



PALMERSTON NORTH TRAMPING AND MOUNTAINEERING CLUB INC.

P.O. BOX 1217, PALMERSTON NORTH

Newsletter - June 2005

CLUB NIGHTS

Club nights are on the second and last Thursday of each month at the Society of Friend's Hall, 227 College Street, at 7:45pm sharp. All welcome! At the club night: Please sign the visitor's book.

9 June Club Night – SAR Exposed
Come along and learn about the operations of Search and Rescue in the Manawatu.

23 June Committee Meeting –

**30 June Club Night – Rees/Dart
Peter Wiles**

Come along and here Peter talk about one of the most fascinating tramping areas in the South Island. I'm told that it will be a digital presentation so it will be well worth a look plus you get to hear Peter's unique perspective on tramping.

Articles to Lance gray.family@actrix.co.nz or post to 37 Parata Street, Palmerston North (by 20th of the month)

TRIPS

June 3-6 Abel Tasman NP (FULL)
Janet Wilson 329-4722

Once again a Janet Wilson organised trip is overflowing with takers who will sup on the delights of Abel Tasman National park. I expect plenty of photos and a riveting trip report about the food from this expedition.

June 6 Coppermine Creek E
Duncan Hedderly 354-6905

A pleasant ramble in the hills behind Woodville.

Hopefully the loop track won't be too overgrown. Meet at Countdown 8.30 MONDAY.

June 11-12 Sunrise Hut E
Liz Morrison 357-6532

Leave 7am from Countdown to beat the crowds and secure a bed at the hut. It's only a couple of hours to the hut so there will be ample time for pottering around the saddle above the hut. Possible views of Ruapehu. This will be a laid back weekend that is also suitable for families, and new trampers.

June 12 No.1 Line Pohangina M
Richard Lockett 323-0948

Leave 8am from Countdown for a cold, wet shitty wander up into the Ruahines (his words). Walk up into the cloud and turn around and come back! The Waterford on the way home for a coffee and a general warm up will be in order. Richard assures me it will be a lot of fun as it is a trail not frequently explored.

June 18-19 Mid-Winter Celebrations
Kawhatau Base
Warren Wheeler 356-1998 E/M

Depart 7.30am. Social Climbers Wanted. From the generator-powered luxury of DoC Kawhatau Base we will ascend 2 hours through the forest and onto the (snowy?) top of Colenso for a Mad Hatter High Tea. Dress Formal. In the evening we will celebrate Samx Fest. Sunday involves a head-clearing Mid-Winter Dip, and a symbolic crossing to the other side by cableway. Stuff to bring includes Fine China and Cutlery for High Tea, a \$2 gift for the Samx Tree, \$5 to cover incidentals, pot-luck comestibles and BYO. For more details contact Warren.

**June 25-26 Holly Hut Egmont NP E/M
Malcolm Parker 357-5203**

Up to Pouakai Hut (on Mt Egmont) for lunch, then on to Holly Hut with its solar powered lighting. Should get there in time to whip down to the impressive Bell's Falls. Returning by same route on Sunday.

**June 26 Burn Hut M
Tony Gates 357-7439**

The last Burn Hut trip coincided with the "February Floods" and we never made it across the stream. Join Tony for a Burn Hut exorcism. Burn Hut is "newish" with an even more "newish" bridge across the stream. The track starts near the Mangahao Dams which are in behind Shannon. Leaving Countdown at 8am. Tony's shout.

Trip participants:

Contact the leader at least 3 days in advance. Trips leave from Countdown carpark. A charge for transport will be collected on the day. Leaders should be able to give an estimate in advance. For general info, or any suggestions for future tramps, please contact Terry Crippen (356-3588), Janet Wilson (329-4722) or Tony Gates (357-7439).

Trips

Easy (E): 3-4 hrs Technical skills reqd (T)

Medium (M): 5-6 hrs Instructional (I)

Fit (F): about 8 hrs Fitness Essential (FE): >8 hrs

Trip leaders:

Please advise a trip coordinator, as soon as possible, if you will be unable to run your trip as scheduled. This is so that alternatives can be arranged, put in the newsletter, or passed on at club night.

*** OVERDUE TRIPS ***

Enquiries to: Mick Leyland (358 3183), Terry Crippen (356 3588), or Janet Wilson (329 4722)

From the Editor's Desk

A photo in the May edition of the newsletter showed Jo O'Halloran, Terry Crippen and Trevor Bissell enjoying what appeared to be the delights of Baguette and other tasty treats. Terry will now explain in his own words the context of the photograph

A PNTMC fivesome in Europe 1983-84.

By Terry Crippen

Trevor Bissell, Jo O'Halloran and Sally Hewson started the cycle trip from London in the summer of 1983. I finally tracked them down near Interlaken by rapid correspondence by postcards (in the years well before cell phones) in Switzerland after hitching round with a set of bike panniers (they fitted quite well over my

shoulders). I then bought a bike locally. The four of us then cycled through the Swiss Alps into Italy and back over the Alps into France, eventually reaching Paris.

Most of the time meals were combinations of fresh bread, cheese, wine and fruit and more wine, with the standard billy full of tea. (Probably Trevor's billy that is now the trophy for the Interclub quiz). Occasionally we managed to convince Trevor that it was time to have a meal in a restaurant! (I'm sure if Trevor was with us now he wouldn't mind me telling this).

From Paris, the other three then continued cycling back to London, while I headed north, with a spot of grape picking before finally giving up the cycling once it started to get snowy late November in Germany. Also based in Europe at that time was Peter Darragh.

Peter and I spent some time together in Morocco, travelling about and tramping, including climbing Ybel Toubkal the highest peak (4165m) in northern Africa. And we didn't touch any of that stuff that other people go to Morocco for!



Terry, Peter and some of the locals in Marrakech, Morocco, 1984

Presentations

We have recently been treated to two excellent presentations with Terry Crippen's travels (one of many) to the European Alps and Bruce van Brunt's trip (one of many) over the Copland Pass.

Terry does not like crowds but his planning for European trips does take this to extremes. Terry either arrives in Europe in early Spring when there is still snow on many of the road passes or late Summer when the threat of the first snowfall is always possible. Regardless his photographs show wonderful opportunities for tramping with limited human contact. Just the way he likes it!

One image that stands out was all of the construction work going on in early Spring with hoteliers making the most of the quiet period to do some maintenance. Another showed the ladder

going to the Winter accommodation that was at the top of a very large and high stone Hut.

Terry noted on their first trip they took everything a Kiwi would take into the Southern Alps like a sleeping bag, billy, burner etc and then they did not use any of it. They did however get great use out of their crampons and iceaxe. As Terry said, you only needed limited skills with these two items but they made travel that much easier and safer.

As for cost, Terry makes a point of avoiding Switzerland and **implores** them to join the Euro tomorrow. They have recently joined the United Nations (50 years after everyone else) so he believes there is hope. I'm sure with your spending abilities Terry this will make them sit up and take notice! The NZ Alpine Club membership should not be underestimated as it gave Terry and Christine substantial reductions in accommodation especially in France where apparently a number of the small towns in the Alps have alpine club huts of various qualities. The appeal of Terry's excursions was the ability to link various valleys, and even countries, and then by just hopping on a bus or train going to the next point of exploration.

Bruce van Brunt's presentation of the Copland Pass highlighted a number of contentious issues. First there was the image of the Hooker Glacier as shown in a map he had garnered from the Red Cross Book Sale. This map showed a Glacier that you walked upon till you accessed the track to Hooker Hut. Today the glacier is still there but instead of walking across it you are faced instead with a swim!

Travel around the terminal lake, as the images show, requires helmets as the moraine is very loose. Bruce showed an excellent image of the present trail onto Copland ridge and suggested that for only a short section there was really nothing too onerous about the route. The second issue that Bruce briefly touched upon was the lack of guided Copland walks now, with Gottlieb Braun-Elwert particularly outspoken in suggesting his new route near Fitzgerald Pass was now the preferred option. Bruce was having none of that simply because of the complexity and exposure of Gottlieb's new route.

Bruce's group of four stayed at the Copland Shelter (you have to see the precariousness of this hut to believe it) but argued you could easily bivvy on the shelf immediately opposite Hooker Hut which is now basically inaccessible unless you are really keen for a challenge.

The highlight for me was the looks on Anastasia's face as Dad was obviously trying to get a, "look happy" type of photo when you are obviously miserable! The satay chicken flavour in the porridge bowl was my favourite. Thank you Anastasia! I always thought the Copland Pass would have a well defined route directly above the shelter, but no, it appears you just follow your nose, which from the east would serve you just fine.

Coming from the west however is a different story because picking up the Copland ridge from this side does not appear quite so obvious and would present some fun map and compass work especially in cloud. We all cooed with envy regarding the hot-pools at Welcome Flats Hut but we certainly did not envy their encounter with the Spanish two-some who were big into loud conversation. You needed Terry there to deal to them!

Finally there were no takers on the night to Bruce's invitation to explore Jungle Creek especially after he showed us the terrain. Someone better tell Derek, though, that he has just been volunteered for this opportunity!

A big thanks to Terry and Bruce.



Bruce van Brunt taking questions from the floor about the Copland Pass.

NOTICES

Subs Due, PNTMC Auction , Snowcraft, New Member, Atene Skyline Repairs

SUBS ARE NOW DUE

As per the AGM there has been a \$5 increase.
New subscription rates are:

Individual sub \$35
Family sub \$40
Individual e-sub \$25
Family e-sub \$30

Please make your cheques out to PNTMC and mail to PO Box 1217, Palmerston North or hand directly to Alasdair Noble at Club Night.

PNTMC AUCTION

It is time to clean out the closets and garages and prepare for the PNTMC gear auction. This year it will be held the same night as the special general meeting 14 July 2005. For those intending to put items up for auction we have the following rules:

- a. The proceeds from items that sell for less than **\$5-00** will be regarded as donations to the club.
- b. The club will charge **\$2-00** for items that sell between \$5-00 and \$10-00.
- c. The club will collect a **15%** commission for items that sell for over \$10-00.
- d. Please show up at **7:30pm** on the club night, so that the auctioneer can list the items and note the reserve.

For those intending to buy: Bring lots of money and leave extra space in the car to take home the tent, boots, and three ice axes you never knew you needed. This is a great way to raise funds for the club and lose/acquire gear.

SNOWCRAFT 2005

- Preliminary notice

WANT TO TRAMP AND CLIMB IN THE SNOW?

Winter is on its way, so you may be interested in the Club's comprehensive snowcraft programme which has two aims: Firstly, to equip trampers with the necessary skills for safe travel in snow, be it for winter trips, or summer trips above the snowline. Secondly; to pass on the fundamental skills for snow climbing and mountaineering. The programme consists of three weekends (Friday

night departure to Ruapehu or Egmont) and an evening session prior to each weekend. A progressive approach is used, with Snowcraft 1 assuming little or no previous snow experience and Snowcraft 2 and 3 building on the previous levels.

Most participants enrol in the complete programme, while others just enrol in Snowcraft 1 and 2. Numbers are limited so enrol now to confirm a place.

Dates are as follows:

Close off date for applications is **28th July**

Snowcraft 1 6-7 August (evening Tues 2nd)

Snowcraft 2 20-21 August (evening Tues 16th)

Snowcraft 3 27-28 August (evening Wed 24th)

Fees

Snowcraft 1

PNTMC Member \$125

Non Member \$130

Snowcraft 2

PNTMC Member \$140

Non Member \$145

Snowcraft 3

PNTMC Member \$130

Non Member \$135

Total Package PNTMC Member \$380

Total Package Non Member \$395

Further info, costs, & registration form; contact Terry Crippen 3563-588, or Bruce van Brunt 328-4761

Welcome to our new member Christine Astin

You are not in any way related to one of our favourite club members are you?

Atene Skyline Repairs

From the Taranaki-Whanganui Conservation Board minutes (April 14 meeting) work has begun on repairs to Atene Skyline Walk. Due to be completed in 6-8 weeks.

TRIP REPORTS

Waikamaka Hut, Atiwhakatu Hut, Holdsworth Jumbo, Not Mitre Flats

Waikamaka Hut 9 – 10th April

Leaving the Foodtown carpark, 0730, Tricia, Yuko, Craig, Jo, Tony, and Warren, and the girls' best friends Bridie and Petra (German Shepherds), set off towards the back of Ongaonga, parking at the Swamp carpark. I was concerned when I saw Tony carrying a gun: hoping he wasn't expecting us to carry any extra weight out for him! Seeing the beautiful green beech foresting the river banks, made me realise it had been a while since I had been out to enjoy a tramp. We headed up the Waipawa river, initially, the weather was clear and pleasant, but around midday changed, with a drop in temperature and a with a drop or two of precipitation. Overnight rain had increased the river level slightly, and in places we teamed up to cross the swiftly flowing current. Warren, and Tony took several "shots" to capture on film the essence of "dogs...a girl's best friend," with Bridie and Petra carrying saddle packs to lighten our loads. We were entertained by the suggestion of featuring in the Wilderness mag. in an article scribed by Tony. Watch that space!

With the climb to Waipawa Saddle accomplished we didn't waste time in moving off the ridge to get cover from the biting wind. Moving down the river, the guys gathered firewood to replenish what we would use in the hut. We arrived at the hut early afternoon for a late lunch. The first thing Tony did was to saw up wood, light the fire, then get the billy boiling. We shared the hut with trampers from Victoria University - with whom we enjoyed spirited conversation, and dessert – a pineapple harvested from a Spaniard plant!

For the walk out the weather had cleared – blue sky, clear views. Up on Waipawa Saddle, we dropped out packs, went up and over to the Three Johns. Dramatic views of the effects of erosion were clearly visible. We were able also to see Rangi Saddle where Tony was heading. From there Tony would stay at Howletts, and walk out to Rangi car park on Monday.

With the weather so pleasant, the rest of us leisurely strolled down the river enjoying morning tea and lunch with a brew. ... no need to rush back to the city when life is so good in the hills.



Bridie & Petra (yes they are the German Shepherds) with Tony, Jo and Yuko

Atiwhakatu Hut/Holdsworth Lookout

23 January 2005

The day was sunny, overcast and dry.

A light breeze cooled us as we walked towards Atiwhakatu Hut.

All the bridges were in working order.

Diverse topics were heard being discussed including photography, singing and Buddhism.

Simon, Fiona and Lee took up the challenge of tramping to the Holdsworth Lookout.

It was worth the 40 minute slog uphill to the beautiful clear views of the Tararua Ranges: from Mount Hector to Jumbo Hut and down through the valley.

It was a fun trip!

4 hours people: Duncan Hedderley, Warapong Teerantitamkul, Peter Darragh, Janet Maesson, Chris (Christine) Astin, Natalie Mercer and Trevor King.

5 hours trekkers: Simon Miller, Lee Chin and Fiona Donald (Leader/writer)

(apologies from the editor for misplacing this report)

Holdsworth/Jumbo loop
17 April 2005

I first went up Mt Holdsworth in 1981. On that occasion, we stayed in the second Powell Hut which was then brand new. That was in fact the only time that I had been to Holdsworth so when I saw Barry Scott's planned trip Jumbo-Holdsworth loop I was keen to revisit that part of the Tararuas. Barry was busy so Lance (a native of those parts) very capably filled Barry's shoes (or should that be boots?).

Craig, Yuko and I met Lance and Anja at the Mt Holdsworth road end at 8.30am on a fine autumn morning. Before setting off Lance checked to see if we all had torches as we weren't expecting to get back before dark.

There was a cool breeze but the remaining morning cloud had dispersed giving us excellent views of the Wairarapa and also of the Tararua tops. We made good time to Powell Hut where we warmed ourselves in the sun and fuelled our bodies then proceeded to climb to the Holdsworth

summit. We had a leisurely lunch on the sheltered side of the trig (at 1470m) and marvelled at the great weather conditions (atypical for the Tararuas?) and the fact that so few people were out and about on the tops despite the large number of vehicles at the road end. From the Holdsworth summit we headed along to Jumbo. There we again had a leisurely break, taking in the view of Angle Knob and other peaks. Then it was a relentless descent to the Atiwhakatu River via Jumbo Hut (not shown on my 1978 map) where a gaggle of girls (approx age 14) on a school trip had taken up residence for the evening.

The sunshine was rapidly moving off the eastern side of the ranges from the mid afternoon and the temperature steadily dropping with a clear sky. The walk down the Atiwhakatu was on a very good track with numerous bridges - seemingly every design of bridge that DOC must have on its books. We arrived back at the vehicles at 6pm exactly 9 hours after we set off and just as the last of the daylight faded. Thanks to Lance for leading and to Barry for booking the trip on a perfect day.

We were; Christine Cheyne (scribe), Lance Gray, Anja Scholz, Yuko Watanabe, Craig Allerby.

Not Mitre Flats, May 21
By Doug Strachan

Warren Wheeler was the only taker for the scheduled overnight trip to Mitre Flats. The forecast saw the fire danger arrow pointing to zero, so we decided to do something closer to home: a day trip to check out the "closed" Coppermine track.

Last year's February deluge caused some erosion on the track to the magazines, but most slips are easily crossable. When we came to a major slip, we decided to retrace our steps and do the loop, which is unobstructed. We discussed topics like, "If someone had to be rescued from a track that was officially closed, would they be described in the newspapers as bloody idiots?"

We vented some gripes about the over-regulation of NZ society. I had my usual bitch about compulsory cycle helmet laws (anyway, why don't rugby players have to wear helmets?) until Warren steered the conversation round to his pet peeve, those new pedestrian signals that emit unwarranted and annoying sounds. Did anyone read Warren's letter to the editor of the Manawatu Standard on this subject? If you're ever on a tramp with Warren, it's a great conversation starter. Just say, "Warren, isn't it peaceful here in the hills?" and he'll take the bait.

We saw plenty of coprosma and miro berries and, therefore, wood pigeons. The pigeons were having such a good time that Warren ate a miro berry to see what all the fuss was about, despite knowing that they taste like turps. Emerging from the bush, we saw a farmer's hut over the fence and contemplated having lunch on the verandah, out of the rain. After lunch, we followed the farm track back to the car, arriving just as the weather was showing signs of improving. A couple from Feilding drew up in a car and we had a chat, and then invited them to the next club night, and told them the club's web address.

It would seem to be a good idea for the club to knock up some cards for trip leaders to carry. They could be given out to people on tracks or in car parks who express an interest in joining a club. The card could contain as little as our web address, time and venue of meetings. We went home via the windy (in both senses of the word) Saddle Rd, stopping for a gork at the wind farm. Warren engaged in a bit of creative photography. He was most unimpressed when others arrived and chose to park in the one spot that hindered our exit. Warren Wheelie's driving upon our departure unambiguously conveyed his dissatisfaction.

BOOK REVIEWS

Between a Rock and a Hard Place: Aron Ralston – Reviewed by Lance Gray

This book had been sitting in our living room for weeks after Heather had loaned it to us. I was frankly appalled and wouldn't have anything to do with it until Anja commented that it was actually okay and I had run out of reading material. Swallowing my cynicism I read it. The following paragraph about the avalanche is part of a larger account that scares you witless as you wonder how you would personally cope. Using the transceiver was the easy part, holding back overwhelming panic and trying to dig a mate out with only your hands defies contemplating. The descriptions are honest. He describes his cock-ups brilliantly I'll give him that.

We had survived a Grade 5 avalanche – as big as they get in Colorado. We had survived something we shouldn't have survived. We had survived, but Mark and Chadwick blamed me for pressurising them to ski the bowl. I lost two friends that Sunday because of the choices we made; Mark and Chadwick left the next morning, and they haven't spoken to me since (pg 140).

After reading Aron Ralston's autobiographical chapters, in between the gory chapters like cutting off his arm, you learn that this young man placed himself in more danger than the rest of use could muster in a life-time. His primary project was, and still is, to solo climb in Winter the 59 peaks in Colorado over 14,000 ft (4,267m). The accident that should have killed him in the Canyon Lands was equivalent to an easy Sunday trip with one abseil to provide excitement. I mean the abseil was bolted and would have been a lot of fun! The trapping of his arm was just plain bad luck.

New Zealand has its own Aron Ralston equivalent in Guy McKinnon (see his article in the 2004 NZ Alpine Journal), with his typically understated Kiwi approach to solo climbing, who recently fell off a slab just below the summit of Mt Cook's North Ridge. Thankfully he had paid a bit more attention to his preparation than Aron Ralston and set off his locator beacon. For those of you that caught the newspaper article the chopper pilot still stopped off at Empress Hut for a searcher to read Guy's route intentions. I can see Terry Crippen nodding furiously at this moment. The search and rescue people made the comment that the locator beacon only gave them a general fix and obviously used his route intentions to be sure of where they would find Guy. To quote Guy:

"Experience doesn't stop you doing stupid things ...I think I made a number of significant errors of judgement and I should have exercised more caution. I was a bit over-confident and I should have never put myself in a position where I could fall off a mountain."

Aron Ralston's problem was that no one had the slightest clue where he was except that he was in Utah, and only by checking of all the road-ends were the cops able to find his truck and then begin a search. What is most extraordinary about the book is not the arm severing exercise, but it is cool, but rather how many operations he endured, the bone infection, and a host of other complications. He would have needed all of the publicity and more just to pay for his medical bills.

Ralston tries to be philosophical and cautious but when you scratch the surface he is what my father would call "rip shit and bust" he just cannot help himself. Many of us would secretly love to be able to throw ourselves at such a risk taking lifestyle but lack the courage - bring on the cardigan and slippers!!

Of real interest to new climbers in particular is his excellent description of his progression as a climber before it gets completely out of hand. Finally, Aron's description of cutting off his arm is

fascinating, this is after the litres of urine he has decanted and consumed, the delusional dreams, and the shivering for hours in the dark. I won't tell you anymore so you might as well read the book.



Craig Allerby enjoying club night

Book Review, By Tony Gates

Ebenezer Teichelmann. Pioneer New Zealand explorer, surgeon, photographer, conservationist. Cutting across continents.

By Bob McKerrow (2005), Foreword by Sir Edmund Hillary. \$49.95. \$270 pages.

Many excellent mountain photographs, most naturally taken by the book's subject, are scattered throughout this fine book. Like the cover, they are black and whites, presented as sepia tones- a nice touch. Quotes too, and good stories by the author, present the life and climbs of a truly great man. Many quotes are by Teichelmann (example below), as well as by his climbing companions who kept good dairies. I completed the book after a week of easy evening reads feeling that I had finally met Ebenezer Teichelmann (as well as Alex Graham, The Rev Newton, and others) and knew a whole lot more about a vital section of New Zealand mountaineering history- 1900 till 1934. He didn't start his expeditions as a young man, and his career was interrupted by the war, but he continued long into his 50's. He met such

luminaries as Charlie Douglas, Jack Clarke, and the Graham Brothers, and served as President of the New Zealand Alpine Club.

The book commences in a biographical sense, you know, family background, professional interests (and they were many), and his life in general. The book concludes with notes from his funeral service detailing an amazing character who touched many. The author personally interviewed many people who had, in turn, personally met "the little doctor" (one of the many pseudonyms that he was known by). But it was the 15 chapters concerning mountaineering expeditions that interested me the most. One summer expedition per year, from 1900 till 1914 is written into each chapter, with photographs. Some expeditions are briefly presented, but each make for good stories. Many modern day readers should know some areas that Teichelmann visited, such as the head of the Fox Glacier, the summit of Mt Cook, and the Rakaia.

A few maps are provided- not particularly good ones unfortunately. And I got the distinct feeling that the spell check software used had English as a second language, so let through a number of typographic errors that shouldn't have been there. Editing was therefore a bit poor.

However, the book does make a good read, and is a valuable addition to the history of New Zealand Mountaineering. Indeed, the Teichelmann- Newton- Graham trio is said to be the greatest ever seen in the New Zealand Alps, largely due to their numerous first ascents around the head of the Fox Glacier from 1902 till 1907. I'd like to finish this review with a quote from the man himself.

I had the good fortune to have Harry Butler with us, a splendid bushman, good cragsman, although no alpine experience, he saved the situation. He organised the bridge, and did most of the track making, it was a bad river that he could not cross. Lippe was always getting lost in the bush, and as he was a big man, he was slow in getting through it. I thought I would be the weakling of the party, not being very young, but was surprised to find I could carry a 35 to 40 lb swag for 8 to 10 hours without being played out. The only pity of it was that I should be spending my energies in the bush instead of the snow regions. Perth River, 1924.

Terry's photo quiz

Perth River 1980, after a successful Garden of Eden Trip; all five were or still are PNTMC members. Who are they?



POEMS

High Hills. By Lester Masters, 1958.

Gently let my ashes rest
'Mid the high hills of the west,
Where the golden tussocks grow
And the graceful red deer go.

Where down in the gorges dim
Blue ducks of the mountains swim,
And the red stag's roar resound
Through my happy hunting ground.

While through beeches straight and tall
Mountain breezes softly call,
And the mad world's worries cease
'Mid those ancient hills of peace.

There forgotten tracks I'll tramp,
Forgotten make the final camp
Where bellbirds sing the best
'Mid the high hills of the west.

For remembrance only these,
Lofty hills and stately trees,
Azure lake and rippling shore,
Grace of life for evermore.

ANZAC Abroad.

By Ken McLeay, November 1940. From Heretaunga Tramping Club.

There's a place you've may not heard of in the
South Pacific Ocean,
And never read of, though I know that I've a
notion,
That unless I'm back there soon, of my peace 'twill
be the ruin,
Oh, I must get back to the mountain shack,
And I must get back there soon.

Have you ever had the pleasure in that little land
of greatness,
Despite inclement weather, of conquering the
boldness,
Of rugged rearing ridges, looming large natural
bridges,
That take my mind right back behind,
To what's behind those ridges.

Ah, for softness under foot, of the snows and the
valley toil,
To mind again the trailing root in my straining toil,
To see again the forest fern, in the bush for which
I yearn,
For no finer place on earth has given birth,
To finer bush or fern.

Right until I end my days, There's a sight that I'll
think best,
It's the mountain's evening have, purple painted
on my breast,
While the crest clean cut and neat sharply stand
at heaven's feet,
Oh I must get back to the mountain shack,
In the high hills and the steep.

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