

HERETAUNGA TRAMPING CLUB (INCORPORATED.)

BULLETIN No. 42.

JUNE 1946.

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We should like to offer an apology to members for the delay in the issue of the Bulletin; production has been held up owing to a shortage of stencils.

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WELCOME BACK TO:

LINDSAY LLOYD, who has returned to us bonnier and brighter than ever. As he is busy at the moment dealing with H.E.'s apple crop, we haven't seen him as often as we would like, but we hope he won't desert the Club entirely for a more civilised way of life.

RON CRAIG, still the same old Ron who launched himself in a graceful swallow dive from the top of a cabbage tree at Herrick's Hut! He's back with the old firm (W. & K.), so we hope to see him out with us when he has time to settle in to civvy life again.

BILL, "WOBBLY" HAYMAN, who spent a few days in Hastings recently and renewed old friendships once again. As Bill doubts whether he will be stationed in Hastings in the future we should have liked him to stay longer, but no doubt he'll be making a return trip this way some time again.

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TO THOSE MEMBERS WHO STILL REMAIN IN "FOREIGN PARTS".

Frank Simpson: Our last first-hand information of Frank was from Mabel Wyatt who saw him in Wellington a few weeks ago and duly reported to the H.T.C. We had hoped to see you, Frank, but flying big shots about evidently takes up most of your time. Next trip, perhaps, and what a reunion it will be! Good flying and best of luck from us all at home.

Bruce Beechey: We were pleased to hear of you through "Wobbly" and to know you are still keeping up the old traditions, Beech. We were looking forward to welcoming you back to the fold and were indeed sorry to hear the reason for your extended stay in England. Please accept the sympathy of the Club and our hope that when next we hear from you the news will be brighter. All the best, Beech, from the H.T.C.

Hugh Nelson: How goes the big game hunting, Hugh? We enjoyed getting a letter from you as you are the only member, so far, who has tarried in India for any length of time. We hope you get an opportunity, before you leave, of gazing at the Himalayas from somewhere a little closer than Madras. All the best from the gang.

Sealy Wood: The latest from Sealy brings the news that he is now in England. Good luck, Sealy, and best of luck from the H.T.C.

From HUGH NELSON - Madras, 20th November, 1945.

Dear Angus and members of the H.T.C.,

It was very kind of you to send me a parcel, which arrived some time ago. A bit of N.Z. food was much appreciated. And thanks, Angus, for a long letter with some gen on Ruapehu; I wonder how it is brewing up now. You seem to be getting around more than ever, and going places the tough way.

I have been working at Madras for about eight months at the H.Q. of an area including the south end of India and east coast up to Visagapatam. It has been the most active L. of C. Area in India, with the Landing Craft bases for attacks on Malaya, etc. As I haven't had any leave yet I haven't been able to go looking for any snow, in fact it's hard to remember what snow looks like and feels like. The nearest I have been to the Himalayas is Delhi and that is 1250 miles from here. As a trip up there involves a bit more than a trip from N.Z. to Australia, I expect it might be some time before I make it.

I believe Himalaya climbing could be done quite easily the N.Z. way. There seems to be a lot of bull spoken about large organisations, expenses, and political complications. Even for a week's walk up to a glacier the custom is to take several mules, drivers, servants, water-carriers and what-have-you which seems quite unnecessary. By taking some concentrated food to go with the local rice it should be possible to go a long way in a long time. The trains are ideal for the N.Z. system, being rather rugged. You have a wide 4-berth or 8-berth compartment big enough to take a couple of trunks per person. There is no service and you have to provide your own bedding. The locals use their own cooking tackle in the compartment too.

If I don't get up North I hope to get some leave some time and go to Munaar in the Anamallai Hills, near Cochin, and get some walking, cool air, and maybe shoot a panther or see some wild elephants and tigers. There isn't much about here in the way of fancy animals, other than the usual monkeys. Up north you see tame elephants fooling about and camels, parrots and peacocks. Incidentally I took a walk round the Taj Mahal when I was in Agra. It certainly is rather a beautiful building in pleasant gardens.

This is not a bad sort of place to live in, if you get used to it, and life

has been very comfortable in spite of the war, with no sort of food shortage, at least for the army and European population. I think India has been even less upset by the war than N.Z. The weather is cooler now since the N.E. monsoon started bringing some rain with it. Last week it got cold enough for a bloke to need a blanket at night.

Well, I guess it might be a long time before I go back to N.Z., but I certainly look forward to getting back to the best country there is.

I wish you all a happy Xmas and may the New Year be a bigger and better one for the Club.

Yours sincerely,

Hugh Nelson.

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CLUB MEETINGS.

Our hunt for a new Club room came to an end temporarily, when we were able to secure the use of the Red Cross room for Club meetings. This has definitely solved the accommodation problem and Club meetings are now conducted with some measure of comfort for members. Although in the meantime we have to store our belongings, we feel that as a temporary "home from home" we could do no better, and at least we have a roof over our heads while we wait for something permanent to show up.

Members have been very regular in attendance at meetings, which have proved as lively and popular as ever. We are indebted to those people who have come along to give talks and show films at Club evenings and to those members who have stepped into the breach and given impromptu talks when needed.

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LONG TRIPS.

The limiting of weight on long trips is a matter that will have to be considered seriously now that we are going to get back to normal tramping conditions. No one enjoys carrying a heavy pack; if you carry one on a week-end trip, presumably you do so for your own amusement, and that is your own affair - it takes all sorts to make a party. But on a long trip what each one carries affects the whole party and may affect the success of a trip, besides being an additional and harrassing worry to an already preoccupied leader. In planning a trip he is entitled to assume that every member of the party starts fit, or stays at home, but an overloaded member is just as much of a drag as an unfit one, besides the increased risk of a crack-up. And so the original trip must be curtailed, or if carried out made considerably more arduous for all concerned, with early starts and strict timing, regardless of weary feet and muscles.

The New Year trip was a case in point. The average weight going in was over 45 lbs. and coming out after 5 days' travelling was about 35 lbs., whereas 25 lbs. would have been a more reasonable figure. This may be compared with the Kaimanawa party of New Year 1939 which went in at 42½ lbs. and reached Waiouru, 9 days after, averaging 26 lbs. with 21 lb. of rations in hand, sufficient for 2 more days for 5 people. (The 1946 trip had about 18 lb. of rations left, say barely enough for another day for a party of twelve.)

A fair maximum load for a girl can be taken as 35 lbs., for a man 45 - 50 lbs. if a trip is to be performed in reasonable comfort. The basic figures are 20lbs. of personal gear, 2 - 2½ lbs. per day of food, and it must not be forgotten that a further 2½ lbs. per person for share of tents, billies, slasher etc., must be added. Equitably everyone should carry his or her quota of food

and gear in addition to personal equipment, but in practice the leader has to consider the party as a whole and even up loads - consequently every additional personal weight becomes an additional burden shared by the whole party, who to a greater or less extent are carrying food and tents for the offending members.

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CLUB LIBRARY.

A major victory has been won! At long last our President has produced a book case worthy of housing the excellent collection of books that now constitute our Club library. Both bookcase and books are to be found at Mr. Lovell-Smith's Studio and it is to be hoped that members will avail themselves of the opportunity to get some really good reading matter. We are indebted to Mr. Lovell-Smith for his kindness on allowing us to keep the library there in the meantime.

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TRACK MAKING.

In Colenso's First Crossing of The Ruahine he speaks of the Maori method of track-marking, called pawhatiwhati, which they followed on their first ascent of Te Atua Mahuru. This consisted of the half-breaking of a prominent twig on five-finger or leatherwood, or a fern frond, to mark a route, which is, of course, still in use for marking private or temporary routes, but blazing has become the usual method of marking permanent tracks, and a recent modification is discing.

Blazing is devilish easy and it's devilish permanent. Just as every man who carries a rifle is not a stalker, so every man who carries a slasher is not a bushman. Tracks are blazed, but windfalls come down and undergrowth comes up and fresh blazes and snicks appear all over the place. Then someone comes down in a hurry in mist or in failing light and spends a merry half-hour floundering and cursing, and probably adding a few snicks on his own account. And whatever you do to clean the mess up the false blazes remain to bedevil some future traveller.

Discing gets over that, at least, and besides their uniformity of shape and colour are unmistakably recognisable. The technique for discing a permanent track is fundamentally the same as for blazing. Careful preliminary examination of the route in both directions is essential before a slasher is lifted, to ensure that every cut will be on the selected track. As the whole object is to enable this to be traversed at a steady pace, without checks, even in poor visibility, sharp turns should be avoided, minor kinks eliminated, and undergrowth cleared back to give the effect of a series of straight lanes, while discs, like blazes, should be placed where the eye will automatically glance for them. This point appears to be on some prominent object, such as a bare tree trunk about two chains ahead on easy going, a chain or less where the pace is slower, and on the most effortless line of sight, that is to say somewhere between the horizontal and the line of the track, say a foot below eye level on the flat, lower on up grades and higher on down grades. A few trial runs over a track will soon establish the best position, and here discs have a big advantage over blazes in that their position can be altered if an error should have been made.

Method. The reconnaissance party will have probably concluded by tacking up a few discs, marking or back-marking the route, as conditions may require. The permanent discing is then carried out by a pair, one nailing and the other carrying, for the actual weight of discs mounts up surprisingly, and fiddling with nails, etc., in thick bush is awkward. A third, travelling a chain or two behind (or when back-discing the same distance ahead) signals the best position for visibility so that each disc can be seen from the next position. As undergrowth has frequently to be cleared from the line of sight it is

convenient to have one of the track clearing gang working in between.

The beginning, end and any intersections of tracks can conveniently be indicated by suitably marking a few discs. In the case of the Rushines the track numbers of the 1942 track list are being used.

The marking of Colenso's Spur (Jan. 1946), perhaps two miles of bush track, and three miles in all, was substantially completed in one trip, taking about 13 man-days actually on the job and using some 300 discs (which will probably be increased to 350 when back-discing is completed). These with clouts (1 in. & 1½ in.), hammers, etc. weighed about 25 lbs. Hammers actually were not used, as a tomahawk, which could also be used for cutting obscuring branches, proved more convenient. 1-in. clouts will probably prove too short as the bark on old beeches is pretty thick. Numbered discs were placed (1) at the take off from the Makaroro, (2) a pair at the junction of Barlow's Track, (3) on the knob coming off Te Atua Mahuru trig. This last and two more discs leading to the track across the scree were mounted on 3-ft. marker poles with cairns built round them. A stone arrow was also laid from the first pole as the route swings out considerably to the S.E.

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SOCIAL NOTES.

The Club extends congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Cliff Hunt of Palmerston North on the birth of their daughter.

We would like to wish Heather Baird and John Collins all the best for their future happiness. They announced their engagement some time ago and have received the individual congratulations of most of the Club members here, but this is OFFICIAL!

To Clem and Joan Smith go our very best wishes and congratulations on their recent marriage. Their home is in Napier and they assure us of a very warm welcome should any Club members pop in some time.

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We should like to welcome the following new members and to wish them happy tramping with the Club:-

J. Goymour, Muriel Gullen, Ruth Hill, Mary Moroney, T. Cockroft,
L. Masters, M. Cooper.

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269. New Year 1946. Northern Kaimanawa Ngapuketura.

Album 3p 66 to 71

The object of this trip was to clear up the difficulties of the country between Ngapuketura and Taupo, which have perplexed several parties in the club's history. The decision to go in from Taupo involved a long road journey and made the trip an expensive one, but the results were satisfactory.

With a car practically to ourselves we were able to beguile both ourselves and the driver with song and story on the road. A fuel failure on the Rangatangi Plains afforded a suitable luncheon interval till some good Samaritan with a 40-gallon drum turned up and siphoned enough in to see us to Taupo.

Just beyond the Waimarino stream we debussed and set off up a side road, camping in a clump of beech on the river after 2½ hours mostly through bracken.

Most of next morning we headed for the ridge south of the river through bracken, but as it began to appear that the valley was much longer and swung further south than shown on the map we returned to it and had 3 hours' very good going, with no signs of cattle, to the foot of a high ridge. Here we boiled up, then left the river, carrying our water and camped on the crest of the ridge at 3650 with Ngapuketura across an inner valley to the east of us.

The direction of this valley was uncertain, but in the morning we worked round the northern end of it and had a late lunch just below the trig, where we retrieved the Easter party's note and spent half an hour surveying the landscape and planning our itinerary, then dropped into the Rangitikei and descended an hour to the camp site at the Forks.

Here we spent a couple of nights, some taking a day off to rest their weary bones, or pottering about, while others made an excursion along the Island Range as far as the Makorako Saddle. A project to climb Makorako was damped by a sudden storm of rain and sleet against which they battled their way home taking a precipitous descent to the head of the gorge and wading down to the camp.

In spite of showers in the night the weather was clear enough next morning to proceed to the head of the Waipakihi with only a little more than the usual trouble in locating Ignimbrite Saddle. Having satisfied ourselves that the stream flowing N.W. from the Waipakihi was the Waiotaka we crossed the end of the Umukarikari range and started to follow a tortuous bush ridge which, starting well, led us on to a scrubby top with numerous windfalls which gave us the worst travelling of the trip, and we ended up for the night on a ledge at the end of a steep spur dropping off into a branch of the Whitikau.

New Year's Day opened auspiciously with a good start and an easy sidling through a forest of enormous beech, matai and mountain totara, some of the latter of 20 ft. girth or more, into the saddle, and eventually down an easy well tracked spur into the Waiotaka. The stream was fairly narrow and rough, but an hour down we struck a well formed logging track on which we made fast time to the bush-edge. A seemingly interminable and dusty tramp through featureless manuka and bracken took us through the prison camp on to the main road near Turangi. We had visions of a pleasant camp for the last night under kowhais perhaps on the shores of the lake, but this lay some distance away, so we followed the road in search of water, only to find great areas of swamp and blackberry on either side. After a heart-breaking search we worked on to the mouth of the Waimarino, to find a chilly wind with a surf breaking on a narrow strip of damp pumice with a mosquito infested swamp behind it, so we returned to a small clearing in the blackberry by the road and ate a large meal by torchlight.

The morning was dull and showery but we had plenty of time to pack up before the arrival of the service car. Our return to civilization and the sight of various startled acquaintances from Taupo onwards made us realise our battered, bewhiskered and sunburnt appearance, still we begrudged no one their ideas about enjoying a holiday, least of all the earnest fishermen, thigh-deep

in the lake, and rolled home, with the same driver, to an overclouded and murky Hawkes Bay, singing and sleeping by turns.

No. in party: 12

Leader : Norm Elder.

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270. Jan. 19th-21st. Anniversary Day. COLENSO TRACK.

album 3 p 72

The call for a working party at Thursday's meeting must have seemed to the audience all strange and pre-war, for only a handful, aided by a still smaller week-end party, showed a flicker of interest. However it made control much simpler - on balance, probably, an advantage, for this was our first attempt at discing and a certain amount of new technique had to be acquired.

Saturday morning's shower had brought the Makaroro up in a curious slumgullion of dead leaves and green slime, but not enough to cause delay. We pitched camp upstream of the spur and in the afternoon took the bulk of the discs up to the start of the flat top, across which we ran a rough line threading the multiplicity of old blazes. The week-end party were in camp when we returned and had made themselves thoroughly at home.

On Sunday we shifted camp up to Waikongenge for convenience, doing a little discing on the lower spur en route, but reserving our energies for the afternoon. One party returned and made a job of the plateau, while the other went the other way and marked the junction with Barlow's Track.

As the plateau party were finishing up, the week-end party came snaking through, dead on schedule. Gave them a handful of discs to fill in gaps further down, then set off uphill to pick up the top party and ramble up to Cedar camp doing a little desultory hacking and marking, till hunger drove us down to camp again and an evening of food, firelight and stars.

Monday's general idea, was an early start, a visit to Tris T. to view Davidson's Lake, a little incidental discing and scrub clearing above and below the scree, together with an early return to restore Heather to Haumoana. As has so often happened this attempt to overfill the unforgiving minute, led to several modifications in the programme (chiefly to Heather's programme.)

The exhilarating lash into leatherwood took time, an unfamiliar scree-plant further delay, then Angus's cairn-building instincts were aroused, and a frenzied scene ensued. Reaching Remutupo at 1 p.m., hunger, thirst and the effluxion of time forced us to call a halt, in spite of perfect conditions. Even so it was six o'clock by the time we had returned, eaten and struck camp, so that we had barely reached Gold Creek by nightfall and came on down to the mill in the dark, where we were most kindly asked in for supper by Mr. and Mrs. Grant. On the stroke of midnight we were passing the Havelock clock still heading for our beds.

No. in party : 5 + 3 week-end.

Leader : Norm Elder.

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272. Feb. 17th. KAHURANAKI.

After some efforts with a tow-rope along Te Mata Road, two cars set off on a promising morning. We left the cars at the woolshed, and set off (some sorrow from those hopeful of riverside idleness), round the southern end of Kahuranaki. It took about two hours to reach the bush gully, but this was so drought-stricken that we continued downstream to see what turned up. Angus and Clem agitated two eels, and a third was admired in deep water, but our lunch was fishless after all. Two intrepid souls swam in a deep black pool, and we spent some time to the sound of a waterfall, eating, idling and gossiping (and chasing flies). Ona,

Clem and Angus voted for a return over the top, the rest taking the low and cooler (?) road round the northern end of the hill. Surprisingly this brought us nearly to the top, and not content with this feat, we found and rescued three sheep from a boggy water-hole. Triumphant and muddy, we met the hill party above the cars, and set off for home. We stopped for tea-less tea beside the river, the wind being too strong for a fire on the dry riverbed. The most unexpected thing reported was the momentary sound of rain pattering on our hats - in mid-drought. A very pleasant day.

No. in party : 9
Leader : U. Greenwood.

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273. March 3rd. Blackberrying, MARAEK-KAHO.

A party of four (on bikes) left Stortford Lodge at 9.30 a.m. and were passed en route by the remainder of the party proceeding by car. Weather not very inviting - rain in early morning - however it brightened up considerably and looked like a fine day. Arrived out at Wellwood's 10.30 a.m., left bicycles etc., and proceeded down river bed in search of blackberries. Discovered we were much too previous for them, they were rather few and far between. Crossed the riverbed to boil up for lunch, after which we continued the blackberry picking - some much more enthusiastic than others. A great deal of thunder during afternoon, the storm clouds finally broke at 4 p.m., and the bikers had an exceedingly wet but speedy trip home. A very enjoyable day, but decided we should have left our blackberrying trip until later in the season.

No. in party : 10
Leader : June Hvland.

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274. March 17th. Working Party, KAEKAS.

album 3 h 73

Twenty left per lorry from Holt's shortly after 5.30 a.m. - shades of early tramping days, one-day trips from daylight on! The party consumed a hearty breakfast at the creek and left for the hut laden with malthoid and wire netting. Reached the hut about noon. The tough ones took the malthoid and wire netting on to the top of the ridge while the not so tough relaxed round the hut for a couple of hours. On the way home the driver allowed us time to dash after some mushrooms and a good time was had by all.

No. in party : 20
Leader : L. Holt.

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276. April 14th. ELLIS'S HUT.

After the preliminaries of extracting tea out of the absentee leader and locating another missing member in bed with 'flu two cars got away three quarters of an hour late - pretty fair under the circumstances.

It was a day of crawling mist and drizzle, making the fantastic Wakararas even more fantastic. Duff's Flat was mostly clear but the Pohatuhaha Range almost completely obscured.

The track was first rate to the first saddle, then we missed the track to the second saddle and had a flounder in wet manuka, but pretty straight going onwards.

In spite of rumours the hut was still whole, even to the china door-knob, and though left dirty by the last occupants in fair condition. The track proved more difficult to follow on the return trip, which took $3\frac{1}{2}$ as against 3 hours, so that it was dusk when we reached the cars, feeling that we had had a day.

No. in party : 11
Leader : ?

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277. April 19th-22nd. EASTER. TARAWERA.

Album 3 p 74

The party left Napier by service car at 8 a.m. on Friday morning, arriving at Tarawera at half past ten. After making enquiries about the various peaks in the district we pitched the tents beside the Waipunga River and decided to make this our base camp. The weather was beginning to break so we set off in the late afternoon to explore the hills on the other side of the road, in the hope of seeing the easiest way of reaching Tatarakino. Before any view could be seen the mist came down and we returned to the road, some of the party made for the camp while the remainder followed the road in the hope of finding a track across the Waipunga River. After following a path down to the river we found it was impossible to cross as the river had risen. We returned to the road to find a car blocking the way and in true tramping style we assisted the car on its way. We were no sooner on the road again when the school bus picked us up and our driver told us that the only route to Tatarakino was by walking back the road 5 miles and then it would take us about 8 hours before the Trig was reached. We had a long discussion that night and decided that if it was fine on the Saturday we would make an early start and try to find the right track. However in the morning it turned out to be too misty and cloudy to attempt Tatarakino, so started at 10 to climb Mt. Tarawera (3000'); and just before reaching the Trig the view was once more obscured, so we had lunch and followed the ridge down to the road.

We were still keen to make an attempt to cross the Waipunga, but the swing bridge was rather risky and the river could only be crossed on horseback, so after boiling up we returned to camp at about 4.

Sunday turned out to be very wet and just after 9 we set off to try to explore the Ahimanawa Range. The blackberries along the road were too luscious to pass without tasting and this proved to be a drawback when we later left the road and started to climb. We followed the ridge in a N.W. direction where the bush was very thick and there were a number of large rimus. Unfortunately we took the wrong track and found ourselves on a blind spur so dropped down into the Okoeke River where we thought we could see Ngapouata and Otumakioi. We followed the river down until we struck the road again and returned to camp in the pouring rain. We were glad to be able to again make use of the Hot Baths before getting into our sleeping bags.

We awakened on Monday morning to find the rain pouring down and all bush and view hidden by mist. We took all morning to prepare our final feast and after packing up in the rain we left by service car, arriving at Napier in the late afternoon after a very pleasant Easter exploring new country.

No. in party : 9
Leader : Heather Baird.

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then back to the woolshed for a boil-up at 4 o'clock. No sign of cows & calves on the scene of the upset on the last trip! Home at a civilised hour.

No. in party : $14\frac{1}{2}$.
Leader : Nancy Tanner.

278. May 5th. Combined clubs. OTUMOKHE.

album 3 p 75

Six a.m. and rods of rain flashing past the headlights. Hastings awash with surface water but no gondolas visible. All aboard and away, Noel slightly damp from a mishap in fording Heretaunga St. - sheets of spray over the bows at intervals. The rain eased at Opapa - thence only intermittent drizzle. A deserted Dannevirke bus was parked under Fukuenui and we picked up the Tamaki party brewing up at the whare along the road. The familiar faces of Lucy and Mavis.

The weather was now clearing with blue sky visible up wind. As we started on the sidling to the Stag's Head, a hail announced the week-end party, emerging from the wet bush in the Moorcock in the manner of Venus anodymene.

We joined up dead on time though still some half-hour from the appointed rendezvous, and, after watching with interest the disposal of Angus's day rations in various hospitable packs, moved on. A concrete floor, some rusty nails and a stack of old iron were all that remained of the Stag's Head, and we turned into the blackened wilderness of the upper Moorcock. Apart from some tree ferns, flax and "elastic palm", everything was blackened and dead though nowhere was there a clean burn, the dead twigs still tough and sappy. As we climbed higher we could see that the fire was confined to the Moorcock valley, leaving the Makeretu and Tukituki practically untouched. As the mist thinned and the sun shone through, we had strange lighting effects. Distant figures shone white and spectral and beside us stalked a pale lunar rainbow with at its centre a Brocken spectre with a small brilliant rainbow encircling it.

The site of the Pohangina Hut was a shambles of mud and old tins, with a tin dog-kennel or doll's-house erected in the middle into which it might be possible to slide on a sheet of iron in an emergency - the whole scene reminiscent of Polygon Wood in 1918. We found a dry spot to boil up, and went on at 1.15 to the top. The fire had just lipped over the divide for no more than a yard at Ian's cairn, and Otumore was as it ever was. The view was patchy with most coming and going, but we could pick up a good deal from the Black Range to the Tamaki and over to Whangehuia.

It was time to return, and we jogged back to Milne's without undue delay, where the Heretaunga party packed into their cars, while the Tamaki party set off down the road to rejoin their bus at the road junction.

And so but for a few exchanges of repartee along the road ended the first, and we hope not the last, combined Heretaunga-Tamaki trip.

Tamaki T.C. : 11. Leader: Lucy Hodgson.
Heretaunga T.C. : 9. Leader: Norm Elder.

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279. May 19th. TE ARATUPI.

album 3 p 76

On our first time out with the new truck we picked up only four in Hastings and a good muster from Havelock of ten and a half. After an uneventful trip to Maraetotara we left the truck at the Parker's woolshed. The leader and the leader's guide were very kindly given a cup of tea when getting permission to cross the country while the rest of the party froze outside - good show! We strolled through the bush and had a boil up at a creek, just to start the day well. After making and unmaking a dam, the party strolled on up to the heights overlooking Waimarama and the sea, skirting round two bulls dozing in the sun - where was Dave? There we found a lizard which promptly shed his tail. The lunch billy was boiled farther on in a sunny spot, mainly out of the wind. Measuring the height of a tree by angles, shadows and twigs caused the more energetic plenty of exercise. After lunch we made our way up to the trig, and

PRIVATE TRIPS

Round trip, 8-10/7/45, Tuckett and Brenta Huts; Traverse of
Cima Tosa.

~~Base~~ Rope One: Neil Hamilton (leader) CMC NZAC

Alan Wilson

Geoff. Sowman

Rope Two: Colin Grey OSONZAC

Rope Three: Bob Stewart MC

Bob Lyall

Sealy Wood HTC

Lloyd Jenkins

Trampers: Bob Wallace

"Pop" Campbell

An expectant party of ten set out from Tuckett on 8/7/45 after tea for a round trip of Brenta and Tosa Huts, under the wary eyes of "Dad" -(Neil Hamilton) and "Mum" -(Colin Grey). Two of us had been on mountains before; these two being from the CMC and the HTC, but what the others lacked in experience was easily made up by the exuberance and fitness of youth.

A rain-storm marred the outset but the pleasure of putting up at the exceedingly comfortable Brenta Hut more than offset this discomfort. Incidentally, the magnificent appointments and the hospitality at all the Italian "rifugios" were an eye-opener to those of us who have pigged it in New Zealand's mountain huts.

A start at 5.30 a.m. finished our rather restless night and after a steady plod across a valley and up the snow, we arrived at the pass Bocca D'Ambies at 8 o'clock. Here the party separated, Bob Wallace and "Pop" Campbell electing to proceed by the valleys and tracks to the Tosa Hut after negotiating the steep snow just off the Pass. Three ropes were organised, Neil leading Allen Wilson and Geoff Sowman, and Colin "mothering" Lloyd Jenkins and Bob Lyall, with Bob Stewart and Yours Truly on a roving rope. The rock climb up Tosa was thoroughly enjoyed by all, and was without incident, thanks to the careful and cheerful way in which Neil and Colin led their inexperienced charges. The firm steep ridges were a treat to work on, although some rubbishy rock near the summit was very reminiscent of the Cook Ranges. The climb took just on three hours - one rope claiming fifteen minutes shorter, and one languishing fifteen minutes later. The view was unfortunately marred by mists filling all the surrounding valleys and obscuring the tops except for a glimpse or two of the Cima di Vallagola. The plod along the snow ridge of the summit was also unrewarded.

Two highlights coloured the descent. The first was the negotiation of a chimney to take us down to the scree slopes. Here Neil excelled as an anchor and appeared to enjoy hugely dangling a succession of writhing bodies over the edge. A belay half-way down made a relay of the descent, Neil swinging down at the end with his customary aplomb. The second highlight was the thrill

of a snow glissade for about 400 feet, and by the popular acclaim this form of descent was thoroughly approved by the neophytes.

Forty minutes plod to Tosa Hut found the padrone and his family and associates in hospitable vein, and we were treated to fine beds, and excellently cooked supper and the odd noggin of vino. Bob and "Pop" were well installed when we arrived having steadily kept on around the valleys strenuously resisting the temptation to head off down an inviting strada to Campiglio. I was delighted to find two or three of the residents who spoke French, and was able to enjoy a good old natter and an exchange of pleasantries.

A memorable evening was passed around the kitchen fire with songs and music from all sides, notably, from our point of view, from three Italian climbers who entertained us with their beautifully harmonized local and mountain songs.

Bacon and egg sent us off in happy mood next morning but our hopes of a climb over Cima Brenta were dashed by the mist which was rapidly spoiling all the outlook by the time we had tramped around to Tuckett Pass. So we joined the skiers and returned to Tuckett Hut, full of hopes for the morrow.

Let me here pay tribute to Neil Hamilton who organized us, led us, fed us and put up with us in his own inimitably cheerful fashion; and let me also applaud the organisers and the staff of the New Zealand Alpine Leave Centre for the fine job they have done and the fine holiday they have given us.

W. S. Wood Capt. NZMC.

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Waipukurau, 9/4/46.

Hi Gang!

Before I get started on this long and intensely interesting narrative, let me say at the outset that anything herein contained in no way prejudices my oft-repeated statement - "Tab Ruahines Steenk".

Howsomever, a party of enthusiasts (shod for the greater part with wedgies and brogues) gathered at the Post Office on a recent Sunday morning prepared to be led anywhere in the mountains. I led 'em, all right! I badly wanted to see the Waikamaka Hut again, so there they went, and to my great and pleasant surprise, they went exceedingly well. The Hut was reached in under three hours, which, for absolute new chums, speaks for itself. I might mention that the leader found it necessary, going up the saddle, to stay at the tail of the field in case anybody couldn't make it, or something. It went over, anyway, I hope. We lunched at the Hut, and true to type, they lunched and lounged at length, and were most reluctant to set off up the creek again. The Hut incidentally is in great order, well stocked with wood and carries

the blessings of numerous stalkers indebted to the H.T.C. for a night's shelter.

On the way home, I led the party into Top Camp and tactfully pointed out the need for some sort of bivvy and how nice it would be if the Waipuk. people could erect their own hut etc. etc. The seed has been sown and will need only a little cultivation, and then Waikamaka will not be such a nightmare to some people I know. Remember the winter of '39 June? (sounds a bit like the Klonayke or something, that.)

At all events the whole party came out very happy and very tired and Monday morning were rearing to go again. So keen were they, that a fortnight later, they were at it again and despite a proper muddle through the vagaries of the weather man, a gang of twentyfour, including Ursula's party of six from Hastings, set out for Armstrong's Saddle via Shut Eye. For the second time, the weather was perfect, (ref. my statement third line, 1st para.) and the first party left the cars about 10.15 and being led to the bushline were told "the track's in there somewhere. Help yourselves". Fine leader! Anysay they found it without much trouble and I brought the remainder of the Waipukurau contingent on about an hour later. The track is well defined, although I understand Ailie and Ursula and June decided that it definately needed discing! You'll have to bring a crowd down Norm and decide for yourself. We lunched at Shut Eye, that dreadful hovel, and prompted one of the Govt. cullers in residence to say "Blimey - we haven't seen so many girls for months!" Noel proved a tower of strength by running up to the tarn for water, which was in short supply at the Hut, and after the cullers had turned on a very, very murky brew for us, about half the party set off for the tops to see if there was anything left of Armstrong's plane. There wasn't, and after admiring the view - Ruapehu was visible although girt with cloud -, we turned for home. Five o'clock saw us down at the bottom, and twentyfour very happy trampers headed for their respective nests.

The local trampers are still keen and their next outing will be a week-end to the Kaweka Hut, with of course your permission.

Cheerio kids and all the best.

Cap. Cooke

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From Vera Peplow.

We had a grand trip over the Graham Saddle in glorious weather. Left De La Beche Hut at four a.m. in star and moonlight - a beautiful effect just like fairyland. Our pace was slow and it took us twelve hours to reach the Alma Hut. We set off next morning about 9 a.m. and about tenish we had fortunately got through the worst of the ice fall. We came to a crevasse about five or six feet wide and I shivered on the brink and said I couldn't get a-

across but the others both said I could and I did. One of the men came over in a great leap and somehow tripped on his crampons, pitched heavily on his shoulder and into a water hole. We strapped him up as well as possible and took 5½ hours instead of 2 to get off the glacier. It was rather a grim journey and I felt so terribly sorry for him because he was so terribly keen about everything. We stayed at the Franz Josef on Friday and Saturday but didn't do much there. The bush scenery is lovely of course, but it all seems very enclosed after this side which I much prefer.

On Sunday morning we left for the Copeland with a young English girl who had had no previous experience. In normal time the track would be easy but it is so overgrown at present, you just have to force your way through. It was over my head in lots of places and so we just got soaked although it was a lovely day. We only made the 12 miles to Welcome Hut that Sunday instead of 18 to the Douglas. Left at daylight on Monday and the track was worse and washed away in many places. It was hard going and I certainly have no desire to travel the Copeland again in that state. Clare was almost done and I was tired. Once out of the bush it was alright for us but Clare got far behind when we started to climb. The guide said we would have to turn back, but I just couldn't face the bush all over again. However, we went on and made the Hooker just before dark, had about ½ hour rest, and did the last 6 miles in the dark and you know what that track is like. It took just 13½ hours from the Douglas Hut. A meal was waiting for us and then a bath and bed.

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STOP PRESS NEWS

We have to record with deep regret the departure of two of our most faithful members, Molly Molineux and June Budd.

Molly has left Hastings to take up a position in Christchurch. At a recent Club meeting members wished her the very best of luck and presented her with an engraved ice axe. We were loath to say farewell so we all foregathered the next week at the home of the Club Captain and spent a very happy evening together. Our best wishes go with Molly for her future work.

June has thrown a spanner in the works by announcing from the safe distance of Whangarei that she and Mervyn are to be married on the twelfth of this month. While we regret we cannot be on hand to give June a real tramping send-off, we would like to wish them both every happiness together. A very happy evening was spent at the home of Janet and Lindsay Lloyd when members gathered to show tangible appreciation of June's association with the Club. It was a most profitable evening and June went home with the "spoils" brimming over the top of a clothes basket.

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High School Trip.

A party of nine prefects of Hastings High School left on Sunday 26th May for a projected five day trip, over the Manson and Kaweka country. On Monday night the Log Cabin was reached via Te Iringa. By Tuesday night those who had not previously been to the Manson Hut, slept there while the others camped at the junction of the Manson Creek and the Ngaruroro River. On Wednesday the party crossed the Ngaruroro and went upstream (crossing three times) as far as the tributary coming in from Kiwi Saddle. A wet camp was made beneath the Saddle. Thursday morning brought bad conditions - a soaking rain and thick mist down to the altitude of the Saddle. Camp that night was somewhat cheerless without a fire and without a knowledge of the exact position on the main ridge. By Friday night the boys ascertained their position - half a mile south of Kiwi Saddle, and camped just off the ridge on the Tutaekuri basin.

Faced with the choice of continuing north-east, joining the main range at Kaiarahi (4915) and coming out via the Kaweka Hut, or of recrossing the Saddle and coming out along the ridge leading to the Kuripapango spur, the majority favoured the latter route. Little progress was made on Saturday: thick mist made it difficult to keep to the main ridge. On one occasion the party was almost at the Ngaruroro before retracing their steps. Camp was made just at the edge of the bush line. On Sunday another attempt to reach the road was made, but once again the Ngaruroro was too compelling. Camp was made just out of the last tributary before the bridge. Monday broke fine and clear and enabled the boys to regain the ridge, see their way out (and the searching planes) and get to the road at 2 pm.

The party had kept well together and had come out three days overdue with some provisions still in hand and with spirits still high, in spite of a gruelling experience. The effects of wet clothing and no cooked food from Thursday to Monday were more apparent after the excitement had died down and it required several days of lots of sleep and food before any of the party was at all fit.

As the boys had very definite plans of being out by Friday afternoon, misgivings were felt when they were twenty-four hours overdue. On Saturday afternoon two parents left for Kuripapango to solve any possible break-down in transport, while preliminary search parties of Club members and Rover Scouts also left to make an early start from the road on Sunday morning.

The route in via Log Cabin and Manson Hut to the Ngaruroro, the route from the Ngaruroro over Kiwi Saddle direct to the road, and the route from Kiwi Saddle round the Tutaekuri headwaters to Kaweka Hut were to be covered by the three separate parties. On Monday the tracks of the missing party were picked up and followed, with occasional breaks. The first search party to come out was only some quarter of an hour behind the boys, who by this time were enjoying the hospitality of Mrs. and Miss McDonald.

Forty Club members, deerstalkers and musterers had rallied to a call for volunteers, and arrangements had been made for bigger parties to comb the country after receiving the report of the preliminary parties at Kuripapango. Only two cars had left Hastings when the tidings of the Party's safe arrival brought all arrangements happily to an end.

FIXTURE LIST.

No. 278	4-5th May	Ashley Clinton. Joint trip with newly formed Tamaki T.C. to revisit the Otu- more area.	N. L. Elder
279	19th May	<i>May</i> Te Aratipi- Marae- totara.	N. Tanner
280	1st-3rd June King's Birthday	Waikamaka Hut	M. Molineux
281	16th June	Black Birch Range	L. Holt
282	30th June	Ruahine Hut	H. Baird
283	14th July	Cattle Hill	S. Haraldsen
284	28th July	Shut Eye (+ discs)	N. Fendall
285	11th Aug.	Gwavas Bush	I. Wilkinson
286	25th Aug.	Te Waka Range Titikura	A. Russell

This list is subject to alteration at any time.

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Patron, President, 3 Vice-Presidents, Club Captain, Secretary, Treasurer, Auditor, and an Executive Committee of seven. The Social Committee consists of

No. 278 4-5th May

279 11 May
19th May

280 1st-3rd June
King's Birthda

281 16th June

282 30th June

283 14th July

284 28th July

285 11th Aug.

286 25th Aug.

This list is subject

No 43 is missing from this volume.

Main items are:-

Page 3. Death. Jack Taylor.
4 Equipment.

Page 7 Ruahine Hut. TRIP 282

" 7 Trip 286. Taraponei.

" 8 Transport.

" 8 Ruahine map.

" 9 Tararua story.

" 10 The Duties of a Leader.

" 10 Federated Mountain Club's
F.M.C. Annual M.

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No 2 N 5th May
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