

HERETAUNGA TRAMPING CLUB (INC.)

" POHOKURA "

BULLETIN NO. 57.

APRIL 1951.

PRESIDENT -
L.H. Lloyd,
St. George's Rd.,
Hastings.
'Phone 4346.

Hon. SECRETARY -
Miss U. Greenwood,
Duart Road,
Havelock North.
'Phone 2569.

CLUB CAPTAIN -
W.G. Lowe,
"Sunnybank"
Hastings.
'Phone 2951.

Hon. TREASURER -
Miss H.C. Hill,
Percival Road,
Hastings.
'Phone 3825.

-----ooo-----

PRIVATE TRIPS.

HERMITAGE - COPLAND PASS - FRANZ JOSEF - BALL HUT.

Muriel Shaw, Joyce Keenan (T.T.C.) and I met at the Hermitage on Jan. 19th for the Copland Pass - Graham's Saddle round trip. Two other parties were going the same way: Lois and her guide Geoff Milne, and two Australian girls who wanted to get to the Franz the quickest way. They had never done any tramping before, but said "Oh yes!" when we asked if they were fit. We learned later that they only meant they had not had any illness for at least four years!

The eight miles to Hooker Hut on a hot afternoon showed us, at least, that we weren't fit. We left again at 5 am. and panted up the Copland ridge through thick valley fog. An unforgettable sight was the rose-pink crest of the ridge shining in the dawn above us through the fog. At 8 am. we were on the top. The valleys were all awash with fog, through which Cook rose glittering triumphantly above us.

It began to get hot down the other side. When we reached daisy level again we stopped to look down to Douglas Rock Hut - quite close, it seemed. I couldn't sufficiently admire the celmisias, huge fellows 4 - 5 inches across, and spent considerable film and rest-time on them. The track to Douglas is "overgrown", which means it is lined with sharp stakes, and concealed by fern, so that you can't see if you are stepping into a hole or on to a boulder. Our guides agreed that the day was as hot as they had experienced. We staggered into Douglas dripping grease and blood.

The silence of the peaceful afternoon that followed was only once rent - by Muriel, who was dozing in the sun when a tame weka, used to being fed scraps, sampled her finger.

Next morning we left at 6 am., followed a cool bush track down the valley, had a somewhat cautious but completely luxurious soak in a rather

hot pool at Welcome Flat, and finally reached the road to discover, slowly, that the truck we were waiting for on Tuesday had been ordered for Thursday.

A wet day at Franz, and a sleepless night at the motor-camp. West Coast mosquitoes They seem to like Dimp and Shoo; skate up and down your nose on it.

Muriel had been complaining vaguely about a stiff muscle in her leg; we didn't take much notice. Why single out one muscle in particular? However, when we set off up the Franz glacier, she found it wouldn't allow her to leap from ridge to ridge over the crevasses in the way that seemed necessary, and she had reluctantly to turn back, and cross the divide by plane - sufficiently exciting on a gusty day, she thinks.

Near Defiance Hut a thunderstorm, complete with hail and later sleet and snow, broke over us. Our guides held a conference, but continued. We had a look at the remnants of the plane which crashed some months ago on the glacier. The bodywork is just mash, but the engine looks fairly complete and is only waiting for Hercules to carry it out. From there to the Almer Hut we didn't stop. When I tried to, on the last 800 feet of steep ridge, I froze in my tracks. We made the hut in 5 hrs. 20 minutes from the end of the road.

The hut is dilapidated. One room is derelict, and was already drifted with snow. A curtain of hessian sealed it from the other room, which only leaked here and there - behind my bunk, for instance. There were seven people, six bunks, three mattresses. We fought that out, and dived into bed for warmth. We slept. Suddenly a wild scream from Lois informed us that she had found a weta in her blankets. She ran outside and shook vigorously. Then she shook the remaining blankets over the floor, and out fell another weta. I remember it as being at least a foot long, but actually it was only 6 inches. Lois promptly climbed the bunk post and stayed there until Murray retrieved the wandering weta and put it outside. It says a good deal for our state that Joyce and I didn't get up to shake our blankets.

We stayed put the next day, but braved a cold wind to set out the following morning. After finding our way through a maze of crevasses and across the snowfield to the McKay rocks, we ran into such bitter weather that we turned back again. Momentary excitement was caused by one of the party dropping into a crevasse, but he fell on a ledge, got out with considerable skill and promptitude, and regretted his return to the cold wind at the surface.

The wind blew all day, but dropped finally at 10.30 pm. We got up joyously at 1 am., left at 2.45 am., followed our previous tracks, and reached the saddle by 6.30 am. It was a perfect day. The views and the colours of sunrise on the snow were unforgettable. We plunged down slopes covered with fresh snow, spent a little time negotiating a schrund by the icefall on the Rudolf glacier, and finally reached de la Bêche corner hot and happy at 11.30 on a glorious sunny Sunday. The usual hot glacier crawl (?) to Ball Hut followed; I find it a distinct disadvantage to be following two guides whose legs are at least a foot longer than mine.

The rest of the week we pottered. Sebastopol for fun, then Wakefield and Kitchener for practice. One of our guides developed chickenpox (apparently introduced into the Alps by George Lowe's party). I looked hopefully for signs on myself, but all I had was a bad attack of mountain fever, and I couldn't plead that as a reason for not being back to start work. It's more lasting, of course. Shows every sign of getting worse until next January.

HELEN HILL.

-----000-----

ELIE de BEAUMONT: FIRST ASCENT FROM BURTON GLACIER.

Plans for Christmas 1950 and New Year 1951 were not at all settled because my companion of five solid seasons had taken his ice-axe and become a professional guide.

An invitation from Earle Riddiford (an illustrious name in the alpine world as an explorer of virgin valleys and new routes on high hills), was accepted, but not without some feelings of inadequate muscle and moral fibre.

Earle's plan was to swag 70 lb. loads over a steep and difficult col (snow saddle between high peaks) called appropriately Climber's Col, down the almost unvisited Spencer Glacier, over a dividing range and into the Burton Glacier. From a high glacier camp we hoped to climb a new route on a 10,200 ft. peak, Elie de Beaumont. In a way, this was a peculiar ambition, as there is a perfectly easy route on to this peak from the Tasman Glacier that I had climbed before; but virginity is a fascinating thing.

On a fine Christmas morning we set off with cruel loads. We moved like snails under our shells, cursing the necessities we needed. We stopped for spells about every twenty minutes, but the loads left us panting on the ice like cast ewes. As we approached Climber's Col we quailed at the thought of trying to cut a route up the ice and over the unknown crest. We decided on a simpler (we thought) more roundabout route into the Burton. It took us six days of pass-crossing and route finding, which tested our skill and endurance to the full. On Christmas Day we crossed the Tasman Saddle (8000 ft.) crossed the head of the Murchison Glacier to Whympers Saddle, over the saddle and down a steep 4000ft. to the Whympers Glacier on the West Coast. This was the first crossing of Whympers Saddle. We were so tired that we slept out on the shingle-covered ice and were waked in the morning by the crash of avalanches off the cliffs of Hochstetter Dome which were here 6000ft. high.

Our next obstacle was to cross the unexplored Maximillian range into the gold-bearing Callery river. This took us three and a half days. We crossed about five miles down the range by a difficult saddle which involved 1000ft. of water-worn bluffs where we relayed our loads in small weights.

In the Callery river we found a huge bivvy rock and made this our base. There were literally thousands of daisies in full bloom, we had scrub fires and a score of inquisitive keas. From this base we explored. We got on to the Burton Glacier and prospected a route on to the north ridge of Elie; we climbed a virgin peak about 8,400ft.; then disease laid one of our party feverish, itchy and swollen under the rock. Chickenpox! There was little we could do, but we rested for a day or two; ate, slept, hunted keas with a boot-laced bow and fire-hardened arrows. We pot-roasted two and they tasted like strong duck, tough, but it was fresh meat.

The weather looked settled and after urgings from the sick one not to delay our attempt we left him one morning at 12.30 am. with mixed hopes about our climb. Some thirteen hours later we dragged wearily on to the summit after a very difficult, exacting, muscle-wearing climb. On the summit we decided to traverse the mountain - this was our original ambition, now it was the easiest way down! Two of us then traversed Mt. Walter (9,703ft.) and descended to Malte Brun Hut which we reached about 8.30 pm. The other two descended the western side into the Spencer Glacier and returned to our sick member.

The parting on the summit ended the expedition. My climbing partner,

Ed Hillery, returned to Auckland in time to contract chickenpox! I waited at the Hermitage for the other boys to return from the West Coast, but they took so long to get out that I packed up and returned home. Actually, they weren't loafing. While returning from the Coast they took a day off and climbed Mt. Cook.

GEORGE LOWE.

-----ooo-----

WAIAPU COUNTY HILLS NEAR RUATORIA.

A few miles West of Ruatoria there is a group of high hills each of which stands clear from the others and each of which may be said to have a distinctive character.

Most popular interest centres on Hikurangi, 5606', the peak of which is reputed at certain times of the year to be the first place in the World to be touched by the rays of the rising sun. Access to Hikurangi is by a good metalled road following the northern bank of the Tapuwaeroa River for about sixteen miles from Ruatoria to Pakihiroa Station. There is no bridge across the Raparapaririki Stream (commonly known as The Rip) which joins the Tapuwaeroa opposite Pakihiroa Station and only a footbridge across the Tapuwaeroa, and in normal conditions it is unwise to attempt to cross either of these rivers by car. With the aid of a cage across The Rip and the long swing-bridge across the Tapuwaeroa one can get dry shod to Pakihiroa.

The river is here little more than 500 feet above sea level and it is something like eight miles to the summit of Hikurangi. The route is up a long grass ridge until the remnants of the bush are reached, then up a steepish shingle slide to avoid an area of low sub-alpine scrub and through a strip of bush up to the tussock slopes which open the way to the summit ridge. Care should be taken to memorize the point of exit from the bush. Wild Spaniards grow among the tussock in profusion and make it wise to keep a route well up to the left to get the best going.

A long plug up the tussock, and the first of the pinnacles which form the summit ridge is reached. It is necessary to skirt around these pinnacles, and I have memories of about twelve feet where one is forced to cross the head of a narrow shale slide which falls many hundred feet over a vertical cliff. Once this is passed the summit, though it looks spectacular, is an easy climb. The summit ridge of Hikurangi runs West to East as a long narrow razor back, and this added to the wide view including an unbroken expanse of bush to the West, the mass of sub-alpine plants and the variety in the route, makes it an interesting climb.

Whanakaoa has a fascination in its position blocking the head of the Tapuwaeroa, in its covering of bush, its difficult appearance and the local uncertainty as to its highest peak. The trig which is at 4323' is apparently in the North West. The South East peak is outstanding from the Tapuwaeroa, but it appears to have been definitely established that the summit at 4970' stands further to the West. Bush right up to the jagged summit ridge covers all except the last four or five hundred feet of the peaks and the mountain is practically encircled by the headwaters of the Tapuwaeroa and by its tributary the Huitatariki.

Aorangi at 4091' is overshadowed by Hikurangi but is nevertheless a

massive mountain having much the appearance of an ancient volcano split asunder. The most practical car access appears to be from the Matahiia Station Road which leaves the Te Puia Springs - Ruatoria highway about ten miles beyond Te Puia Springs.

Wharekia has the solid outline of an ancient stone fort when seen from the East, but from the road between Tikitiki and Te Araroa it looks like a sharp rock wedge. The trig is at 3031'. Wharekia is guarded by spectacular cliffs on the West and South, but an easy way to the ridge can be found from the North East. Access can also be had from the South East but care is needed to avoid cliffs along the Eastern face.

Taitai is a mixture of grassy tops and rock ridge. Seen from the Tapuwaeroa it shows a grim cliff face whose summit is a rock in the form of a crouching lion which gives a final touch to the climb at 2010'. The trig however is at 2012' on the comparatively uninteresting grassy tops some distance to the South.

These five hills give interest to the view looking west from the Ruatoria countryside, but further north the skyline is dominated by Raukumara, 4404'. Raukumara with its ridges and rivers radiating on all sides creates long approaches which repel closer interest. These hills are situated in the Raukumara East, Hikurangi, Mata and Mangaoporo Survey Districts of Waiapu County and are mapped in the Survey District maps, but the most interesting maps obtainable are those included with the bulletin on The Geology of the Waiapu Subdivision, published by the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research in 1928.

R. CHAPLIN.

-----ooo-----

TRAMPING from GLASGOW.

18th Dec. 1950.

After last week's snowfall there were two or three clear cold days of hard frost (23° of frost). I had previously sighted Ben Lomond and Ben Ledi under snow and it seemed a pity not to do something before leaving Glasgow with good country so close, so I scrambled together what gear I could and set off into Glasgow. It was the devil and all to find out anything, Youth Hostel office quite matey but not knowledgeable, but found Alexander's bus service. The best advice they could give me was a bus to Ardlui near the head of Loch Lomond. That looked all right on the map.

It is an interesting trip. You go down the Clyde past shipyards (where we saw the 'Ruahine' launched last week), then through some very attractive coastal towns, particularly Helensburgh, then you turn up the Gare Loch and immediately snow covered hills close in. A lot of warships laid up there. Over a saddle on to Loch Long and you begin to see things. First Argyle's Bowling Green (a Highland joke seemingly), a fantastic conglomeration of jagged rock, then the Cobbler which might be considered the Trig 66 of the district - not quite 3000' but straight up from salt water.

There is a hostel below it at Ardgarten which I might have used but thought I'd find more scope if I pushed on, so I stuck to the bus which side-stepped back over a saddle from the head of the Loch to Loch Lomond, which is 22 miles long. It gets wild and narrow at the top end shut in between Ben Vorlich and Ben Lomond. Passed the very handsome new Loch Sloy power station

and was tipped out at a big construction camp at Ardvorlich. It was now just on nightfall with a clear sky and a half moon, so I set off up the road. Ardlui was in darkness, but there are occasional small farms or crofts at intervals between the cliffs and the loch. At Inverarden there was a big whitewashed hotel in a bustle feeding a coach-load (35) of skiers and climbers bound for Glencoe, so I dropped in for a spot of tea and was pushed through into the lounge where two or three small parties of, I should guess, Scottish Mountaineering Club were also having tea. One of them, Scott, I had heard speak on a Himalayan expedition a few days previously. There seem to be two classes in this country, mountaineering clubs who have transport and stay at hotels, and others who travel by bus or bike and stay at hostels or bivouac. You see it is as if you had a railway or two and a couple of tar-sealed roads running through the Inland Pateas with hotels at say Kuripapanga, Timihanga and Pohokura. All tramping and quite a proportion of skiing and climbing is done by private parties, and there are no transport or hut building problems that call for club organisation, and search is in the hands of police and local residents. "Working class" mountaineering clubs such as the Creag Dhu are perhaps the nearest to trampers - the division is very much on financial status and time available.

Well I pedalled on up Glen Falloch, a steady up grade with a biting northerly in my face, bright moonlight and the cascades of the stream iced up. About 3 miles along a couple of Oban coaches overtook me full of climbing parties bound for Glencoe. One stopped and three chaps fell out with packs, bound up into the wastes towards Ben Lui to the west. The road was icy now and occasional traffic was being very cautious. It must have been 8.30 when I topped the open saddle (800') and saw Crainlarich below. Two single track railways cross here and it is a fairly open valley with snow peaks on all sides. Didn't see the restaurant car express which should have overtaken me somewhere up the glen.

The Youth Hostel was barely more than a glorified shack in a hollow. One rather bare common room with tables, benches and a couple of Aga-type stoves in the centre. A big double-deck bunk-house for men, and two smaller ones. A married couple and a small store, mostly tinned stuff. As I hadn't a 'card' my bona-fides were rather questioned. Not very many occupants, a couple of climbers, a couple of skiers, later four more skiers, a non-specialist couple and quite late three young cyclists.

The four skiers were evidently old hands familiar with the place, and led by a cheery middle-aged little bloke who took me under his wing. After discussing possibilities for me and deciding that there weren't any good routes out except by the way I had come in, they suggested that I come up with them into a basin under Crnach Ardrau where they were looking for skiing and then I could climb up on to the ridge and get a look round.

This worked out very well for me - not so well for them as the snow was rather thin and wind drifted. All I did was to scramble up on to a shoulder, Meall Dhamh, just over 2500ft., but pretty craggy, with some queer hard glistening folded rock, great icicles and cliffs. A cold NE wind was getting up and it looked like snow up country. I couldn't pick up the Glencoe peaks but was quite close to Ben More and could see a fine peak, Ben Douran, away to the north. To the south quite close a craggy range An Consteal and Beinn a Chroin and beyond them the Cobbler and Ben Lomond. After some boxing around found my way down from the saddle under Crnach Ardrau to the other skiing party and followed them out back to the hostel on dusk.

Everyone drifted back about then for a boil-up and we caught the bus from Oban at 6 o'clock. People from Glencoe on board and a fine mix-up of battered

packs and skis, a supper-party going on in the back seats and a mouth-organ going. I had a copy of Pohokura with me and the mob I was with read it from cover to cover on the way in. They couldn't quite get the idea of the purpose of a club and, as I explained earlier, we got round to transport and huts. These mountains are not in ranges but in blocks with low glacier valleys between them, say 400-500 feet above sea level, and main roads and railways running through them. If we had the choice of half a dozen bus routes and the odd train running through the Ruahines and Kawekas it would be all private parties too, I expect.

They said the Crianlarich hostel was about the crudest of the lot and that my luck was in that at this time of year only the enthusiasts were out. Rowardallen for instance is a great country house sleeping 400, and they said that in summer what with the week-end crowd with their blazers and suitcases the place was a seething shambles and it was an ordeal getting a meal cooked. Most carry primuses by the way for use in crowded hostels and there is a primus bench for them. I should mention that at Crianlarich the pipes had burst so that you had to toddle out to the burn for water - quite like the Waikamaka.

Most of this gang were from Paisley, so they took me home by a short cut, across the Clyde by the Renfrew Ferry (fare $\frac{1}{2}$ d) and on by tram.

Costs by the way not so cheap. On the way out 7d. plus 4/2 plus an eleven mile walk, hostel 1/6 plus 6d. (for sleeping bag sheet) plus 6d. for Sunday, return 4/11 - $\frac{1}{2}$ d. - 2d. - 3d. makes 12/7 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. I slipped up on rations having left in a hurry and put in a week-end mainly on bread & butter & cake. Still a very interesting week end, good weather and well worth it. Marvellous country to look at. You could very well add 3000ft. to bring snow-line etc. into line with N.Z. conditions, so it would be equivalent to 5000-6000ft. in the Kawekas. No control over parties. I can't think what happens if anyone doesn't turn up. Shepherds work dogs in Gaelic, by the way.

N.L. ELDER.

-----000-----

WESTERN

KAIMANAWAS.

CHRISTMAS 1950.

A party of 8, including 3 H.T.C. members, collected at Waiouru from Wellington, Palmerston North and Hawkes Bay on the night of Dec. 21st, just before all trains struck. Next morning we took a truck to just past the Waikato bridge on the Desert Road, then, well loaded with rations & gear, we set off for the Waipakihi Forks. We progressed up the Waipakihi River by easy stages, camping the night on a river flat with a good view of Patutu down stream.

Further progress was made up river on the Saturday which was another warm and sunny day. This valley is certainly a fine route into the range, when the river is down, but it's a long way with heavy packs. We hoped to make base camp near the saddle into the Waiotaka, but as there seemed no chance of reaching it that night we camped at 6.30 on a flat just above the river among Dacrydium scrub, at about 3,600 ft.

Sunday morning was misty, so the proposed climb of Umukarikari was off and a comparatively easy day was spent in going up to the saddle (which turned out to be three quarters of an hour away), poking round and botanising,

and coming back early for the Christmas dinner and tree which was held that night as the party was splitting next day.

On Monday six members set off in intermittent drizzle for the upper Rangitikei, the other two staying at base intending to shoot deer. At Ignimbrite Saddle we found a well-preserved note left by the police party during the Kaimanawa search. We took an unorthodox ridge down into the Rangitikei which started off well but finished up in smashed timber intermingled with fine regeneration. This decided us to attempt the more general route up from the forks on our return. We took the true right fork and were glad to find the cullers' tarpaulin hut about 40 minutes up, as the weather was closing in. Here we spent the next two nights.

Tuesday still wet and misty. We went up an unmapped tributary to a gentle saddle falling rapidly into the Tauranga Taupo. We went through more smashed timber to another saddle, and climbed Ngapuketura. Taupo was just seen by some through a gap in the cloud, then down the ridge back to camp.

Rain fell during the night and it encouraged us to lie in. As it appeared to be clearing we got up at 9 o'clock and started back to base at 11.30 am. The orthodox route up to Ignimbrite Saddle didn't prove much better, and lunch on the saddle was a bit late. We struck thick weather and rain sidling round High Cone, and had one false start before striking the right ridge down to the Waipakihi saddle. So back to base.

Rain started in earnest at dusk, and continued with few pauses for the next 36 hours. Next day was spent in the sack except for short excursions out to dig drainage ditches, secure tent pegs, view the river etc. The aneroid had risen 900ft. by afternoon when it steadied. Still more rain that night, but it cleared in the morning, and every bush was draped with washing, billies emptied of the 4 in. of rain, fireplace drained, and scone cooked. After an early lunch a scamper was made up Umukarikari to look at the view, take bearings and photographs and get some venison, the first (!) and last. A comfortable night was spent in dry bedding.

On Saturday morning we broke up camp in reasonably fine weather and started on our homeward journey down the Middle Range, climbing up through the bush to the spur opposite the camp. By the time we got above the bush line the weather wasn't so rosy and we soon were up in it with visibility 1-2 chains on a largely unknown ridge. We aimed to camp that night in a small valley known to the leader but this took some locating. The stream from this valley later falls 1000 odd feet over the edge of the ridge by a succession of ledges. At one stage two billies were put down while we waited vainly for the mist to clear, and before they could be grabbed they rolled off into oblivion, discharging their valued botanical contents down the hillside. The latter were retrieved, but cooking utensils were short.

The elusive spot was eventually found and camp pitched with tent poles that had been carried all day. Botanising wasn't inviting, and although near the camp there was a charming swimming pool overhung by spaniards nobody went in.

After a wild and blustery night the weather showed little change next morning, and we followed down the Middle Range with much use of maps and compass, camping a bit north of Karikaringa in another little valley.

New Year's Day broke fine and in the excitement we made a late start, but were soon overtaken by mist once more. It was very thick on top of Karikaringa, so there was some difficulty in locating the correct ridge down

to the Pinnacles. The weather cleared lower down, and after lunch on the wide saddle we climbed Patutu, getting good views from the top. Camp was made on the saddle south of this, after poles had finally been found. More rain fell in the night, and a snorting of deer round the tent annoyed the two shooters. It was very thick again early next morning, so after a meagre dry breakfast of the few remaining cooked rations we set off once more by compass.

The high level route round the head of the little Waipakihi was considered impracticable in such weather and the intention was to drop down the leading spur from Waipahihi peak into the Waipakihi river and so out to the forks. However spurs aren't so easy to follow in thick mist, and we soon found ourselves slithering down into a stream. This according to the map is less than a mile in length, but it took us all of four strenuous hours to negotiate. Arriving wet, cold and hungry at the forks we were not backward in accepting a cup of tea and cake from the campers there (Mr. and Mrs. Galletly, T.T.C.). This was notable hospitality, as they were then flood-bound with their car. A trudge out brought us to the road at 4.30, 3½ hours late for our transport which had gone home. A passing vehicle took a message and he came back in due course. We arrived in Waiouru in time for those who wished to catch a bus to Taihape. The rail strike was very conveniently over.

ROSEMARY GREENWOOD.

-----ooo-----

TE WHAITI - UREWERA.

27/12/50 - 3/1/51.

Our party of 3 set out for a week's tenting trip up the Whirinaki River to enjoy the experience of camping out and tramping in the finest remaining stand of native bush in the North Island - if not in the whole of N.Z.

The headwaters of the Whirinaki River are clothed in virgin forest. This area was purchased by the N.Z. Government from the Maoris in the past for 8/- an acre. It has now passed into the control of the State Forest Service. Unfortunately the policy of this Government Department seems to be the total and absolute destruction of this beautiful bush followed by its replacement by exotic trees (probably *pinus insignis*). There are at present six large timber mills operating in this valley. In most cases the trees are felled by the Forestry staff and the logs are supplied to the mills for cutting up into building timbers and fencing posts. This means of course not only the disappearance of this magnificent national heritage, but also the destruction of its bird life. The Forestry Department considers there is forty years of cutting in this area and they have established a model State Forest village at Minginui some six miles up the river from Te Whaiti.

The settlement of Te Whaiti is an historical spot in Maori history. It receives its name "Te Whaiti-nui-a-Toi" from an extraordinary narrow gorge (Wha-iti) in which the Whirinaki River flows for some distance. There were at one time so many pas in this district that it was also called "Nga Tini-a-Toi" - literally, "the thousands of Toi" - for the whole valley teemed with people. Toi himself arrived in N.Z. some considerable time before the main Maori migration and his descendants populated Te Whaiti and the adjacent Urewera. These people must have lived largely on the products of the forests - birds, rats, and berries, together with fernroot, eels and native fresh water fish, plus some cultivated food.

The district is also of interest to those who have read of the Maori Wars

and of the doings of Te Kooti and his followers with their forays and raids and the unsuccessful attempts made to capture this notorious rebel, whose headquarters were in this vicinity. This valley, on the edge of the Urewera, has now a progressive community life of its own - both Pakeha and Maori being keen on working together for their mutual advantage and for the advancement of the valley of Toi - Te Whaiti. An earnest and successful endeavour is being made to get the history and mark the sites of all the old and present pas and also to perpetuate their place-names and the names of their people and their Chiefs. (this is what we should be doing in Hawkes Bay.)

We approached Te Whaiti via Wairoa and Lake Waikaremoana, where we spent one night in the camping grounds. It was interesting to meet up with a party of stalwarts from a Christchurch tramping club (some fifteen in number) who, undaunted by the strike, had hitch-hiked in groups from Wellington to Wairoa. There they had managed to hire a lorry (with no sides) to take them to the Lake and on next day to the Papa-Totara saddle where the track to Rua's Pa at Mangapohatu branches off. There they were striking off into the Tuhoe country for an 8-10 day tramp, intending finally to come out in the Bay of Plenty area. This should make a good trip for the H.T.C. at some future date.

On the second day of our trip the weather broke and stayed so till we came out of the bush again. After a night at Te Whaiti with the local medico (who incidentally is doing great work there), we ran our car up beyond Minginui and left it at one of the mills on the edge of the bush. We then proceeded up the river valley through primeval forest and picked up an old blazed trail - shades of the Oamaru River! We made only two camps, the second one well up a small branch of the Whirinaki River.

The bush was certainly magnificent. All the way we passed giant trees with heavy undergrowth and masses of supplejack and pungas. There were occasional groves of tawa where the undergrowth was light and scanty but for the most part the bush was typical N.Z. rain forest. The rata trees were in full bloom and made a wonderful show.

Bird life was interesting. We saw plenty of tuis and numerous cuckoos (both varieties), and a sprinkling of kaka, parrakeets, pigeons and whiteheads, with tomtits, fantails and grey warblers. Only one N.Z. robin was seen.

During our stay in the bush we had an estimated 10 minutes of sunshine sandwiched in the middle of 10 inches of rain. However, we dutifully crept out of the tent each morning and into our wet clothes and tramped up through the bush and along the streams. The shooters produced a measure of wild pork (from a very ancient Captain Cooker) and later a haunch of venison. We managed two stews but owing to the climatic conditions we subsisted largely on weetbix and cocoa.

We had no stirring adventures and encountered no great hardships, but we had a very interesting trip - made more so by our missing the poorly blazed trail on the way out. Our one disappointment was that the rain was so heavy and continuous and the mist and fog so persistent that we had no opportunity of seeing anything of the hills and mountains of this most interesting corner of our country. It would be quite feasible I think to make a trip up to the headwaters of the Whirinaki and follow down the Waipunga to the Taupo Road or down the Hautapu or Te Hoe to the Mohaka River.

We returned to Hastings via Murupara, where we crossed the Rangitaiki River and traversed through miles of exotic forests. How tame and unlovely they looked compared to our native forest. We joined the Rotorua-Taupo road at Rainbow Mountain and came back over the Taupo hills in bright sunshine to clouds and rain again in H.B. Party: Ian McPherson; John Bathgate; D.A. Bathgate.

THE WILKIN VALLEY.

The Wilkin River joins the Makarora River at the northern end of Lake Wanaka. It is approached from Wanaka township by road via Lake Hawea and the eastern side of Wanaka. The Makarora and Wilkin have to be forded and then the south (true right) bank of the Wilkin can be used with no river crossings right up to the top forks, near its western headwaters.

Wide grassy flats are a feature of the lower valley, which gradually narrows until at Kerin forks, the entrance to the beautiful Siberia valley, the bushy gorge begins, ending seven miles upstream on grassy flats at Jumbo hut. Two tributary valleys enter on the north bank, Newlands and Wonderland. Above Jumbo hut another gorge and then a wide-floored valley almost to the top forks, where Mt. Pollux sends its avalanches down. The source of the Wilkin leads to the Matukituki River which drains the land east of Aspiring.

Dave Williams, Dick Clark and Angus Russell intended to explore this area of deeply glaciated valleys and cirques but Dick had trouble with footwear and the other two had to carry gear back to Wanaka and so were prevented from carrying out their planned trip down the Matukituki. However, Mt. Jumbo was climbed (6,500ft.), and the top forks visited.

This is a lovely and majestic area. The river flats are lawns of white clover and browntop, park-like and of a restful beauty, with the blue river rushing along - often unfordable. The almost precipitous sides of the valleys are bush clad right up to the snow tops. Great cliffs and bluffs leer down here and there, while above, near the sky, glaciers and snowfields gleam beneath the sun and stars. There is great scope for climbing. Many fine peaks rear their tops above the steep-sided valleys. Rain and snow are fairly frequent on high levels, so a tent is useful for camps at the bushline, when making ascents. Deer killers in summer sometimes can provide venison.

We saw no mosquitoes, and sandflies were not troublesome. The weather was good, as it was February, and the rivers were low. We used three huts and took two days packing in to Jumbo from the Makarora.

ANGUS RUSSELL.

-----ooo-----

REMAINS OF OLD HUT.

Between Christmas and New Year Joan Smith, Janet Lloyd, Clem Smith and Angus Russell spent four days at Kiwi Saddle. During one break in the general bad weather we sallied forth to get a brace for the chimney. We went down the little bare spur to the west of Kiwi Saddle and made for a clump of bush across a tributary of Kiwi Creek.

On the fringe of this bush Ang kicked something which turned out to be a large door hinge. Further investigation revealed the ruins of a slab where complete with beer bottles (very old-fashioned type). Does any reader know the story of this hut?

-----ooo-----

J. LLOYD.

EASTER IN THE KAIMANAWAS.

Helen Hill, Cath Stirling, and two non-members went up to Ngamatea by truck on the Thursday night, slept in the woolshed, and set out next morning in doubtful weather. We took the wrong track, discovered it too late, and added some extra miles and river wadings to our route. It began to rain heavily about midday, and continued, with intervals, until the Sunday afternoon. We reached Golden Hills hut very wet and tired, and were shown the kindest hospitality by two rabbiters. We saw our first wasps' nest behind the hut.

To Boyd's Hut next day; more hospitality (including venison) and more rain. At nine o'clock that night, one of our rabbiters walked in, wet to the skin through having been washed off his feet in the flooded Oamaru. He hadn't shot his deer until 5 pm. and had been following his dog in the darkness up through the bush beside the Oamaru ever since. When he warned us that since a recent search he and his mate were taking their shotguns when they went looking for any crazy trampers who had lost themselves, we were inclined to see his point of view.

We abandoned our plan of climbing Maungarahi because we couldn't even see it through the mist; and went down the Oamaru which, fortunately, was considerably lower than on the previous day. We counted our crossings - 61 in all. As it was raining as well we got a little damp. We slept at the deer-cullers' camp, and walked out next day to Poronui - the new owner practically shoots deer-shooters we were told, but when we met him, he regretted that he was going the wrong way to give us a lift in his car, so trampers are apparently accepted.

We ended the trip by staggering about 12 (it seemed 12,000) miles along a flat pumice road, sleeping in the pines dinnerless because we could find no water, and next morning covering the remaining three miles rapidly towards Rangitaiki, drinks and breakfast. The travelling public were kind thereafter, and we were all back in Hastings by early afternoon.

HELEN HILL.

-----ooo-----

THE WAIKAMAKA AT EASTER.

Betty and George Couper and two others went into the Waikamaka Hut at Easter. The weather was poor. George reports the track up to the saddle overgrown in some places and washed away in others. Betty reports that the rats in the hut are pretty bad - there are even comments on the subject in the visitors' book. A live tree near the hut has been cut down since the Club last went in. This is a great pity.

-----ooo-----

S O C I A L N E W S .

Shirley Single is now married to Allan Bosselman and has gone to live in Nelson. Our good wishes go with her.

Nancy Tanner is back in Wellington.

Hugo McKay is studying medicine in Australia.

Dulcie and Alan Oulaghan have moved to Feilding.

-----ooo-----

CLUB ROOM EVENTS.

15/3/51. Mr. Harris and Mr. Reid, members of the newly formed Hastings branch of the Deerstalkers' Association, visited us. Mr. Harris gave us an interesting account of the general organisation and aims of the Deerstalkers' Association.

-----ooo-----

NOTES FROM MEETINGS OF THE F.M.C.

TRAMPING & CAMPING ON PRIVATE PROPERTY: It was pointed out in the minutes of 11/11/50 that back country runholders in the South Island had complained about the untidiness of campers on their property. Members will appreciate that if it were not for the goodwill of these runholders much good tramping and climbing country would be inaccessible, and it is urged that all take steps to avoid giving offence.

RUBBISH DISPOSAL ON RUAPEHU: Member clubs concerned are requested to see that efficient measures are taken for the disposal of rubbish in the vicinity of their own huts and wherever possible try to keep the mountain free of litter. It must be borne in mind that permits are held at the pleasure of the Tongariro National Park Board, which specifies that rubbish must be disposed of adequately. Further, bottles which are left everywhere become broken and so constitute a grave menace to skiers when exposed by the snow melting, and it is up to members to go out of their way to see that wherever possible bottles are disposed of in places where they will not be a danger (or an eyesore). In Europe, if a skier or mountaineer takes a bottle of beer up the mountain for lunch, he brings the empty bottle back - also his lunch wrapper.

ACCIDENT INSURANCE: Clubs are advised that owing to the high accident rate among skiers since the N.Z. Insurance Co. Ltd. instituted their accident insurance scheme about a year ago, the Company has been compelled to increase the premiums by 50% in cases where the insured includes ski-ing in the sports covered. Premiums for the full cover will thus be, as from 1st March 1951, £1.10.0 for Table 1 and £2.1.3 for Table 11. For those wishing to cover themselves whilst tramping, mountaineering, rock-climbing and hunting only the premiums will be unchanged.

-----ooo-----

"COUNTRY AND TRAVEL."

Norm has sent out from England a newly published monthly magazine called "Country & Travel". It is edited by the secretary of the Ramblers' Association. It contains articles on tramping, cycling and mountaineering not only in England, but also in Switzerland, the Dolomites, Portugal, Tunisia, Finland, to mention just a few of the countries covered so far. Particularly interesting to us are the articles in the January and February numbers on the Scottish Garhwal Expedition, that being the part of the Himalayas that George Lowe is heading for early next month.

-----ooo-----

NEW AUDITOR.

Alan Oulaghan resigned from his position as auditor when he went to Feilding. Alf Dixon has kindly consented to replace him.

-----ooo-----

CLUB TRIPS.

No. 393.

CAPE KIDNAPPERS.

Nov. 25th-26th.

A party of ten left Hastings for Clifton soon after 9 am. The Manawatus had already arrived there and we set off for the Cape leaving them having breakfast. We all took our time and arrived at the hut from 12.30 onwards.

We boiled up and had lunch. Then most of the Manawatus and Heretaungas walked along the rocks at low tide to the point where a few of us got a little wet with sea spray as we watched the waves dashing and booming on the eastern cliffs.

Towards sundown we visited the sanctuary. The young gannets were in all stages, from new eggs to large, downy chicks. The coming and going of the parents, the feeding of the chicks and the cleaning of the nest, are all interesting to watch - that is, if there is enough foot space and no wind. We didn't have much standing room as a visiting American had perched four cameras on the top. He was so interested in these birds that he and his family missed the tide, which resulted in a moonlight walk back to Clifton. at 9 pm., assisted by four energetic Manawatus.

At 8 am. next morning two newcomers joined the party after spending the night at Rongaika. Six left for Clifton via Rongaika and the inland route and duly arrived there in very good time. The rest, with the Manawatus, returned via the beach.

No. in party: 14.

Leader, Pat Bolt.

Muriel Shaw, Mabel Wyatt, Shirley Bathgate, Betty McLennan, Marie Persen, Dr. Bathgate, Walter Shaw, Ken Thomas, Angus Russell, Dave Williams, Peter Smith, Derek Conway, Philip Finch.

-----ooo-----

No. 394.

GLOW-WORM CAVES & HORSESHOE BEND.

Dec. 10th.

At 8 am. on a Sunday morning seven left Holt's on cycles to visit the glow-worm caves in the hills near Horseshoe Bend. Some members, not being used to cycling any distance, lagged behind and at the end of the journey the party was strung out over about half a mile. On the arrival of the last persons we set out over the hills for the caves, which were reached after climbing a deceptively steep hill.

Almost immediately the descent was made and the silence of the first cave was disturbed by Oohs! and Aahs! whenever a glow-worm was sighted. Climbing down a rope into the second cave we saw more glow-worms and heard more appreciative noises from the party.

When curiosity had been satisfied we returned to our cycles and biked back to the Bend for lunch and a swim. After spending the afternoon at the Bend we cycled home, stopping en route at Havelock North where milk shakes and ice creams were consumed with relish. Home and mother were reached a short time later and another pleasant trip was thus completed.

No. in party: 7.

Leader: Ken Thomas.

Muriel Shaw, Jocelyn Simmons, Betty Stringer, Ruth Medley, John Mitchel, Ray Pocock.

-----ooo-----

1951. Jan. 21st: Trip cancelled through lack of support.

No. 395.

WAIMARAMA VIA CAPE KIDNAPPERS.

Feb. 2nd-4th.

When the usual transport was not available owing to lack of support, a party of six decided to go to Waimarama via the Cape. Brian Pedersen said he could arrange transport to Clifton, so we were all set to go.

We left Hastings at one minute before seven in the pouring rain and were soon out at Greenmeadows to pick up Betty, and then our next stop was Clifton. Brian had to go back to town so we decided to wait till he returned which he said would be about quarter to nine; it was then 7.45 pm.

However, owing to unforeseen circumstances Brian was delayed in town and after waiting until a quarter to ten, we could not afford to wait any longer because of the tide, so we donned packs and set off for the rest hut. After a nightmare walk in the dark (there were a few falling stones), we finally arrived at the hut at 11 o'clock. We had a somewhat delayed supper of tea and toast, and then into the sack for a much-needed rest.

The fire was crackling at 7 am. and by the time we had had breakfast, packed our gear, and cleaned up the hut a bit, it was 9 am., and we moved off on our long journey, which I believe is approximately 20 miles. The Friday night start gave everyone the impression that we had all the time in the world, because we were just ambling along.

An hour and a half later saw us trying to make the dirty water in the wells at Rongaika run clear, but after a while we gave up in disgust, the result being a rather doubtful-looking brew. After viewing a young muttonbird at close quarters we moved off again at 11 am.

A quarter of a mile past Rongaika there is a rather steep bluff which is passable only at low tide. Of course we just had to strike it at the wrong time, so after a few minutes in conference we had to take the only course left which was up and over. We headed back until we came to a place where we could at least get footholds, for the hills just in this area slope up in the vicinity of 80 degrees. We got a grand view of the sea and we stopped here to see if we could see the 'Argo', and to drink what was left of the water we had carried up in the billy. We dropped down into a small creek which led us out to the beach, but this time on the Waimarama side of the bluff.

The rest of the day was spent trudging through the sand, which was soft in many places making the going very tiring. However the glorious day made up for it. A swim at Ocean Beach made a welcome break, but the water was freezing. From here we walked in bare feet or in sandshoes, but we were at no advantage really because our boots made our packs feel 50% heavier. It was a tired party that reached Waimarama at 8 o'clock that night, but we soon had the billy boiling. This was the most welcome cuppa of the day for we had not had a boil up since midday. The tents were pitched, and considering the fact that it was pitch dark they were really not bad at all. We were soon all asleep.

Sunday dawned bright and clear; a really perfect day for the beach. It was very warm sitting in the sun, and it had the effect of making some tired and some hungry. It followed of course that the tired slept and the hungry ate. Most of the day was spent thus, till finally it was time to catch our bus. We landed home at 5.30 pm. with another very enjoyable trip behind us.

No. in party: 5.

Leader: Allen Cowan.

Colleen Fisk, Betty McLennan, Ken Thomas, Ray Pocock.

No. 396.

HORSESHOE BEND.

Feb. 18th.

On a sunny Sunday morning a party of sixteen left by varied transport for Horseshoe Bend, a popular Sunday spot for the Tramping Club. 10.30 saw us at the Bend and a swim was number one on the agenda. After a quick dip we strolled up the river and found several logs. These were promptly consigned to the river and floated down to the pool where they were beached and left for the afternoon.

Lunch came next and was downed with relish and gusto under some shady willows on the bank. This meal was eaten to the accompaniment of music from a radio supplied by one of the bods who came in a car.

1.30 saw us in the water again and for a happy and hilarious hour or so we disported ourselves in the water as gracefully as - er - whales? After this we boiled up again and at about 4.15 we piled on to our varied transport and stole away like the Arabs (perhaps not as silently but just as efficiently). A stop at Havelock for ice creams, and we were home shortly after 5 pm.

No. in party: 16.

Leader: Ken Thomas.

Pat Bolt, Muriel Shaw, Helen Hill, Jo Simmons, Marie Persen, Colleen Fisk, Audrey McCluggage, Allen Cowan, John Mitchel, Alan Standesey, Dick Burton, Grant Howey, Philip Finch, George Pickernell, Walter Shaw.

-----000-----

No. 397.

KAWEKA WORKING PARTY.

March 3rd-4th.

During the week-end a party of Heretaunga Trampers visited the Kaweka range to effect repairs at the two huts. Some cleared scrub from the track in to the Tutaekuri River and repaired the sack bunks at Kaweka Hut, while others at Kiwi Hut painted the iron roof and placed red-beech stays to brace the tall chimney against the wind.

While cutting the manuka scrub a green native tree lizard was found. This lizard was about five inches long, a delicate apple green with golden eyes. The feet are furnished with tiny climbing claws. The Maoris used to fear the sight of this reptile; if seen they believed death or disaster would soon follow. One native name for it was 'Ngarara' from which some people think the name Ngaruroro came - that is, Ngarara-roa, the 'long lizard'.

On Sunday afternoon a sudden downpour of rain soaked the ground (and trampers), flooded the creeks and saw the trampers singing their way home.

No. in Party: 15.

Leader: George Lowe.

Sub-leader: Derek Conway.

H. Hill, M. Shaw, C. Fisk, P. Bolt, M. Whyte, J. Mitchel, K. Thomas, B. Woon, R. Pocock, D. Burton, W. Shaw, A. Russell, G. Howey,

-----000-----

No. 398.

MAHIA PENINSULA.EASTER: March 23rd-26th.

Good Friday morning saw twelve of us board the railcar at Napier for Opoutama en route for the Mahia Peninsula. Arriving at the rail depot at 11.30 am. we boiled up on the beach and after a cuppa we moved round the beach to the home of Mr. Omana M.P. Here we were given hospitable welcome by the family and after another cup of tea departed for Kini Kini, leaving Des. Ray,

Allen and Tony to seek their own pleasure at Mahia. They were not feeling well, fit, or something. We arrived at KiniKini at 7.30 pm., in the dark. When we left Mahia we were told '8 miles to Kini Kini,' but when we arrived we were told that it was 10 miles. Mr. Watson, the sole resident of the station at the time, welcomed us with tea and fruit cake (he had about a square yard of it), and then bedded us down in one of the numerous spare rooms in the house.

Saturday dawned wet and overcast with southerly squalls coming in over Long Point periodically. After cooking breakfast on a huge wood-burning range in the kitchen we consulted Mr. Watson as to the best course to take. His advice was to follow a horse track to Mr. Joe Ormond's and there to seek information as to a route up a gully to the central ridge of the Peninsula. This would have the effect of cutting off half a day's march through wet scrub and over steep gullies and so bring us to our shelter before dark.

Following his advice we left the station at 9 am. and headed for Mr. J. Ormond's, where we arrived about an hour later after a stop to examine some caves which disappeared into the ground nearby. Mr. and Mrs. Ormond welcomed us with tea and biscuits together with information about our proposed route. Mr. Ormond said that if we followed the gully and kept to the right we would reach the top of the ridge where we would find a fencer's hut and could get further information. After refreshments we moved on, up and up and up the gully and when we were beginning to wonder if there was any end we came to the top and the hut.

In the hut were three Maoris who maintained the fence-line on the ridge. Here we boiled up again, and, while we were waiting for the kettle to boil, polished off a bottle of sherry which the non-drinking, non-smoking occupants pressed on us. After this we walked down the other side of the ridge to the road and thence down the road to Bartlett's. Here we spent the night in the spare whare. It looked like a mansion to us at the time - running H & C water, stove, bath etc., instead of the woolshed arranged. Tea followed, with stew, topped off with fruit salad made up of many tins of fruit covered with cream.

Sunday was overcast with a threat of rain, so instead of going down to the beach about half a mile away and around Table Cape to Mr. Gordon Ormond's which entailed a five-hour walk, we kept to the road and arrived at Ormond's after two hours' leisurely walk over the hills. When we arrived at Mr. Ormond's we enquired about the woolshed and Dave was inspired to enquire about cooking facilities. To this Mr. Ormond replied that if we liked to wait a minute he would come down to the cookhouse and turn on the electricity. Yes! In the cookhouse was electric light, an electric stove and a 2000-watt immersion heater. Cooking therefore offered no hard work, so with this knowledge we spent the afternoon walking down to Table Cape and back by way of the beach. More stew and an even larger fruit salad followed this jaunt and we hit the hay at about 9.30 pm.

Monday was murky, but we had no rain until we reached Mahia (4 miles), where we sheltered in the transport shed until it passed. Moving on we followed the road to the top of the hill and then descended to the Mangawhio Lagoon where we stopped on the side of the road and boiled up for lunch. This aroused interest from passing motorists and a couple of Maoris in a dray.

About ten chains down the road was the turn off through the sandhills to Opoutama Beach. Crossing it to the beach we followed the shore round to the township. Here we were provided with boiling water for tea by Mrs. Hogg, the wife of the local stationmaster. Some time later Des, Ray and Allen arrived and we passed the time recounting various happenings on the trips.

The railcar arrived at 5.35 pm. and we sang most of the way to Napier, arriving there at 8.45 pm. and at Hastings per bus at 9.30.

No. in party: 12.

Leader: Ken Thomas.

Pat Bolt, Kath Cherney, Dick Burton, Ray Pocock, Walter Shaw, Angus Russell, Dave Williams, Peter Smith, Allen Cowan, Des O'Neill, Tony Nolan (T.T.C.)

-----ooo-----

No. 399.

OREKA TO PUKETAUTAHU.

April 1st.

A party of eight - all boys - left Holt's at 8.30 on a fine, sunny morning. We stopped at the Pukehamoamo bridge for a consultation with the map and decided to go three miles further up the road and take a track which leads right to the summit of Puketautahi. After an hour's easy going we stopped for a boil up at a creek. Fortified by tea and food we set off for the summit, which was reached at about noon.

The summit is covered by large limestone blocks, so half an hour was spent rock-climbing, varied by watching a plane doing aerial topdressing. More food, and at 1.30 we left for the road again, this time making a bee-line for the Pukehamoamo bridge, and arriving there at 3 pm. A boil up and then we tried to catch eels until the truck arrived at 4.30.

No. in party: 8.

Leader: John Mitchel.

Derek Conway, Peter Smith, Ken Thomas, Ray Thomas, Ray Pocock, Philip Finch, Mervyn Hawken.

-----ooo-----

NEW MEMBERS.

At the last Committee meeting the following were elected to the Club:-

Mr. & Mrs. Gilchrist, Colleen Fisk, Rex Chaplin, Dick Burton.

We welcome all five and wish them good tramping.

-----ooo-----

NEARLY A SEARCH.

When two deerstalkers were overdue at the end of Easter, the parents of one contacted the Police. The Police did further contacting and parties of Deerstalkers' Association, Tramping Club and Radio Emergency Corps were all standing by ready to act, when the overdue men emerged. Incidentally, they came out twenty miles south of where we would have been searching for them.

-----ooo-----

SOCIAL PROGRAMME.

The social committee are working on a social fixture list which will provide lectures or films for club meetings. They would be glad to receive any suggestions for guest speakers. Bigger meetings should produce bigger numbers on trips.

-----ooo-----

FIXTURE LIST.

<u>Date.</u>	<u>Place.</u>
April 29th.	<u>Hawkeston Gorge - Te Kowhai Trig.</u>
May 12th-13th.	<u>Ruahines. Trig 66 - Shut-eye Shack.</u>
May 27th.	<u>Bay View to Redcliff over the Hills.</u> (could use bus for this - cost about 4/6)
June 2nd-4th. King's Birthday.	<u>Log Cabin - Manson Trig - Manson Hut - Kiwi, OR</u> <u>Winter Crossing, Southern Tararuas.</u>
June 10th.	<u>Maori Rock - Kohinerakau.</u>
June 23rd-24th.	<u>Kereru - Pohatuhaha OR Kiwi Saddle.</u> (Snow trip).
July 8th.	<u>Poutaki Hut, Whakararas.</u>
July 21st-22nd.	<u>Big Hill - Ruahine - No Man's.</u>
August 5th.	<u>Kahuranaki.</u>

-----ooo-----

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

The Treasurer wishes to remind all non-financial members that subscriptions have been due for some time. Incidentally, those who have still not paid up for last year cannot be supplied with any more copies of "Pohokura" till they improve their status.

At the last annual meeting subscriptions were raised in an endeavour to meet the increased cost of transport (A truck to Kuripapanga now costs £14.8/-) The new amounts are as follows:-

Married couples: £1.15.0 reducible to £1.10.0 if paid by Dec. 31st.
Active members: £1.5.0 " " £1. " " " " "
Absentee, junior, and associate members: 10.0 (non-reducible).

Members joining after March 31st. are entitled to half-year subscription.

-----ooo-----

The country - as it appeared to the parent of a London evacuee who came down to visit her offspring one week-end:-

"Those 'orrid 'ills in the ditime and the 'ellish 'ush at night."

'Beauty From Ashes' - Lady Fortescue.

-----ooo-----

