

HERETAUNGA TRAMPING CLUB (INC)

Box 386, Hastings

"P O H O K U R A"

Bulletin No. 127

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NORMAN LASCELLES ELDER

(1896-1974)

If any one man is to be remembered as the "father" of our Club, that man must surely be Norman Elder. With Ian Powell and the late Doc. Bathgate, Norm was instrumental in the formation of the Club in 1935. As Club Captain, Committee member and later as President he nurtured the original small band of enthusiasts and saw it grow to the active and successful Club we know today.

Norm seldom spoke of the trials and disappointments of his earlier years. He moved to Hawke's Bay from Waikanae while young and attended the Napier Boys' High School, where he had a brilliant academic record. All too soon though he was werving in the trenches of France and Belgium with the N.Z. Machine Gun Corps. After a very rough time he was invalided home, only to sail again for England to attend Cambridge University where he graduated M.A. with Honours in mechanical science. With his bride Kathleen, Norm returned to New Zealand in 1927 and took a position with the Railways. However, in 1931, disillusioned with civil service life, he left the Department and accepted a teaching post in Havelock North. This began thirty-five years of association with the ranges of Hawke's Bay. Thirty-five years during which Norman Elder came to know our high country as no other man, before or since.

The Hawke's Bay ranges were virtually unmapped in the 1930's and this became one of his first priorities. By methodical photographic surveys he prepared maps which were widely used until superseded only recently by the Lands and Survey series. In 1938 he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Geographic Society in London in recognition of his surveys and mapping in many parts of the North Island.

But the bush was Norm's real love. For more than forty years he studied our native flora and contributed a vast amount to the recorded knowledge of our high country trees and plants. Many of his works were published and in 1954 his botanical career was climaxed by the award of the Loder Cup for his work in "encouraging the protection and cultivation of the incomparable flora of the Dominion". Norm's enthusiasm for our native flora encouraged a deeper and more sympathetic understanding of the bush around them in many who were fortunate enough to share his company on Club trips over the years.

Our Club was conceived in adversity, by the fruitless search for Hamish Armstrong in the Ruahines in 1935. Search and Rescue always remained one of Norm's active interests and under his guidance the Club maintained an efficient search organisation long before SAR became a function of the Police Department.

In recognition of his services to the Club and of his lifelong dedication to the ideals for which the Club was founded, Norman Elder was elected a life member in 1958.

A.V.B.

Memories of Norm

My first club trip. Mist, deep snow, gathering darkness, and an exhausted, straggling party. Norm, leading, dealt with the situation in his characteristic fashion. He halted, gathered us all in, and said in his hesitant, apologetic way:- "Look, I'm not going too well. Bob and Stan, you'd better take over the lead. I'll go at the back for a while." So the young and fit stamped out the trail along the ridge while Norm saw that the stragglers were encouraged, guided, and not lost off the end of the line.

Tact, unselfishness, modesty, were a part of him, I never saw him angry or ruffled. He brought out his immense knowledge of the mountains only when asked or when the situation required it. I have often heard him apologize for knowing best. Most often he was silent, but when he talked you wished the time longer. We once sat for an hour half way up Daphne while he told us all about the first Howletts search. I remember his ironical wit, his enormous range of songs, ribald and otherwise, when a tired party was sitting out the freezing homeward drive. His own songs and poems were like everything he did, stamped with his own highly individual genius. Now that he is gone, I know that sharing some 15 years of his tramping time was a splendid privilege in my life.

H.C.H.

My keenest memory of Norm is that he never failed to make a fire and boil the billy. No matter how heavy the rain and how bleak the conditions he would give life to the smallest of flames from finely shredded chips and a couple of matches and gradually nurse it into a full blaze. The comfort given by such a fire will be remembered by a largish party who had been driven off a discing expedition on Colenso's Spur one very wet and cold September weekend but were stranded beside a flooded Makaroro for an extra day. Can that be 17 years ago?

R.C.

When I think of Norman Elder I see him:-

With a crowd of small Hereworth Boys - white hats, black jerseys and sandshoes often - scrambling or mucking about;

or - Bending over a tiny plant on the tussock plateaux;

Sauntering around on the heights in the day time, and plodding along towards nightfall.

He never seemed to hurry or be too busy to look at a plant or talk to someone, or name some specimen;

or - squashed up in a 4 man tent with 6 people - making scone for breakfast in his old black tin plates, out in the rain while we stayed put in sleeping bags. The weather never bothered him. It just was and that was it. One time we camped out on top of Rongotea ridge in the tussock - didn't put up the tent. We woke to a howling westerly gale. Norm disappeared and came back in a short time having found a windless spot just around the "corner", to which we repaired to have a pleasant, leisurely breakfast. The lack of wind while we ate seemed miraculous.

J.S.

Back Hut - outside Storm, thundering, lashing - inside Warmth, flickering firelight, stew bubbling. Curled on a bunk, smiling, mutton cloth scarf slung round tired shoulders, Norman, softly, softly singing beloved tramping songs.

P.T.

On a tramp I always liked to get just behind Norm because he instinctively chose the easiest route.

It was a theory of his that you shouldn't take anything in your pack that you couldn't use in two different ways. e.g. his towel he used also as headgear (Eastern style) and in his large enamel mug he stored his botanical finds with accompanying humus!

J.L.

What I remember most about Norm? His unobtrusive leadership by example. His unfailing good humour. His intensive interest in Everything, small or great, strange or familiar. His unerring sense of direction and expert bush and mountain craft. His outstanding knowledge of everything that grows - in the bush and on the ranges. His quiet humility. His enthusiasm in the song sessions on the back of the truck and in composing new tramping ballads.

When Norm was on the trip there was that much added to its enjoyment.

N.T.

Norm,

A remarkable man dedicated to the outdoor life. Never in my tramping days with Norm, have I seen him angry, put out or annoyed with his fellow trampers, the hills or the weather. A trip with Norm was a perfect example of true fellowship and of unassuming leadership.

May his spirit tramp the hills for ever.

P. & E.B.

Steady blue eyes behind spectacles glinting in the firelight topped by white hair encased by a long nightcap-like balaclava with the end wrapped around his neck to keep out the evening chill, white ^{bristly} moustache above a strong jaw. Pipe in hand, this quiet spoken man had the attention

of the group gathered around the fireplace in Kaweka. Quiet, unassuming, yet authoritative. These were my first impressions of Norm (I still hold them). His concern was for young people to know as much as possible about nature and the best way to enjoy its pleasant moods as well as cope with its vagaries.

I feel one of the best testimonials to Norm's qualities was when the parent of a club member overdue on a club trip said:- "We're not worried, Norm Elder is with them". His work in the ranges will remain his memorial. The Makahu hut site, also the Makahu road from Little's Clearing to the hut follows within a few yards the original disced track. Apias creek, Three Johns and many others were named by him. His publications of the vegetation and routes in the ranges were sought by trampers from clubs throughout New Zealand. My wife has just commented that I seem to be writing a lot when I had been asked to contribute a few lines. But I feel any less, in my case, anyway, would be a disparagement to his memory.

M.T.

I do not grieve for your passing Norm. Rather, I say "thank you" for the cherished memories of many wonderful days together. Those golden summers spent far away in the bush will never die. Nor will the snow and the rain, the flapping tents and smoking campfires, the songs and the tales of years gone by.

You have gone, Norman Elder. Yet you are with me still. So you will remain as I tread the hills and valleys of life ahead. A.V.B.

In lieu of the conventional wreath the Club contributed a bouquet of native foliage gathered from the gully Norm planted at his home in Havelock North. The card which accompanied it bore the following inscription:-

"With reverence to one whose teaching, knowledge and love of nature founded learning, adventure and achievement."

OVERDUE TRAMPERS

For inquiries about overdue parties, please first contact one of the following:-

Alan Berry	-	phone 77.223
Maurie Taylor	-	" HMN.829
Janet Lloyd	-	" 87.666

CLUB TRIPS

No. 1030

COOK'S HORN

March 31st

After an early start 28 trampers arrived at the banks of the Tutaekuri. Due to gentle persuasion and several grumblings about cold feet, we decided not to go up the Tutaekuri as planned. It was a beautiful day and everyone wanted to get on to the tops so we climbed up the Rogue and along to Cook's Horn where there was a glorious view until the fog rolled in. Then we proceeded down a shingle slide to Kaweka Hut and out again.

No. in party: 28

Leader: Jenny Thomson

Joan Bennett, Robin Marshall, Ted Smith, Nigel Harvey, Bob Moreton, Randall Goldfinch, Robin Bell, Robert Snowball, Peter Boomen, Peter Lewis, David Wilkins, Kim and Richard Taylor, Philip and Jenny Thomson, Bobby Couchman, Ray Dixon, Greg Dolbel, Philip Friis, Lindsay Going, Trevor Plowman, Joan Manning, Liz Pindar, Dot Phair, Annette Vandenende, Sue Perry.

No. 1031

WAIKAREMOANA

Easter 1974 (Apr 12-15th)

Our transport arrived at Hopuruahine Landing and its thirty-four keen occupants alighted to be met with cold, grey skies and an equally chilly river ford. Lindsay Going met us there and accompanied us for half the afternoon before returning to Hopuruahine.

After a short lunch, the group reformed on the opposite bank and started on the Lake Track. On arriving at the Whanganui arm Hut, we found it full of people who had come over in boats. Not being made exactly welcome, we moved on toward the Te Puna saddle. Down the other side, we passed by Te Puna Hut and camped further round the lake on the site of an old permanent campsite.

Next morning dawned fine but with heavy fog lying on the lake. This cleared about 9 a.m. giving good views across to the Panekiri Bluffs. We left five of the party at the campsite and arranged that they meet us again on the Monday. The rest of the party continued towards Mareuiti Hut. Along the lakeshore we realized another disadvantage of travelling in such a large party, the front people had tramped past one of the numerous wasp nests and had caused the nest to become aggressive, stinging the middle of the party who were trapped without an escape route to the side, front or back. This nest was dispatched effectively by several enthusiasts. A quick lunch

at the Hut and on down the track to a campsite on the beach adjacent to the Korokoro Falls track.

Sunday dawned with a spectacular sunrise. This was the day to climb Panekiri a 4000' bluff, two thousand feet above the lake. The fitter members raced up to the Falls before catching the others up on the way past Waipaoa Hut and up to Panekiri Hut. This hut is built close to the Pukenui Trig and can be easily identified from the surrounding low lands by a gap in the ridge top representing the absence of trees around the hut which have been cut for firewood. Mid-afternoon saw all the party at the hut admiring the excellent views in all directions, and improving their knowledge of aerodynamics by attempting to throw light material over the bluff and having it returned backward high over their heads. Most decided to camp out as the night promised to be fine.

Next morning after sending the drivers ahead, the party completed the final stage and arrived at Onepoto in time to have a swim and lunch before the transport arrived from Hopuruahine bringing the other five.

Thanks to the drivers whose efforts were much appreciated.

No. in party: 35

Leader: Trev Plowman

Geoff Orr, Alan Dick, Bob McCreton, Loraine and Patricia Butler, Marie O'Shanghnessy, Ian Robertson, Rob Elder, Lavinia Wrightson, Liz Pindar, Robin Marshall, Peter Boomen, Peter Berry, Grant Fraser, Nigel Harvey, Phil Thomson. Dennis Galyer, Ian Plank, Hannah Mench, Edward Smith, Geoff Bolden, Tony Martin, Phil Holland, Tony Streeter, Neil Forester, Peter Lewis, Phil, Els, Michael, Philip and Debby Bayens, Malcolm Starnes, Lindsay Going

No. 1032

WAIPAWA FORKS HUT

April 28th

Our party of 11 left Peter Manning with the truck at Cullen's and set off up the Shuteye track from the New Waipawa Base Camp. The weather was cold, wet and a high wind persisted, so the north side of Shuteye ridge offered good shelter. It was very different when we descended to the Waipawa river.

Because of the weather the Forks Hut became our main goal, with lunch and a warm rest. After lunch we were joined by Sandy and Brian Smith who had returned from Waikamaka Hut. Now with the wind behind us we climbed back over the ridge and down to the truck. Here we found Peter with a warm fire and plenty of hot water.

No. in party: 10

Leader: G. Sopplit

Peter Manning, John and Peter Berry, John Ball, Joan Benntt, Anna Bloomer, Vicki Blake, Jill and Denise Robinson.

No. 1033

WATERFALL CREEK HUT May 11th - 12th

This was to have been a trip to Poronui Station and Omaru river but due to a mix up in Post box numbers our letter didn't get to Poronui on time. However, the Manager rang me late Friday night and arrangements have been made to go through there later on.

A 6.30 a.m. start from Holt's saw us winding our way once again through Waipawa to the road-head on the Waipawa river. There was a good muster for a weekend trip (24 bods) and this included quite a large number of new-comers so we took things as they came.

Reasonable progress was made up the Waipawa river to the Saddle. We stopped there for lunch sitting on the western side, just out of the easterly breeze that was coming up the Waipawa. It was beautiful and sunny and as usual no one wanted to move on.

There was some discussion over lunch about which way we would go and whether all the party should go over the tops to Waterfall Creek Hut. We decided to see how everyone went and so all climbed on to Three Johns and then on to Trig 69. It was further up there than some realised and by the time we arrived some wanted to go to Waikamaka, so we left it open for everyone to decide and the party divided into two. 12 went to Waikamaka for the night under Peter Manning's leadership and the remaining 12 continued on to Rangi.

New members leanned how quickly the weather can close in. While we were on Trig 69 we had a good view of the range, and also Ruapehu and Ngaurahoe were standing clearly in the distance. Then as we left for Rangi (15 minutes later) some wisps of cloud started coming over and by the time we got to Rangi the cloud had completely closed in and didn't clear again.

It was about 2.50 when we dropped off Rangi to Rangi Creek and we made our way slowly down. Once in Rangi Creek the going was easier and two went ahead to get firewood and the fire going. By the time the rest of us got there just about all the daylight was gone but snow on the riverbed made it easier to see where we were going.

We spent quite a bit of time cooking the stew and it wasn't

till 8.15 it came off the fire. However, it was worth waiting for. Then it was into bed.

Next morning everyone built up a massive supply of firewood and cleaned out the hut before setting off back up Rangi creek and across the saddle and down to Waikamaka Hut. Everyone went very well and reached the saddle, 1000' from the river in 45 minutes.

At Waikamaka the rest of the party were up and ready to go so after an early lunch we all set off down to the Waipawa Chalet for a final brew before reaching the truck.

Peter Boomer unfortunately suffered an ankle injury in the river on the way out and this necessitated a short carry to the truck. A bit of first aid was then carried out and we were on our way back to town.

No. in party: 24

Leader: G. Thorp

Peter Manning, Jenny Thomson, Peter Boomer, Peter Lewis, Tony Martin, Robert Snowball, Grant Fraser, Robin Marshall, Roy Frost, David Wilkins, Randall Goldfinch and 3 scouts, Liz Pindar, Judy McDonald, Jane Holt, Judy Mander, Maurice Robertson, Geoff Orr, Nils Borgeous, Peter Berry, Anna Bloomer, Graham Thorp.

No. 1034

GOLDEN CROWN

May 26th

After a fairly prolonged spell of unsettled weather, our party of twentyfour was delighted with the gift of a bright brisk day for the trip out behind Mangleton. It's certainly an easy start to Golden Crown: you just drive right up to the foot of the ridge over the paper road through Mr. Porter's farm, and then you're on your way upwards. A short climb through the scrub, and then in the open on the comfortable footing of rock and scree. It was a lazy-paced day (to start with anyway!) and we had many brief stops to regain wind and admire the views. The odd Tui was heard down in the area about Matthews stream, and more on the top when we reached it. The track up the ridge is a bit tricky in places, and even the leader was fooled once by a cairn to the southwest, which wasn't a cairn. You climb about 2000' plus up the ridge, so we were all glad of an extended breather just before entering the bushline. This point marks the beginning of an even more vertical ascent, for a fairly short distance though. And there are some very interesting rock faces above and below. Pits it's all so crumbly on the tops. A waterfall plunges off the top for quite a way into the upper reaches of Matthews stream, and

some of the party explored its surroundings. The lunchbreak was made alongside a small stream up on the top of the ranges, and we must have been about 4000' or more.

One or two of the party had found the going trying, but with the ready encouragement of some of the fitter stalwarts it's amazing how a second wind and the will to succeed develops. The going was almost flat, and very easy along the top of the range and heading north. It had been decided not to go down Bob's Spur, owing to Forest Service planting on the shingle slide, and so we made our goal the southernmost of the Three Fingers north of Bob's Spur. The wind from the southwest was cold, and the party soon had warmer gear on. The bush thinned out into more alpine type growth, with the welcome sight of a number of mountain cypress here and there. Once out in the open we had a great visual feast of the Northern Ruahines, and south towards the Mangatera river. National Park was cloud-covered however. We didn't waste much time out in the open; it was too chilly. Anyway once the turnoff down to Three Fingers had been reached we were too busy finding our way through rather indefinite track indications. The nearest Three Fingers spur appeared to go on forever, and forever, into the heart of the north. The die was cast though, and after negotiating impressive outthrusters of rock on many sides we at last hit the downhill track. It was fairly late in the day, and there wasn't much time to lose. Way, way below we could see (and imagine) the long trek across open farmland back towards the Frying Pan Flat area, and eventually Matthews Stream. And the truck! Herricks Spur plunged down, well to our left. We plunged down the Third Finger (but which hand!) and all toes soon became square within a few hundred yards. Boots were just that much bigger, toes smaller, and legs wobblier, by the time the foot of the ridge made its welcome appearance. The last quarter mile was down an easy track cut through the Manuka. The Commando Course run at the end of the day, in advancing darkness ... down and up Matthews Stream ... with a few patches of stinging nettle thrown in for fun ... found none of the troops lacking in determination or courage & only skin, patience, and energy.

P.S. Our staunch and trusty driver M.T. spent his day tending to the various ailments afflicting the truck. It must have been cold comfort - and thanks Maury.

No. in party: 24

Leader: Ray Dixon

Jane Holt, Judy McDonald, Joan Bennett, Hanna Mench, Liz Pindar, Elspeth Rogers, Peter Lewis, John Grover, Simon O'Kane, Peter Manning, Peter Boomen, Kim Taylor, Richard Taylor, Geoff Orr, Peter Berry, David Wilkins, Grant Fraser, Kevin Dawson, Randall Goldfinch, Ian Andrews, Peter Benfell, Murray Ball, Nils Borgeous.

No. 1035

TONGARIRO NATIONAL PARK Queen's Birthday
1974

Napier saw the last of us at about 2000 hours and we picked a couple of extra bodies up at Eskdale. At Taupo we couldn't see the mountain smoking so set off south for Mangatepopo. We arrived to find the old hut knocked down and the new hut full, bodies all over the place, so all over the place we spread too.

On Saturday the fast party made a late start (1000 hours) down the Chateau track with the intention of having a look at the Tama lakes but decided that we were looking at the ridge that looked at the ridge that looked at the lakes so we pushed on up the south ridge of Ngauruhoe getting a very good view of Ruapehu all the way and had lunch on the snowline (6,600ft). The last 900' was on thin covering of icy snow and we reached the top in some fog about 1500 hours. On the top we had the usual photos and stone throwing before coming down the north face (watch those loose rocks) to the south crater. From here we got a fine view of Egmont with the sun setting behind it. This left us 2 hours in the dark to get to a very full Oturere Hut.

On Sunday a very early start got us to Ketetahi by 10,30. The slow party had really only just left. In the afternoon and with the aid of the hut shovel a fine pool with thermostat was constructed in the Hot Springs area and the large number of day trippers added to the scenery in and around the water.

With the weather improving on Monday morning and with all the necessary clothes on we came over the top of red crater. Much wind on top and back down to Mangatepopo Hut for lunch and a view of Ngauruhoe pushing up smoke.

We returned via de Bretts and the Taupo fish and chip shop arriving home about 8 p.m.

No. in party 25

Leader: V. Blake

Slow party report:

After a crowded night in and around Mangatepopo Hut, ten lazy fat and slow bods struggled up the saddle to south crater. We fed atop the saddle with a mob V.U.T.C. (Victoria University) On to look over the Blue Lakes and finally, tired and cold down to Ketetahi.

Monday morning: Had plenty of hot water for the weary fast party, then off to de Brett's for comforting-type swim.

Leader: Toby Easton.

No. 1036

LAKE WAIKAREMOANA VIA PUTERE

June 8-9th

Twenty-seven of us arrived at Raupunga and set off up the Putere Road with the weather improving all the time. Stopped at Waireka Station to pick up the key to a locked gate on the farm road. Had an early lunch at the truck and set off for Lake Waikaremoana. There was indecision about the track at the road end, but we eventually sorted it out, and, started off on a good track which soon ran out and a bush-bash was the order of the day. After about two hours, we came across a marked track leading to the Lake and hut. After about another $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours we arrived at the hut thirsty and hungry. Tea was rather welcome. In the morning a small party had a short trip round towards Hopuruahine to look at a small waterfall. The rest of us cleaned up the hut and chopped firewood. We set off back home when the others returned. Following the marked track we arrived back at the truck as darkness was beginning to fall. We set off for Napier as soon as possible, but it was dark by now and the truck was slithering about in the mud. There was an unscheduled visit to the watertable and a great effort was necessary to push it clear. Many thanks to all for truck pushing and especially to Peter Manning for driving under atrocious conditions.

No. in party: 27

Leader: C. Person

Peter Manning, Trevor Plowman, David Wilkins, Peter Boomen, Simon O'Kane, Paul Richards, Graeme Ally, Roy Peacock, Philip and Dianne Friis, Leslie Tresidder, Diane Tresidder, Ray Dixon, Nils Borgeous, Bobby Couchman, Dot Phair, Joan Bennett, Judy McDonald, Judy Mander, Maureen Robertson, Anna Bloomer, Ian McDonald, Jane Holt, Peter Berry, Chris Persen, Judith Little, Michelle Vaessen.

No. 1037

MAKAHU HUT

June 23rd

Half way up the Makahu Spur Rd, we struck ice and everyone had to clamber out of the truck with ice axes and hach. It was a good thing that there were lots of people to push otherwise we would have been stuck. Anyway the truck finally slithered its way to the top, where the convoy came to a halt.

From here on I lost the track of everyone, as little parties took off for Makahu Hut. Peter drove the combie in along the snow and ice and the rest of us walked.

We had a long lunch at the hut and then most of us walked in the direction of Dominie, some reaching it, and others just below to make snow caves and have snow fights.

We all returned back to Makahu by afternoon tea and after cleaning out the hut we returned to the truck. Here our poor organisation showed up for I really didn't know how many people there were and two ice axes appeared to have been mislaid. These luckily were found later, one being on the side of the road.

We all returned safely by half past seven. Thanks to Alan Berry for driving the truck in difficult conditions.

No. in party 51

Leader: Johanna Campoell

Alan Berry, Ross Berry, Colin Elven, Peter Lewis, Robert Snowball, Dennis Galyer, Peter Berry, Murray Ball, Ian Plank, Peter McBride, David Wilkins, John Grover, David Northe, Trevor Plowman, Simon O'Kane, Ray Dixon, Peter Boomer, Kevin Dawson, Keith Forrest, Bob Moreton, Randall Goldfinch, Phillip Holland, Richard Trevelyan, Dougal Chalmers, Paul Richards, Toby Boston, Yoshi Ho, Peter Gray, Kim Taylor, Graeme Campbell, Geoffrey Orr, Nils Borgeous, Phillip Thomson, Jenny Thomson, Jackie Mason, Anna Bloomer, Bobby Couchman, Liz Pindar, Anne Hulena, Kathy Gardiner, Julie Paterson, Hanna Mench, Robin Burke, Jill Robinson, Judy Mander, Judy McDonald, Maureen Robertson, Sally Cairns, Dot Phair, Jane Holt

No. 1038

TARARUAS

July 6-7th

Left Napier 6.15 Friday night. Picked up Hastings members and left for Tararuas about 7 p.m. Showerson and off on trip down. Arrived at Holdsworth Lodge about midnight. Car park was full, but owners were further up the track. Much relief on finding hut was empty. Comfortable night had by all in Lodge. Late departure on Saturday morning. Light rain but good going on track. Last members in party took bog track by mistake and had an unwelcome dousing of snow. Surprising how much snow will happily sit on thin branches until disturbed. Late arrival at Mountain House (1.30 approx.) Welcome hot drinks and warm stove to thaw out uncovered areas. Early night, boards rather uncomfortable. Late breakfast and ready to move about 10 a.m. Proceeded to Powell Hut on Sunday as weather fairly good. Lost Judith and Graham on ascent. Many snowballs flying on trip up. Magnificent ice formations on top of ridges. Trees bowed in subjection under a white mantle many inches deep. Reached Powell Hut about 12 a.m. Still very misty, although a large hole appeared in clouds giving a glimpse of bush down in the valley. Mist descended thicker than before closing view. Descent to Mountain House reached about 1.30 p.m. Picked up packs then descended to Holdsworth Lodge via Donnelly flats. Late lunch and departure for "sunny" H.B. about 5 p.m.

Pump crawl on way home. Without use of coin pumps Kombie would have been late 20 and 50 cent pieces fed into metal monsters for vital fluid. Deposited Hastings bobs at homes and proceeded to Napier. Ran out of gas at Marewa, luckily not far from Trevor Plowman's place. Trev managed to find some gas and Kombie carried on to all night gas station. Everyone home by 11 p.m. Sunday night. Enjoyable weekend had by all. Special thanks to Peter Lewis.

No. in party: 12

Leader: David North

Peter Lewis (driver) Judith Little, Judy Mander, Maureen Robertson, Jane Holt, Anna Bloomer, Graham Alleley, Peter Boomer, Simon O'Kane, Peter Berry.

No. 1039

A SOCIAL CLIMB OF THE EAST FACE
TE ATUA-O-PARAPARA

July 21st

Ringngng! Blooming 5.a.m. Sunday again. No breakfast in bed, no lie in, just a cold truck and a murky dawn somewhere along the road to the Waipawa roadhead.

Due to an extreme lack of the essential white frozen water vapour on the particular mountain face in question, all ice climbing gear was left in the truck to save weight on the strenuous trip we planned. At this stage 3 departed for Waikamaka and were not seen again until back at the truck.

The wind was blowing, the snow wasn't, so we started off up the grassy slope to the fenceline over and down thru the (bush?) jumping, sliding, crashing until we came to the track from Waipawa to Triplex base hut, to which we departed forthwith. From there we took the track up the ridge to the turnoff to Waipawa forks - Armstrong Saddle. Down the track and round the corner to a windswept view of the elusive unsnowcovered mountain. A short distance down the track and into the Waipawa. The rest of the day was spent at Waipawa Chalet digging pits, sunbathing, fixing the water pipe, eating and arguing. Time passed and in dribs and drabs we started for the truck where we duly arrived after an uneventful trip down river which was up about 12cm. So for the second year running the east face of a certain lump of rock remains safe from the piercing crampon, the chop of the ice axe and the screaming thunder of falling trampers. We will return.

No. in party: 16

Leader: P. Manning

Waikamaka party: R. Goldfinch, G. Campbell, R. Lusher, Waipawa Forks: Roy Peacock + 1, Grant Fraser, Peter Manning, Ray Dixon, Peter Lewis, Anna Bloomer, Liz Pindar, Joan Bennett, Jane Ball, Vicki Blake, Bobbie Couchman and Peter Gray.

COOK'S HORN RESCUE

13th May, 1974.

Advice was received from the Police at 2.45 p.m. on the Sunday afternoon that three boys from a Boys Brigade party had become stuck on Cook's Horn, being unable to either advance or retreat. Although many of the Club's active members were at Waterfall Creek, we were able to round up a small team, leaving Hastings at 3.30 p.m. for the Kaweka Forestry Base.

On receiving a more detailed report on the situation at Kaweka Base it was obvious that it would not be possible to reach the stranded party before nightfall as they were in fact several hundred feet down the face to the north of Cook's Horn, not on the Horn itself. A Whirl Wide helicopter was therefore obtained from Fernhill, arriving at the Castle Rocks road-end shortly after the search team.

Five trips were needed to ferry the five members of the rescue team to the tops and great credit must go to the pilot for his skilful handling of the small helicopter in a 70 knot wind and extremely turbulent conditions. I was fortunate in being the first away and was put off onto the table-sized top of a small peak to the west of Cook's Horn, almost immediately above the three boys. The next rescue team was not so fortunate however as a violent up draft just as they were coming in to touch down carried the helicopter several hundred feet straight up while on the next attempt the wind blew the machine down and sideways quite heavily against the top of the peak. This landing point was therefore abandoned and the remaining four rescuers landed on the main divide to the west.

While they were being ferried I was able to scramble part way down the face and have a good look at the rescue route in the remaining few minutes of daylight. By the time the rescue team had assembled on the face it was 6.45 p.m. and quite dark. Graham Soppit was belayed down an eroding rocky chute and the three stranded boys were brought up one at a time. After the worse area had been negotiated, there still remained the scramble back to the ridge and down around Cook's Horn on the southern side to the scree slopes leading into the creek behind Kaweka Hut.

The base party had a brew on at the hut and after a welcome break we set off for the road-end again, reaching the transport at 11pm.

A particular feature of this rescue was the effectiveness of the Citizens Band radio sets which we carried, these being able to work direct to Napier without any trouble at all. It will pay to bear this fact in mind for future operations involving night work as the standard SAR radios do not of course function after dusk.

This proved to be quite an exciting operation and my thanks go to all who contributed to a very smooth and efficient rescue.

Club members taking part:

Graham Soppit, Murray Ball, Philip Bayens and Alan Berry.

PRIVATE TRIPSRUAHINES - Easter 1974

Not a private trip, actually an official Alpine Sports Club trip; but being local, the following might be of interest.

Six of us left Mr Hall's farm on a clear Good Friday morning with Upper Makaroro, Ruahine Corner, Colenso Lake, Remutupo plans. The ulterior motive on my part was to sort out the problems of the 1972 New Year trip. At Centre Makaroro 1½ hours later, we changed plans to Remutupo, Maropea Forks, Top Maropea, in view of the copious hunters in the Makaroro Valley. Instead we could view in the clear what we could not see in the mist on the club trip a month previous.

Not being acquainted with the Barlow Track, we concluded that the discs at the back of the hut, which started at the rubbish hole, indicated the track. Ten minutes and 200' later the discs ran out, ten minutes after that we realised that Barlow's Track must have started on the opposite side of the side-creek. Not to worry, if we carried on we'd eventually hit the Colenso Track. Some considerable time and effort later, we did, about halfway up the final steep slopes of Te Atua Mahuru. Our route was deemed to be "Smith's Variation on Barlow" - not to be recommended. Cloud surrounded us as we hit the open, but cleared to the west as we topped the ridge. Here we saw the Spectre of the Brocken - the first time for me. A quick descent by the shingle slide and we were at Remutupo Hut. We made copious noise and flashed torches while approaching the hut in the half-light of the evening. We didn't want to be taken for deer. There was a single hunter in the hut.

Next morning we left at 10.00am. Not an early start by any standard. We decided to travel up the creek and then pick up a route to the Te Atua Mahuru-Remutupo ridge. All went well for a while, then we hit the leatherwood. The battle which ensued was as bad as can be remembered or imagined. It was not until 1.00pm that we were sitting on top, eating lunch, and nursing our battered bodies. The view was fantastic-Egmont was just visible. Remutupo Peak was so close we had to "knock-it-off", so we did. From the top we could see the location of Colenso Lake, but not the actual lake itself. The fact that it cannot be seen from most peaks undoubtedly contributed to its not being discovered for some considerable time after tramping began in the area. Along the tussocked ridges, then a quick descent and we arrived at Maropea Forks. Four hunters were in residence including the school teacher from Wakarara. He was full of information concerning huts and tracks which was noted with interest. It appears that the track from Maropea Forks to Colenso Lake doesn't take the roundabout route shown on the map (NZMS 1 N133) but leaves the marked route in the vicinity of Puketaramea and follows the long ridge through the point 579,149 to Unknown Campsite. Also, Otukota Hut, shown 556,143 is below the forks of the Waikamaka and the Maropea.

Sunday was our easy day. We left the forks about 9.00am and arrived at Top Maropea about midday to find Randal Goldfinch and David Wilkins there. They'd dropped over from Waikamaka to replace the axe handle broken on a previous club trip. Following lunch we followed them to the tops to get a view of tomorrow's route. Clouds indicated the weather might not hold out much longer, so a look today was precaution against being stuck in the mist tomorrow. Later we returned to the hut, cut piles of wood, fixed the hut spouting and settled in for the night.

Monday we got an early start and were away by 6.45am. Up to Armstrong Saddle and on to Armstrong Top. The wind was quite blustery, but warm. Next we dropped into the saddle connecting Patiki to the main range and picked up a few old blazes. The track off Patiki was a bit rogue at the top, but became more distinct once the ridge narrowed. From the point where the Flounder-Gold Creek Hut track crosses the ridge, a track has been cut recently right to the Makaroro, ending on the ridge top between Gold Creek and the hill over from the farm. This is an alternative route into Gold Creek Hut. A quick wash and lunch by the river and we were off to fight the traffic to Auckland and Wellington respectively.

- C.B.S.

Party: Brian Smith, Ian Honey, Ross Thompson, Peter Silvester, Clive De Vos, Peter Deane.

THE RAUKUMARAS -- January 1974

After a six-hour drive we finally reached the end of the road and gratefully slept in the shearers' quarters of a friend. Bright, but not so early we started up the valley. The river was about thirty feet wide and a couple of feet deep in most places but soon we encountered a long gorge where it narrowed to about ten feet and became fairly treacherous to cross. It was in here that we sighted our first trout but we had to get out of the gorge as quickly as possible, to prevent being caught in a flash flood as there had been quite a bit of heavy rain.

By about 5 o'clock we reached the first camp at the forks of two streams and before tea we went for a quarter of an hour's fishing. One three pound rainbow was landed and another lost after quite a struggle. The next morning was warm and fine and after a late breakfast we set about fishing for the day. Four trout ranging from 3 to 5 pounds were landed (one was released) and about another ten hooked before tea - grilled trout with onions and rice was on the menu.

It rained hard that night and by the morning one tributary was literally milk-white from a slip of a chalky material upstream.

so we were not in a hurry to get out of bed but by mid afternoon we had climbed over a saddle into the next valley. There were plenty of deer and cattle signs around but it seems as though they knew we were coming. By nighfall we had still not encountered any wildlife except plenty of small native birds.

Next morning came the big day. As we walked downstream we found and followed some very fresh cattle tracks. Then suddenly there was an explosion in the bush across the stream and soon we were rushing after the quarry. He probably hadn't seen man before and soon stopped. Dad's trusty .303 fired several shots but they all went too high as we could see them hit the shingle above the bull. He escaped once more downstream but soon we heard an angry bellowing as he had reached another wild bull's territory. We managed to sneak up within 50 yards as they were not interested in us, and soon we had three gigantic wild cattle carcasses beside us. This may seem a great waste as we only took the back steaks but they are devastating the virgin bush there. On the way back to the camp we came across a herd of wild piglets and after much fun and squeals we photographed two before releasing them. The rest of the trip was a happy anticlimax compared to this.

Members: Philip Thomson, Andrew Fordyce, A. Keith Thomson.

MIDDLE CREEK - WAIKAMAKA - TOP MAROPEA HUTS

Easter 12, 13, 14 April 1974.

12th. In cloudy weather we left the Waipawa River roadhead at approx. 8.00 hours and wandered down to cross the cold river trying to keep boots dry. Up the other side on to sheep farming country we continued heading south crossing Sandy Creek and then dropping steeply into Middle Creek. Two or three Pol-angus cattle seemed quite startled by our appearance, as David and I boulder-hopped past. Tramping up Middle Creek to the hut I always find interesting, with a small gorge where the creek in flood has cut into the clay sides leaving patterns.

Arriving at the hut for lunch we had a brew, cut some wood and then went walkabout up the track that leads to Smith's Creek, then veered off following a ridge up to the tops for a look around. We returned to the hut for our evening meal which we had just finished when two hunters arrived. They proved good company with exciting yarns and tales of long ago, under the light of a kerosene lantern.

13th. With the dawn of a beautiful day the hunters had gone at first light. After a tidy breakfast we left, heading for Waikamaka Hut. Tramping up Middle Creek we took two true left hand tributaries and finally ended up on the top of Three Johns. We lazed around admiring the view for a time, then strolled on down to Waikamaka Hut for lunch. The afternoon was spent relaxing in the sunshine.

14th. The weather had turned cooler with overcast skies as David and I plodded out of the Waikamaka and up to the Waipawa Saddle, then north over Te Atuaoparapara (66). Climbing out of the last Main Divide saddle David found Kevin Nutall's wrist watch lost about $3\frac{1}{2}$ years ago. At Top Maropea Hut we had an early lunch and Brian Smith arrived with about eight others. After replacing an axe handle we left, travelling over Armstrong Saddle and down the Shuteye Shack Track. Returning to the vehicle about 5.00 hours we met the two hunters again who also had had a successful Easter.

Party: R. Goldfinch, D. Wilkins.

HINERUA - SMITH'S CREEK HUTS - 27 - 28 April

With misty rain, low cloud and the weather forecast not the best we arrived at the Tukituki River roadhead and decided to go north to Hinerua Hut and then if the weather improved to go further north along the Main Divide. We lunched at Hinerua Hut and spent the afternoon gathering a good supply of firewood for the stove, and then relaxing.

By morning the miserable weather had not abated so Smith's Creek Hut was the next stop. Conditions were wet getting there and the creek was higher than usual. The fire was lit, wet clothes soon dried and a pleasant lunch was had by all. After a few hours we had to leave these comforts and make for the Waipawa River roadhead to meet the day trippers. It was only showery rain as three of us wandered out over tussocky slopes, Middle Creek, Sandy Creek, and then the farmland to the Waipawa River. Further up the road at the truck Peter Manning had a fire going with hot water, and soon everyone turned up from three separate trips; perfect co-ordination.

Party: R. Goldfinch, R. Conway, P. Chapman.

MAKAHU - TUSSOCK HUT - Easter 1974.

Malcolm and I had been considering a trip into the Harkness and Tussock area for some time. Malcolm wished to see it again after having been through once before, with the club two years ago and I was curious to see some new country. We decided to add two extra days to the allocated holiday, giving us six full days.

We left Tuesday night for Makahu Station hoping to get into Middle Hill Hut but we were unable to find the track in the

dark so we spent the night in the haybarn.

Next morning the weather was raining and blowing but after receiving instructions from Jack Nicholas we set off. Middle Hill Hut was reached at 9.00am, and after a quick brew we went on towards Ballards. On the tops it was bitterly cold and patches of snow remained from the previous week. The track branched before Ballards and we took the left track onto the main range and climbed onto north Kaweka then dropped down to Back Ridge Hut where we stopped for the night. Incidentally the map placing for the hut is incorrect and gave us a few anxious moments in the mist and drizzle. Next morning we were up early to find the weather had deteriorated further, but after a quick breakfast we climbed up onto the ridge through the fog, along an overgrown track along the ridge, then down to Rocks Ahead along a beautiful bush track. A quick brew at the hut and we crossed the creek and began the slog up on to Venison Tops. Three Sika were seen along the way and in due course we arrived at that "fridge on the hill", Tira Chalet. We had an hour and a half of light left that day so we decided to push on to Mangaturutu for the night. We needed a bit of meat so next morning I did a morning shot for one seven-point stag and we had steak and eggs for breakfast. We left at 9.30 for Te Puke. After an easy time over some tops and through bush we arrived about lunchtime, then up on the hill and on to the ridge down to Harkness. A red hind was watched on the top before dropping into the bush.

It was quite a shock to come out of the bush into a valley of scrub, as we went down to the hut. A short spell then down to the creek to the forks then up the Harkness Valley to Tussock Hut. The scrub and tussock in the creek put us in an ill state of mind. Then out of the creek on to the rolling tussock. The day was getting on and the hut was a welcome sight tucked up against the bush edge in a tussock gully. There were six occupants plus another 12 camped further up the valley, all flown in from Boyd's. We had planned to stay a day at Tussock but with 20 blokes in the valley the odds on remaining healthy didn't appear too good, so next morning we crossed the tussock to the other side of the valley and made our way up through the bush and over a low ridge, then down a steep spur to the Mangatainoka. Malcolm reckoned two hours to the hut and it was near enough. On our way down the stream we were surprised by a Sika stag tearing down the hill towards us, stopping a few yards away and rapidly getting into reverse gear as he saw us. The blue mountain ducks were a pleasure to watch.

Next morning was beautifully sunny and we left early for a short stalk. We both saw an animal but they were already on the move and so neither of us scored.

After lunch we tidied up and left for the bivy above the gorge. On our way down we met two other hunters and shot another animal. We found that the bivy had been burned down, so we made a small shelter from scattered pieces of iron.

Next morning we were away early down to the mouth and the hot springs. A chap who was camped there offered us a brew and we got talking for an hour or so. It was about 12.00 when we said goodbye and as we had to be out at the haybarn by 3.00 we

got moving. It was 1 hour 50 minutes out to the Puketitiri hot springs. A quick drink, then up the track to the haybarn. So ended a pleasant six days.

Party: John Ball, Malcolm Ingpen.

KAIMANAWAS - Queen's Birthday Weekend.

Due to the apparent lack of snow we headed for the Kaimanawas, 20 miles north of Waiouru. I chose sleeping in Bruce's car while the others spread out in an old roadworks hut.

Scratch, scratch. Fingernails on the ice of the car's window. Brrr! It was a beautiful morning all the same. At the Waipakihi River we met up with two A.S.C. bods - waiting for the leader of our trip to arrive. Ross, from the A.S.C., had arranged the trip but was nowhere in sight by 9.30. So, with 7 to brave the barrenness we set off up the Waipakihi. Dry feet and comfort do not go with river crossing. Didn't last for long though and we emptied our boots below 5602' of Patutu. Up, up and we were puffed. Lunched half way on a bare patch just above the bush line and marvelled at the view.

The two A.S.C. bods left at this point; we trudged on up continually gazing in awe at the Ruahines, Kawekas, Mt Ruapehu and its narcotic friend Ngauruhoe. Time had passed quickly and we had some distance to travel. Using the downhill slope to its best advantage we near ran along a bare ridge off Patutu towards a green patch below. A slow-moving tarn, a few trees clumped together on a large tussock ridge - that was our home for the night. Ruapehu was tinged with pink and gold as the familiar scuffle and tink-tink of billies quietened to the crackle of the fire and scrape-scraping of metal spoons.

Another beautiful day was surely to follow the crusty frost. Crunching our way around slowly we squeezed and scrunched our toes inside hardened boots. Muesli, a huge bowl of tea, then off again. Westward along an open, flat-topped ridge which was truly a pleasure. Ruapehu grew again as we ascended slowly, then disappeared when we dropped down to the headwaters of the Waipahihi. Sun-drenched and full of our favourite tid-bits we followed the stream through tangled bush and open tussock banks. Before the stream plunged into a gorge we debated our present situation. 3.30 and beautifully fine - stream not high. Yes, we would get through the gorge by dark.

Climbing above the gorge, on its right bank, we could look down on the white torrent below. Into the stream we plunged, up to my behind (and the others' thighs). The clear water held its icy breath even after you'd become numb. Many times we climbed up and over a crashing scene of white water, and darkness descended quietly. Through thick bush we pushed, up a ridge

that would not find its way to a subsidiary ridge to take us down and out of the gorge. We pushed on, found a "flat" spot and proceeded to make Hobbit-holes between trees. Three platforms were dug out, we ate some toast cooked over a pitiful fire and snuggled into our hollows praying that the smell of the rain was merely our desire for some water.

3.00am and little white flakes fluttered out of that sky. Dawn at 7.15am revealed white and shivery pastel painting of crusted bodies and stiffened gear. We packed up and pushed onwards to the top.

Sorting out where to go was no problem from our vantage point, but getting to "that spot over there" was another matter. We reached a side stream for breakfast after two hours or so, drank ourselves spastic and trotted off over tussock-covered flats. The Desert Road was parallel to our homeward stroll, and seemed uncanny after our night out. Over the Waikato Stream, on to the road and back to the cars. Here we met our gallant and loyal leader, Ross - who'd done the trip in two days.

- S.S.

P.S. A good trip for H.T.C. Medium fitness required and good camping experience.

PARTY: Sandy Smith, Brian Smith, David and Bruce Perry, Chris from Wellington.

BREAKFAST RECIPES

Here are three breakfast recipes which are guaranteed to sustain the tramper for six hours.

Muesli:

2½c rolled oats	1 dsp. powdered linseed
8 crumbled weetbix	8 ozs dried fruit (raisins, apricots, sultanas etc.)
½c milk powder	
¼c coconut	4 ozs chopped nuts
¼c bran	½c wheatgerm
¼c raw sugar/glucose	

If there is no milk available, add extra powdered milk and use water instead. This is an uncooked recipe: just mix all together.

Crunchy Granola 1:

2c rolled oats	1 tbl mixed spice
6 heaped tbl. brown sugar	
4 " " wheatgerm	1c sultanas or mixed fruit
½ tsp salt	

Mix all together and brown in shallow tray under a grill, carefully, for 5 - 10 minutes. Eat with cold milk.

Crunchy Granola 2:

$\frac{1}{2}$ c vegetable oil	$1\frac{1}{4}$ c sesame seeds
$\frac{1}{2}$ c honey	$\frac{1}{2}$ c coconut
1 tbl vanilla	1 c oatmeal
4 tbl powdered milk	1 c bran
2 tbl brewers yeast	7 c rolled oats

In large saucepan heat oil, honey and vanilla until thin. Stir in remaining ingredients. Place in shallow pan and grill carefully until brown, turning mixture several times. Raisins and nuts may be added when the cereal is cooking.

WOOD CUTTING

Around about October last year the club announced that finances were running low. So a few of us members ganged together and decided to go out cutting wood to raise funds. Every weekend we could get away from work or get a big enough gang together we would head out for our place where Dad had kindly given us a hedge to fell and sell. We would start chopping wildly, but by lunch time work with my trusty chainsaw would have taken the sting out of the gang, and things would slow down quite a lot. By about half past four we would all be ready to knock off and go home. At times it would be hard to tell who was working or who would be staying or leaving. Still, we got quite a lot of work done, despite the wet, muddy winter we have had. But we still have quite a bit of wood to do yet. We never got large gangs out because there was not enough co-operation with the other members. To date we have made one hundred and seventeen dollars. Most of the time we have had about half a dozen members with our one and only chainsaw. One person was admired by all concerned with the wood, and that was Diane Tresidder who had never-ending strength. She'd work all day on a massive great chainsaw and on other days she'd be slogging on her man-sized axe.

Bryce Wallace - Leader. Different people concerned were as follows: Peter Manning, Peter Lewis, Randall Goldfinch, Liz Pindar, David Northe, Peter Ashcroft, Murray Ball, Anne Hulena, Denise Robinson, Diane Tresidder, Jackie Smith, Graham Soppit, Paul Maddison.

SOCIAL NEWS

Engagements: Karenne Sparling to Peter Goulding.
Trevor Baldwin to Robyn Lesley Anderson.
Trevor Plowman to Dot Phair.

Death: We regret to have to record the passing of Norman Elder.
(See also Page 1,2).

NEW MEMBERS

We welcome the following to the Club:- John Grover, Nils Borgeous, Ian Plank, Jane Holt, Bobbie Couchman, Judy Macdonald, Simon O'Kane (Jr.), David Northe (Jr.), John Ball.

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

The 39th Annual General Meeting will be held in the Radiant Living Hall, Warren Street North, Hastings, following the usual fortnightly meeting on Wednesday, 23rd October, 1974.

FIXTURE LIST1974AUG/SEP

31-1 Snowcraft, probably Ruapehu
Leader: D. Perry

SEPT.

15 Kiwi Saddle
 A day trip to one of the Club's huts on main Kaweka divide.
Leader: M. Ingpen

28-29

Hinerua - Sawtooth - Howletts
 For fit members. The less ambitious may stay at Hinerua or Smiths Creek.
Leader: Liz Pindar

OCT.

13 Kaweka Basin - Mackintosh - Lawrence
 A longer day trip at lower levels.
Leader: Paul Richards.

25-28

Labour Weekend - Kaimanawa Ranges from Clements Access Road up Oamaru to Ngaruroro.
 A good long trip covering a lot of ground.
Leader: ?

NOV.

3 Guy Fawkes
 Social Committee.

9-10

Cairn Trip.
 This year we hope to have parties converge from all directions to meet at the Cairn for service on Sunday.
Leader: M. Taylor

24

Te Matai
 A bush track from Pakaututu Station above the Mohaka River.
Leader: Nils Borgeous

DEC.

7-8 Ruahine Traverse
 Parties to start from both sides of the Ruahines and pass in centre above Howletts.
Leader: K. Thomson.

21-22

Christmas Party and Picnic. - Social Committee.

NEW YEAR 1975 - Possibly Ruatahuna and down Whakatane River
or
South Island.

Suggestions welcomed.

Booking for the South Island must be done now!

TRANSPORT CONTRIBUTIONS: Unless otherwise stated, \$1. senior, 60c. junior (juniors being those still at school). Plus 20c. if not paid before the end of the trip.

Typists for this Issue: Joan Bennett, Nancy Tanner, Barbara Taylor.

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