

HERETAUNGA TRAMPING CLUB (INC.)

"POHOKURA"

Bulletin No. 95

December, 1963

President:

Mr. A.V. Berry, 10 Nimon Street, Havelock North Phone 77223

Hon. Secretary:

Miss A. Tremewan 411 St. Aubyn Street, Hastings, Phone 83703

Hon. Treasurer:

Mrs. K. Berry 10 Nimon Street, Havelock North Phone 77223

Club Captain:

Miss N. Tanner 56 Te Mata Road, Havelock North Phone 77619

ANNUAL REPORT

Once again we are able to report a small rise in membership, which now stands at the highest level for very many years. The total of 103 comprises: full members 57, juniors 19, absentees 24, life members 3. Although we have slightly less full members, this deficiency has been more than made up by an increase in the number of juniors and absentees. Many in the latter category are ex junior members who are now at University and who wish to maintain contact with the club so that they are able to come out on trips during vacations.

Despite a small reduction in the number of active members, the older hands have been giving much better support to club trips during this past year. I feel this is a trend to be encouraged, for not only does it result in increased pleasure to the older members concerned but it has also played an important part in avoiding mishaps and other misadventures during the year.

Once again the treasurer is able to present to us a particularly healthy income and expenditure account and balance sheet, which indicate that the club's finances are in very sound heart. The fact that the club now has accumulated funds of almost £700 must surely be some consolation for the aching backs and weary limbs of working parties over the past twelve or fifteen years. The sweetcorn crop again helped materially in showing a good financial result and we are grateful to Mr. Thompson for his continued assistance in making available his land and irrigation plant.

During the year the club lost one of its most highly regarded members with the death of Kath Elder. Kath had been a stalwart of the club for very many years and the mountains and the bush were truly part of her. The club is the poorer for her passing.

I should like to close by expressing a word of thanks to the club's "workers" - the Club Captain, the Secretary, and the Treasurer. After several years of service in the position of Club Captain Maurie Taylor felt that his family commitments no longer enabled him to devote the time that he would like to the job and Nancy Tanner has assisted us by stepping into the breach. We are glad however to know that we can still call upon Maurie's wealth of experience whenever we have the need. The Secretary and Treasurer also play a major part in ensuring that the club's administrative work runs smoothly and their positions involve a great deal more work than one might imagine. Our thanks go to these members for their assistance and also to all of the other committee members and office bearers for their contributions to what has been a most successful and enjoyable year.

CLUB CAPTAIN'S REPORT:

Another successful year of tramping has come to an end and thanks to our excellent relations with landowners, Lands and Survey and Forestry, many enjoyable trips have been made. If it were not possible to cross private property we would find ourselves with a very restricted syllabus, as it would be very hard to find a trip that did not cross private or Lands & Survey property. We must always be on the alert to leave gates as found and also not to cause unnecessary disturbance to stock. Similarly, our use of Forestry huts is only allowed as long as we leave them clean and tidy. Abuse these privileges and presto! no huts to stay in. In some ways the number of huts in the Kawekas and Ruahines is a set-back to earnest tramping as if the weather is looking inclement the feeling could be - "Let's stay here. The weather looks as though it will get worse". But, if carrying a test, the party would in all probability press on to make its destination and the weather in most cases would clear up. By the by, one doesn't notice much simplification in lighting fires.

Unfortunately snow conditions this year as far as tramping were concerned were just about a dead loss. Trips in the Ruahines - no snow, but plenty in the Kawekas or vice versa. Plenty of snow and an off weekend.

There were working parties at two huts over the year and things are certainly looking up !! 32 on a working party!

Activity south of Hawke's Bay continues with out absentee members reporting some good trips.

Before finishing - a blast. COURTESY. There is a time and a place for everything, but high jinks etc., on the back of the truck is over the odds. There are others paying for the ride as well as you, so show a little courtesy and consideration for the rest of your party just as you show it to landowners and outsiders. Also the truck driver is responsible for the

conduct of those on the back and is liable to a fine if people are milling around or standing on the tray.

Once again, thanks to others who assist in our pastime and many happy hours to those who continue this healthy life.

M.T.

HUT, FIXTURE & TRACK COMMITTEE

Fixtures:

Every four months the committee endeavours to put an attractive list of trips in "Pohokura", trying to cater for old and young, fit and not fit, and also to cover as wide an area as possible. This is not always easy and if you could see us scratching our heads and chewing our ball-points trying to put this list together, I am sure more suggestions would rush forward. These would be gratefully accepted.

Huts:

Kiwi: With all the work done on it the previous year I believe one more working party will see this hut up to three star level. Bunks and the porch have been fixed up.

Kaweka: This hut needs some attention. The bottom three feet of malthoid are deteriorating rapidly (suggest flat iron). A wooden floor is posposed. Chimney and cupboard need fixing. The track above the Tutaekuri needs cutting.

Waikamaka: Condition satisfactory.

Shut Eye: This hut has had a slight face lift. The roof was fixed and the chimney almost completed. Bunks could be fixed although the hut is hardly used for sleeping, the water supply needs to be improved.

Howlett's: This is not our pigeon. The M.T.C. did a great job. Our thanks to them for the use of it.

With huts popping up all over the ranges like mushrooms, the art of tramping with your little house on your back seems to be a dying art, which is rather a pity. Tramping the ranges and putting your tent up at the end of a day on top of a mountain or on a nice river flat is more my line of tramping, than racing from hut to hut. By the way these huts are not ours and we should respect them and leave them as we find them, which in most cases is in a spotless condition.

Tracks:

What I said for huts almost counts for tracks. The Forestry Dept. is very active in opening up old and existing tracks, sign posting them and making tramping a lot easier. The days of navigating your way through bush and ranges trackless except for deer tracks, seem to be a thing of the past, although there is plenty of untracked country left.

P.B.

TRUCK COMMITTEE:

Once again the truck has proved its value to the club in

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providing inexpensive and (almost) trouble free transport. Our ability to make transport available at what are really very low rates is a big point in the Club's favour when it comes to encouraging the younger members to take part in the Club's activities. Most other Clubs find transport a costly item.

Fares received were at a high level this year, good support for the Easter and Labour weekend trips in particular helping to swell the income. It is our policy to maintain the truck in good order, as, with continued attention, it should fill the Club's requirements for a good few years to come. At the same time a fund is being built up for its ultimate replacement and it seems likely that we should be able to move up the scale to an even better truck when the time comes.

A.V.B.

"POHOKURA"

"Pohokura" has suffered a sever loss this year in the death of Kath Elder. Kath was one of our team of typistes for many years and also did sterling work running off stencils on the duplicator. When the duplicator was given to the club, we appreciated the gift, but those of us who had the job of using it were slightly embarrassed as none of us had even seen one before, let alone worked one. Flashes of genius on Kath's part together with Greenwood engineering instincts eventually solved most problems. "Pohokura" owes a lot to Kath.

J.L.

GEAR CUSTODIAN:

The Club gear appears to be in a satisfactory state. One ice axe has been broken, and the aluminium billies have lost most semblance of their original shape, but still give good service. Tents are mainly called upon for long weekend trips such as Labour weekend and Easter when the Club explores new ground, and for a weekend trial search.

Gear has been mainly hired by parties on private trips, and by prospective members on Club trips. Boots remain a problem, especially small sizes.

Hire fees brought in:-

Dehy food	£5. 0. 7
tents	1.15. 0
billies	8. 0
Parkas	..13. 6
Boots	.. 8. 0
Packs	..12. 0
Ice axes	12. 0
Sleeping bag cover	2. 0
Sundries	19. 0
Total	£10.11. 1

Thanks to all who have taken care of gear and returned it cleaned and dry and in good order.

N.T.

SOCIAL COMMITTEE REPORT:

Socially the Club opened the past year lighting up Waitangi's beach, a bonfire and assorted crackers terminating the 5th November with bangers cooked over the embers.

The festive season saw two barbecues in fine style and well attended.

We were fortunate in obtaining the services of Mr. Jack Olsen, a Rock Hound, who seems to have infected some club members. Also we were treated to a different aspect of the Outward Bound movement by its district organiser, Mr. Barnett.

Another speaker of note was our own club member, Des Coote, representing the Police Department.

During February we were enthralled by a safety film on climbing in the Dolomites. But above all we would like to thank the club members who have assisted and supported our own features.

R.P.

CLUB ALBUM:

During the past year it seems that most members have converted to colour film and we have a noticeable lack of prints for our album. However, as this seems to be the general trend we are hoping to make black and white prints from the best dozen or so colour slides of the year's events.

R.P.

SEARCH COMMITTEE REPORT:

There has been no real cause for excitement during the year, although there have been one or two minor alerts.

To keep the organisation in top form however we held our annual trial search in the Autumn. Based on the Mangletton Station, the exercise covered a fairly wide ranging area from No Man's in the north to Golden Crown in the south. The exercise was well supported by other interested organisations, including deer stalkers, police, St. John Ambulance, Aero Club and Forest Service. We are particularly indebted to the St. John Ambulance for once again turning out to assist with the rescue side of the trial and to the Aero Club for adding a touch of additional realism by dropping supplies and making contact with the field parties.

Once again no panics have been caused by the Club's own parties.

A.B.

PUBLICITY REPORT:

As in the past, we have supplied the local newspapers with

brief accounts of the more interesting trips which the Club has undertaken. In addition, steps have been taken to make sure that anyone wishing to locate the Club is able to do so. The necessary names and addresses have been given to the Public Relations Officers in Hastings and Napier and we are also obtaining a listing for the Club in the telephone directory.

A.B.

ANNUAL MEETING

At the Annual General Meeting held on October 23rd, 1963 the following officers were elected:-

Patron: Dr. D.A. Bathgate.

President: Mr. A.V. Berry

Vice Presidents: Mrs. J. Lloyd, Messrs. N.L. Elder, P. Bayens.

Club Captain: Miss N. Tanner.

Secretary: Miss A. Tremewan

Treasurer: Mrs. K. Berry

Auditor: Miss C. Stirling

Executive committee: Helen Hill, Peter Lewis, Owen Brown, Rex Chaplin, Maurie Taylor, Russell Berry, Jim Wilshire.

Social Committee: Gae Lobban, Roy Peacock, Heather McKay, Russell Berry, Jim Price.

SUB-COMMITTEES

The new Executive has appointed the following sub-committees:-

Fixture, Hut and Track: Phil Bayens (convenor), Nancy Tanner, Maury Taylor, Peter Lewis.

Search: N.L. Elder (convenor), A. Berry, A. Tremewan, J. Lloyd, N. Tanner.

Editor: J. Lloyd.

Truck: R. Berry (convenor), M. Taylor.

Publicity: N.L. Elder, A. Berry, J. Wilshire.

Gear Custodian: R. Peacock, J. Wilshire (assistant).

Librarian: Helen Hill.

Album: R. Peacock, O. Brown.

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MARETAUNGA TRAMPING CLUBINCOME & EXPENDITURE ACCOUNTFOR YEAR ENDED 30TH SEPTEMBER, 19631962 INCOME: The Club's Income comprised:

77	Subscriptions	75	2	6
7	Gear Hire	10	11	1
-	Library Fees		2	-
14	Meeting Contributions	14	2	7
3	Donations	2	-	-
62	Net Proceeds from Sweetcorn	44	2	10
5	Trial Search Allowance, less expenses	3	16	-
-	S.A.R. Administration Grant	5	-	-
1	Surplus on sale of Route Guides	-	-	-
6	Interest	8	3	7
5	Profit on Maps	1	16	2
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180	Total Income being		164	16 9

EXPENDITURE: The Expenses incurred in running
the Club were:

34	Rent of Meeting Room	34	7	6
3	Advertising Meetings	3	12	6
3	Supper Expenses	1	13	9
2	Equipment Maintenance	14	2	6
21	Bulletin Expenses	19	10	8
3	Subscriptions	2	5	6
6	F.M.C. Capitation - 2 years	3	10	3
2	Insurance	1	10	2
11	Cost of F.M.C. Instruction Course	-	-	-
4	General Expenses	8	-	9
-	Stationery		12	6
	Hut & Track Maintenance	24	12	8
	Less paid from Forestry allowance	24	12	8
		<hr/>		
	Transport Costs	201	1	11
	Truck Depreciation	40	-	-
		<hr/>		
		241.	1	11
	Less Fares Received	225	13	-
		<hr/>		
23	Loss on Transport	15	8	11
<hr/>				
112	Total Expenditure		104	15 -
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68	There was therefore a surplus of		£	60 1 9
	Income over Expenditure of		<hr/>	

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HERETAUNGA TRAMPING CLUB

BALANCE SHEET

AS AT 30TH SEPTEMBER, 1963

<u>1962</u>	At Balance Date the Club owned the following Assets:					
172	Bank of New South Wales Account			211	8	5
	P.O.S.B. for Truck Replacement	160	-			
	for General Purposes	17	8			
134				177	8	1
48	Equipment			48	6	-
1	Cash on Hand			1	5	1
	Stock: Badges	3	8			
	Maps	14	9			
	Bulletin Covers	5	18			
	Kaimanawa Booklets	2	6			
18				26	1	9
	Bedford Truck at Cost	460	17			
	Less Depreciation written off to date	200	-			
301				260	17	1
	Huts valued in the books as follows:					
	Kaweka	5	-			
	Kiwi	25	-			
	Waikamaka	27	7			
57				57	7	11
8	Rent Paid in Advance			-	-	-
-	Projector			25	-	-
739	The Total value of assets being					807 14 4
	However, of this amount, there has been set aside					
12	as a Search Fund			11	19	5
8	as a Fund for the Maintenance of Rescue Kits			8	2	7
8	and for Hut Maintenance			23	9	5
2	Subs received in Advance amounted to			3	-	-
19	and there were owing various accounts amounting to			10	17	6
						57 8 11
<u>690</u>	The Total of Assets available for the Club's use was therefore			£	750	5 5

This figure represents the balance in Accumulated Funds, which is made up as follows:

Balance 1st October, 1962

Plus Surplus of Income over Expenditure for year

690 3 8
60 1 9

£ 750 5 5

AUDITORS' REPORT

I have examined the Books, Accounts and Vouchers of the Heretaunga Tramping Club, and have obtained all the information and explanations that I have required. I have accepted the certificate of the Secretary as to the value of badges, maps and books on hand. In my opinion, according to the best of my information and the explanations given me and as shown by the Books of the Club, the Balance Sheet and Income & Expenditure Account are properly drawn up so as to give respectively a true and fair view of the state of the Club's affairs at 30th September, 1963 and of the results of its activities for the year ended on that date.

HASTINGS.

Catherine Stirling ARANZ
Hon. Auditor

23rd October, 1963.

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"LANTANA LANE" and ALL THAT

BUSH AND SCRUB IN QUEENSLAND

You don't have to go many miles north from Brisbane before you find yourself in the backblocks which the locals will tell you extends 400 or 4000 miles north to Cairns or Cape Yorke or West Irian. I never quite got my geography straight but they all say it goes a long, long way.

I was looking up relations farming in the "Lantana Lane" country on a plateau about 60 miles north, and a son-in-law of the house just in from managing a cattle-run in the mulga country on the border of the Northern Territory was still in the middle of bashing a dairy farm out of lantana-infested country, a tough proposition. Just to make things tougher, Barry as a cattle-man, was also managing stock for a Lands Department development scheme down on the plains in "Wallum country".

Wallum is I am told the name of a particularly handsome bottle brush with scarlet flower-heads the size of a smallish pineapple (I repeat this on hearsay, but it is an "ooh-aah!" feature of the tourist commentaries). It is the characteristic undershrub of a particularly miserable-looking stunted eucalyptus forest stretching for miles across swampy flat with a ground cover of rushes. The soil suffers from numerous mineral deficiencies and if you drain it it sets like concrete and cracks badly.

This Wallum country lies round the foot of the Glasshouse Mountains which we later looked down on from our hill farm. These are every bit as striking as their photographs, but are fewer (3 - 4) and more closely grouped than I had pictured them. They have much the air on a smaller scale of Whanakaoa, Hikurangi, Wharekia etc. as you see them from near Ruatoria.

As you leave this wilderness with its scattered clearings and unpainted shacks you get into bush or forest, which is open eucalypt forest with a grassy floor and signs of fire practically universal. One of the oddest things is the Queensland attitude towards fire. The state is on the point of shifting Guy Fawkes to 31st May because the fire risk is less then, yet a whole busload with commentator tooling along the foot of (I think) the Green Mountains, on the edge of a national park towards the N.S.W. border said nowt while we passed smoke billowing up some steep plateau face, and the bark of all these gums is almost entirely fire resistant.

Australian farmland for this reason looks completely different from N.Z. pasture, because the trees remain. Grass fires don't hurt them and anyway they throw so little shade that pasture grows under them. I'll bet root competition for water is fierce over most of Australia though - here however we were in 100 inch country so this hardly comes into it. Farmers don't only not clear-fell, they don't fell at all. If they want to get rid of a few trees they merely ringbark and the dead white eucalypts must be nearly everlasting. This ghost-forest would get you down, you'd think, if you had to live with it, - it is easy to imagine that to be one reason why back-country Aussies have an air of being haunted by something.

As you get up on to the plateau (1500 ft.) you begin to come across pockets of thick tropical forest, confined to better volcanic soils and with very sharp boundaries, probably accentuated by fire. I was in some more continuous forest of this kind above 3000 ft on the N.S.W. border and had a bit closer look at it. Without looking closely you could easily kid yourself you were in N.Z. mixed forest - the same tall trunked trees (only they're probably figs or something equally unlikely), climbers, perching birds-nest things, tree ferns, nikaus and small undergrowth look spot on - but they aren't. There seem to be a lot of poorly chosen names that are just confusing, ashes that aren't ashes, myrtles that aren't myrtles. To beat everything though Queensland wackiness insists on calling the only really tall and dense forest they've got, - believe it or not - by the name "scrub". They say it with straight faces, too!

A great range of bird song, - there must be a dense bird population - saw a lot of "paddi melons" (pademelan?), wallabies not all that much bigger than rabbits on the bush edges, one large carpet snake (impressive), rumours of taipans (shuddersome), and what the locals don't tell you till afterwards, leeches. Having had to deal with 20-30 in one short excursion along a bush track, I've learnt a bit about them; that leeches cling like leeches, that locals pull them off light-heartedly and that when you try to do so they feel like particularly tough rubber bands and that they draw quite a lot of blood. (My guide's white socks were a sight.) There are also ticks, but fortunately the only one I met had fastened on to one of the locals and I notice that they cause more panic than leeches incidentally.

I heard a lot of talk about brigelow scrub and brigelow scrub problems but when I said I'd like to see some it was 200 or 2000 miles.

to the north and out of week-end reach. (I was in tow of a cousin working in Brisbane). It is actually I think a spindly close-growing eucalypt, with the behaviour and something of the overall behaviour of manuka scrub; and reclamation of this scrubland is much the same process as in our country.

The other big formation I saw a lot of on a launch trip but had enough sense to keep out of was mangrove swamp. To look at it is all the one kind of scrubby straggling tree, but the surprising thing was to learn that there are seven kinds of mangroves round Brisbane alone, most of them belonging to totally unrelated families. It seems just crazy and no one can suggest a sensible reason.

I was fascinated by a novel I picked up over there which covers a wider range of country but gives what I take to be a true picture of the whole sweep of Eastern Australia and fits this kind of country into a sort of frame. It is called "The Honey Flow" by Kyrie Tennant, about migratory apiarists and in the course of following this circus up all the back roads of a couple of states you pick up more about bees and flowering trees than you'd think possible just in a novel. It is as hilarious as "Lantana Lane" and that's saying something. There must be a sort of charming loopiness about Queenslanders generally - but you've got to get away from the tourist industry to sample it. (I did sample the tourist industry, too, - but a fortnight watching them seething through a temperance pub, though funny up to a point was quite enough. I did run the Brisbane Bushwalkers to earth in the Band of Hope room annexed to the pub but couldn't arrange a free week-end.)

But there's no need to travel - there's an old saying that the eyes of a fool are in the ends of the earth. Give the travel agencies a miss and read "Lantana Lane" and "Honey Flow" and you've copped the lot.

N.L.E.

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XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX
X      OVERDUE TRAMPERS      X
X
X
X  IF a club party at any time becomes overdue, would parents or  X
X  members please first contact one of the following:-      X
X
X      Norman Elder      'phone 77-924      X
X      Alan Berry      " 77-223      X
X      Mrs. Janet Lloyd      " 87-666      X
X
X  All active trampers - please show this to your parents!      X
X
XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

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CLUB TRIPS

No. 725. WATERFALL CREEK HUT - MANGAWEKA. Aug 17-18th.

A party of nine left Holt's at 6.30 p.m. in two cars. The four boys in the party intended to reach Waterfall Creek Hut on the Saturday, via Waipawa River, Waipawa Saddle, Trig 69 and South Rangi, and then if possible, with an early start on the Sunday, (say 3am) to climb Mangaweka, before heading out via Rangi Saddle, Waikamaka Hut, and the Waipawa River. The girls were to head for Waikamaka Hut for the weekend. Well, having reached the Waipawa Saddle about 11am, we started to climb up to 69, while the girls headed for Waikamaka Hut. Up on the tops we ran into soft snow combined with gale force winds which forced us to divert to Waikamaka, down a spur leading off 69. About 3.30pm we reached the hut, to find the girls in residence.

On the Sunday, the weather was still unfavourable, so we spent the morning doing a bit of track cutting up the creek to Rangi Saddle. At lunch time the day party of seven arrived, and after a general tidy up, we all departed for the roadhead at 3pm, reaching it at 6pm. We were back in Hastings by 8pm. Many thanks to Nancy and Alan for supplying transport

No. on combined trips: 16.

Weekend Party:

Jim Price, Alan Berry, Peter Linnell, David Evans, Christine Prebble, Helen Reid, Barbara Taylor, Heather McKay, Nancy Tanner.

Sunday Party:

Jim Wilshere, Helen Hill, Sue Neufeld, Annette Tremewan, Lindsay Curnow, Judy Featherston, Russell Berry.

Leader: Jim Price.

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No. 726. TRAMPING 1st Sept. '63.

A large Heretaunga Tramping Club party spent a day very pleasantly floundering in and out of scrub and gullies towards the head of the Mangatutu Stream.

The trip had been planned to locate part of an early route to Puketitiri which appears to have left the old coach road following the Tutaeakuri, struck inland to Hawkston and continued to Puketitiri. At first this seemed too easy. A disused road easily followed took the party quickly to the farm at the end of the Little Bush Road.

The day was yet young and it appeared there had been an older route in or above the main Mangatutu valley, here a formidable chasm. Further investigation was obviously called for and the discovery of an overgrown, strongly-benched track raised our hopes unduly for it sidled us in to Hartree's Bush and faded out leaving us with the main gully still to be crossed.

We didn't learn much but the pursuit of this kind of early history before it is smothered by manuka or obliterated by bulldozers is one of the attractions of tramping in Hawke's Bay.

No. in Party: 20

Leader: Norm Elder.

Peter Lewis, Ross Culver, Jim Wilshere, Heather Wilshere, Keith Gerratt, Richard Howell, Annette Tremewan, Heather McKay, Helen Hill, Russell Berry, Noel Evans, Christine Prebble, Anna Clayton, Graeme Thompson, Nancy Tanner, Barbara Butler, Jim Price, Helen Tustin, Clare Henderson.

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No. 727.

TE PATIKI - MAROPEA HUT

Sept. 14-15th.

Only seven turned up in the drizzle at Holt's, but away we went in uncrowded comfort. At Triplex the mist was right down on us so we waited a while until it obliged by lifting. It was fun (?) floundering (no pun intended, Te Patiki = flounder - the fish, though) up through wet fern and deadfalls to a ridge of interminable length and up on to Te Patiki. Half the party had the "bot", so we were a slowish procession.

The cloud was about 5,000' and the odd sleet or snow shower kept the temperature down. An hour from Te Patiki landed us on the main divide just north of Armstrong top which we sidled to keep out of the chill breeze. Another hour took us south through Armstrong saddle and up to "62" thence along the ridge to the north where there is a cut track, and down to the Maropea Hut at 5pm. The hut is quite pleasantly sited - except for the lack of running water - about 300' below the ridge and 200' above the Maropea stream. It appeared to have a very large mouse population - eyes and noses told us so - and was rather dank. It took us an hour or more to really get the fire going, amid tears and shivering from open door and window. The foam rubber mattresses on the four bunks had been attacked by mice, but were easily reversed. The hut doesn't appear to be used by humans much - last entry was May but footprints were more recent than that.

Sunday was fine with mist on the high tops. A patch of

snow near the saddle provided a sliding session. General lack of energy prevailed and we had an early lunch on Armstrong top. The shingle slide and Triplex seemed the easiest way out. A brew of coffee and soup in the creek fortified us for the trip home, where we arrived before 7pm.

No. in Party: 7 Leader: Nancy Tanner.

Kath Berry, Annette Tremewan, Heather McKay, Peter Lewis, Russell Berry, Dick Howell.

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No. 728. RUAHINE HUT - DESOLATION - NGARURORO Sept. 29th
RIVER - BIG HILL.

"Impossible" was the comment of the Fixture committee. "Alright! Give the trip to me and I will show you that it can be done". We walked, we conquered and we came back. I believe Julius Caesar said something like that, but in Latin.

Admittedly everything cooperated. It was a beautiful day, all the lazy bones stayed at Ruahine Hut sun bathing, and the others took the punishment in their stride. To begin at the beginning we left Hastings reasonably early, which gave us a good start. Then the truck ride to the roadhead only takes an hour. We reached Ruahine Hut via Grassy Knob which saved us climbing Big Hill. Ruahine Hut looked very inviting and some bobs decided to stay there for the day. All along the tops to the hut is well marked (6' tracks) and sign posted. A resident of the hut told us that they were opening up the old track to Shute's Hut - a promising prospect for the Club. The keener ones pushed on to Desolation Point, where we got a beautiful view of the Ngaruroro River. Very inviting it was, too, as by that time we were getting pretty dry. From Desolation Point, we headed for the Ngaruroro until we discovered that somebody had decided to start a little diversion. It took some of us half an hour to knock him back in line. Half an hour wasted at that time of the day is not funny. On we pushed to the river, not much time being wasted there. From the river flat there is a track to Big Hill. Having been along that track only once and that in the dark, I had my doubts about being able to find it. After floundering around for a while with the light fading we did find it at last. Was I relieved! From then on it was plain sailing. We just followed our noses over Big Hill to the truck.

No. in Party: 20 Leader: Phil Bayens.
Peter Lewis, Jim Wilshire, Jim Glass, Derek White, Dick Howell, Bert McConnell, Noel Evans, Bill Hendry, Dempster Thompson, Jim Thomson, Noel Haswin, Kath Berry, Heather McKay, Judy Burke, Jolene Ross, Judy Johnson, Nancy Tanner, Helen Hill, Madge McConnell.

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As it was the 13th I had a feeling that something would go wrong on this trip. Sure enough we had just passed Fernhill when the truck started to give out on us. It was found after much searching that there was dirt in the petrol tank. This was cleared by probing around in the tank with a stick. As this operation had to be repeated every ten miles or so it was after nine when we reached Blowhard Bush.

To start with we had a look round the Blowhard Bush which we found to be quite a fantastic place. A lot of the trees are growing around or on top of large blocks of rock with their roots going to the ground 10 or more feet below.

It was after 10am before we left the Bush on our way to Lawrence Hut. A short stop in the warm sun at the Black Whare, then down across Heppy Valley and up the other side. We reached Lawrence Hut at 12.15pm after a most pleasant two hours' walk. After a quick look in at the spotlessly clean hut we went on and had our lunch down by the Tutaekuri River. After one brave Irishman went for a swim we were on our way again by 1.30pm, heading south-west along the track that joins up with the Kaweka track. It was our intention to go along this track as far as Castle Rock then head out to the road. But by the time we had reached Gold Creek time was running out so we decided to head up Gold Creek as this took us in the right direction.

It wasn't long before we realised that we weren't going to get far up the creek as it was full of large rocks which had to be climbed over, through or round. So we climbed out of the creek on to Boar Hill and what a climb it was! - one of those climbs that seem to go on and on mainly using pig tracks.

Once on the top we finished the day with a most pleasant hour's walk along the top of an escarpment that took us right out to the road where we arrived just on six o'clock.

No. in Party: 20.

Leader: Jim Glass.

Jim Wilshire, Alan Berry, Russell Berry, Jim Price, Owen Brown, Beryl Hammond, Madge McConnell, Bert McConnell, Bill Hendry, Fred Lawrence, Lex Lankovsky, Annette Tremewan, Helen Hill, Nancy Tanner, Heather McKay, Judy Burke, Jolene Ross, Helen Wilshire, Elizabeth Buchanan.

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POHANGINA SADDLE
Labour Day Week-end.

Oct 26-28th

Cancelled owing to lack of support.

--oOo--

No 730.

CAIRN TRIP

9-10th Nov.

Several years of the relatively easy route in through Makahu had sufficiently dulled memories of the Kaweka Hut route for it to be reinstated in this year's fixture list. After having tried it, or tried it again as the case might be, most would, I think, be quite happy to settle for Makahu once more.

We dallied awhile at the pine tree to watch a helicopter at work lifting materials in for a new shed at Makahu, marvelling at the speed, the ease ... and the price. Three of us callously left the rest of the party to their track clearing on the Zig-Zag and took off along the Mackintosh track, with the intention of making Studholme's Saddle for the night. The day was warm and the route pleasant, a few ups and downs but nothing too serious.

After lunching in the Kaiarahi stream bed we climbed out and got on to one of the toes of the spur leading to Studholme's. Half an hour was spent trying to raise Hastings on the radio but although Bob Shepherd was coming in loud and clear in the Kawekas, we were not coming in at all in Hastings.

Among gathering clouds and light rain we pressed on upwards into the wind and in due course reached the Saddle, dropped off to the West, and arrived at the Hut about 5.30.

During the day the rest of the party diligently applied themselves to the track cutting, upholding the best traditions of the Club and all that.

We went to bed with stars overhead and awoke with snow allaround. A thaw soon set in however and even the tops were just about clear again by midday.

The extra effort of getting up to Studholme's on the first day seemed well worth while on Sunday, as the cairn was only an hour and a quarter from the hut. The Taradale contingent had camped on the top near the trig, and were probably a bit benumbed by the time llam came around.

However, the whole contingent (26) arrived on the scene by 11.15 and the memorial service was duly held, followed by the laying of the wreath. At the conclusion of the service, members and friends paid a last tribute to the memory of a departed friend and companion, Kath Elder and Kath's ashes were then scattered on the top, near the cairn.

The party then wended its way back to Kaweka Hut and so, in dribs and drabs, to the truck.

Total Weekend Party: 29

Party: Mavis Davidson, Sheila Cunningham, Norman Elder (3 day

party); Nancy Tanner, Edna Ansell, Annette Tremewan, Barbara Butler, Heather McKay, Nora Finn, (Christchurch), Mary & Gevan Wilson (Auckland), Hugh Elder, Peter Lewis, Russell Berry, Owen Brown, Jim Beer, Tony Corbin, Chris Stewart, Alan Berry, Graeme Hare, (Kaweka & Studholme parties), Norrie Johnson, Alan Culver, Jim Wilshere, George Bee, (via Makahu), Tom Cookson, (N.Z.F.S.), G. Hounsell.

Maurie, Barbara & Robin Taylor (aged 4) spent Friday night in their van at the foot of the hills, and Saturday night in Makahu. They set out for the cairn on Sunday morning but the bitter wind was too much for Robin, travelling at this stage on top of Maurie's pack and they had to turn back when they were about half way there.

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CAIRN MEMORIAL SERVICE
AT
ROADHEAD - KURIPAPANGO
10th Nov. 1963.

Day Party:

Escaping from the undiluted fury of Wellington winds for a brief while, I joined a small party gathered at the roadhead on Sunday 10th November, to take part in the Memorial Service relayed from the Cairn, for Kath Elder and the boys who failed to return from the last war.

The brief service was impressive, reception was good and with the Kaweka range, snow streaked, standing out clear and challenging in the background and the air tempered by a keen sou'westerly, it seemed a very fitting place for those who were unable to make the trip to the Cairn, to pay homage to Kath and the boys.

After the service we all sauntered over to Swamp Cottage for a boil-up, crossing the stream by the same fallen tree, which I, for one, remember often using some years ago. The Swamp Cottage doesn't look a day older since I saw it in 1948. It appears to me to be just as dishevelled and dilapidated but would, no doubt, still be a welcome haven in a storm.

Having been away from these parts for a long while, I was interested to see a number of changes around and about, e.g. cultivation in places on Blowhard, where I remember manuka and scrub in possession; an air strip and the N.Z. State Forest roads with their shining bright new gates; the notices all along the line demanding permits for entering Forest country, and all these strike a new note. The pine plantations are a new feature too, and are evidently doing a good job in keeping the good earth of Blowhard on the ground.

Returning to Kaweka country reminds me of the time when the driver of the Club trip truck stopped at Waiwhare and said, "From here you walk," (war time petrol shortage) and walk we did... the whole ten miles of road, with the exception of one who travelled in a roadman's wheelbarrow for a stage. Then on and up to the Kaweka Hut, returning in the same manner to Waiwhare the following day, where the truck took us back to Hastings.

And does anyone remember the time a private weekend party made record?? time (six hours) into Kaweka Hut from the roadhead? A lovely but very hot Saturday afternoon, so why hurry!!

Down at the Ngamuroro we find a brand new bridge and Miss Macdonald's old cottage hobnobbing with a helicopter - a strong contrast between ancient and modern and evidence that Kuripapango is not being bypassed by the latter age. Is "Gentle Annie" as "gentle" as ever?

With a long last lingering look at Cook's Horn and the inviting tops, we return to the green plains of Hawke's Bay, preparatory to returning to "Blowhard Wellington" that same night - 2.30am Monday was actual time of arrival!

M. M.

No. in party at Roadhead: 15.

Alison Procter (née Elder) (Adelaide, S.A.) with George & Eric. Mrs. Rogers, Godfrey Rogers, Joan Smith, Brian Smith, Fred Lawrence, Phil Bayens with Philip and Debbie, Margaret Mison, Gae Lobban, Pat Bolt, Molly Molineux.

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No. 731.

TE ARAPITI - via MARAETOTARA STREAM

Nov. 24th.

It was decided that a visit to our sweetcorn patch should be made, before making our way to Te Aratipi. The weeding and thinning of eight rows took us approx. 2 hours, so after a brief discussion we unanimously decided to visit Waimarama Beach instead of the scheduled trip. The day was an ideal one for a beach picnic, so, after retiring to the Berry's home, where morning tea was provided, we were on our way at 10.30am.

On arrival we had a hectic game with a softball, and this was followed by a pre-lunch swim. Brrr!!! Was that water cold! With a tuck-shop so handy, everyone dined and wineed very sumptuously indeed.

A very necessary rest and then everyone was off along the beach. A second swim was then followed by another game of softball. As is usual with this type of trip, sun-burn was experienced by all.

The truck finally left Waimarama at 6pm, with everybody feeling rather sun-drenched and tired.

No. in Party: 11.

Leader: Annette Tremewan.

Kath Berry, Heather McKay, Christine Prebble, Alan Culver, Noel Evans, Dale Prebble, Peter Lewis, Russell Berry, Tony Corbin, John Corbin.

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PRIVATE TRIPSSOUTHERN CROSSING

May 10 - 12th.

Taking advantage of an apparent break in usual Wellington weather, a fellow H.V.T.C.-ite (Quentin Whitehouse) and myself were duly dropped at the start of the Puffer track around 10pm on the Friday night. As it was rather cold, we bid a hasty farewell to our transport and sped up the Puffer to get our circulation going again.

Dobson's Hut was reached around 11pm, but after feeling the daggers being thrown at us by a hut full of C.T.C.'s, we withdrew peacefully and made camp just off the muddy track. We were waked up at 7am by the pattering of rain on our sleeping bag covers, so after breakfast etc. we were away by 9, picking our way through the mist towards Alpha Hut. Several deer were seen at close quarters, but as we had no rifle, we made faces at them and resumed our journey.

Alpha was reached around 1pm and vacated around 3:00 after fortifying ourselves with soup etc. for the next stage of the traverse. This stage was rather tricky, as neither of us had been between Alpha and Kime, and the mist (and later, wind) did not improve matters, so maps and compasses were absolutely necessary. Darkness caught us about 5:45 sitting on Mount Hector, the memorial being a grim reminder of the unfortunate trampers who had been caught out in the inhospitable Tararua weather.

Fortunately (for us) snow poles were in abundance if you looked hard enough, so after a bite to eat, we staggered into new Kime about 6:30, rather cold and wet. The usual stew etc., we hit the sack amid the chatter of deer cullers and a schoolboy party who were in residence when we arrived.

Sunday brought mist and rain, so after dragging ourselves out of the sack, we finally left at 11:00, sloshing our way down to the Otaki Forks. The only vehicle there was a small Fiat belonging to 2 boys. Quentin knew one of them in a round about way, so after squeezing ourselves in, we were duly dropped off at Raumati. After a walk back into Paraparaumu, a taxi got us to Paekakariki, and a unit to Wellington - a successful trip.

A. Corbin

PANATEWAEWAE - MAKARETU RIVER

May 17 - 19th.

After a strenuous weekend before for several Hutt Valleys (parties etc.), a quiet jaunt into the Makaretu looked promising. Our transport left us at Pipe Bridge over the Ohau River on the Friday night, with the weather threatening to do its worst at any moment.

Camp was pitched beside the road, and everyone hit the sack.

Next morning looked less bleak, so after breakfast, we ambled up the Makaretu. By noon the sun was out, the river wound lazily between nice grassy flats, the birds chirped, making everyone lazy. After a picnic lunch, 5 keen types pushed on up river to try and reach Waiopahu Hut. The remainder of us poked around, took photos with some keener types setting to and building a magnificent bivy. Sunday morning brought a nice frost and clear skies, so after brunch we broke camp and wandered out again to civilisation.

Our transport arrived at 4:00, and we were away by 5.30 after waiting for the rest of the party who decided the Club's transport wasn't good enough by arriving back at the roadhead about 8.30 after much bush bashing - a lazy trip.

A. Corbin

RUAPEHU - 31st MAY - 3rd JUNE

Ruapehu must be a popular place, judging by the thousands (or so it seemed) of trampers and skiers who gathered in their profusion at the Wellington Railway Station on the Friday night. After sorting ourselves out, about 30 Hutt Valleys piled aboard an articulated truck amid tramping and ski-ing equipment of every variety, finally leaving the big smoke about 8.30. A stop at Taihape around 12.30am to watch the local Police force quell a fire, then on again to the Chateau which was reached about 4.30am.

7.00am we tumbled out of the sack again and climbed aboard the "Mountain Goat", thence from the top of the road to the H.V.T.C. Hut at the top of the 1st chair lift. After breakfast and lunch at the Hut, a party of 3 left for Dome Shelter to carry out alterations, myself and six others left to tramp around to the south side of Ruapehu, leaving the remainder to anything but ski as the weather was very dirty. Our idea was to camp at Alex Bivvy that night, but 5:00 saw us bashing our way through dense bush completely? bushed, with darkness approaching. However, we found our way on to a tussock plateau, and a couple of minutes later came the cry "There it is!", So into Alex Bivvy staggered 7 wet miserable trampers.

Next morning we were up and away fairly early heading for Blyth with the weather looking very threatening indeed. Soon it became very windy and misty with snow thrown in as well. So we plodded on and on, up and down across the grain of the country, walking for miles and being informed by signposts that we seemed to take about two hours to cover 1 mile. We eventually stumbled into the Wanganui Tramping Club's Hut about 4.00 pm and found some W.T.C. members there. They informed us that Blyth was about another $1\frac{1}{2}$ hrs away, the same time out by their track to the roadhead. So after a confab, we called it a day and made ourselves comfortable. After a highly delectable meal and tea (laced with rum) we retired to bed around 10:00pm.

Monday brought sleet and a thundering gale, but the prospect of Ohakune hospitality lured us out around 9:00am, and $1\frac{1}{4}$ hrs later saw

us at the end of the road. A quick bite to eat, then on again, where the first farmer (a National Park Ranger) gave us tea and cake and a lift into Ohakune. A drying out session at the back of the "local", and after a glass of good cheer, the truck picked us up about 2:30. A meal at Hunterville, and on to Wellington round 9:00pm - A very wet blustery trip.

A. Corbin.

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EXTRACTS FROM F.M.C. BULLETIN.

The following are extracts from an article on "Food for Trampers and Mountaineers" in the "F.M.C. Bulletin".

"Taking enough calories for a long trek involves knowing what will give the best sense of satiety in the smallest weight. Not only has fat twice the caloric value compared with an equal weight of carbohydrate or protein but it also has a special capacity for delaying the gnawing sensation of hunger. On the other hand carbohydrate provides ready fuel for the muscles. Protein is needed for several reasons - it is the most interesting component of a meal, and is the chief constituent of muscle, the spring that moves our limbs. Though muscle derives its energy primarily from carbohydrate, it is the protein that actually does the contracting. A small inevitable loss of protein from the body each day has to be replenished or else its efficiency may flag. The third attribute of protein has already been mentioned - that it stimulates the production of warmth. At home meat, eggs, milk, cheese, bread, flour, and oatmeal are our main sources of protein. Cereals normally supply us at home with one-third of our calories and of our protein. Bread is truly the staff of life for the physically active. The trumper has to consider modifications of his usual sources of both calories and protein.

Upon the consumption of calories, the amount of Energy expended will vary according to the activities undertaken. It is unwise to take too great a risk by being short of food on journeys where inefficiency endangers life. Thus it will be seen from these lists that the allowance recommended for search and rescue operations is greater than when time and burdens are not so critical. The greater amount of climbing or of carrying (including the climber's body weight as well as pack weight) the more is the requirement for calories."

" Rescue work involves heavy toil and risk of fatigue. It is wise to take adequate rations, even though the duration of search duty might be only four days at a stretch.

The cooling effect of wet clothes, ice-cold water and wind requires a reminder that extra calories are lost.

Under blizzard conditions, clothing is of paramount importance, because the body is incapable of maintaining enough warmth by burning calories either from food or from adipose tissue to counteract the cooling effect of the blizzard, unless the body is adequately protected from

the blizzard by clothing. (For adequate protection of gunners in aircraft at high altitudes, artificial production of heat is required to keep the body temperature to survival level.)

Under the opposite conditions, namely, the heat of the sun plus the heat generated by arduous climbing, coupled with low humidity, profuse sweating keeps the body temperature at the normal level. Loss of sweat is accompanied by loss of salt; if these conditions persist, muscular cramps may occur, but the presence of salt in food usually averts them. If necessary, salt may be added to beverages to restore the body's normal sodium requirements.

Miscalculation and mischance may cause delay, in which circumstances it is reassuring to know that, with adequate shelter and warmth and with fluid to drink, survival over a long period is possible. Some examples of survival in New Zealand rescue work have been given by Bridge in "Mountain Search and Rescue".

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LETTER FROM ANGUS

Rodney Francis Ward 5,
Napier Hospital.
Oct.4th 1963.

Miss A. Tremewan,
Hon. Sec. Heretaunga T.C.

With your kind favour may I thank members of the Club who so graciously and pleasantly came to my present address to celebrate my birthday of 2217 $\frac{1}{2}$ fortnights ago. Because of that event I am here to enjoy the joys of Heretaunga tramps and trampers.

I began to walk at 10 months (time was longer then). I climbed my first mountain at 5 years old. It was the Sandow physical culture in the nineties which together with the push bike, made the general urge for the open air so popular. Constitutional, health, courage, resolute adaptability and endurance are gained in hills and mountains and science will organise this in future.

So carry on the good work.

Thanking you all for your spirit,

From my heart,

ANGUS RUSSELL

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KATH ELDER IN THE KASHMIR

Norm sent a copy of the last "Pohokura" to Kath's sister in England. The following is an extract from her answering letter to Norm.:-

"I enjoyed reading the Tramping Club Magazine. Funny how reticent Kath was about our climbs in Kashmir - even when she met a man of the Everest Expedition. She said she had been in Ranikhet. Ranikhet!! My Foot! We were over a 14,000' pass after spending a night at 11,000', and we were the first party of Europeans to go over the Pass that year.

Unforgettable the beauty of emerald green pools - the snow and ice and millions of flowers - bushes of brilliant rhododendrons, gentians and lilies and before us the snow slope to the valley below. Beyond and above us snow peaks. Did you not see the snaps of the three of us? Dorothy and Kath were watching ibex on a glacier and I took the photograph of them and Mahomdu pointing out ten animals. It made a nice group. I've also got one of some Leh Wallahs with their yaks whom we met. I exchanged matches that they wanted for some little brass spoons - on the Gilgit road. How proud we were when at the bottom of the pass we found a tent and Sahibs waiting for the snow to clear before attempting to cross the pass. They were a shooting party. Our bearer boasted that we had shot everything in that area (we hadn't a gun between us) and they departed and we had the valley to ourselves."

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TRUCK WORKING PARTIES

As the truck was starting to show the need for a repaint, a gang of keen types was organised on Saturday 21st September to clean her down in readiness. Donald Grooby did the actual spraying a little later and on 12th October another working party renewed the sides of the deck. All should now be well again for another few years.

Those who took part on one or both of the days were:

Barbara and Maury Taylor, Peter Linnell, Noel Evans, Heather McKay, Annette Tremewan, Nancy Tanner, Kath and Alan Berry, Roy Peacock and Peter Lewis.

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SWEETCORN

The ground was rotary hoed twice. Phil put a truckload of farm manure on. He and Nancy Tanner and Jim Glass sowed 10½ lbs of seed.

16.11.63 A thinning and weeding party found to their dismay that the sweetcorn had been quite badly cut by a frost the previous week, though most of it appeared to be coming on again. Various people came and went during the morning and by 12.30 when everyone knocked off, rather more than half the patch had been done.

No. in party: 9.

Nancy Tanner, Helen Hill, David and Noel Evans, Dick Clark, Kath and Alan Berry, Jim Price, Jim Glass.

24.11.63 A further working party put in about 2½ hours completing

the thinning and weeding before they went off on the club trip.

No. in party: 12

Russell Berry, Tony and John Corbin, Peter Lewis, Kath Berry, Annette Tremewan, Christine and Dale Prebble, Janet Lloyd, Alan Culver, Noel Evans, Heather McKay.

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SOCIAL NEWS

Birth: To Els and Phil Bayens - a son.

Engagement: Sally Holt to Tony Bryan.

Marriages: Margaret Mison to Brian Fannin.

Anna Clayton to Keith Garratt.

George Low and Sue are enjoying Santiago. Mountains covered with snow are only two miles behind the town and skiing still continues in October. Climate and scenery are rather like New Zealand, complete with earthquakes.

NEW MEMBERS

We welcome the following to the Club:-

Roger Medcalf, Heather McKay, and Noel Hadwen (Junior).

H.T.C. SONG BOOK

The "Song Book" of the H.T.C. is now out, with cover specially designed by Christine. The words of some of the songs were composed by our own club poets. The whole collection is well worth 1/9. Buy a copy from Annette.

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SUBSCRIPTIONS

Subscriptions are now due. If paid before December 31st 1963, married couples' subs are reduced to 30/- and single trampers' to £1.

ASSOCIATE MEMBERSHIP

The Club is fortunate in having, over the years, retained the support of a considerable number of members who were once active trampers but who now find themselves unable to take much part in the Club's activities. The Committee would like to encourage members to continue their association with the Club even though they are not able to get out very often, and feels that such members should be given the opportunity, if they so wish, to transfer to associate membership at the reduced subscription rate of 10/- a year. Associate members are not eligible for election to office, nor do they have a vote, but enjoy all other privileges of full membership. If any present member wishes to change over to associate membership, all that is required is for the subscription shown above to be amended to 10/-.

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FIXTURE LIST

<u>1964</u>	<u>Trip</u>	<u>Leader</u>	<u>Fare</u>
New Year	Cooks Cottage - Ballard Hut - Venison	?	10/-
Jan. 1st-5th	Top - Ahurua Hut - ?. N. Kawekas.		
Jan. 19th	Te Awanga	Christine Prebble	5/-
Feb. 1st-2nd	Te Kooti's Lookout v. Tutira	David Evans	12/-
Feb. 16th	Lilo trip - Kuripapango (upstream)	Jim Wilshire	10/-
Feb. 29th- March 1st	Mill Farm - Rosval's - Black Ridge (Tukituki)	Jim Price	10/-
March 14-15	Trial Search	Nancy Tanner	?8/-
Easter Mar. 27-30	Maungapohatu (Urewera) via Waikare- moana.	Helen Hill (juniors 35/-)	£2
April 12th	Te Aratipi via Maraetotara	Annette Tremewan	7/-
Apr. 25-26th	Hawkston - Don Juan - Lotkow Hut - Gorge Stream	Peter Lewis	9/-
May 10th	Te Patiki Central Ruahines	Norrie Johnson	10/-

N.B.: These fares are reducible by 2/- (Easter trip by 5/-) if paid at the meeting before, or on the trip.

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A MERRY CHRISTMAS to EVERYONE and GOOD TRAMPING in 1964.

The FIRST MEETING next YEAR will be held on WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 15th, 1964 in the Radiant Living Hall, Warren Street North, Hastings.

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