of doubtful vintage was partaken of before starting for home about 4 o'clock .

Thanks to Mr. Beckett for the use of his truck .

Number in Party : 8 H.T.C.
1 H.R.C.

Leader: D. Yule .

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No. 331

WAIKAMAKA HUT
&
THREE JOHNS

26th - 27th June .

FIRST VERSION :

Waikamaka in mid-winter and some snow-games was our object. Eight left by private cars on Saturday morning and reached the Triplex creek . This is unfordable at present because of washouts . A two mile walk took us to the old mill and a boil up in cold almost damp weather . The "tops" hid their heads but I had seen from home that a recent fall of snow had been washed away . We set off up the Waipawa , a delightful approach to the Rushine , and in time reached the saddle and a cold wind . Without more ado we ran down to the hut and put on our stew . The fire burned easily and cheerfully that night - a change from the usual . We bedded down early and rose late . Rain fell during the night and we decided on an easy day . The climb out of the hut creek proved exciting for some of the loose rock - most of us visited Three Johns - an unusual viewpoint , then ran for home . Little ventured and less done but a pleasant memory .

Number in Party : 8

Leader : G. Lowe .

SECOND VERSION :

WAIKAMAKA

Two vehicles were begged, borrowed or and eight trampers started from Hastings one dismal wet June/July (?) morning with hope in their hearts for better weather later .

We had an extra few miles of road walking as the ford wasn't fordable . Hoping for snow we were all armed with ice axes which

came in handy for crossing the stream as very little snow was around . We scrambled up over the Waipawa Saddle and down the valley to Waikameke Hut . An icy wind cutting into us and making the pace perhaps faster than usual . A mighty meal was cooked . Most of the party confessed to two or three helpings of stew and a large helping of plum duff and custard sauce . Whew ! Nobody felt like doing much after that and gradually the smoky fire-place was deserted by Bods who retired to their bunks to groan about overlaiden stomachs etc.

Next morning we left the hut a trifle late but still had visions of going out via 66 and Shut Eye but after a scramble up one of George Lowe's new routes to the saddle (never again) and finding fresh snow and ice on the ground as well as in the wind , we weren't so keen . The party dropped packs on the saddle and hopped up Three Johns for a look see . It was a mighty cold wind and no one was keen on wasting time . Back to the saddle, on with packs, and down to McCullocks Mill , a stop for oranges and then on to the transport 'tother side of Ford .

An almost clueless trip, good company and almost indecent weather .

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No. 333.

RUAHINE - NO MANS HUT (?)

24th - 25th July

Eleven trusting souls assembled at Holts on Saturday morning at (approximately) 8 o'clock and three more were scooped up before leaving Hastings . Ian Macarthur joined us at Whanakingo to make an almost paying load of 12 H.T.C's and 3 H.R.C's . Troubles began at Big Hill when the leader discovered she had left her boots on the Havelock bus stop . However, an obliging shepherd's wife saved the situation with a pair of ancient models at least 4 sizes too large . Big Hill proved well named and the sun was very hot but it was grand lazing on the top surveying the struggle ahead . Lunch was partaken of in the valley before tackling the spur and Ruahine Hut . The Hut was reached in good order at approximately 1.30 and after a breather and a look-see , and in spite of suggestions - or pleas - to the contrary, it was decided to push on "easier said than done" and "a little knowledge is a dangerous thing". After some discussion came to the conclusion we were heading in the wrong direction and decided to strike over the stream and follow up Hollowback Spur . This brought us to Lessong's Monument and the track but wasted considerable time . The weather meantime had deteriorated, mist was beginning to rise and rain to fall slightly . It was finally decided to pitch camp in a nearby patch of bush and to make for No Mans Hut and Herrick's Spur early next morning should the mist lift . Water was located after a search and a good fire was soon roaring . A hot stew proved welcome . Tents were pitched and an early turn in was a unanimous decision . The mist was still with us next morning so agreed discretion was the better part and decided to return via Ruahine Hut . We did - eventually - but it was a sobering thought that the hut was re-discovered by luck rather than judgment . Tracks disappeared into tussock and the mist was everywhere - north, south, east and west, we tried them all. A final decision to take a compass

bearing east and to keep to it come what may, brought us to the Hut , lunch and a boil-up at 11.45 . Left the Hut at 12.50 and made steady time to Big Hill , arriving at the homestead at 3.30 just ahead of heavy rain . A tarpaulin converted into a canopy protected us from the elements without but water swishing about the deck of the truck was "another story" . Arrived in Hastings at 5.45 p.m.

This trip proved a good experience for many of us who had not previously experienced mist conditions .

Thanks due to Rover Scouts for providing extra tarpaulin and general assistance .

Number in Party: 15.

Leader (?) D. Yule .

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No.

KOHINERAKAU

Sunday 5th September

It was a gloriously fine morning, the sun was shining and there was not a cloud in the sky as we left Town at 9 o'clock for our days tramp . It was only a matter of a few minutes before we arrived at Kopong where, after having posed for the Club Photographers, we donned boots and packs and set out over rolling green pastures . The scent of Ruapehu still in our nostrils , we herring-boned up the slopes and did Christi's down the other side . Later on we even snowballed, the snowballs being already made and conveniently dotted here and there all over the hills .

Maori Rock provided food for thought on ascending but not much room for feet on descending . A little further on and we found a nice spot for a boil-up, a rippling stream, a patch of bush and a clearing said to be out of the wind !! After lunch we continued up the valley for a short way and then up on to Kohinerakau where we got a good view of Hawke's Bay . A brief spell on top and we continued on a short way in the direction of the Tukituki River and then back down another valley which lead into the one we had followed in the morning . Afternoon tea by a small waterfall , and we tottered off towards the truck, altering our course only very slightly when a cow with a tiny calf waved her tail angrily and stared in our direction . A lazy but most enjoyable trip .

Number in Party : 9

Leader: Betty Beckett .

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P R I V A T E T R I P S

ON SOME HIGH HILLS

The H.T.C. became quite alpine when John Mac. , Hugo McKay, Jo. Goymour and I worshipped at the Tasman Valley Shrine of the 'snow maiden' . The other three pottered around the different valleys and huts , finally climbing Aiguille Rouge. (97..ft.) .

On the 19th January, Jo. & Hugo left and I joined John MacIntyre and Geoff Milne (of Wellington) at Ball Hut. That evening we walked the 10 odd miles up the glacier to the Melte Brun Hut at about 5000 ft.

The following day we left the hut at 4.30 a.m. and after a long day climbed Mts. Green, Walter and Elie de Beaumont (10,200 ft.) The day and the snow were perfect and after a grand climb on crampons - kicking and cutting steps - we reached the first summit at 8 a.m.; the second at 10 a.m.; the third peak, Elie, was reached after climbing down some very steep rocks and climbing up a steep hard ice-wall - about 60 feet, then onto the broad summit at 1.15 p.m. After a long careful descent, we reached the hut after 14½ hours.

Two days later we climbed the rock-domed Melte Brun (10421ft) The climb is up a steep hard rock ridge, where hands and feet and sometimes the seat of the pants are used to caress the mountainside. A 'cheval ridge' is crossed by dangling the feet over the cliff faces and sliding across, all very exciting. The last pitch to the summit was covered in bothersome powder snow. We reached the top at 10.45 a.m. after leaving the hut at 4 a.m. It was another cloudless day and we gazed at the alps from Aspiring to Rolleston. It took about as long to climb down as it did to climb up.

After two days rest, we decided to attempt the highest and the toughest. All climbers would like to climb Mt. Cook, and all dream they will be lucky enough to try Mt. Tasman (the ice covered Queen near to King Cook).

Leaving at 2 a.m. on the 26th January, we climbed Glacier Dome and descended to the great plateau of ice that leads to a steep glacier falling from Mt. Cook. While here, John and I became faint hearts and were all for climbing the Anzacs or Mt. Dixon, but Geoff drove us on to Leichelmen Corner - "just for a look". The 'Corner' was reached after crossing several crevasses to see that the upper glacier was without slots to hinder us. We climbed up and reached the summit rocks at 8 a.m. and climbed to the top of them in 2 hours. From here it was an hours climb on bubbly blue ice up the thousand feet of icecap to the summit of N.Z. (12,349 ft.) After photographs we returned to the rocks where we boiled the billy and sunbathed for a couple of hours. We reached the Haast Hut after a 17 hour day.

On our last available day we fulfilled our wildest dreams by climbing Mt. Tasman (11,475 ft.) John cooked breakfast, we tied on the rope and strapped on our crampons in the hut at 3.30 a.m. We climbed the Dome and crossed the plateau to the foot of Syme Ridge - a steep snow rib of exquisite finesse that soars up for two thousand feet onto the main divide close to the summit of Tasman.

The snow was in perfect condition and we climbed it by sticking in our crampons one on each side of this narrow crest. The summit was reached at 8.30 after an extremely quick and comparatively easy ascent. We climbed down the same ridge, ran back to the hut, collected our belongings and returned to Ball Hut then the Hermitage after a grand nine days.

George Lowe.

RUAHINE - NO-MAN'S HUT AND A NIGHT OUT.

Date: 19th, 20th and 21st of September .

Party : Muriel Shaw, Molly Young, Betty Beckett, George Couper, George Lowe
Hugo McKay, Dr. Bathgate and John Mitchell .

"Even the best of parties are sometimes caught" .
(quoted from the Leader)

Five or six weeks ago fifteen of us attempted the above trip and failed - having reached Lessong's Monument, camped in the trees to retreat because of cold driving rain and fog . Near Ruahine we lost our direction somewhat and after a serious talk, counting of heads and extra food we set a compass bearing for home and set off . Luckily we bumped into the hut by accident and were home at dusk on Sunday . Some were glad and others sad that we had not had the expected night out .

Bulldog-like, eight intrepid explorers returned to the plateau to make good their mistake . Left Hastings at 6.30 sharp and reached Ruahine Hut at midday . It was hot and hazy climbing onto the range . After lunch we left for No-Man's Hut at 1 p.m. and reached it at 5 p.m. in rain and mist which developed in the afternoon . Dr. Bathgate told us that the last section through the bush was so flat that you could "ride a bike along it" . This was the source of much chatter (most of it quite witty) which reached its ludicrous height next day in the bluffs, bush and waterfalls of the river .

After a comfortable night we left No-Man's Hut at 8 a.m. . The weather was quite good, it was clear anyway ! We deviated a little to view Ruapehu from the top of the range . It brought back skiing memories for most of us . Across the open tussock tops thin wisps of fog began to drift and we scampered on to the join of Herrick's Spur, to be beaten by the fog . However, I started carefully down the trackless overgrown bush by compass, followed by a singing carefree band . Although we zig-zagged and reconnoitred ahead and to the sides we dropped off the ridge to the right into the creek between Three Fingers and Herrick's . However, we decided to follow the creek instead of the uncertainties of a ridge in the mist . By this time the band were still carefree but with-out song .

Following the river was quite good fun for an hour or so then we clambered round a little bluff and down a little cataract . Immediately after we were negotiating a big bluff and a big cataract . We did this and by-passed the next difficulties by sidling in the bush . At the end of another hour we were all privately engaged in a series of wild gymnastics - either on a mossy cliff, crumbling bush face, wet water-splashed boulders, or perhaps wading a frigid pool that lapped uncomfortably into your pants .

At 3.30 p.m. our band (having lost its carefree attitude by this time) peered over a 150 foot waterfall to see only mist below and cold close cliffs on either side . We attacked the cliffs, clawing, crawling hand and foot up by manuka and flax bush . The angle eased off after 500 feet of this and we reached a knoll covered with birch trees at 4.30 p.m. and decided to camp .

A clearing in the fog sent George Couper and me running and crawling through scrub to the open ridge above - to find we were back on the crest of Herrick's Spur and not far from the hut . We ran back with the news . George Couper, John and Hugo volunteered to try and reach Big Hill Station that night to ring Hastings about our position and delay . After a merathon effort they reached Big Hill at 2 a.m. on Monday morning (herrick's Hut in $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours from our camp - and 6 hours from Herrick's to Big Hill - for this story see George and Hugo, its a little epic) .

The remaining five of us bedded down under Hugo's tent and watched the full moon rise . We slept well and left at 6 a.m. on Monday on a beautiful morning, reaching Herrick's Hut at 8 a.m. to drink tea and plaster the odd blister . Mr. Oliver arrived and took two pecks on his horse . We left at 9 a.m. for Big Hill, a very warm and pleasant tramp . At 11 a.m. all the fun was over and we were drinking soup and tea which Mrs. Oliver had waiting for us from 10 p.m. on Sunday night ! We loaded up the car and were sneaking into town and home by back routes at 1.30 p.m. ; as a sudden cold southerly storm clouded the sky and whirled the dust .

Leader : G. Lowe .

NEWS FROM OVERSEAS MEMBERS

Received from Edna Steele .

Ba,
Fiji,
Saturday .

Dear H.T.C.

Just a note to give you my address so I shall be able to get the Bulletin one of these days and keep up to date on things in H.B.

After many postponements the 'plane finally made the trip on April 14th and we landed in Suva after a nine-hour flight with nothing to see all the way . I had a couple of nights at the Grand Pacific Hotel and felt most exclusive and went up to see the Director of Education and present my letter of introduction . I found he was a lad I was in College with so hope I have started off with the right foot forward . I met several of the Fijian cricketers while in Auckland and had a game of tennis with Bule . He has a plantation on the Island of Lau about 170 miles east of Suva .

I have had a peep at the school but will wait till Monday and school hours to inspect it properly . There are baths next door so I had a swim to-day . It is grand to be able to plunge straight in and know that the water won't be cold .

The Manager of Morris Hedstrom's here is an old friend of mine so I have made a start in the social round .

All the boys in the C.S.R. are Aussies and I find it rather funny to be the odd man , the foreigner as it were, and referred to as a New Zealander .

I have been busy putting my digs into order and have had Indians outside all day clearing the grounds .

I have two house boys , one speaks English thank goodness. He is grand and most helpful . The other one speaks very little English and as I speak no Hindustani at all we have to get along with signs . He calls me Memsahib . The Manager called to see me and I am to have the place repainted, new curtains etc. so I'll be a hive of activity shortly .

Well cheerio for now. Don't forget to send the Bulletin along . I'll say cheerio in Fijian or Hindustani next time .

Edna .

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39 Markville Gardens,
Caterham,
Surrey,
England .
14.8.48.

Dear H.T.C.

Don't think I ever said "thank you" for the last "Bully" I was in Worcester at that time and left it there for my friends to see

what "The Troughs" in Kiwiland did with their spare time !! They were impressed . That was weeks ago and after returning to London I had a 10 day break and went by coach to Scotland - 14 hours journey - and the next day I went up to Inverness to see the Highland Show - as near to the midnight sun as I will get) . The Show was lovely, Highland Cattle, Shetland Ponies, bagpipes , all on their native ground and - the King and Queen . A very grand day . I liked Inverness. Scotland treated me to its usual unpleasant weather and I had to see things through mist covered glasses . A day in Edinburgh seeing the sights between showers, and down to Newcastle where I spent an afternoon and the following day in grave yards - wading in long grass looking for my grandfather's grave. I became quite familiar with headstones and stumbled over lots of dead bods . The search proved a success and I trekked over to Penrith and finally back to London where I returned to my patient - a woman doctor somewhat disturbed mentally and complicated by fits .

Spent 10 days with her in Kent , mixed up with her odd relations and then we set off by train for Keswick plus "James" the Auto-cyclo . Complications set in at Euston where we were put in the wrong train and then we were transported on to two further trains - a sort of retinue with "James", 4 suitcases and a patient . But we made it . At Keswick we were met by her friend who took charge and I trailed along on "James" - displaying an invalid license . Our destination was Borrowdale and there we relaxed and during the ten days I had there I trekked over to Greenstoke and Allwater and pottèred up and down the Vales on the bike . As a grand finale I climbed Scafell Pike 3210' the highest (?) mountain in England - a long easy climb - mostly over difficult boulders , and on a clear day a magnificent view of Cumberland and Westmoreland .

On the morning of 26th July I set off after filling up with petrol back to London . A two hour soaking coming past Grasmire (?) and Ambleside . I checked up on Wordsworth's cottage and grave and ran into hot sunny weather after Kendall . So on down to Skipton where I stayed two nights with a friend . Then off to Worcester, "James" hiccoughing for miles as if the morning mist had got into his lungs . The cough was removed with fresh petrol and I sailed on through Manchester (dreadful place) and down the Chester Road to Shrewsbury - a very charming town - 14 miles from Worcester I had a puncture - followed later by the entire back tyre coming off and the inner tube whipping round the chain - what fun and games - then light failure and I arrived in Worcester at 12.45 a.m. having been transported by a lorry . So much for that . People were so helpful and kind I enjoyed the upheaval and two days later I was ambling in and out of the charming Cotswold country away from civilisation . Seven miles from Henley I had a "seize up" . Temperature over 90 degrees so I limped into the nearest garage and the bloke made me a cup of tee and gave me a book of maps - "Havis Breed" variety ! No more mishaps .

Now I'm nursing a "wog" - a wind up to my nursing experiences in England . Sealy Wood's wife, Doreen, is returning with me, I sail on 27th August on the "Tamaros" so this is my last letter from this part of the world . You'll see me before long . Don't quite know when - must start house hunting on my return . It will seem strange for a while . Lots to tell you . I hope the H.T.C. are keeping up the "old" traditions . Cheers and greetings to you all .
Huckleberry Finn .