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Sept 1945

OUTDOORS



The Official Organ
of the
Otago Tramping Club

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The Official Organ of The Otago Tramping Club (Inc.)

SEPTEMBER, 1945

Vol. II, No. 4

All contributions for our next issue will be gratefully received at 67a Kaikorai Valley Road before 28th February.

The Annual Meeting will be held on WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 26th, at 8 p.m., in the Clubroom.

V.E.

V.J.

EDITORIAL

Not even the most cynical could say "Nothing ever happens here." At the time of publication of our last magazine, bridgeheads over the Rhine were still being bloodily contested. Since then, Victory has twice been celebrated in Dunedin (quite a few other places, too!) Now, then, is the time for all trampers to pull the biddibids out of their socks and sally forth into wider pastures. On the programme, as a modest start, there appears one bus trip; later there will be more, and the Sunday seaside train will carry trampers to Waitati, Evansdale, and further north. We might even be allowed on the Water Reserve again—who knows?

And if all this is not enough, we have now at our disposal maps ranging from Waimate to Wyndham, maps modelled on the lines of the English Ordnance Survey, which for long New Zealand Trampers have regarded as the unattainable ideal. Scouting has revealed many possibilities of brand-new trips even in such unlikely areas as the hinterland of Milton and Taieri Mouth. The most popular trip of the season was Robin Smith's map-reading excursion at Whare Flat. So much for the note of originality in Sunday Trips.

In view of the probable wider scope of trips in the near future, the programme was prepared only for three months.

PERSONALITY PARADE

We do not see very much of our Life Members nowadays, so it was a pleasant surprise that Mr. Lumm should patronise the club-room during his short sojourn in Dunedin.

Charlie Mann and Ron Orr have returned from the Middle East, and Keith Wing from the langourous Isles of the Pacific, harbinger of the happy day when all our overseas members return to pick up once more the threads of tramping where they left off.

BIRTHS.—It is pleasing to note that the plural is used here with justification: as Mr. and Mrs. Jim Freeman now have two sons to their name, while Maisie and Norman Bonsell have also been blessed with a son.

To the uninitiated, the customary birth notice conveys but little. It means that yet another home will be filled with childish laughter; that another honoured name has been handed down to posterity; that—I beg your pardon really—I quite forgot.

MARRIAGES.—While congratulating Ray Beck and "Mac" McGregor on their recent marriage, it is sad to note that the happy event was shadowed by the illness, and later the death, of the bride's father.

ABSENT MEMBERS.—Owing to the exigencies of business, Mr. and Mrs. Smith, better known as Robin and Jessie, have recently moved to Invercargill. As both are active members of long standing, it is a fair bet that the Dunedin hills will soon call them back again. At least we hope so.

NEW MEMBERS.—We welcome Mr. M. Burke as a new member of the Club, and hope to see him on Club Trips in the future.

EASTER TRIP

My dear Norman,

You have asked me to write you a description of the Easter Trip. Why me, heaven knows; but perhaps **you** do.

You see, my dear Norman, my disadvantage is that I had to run the confounded thing. Now if I had been a mere passenger with the sole duty of destructive criticism, I have no doubt I could contribute a side-splitting chronicle; but as it is, I am placed under the painful necessity of justifying my own mistakes.

You see, everything went quite well until we were on the main divide of the Kakanuis, at about 4 p.m. on the first day, looking for Waddell's Hut. At least that is what the map called it. I have since called it so many things that I have lost count. We did not find Waddell's so-called Hut on the first night. That was spent in the creek-bed. Quite a snappy place, I thought, especially in a good rain. There was some wood, however, and the tussocks were quite high in places. Having descended about 2,000 feet to reach this delectable spot, the next morning we had, quite naturally, to ascend 2,000 feet to get back on the ridge again. However that is the sort of thing that adds interest to a trip. Having ascended the ridge for a further 500 feet, we saw much mist ahead, and a fence-line that seemed, like Jacob's Ladder, to lead to the place where Jacob's Ladder should lead to. Below—far below, let it be added—a spot where Waddell's Hut positively must be. A certain hero, not me, descended some 2,500 feet to investigate, and returned. The extent of his heroism was only apparent when we went over the ground. His report was to the effect that there was "something" there. We decided to look for ourselves. We went and saw for ourselves. No, Waddell's Hut is not practicable as sleeping quarters. An undersize in dwarfs, with a taste for contortions, and afflicted by aquaphobia, might perhaps be happy there, who knows! But for even one member of the O.T.C., definitely not! I think that it was intended that a hut should be there, and they commenced by erecting a somewhat commodious dog-kennel. They did not get past the dog-kennel, however.

It is now 3.30 in the afternoon. We have eaten, not in, but about the dog-kennel. Behind us is a hill that we have just descended. A faint suggestion that we might go back up it provoked a strange look in the eyes of certain members. Others started to rattle their cutlery in a rather pointed manner. It was therefore deemed expedient by the

writer to follow a rather vague looking zig-zag up the slope opposite. Let me draw a veil. I had thought that the slope of the far side could not be steeper than the one descended. Let us say no more than that I was wrong. Quite wrong.

We arrived at the top of the Otipopo Spur with mist and rain pending at 5.0 p.m. Darkness was due, and no hut. We pushed on, following a track religiously until darkness. The mist and rain then ceased to pend. I went up on to the top of the Kakanuis looking for a hut that was alleged to be in the vicinity. I am in a position to say that there are many huts on top of the Kakanuis. Some even with chimneys. On close inspection, however, they turn into vast blocks of stone. When madness seemed very near, I rejoined the party, who had practically listed me as permanently missing. We went down this hill a quarter of a mile or so, and decided to stay where we were till dawn. It was mist all the time, and rain part of the time, so a pleasant time was had by all. Some got up and walked about for a rest now and then.

At dawn I wandered down the hill about two hundred yards. A large, dry, and desirable hut stood looking at me with a cunning leer on its face.

The thought saddens me—I can write no more.

The Kakanuis is a good place, however, and I would be glad to go back again at any time. Necessary equipment:—Some sound local knowledge and a good map, both of which the Club, or many members thereof, now possess.

Yours sincerely, DICK.

FIREWOOD

As a camp, it was not really very lavish—the narrow confines of its canvas dwarfed by the very extent of its fireplace, which, functioning in reverse, bathed the unfortunate occupants in clouds of reeking vapour.

After that, a wireless set seemed to us the acme of comfort, a har-binger of hope that breathed of civilization where homes were more than flapping canvas and where smoke went up the chimney instead of out into the room.

That wireless was, a treasured possession, and so was the axe that stood in the corner. Its shining face seemed to glint in defiance of anyone using it bar the owner. That one could only stand and admire its beauty, balance, and sharpness made me long all the more to feel the rhythmic swish of it flying through the air to bury itself into one of the trees outside.

By some heaven-sent gift of persuasion, I did get permission to use it, so I hastened towards the manuka before the owner could change his mind. Pausing to survey the havoc my whirling axe had wrought amongst the saplings, I saw a fine tree—tall and straight, aloof from the lesser trees—a perfect sacrifice to a perfect axe; so without trimming the ones I had already cut, I raced over and razed it in two sharp strokes.

That the joyous sound of dance music emanating from the hut should suddenly cease, seemed not wholly unrelated to the dismal strands of wire attached to the peak of His Fallen Majesty. Two minutes later,

as I was swinging precariously from the top of a long manuka pole, striving to attach to it an extremely reluctant length of wire, the custodian of the wireless and the axe appeared below me, bearing the latter threateningly in his arms.

Trust me to drop down his blessed wireless pole. I wonder if it would be tactful to point out that I hadn't damaged his axe!

—L. B.

A DAY SKI-ING IN SYRIA

After a very interesting four days' journey from Egypt, we arrived in the Lebanon Valley in Syria. My unit took up its quarters in what was formerly the Foreign Legion Barracks of book fame. The town was Balbeck, famous for its ruins of many years ago. Right behind the town rose the Anti-Lebanon Range, and about six miles across the valley rose the high Lebanon Range, having on it the famous Cedars of Syria. Coming across the mountains into this country we had passed through banks of snow on the main highways, only kept open by snow ploughs. This was the month of February—winter in these parts.

Finding a place in the village where I could hire skis, it was not long before I had persuaded another fellow to spend an afternoon on the range behind us. This we did, and had quite a good afternoon's sport, which made us all the more determined to pay a visit to the main mountains for a whole day's outing. Having got over the difficulty of leave, one Sunday saw five of us piling into a very dilapidated taxi, with skis strung on the back and bodies squeezed elsewhere. Rattling across the valley at a total speed of fifteen miles an hour, found us getting very impatient, but the driver calmly told us that he did not expect that the car would get there, so was taking it very easy. Then began the long climb up the range on roads that were rough and twisted into every contour of the hills. We passed through several picturesque villages, all Christian in this part, and all the people going to church in their beautiful coloured costumes. Eventually we reached the village of Eliaae, where the steaming, groaning taxi came to a halt, shortly surrounded by dozens of children and men. The driver told us that that was as far as he could go, as the road from then on was snowed up. On finding the reason for our visit, everyone wanted to give us advice as to the best place to go. In no time we had five self-appointed guides and pack-carriers leading us up the road. They were cheery little fellows of about twelve years of age, and we certainly did not mind them coming with us, as they were carrying all our gear, and also, as it turned out, took us to an excellent spot.

Just above the village, and at an elevation of 7,000 feet, we had a wonderful day's sport, although four were on skis for the first time in their lives. Lunch was partaken of. We did very well with our day's rations from the cook-house, supplemented by odd items from our private stock, as we had taken a cook along with us. We were sorry to have to finish with our slope and wend our way down again to the waiting car, and all the village to see us off. The boys reckoned they were amply paid by their lunch and the use of our skis from time to time. Away we went back down the hill again, and it was then we found that the taxi had no brakes, so had to be kept in low gear all the time. We had many a good laugh over the driver's antics, and a few bets as to whether we would get home or not. Well after dark we rattled and roared into Balbeck and home to bed after a wonderful day's outing, more so because the Army does not give you many of those chances, especially in those parts of the world.

—R. M. S.

OTAGO TRAMPING CLUB (Inc.)

ANNUAL REPORT

Your Executive has pleasure in presenting the 22nd Annual Report and Balance Sheet for the year ending 31st August, 1945.

OBITUARY.—The Club has sustained a great loss during the year in the death of Mr. P. L. Ritchie and Mr. J. Knox, both of whom were foundation members of the Club. To their relatives we convey our deepest sympathies.

MEMBERSHIP.—The membership of the Club shows a decrease of 28 as compared with last year; while six new members have been enrolled. Of the present membership of 125, twenty-five are overseas and six are in camp in New Zealand.

FINANCE.—It is pleasing to record that the Club's financial position continues to improve, as the balance sheet shows.

TRIPS.—As Moke Lake was accessible to the Club in spite of lack of bus transport, some eleven members made their base camp there for extended trips. Of these, the Moonlight Valley was most popular.

This year eight members initiated an experiment in Easter trips, by dispensing with a base camp. Instead, they made the trip from Shag Valley to Herbert via the tops of the Kakanui Range. It was unfortunate that the prevailing mist and rain should obscure the changing views expected on a high country traverse of this nature.

Owing to a succession of wet Sundays early in the year, the attendance on day trips has not been great, except on certain isolated occasions. As it is hoped that bus and train trips will soon appear on the programme again, an awakening zeal is anticipated.

As within the last few months the Club has bought 14 maps for the use of members, it is hoped that useful information will be obtained from them. Later it is intended that they be mounted.

CLUB-ROOM.—The Club-room has been well patronised, particularly on evenings when a programme of entertainment was arranged.

SOLDIERS' PARCELS.—Our thanks are due to Mr. W. S. Gilkison for his display of slides of the glacier and river systems beyond Mount Aspiring, and to Mr. D. L. Ritchie for his varied display of films. To them we also owe our thanks for their services in raising funds for Soldiers' Parcels.

A Card Evening was also held during the year.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT.—We would again express our deepest appreciation for privileges received, and would also like to thank those who permit us to cross their land and use their huts.

To kindred clubs we extend our thanks for copies of their publications.

Our thanks are also due to the Crown Print Company for their prompt service and co-operation.

We would like to thank Mr. R. B. Hamel for the entertaining and instructive talk on "Map Reading."

Finally, we extend our thanks to those who have so willingly assisted in the Club-room during the past year, and also to the Editor of "Outdoors" for time spent in compiling the Magazine.

THE OTAGO TRAMPING CLUB (Inc.)
STATEMENT OF RECEIPTS AND PAYMENTS FOR YEAR ENDING
31st AUGUST, 1945.

RECEIPTS.

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Balance as at 31/8/44—						
Cash in hand	13	14	3			
Cash in Bank	63	9	11			
	<hr/>			77	4	2
Subscriptions and Donations				31	0	0
Advertising in "Outdoors"				6	10	0
Interest in Dunedin Savings Bank				1	17	11
Receipts Christmas Trip, 1944				41	3	2
Receipts Club Room				18	5	6
Hut Fees				0	11	0
Stamps on hand				0	0	2
Refund Pianist's Fee (21st Anniversary)				1	0	0
				<hr/>		
				£177	11	11

PAYMENTS.

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
"Outdoors"	16	4	8			
Postages	3	7	0			
Stationery and Sundries	2	11	8			
Advertising	0	18	8			
Expenses Annual Meeting, 1944	0	18	6			
Subscriptions to Other Clubs	1	10	0			
Insurance	0	6	0			
Expenses Christmas Trip, 1944	40	19	4			
Expenses Club Room	18	2	2			
Maps	3	4	0			
Expenses 21st Anniversary	6	10	6			
Rent for Four Nights (Soldiers' Parcels)	0	14	0			
Balance at 31/8/45—						
Cash in hand	£5	11	1			
Cash in Bank	76	14	4			
	<hr/>			82	5	5
				<hr/>		
				£177	11	11

BALANCE SHEET.

LIABILITIES.

	£	s.	d.
Subscriptions Paid in Advance	0	10	0
Excess of Assets over Liabilities	94	4	5
	<hr/>		
	£94	14	5

ASSETS.

	£	s.	d.
Cash in hand	5	11	1
Cash in Dunedin Savings Bank	76	14	4
Subscriptions due, but not paid	6	10	0
Club Property	5	19	0
	<hr/>		
	£94	14	5

Audited and found correct—E. W. HUNTER, Hon. Auditor.
 8th September, 1945.

PROGRAMME—OCTOBER-DECEMBER, 1945

Sat. Oct. 6—Flagstaff, via Kuaka Road. Kaikorai Terminus, 2.15. Mrs. E. Wing.

Sun., Oct. 7—Mount Cargill and Organ Pipes. Normanby, 9.30. Miss N. Buswell.

Sat., Oct. 13—Wingatui Road. Kaikorai Terminus, 2.15. Miss L. Tweedie.

Sun., Oct. 14—Swampy, via Pineapple Track. Duke Street, 9.30. Miss N. Munro.

Sat., Oct. 20—McQuilkan's and Waterfall. Kaikorai Terminus, 2.15. Miss M. Bamford.

Sat.-Mon., Oct. 20, 22—Labour Week-end Trip. To be arranged.

Mon., Oct. 22—Silver Peaks. 7.52 train to Mount Allan. Miss A. F. Edmond.

Sat., Oct. 27—Signal Hill and Brown House. Opoho Terminus, 2.15. Mr. A. Newton.

Sun., Oct. 28—McIntyre's. Kaikorai Terminus, 9.30. Miss N. Laurenson.

Sat., Nov. 3—Saddle Hill. 2.0 p.m. Bus to Fairfield. Miss L. Williamson.

*Sun., Nov. 4—Mystery Bus Trip. Mr. R. B. Hamel.

Sat., Nov. 10—Sullivan's Dam. Duke Street, 2.5. Miss P. L. Moore.

Sun., Nov. 11—Chalkies and Pyramid Hut. Wakari, 9 a.m. Mr. J. B. Stout.

Sat., Nov. 17—Flagstaff, via Pineapple Track. Duke Street, 2.15. Mr. P. L. Moore.

*Sat.-Sun., Nov. 17-18—Week-end Trip to Club Hut. 9.0 a.m. train to Evansdale. Mr. R. Vann.

Sun., Nov. 18—Club Hut, via Rollinson's. Wakari, 9.0 a.m. Mr. G. Arras.

Sat., Nov. 24—Four Mountains. 9.0 a.m. train to Purakanui. Mr. N. H. Bonsell.

Sun., Nov. 25—Harbour Cone and Mt. Charles. 10 a.m. bus to Portobello. Miss V. McGavin.

Sat., Dec. 1—Nichol's Creek (North side). Duke Street, 2.15. Miss H. Donaldson.

Sun., Dec. 2—Swine Spur. Duke Street, 9.30. Mrs. W. McFarland.

Sat., Dec. 8—Higcliff, via District Road. 2 p.m. bus to Macandrew Bay. Miss N. Munro.

Sun., Dec. 9—Red Hut. Wakari, 8.30. Mr. J. Freeman.

Sat., Dec. 15—Lake Whare. Kaikorai Terminus, 2.0 Miss J. Meggett.

Sun., Dec. 16—Whare Flat. Kaikorai Terminus, 9.30. Mr. N. H. Bonsell.

Dec. 22-Jan. 3—Christmas Trip, to be arranged.

Leaders of Trips are requested to appoint a Deputy or notify the Secretary if unable to go.

* Those intending to go on any week-end or bus trip should first get in touch with the Leader.

Please verify Train and Bus times.

SOUTH WESTLAND JOURNEY

Routeburn Huts were deserted when we arrived on the evening of Christmas Day. Everything was tidy, and the new fireplaces were a joy to behold.

We made a leisurely start next morning, met a fair amount of snow on Harris Saddle, and boiled the billy by primus in the shelter of the big rocks on the Saddle. Rain and fog commenced, and continued for the rest of the day and night, as we were returned from the first summit of Conical Hill. We spent some time looking for the track down to the Hollyford, under the delusion that the track Dave Gunn blazed was the old overgrown one mentioned in Moir's book. After much loss of time, we decided to go direct from the saddle. We saw the islands of bush, of which we had been told, crossed the stream as told, then we explored various promising-looking openings in the bush. No good! We explored some more—still no good! As we had left the saddle at 4.30, while the reputed time of descent was two hours, we decided to go straight down. That sounds easy, but was it? At first it was, but it became worse as we

descended. If we swung to the right we arrived at a gorge; if we kept to the ridge we arrived at bluffs. We had a very wet, strenuous descent—bogs, roots with great holes among them, steep places, daylight fading. At 2.25 we decided it would be foolish to keep going in the darkness, so we headed for the stream so as to get a hot drink before settling down to a wet, uncomfortable night. Soon we found a flat place, and there, right beside us, was a small cave, with glow-worms shining on the roof. We felt that Providence was watching over us. Certainly drips from the roof fell on us, and the cave was small, but after tea and toast we were happy and warm.

We were neither happy nor warm when we got into our wet clothes again at 5.30 next morning. The first part of the descent was broken and rough, but it soon improved, and before long we saw blazes and, 1½ hours after leaving our cave, we reached the Hollyford Road, with Dead-man's Hut a few bends up the road. There we found the other members of our party, three of whom had missed the trail as we had done.

As there were not enough horses for everyone, some of us set off on foot. It was a perfect morning, so walking was a joy. When we arrived at the bluff, we took the old and lower track as we could not find the proper one. As I went along some places about four inches wide, and with only a few fuchsia leaves between me and the green depths of the Hollyford, I was thankful not to be carrying a pack. After I was told there was a wire to hold, I felt much better about it. After one hour's walk, we decided to wait for the horses at a fairly wide ford. When they arrived, we were told of a way of crossing by means of fallen trees a little way upstream. Notches had been cut in slippery, partly-submerged fuchsia trees. It enabled us to get across to Hidden Falls in good time, but—a wet a dreary scene with a background of fog-covered mountains.

After a day's delay due to wet weather, we travelled on in time to reach Lower Pyke Hut for lunch; then, as the Pyke was too high for fording, we set off along the side of Lake Alabaster. The lake was high also, so much of the time was spent in the water, taking turns at riding and walking. Where the stream flows into the head of the lake we had to wait for the horses before we could ford the river. We saw deer on the flats above the lake, and some were shot by the boys, so we had venison for lunch on arrival at our camp, a shelter about half a mile beyond the lake. On these flats the air was laden with the perfume of blossoming cabbage trees.

Next day, after crossing the Olivine River on horseback, we reached Barrier Hut, and then rain began as we were leaving. Repeated crossings of the Pyke slowed up progress, as although each horse carried a double load at each crossing, one always had to return to pick up the solitary man on the opposite bank. As a result, the afternoon was well advanced when we reached the Upper Pyke Hut. The Upper Pyke was the only really cold travelling of the whole trip.

From Upper Pyke to the coast at Big Bay the mountains are not nearly as grand as we had viewed previously, but the bush was just as lovely. Creepers grew on the trees, and ferns grew luxuriously. Sometimes axes had to be taken from the saddle-bags, as trees had fallen across the track. As the hills fell away, we knew we were approaching the coast, and soon we smelt the salt tang of the sea. Since the tide was out, we forded the Awarua easily. Within an hour of arrival at Big Bay we had a wild storm of wind and rain, and intermittent showers with gusty wind swept the region throughout the night.

We saw oyster-catchers roaming along the beach, searching for food among the rocks, as we walked along next morning. As we could easily ford the McKenzie River on foot, we were miles along the coast before the horsemen arrived. After a while we left the coast and entered the bush, and when we emerged we found ourselves overlooking Martin's Bay and the huge lagoon at the mouth of the Hollyford. Some hundreds of black swans gave life and movement to the scene. We rode along in about 18 inches of water, climbing over steep little pinches where the edge of the lagoon was impracticable. Near the top end of the lagoon is a large flax-covered flat, and beyond that are large paddocks with long grasses and rushes. We spent three nights at Davey's Hut nearby. During two days there was much activity about the place, Dave shoeing horses; the other men trying to refloat the submerged launch and mend its engine. Sandflies, inspired by such an example of industry, became very busy too. Did "Flit" discourage them? Not noticeably! Mosquitoes were equally busy all night long.

One afternoon some of us went down-river and then up a tidal back-water to McKenzie's old homestead—a happy little expedition. Leaving the others to travel by land, five of us went by boat to the head of Lake McKerrow next morning—a pull of fifteen miles. As we approached the head of the lake, we were perturbed to find the water becoming rough. There was a horrible joggle where the Hollyford rushes into the lake, and pyramidal waves leapt up alarmingly. We were glad to enter quieter waters up the edge of the river. A short distance up-river we left the boat tied to a tree, and carried our packs up the bank and walked on to the hut, after crossing an arm of the Hollyford. The sunset that night was wonderful, and Tutoko, with a pink glow on it, looked lovely. The McKerrow Hut is old, more than seventy years, and though it shows its age, it has stood up well to the storms that must have struck it.

Three of us walked next morning to the chair-over the Pyke. As this was on the opposite bank, we had to haul back again. It was hard to pull. I got aboard and we all pulled until I was on the opposite bank. The others decided to wait for the horses. I had been a considerable time at the hut before the others arrived at the river ford, which, although high, was fordable. Sometimes it is dangerous.

After a night at Hidden Falls Hut, we went on to Deadman's. Having been put on to the correct track to Harris Saddle, which is well blazed, everything went well until we reached the top of the bush, where sub-alpine growth delayed our arrival at Routeburn Huts till after dark.

—A. F. E.

SOUTHERN CROSSING OF TARARUA RANGE

Labour Week-end, 1944

Leaving Wellington by bus to Te Marua, we started off on our six-mile road walk in a light drizzle. From the end of the road the track led across fields and up a ridge known as the "Puffer." The track zig-zags to the crest of the ridge, then drops down through heavy bush to the Tauherenikau valley. Our way led up-river through heavy forest, crossing a few boulder-strewn streams and landslides. On reaching a manuka

flat, it wasn't long before we reached the Hut on the bank of the river. This is a big hut, with bunks, tables, a good fireplace, and a loft to provide extra sleeping accommodation. Deer-stalkers were busy with hind-quarters of venison, products of a day's sport. There are plenty of deer and goats in the hills, and deer-stalkers are out all the time cleaning them up. After a good meal, we bedded down with hopes of better weather to come. On Sunday morning the weather looked better, so three of us left the hut at 8.20 a.m., and followed the track upstream to the turn-off known as "Block 16." Here a bottle of beer was consumed, and the "empty" left to cheer other travellers. (The effectiveness of this gesture is open to question.—Ed.). The track, marked with orange discs, led upwards quite steeply, and after about half an hour the sun came out, causing us to remove half our clothing. We reached the top at 11 a.m., and had a snack from our scroggin bag. Another hour found us on top of Omega Peak, 3,668 feet, consulting a map and compass, working out what the different peaks were. We had a good view of the valley we had just left, and also the Eastern Hutt and Alpha Peak. From here we dropped down slightly before toiling up Hell's Gate ridge in a thunderstorm which didn't last long. Alpha Hut was reached at 1.15 p.m., and deer shooters had the billy boiling. Quite a feat, really, as the type of beech roundabout usually refuses to be burnt. The hut is fairly small, with hewn log bunks and painted a bright orange so as to be easily seen from the track. After a meal we left at 2.40 p.m. in light rain, and soon left the bush-line, coming out on tussock and snowgrass. Mt. Hector showed through the mist, but not for long. Alpha Peak, 4,467 feet, we soon passed, and the rain became heavier. We were wet through in less than two minutes. The strong wind drove rain and hail against us, stinging our legs and faces, but we kept going along the track. Stakes driven into the ground mark the track at odd places, and the track follows the ridge all the way, climbing each peak in succession. We finally reached Hector, 5,060 feet, at 5 p.m., in fog and cold, so we descended, only to find the fog clearing, and by the time we were on Field Peak, 500 feet lower, the whole range was clear again. We had a great view of Wairarapa Plains, the Orongorongos, Hutt Valley, Wellington, South Island, and Otaki, as well as the main range and Mitre, the highest point in the Tararuas. The sun broke through, and Jim took some photographs while we worked out all the peaks. Kime Hut was 5 minutes away, so as it was 6 p.m., we decided to spend the night here. As Kime is above bush level, there is no wood, so after a vain attempt to light a fire with a few odd bits of wet wood, we settled down to a cold tea. We dined well off cold sausages, bread, butter, jam, raw onions, apples, and "scroggin," also an agile piece of cheese that would persist in trying to walk off the table. into bed early and a warm sleeping bag. Kime Hut is a big place with a main room and a loft for sleeping, plus a small room for sleeping quarters. Next morning was cold, with rain and a swirling mist outside. We climbed into soaking-wet shorts, shirts and boots, and, with teeth chattering, we set off down the ridge. The rain ceased once or twice, and the mist cleared slightly. We reached Fields Hut in an hour, and dried out, then ate the rest of our food. After a rest we kept on down through bush now and a very muddy track for an hour and a-half before reaching the Otaki River and the road. At this point the Tararua Club has a hut, formerly a house, and it serves as a good base for trips. We caught a truck down the gorge to Otaki Station. This is a 14-mile trip, and we were lucky to connect with transport, as one usually has to walk it. After a cold ride we changed, and helped the local shop to do a good trade.

—W. J. P.

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CLUB ROOM DUTIES

OCTOBER—

- 5—Miss N. McHugh and Mr. H. Tilly.
- 12—Mrs. C. McGregor and Mr. C. McGregor.
- 19—Mrs. E. Wing and Miss H. Donaldson.
- 26—Miss M. Kennedy and Miss M. Bamford.

NOVEMBER—

- 2—Mr. R. Vann and Mr. J. Lymburn.
- 9—Miss M. Parkhill and Mr. R. Markby.
- 16—Miss S. Hogan and Mr. J. Niven.
- 23—Miss M. Wilson and Mr. E. Hughes.
- 30—Miss J. Sanders and Mr. J. Stout.

DECEMBER—

- 7—Miss N. Munro and Mr. M. Burke.
 - 14—Miss N. Laurenson and Mr. S. Needs.
 - 21—The Committee.
 - 28—Clubroom closed.
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