

HERETAUNGA TRAMPING CLUB (INC.)

"POHOKURA"

BULLETIN NO.70

AUGUST, 1955

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SOMETHING TO CELEBRATE.

In October of next year the Club's 21st birthday falls due. Old members, ex-members, future members, how shall we celebrate it?

A dinner party on a Saturday night and on the Sunday a picnic (tramp if you can make it?) in the direction perhaps of the Kawekas? An outing that will cater for the children as well? After all, it is important that the old hands don't get too out of breath to talk.

Times already suggested are (1) Labour Day Week-End (2) a week-end in November to coincide with the Cairn Trip (3) a week-end in January 1957. The Editor will be pleased to receive letters on this subject from absentee members.

A particularly good opportunity to discuss time and place is Old Members' Day this coming October (see Fixture List). Last year 42 rolled up for this trip, their ages ranging from 82 to 2. So "roll up, tumble up, everybody come", complete with inspiration.

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HISTORY OF THE WAIKAMAKA HUT.

With the replacement of the original hut log at Queen's Birthday week-end the time is opportune to recapitulate the history of the hut. Prehistory.

3/3/33. Kat reported seeing from Three Johns a tussock flat at the Waikamaka Forks.

14/2/39. ... "The Field Officer (Mr E.B. Davidson)... has suggested that if possible a hut be erected on Weka Flat in the upper reaches of the Kawhatau Valley He felt certain your club would be sufficiently interested ... to assist the work..." Director of Deer Operations.

1/3/39. ... "Members welcome the opportunity ... but we are in somewhat of a difficulty. Few of our members enjoy a 5-day week... Club Capt. H.T.C."

Trip Reports

9/4/39/. The head of the Waikamaka is open with tussock flats and there is a good site for a hut, being only 3½ hours from the mill.

15-16/4/39. camped at Waikamaka site, went up southern head to Rangī Creek, ... followed Rongotea Ridge to bush-line.

28-30/4/39. ...we did some track cutting up to the Waikamaka (saddle) bearing round to the right under 67°...

20-21/5/39. The day was profitably spent marking out the hut site and erecting a bivvy.

10-11/6/39. ... relayed in short stages to dump 1 at forks, 1 15 mins downstream.

17-18/6/39. About five loads taken over the saddle... Deep drifts of soft snow.

24-25/6/39. Relayed 6 - 8 loads over saddle.

2/7/39. All plates now over.

9/7/39. 14 loads to start of saddle track.. Left mill in heavy snow-storm.

27/8/39. unbroken snow over the saddle to the forks.

1-3/9/39. ... digging out four feet of snow to locate the pegs.

24/9/39. ... A spot of bother ... led to one group carrying iron attempting a winter ascent of Sixty Six.

... no trace could be found of the middle dump after sinking a few trial shafts.

... The last to leave was the indomitable Cap who had swagged a wet tent over with the intention of camping on site.

7-8/10/39. The Morris Dwang was rescued off Sixty Six.

4th Annual Meeting 12:Oct:1939

... under the guidance of Chas. Higgs the material was assembled and cut to shape, then carted out and relayed up river. Five consecutive trips saw a third of the material over the saddle and a third above Top Camp. In the middle of July owing to repeated heavy snowfalls working conditions became most arduous and a halt was called. By the end of September the middle dump was still under snow and not located, the top and bottom dumps moved mostly to the site and the site itself cleared of snow. The cement is still at the mill to be taken over when the boxing is in place. (N.B. still there, set hard) Forest Service. Not mentioned in this report, but vital to the story, was the receipt of a letter in the middle of these operations, from the Conservator of Forests. A rumour had reached him that we had a hut in State Forest 25. Kindly mark its position on the enclosed map and explain ourselves.

We replied innocently and tactlessly that we were building the hut at the instigation of the Internal Affairs Department, thus touching off an interdepartmental war. The repercussions fell on us. We were told:-

A plan had to be approved.

The hut became the property of the Crown.

We had to maintain it and if destroyed replace it.

Nobody else was to use it, except, grudgingly, deer-cullers.

Our control could be withdrawn at any time.

We had to insure it.

Early in 1940 we asked Internal Affairs for their promised contribution, but this was withheld pending Forestry approval. The difficulty of

arranging insurance was still the hurdle, not overcome till July 1940.

The hut log opens in Jan. 1940 with a private trip. This was the celebrated occasion when Joan and Molly went 2 hours down the Waikamaka an hour up a rough spur and found some irreplaceable colour filters lost by Joan taking a toss on a previous trip.

Fixture List.

Trip No 116, 17-18/2/40. Waikamaka Hut-Kawhatau Valley. Doug. Callow. (Guaranteed non-working party. Visit N.Z.'s newest Hut. All mod. con., h & c., all under one roof.)

Trip Report.

21/4/40 .. Les & Co arrived, big drum effects on the chimney all the way in had rendered the party slightly deaf.

.. even then Dougal, unable to tear himself away, turned back on some flimsy pretext.

Aug. 1940. Dougal Callow has made a magnificent gesture to the club by presenting two pounds to the transport Fund. The committee has decided to devote it to the Labour Weekend working party to the Waikamaka Hut - "the House that Doug. Built."

5th Annual Report 10 Oct. 1940.

Three October working parties saw all material on site and the framing erected. One November and one December party had the shell habitable by Christmas. Work on the fittings was resumed in April with the provision of door, windows, chimney and additional bunk accommodation to sleep a total of 17. Meantime the difficulty over the insurance requirements of the Forestry Department had been overcome and the subsidy from the Deer-Culling Branch was received with Jubilation,

SUMMARY OF WAIKAMAKA HUT LOG

<u>Year</u>	<u>No. parties</u>	<u>H.T.C.</u>	<u>Other Clubs.</u>	<u>Remarks</u>	<u>No. of bodies</u>
1940	12	9	A.T.C.	mostly working parties	84.
1941	11	4	M.T.C. K.T.C.	also M.T.C. with one H.T.C. party: private shooters begin to use hut.	48
1942	4	2	-	Mostly girls now - but what girls!	16
1943	14	2	K.T.C.	Two "Guides Platoons" also a shooting party containing U.S. Marines ("3 out of 7 made the grade")	61
1944	7	2	K.T.C. Heretaunga Rovers, also botanists,	(H.T.C. (T.T.C.	23
1945	9	4	Rovers	Through parties conspicuous (Oroua & Wangaohane) Cullers reappear.	52

<u>year</u>	<u>No. parties</u>	<u>H.T.C.</u>	<u>Other Clubs.</u>	<u>Remarks</u>	<u>No. of bodies</u>
1946	18	3	Wed. Social Cl. T.T.C.(2) V.U.C.T.C. Massey C.T.C.	also W.S.C.(Waipuk) with one of H.T.C. parties 24 were bedded down the night an H.T.C. party arrived on top of V.U.C.T.C. party	126
1947	17	2	T.T.C. Wed. Soc. C. Tamaki T.C.		97
1948	18	6	C.U.C.T.C.	H.T.C. reconn. party in conn- ection with Howlett's Search. H.T.C. private party had a strenuous time helping carry out a collapsed stalker lost 2 days on Rangī. 3 club party crossing to Colenso Memorial dedication at Mokai. 78	
1949	6	1	W.T. & M.C.	Curious drop in visitors this year	30
1950	12	1	T.T.C. Tamaki T.C. Rangiwahia S.C.		60
1951	15	2	Tamaki T.C.		57
1952	20	8	Tamaki T.C. Waipuk Scouts		87
1953	17	1	Tamaki T.C. H.V.T.C. A.S.C.	Most parties Government Cullers	53
1954	17	6	M.T.C.		75
1955 (to end of book 13th May)	12	2		Interim total	52

The grand total of names in the log book was 997, so that with the Queen's Birthday working party the total is now over 1000. The number of other clubs that have made use of this hut is a remarkable feature. Even Howlett's Hut can hardly have such a list, while the Kiwi Saddle Hut is nowhere.

As a post script the new log book opens with the replacement of floor plates and piles (the latter only considered temporary in 1940) by the working party on the Queen's Birthday.

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ON BEING PRESENTED WITH THE LODER CUP

(In a previous bulletin we recorded that Norm Elder had been awarded the Loder Cup. The following is his speech in reply on the occasion of its presentation. - Ed.)

I think it proper that I should take advantage of this occasion to pay my tribute to the late Dr. Cockayne. I only made his acquaintance towards the end of his life, on my return to New Zealand.

I had been brought up on a bush farm and I would have gone on poking about in the bush - but he made me aware that there was useful work to be done even on the scale of a week-end worker.

His opening remark was typical of him. "You say you have no botanical training. Good! That gives you a chance of doing some useful work." He hated shoddy or pretentious work - and it is generally known he could be very rude on occasion; it is not so generally known that he was kindness itself to beginners.

His solution of our problems of lack of time and lack of transport - and these were serious problems in the 1920s and 1930s - was to bully those of us working in the same direction into pooling our efforts and making a survey of the Tararua's. It is amusing to remember how apologetic we were at first to each other for trespassing on private botanical ground. But for Cockayne it never would have occurred to me that botanists could be gregarious animals.

There is a tendency at the moment to overlook how much we owe to Cockayne's pioneer work. His conception of successions and climaxes is beginning to seem almost geologically slow but 20 years ago the whole idea of change was a dynamic one in itself.

I am trying to read a text book on Plant Geography published in America a few years ago. It is exhaustive, at least in intention, with 720 entries in the bibliography, 8 or 9 of these are N.Z. references, not a great number perhaps considering New Zealand's botanical status, but still he has heard of the work being done in this country. But nothing of Cockayne's is listed. I have found only patronizing reference to him as a competent authority in determining the status of a doubtful Hebe.

I do not know whether this is ignorance or simply an indication of a change in botanical fashion - but it is simply not good enough. However botanical knowledge develops in New Zealand Cockayne supplied an important part of the infrastructure, and botanists forget it at their peril.

New Zealand is a wonderful country for biological work, but for some time to come it will just be undermanned. We can't say we have yet reached the stage of experts - in the sense of one who knows more and more about less and less. The term expert is too freely used, there aren't many really. The few there are are invaluable, but at this stage it seems to me they simply get snowed under. Our greatest need in biology is still for the preliminary work of finding out what the problems are - exploring, really - a job an amateur can be useful at - a very happy position for what I have called the week-end worker.

RUAHINE RANGE : BOTANICAL HISTORY

(Summary of talk given before H.B. Branch Royal Society on 14th July 1955.)

The botanical history of the Ruahine Range is in miniature that of the whole of New Zealand.

It falls into several chapters. First of all sheer discovery. For its size New Zealand is unique. For instance it is listed as one of the 14 floral regions of the world. This means that it ranks with the whole of Canada plus most of Europe and Siberia, the whole of India plus Malaya and the East Indies, or Central America from Mexico to the River Plate.

So early botanists couldn't go wrong. Everything was new.

What is of particular interest is how many "novelties" came from the Ruahine Range. When Colenso climbed Te Atua Mahuru in 1845 his lists of new plants show that no comparable collections had been made in the South Island, and apart from Bidwill on Tongariro in 1839 not in the North Island.

After wading up the Makaroro his thrills began above Waikongenge, where he saw his first leatherwood "the leaves reminding me at first sight of the Hydrangea". Then a fern, three fivefingers, two ball-koromikos and a whipcord koromiko, three pimelias and a large spaniard, all new. Of the last he says "of all the peculiar and novel plants which grow on that mountain--- the Aciphylla was the one we are most likely to remember - not for a few weeks but for all time".

But his greatest thrill came above the bushline "on to the dell-like land just before the summit", where he lists more than 20 'novelties'. Two years later he lists about 20 more on the western side.

After Colenso there is a gap of about 60 years before Aston's account of a Ruahine crossing, though several collectors on the slopes are named, Hill, Olsen, Andrews, West, Howlett on the east and Allen on the west. What is of interest is that the lists of habitats and altitudes show that investigation has reached another stage. There are few new plants now, the emphasis is on where they grow.

This is the period of Cheeseman's Manual, published in 1905 with a second edition in 1925.

But even in these 20 years another stage was developing. Dr Cockayne's pioneer work in ecology had turned attention to vegetation patterns and the reasons for them. Cockayne was a genius but he was a pioneer, and where information was lacking he had to bridge the gap with an inspired guess. But he was acutely aware that someday these gaps would have to be filled. Cheeseman's Manual is the botanist's bible, but at the date of its writing it too could only ignore the gaps. The Tararua survey had shown that a plant listed as common throughout both islands could be completely absent between the Manawatu Gorge and Cook Strait. Likewise some awkward group of plants was bundled into a portmanteau species, leaving you to wrestle with such horrible descriptions as :- "leaves orbicular to linear, $\frac{1}{4}$ " to 2" long".

Before any serious work could be made these two jobs, the re-examination of species and of their distribution had to be done.

Unravelling one of these species tangles, a task suggested by Dr Cockayne, was my first job in Hawke's Bay. Various people had described various forms, Cheeseman had added some South Island plants

and lumped the lot together and the result was incomprehensible.

I mention this because in the course of checking type localities I had occasion to ask a botanist of the old school where he had found a certain colony. I did not get the information and was clearly given to understand that I was a trespasser.

Cockayne had no patience with the expert, jealous of his knowledge - the job was too big for the individual. I am indebted to him for my introduction to ecology. By this time his eyesight had failed and his life was near its end, but his mind was full of vigour. He banged the heads of three beginners together and told them to get on with a survey of the Tararua Range. Cockayne was dead by the time this was published but it had been successful. In Hawke's Bay it was obvious that the next step was to do the Ruahines, but this was too far from Wellington for week-end workers so it meant forming a new group. We soon found ourselves up against problems that didn't seem as simple as the Tararuas - not that the Tararuas are turning out to be quite so simple - so for a start we stuck to plant geography.

There are two stages in a job like this. First find out what is there and its main patterns. That is plant Geography. Then find out why. That is ecology proper. It took ten years with the war to cover the first stage and by that time events were catching up on us. With Aerial photographs the Forest Service were turning to native forests and making a forest survey which would cover a lot of the ground. Events caught up with me personally when Forest Survey offered me a job and followed up with a stack of aerial photographs of the Ruahines to work through.

While there is a lot that aerial photos. can't show it is amazing how much information can be picked up - at least by an experienced scanner. Their main forest patterns tallied pretty closely with ours. To explain these briefly there are three main forest belts in the Central Ruahines, red-beech-rimu, red beech and mountain beech, in layers up to 4400'. As you go west mountain beech drops out leaving a belt of cedar at the top, and as you go south mountain beech drops out at Ashley Clinton, and red beech opposite Dannevirke, leaving kamahi bush and leatherwood scrub. As you go north red beech disappears and scrub, leaving a patchwork of mountain beech and tussock.

The southern Ruahines are like the northern Tararuas, the northern Ruahines like the Kaimanawas.

If this were the whole story you could think of these as Cockayne's climax forests, closely adapted to the different conditions of temperature rainfall and soil and staying put for a long time. But there is increasing evidence that they are not staying put. You have to start thinking on another time scale and that is where the fun begins.

This started about 10 years ago when a peat boring gang found some fossil rimu pollen 16 feet down in the Reporoa Bog. They could fix no time scale, but it was a long time ago say 20,000 years and caused no panic though a certain amount of speculation.

Next came the carbon dating of Taupo pumice at 1800 years. In itself this didn't affect the Ruahines much but one deduction from it of the rate of uplift further north was a bit more unnerving.

Lastly Holloway's work on Southland beech forests (published last

year) showed evidence of large scale forest changes had taken place within a matter of hundreds of years. Holloway was up the Golden Crown with a Club party a couple of years back and picked a number of clues of the same changes taking place here as in Southland.

Now this sort of thing shows up in aerial photos and Forest Survey had picked out all the messy bits where patterns were broken or two patterns had overlapped. All the dead trees (indicating changes that have taken place in, say, the last 200 years) they put down to fire. Could be, but there's no direct evidence of fire in the Ruahines, though traces of fire 80 or even 100 years ago are definite in the Kawekas.

There are no solutions at present, just a frazzle of loose ends. Disease, gale damage (as in the Tararuas) could account for some of it. The present bush-line is definitely retreating and stumps of an earlier bushline appear under tussock in many places. A drop in temperature, a rise in altitude, or both are possibilities. The forest has opened lower down with scrub and tussock filling gullies and trees and particularly saplings, perched on ridges and spurs - increased moisture looks a possibility here. Cedar has a longer life than mountain beech, but its seedlings and saplings are almost entirely absent, so it looks to be a survivor. Quite recently kamahi and rata have started to die out wholesale, noone knows why. Big changes are taking place and can take place rapidly. These changes are apart from the effect of deer as vet.

Forests are changing quite rapidly and are not everlasting. To talk of restoring primeval forest is nonsense. There is none in this part of the world.

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S.A.R. IN KENYA.

Dear Norm,

I'm hoping you can help me with a little information. As you probably read a few weeks ago a DC 3 of East African Airways tried rather unsuccessfully to fly through Mount Kilimanjaro at about 14000 ft. Well as a result of this the local mountain club is going to form a Search & Rescue organization which I feel will have to be modelled due to similar conditions, on our N.Z. North Island one. In many ways terrain is similar to the North Island, though not nearly as much bush country, just scrub - mark you quite large scrub. What I would like it for you to give me details of how ours is organized, how communication methods have developed and just how cooperation and coordination with police & military is arrived at. In other words "the works". The club here are very interested in what I've been able to tell them and I feel you probably are the best qualified bloke in the North Island to help us since you have been with the S & R since its early days.

Well, Kenya isn't a bad sort of place and would be a lovely country is it wasn't so badly mismanaged with the result that, taking a rather narrow view, one can't picnic in the pleasant country without standing a good chance of finding a spot of Mau Mau trouble near you. Nairobi where we are is relatively quiet - not many murders and slashings - about 2 Africans a week (and about 3 more that don't get into the paper)

an Asian or two a month and a European every two months has been the average here since we've been here. Business is done with a gun in your pocket - mainly because you dare not leave it in your home. I must say Shell treat us well - very good salaries, first class houses fully furnished etc. One thing out here which is very good is the cheap servants. We only have one boy but he does our $\frac{3}{4}$ acre garden and all the rough kitchen work and cleans the car all for £6/month total - equivalent in terms of salaries to less than £3 in N.Z. Very good.

I do hope you can find time to give us some dope on the Search & Rescue fairly soon.

Kind regards from us all,

JOHN CRANKO.

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CALGARY STAMPEDE.

The procession - mounties, Indians, chuckwaggon, floats, cowboys, horses & horses, bands and bagpipes - such noise, colour and merriment I've never before seen! We, and the other 500,000 people gathered on the streets listening to the cowboys singing, guitars strumming, gazed spellbound at the haughty long-nosed Indians, their glum squaws, the mounty in his red jacket on his prancing steed, , huge balloon figures of cowboys. Joan's colour film ran out and she cursed and swore as more and more colour trouped by. We were to see at the stampede grounds giant wonder wheels and bolder side shows than we'd ever seen before, see Indian wigwams and hear the rhumba rhythm of the band from Trinidad, listen amazed to the sales talk of so many born salesmen, see the animals being bathed and combed ready for the parade, mingle with the thousands and see the clouds of dust as long legged cowboys and Indians bit the dust off bucking broncos and Brahma Bulls. Clowns pranced around pulling the bull by his tail and diving into a barrel as the angry bull would charge and horn and roll the barrel across the ring, with the clown inside. I was torn between apprehension and amusement for they risked their necks in the funniest manner. Then there were the chuckwagon races with the competition deadly earnest, and the horses straining at the bit and bearing their wagon and driver with sizzling speed around the course. Accidents were many, as both horse and rider - the best in America, were out to give a display better than ever before. Everywhere we turned was something of interest to see, at night were street dancing, concerts and brilliant fireworks displays, cowboys made pancakes in their chuckwaggon and gave them out to passers-by with a slice of bacon on top. It is Alberta's 50 years anniversary this year and the Stampede was of special importance. There was so much colour, life and activity we could not help but be captured by the spirit of the Stampede and we mark those days down as being among the most exciting of our lives.

Kiwi shook her feathers and we were heading for Banff, midst still bigger and more picturesque peaks. We made our way past the famed Banff Springs Hotel, which looks like a castle of old, followed a mountain trail and after two long miles found the Banff Youth Hostel. There we staved the night for 75 cents and shared our mattress of straw with girls from New York, Ontario, Egypt and England. Banff has so

much scenic beauty to offer, hot mineral springs to swim in, mountains to climb, a breath-taking chair lift that sets you on the top of Mount Norkav with the world at your feet, a wide swift waterfall to watch where we munched sandwiches and saw a beaver swimming strongly upstream, clamber out up the bank, shake himself and disappear into the forest. Bears and their cubs lumbered along the roadway looking for scraps of food from the cars. We passed many fine mountains including Mount Temple on which 7 American boys were killed last week by an avalanche, and stopped again at Lake Louise. There you see a green, green lake reflecting the beauty of the Victoria Glacier and snow-covered peaks clustered around. There too on its shore are masses of poppies, bright beach umbrellas, fine lawns and beyond a fairy palace. Tall stone columns crowned with flowers and linked by sheets of glass surround the swimming pool, in which we wallowed to our hearts' content, bobbing up now and again to make sure the surroundings were not those dreamt in a dream. And so we've returned to Cranbrook with only 6 more weeks to do and see so many places. From here we shall travel north to Alaska, back down the west coast to California and across to the East. Perhaps we shall work in Bermuda for the winter months.

MOLLY YOUNG.

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S O C I A L N E W S

Apology. We owe a most humble apology to Doris Torbett & her fiancé Russell Lovegrove. In our last Bulletin we spelt Russell's surname wrongly as Iudgrove.

Births: To Dulcie & Alan Oulaghan a daughter.
To Pat & Ian Berrv a daughter.

Marriages: Alison Elder to Ron Procter.
Els Kiss to Philip Bavens.
Stan Woon to Kathleen Smith.

Departure: (temporary): Wallv Romanes to Portland Island, so the Committee appointed Derek Conway as acting club captain in his stead.

Nancy Tanner is now quarters officer in charge of the Wrens' Hostel, Devonport.

George Lowe is going on the reconnaissance trip to the Antarctic at the end of this year, but the party is going from the S.American direction, so won't be calling in here.

Tom Stobart spent a short time at "Sunnybank" with the Lowe family. Unfortunately it didn't coincide with a club night.

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Extracts from a letter written by Alan Proffitt, now at Mangakino.....

"I'm always pleased to get "Pohokura" and read of the Club's doings in familiar and unfamiliar places. The familiar names seem to be fewer these days, but perhaps it is because the parties are much larger, presumably indicating the conquest of the transport problem. From the latest bulletin it appears Norman finds the years packing more lightly as they accumulate - good luck to him, may he long continue to make trips and write them into such readable reports.

I must confess I have done no tramping for nigh on four years except as required by the job and following a small white ball around trying to get it into 18 holes without hitting it more than a hundred times in the process. According to the card this should require about $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles of walking but I'll swear it costs me five. As inspection engineer (concrete) Whakamaru I have occasion to get into awkward places (being suspicious by nature I think the difficult to get places require most inspection, sometimes by unorthodox routes, and have found a little climbing knowledge quite useful. However, the safety officer was distinctly displeased with a single roping effort of mine, not so much out of concern for my neck, as for fear a workman might try it, come a thud, and make a heavy compensation claim. So now I have to be more discreet; i.e. take a careful look round for the safety officer before trying my skill. To be honest, I agree with him and usually behave.

Peggy and the family are blooming. The family now numbers three, the latest being a son born last December. He looks as if he might make a tramper, so when he is big enough to have nails in his boots perhaps Dad might start again.

The job goes reasonably well and we still hope to have two units in at Whakamaru in time to keep you folk well lit and warm next winter. Every day has its quota of frustrations and apparently little to be pleased about, but the dam and the powerhouse keep growing and every so often there's a pleasant little surprise as the fact registers. Speed the day when the apparent chaos becomes stilled in finality and perhaps from being the inspector and critical spectator I may join the poor miserable inspected and in true construction engineer style moan about that so-and-so the inspection engineer.

My regards to our mutual friends.

Yours sincerely,
ALAN PROFFITT.

CLUB TRIPS.

No. 501

DOUBLE TRAVERSE OF THE RUAHINESApril 8th-11th.

Thanks are due to Norm & Kath Elder for providing sufficient dehydrated food and cereal etc. to enable the whole party to feed well, yet travel comparatively light.

This double traverse of the Range has not been done for many years by the Club, and so it was that 23 stout souls sallied forth with 4 days of solid tramping and exploration ahead of them. We left the truck at a sheep station which overlooked Kowhai flat on the Makaroro River and at 11am we had our first boil up at the foot of Colenso's Spur.

The arduous climb up this long ridge has been written up in that heavy volume of Colenso's travels, where you may read the account for yourselves. A very weary party braced themselves against a strong cold westerly as they circled round Te Atumahuru 5028'. Carrying on South we left the Main Divide at Marorarea 4935' and finally pitched a dry camp in the bushline due south of Remutepo on an adjoining ridge leading to Puketarata. Some water was obtained from a deer wallow and Hal, being biologically minded, thought it better to dilute this mixture by including some clean water from further down the ridge.

Saturday dawned fine with morning cloud lifting from the tops and as there was no water we decided to move off and have breakfast down at the Maropea River forks; ("Something like an hour's walk," an old hand advised). Three of the boys were going ahead to boil the billy; three others to do some botanising along the ridge, joining us later; a perfectly straight forward arrangement; but the result was as follows:- The main party took a good clean ridge down to the river and though told by voices of the billy-boiling party on another spur that we were on the wrong spur, nevertheless carried on, to arrive at the river at a Govt. Shooters' fly camp. There was one lone young man in occupation. He looked in the pink of condition though he told us that he had been thereabouts for nigh on 8 months without leave and that he had just roared a slag from his bunk, strolled outside and shot it. Much to our satisfaction he cut off a hind quater and offered it with blessings for breakfast. We would have liked to have stayed longer, but as breakfast was 5 minutes or so round the corner we bade this gentleman farewell, and with that belly against backbone feeling we pressed on. But alas and alack, not 1 hour but more like 5 hours later we reached the junction of the

Waikamaka and Maropea Rivers. You can imagine our feelings as we rounded every bend, expecting to see a large billy boiling merrily and breakfast all cooked, but not even half a footprint did we find as we continued on our foodless way.

It was not until 4 o'clock in the afternoon, long after Jack and assistant ghouls had viciously attacked a half cooked leg of venison that the other remaining parties caught up having cooked their respective meals just where the appropriate time found them. So much for organisation! Camp that night was pitched an hour's tramp up the Waikamaka on a grassy stretch which yielded among other things ants by the millions, and three wasp stings in one person's neck.

Fifteen minutes past the E.T.D. next morn was not a bad effort, but still left room for improvement even on a leader's part, for it was he who continued up the river 15 minutes past a point we had been looking for to take us up the Mokai Patea, and as we sat atop Rongotea 5144', we realised that we should have been a little earlier, as a thick mist was rolling in from the West; but we still had time to admire the view and take several panoramic shots on the camera. Norm, Kath and Mavis continued North along the ridge botanising, and had rather an exposed camp for the night.

Continuing South along Mokai Patea, we chose a large scree for a quick descent off the ridge into the Waikamaka via Collins creek. In the river we met Con Malone, chief Govt. shooter for the district, who informed us that the hut was a good hour and a half away, so a few of the faster members set out to establish camp and get the fire going. At dusk the remaining party came in and a comfortable night was had by all excluding the boys, who pitched their tent in a water course which ran quite fresh after continuous rain during the night.

A. lazy day for our fourth, as the previous three days had been at least ten hours tramping over all types of rugged terrain; so the trip out to McCulloch's via the Waipawa Saddle was not under way till late in the morning. A thick mist on the saddle caused several people to go astray, both experienced and otherwise; but eventually all reached the road and the truck, which had been brought round from the Wakarara by means of a private car left at the road head; reached Hastings at 7-30pm. No in party 23

Kath Elder, Mavis Davidson(TTC) Els Kiss, Pat Bolt, Edna Ansell, Judy Hare, Helen Hill, Tom Oosterdyk, Ray Kelly, Ray Thomas, Ephriam Hannah, Laurie Cantwell, John Phelps, Phillip Bayens, Jack Landman, Norm Elder, Alan Berry, Peter Wood, Hal Christian, Len Hodgson, Owen Brown, Jim Glass, Leader Derek Conway.

ANZAC DAY WEEK-END.

This trip was cancelled on account of the weather.

HINERUA RIDGE.

May 1, 1955

We left Holt's at about 6 a.m. and at about 9 a.m. we were in the mud. And how! The front wheels were about up to the axles in a slip into which we had dared to venture. An hour and many grunts later the truck was again free and was being backed up the road to a point where we thought we could turn. The truck was eased down the bank and after many acres of manuka had been cut and laid under the wheels it was finally pushed back onto the road. So much for vehicle recovery.

We started tramping at about 10 a.m. and had dinner at (as near as we could guess) the foot of Hinerua Ridge. After dinner we sidled the foot of the ridge and headed for some water falls up some tributaries of the Tukituki River where some photographs were taken. From here we found our way back to the road, then to the truck, and thus to Hastings at about 7.30 p.m.

No. in Party: 9 - Judy Hare, Susan Waters, Edna Ansell, Alan Berry, Ray Kelly, Jim Glass, Owen Brown, John Phelps.
Leader: Ray Thomas.

HERRICKS - NO MANS.

May 14-15, 1955.

The usual leisurely start took us to Big Hill Station about 9 o'clock and with the sun gently warming us on our way, 10 a.m. saw us at Herrick's Hut. There we found two caravans, belonging to the bulldozer drivers, who are reclaiming the flats thereabouts for Ex-Servicemens' farms. However, with no time for dalliance, we set off up the spur, a gentle breeze wafting away the sweat. A few stops here and there to watch the caravans being towed out to civilisation and then thinking of the club's reputation and the evening stew, but mostly the stew, we continued climbing and sidling and climbing.

At 4 o'clock, we emerged on to the tops, to be met by a cold mist and the realization that Jack had left his camera behind - somewhere down the spur. He went back and managed to find it, and we directed our steps northwards over the snowgrass. Now and then, we came across bare patches littered with rocks and bleached timber (signs of the Rushes steadily rising?) on the happy hunting grounds of trampers "who ate their compasses before their boots". The mist was closing in now, but through gaps we could see a goodsized ridge rising away to the left, which with the poor visibility and general lack of creature comforts, we hurriedly decided was the main ridge doubling back.

We were now nearing the turnoff and began hopefully scanning each fresh spur for traces of a fence. Luckily, at this stage, one of the party suddenly discovered a compass, which showed beyond any shadow of doubt, that we had been working too far east.

Once on a bearing we made steady progress and within ten minutes struck the No-Man's turnoff. The fence soon came into view and so did the hut, after another quarter of an hour.

We awoke next morning to a beautiful red sunrise. It was too dark to photograph it, and as it became lighter it disappeared, but once we got moving we enjoyed a wonderful view, which more than compensated. We picked out landmarks from Kidnappers to Mahia and to the west identified our "main ridge" as Otupae. We carried on down a broad flat ridge which would probably be rather tricky in mist, but with a clear sunny sky, and a wide track leading through patches of beech, it was certainly a pleasant Sunday walk. We came upon a tarn in the beech, and Judy, being considered the most photogenic, was asked to stand on a grassy island and watch the birdie. This she did, promptly sinking, and giving the photographers a fine action shot. Reaching Lessong's Monument, we had a rest to watch two aerial top-dressers, and then continued down to Rakoutaonga, where we saw a deer not 50 yards away.

Steady tramping took us to the remains of Rushine hut where we had lunch. From there back to the truck was fairly uneventful. We had a birdseye view of the fault-line along the eastern slopes which showed up very distinctly from above.

No. in party: 8 - Judy Hare, Helen Hill, Edna Ansell, Jim Glass, Jim Gibbs, Jack Landman, Doug Napier.

Leader: Peter Wood.

TE IRINGA.

May 29, 1955.

We were supposed to leave Hastings at 6 a.m. but the first ones started to arrive well after 6 and by the time everybody was present it was 6.30. Then we had to get some air in the tyres, and it was almost 7 o'clock before we finally got going.

There was a beautiful sunrise and the ranges looked very inviting. We arrived at the foot of Gentle Annie at about 9 a.m. and left the truck there. Two private cars went to the top and after everybody had arrived we started to climb. The first part was a bit hard, but the rest was very easy going, travelling mostly over the bare top where there were good deer tracks. We saw a few deer and stopped several times to have a good look at the surrounding country. At 12 we decided to have a boil-up near a little stream, not far from the top. Some of the party were not interested in a drink but pushed on to the top and had a very dry lunch there. The rest joined them after a while and we all enjoyed the magnificent view of Ruapehu and Ngaurahoe. We stayed

here for about an hour and then started on our way back. One of the girls in the party had sprained her ankle early that morning and, although it did not hurt much, climbing up, the going down was not so pleasant and it was a long time before we reached the truck where most of the party were waiting. They had spent the time doing some dancing and were all in the right mood for a good sing-song in the truck on the way back. And so ended a nice day-trip, which had been very easy, but still gave us a good look at a fairly big part of our local hills.

No. in party: 18 - Dereck Conway, Marie Valler, Allan Berry, Doug Napier, Shirley Rosen, Norm Elder, Peter Wood, Laurie Kenny, Tom Oosterdyk, John Ellisom, David Doughton, Edna Ansell, Pat Bolt, Pearl Smith, Margaret Haycock, Susan Waters, Len Hodgson.
Leader: Jack Landman.

WAIKAMAKA - RANGI - KAUWHATAU.

Queen's Birthday Weekend.

Maybe something about last Queen's Birthday trip had put people off, although just what I can't imagine, for only a comparatively small party of 9 stalwarts turned up at Holt's on Saturday morning. A comfortable trip saw us at the road-head, from where the track in to the Mill is now reminiscent of a Waiouru tank-training course. However, the machine took everything in its stride, although we gather that Edna's mattresses were much appreciated by those on the back.

We did not linger long at the Mill, but pressed on under threatening skies to the Forks, where a welcome brew was contemplated, concocted, and consumed in the positively indecent time of 30 minutes. As we started the slog up to the Saddle, Hughie turned it on with a vengeance - wind, rain and sleet. When it is recalled that comfort in the ranges is but a state of mind, I hate to think of the state our minds must have been in by the time we reached the top.

Upon arrival at Waikamaka, in the comparatively good time of $3\frac{1}{2}$ hours, we set about the day's work. Erected in the early days of the war, the hut is already showing signs of decay not yet apparent in its builders. The plates have rotted all round, as have most of the piles, and it would appear that during the last few years the hut has remained standing where it is merely from force of habit. So that we could get at the plates and piles, we intended replacing, the hut had to be lifted clear of the ground on the eastern side. Lacking mechanical means, we merely took a deep breath of bracing Waikamaka Hut atmosphere and heaved mightily. With the wall propped securely out of the way, we were able to plant the new piles and affix Wally's plate thereto. This 14ft. beech beam was really a masterpiece, cut and adzed with a precision that would put even Holt's to shame. The hut was then returned to an even keel and the studs nailed to the plate. This was all achieved without even the roof caving in or the chimney toppling over (pity), although we couldn't quite make ends meet in one

corner, and the door doesn't seem to fit just like it used to. However, it did open at about 6.30 to admit two frozen and bedraggled bodies - Edna and Phillip, 3 hours up from the Mill.

Sunday being a day of rest, and with the weather and time against us, the scheduled trip to Mangaweka was called off in favour of a more leisurely ramble over Rangī and Paemutu. Two hours of steady slogging took us to the top of Rangī (5589'), by way of the creek to Rangī Saddle, and the scree on the Northern face. There was a little snow about, enough to make the fruitless search through the cairn for the historic paste bottle an unpleasant task. It appears that some irresponsible type has souvenired the bottle and its contents, but fortunately copies have been made of the earlier entries.

We then headed down the range, south Rangī and eventually on to Paemutu (5367'), covering country that the Club has not visited for many years. The mists were well down, so it was not long before we were hurtling down the scree to Tussock Creek, the Kawhatau and lunch. There was unfortunately no time to linger in the delightful Kawhatau Valley, so we scurried down the river, up the Rangī Creek, over the Saddle, and down into the hut creek again, exposing ourselves once more to the tender caresses of the spaniards and vicious scrub that have taken over the once well-defined track.

During the night the weather took a turn for the worse, and Monday morning dawned wet and cold, ruling out anything very ambitious in the way of tramping. It was therefore decided to spend the earlier part of the day easing the burden on the minds of the Hut and Track Committee. The top bunks, which have bowed the backs of many stalwart trampers in years gone by, have at last been re-upholstered. The wire in the gorge below the hut has been renewed for the benefit of aspiring Tarzans, and a 9 ft. beech log cut ready for splitting into new plates.

About 1.30 the rather dismal trek back to the Mill began, and by 4 o'clock we were once more heading back to face the rigours of civilised life.

No. in party: 11 - Edna Ansell, Susan Waters, Marianne Culpar, Els Kiss, Kath and Norm Elder, Jack Laudman, Philip Bayens, Jim Glass, Len Hodgson.

Leader: Alan Berry.

BLACK BIRCH RANGE.

June 12, 1955.

We got away from Hastings at 6.30 and picked up a few more in Napier. The Kawekas had a good covering of snow, so instead of going to Tarapounui which appeared to have no snow on it we decided to have a look at Black Birch Range. We arrived at Puketitiri at 9 o'clock. We left the truck at 9.15, pushed round the back of the house and travelled in a southerly direction till we came to a small hill with hardly a thing growing on it.

18. From there we crossed over onto the ridge which lies in front of the main Black Birch Range. We went north along this for a little till we came to the Saddle which took us over onto the main ridge which had a fair amount of snow on it. Just as we reached the top we ran across a stag which continued its way in no great hurry, stopping once to let Jack photograph it. We found a very good place for lunch which ended up in a snowball fight.

We then pushed on to have a look at Whittle's Clearing where we came across two Japanese deer which were about thirty yards away and just stood and looked at us for well over a minute. The time now being 2.30, we thought we ought to turn back. We reached the truck just after 4 p.m. having had a very good day.

No. in party: 13 - Jack Landman, Philip Bayens, Owen Brown, Dereck Conway, Peter Jurford, Helen Hill, Alan Mummery, E. Ornberg (T.T.C.), Els Kiss, Edna Ansell, Marie Valler.

Leader: Jim Glass.

THE MACINTOSH.

25 - 26 June, 1955.

A reasonable dawn, but a murky forecast, just as well it was to be a low level trip. We took slashers with the aim of cutting a deviation to the river to avoid the last hill, and made a dry run down the chosen gully. The gully was good but the river gorgy and not particularly attractive with ice on the boulders.

The idea was to prospect a low-level back-door route to the Macintosh by following the fault : : rift, conspicuous in aerial photos. Ray took one look at the start of this, saw the red light and hived off to the Kaweka Hut with a sub party.

Actually the start was good, up a little straight gutter to its head. Beyond this, not so good. The further saddle was by no means low and full of manuka, so it seemed simplest to bear right and cross the main valley in the direct line to the Macintosh Camp. Famous last words! The scrub was too thick to pick a route and we floundered straight down the face - and what a face! 1000 feet of scrub, loose rock, bluffs and slides, with a nice little cliff at the bottom.

At any rate it gave us a better opportunity of picking a spur out, even so we just bashed our way to the bush edge by nightfall. All hands tore in with a will and made a comfortable camp.

The weather held but it was a hard frost, the ground frozen hard all week-end and Studholme's Saddle was clearly impracticable without ice axes. Retracing our steps across the gorge was suggested by nobody and that left the route out by the Donald to the Blowhard Bush - a day's scrub-bashing.

We followed an old fence down the end spur through pretty thick scrub and of course found ourselves bluffed at the foot. It was three o'clock before we got down to the river bed,

after which of course it was just a case of press on regardless. Although we picked up the pack track without any delay it was after nightfall when we reached the road. Then the driver with a harrier-type pacer went back for the truck while the rest put on all woollies and got a fire going. A tough week-end for mid-winter but a good tough party to match it.

No. in party: 15 - Susan Waters, Judy Hare, Helen Hill, Marie Valler, Alan Berry, Don Hislop, Hal Christian, Jim Glass, Ray Thomas, Peter Wood, Robin Fargher, Owen Brown, Peter Hurford, Dereck Conway.

Leader: Norm Elder.

WAIPAWA SA DDLE AND RANGIOTEATUA.

Despite the unfavourable weather report the previous night, a party of fourteen left Hastings shortly after 6 a.m. bound for the Ruahine Ranges.

Upon our arrival at the Roadhead it was decided not to keep to the original trip laid down as Waipawa Forks, Shuteye, Triplex Creek, as everyone was anxious to get on to the snow - the first time this season that many of us had had the chance.

After a two hour journey up the everchanging Waipawa River, we stopped at the Forks for a boilup. Most of the party saw about 20 to 30 deer parading up and down the spur leading up to Three Johns. The weather was typical Ruahine - very overcast, visibility poor, a strong wind blowing down from the main divide plus some occasional drizzle.

Thud! Thud! Thud! And everyone found themselves on the Waipawa Saddle, which had just received a fresh blanket of snow. After a brief interlude the party headed south along the main divide towards Rangioteatua (5,589'). As there was a surplus supply of ice-axes among the party, it was decided to put them into full use. After finding a suitable spot free of stones, and with reasonably hard snow, we spent a good while practising the various uses of the ice-axe. Glissading conditions were not too good as the snow was very soft in parts, but this problem was solved by one of the party going head first down the slope. Having brought two lengths of 100 ft. rope the party was split up into two parties of four on the ropes while we continued south towards Rangioteatua. By now time was getting short so we decided to turn back as we wanted to be back at the truck before dark. On the way back towards the Waipawa Saddle, a party of three went approximately three quarters of the way up Three Johns but lack of time made the few hundred feet impossible. Meanwhile, the remainder of the party made its way back to the Waipawa Saddle and down to the Forks.

Everyone had a little snack there before continuing on their way down the river. All of the party were out and back

at the truck just before total darkness. We had a pleasant journey back to Hastings, everybody singing typical tramping songs.

We arrived back in Hastings shortly after half past eight, after a most interesting trip with plenty of instruction in snowcraft.

No. in party: 14 - Edna Ansell, Judy Hare, Susan Waters, Joyce Stanley, Jean Middlemiss, Barbara Maultsaid, Jim Gibbs, Dereck Conway, Alan Mummery, Jim Glass, Peter Wood, Kevin Simmonds, Jim Trumper.

Leader: Tom Oosterdyk.

SHUT-EYE SHACK - ARMSTRONG'S SADDLE.

July 24, 1955.

This was supposed to have been the Howlett's - Tiraha trip. We were to leave on Friday night, weather permitting; but the weather did not permit and the trip was cancelled - quite a relief for some people.

On Saturday the forecast was hopeful. Two keen types came along in the morning to see if we could organise a day trip. After spending most of the afternoon annoying the telephone operator, we managed to get four people interested.

We decided to try Triplex Creek - Shut-eye Shack - Armstrong's Saddle and were away by 7 a.m. on Sunday in Hal's car. The weather was miserable. We put on our boots and 9 a.m. saw us set off up Triplex Creek, picking up the disced track to the hut quite easily. We were in the hut by 11.15, had a boil-up and left at noon. There was surprisingly little snow on the Saddle and the tops, but the weather was still more miserable. We retraced our steps, got back to the car at about 4 p.m. and were home by 6 p.m. - the earliest I have ever come back from a day trip.

No. in party: 4 - Hal Christian, Jim Glass, Tom Costerdyk.

Leader: Philip Bayens.

PRIVATE TRIPS.

July 17th.

WINTER CONDITIONS ON WAIPAWA SADDLE.

Jack Landman, Marie Valler and Derek Conway went up the Waipawa, wearing sandshoes in the river to keep their boots dry. In the leatherwood just out of the creek they found snowdrifts waist deep. Frozen snow made good going up on to '69, but for the return trip only a short time after (round about 3 p.m.), icy conditions made a very tricky descent.

R U A P E H U.

1. July 1st-2nd. It snowed hard the whole time and no-one could do anything.
2. July 31st-Aug. 3rd. To begin with the snow was too icy to do anything, but they got about $1\frac{1}{2}$ days' good ski-ing, in the course of which Jim broke a bone in his leg.

Party: Marie Valler, Doug Napier, Jim Gibbs, Jack Landman, Derek Conway.

SHORT'S TRACK & DELAWARE.

April 25th-27th.

After the cancellation of the Anzac Day trip the weather cleared, so made a dash for the western side of the Southern Ruahines where a quick recce was necessary. Found Bert Sixtus still going strong and gratefully accepted the offer of an empty house instead of dossing in the Minx as planned.

His nephew John Sixtus turned up next morning with a bottle of milk - real milk from a cow not a 2000-gallon tank - and his boots on, so we added him to the party and made off up the track. We only got up to 4000' fossicking and note-taking, but good weather, and John - a bright 12-year old - entered into the spirit of the thing and fossicked with the best.

Didn't manage to tear ourselves away till noon next day, by which time the weather was closing down. However we made a dash up to Delaware where we were surprised to find a well-formed track which we followed for over an hour back towards the divide. Heavy rain and the lateness of the hour then forced us to turn back.

Norm and Kath Elder.

T A K A P A R I.

May 11th-13th.

As the Ruahine photos had to be back in Rotorua by the end of the month, time was getting short for the final cleaning-up trips. One of these was to the Apiti saddle, at which several parties had had unsuccessful stabs during the war.

Looked up the Tamaki T.C. sec. in Dannevirke and received precise instructions about two routes, one up the West Tamaki on to Takapari, the other up the East Tamaki to Apiti Saddle.

Camped up the West Tamaki and combined them, but the days are now so short we failed to come the double on Thursday, so took advantage of the weather to stay in an extra day. Dead kamahi, beautiful weather, heavy air traffic - otherwise peaceful.

Norm and Kath Elder.

CLUB EVENINGS.

Norm gave a short talk suggesting new routes round the foot of the Kawekas. One of these has since been tried (!). Another night he chatted about compasses.

Derek and Jack showed slides of the Easter trip. These included panoramic views of the Ruahines taken from the western side. A map was placed alongside the screen for reference and considerable discussion ensued over various humps and ridges. Quite a lively evening!

Graham Lowe told us how he arrived in New York with 150 dollars in his pocket, worked his way across America and left from Vancouver still with 100 dollars. Lavish hospitality was showered on him from time to time and in between he halted at youth hostels or sometimes could get lodging only at police stations.

Ray Grant showed us the rest of his colour films taken on his trip overseas. These were even more interesting than his previous ones.

Derek gave a short talk on tents.

Mr. Bestall from Napier told us how the Museum originated and developed to its present size. He said Club members could assist by bringing along anything of interest found on trips.

We had a kitchen tea for Philip and Els.

Another evening, not a club night, over twenty of us went through to Napier to hear Norm address the H.B. Branch of the Royal Society on the Botanical History of the Ruahines. (see page 6).

MINUTES OF THE F.M.C.

At the Annual Meeting of the F.M.C. the question of representation of clubs was referred to the incoming committee.

Mr. Bridge, the Federation's Search Representative, reported that the Search organisation was working smoothly. There had been a number of calls during the year, two of which were for aircraft. The only concern he had was that some areas might relax if they didn't receive any calls for assistance. It was however, necessary that clubs be ready for any emergency; a call might come at any time requiring efficient organisation.

One of the delegates referred to the risk of fire in huts above the snow line and the dangers resulting from it if the occupants could not rescue their boots in time. He urged that the question be investigated, and suggested that some sort of standardized fire drill be recommended to clubs.

The following is an extract from the ensuing committee meeting:-

"ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION:

A letter from the Hon. Minister of External Affairs, inviting the Federation to join a special committee to be set up in Wellington, in connection with the proposed Antarctic Expedition, was presented to the meeting.

" Although the Expedition is being planned in the United Kingdom, the committee which the N.Z. Government proposes to set up will be responsible for planning the operation in McMurdo Sound, and participation in the Expedition generally on a demonstrably New Zealand basis. The Committee will also have wide discretion to decide its own terms of reference, will maintain close relations with the organising committee in the United Kingdom, and will be responsible for choosing the leader of the party at the McMurdo Sound base.

It was indeed an honour for the Federation to be invited to join such an important committee, said the Chairman.

Mr. Thomson moved that Mr. H.E. Riddiford be asked to join the Antarctic Expedition Committee as the Federation's Representative. Mr. Riddiford has had wide experience as a climber and organizer of expeditions to the Himalayas, said Mr. Thomson, and should be of great help to the committee. "

(Mr. Riddiford later accepted - Ed.)

NEWS OF GEORGE.

While on his South African tour George sent the club a postcard reading as follows:-

"Cheers to all the H.T.C. I haven't written much but think a lot about you. Thanks for "Pohokura". Went up Table Mountain the other day and walked along the top - it's a magnificent hill to have right in the city. Went fishing and down a gold mine 9600ft. deep - with a temp. of the rock at 115deg. F. Wed. to Bulawayo and Salisbury and then to Victoria Falls, Kenya, Cairo, Rome, and home to London. Cheers to all - George. "

In a recent letter to his family George says that his address from now on is:-

c/o Trans-Antarctic Expedition,
64 Victoria St., London S.W. 1.

He says,

"My title now is Expedition Photographer, and that means movies and stills as well. It's very interesting and exciting working with all these people and the chaps chosen are a great bunch to be with. I'm looking forward to the voyage South this November.

I'm putting in the text and pictures of the joint book Ed and I are doing on the Barun this coming week and hope to have it printed by Christmas. It's along job. Chas Evans has done a book of sketches on Everest that are great fun.

Regards to all the H.T.C., George.

NEW MEMBERS:

We welcome to the club the following new members:-

Els Kiss, Margaret Haycock, Marianne Culpan, Jim Glass, Alan Mummery, Len Hodgson, Owen Brown, John Phelps.

FIXTURE LIST.

<u>Date:</u>	<u>Trip:</u>	<u>Leader:</u>
Sept. 17-18th.	<u>Waikamaka Hut: Working Party.</u>	Peter Wood.
Oct. 1st-2nd.	<u>Kiwi - Kaweka.</u>	Jack Landman.
Oct. 16th.	<u>Old Members' Day: Triplex Creek or Kowhai Flat.</u>	Kath Elder.
Oct. 20-24th, Labour week-end.	1. <u>3 days. National Park.</u> 2. <u>5 days. Kaimanawas, Tapui-o-Maruahine.</u>	H. Hill or H. Christian. Norm Elder.
Oct. 29th. <u>Sat.</u>	<u>Combined St. John's Amb.-H.T.C. Field Day.</u>	Edna Ansell.
Nov. 5th. <u>Sat.</u>	<u>Guy Fawkes - a good chance for all those with arson instincts.</u>	Pat Bolt, Doug Napier.
Nov. 12-13th.	<u>Cairn Memorial Trip.</u>	Norm Elder. Sub-leader, Pat Bolt or Helen Hill.
Nov. 26-27th.	<u>Full-scale Search and Rescue, with allied organisations.</u>	Derek Conway.
Dec. 11th.	<u>Waikoau.</u>	John Groome: sub-leader, Judy Hare.

TRIAL RESCUE OPERATION:

In July a meeting was held between representatives of the St. John Ambulance, Messrs. Cook and Kemp; Radio Emergency Corps, Messrs. Morgan and Taylor; and H.T.C., Messrs. Conway and Elder, to discuss a proposal for a joint rescue practice. This was a preliminary meeting to sound out the possibilities.

The general idea is to hold a Saturday party (Oct. 29th), something between a picnic and a first aid practice, somewhere fairly handy to river and scrub, with probably two rescue areas to give practice for portable radio links. A first aid address will be given at the preceding club meeting. Following this it is proposed to hold a week-end, more on the lines of a search and rescue trial, (Nov. 26-27th.).

NOTICE TO MEMBERS: ANNUAL MEETING:

The Twentieth Annual General Meeting of the Club will be held in the Girl Guide Rooms, Queen St., on Thursday October 13th 1955, following the club meeting which will begin at 7.30 p.m.

Members are asked to make a point of being present at the meeting; and also to send in nominations in good time.