

HERETAUNGA TRAMPING CLUB (INC.)

" P O H O K U R A "

Bulletin No. 100

August 1965

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BULLETIN No. 100

Janet has commissioned an article to commemorate the one hundredth number of the H.T.C. Bulletin, "Pohokura". As no-one seems to know anything like the whole story this has meant an interesting and at times entertaining journey through old volumes and old minutes to find out what happened on the record and to follow up such clues as pointed towards what really took place off record.

At first, minutes of all meetings (not only of committee meetings) were recorded in considerable detail, and from these it is clear that the club was living from hand to mouth. At some stage in the evening Mr. X would propose as a motion that the club visit Puketitiri Hot Springs on Sunday. Mr. Y would second this and the motion would then be thrown open for discussion --- and I may say they were an argumentative lot, speaking from memory, in those days. Finally amendments would be voted out and the motion put.

Six months of this appear to have sent the Club Captain up the wall for he puts a stiffly-worded motion up to committee that as soon as possible a fixture list be sent out to all members. This was seconded, carried nem.con. and thrown back on the Club Captain (Norm Elder - Ed) with instructions to get cracking. He was back in a week's time (secretaries earned their honoraria in those days it seems, to say nothing of club captains) with a draft of what the minutes term the first club bulletin.

Bulletin No. 1 is not much to look at but this is worth while just to see how far we've come; two cyclostyled foolscap

pages, bleakly set out with a few words of introduction, 15 lines into which are compressed half a year's solid tramping, an Easter trip in a little more detail (Waikaremoana) and a list of fixtures for the next six months.

For the next 18 months, at two-monthly intervals, these curt foolscap bulletins came out and while still strictly utilitarian and tending to ration-lists and ground-to-air signals, did expand the occasional trip account to as much as ten or even a dozen lines. No expense seems to have been incurred and Jimmy Palmer receives thanks for publishing it, aided by Lloyd Wilson (HTC Secretary).

By the end of the club's second year a fixture committee was in being and a publications committee suggested, but at the annual meeting Geof. Piesse was appointed editor, proposed by the Club Captain and seconded by Les Matheson. As a following motion hops in smartly to snap up Miss Matheson's offer to continue to be responsible for publication, there looks to have been some back-stage skullduggery going on here.

Austerity was out now and the Bulletin blossomed in its new quarto format, with 7 to 11 pages of fuller trip accounts, lively social notes, personalities and gossip. The committee welcomed Bulletin No. 10 in its minutes in glowing terms. It has been interesting to compare the six numbers of that year with the three equivalent numbers of "Pohokura" for the latest full year (1964) As the total number of pages has gone up 40-50% it is fairer to reduce "Pohokura" to the 1938 scale.

The first thing to catch the eye is that almost exactly the same proportion of space is given to accounts of Club trips, 39% becoming 40%; the next is the increase in private trips to nearly five times, and 1964 was not a year in which overseas trips were reported. General items such as annual reports, search reports, etc., take up less space now which is hard to believe when you realize that 1964 was the year of the Tatara-a-kina search with its detailed story. What emerges in re-examining the 1938 bulletins is the amount of short items of information, advice and so on, which would have been acceptable when so many readers would have been new to tramping. On the other hand the personal jokes and gossip are now only a fraction of what they used to be -- was the club fuller of characters and eccentrics in those days or is that just my senile imagination?

Under Geof. Piesse's editorship the Bulletin had certainly developed a definite character, with Lesley Matheson's drive behind it to stir things and people along; but we lost her towards the end of 1938 -- (subsequent references are to Mrs. Peter Lattey). From then on typists were a recurring problem with offers of honorary membership, or even cash honoraria appearing in the committee minutes.

At Easter 1939 the next blow fell. Geof "resigned with regret" on his transfer to Gisborne. There was a slight press-gang flavour about his nomination, "Subject to their approval" of Bruce Beechey with Bill Hayman's assistance.

Then Hitler's was started and it was only a matter of time before Bruce handed over to Dudley Shepherd and Dudley to Joan Lovell-Smith who held the job down over four long war years, with the assistance of a series of stalwarts, Peg Morris as co-editor, while Marge Evans and then June Budd and Molly Molineux appear as typists. These were some of the girls who were the backbone of the club when meetings became working-parties for the Parcels Fund, trips more and more difficult to arrange, petrol scarcer and in the finish tyres wearing out, so that the ranges were far away.

More and more the focus of the Club was on its overseas members and in particular on its Middle East branch, extracts from whose letters formed a large section of the wartime bulletins. Five numbers were brought out in the first year, but as difficulties increased this dropped to three, though of increased size (maximum of 37 pages), spaced as they still are at Christmas, April and in August. Paper shortage is reflected in the variety of colours and from mid-1942 the printing is on both sides.

Towards the end of the war Peg Morris took over from Joan Lovell and held the job for five years. During this time "Pohokura" was adopted as the title of the bulletin, this being the name of the traditional mascot of Tamatea-pokai-whenua, the lizard that appears on the Club badge. Bulletin No. 44 is the first so named, though it was not until 1951 that the name was added to the outer cover.

With the committee's farewell to Peg Morris and "good wishes for her voyage" in August 1949 and the appointment of Mrs. L.H. Lloyd in her stead today's members begin to find themselves on familiar ground. Lin Lloyd was President, George Lowe Club Captain, the previous year's Howlett's search had stimulated HTC activities and the dedication of the Kaweka Cairn had brought old and new together. The Club, and with it "Pohokura" has gone straight ahead since.

With the contents of 99 Bulletins fresh in my mind -- for when Janet gives you an assignment you don't dare skimp your homework -- I can trace, I think, four main stages in the development of the HTC and of its bulletin.

First there was the fixture-list, food-list stage, rather earnest, rather dull and smartly replaced by stage two, the light-hearted, gossipy, slightly scatty bulletins which both entertained and informed us up to the outbreak of war, a true picture of the HTC in its maverick youth.

As trip reports shrank to the level of bicycle rides and letters from overseas, and casualty-lists took most of the space, the third stage of the Bulletin gained an increasing importance as a link between what remained of the Club and its representatives in foreign parts.

Then there came a gap. There were some great re-unions after the war ended, but there was no way of putting the clock back, and it took the shock of the Howlett's Search to put the Club on its feet again. From the point of view of "Pohokura" this came at the following annual meeting, which may be called the start of the fourth stage. "Pohokura" sixteen years later, has become so taken for granted that the mechanics of bringing it out have almost disappeared from sight of the Club -- not quite though, for a stapling party by candle-light when the power failed comes to mind, and then there are stories of struggles with the mechanics of the second-hand Gestetner donated to the Club in 1951 and installed in the dining-room at Duart. The black gang have become what the French are said to call a corps d'elite and the stapling and addressing parties at Janet's have by all accounts become events in the social life of the Club.

"Pohokura" remains a faithful reflection of the Club, its steady coverage of familiar country, its "boots and all" reactions to emergencies, and its links with the ends of the earth as the itchy feet of so many of its goers take them away from the Bay. So you find in the Bulletin fox-hunting by bicycle in Hampshire, tramping on bear-tracks up towards the Alaska border, cliff-hanging in Fiji, swotting at the University of Perugia, and news from the Himalayas, from Barcelona, from Chile, from John o' Groats and of course from Antarctica, besides the bread and butter of day trips to Shut-eye and snow trips to Howlett's.

"Pohokura" goes out to the ends of the earth, too. The 1953 annual report claims its highest achievement as its reaching 21,200ft on delivery at Camp IV in the Western Cwm of Everest. The 1956 report "regrets that no copy arrived at Shackleton Base, though posted". However it was later reported as having been delivered in the end at the South Pole base.

F.L.E.

PRIVATE TRIPS

Three trips in the roaring season

My eighbour, Peter Patullo, and I get the yearly itch to go after the stag. Peter's itch is usually greater than mine, so he does the organising and I quite happily leave it at that. I can take only three days at a stretch, so we have three or four short trips in different areas.

Trip 1: The first strip this year was in the Waipunga under Tatar-a-kina. Our starting place was the Turangakunu Summit (2633'). We took a leading open ridge to the East which dropped us in the Waipunga near the Fisherman's hut. Across the Waipunga we got on to a fairly high plateau towards the Mangawhio where we heard our first roar - rather a thrilling and encouraging noise. We tried to stalk it, but had no luck. As a matter of fact he got us into a rather messy place. The bottom of the Mangawhio is rather dirty, with waterfalls, gorges, etc., It cost us rather a lot of perspiration and time to climb out of it. Curse the stag! The rest of the Mangawhio is clear and goodgoing. By then the stags had shut up, due to the rising temperature. We followed the Mangawhio for some time until we found a suitable camping spot.

Next day we were up early and after the elusive stag again. The roaring was good, but the shooting was another matter. We moved up the Mangawhio toward Tatar-a-kina. The bush is open here and completely eaten out. The going was good.

Deerstalking and tramping are vastly different sports. When tramping you put your head down and follow the leader. The amount of noise you make is of no consequence. As a matter of fact you can hear a tramping party coming for miles. Deerstalking is different. You walk along quietly, using eyes, ears and nose. Each little twig that cracks sounds like a rifle shot. My mate who is in front, looks at me as if to say "you big ape do you have to do that?". While he is looking around he does not see where he himself is going and - crash! The noise is earbashing. Nothing is said!

The stags were roaring on most of the ridges except the one we were on, so we sidled over and got above one stag who was out roaring his opposite number on another ridge. He did the roaring, we the stalking. We did everything according to the book - only moved when he was roaring, when close took our boots off and sneaked along. The stag was still roaring and very close. All of a sudden - silence! The stag shut up completely and was lost in the bush. He's got us still puzzled.

Home, and what a slog! Starting from the highest point is a disadvantage on the return trip. Climbing out of the Waipunga to the Turangakunu Summit nearly finished me off. We had beautiful weather but no stags.

Trip 2: This time we decided on the open tops and headed up the Waipawa river. This was after the floods and there were plenty of fresh deersigns. We travelled over the saddle, Three Johns, Rangī, Rangī saddle, down to the Waikamaka, admired the hole in the ground, returned over the saddle and home. No deer, but a beautiful day. We are getting fit.

Peter Pattullo, P. Bayens, R. Jung

Trip 5: A 4 day trip. We decided to go to the confluence of the Makino and Mohaka rivers. On the way in we were greeted by the highpitched whistle of a Jap stag. This was the first time I had heard it and it was quite amusing after the deep roar of a red stag. After following a well disced track we dropped down to the Makino via trig 68A (3281ft) We moved up the Mohaka until we had to cross and make camp. It was in a beautiful spot. There were deep pools in the river and brown trout galore. The stags were roaring well. The next day we went up the Mohaka sidled towards the Mangatainoka and struck a little creek. At least that is what we thought. The outlet into the Mohaka looked insignificant, but we decided to follow it for a little while. For about three quarters of a mile it was narrow and steep and then all of a sudden it opened up into a big basin. There was beautiful open bush and the deer looked at us as if they had never seen human beings before. We shot seven. They were almost asking for it. The heads were not very big and some of the deer were in poor condition. On the way home we shot a Jap hind just short of Makino hut. This was duly skinned and loaded on to our backs. It was one of the nicest pieces of deer meat I have eaten for some time. The weather was beautiful and we got some deer this time.

D. Reid, Peter Pattullo, G. Averill. P. Bayens.

MOAWHANGO HYDRO

5th June

Part of the Tongariro hydro scheme involves the trapping and diversion of various river headwaters from the Wanganui to the Moawhango and the Public Works are making a flying start on the latter. Two roads of main highway standard are being driven in from the Desert Road one from a mile or so north of the Waitangi bridge across the artillery area to Fisher's Hope on the bend of the Moawhango, the other to the Waipakihi on the old track in from the sixteen mile peg.

The Maori track followed by Colenso in 1848 from Taupo to the Inland Patea, cut across somewhere about the highest point on the Onetapu desert to this bend in the Moawhango before climbing out to avoid one of the narrow little gorges that make this country so tricky.

It was on the flat between two gorges soon to be permanently flooded that Colenso had found a small creeping shrub, *Logania*, which has never been seen again, and whose nearest relatives are over in Australia. This was a sort of last look round put on by the Taihape Field Club and like an earlier Pohokura trip was done by landrover.

Although we didn't find a great deal botanically, the country is fascinating. We were downstream of the big gorge under Mt.

Azim - which oddly is not being used - in a wide limestone and papa valley which the river wanders down for a couple of miles or so at a time. Then a barrier of grey wacke cuts across the valley most of it solid but some of it the jointed semi-schist, that HTC parties have met on Thunderbolt and further south. The river wriggles through in a slit, some 20ft wide at waterlevel and several hundred feet deep according to a press report and half a mile of hairy cat-walks and ladders lead to tunnels (padlocked off) testing for dam foundations. Compressed air and electricity have been laid on for the tunnelers.

The story is that two gorges are to be dammed and water pumped from the lower into the upper, thence by gravity through a 10 mile tunnel into the Waipakihi, the nearest point to which is about its confluence with the little Waipakihi.

N.L.E.

FORESTRY TRIPS

Opawe Helicopter

12th April

As on the previous week's visit perfect weather, but the view from the perspex bubble, though fascinating is far too short on a 2 minute schedule - also hellish noisy. The Manawatu Standard gave the outfit the full treatment - the Tribune couldn't have done much better.

Oamaru Hide

Easter 1965

Bill Davidson, Mavis's 'hsection had spent the night in Havelock and I was given two hours on my return from the Opawe to feed and reorganize myself for a weeks visit to the Sika country.

Russ met us at the Poronui homestead (the lower homestead has been burnt down); there are now five padlocks on the main gate - evidence of interdepartmental co-operation. We were in camp half way up the big terrace on the Oamaru before nightfall.

A very comfortable tent camp floored and with safari stretchers etc., morning tea in the sack and all other home comforts.

Not a very strenuous week; Mavis, of course, was tied to the hide morning and evening though the persistence of night fogs limited her observation. Rifle shots off (mainly in the Kaipo) seemed to cause less disturbance to animals than one would expect. Some interesting botanical forays produced an unexpected belt of big rimus far up-slope; a couple of big sink-holes well up the terrace were cram-full of luscious deer tucker of all kinds - some of it hardly seen in the Kawekas in my time.

The highlight of the trip was our call into the Rangitaiki pub on Easter Monday. The crowd of tough talkative stalkers ornamented with slouch hats, swandris and four days face fungus were struck dumb when our faces with their grizzled week-old whiskers, sidled round the door.

Ellis's hut

28th-29th April

This was to show a party from Massey round the line we'd run into the bush from the Ohara stream and to look at the beech seedlings where the crown fern had been cleared by bulldozing on the higher terrace.

Very windy, the hut nearly took off during the night and we had to hunt for the water the next morning. Hugh McPherson was one of the three students so it was quite a reunion.

M.L.E.

NEW SITE FOR WAIKAMAKA HUT

2nd May.

Maury, Phil and Nancy went in, took a look around and decided the best position would be a small terrace behind the present site and about 50 feet higher. It would need a little draining.

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OLRIG ALERT

27th June.

Early in the evening we received advice that a boy, the son of the manager of Orlig Station, was missing from his home. The boy had been home from school for a few days recovering from illness and had last been seen around the house at about 4 p.m. The weather forecast indicated that severe conditions were approaching and it was felt that in view of the boy's health it was necessary to locate him quickly.

The police sent several members of the Force, together with dogs, to Orlig to do what they could during the night and the Club was requested to stand by should it be necessary to put further men into the field the following morning. However the boy turned up at about 10 p.m. and the alert was called off. The Police have since expressed to the Club its appreciation of the fact that we had offered our assistance.

A.B.

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OUR BROAD BEAN CROP

This year's crop is coming along nicely. It was sowed on contract and the contractor did the work free of charge. We are very grateful to Him.

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CLUB TRIPS

No. 769.

GOLD CREEK

11th April.

It was a wet job being in the lead as we made our way from Hall's Farm up on to the end of the long bushed spur that runs along east of Gold Creek. There is a track that takes you through the thick bush on to the spur. It was easy going up this spur. The ridge is rather flat and wide on top and with mist around it was rather hard to get one's sense of direction. It would be hard finding the way down it in a mist.

At long last we came across the track that cuts across the ridge. We followed this down to Gold Creek Hut, arriving there at 12:30pm, 3½ hours from the truck.

We found that the flood water hadn't been through the hut as we had been led to believe, but it had been pretty close to it. Gold Creek carried signs of the heavy flood. Some of the old log jams have gone but there are lots of newly fallen trees to take their place. The return trip was down the creek. Not a very serious tramping trip but an enjoyable one.

No. in Party: 19.

Leader: Jim Glass.

Russell Berry, Peter Lewis, Dempster Thompson Graham Griffiths, John Feigler, Graham Thorp, George Prebble, Trevor Baldwin, Anthony Daly, Graham Lookman, Dennis Baldwin, Heather McKay, Helen Lees, Heather Prebble, Tui Maxwell, Annette Tremewan, Joy & David Geor, Kath Berry.

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No. 770.

TARARUAS

Easter '65.

I suppose that one could have called us cosmopolitan, for by the end of the trip, there were members of the party from Auckland, Napier, Hastings, Hutt Valley, Wellington and Gremouth.

The majority of the party, all Heretaungans, met at the Otaki Railway station around 10:30 on the Thursday night, and the usual chinwag resulted. Freezing temperatures however drove us back into our vehicles, so we set off for the Otaki Forks, and some well needed sleep.

The Friday morning saw nice clear skies with a little wind, so after a breakfast of rice with a little bit of this and that added, followed by the usual "cup-o-char", we ventured forth, eager to put civilisation as far behind us as possible.

After crossing the Waiotamaru River via the swing bridge we were soon climbing steadily up Judd's Ridge, and eventually the bush line. From the ridge the view was rather awe-inspiring, once it was pointed out where we were hoping to go. The main range stood out in stark relief, owing to an increasingly threatening sky. Once in the bush, the weather was forgotten, and all energy was spent on negotiating the track which was full of that lovely 'Tararua mud.' It was two hours later, much to everyone's relief, that Field's Hut was reached. A pleasant couple of hours was then spent having a leisurely lunch under a constantly changing sky. From here we started climbing again, soon passing through bush, secondary alpine scrub, then breaking out into the open tops by Table Top. The ridge still stretched itself onwards and upwards, disappearing into the murk of West Peak. By this time Russell was not feeling the best, so a slower pace resulted, with the promise of shelter in Vossler Hut, just beyond West Peak. We all eventually staggered into the hut, more so with Russell, who looked pretty bad and about all in. However, after we had stripped off his wet clothes, bundled him into his sack, and given him a brew, he soon felt much better. A couple of Hutt Valleys were also in the hut, and soon everyone was having plenty of brews, stews, intermingled with yarns and songs. Even another couple of strangers and a keen type from Auckland joined in the revelry that ensued.

Saturday was heralded by the force of Hughie's might outside, consisting of strong winds, mist, rain and cold temperatures. Russell was not fully recovered by then, so he was instructed to stay put and come back down when he was better, even on the Monday morning if necessary, accompanied by the two odd bods, who were also waiting for the weather to clear. The rest of the party was scheduled to reach the Forks by noon on Monday, giving us time to assist if necessary, if he had not come out by then.

So after breakfast we said our farewells and departed into the storm along with the two Hutt Valleys, and Des from Auckland. Our destination was Maungahuka Hut on the main range, about six hours away. But with the elements trying to oppose us in achieving our goal, we added an extra couple of hours to our journey. For the most part our travelling consisted of climbing up and down rocky outcrops, saddles, etc., but was not too bad if one kept moving. The coldest part was the slide down the chain on the Tararua Peaks. Here the ridge is split in two and can only be negotiated by means of a chain tied from the top. By means of a rope, the packs were lowered the seventy odd feet down, and then the bods had to grip the icy cold chain and lower themselves down, belayed from above by the rope. It was a chilling affair, as the wind was whistling up the cleft, making the bod look like an umbrella turned inside out. It seemed as though several hours had passed before the whole party was safely down. The belayer (guess who?) coming down by chain alone. From there it was a matter of scrambling back up to the ridge, and another half hour to Maungahuka Hut.

By the time evening was with us the hut was "chocker", as other parties had come in from Anderson's, further along the main range. However, the tea was soon under way, and everybody again looked cheerful. After tea, a singsong, and a game of cards, before we dived into the blissful comfort of our sleeping bags. We all managed to get away by 9ish the following morning and amid the confusion of bodies everywhere managed to leave behind a parka and a rope. (I still havn't got them back yet). The weather was still misty and windy, but a lot milder. A couple of hours later, the mist cleared completely, giving us views of the Taranaki as a whole, and on either side, Horowhenua and Wairarapa.

By 2pm we had climbed over Kawhiriroa, climbed through a bushy saddle, and were sitting around enjoying the sunshine at Anderson's hut. A couple of Cullers were in residence, one being a "Coaster", so our leader benefited rather handsomely. By 3 were climbing back onto the open tops heading for Shoulder Knob and the descent of 3 thousand feet to the Otaki river and Waitawaewae Hut.

The hut was reached just before nightfall and again was full of strangers and cowboys. A few hours later we had the hut to ourselves. I don't know what drove them out or where they went. Monday dawned fine, so everyone was away by 8, heading for the Otaki Forks, via Plateau Stream and the tramway to the Forks. A few hardy types went swimming in the Otaki clothes and all before climbing up to the road and onto the car park by mid-day. Here we were met by Russell who had come down on the Sunday with a group of Highschool pupils who had done a Southern Crossing. The billy was boiling so we spread ourselves out much to the amazement of the sightseers, and consumed the rest of our food.

The whole party were then stowed into the two vehicles and proceeded to Otaki to consume milkshakes etc., before making their separate ways homeward. The Hastings people took Des to catch a train to Auckland from Palmerston North, and Rona took the rest back to Wellington, where I proceeded to Nelson and eventually Greymouth.

I would like to add that the trip was very successful, giving those concerned a taste of a different mountain system, different weather conditions and travel, their eagerness to gain a broader knowledge of mountain travel was most gratifying. Who knows, perhaps I'll meet some of them in the southern Alps one day.

Leader: Tony Corbin.

No. in Party: 7.

Annette Tremewan, Rona Budgett, Graeme Thorp, John Feigler, Peter Lewis, Russell Berry.

No. 771.

GOLDEN CROWN & BOB'S SPUR.

April 25th.

This was one of those occasions when morale was helped somewhat by the fact that most of those on the back of the truck did not get a very good view of the weather we were heading into. By the time we left the truck, along the Mangerton farm road, a cold front had brought rain. First we enjoyed walking on the slippery wet grass, then pushed through the wet scrub, then staggered up the steep end of Golden Crown, over the wet stones and clay and into the wet bush. When we did reach the main divide, and turned North along the track which connects Hut Ruin with No Man's, visibility was down to about fifty yds and the rain was heavier and colder. Some time was spent in chasing down a gully for water, and then when we toiled back up with a billy full and looked for a place to boil it, a few yards farther on was a big pool of surface water across the track! Half an hour of cutting fine chips, and blowing, and shielding with parkas, and a nice little fire was established, but by that time most of us had finished our lunch and didn't want to wait for a boil-up, so the billy was emptied over the fire!

The track down ~~the~~ on to Three-Fingers is obviously seldom used, but after we turned down what we hoped was Bob's Spur there was no track at all, and in places the young beech trees seemed to be no more than six inches apart. We looked over the edge of some rocks and saw nothing but mist below, and several times found ourselves heading off down side spurs into the gullies to right or left. We were beginning to wonder if we were on the right ridge, when suddenly we came below cloud level and saw that we were just above the shingle slide on the end of Bob's Spur. The scrub was horribly thick and tangled, and the shingle slide hard at the top. One bod slid about fifteen feet on his behind, but others fell the other way and lost skin from hands and knees instead.

The scrub below the slide was full of hook grass. And just to add to our pleasure, we had taken the truck too far along the road, so we still had to walk a mile or so more than we need have done.

No. in Party: 15.

Leader: Peter Lewis.

Elizabeth Pinder, Dempster Thompson, Douglas Thompson, Graeme McColl, Graham Thorp, Graham Lookman, Graham Griffiths, John Feigler, Dennis Baldwin, Trevor Baldwin, Owen Brown, Alan Connor (N.B.H.S.), Bill McCorkindale, John Meckintosh (N.B.H.S.)

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No 771 (B).

BOB'S SPUR - MATTHEWS STREAM

25th April.

Nancy and I left home about 8.30 for Mangleton. Found the club truck on the road and left a note to say where we were going. Just as we were about to go on we saw the H.T.C. members disappearing into the mist on Golden Crown. Left the car in the paddocks on the way to Master's Hut. Called at the hut, then across Matthews Stream and on across to the shingle slide on Bob's Spur. We climbed about three quarters of the way up, before sitting under a bank for lunch. There was plenty of mist and rain and also a very cold wind so we came back down and dropped off down the side of the cliff. The bush here was magnificent. We followed along the bank for about half an hour before dropping into the stream. This had been severely flooded quite recently but we had a most enjoyable amble back down looking into pools, at streams, stones, and just admiring the scenery. It was about 3pm when we arrived back at the car.

Nancy Tanner, Kathleen Berry.

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No. 772.

WAIKAMAKA

May 8-9th.

17 willing workers left Holt's at 6.30. This number included two day trippers. After crossing Triplex Creek and getting stuck, the passengers in Annette's car climbed on to the truck just before the new cutting which misses out the recent slip. This cutting was very greasy and soon all hands were out pushing. Progress was slow and disheartening. However the truck made the end of the road with the assistance of a County-Council ~~the~~ bulldozer (manned by Council employees).

The day was moving on. We left the truck at 10.30 and were all at Waikamaka by 1.30. There was no daley at the saddle as it was rather cool, but at the hut it was warm despite the occasional patch of snow.

Before lunch the hanging lean-to was reduced to its original beech poles and corrugated iron sheets. The work done in the afternoon involved cutting and stumping a 30ft. beech tree, clearing bush and leatherwood, shifting some logs and the digging a drain. A snowfall kept the hot and sweating workers cool. After a luxurious stew we enjoyed a restful evening.

Work was resumed after breakfast. The heli-pad was 'touched up' and a track from the site was cut and metalled. This comes out behind the present hut.

After a lazy lunch we headed back home. The snow on

the saddle was irresistible and we had a good snow fight. We were back at the truck well before sundown and it seemed our troubles were over, but misfortune struck again in the form of a broken radiator.

Stops on the road, to fill the radiator, were frequent. Eventually, we reached Cullens' where Peter rang Alan Berry who quickly brought out an Arataki Van.

While we were waiting for Alan Mrs Cullen kindly invited us in for a welcome cup of tea and toast. Our return journey was made to Hastings by a different and novel means of transport.

Leader: Noel Evans.

No. in Party: 17.

Day Party: Annette Tremewan, Graeme Evans.

Week End Party: Christine Prebble, Jim Wilshire, Trevor Baldwin, Dennis Baldwin, Dempster Thompson, Graeme McColl, Bob Garnett, David Butcher, Graham Thorp, David Evans, Peter Lewis, Alan Bradley, John Feigler.

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No. 773.

TONGARIRO NATIONAL PARK
WORKING PARTY

May 15-16th.

The Club has over the years indulged in many and varied activities for the purpose of raising funds - fruit picking, scrub burning, tree planting, tomato picking, cropping, and a host of others. - but this time we gave something a different try. The National Park Board wanted a small matter of about 1200 acres on Ruapehu cleared of encroaching pine trees and were offering the handsome sum of £100.....

We arrived at Kariori Forest Headquarters in the truck and camped at various times on Friday afternoon, night, and Saturday morning, 37 all told including a number of non-combatants. The recreation hall at the camp provided us with a roof over our heads for what was left of Friday night and in the morning the local ranger took us up the mountain to point out our area. By some oversight we misplaced Philip and Company along the way and they spent a fair bit of the morning sculling around forestry roads trying to fathom out where we had got to.

To reach our block we had first to cross a neck of Maori land and to then follow up the Wahianoa Stream for a time. The country to be cleared lay to the west of this stream across the southern slopes of the mountain, from the National Park boundary up to the snowline. The ground is scoria covered, with practically no vegetation other than the

trespassing pinus contorta (the same breed that we so laboriously planted on Stag's Head Ridge in 1953.)

After a good day's work either pulling or hacking down thousands of contorta we returned to the recreation hall for the night, then back on the job at first light next morning. All told we accounted for about 13,000 trees ranging from one inch to twenty feet high and up to ten inches in diameter. As it turned out some of our energies were mis-directed in that we tore into some fine thickets over the boundary on Maori land but what remains of our block should be cleared in one day.

Our thanks to all who turned out for this novel but nevertheless lucrative working party.

Leader: Alan Berry.

No. in Party: 37.

George Prebble, Harry Stewart, John & Bruce Feigler, Dempster & Douglas Thompson, Noel Evans, Peter Lewis, Jim & Doreen Glass, Anthony Mort, Anthony Daly, Dennis Baldwin, Allen Bradley, David Butcher, Philip & Els Bayens, Maury & Barbara Taylor and Susan & Robynne, Graeme Evans, Graham Thorp, Graham Lookman, Elizabeth Pinder, Nancy Tanner, Celia Reed, Annette Tremewan, Helen Hill, Tui Maxwell, Christine Prebble, Paul Frude, Kath & Alan Berry, Jan & Ross, Brenda Butcher.

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No. 774

WAKARARA STATION

23rd May.

Collected up the various Bods round Napier and away to Havelock North in good time. Transferred to the old yellow truck and down to Holt's at Hastings where a few rather disconsolate ones were hanging about. Half an hour later we were rolling along with 23 in the back and 3 in the cab. About 20 in the back is enough for comfort, over that things get a bit heated though this does not matter for a short trip.

Saw the good people at the station who gave us every help, and directions; then away up on to the first ridge where we split into two parties, the keen and fit taking off for the high tops (one hour's scrub bashing first) while the rest of us followed up a long valley and through a saddle to where a track led off through the scrub to the hut.

The Forest Service have put a good road right through the range and we followed this for a little while, both going in and on the way out. The top party saw our smoke signals at lunch time and came roaring down to join us. They had been held up in a gorse patch and didn't like it much.

Coming back some of us decided to take the long way round as it was still early in the afternoon, but got into a lot of bother with blackberry in the gorge. The others had their troubles, too, and we all arrived about the same time.

All seemed to think it was a good trip.

No. in Party: 26.

Leader: Harry Stewart.

John Feigler, Graham McColl, Russell Chant, Peter Lewis, Graham Griffiths, Graham Thorp, Graham Lookman, Tui Maxwell, Celia Reed, Elizabeth Pinder, Brenda Thomas, Annette Tremewan, Juniors: Trevor Baldwin, Paul Carlyle, John Healey, Noel Evans, Paul Frude, John Griffiths, Mary Philpott, Maris Hankin, Beverley Garnett, Lynn Laurent, Elizabeth Deller, Kerry Bromhead, Elizabeth Buchanan.

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No. 775.

WAIKAMAKA

June 5-7th.

(QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY WEEK-END)

On the Saturday a working party gathered at Phil's to tie up in bundles the building material that the helicopter was taking in for us.

On Sunday, Hawke's Bay was in the grip of an iron frost as we rolled across the plains and a brilliant dawn gave promise of a good week-end. However as we neared the ranges the wind got up and increased in strength all the way up the Waipawa until when we reached the saddle about 11am it was gale force, and those carrying pieces of timber, spades, shovels etc had some difficulty in not becoming airborne back the way they had come. We went straight down from the rain gauge to the stream as this is the shortest way but not to be recommended if covered in snow. The afternoon was very bleak and cold, and while some collected firewood, the rest of us squared off the site, dug trenches for the foundations and filled the bottom of them with shingle. The new site is very boggy and will have to have a big drain right round it, otherwise we will find our new hut sitting on the ground.

The old hut was a bit crowded with 14 of us and those sleeping below watched the creaking platform above them with some apprehension. The weather during the night was very wild - gale force winds which threatened to roll the whole show into the creek, showers of hail and rain and then in the early morning a light fall of snow.

There seemed to be some reluctance on the part of most of us to get out the nest in the morning, but fortunately we

had done about all we could do the day before. We decided to pull out about 1pm, and about 11am three keen types took off up the side creek to climb on to the saddle for a looksee, so we left them to follow on after us. The weather had improved quite a lot, which made things pleasanter, and as the others hadn't caught up, we had a brew at the truck and cleaned up the leftovers. The track where it had been bulldozed was very slippery and the old truck did some crazy skidding before we got to the metal, where we waited for the unfortunate "pushers" to come panting up. There was very little water in the Waipawa and it was almost possible to get up with dry feet. A lot is running under the metal. I expect it will be a different story next time we go in.

No. in Party: 17.

Leader: Harry Stewart.

Week-end Party: (Sunday, Monday) Helen Lees, Tui Maxwell, Elizabeth Buchanan.

Saturday night, Sunday morning: Annette Tremewen, Barbara Butler, Jim Wilshire.

John Feigler, Graham Thorp, Dempster Thompson, Graham Griffiths, Anthony Mort, Bob Garnett, Noel Evans, Robert Arthur, Trevor and Dennis Baldwin, Harry Stewart.

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No. 776,

HINERUA HUT

June 20th.

A 6.30 start with 32 trampers in the truck and two cars. We could see we were in for dirty weather the nearer we got to the ranges.

As soon as we got going, about 8:00, we met some light rain. We could hear a helicopter in the direction of Waikamaka. It could have been taking the new hut timber in. The tail of the party arrived about 10:30. A snow fight soon started. Soon after about half the party headed for the bushline in an attempt to find more snow. At the bush line it was blowing a gale and raining. Five bods braved the cold wind and visited higher ground while the rest returned to the hut where they had lunch.

The hut was rather full with 32 bods in it. Later Nancy and three others proceeded out under their own steam. The rest left about 1:30. When I got to the truck almost last I was asked, "where is Harry and Co.?" Yes, it was Foote's Mistake - they had gone towards the Tuki Tuki. Luckily they realised their mistake and turned back. We left about 3:30, with a stop at Waipawa. On the Otane straight the truck ran out of fuel. We returned to Waipawa

and put ONE gallon in the main tank. Arrived in Hastings about 6:30.

No. in Party: 32.

Leader: Graham Griffiths.

Annette Tremewan, Helen Lees, Elizabeth Pinder, Joy Park, Diana May, Nancy Tanner, Fiona Barnett, Leslie Yeoman, Kath Berry, Misses J. Clark, J. Steenson and S. Hawkes, Trevor Baldwin, John Feigler, Dennis Baldwin, Owen Brown, Jim Wilshire, John Griffiths, Harry Stewart, Graham Thorp, Dempster Thompson, Robert Arthur, R. Elvidge, Graham Winn, Dennis Tegg, Bert McConnell, Noel Evans, + 4 N.B.H.S. Boys.

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No. 777.

WAIKAMAKA HUT

3-4th July.

Eleven not-too-wide-awake bods left Hastings at about 6:29 $\frac{1}{2}$ a.m. Speculation as to the amount of snow expected was resolved when the Rushines came into view with a goodly coating down to low levels. A heavy ground frost increased a feeling of Brrrrrrrr! while at the same time decreasing any feeling of get-up-and-go in inverse ratio.

We called first at Vic Brosnan's to find the whereabouts of Bob Yeoman's farm at which the balance of the new hut materials had been dumped. This turned out to be a couple of miles further along the road, and on inspection we found about 2,500lbs of timber, including six 6" by 1" boards required immediately for the foundations. It was decided to carry these in addition to the four piles already on the truck.

Back again at the end of North Block Road, at was 9:50am before we got away. Going was normal at first, if a bit slow due to extra loads. Not so very far above the forks the first snow was encountered, which became thick enough to impede progress before reaching the saddle. The snow was crusted on top, but not frozen enough to stand much weight. It was often difficult to take more than two or three steps before crashing through, sometimes into waist deep hollows. Consequently it was 12:30pm or so by the time we commenced the ascent, but we pressed on still hoping to reach the hut in time for late lunch. Graham Thorp, who was in the lead, had the exhausting task of breaking the trail; following was still difficult but a little easier than leading. To cut a long story short, we arrived at the hut about 4:00pm after a frigid descent of the Waikamaka, relieved, for those who had time to look, by attractive ice-formations and trees mantled in frozen snow. There was little time and less energy for work on Saturday. Alan and Jim Glass arrived at 6 pm in time for an excellent stew prepared by Annette and Heather.

Sunday dawned really fine with brilliant skies against which the snow-capped peaks showed to perfection. Before going out boots had to be thawed out - they were frozen solid inside the hut! Everyone got busy, one party carried timber and hardware which had been dropped beside the helipad, while another party worked on the snow-covered foundations. The foundations were not completed, but advanced to a stage where a further morning's work will be sufficient to complete. All timber has been stacked in the old hut and annexe.

We left for home at 1.45pm and in a less laden state negotiated the saddle with greater speed arriving at the truck about 4.45pm. A brief stop at Waipawa for fish and chips, then home to Hastings by about 7.30pm.

All in all, an enjoyable and constructive week-end, if somewhat arduous.

No. in Party. 17.

Leader: Jim Wilshere.

Heather McKay, Annette Tremewan, Elizabeth Buchanan, Robert Arthur, John Feigler, Trevor Baldwin, Peter Lewis, Harry Stewart, Dempster & Douglas Thompson, Graham Thorp, Noel Evans, Bob Garnett, Graham Lookman, Jim Glass, Alan Berry.

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No. 778.

POHANGINA SADDLE

July 18th.

It was a bright, sunny and very warm morning when fourteen of us boarded the truck in Hastings and set off to the roadhead at the top of Kashmir Road. We arrived at 9:0am and found the weather a little different to that back in Hastings. There were some very threatening clouds brewing up behind the main divide and a B.W. wind blowing up to 50mph.

Five others joined us having come from town by car, and by 9:20 am we set off along the bulldozed track. Every now and again we would get showered with shingle which was lifted up by the wind.

2½ windswept hours and one beret later we arrived at the top of the main ridge where we could see Pohangina hut surrounded by a reasonably thick layer of snow. We had just started lunch when the long expected rain hit us. (Our thanks go to the member who braved the heavy rain and sleet to replace the firewood we had used). After a lot of blowing and a long wait we managed to get the water hot enough for a cup of tea. We then packed our bags and the last ones left the hut at 2:20pm.

By 4:15 pm a saturated party arrived back at the truck, and

were soon heading for the land of Television.

No. in Party: 19.

Leader: Graham Thorp.

Graham Griffiths, Graeme McColl, Graham Lookman, Peter Lewis, Trevor Baldwin, John Griffiths, Warren Greer, John Feigler, Annette Tremewan, Elizabeth Pinder, Diana Bay, Helen Lees, George Prebble and 5 children.

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POPULARITY OF HUTS

18th July, 1965.

When Ash Cunningham was leaving for Switzerland he left me some graphs that he'd made based on names in hut logs over the Kaweka Range.

He has taken the information for six huts in two ways. First he has totted up the total for each year and shown this in the form of a bar; twanging your way along these bars gives you a sort of potted history of each hut. Next he has taken monthly totals for each hut, added them, and divided to give a monthly average. He has kept the public and departmental tallies separate. Finally he has combined figures for all huts to give overall totals and averages for all six huts.

As Forestry huts have been going such a short time the earliest figures are entirely those for the Kaweka Hut, and in the war years Kaweka plus Kiwi Saddle; it is only in the last 4 - 5 years that all six huts enter the picture.

Taking the Kaweka Hut on its own you can get something of a picture. Here you can read off the working parties that built it, the surge of interest in its first completed year, with the never-to-be-repeated figure of just on 400 visitors. (With imagination you could also read the frustration of the fixture committee failing to get support for trips to other more far-away places with far-sounding names.) You read the coming and going of the first few Internal Affairs' cullers, then the onset of the war and the steady drop down to 30-odd names at the worst. Another peak, close on to 300 names in 1948 will mark the building and the dedication of the Memorial Cairn, after which there is a pretty steady run of 150-200 names in a year, only a handful of them government hunters. One break in the tally for the year 1950 is inexplicable. I've checked back and I haven't a clue. People hadn't gone to Kiwi instead for that too had one of its lowest tallies; well, had the Howlett's Search attracted them to the Ruahines? The Waikamaka had no more than average that year. So I went back through the trip accounts for 1950 and the adjacent years, and believe me it wasn't the club. Each of the three years had the usual large Cairn trip, one or two snow trips, perhaps one or two private trips and generally one working party. The usual swarm of scouts, Crusaders, shooters and etceteras that supply the bulk of the Kaweka figures just can't have turned out that year.

Reading the Kiwi Saddle Hut figures off in the same way as for the Kaweka you see the same upsurge of interest after the work was done, but then long periods of little use (the graph cannot show the Wellington scouts who were for a considerable time its chief patrons). It is now showing a steady rise in popularity both public and departmental - there must be more animals over there.

The one Forestry hut that shows a similar marked and increasing popularity is the Lawrence Hut, pretty certainly from the monthly tallies for shooting, both during the roar and in spring when the deer come out on to the early grass. The Makahu Hut also gets attention but the figure is swollen by the experimental staff, who now have their own chalet accommodation nearby.

The monthly figures are intriguing too.. Most huts show an April peak which covers Easter and the roar, the Cairn trip would be the peak at both Kaweka and Makahu Huts in November, but can anyone explain the double winter peak for the Kaweka Hut, which just not make sense? Either of them is higher than the Easter one, higher than the Cairn one. June and August are obviously snow trips, but then why should July be away down? The hut snowbound perhaps, but if so how come that the Macintosh, even harder to get to in snow, should have its peak in just that month? Here is an exercise for the serious student.

N.L.E.

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VANDALISM

18th July, 1965.

Trouble has been brewing for some time now over the misuse of huts and the loss of ammunition and provisions in the ranges, and at last there has been a court case with two men convicted of stealing Forestry provisions. This clears the air and gives an opportunity to say something about the responsibilities of people who use bush huts.

Until a few years ago it was pretty simple; bush huts were open to all comers ---- what show have you of keeping a wet shivering party outside a padlocked door on a dirty night? ---- so huts were never locked. Owners have been known to turf others out into the cold, cold snow, but this was not usual. When you left you saw the place was safe and tidy with replenished fire wood and dry kindling for the next-comer. This was the drill; it was simple but so were the huts, and on the whole it worked.

It can't be the same now, with hunters in for long spells and huts stocked with food and ammunition for six months at a time. You can't leave all that stuff lying around, so you are faced with padlocks and a general air of suspicion. This is unpleasant but it is unavoidable. We have got to keep up the earlier standard so far as we can for the sake of keeping on-side if for no better reason.

The most important thing from the club's point of view is not to add to this unpleasantness by avoidable irritations, such as leaving huts in a mess, allowing opossums to break in or burning up firewood.

Life is quite hard enough for hunters without tramping parties aggravating it.

We should treat Forestry huts as well as we do our own, jump on any misuse of their huts and ours alike, and bring anything serious of that sort, or accidents such as blown-in windows, smartly to the notice of the Club or of Forestry. It may be necessary to break into stores in an emergency. This of course must be reported immediately or stores replaced. We have learned that Forestry have no file to take cash donations in such a case ---- they want full tins on site.

N.L.E.

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FROSTBITE!

Two experienced members have had toes frostbitten this winter. In one instance, this was because only one pair of socks, of a not-very-warm, half-nylon half-wool type, were worn inside frozen boots in fine, frosty conditions.

Some time ago, a Puketitiri farmer suffered frostbite on both ankles severe enough to prevent his wearing boots for three months. He had spent several hours in snow on the Kawekas; conditions were not particularly cold and the snow seemed wet and half-melted, but some of it had packed down inside the tops of his boots and done the damage without his knowledge.

As the cold weather may not be finished yet, a few warnings could well be repeated. Nylon-mixture socks are fine for hard wear, but in snow and frost you need to wear two pairs of socks, and the inner pair should be warm ones. You also need something to keep snow out of the tops of your boots; puttees are not very expensive, and they can also save much discomfort from stones in your boots in rivers or on shingle slides. They can be made of strips of old blanket, or even sacking, if necessary. There are ways of putting them on, so that they seldom come undone. Do not tie knots in the tapes; they may be very difficult to undo when wet, or worse if frozen.

frozen;

Woollen gloves or mittens are easier to bend when leather goes like wood. Oilskin mitts need some sort of lining. It is better to have the fingers all together in one compartment, rather than separate, and the wrist part should be of generous length. If you have no gloves, a pair of socks would be far better than nothing; very cold fingers may not work when you need them.

Long trousers should be of a type which can be put on without difficulty while wearing boots; narrow cuffs are a nuisance. If weather worsens or the party moves into worse conditions, it is better to put on longs (and perhaps jerseys) a little before they become necessities, rather than wait until you have lumps of snow frozen to your legs.

Even in fine weather there is a catch; after a few hours on snow, in brilliant sunshine, you can be feeling quite sorry for yourself with sore eyes and severe sunburn if you haven't brought dark goggles and sunburn cream!

Snow trips are great fun if you are prepared for them, but even at lower altitudes, you have to watch yourself in blizzard conditions.

P.L.

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USE OF ICE AXES

From the pickaxes and shovels used by early explorers in the hills and mountains the present day ice axe has been evolved. One pick of the pick axe and the blade of the shovel have been combined over the years to form our present day ice axe. Its efficiency and strength have increased through improvements to steel and alloys. With the gain in strength, however, the basic shape and weight have not changed as the shape has been proved by time to be the best and the weight is necessary to help the user conserve energy.

Notwithstanding the origin of the iceaxe the modern article is not meant to be used in the manner of its bigger brothers. Its main use for a tramper is as a walking stick but occasionally it is used on snow and ice and in this sphere the tramper and his companions rely on this instrument as a means of safety. When used as a means of stopping a glissade or for a belay one should appreciate its usefulness as a safety measure. Some individuals, however, (members of this club included) try to lever boulders and dig rubbish pits with them and, yes, even use them for weeding the garden. Some, by the appearance of two ice axes returned recently try to emulate a D8 bulldozer.

Your Life may depend on an axe that has been abused so if you see an ice axe being used, in a manner detrimental to Your Safety remonstrate with the user or else report the matter to the gear custodian.

M.T.

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SOCIAL NEWS

Birth: To Margaret (nee Mison) and Brian Fannin - a daughter.

Marriage: Gae Lobban to Earle Culver.

Departure: Celia Reed is returning to England.

NEW MEMBERS

We welcome to the club the following:-

Elizabeth Pindar, Helen Lees, John Griffiths, Tony Mort (jr.), Bob Garnett (jr.), Trevor Baldwin (jr.).

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Tramping Gear of the late Molly Molineux

For several years Molly's ice axe has been on loan to the club. When she passed away she bequeathed that to us together with the rest of her tramping gear.

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FIXTURE LIST

Leaders to give a short description of trip → locality, fitness required, etc. at the meeting before the trip.

<u>1965</u>	<u>Trip</u>	<u>Leader</u>	<u>Fare</u>
Aug.28-29	Howletts - Saw Tooth	J. Glass	10/-
Sept. 12	Blowhard Trig - The Lizard - Pene	G. Griffiths	9/-
Sept.25-26	Waikamaka		10/-
Oct.9 ¹ / ₂ -10	Marathon: Baldy - Gorge Stream - Black Birch - Littles Clearing - Baldy. Overnight family picnic at Gorge Stream.	N. Tanner	10/-
Oct.23-25	Waihohehu Hut off Desert Road	G. McColl	30/-
Labour	or	juniors	25/-
Weekend	Waikamaka		10/-
Nov.6-7	Cairn Trip. Makahu Hut via Ferny Ridge	H. Hill	10/-
Nov. 21	Middle Creek Hut - return via Saddle with Smiths Creek.	A. Tremewan	10/-
Dec.4-5	Karioi - Ruapehu	A. Berry	30/-
		juniors	25/-
Dec. 19	Red Island via Waimarama	E. Bayens	7/-
New Year	Pohangina Saddle - Pohangina River Hut -	P. Lewis	10/-
Jan. 1-4	Ngamoko Range - Howletts Hut		

N.B.: These fares (except Ruapehu) are reducible by 2/- for seniors, and half-fares for juniors by 1/-, if paid at the meeting before or on the trip.

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ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

The 30th Annual General Meeting will be held following the fortnightly meeting in the Radiant Living Hall, Warren Street North, Hastings, on 20th October, 1965.

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OVERDUE TRAMPERS

Should a club party become overdue, would parents or members please first contact one of the following:

Norman Elder 'phone 77-924
Alan Berry " 77-223

Mrs. Janet Lloyd 'phone 87-666