

" P O H O K U R A "

BULLETIN NO. 51

APRIL 1949

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SOCIAL NEWS

ENGAGEMENT . Betty Beckett to George Couper . The Club extends its heartiest congratulations to these two very popular members . We hope that househunting and its attendant difficulties won't interfere with the really serious business of tramping .

FRANK SIMPSON. After landing in no fewer than 40 different countries during the last several years, Frank suddenly appeared in New Zealand for a few months' well-earned leave . He called in at Hawke's Bay on his way to the South Island . We were sorry his visit did not coincide with a club meeting , so that we could hear first hand some of his experiences in air transport .

SEALY WOOD has returned to New Zealand and has accepted a position in the Auckland Public Hospital . We wish him every success in his work.

NORA FINN . Talking of hospitals, Huck arrived in Hastings for Easter and came along to a club meeting. She looked very fit and seems to be enjoying her work in the Christchurch Public Hospital .

MOLLY YOUNG. Molly, one of our best trampers, was suddenly moved to Opunake at the end of the year . We miss her bright smile . We hope she is getting plenty of climbing on Egmont .

RAY CUSTANCE, HUGO McKAY, JOHN BREMNER and BAILEY CARRODUS all departed as soon as University opened, Ray to Canterbury, the others to Wellington. We were very sorry to lose them . We wish them good luck in their various careers and good tramping with other clubs .

This annual exodus of male talent is a big stain on the tramping power of a club so small as ours .

### XMAS PARTY

With a little organisation on the part of the Social Committee our Annual Xmas Party, which took the form of a dance, was held on December 16th . Once again the rendez-vous was St. Barnabas' Hall. Those hearty trampers who enjoy tripping the light fantastic came and made merry . The usual Xmas decorations were to be seen adorning the rafters and the various pillars that are dotted about the floor space - those lovely pillars that make dancing such a pleasure ! Refreshments were provided during the evening and once again there seemed to be oodles of food left over ; but thanks to the ingenuity of our Club Captain, parcels of food were auctioned and a few suckers were landed with the odd cake and bun which we hope came in handy for the next day's morning tea . As usual, the party broke up in rather a noisy fashion , the more juvenile members amusing themselves by wrecking all the decorations and bursting all the balloons .

### CLUB ROOM EVENTS

Archie Toop brought his movie films along one evening and showed us some very good pictures . Some were of club trips in pre-war days . Prominent in these were some of the boys whose names are now on the cairn .

Norman Elder gave us an address on the Kaimanawas , illustrated by lantern slides . This mountain range seems strange and variable in character . Bush grows on the tops where you would expect tussock and tussock grows in the valleys where you would normally look for bush . Then again, river systems blocked by pumice in a fit of pique have changed the whole direction of their course, so that if you attempt to follow down a ridge your way is beset by deep ravines set at right angles to your path . Colenso crossed the Ruahines, but always went round the Kaimanawas . Why ?

The Rev. F.H. Robertson gave us a very interesting talk on White Island . He was a member of the expedition that went there to study gypsum and take a census of the gannet population . His description of clouds of acid fumes and subterranean hisses and groans made us very glad we had not been there ourselves . The photographs he passed round confirmed us in our opinion .

George Lowe gave us a talk one evening on his climbs in the Mt. Cook area at Xmas . In his effort not to bore us with technical mountaineering details he made a traverse of Cook sound as simple as a stroll down Heretaunga Street . It wasn't till we began to ask questions at the end that a hint of odd difficulties began to creep in with mention of cornices, crampons and ice-covered rock . However, he tells the story himself in a separate article in this number .

Angus Russell entertained us with a graphic account of Ngauruhoe in eruption . This talk also is covered by an article a few pages further on .

Another club evening we were confronted as we arrived with a box containing numbers . We were expected to choose one of these . A rumour that it was for supper duty made us rather wary, but in the end it transpired that those with certain numbers had to give a five minute talk on their first tramp . This proved a very popular form of entertainment .

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### CLUB      TRIPS

No. 343.

December 12th.

The scheduled week-end trip to Double Crossing was rather too strenuous a prospect for those who had been taking part in the Rushine search so , deciding on a lazy day, two carloads left for a picnic trip to Horseshoe Bend . The day was warm and in between swims we just sat around and listened encouragingly while the boys gave us some of the unpublished incidents of the search .

Number in Party : 9

Leader - Anybody .

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No. 344.

### HORSESHOE    BEND

January 23rd .

This trip was down on the fixture list as Horseshoe Bend and as it is the best swimming hole in the district , no-one had any objections to going there again so soon after the last trip . Five members and two visitors left Holt's on bicycles about 9 a.m. and arrived at the river at 11.30 . It was a very hot ride indeed so a swim was voted for by all . Then lunch took about an hour . It was far too hot for anything as strenuous as tramping . After much debating we decided to go upstream, find a log and float down, as the Tukituki is a Paradise for this sort of sport . Proceeding upstream for about three quarters of a mile over very uncomfortable stones, we found a suitable log which we launched on its career downstream , diving off it whenever we could . At one stage a snag interrupted our course but this was soon remedied and the rest of the journey was completed without further mishap . The remainder of the day was spent eating and lying in the sun with intermittent swims . A very pleasant trip.

Number in Party : 7

Leader : Doris Torbett .

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No. 345.

### CLUB PICNIC    -    POURERE BEACH

Feb. 5th-6th.

On reaching the coast we found the tide well in, so we left the truck on firm ground and tramped the odd mile along the beach to the camp site . By the time we had had lunch and a swim and erected a few tents, the tide was well on its way out, revealing a long reef of rocks with pools containing starfish, hermit crabs and other biological specimens . We played around among them till hunger drove us back to stew and vegetables . On the Sunday some strolled

round to Aramoana and Black Head and some just swam and sun-bathed till it was time to go home. Pourere is fifty odd miles from Hastings, but it is the best beach we have visited in Hawke's Bay. More trips there next summer, please.

Number in Party: 25

Leader : Lin. Lloyd .

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No. 346.

LAKE OPUAHI

February 20th .

A party of seventeen departed from Holts at seven forty-five Sunday morning bound for Opuahi and with the intention of making a further trip to the Mangaharurus. As we drew nearer our destination, so did the wind increase in strength until by the time we reached the lake it was blowing gale force, obscuring the Tarapounui Ridge in cloud.

A good brew of tea restored the morale of the party but it was decided in view of the unfavourable conditions to spend the day wandering round the Lake. Some of the party walked up to Heayes at the top of the ridge, which commanded a view of the Mohaka basin and the bush country beyond. In spite of the high wind the water in the lake was warm, or so said the bathers. Having had another boil-up all climbed into the truck and arrived back in Hastings just after dark.

Number in Party : 17

Leader : D. Bathgate .

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No. 347

KIWI HUT WORKING PARTY

March 5-6th .

The truck left Holt's piled high with sheets of iron, 3 x 2's and trampers. We unloaded at the willows and carried all material to Swamp House where we had a boil up before setting out burdened with some of the iron and the nails. At the bottom of the shingle slide we decided to go straight up the scree rather than pass the iron from hand to hand through the scrub at the side. It certainly was a speedier method; but the day was very hot and the scree was very soft. As we dragged one foot after another up the slope the most welcome sound we had ever heard was the clang of the sheet iron on shingle as the ones in front threw down their loads and announced a spell. It was a slow trip, but we got there and, what's more, we got our iron and nails there. The following day two of the boys went up to the cairn, the main party went round the tops to Kaweka Hut, while two elected to return straight to the road from Kiwi.

Number in Party : 13

George Lowe, George Couper, George Hay, David Bathgate, Kim Bathgate, Steel Therkleason, Dorothy Hay, Betty Beckett, Ursula Greenwood, Janet Lloyd and three High School Boys.

Leader : George Lowe .

The lorry left Holts at 7.30 a.m. with a mixed party on board. Several strays were picked up along the road, together with a party of scouts who had been spending the night at their Den. Altogether there were 27 on the trip. The day was good but the road was bad producing the usual crop of sick and suffering travellers.

The Fluted Rocks were reached at 9.45 where the party debussed with the exception of two of the males who in a sudden fit of energy decided to go on to the Lakes and clear the track - at least that was the story.

The main body then proceeded to traverse the Blowhard Bush. This is bush well worth seeing, growing as it does in, around and over great blocks of limestone. There are some particularly good Matai trees in this bush. Unfortunately game and stock has free access to it and several trees which had been barked by wild pigs were noticed. An old deserted camp once used by post cutters was found in the middle of the bush. The track to the Blowhard Whare was then followed as far as the Saddle when a detour was made to the left along the rim of the escarpment, down the face of which the party threaded its way to the junction of the fence lines. Here the billies were boiled and food was consumed in quantities varying with the needs or whims of the individual. Two more individuals - females this time - hissed off at this stage while the rest proceeded along to the end of the fence line in the direction of the Tutaeuri - Donald Junction. A route was taken cross country from the end of the fence through fern and scrub and one or two gullies till the Tutaeuri was reached at the Junction. After a little scouting round a way to the river bed was found down a ridge running into a tributary gully. A number of enthusiasts celebrated their arrival at the river by having a swim - around the corner.

On the return journey a much better way was taken straight up a leading ridge and across the face to the fence line. The remains of old fence posts and wires were found here and there among the scrub and ferns. It is hard to imagine that this part was once deemed good pasture paddocks by the people of Waiwhare Station - good enough to be fenced in and stocked.

Another boil up took place at the lunch stop - the two female defaulters having the fire going ready for afternoon tea. A return was made along the top of Sandy Ridge to rejoin the lorry at 5.45 p.m. It was a very interesting trip. It was also good to have Alf Dixon and his lads with us.

Number in Party : 27

Leader : Dr. Bathgate.

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No. 349.

BIRCH RANGE - MAKAHU RIVER

April 3rd.

The weather was pleasant for tramping yet not too cool for river wading - at least in the Makahu. Those who decided to follow the stream down to the truck may look at it differently after making four sunset crossings of the main Mohaka.

The trip ran to schedule as far as Cook's Cottage and was uneventful - apart from being barked at by an aggressive small green lizard. A few deer were sighted but none heard - the roaring appeared to have come to an end.

The stretch out to the road took more time than anticipated and the new road is hardly an improvement on the former creek-bed. Songs in Afrikaans were added to our repertoire. A 6 a.m. start is indicated for this trip in future. In the absence of the leader the party was led by the Club Captain.

Number in party : 14

Leader : George Lowe.

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No. 350.

RANGITAIKI - KURIPAPANGA

Easter 1949.

George Lowe and Angus Russell were actually the only two Club Members on this trip. Alf Dixon and four scouts completed the party. We travelled by truck as far as Poronui Station. We received advice re the route up the Oamaru from bearded cullers as we plodded for two hours up grassy flats to their camp. On Saturday we left at 7 a.m. in frost and reached the saddle overlooking the Ngaruroro near Boyd's hut at 2.45 p.m., after 49 crossings of the rocky, forested Oamaru. We reached Boyd's at 4 p.m. On Sunday the mist cleared as we journeyed up the north branch of the Ngaruroro towards Meungerahi. We got so wet in the breast-high, frosty, wet tussock that we dried our seats in the sun and retreated to Boyd's where Bill G - packed our packs to the Golden Hill hut two hours' distant. The chestnut mare distributed her load over the hillside at Boyd's in true rodeo style.

On Monday we went down the Taruareu to the Log Cabin in six hours, going astray as usual at the three streams when climbing out of the Taruareu. On Tuesday we left the Log Cabin at 8.30 a.m. were on top of Te Irings at 1 p.m. and arrived at Kuripapanga and blackberries at 3 p.m. We emerged from our bags at 9.15 p.m. when the truck arrived to take us back to Hastings.

There was cloud and light rain at the beginning and end of the trip, but otherwise we had splendid tramping weather. We saw and heard about 17 deer. This part of the country is a trumper's paradise being unique in its flora and scenery. Summer, however, would provide longer days and drier feet.

Leader : George Lowe.

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PRIVATE TRIPSKAIMANAWASCHRISTMAS - NEW YEAR1948-49

From the start this was to be a botanical trip - non-botanists to come at their own risk. The first party went in to Poronui on December 21st with a week's rations, the second following a week later with a further week's rations. The original intention was to establish a base camp a few miles from the road head, but with the superior attractions of the upper Ngaruroro calling, this became little more than a formality. One tent was pitched and some surplus rations cached and on the afternoon of 22nd we took to the track up the Oamaru. Some very easy going up a series of river flats in tall silver and red beech, but a much longer valley than was at first apparent and it took us 6 hours to the saddle, reaching Boyd's Hut at dusk, to find it had apparently vanished. Hut No. 3 is tucked in behind some trees, a large malthead structure with 8 bunks, very much like a smaller edition of the Kaweka Hut.

Next day was booked for the Harkness, but a line of interesting bogs below the terraces caused so much delay that we only had time to look into the hidden valley from the saddle before returning cross country by a bush ridge.

On the 24th after a day in the Waiotupuritia, we swagged up to the Mangamingi Hut, a replica of Boyds, but unattractively sited in a dark and muddy corner of the northernmost head under Dowden, and on Christmas Day two of us were away at 6 a.m. cross the divide to the Mangamaire. There were patches of cloud about, but the usual afternoon thunderstorm did not develop and we could identify landmarks from the peaks of the Tararua to Edgcombe and over to Kidnappers. After a pleasant hour and a quarter on the summit, we traversed the northern ridge to 5175' and so home across the Mangamaire, again missing the pack track, which Rosemary however had located. Mick meantime had put in a useful day up the creek behind Dowden.

On Boxing Day we again split, Tony to the Ngaruroro Bogs, myself to Kaitetara, the Greenwoods to the Oamaru, meeting down the track to spend the night at the base camp where we were plagued by blowflies, sandflies, and mosquitos.

A lazy day on the 27th saw us an hour late at the rendezvous, just after the arrival of the second party bringing fresh rations and various luxuries. A dilatory get-away was responsible for night finding us still stumbling up the Oamaru through miles of tussock and bog-holes to the camp.

Next morning the whole party was dragooned into ascending the Oamaru again to Boyds - a heavy slog with 6 days' rations, even though with frequent halts we made a full day of it. On the 29th Tony returned to the bogs while the rest had a free day, some climbing Tapui o Marua Hine, and on the 30th all but Molly shifted camp to the head of the Waiotu-puritia. From here a trip into the Teauranga Taupo and Hinemaia basins had been mooted, but an

examination of the country from Maungarahi discouraged this, a view of the complicated system of peaks and connecting ridges suggesting that a better line of approach would be either from east or west. The return to camp was a triumph of navigation across the featureless forested basin.

In any case the weather deteriorated next day so various excursions were made to points of botanical or topographical interest.

The night was wet, but the weather lifted on New Year's Day and the morning was spent zig zagging down the valley to boil up at the foot. In the afternoon the Elders located Kanawaruru, while the rest worked down the valley to Boyds. The weather was setting in again towards nightfall from the east and on the morning of the 2nd was thick and drizzling from the north. Travelling conditions were fairly good in the bush but the last two hours from the Mohaka were accomplished non stop in heavy drizzling rain from the west. The Red Hut was in shambles of spoiled food, rats and gear, so we transferred for the night to comfortable quarters in the empty lower homestead.

The last morning was no better, but we were soon at the cars and after some trouble with a sluggish starter had surprisingly little trouble in making our way out to the main road. At Tarawera it was even sunny but on crossing Titikura we ran into a fresh weather system coming up from the S.E. with black banks of cloud and mist and signs of heavy thundershowers.

N.L.E.

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#### NGAMATEA SWAMP

10-14 Jan 1949.

My mental picture of the swamp had been formed from the map - a great water-logged oblong, some four miles by three - with the further misinformation that stock had been fenced off its treacherous surface. What a botanists paradise! The Reporoa Bog would be only a pup.

The reality was sufficiently amazing, but it wasn't in the least like that.

On Monday my journey among the Cascade barrels (empty) brought me to "The Strip" - the wide grassy substitute for the access roads to Ngamatea, which are by now deeply entrenched in the soft pumice subsoil and impassible in wet weather. And so to the hospitality of Ngamatea Homestead.

Next morning I established a camp in some Kanuka on the far rim of the swamp and returned by the Golden Hills track to find that the others had made their way out from Taihape and were already thoroughly at home.

The distances are deceptive and by the time we had got into camp complete with bog borying gear and cooked a meal it was dusk.



Tony had us up at crack of dawn and soon after half past six we were away, three back to a boggy stream we had crossed coming in, while I climbed the hill behind us to spy out the land, for so far we had seen no real swamp. Imagine a shallow saucer, perhaps six miles each way, with the homestead pines on the southern rim and a stream draining out beside them. Below me four broad converging ribbons of true swamp, the rest tussocky hummocks of pumice and wandering water-courses. Behind me on the other side of the hill, a smaller plateau apparently draining into Peter's Creek. But the drainage was crazy. Examination showed that this plateau really drained into a hollow under the hill I was on, then south through a little gorge to the edge of the swamp, only to turn sharply and run, so to speak, round the rim as far as the eye could follow it.

When I rejoined the rest with a sketch of this, the bog-borers smartly crossed over to the first of the big swamp channels and started serious operations. One boring was completed before lunch, showing no great depth, but good peat with an intermediate layer of pumice fragments.

In the afternoon Tony and I, followed the creek up through the hill and returned by the head of one of the further channels. The weather was threatening and both parties reached camp simultaneously in heavy rain with a southerly change approaching from the Taruareu Cap. It was a heavy night and a stinker all next day with wind, mist and driving drizzle with heavy showers. Tony's cunning found a tiny patch of dry ground in the lee of our Kanuka clump where there was room for a small fire and 2½ bodies. Here or in our sleeping bags we huddled all day, with occasional alarms as portions of the vegetation died out and went up in flames. That night was even wetter, and an attempt to reguy the tent merely produced a crop of leaks.

Glimpses of blue sky in the morning encouraged us to get away smartly - myself by the track to make sure of connecting with Lumsden, the rest, with more time to spare, traversing the bog along the easternmost swamp-channel. Here they found a number of fresh plants but as the water level had risen considerably over-night the smaller ones were submerged - almost a case for duck-diving.

As the station had arranged for our joint transport to the road, we foregathered at the homestead and were able to dry out a bit and enjoy a welcome lunch before leaving.

The Taruareu valley seen through whirling mist from the top of a cargo of beer barrels (full) was a savage chasm, but with a seat in the cab after Timihanga the scenery subsided to normal proportions and in spite of trouble with brakes, the journey down, though necessarily slow, was uneventful; of course, had the weather been kind, two or three times as much work could have been done, and this visit can hardly be counted as more than a reconnaissance. Its value will depend to a large degree on the examination of the material brought back - but at its highest it can hardly come up to the local speculations, which seem to be pretty evenly divided between coal, gold and petroleum.

N.L.E.

TIKI TIKI TRIP

January 1949.

As the delights of bog boring and the distractions of a storm prevented us visiting the Tiki tiki Bush which lies out on the Western rim of the Ngamatea Plateau, two of us made another trip in for there were some odd features reported about it - red beech where red beech would not be expected and some mysterious pine growing in a swamp.

The bush has been cut since the earliest days of settlement and the grassy glades of the old cuts give a park-like air, unlike anything else in this country. There is plenty of red beech particularly in the uncut gullies of the southern half. The pine really is an oddity - Colenso's "silver pine". He tells that he "heard of it from the old Maoris, but none had seen one for several years, as this tree grew singly in the forests and was quite unknown to the young Maoris". We also found cedar for the first time in the Kaimanewas.

The hut was of similar pattern to the others we had visited. One window had blown in, and on our arrival in the dusk the other blew out behind our backs in a distinctly spooky way. There were also rats - still we were very comfortable in spite of an unexpected snowfall.

Our return had its excitements as the Lumsdens forgot about us and had to be chased to the Taruareu Ford, then at Kuripapanga a stag crossed the road - ! Two skins two haunches and a carcass for dog-tucker.

N.L.E.

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CLIFTON - RONGAIKA

New Year 1949.

Members of Party: Beverly Shanks, Shirley Single, Molly Young and Muriel Shaw.

The above four frightened females were tipped out of the bus at Te Awanga into drizzling rain on the blackest of nights, and stumbled along to Clifton, where we spent the night trying to sleep, (a silly thing to attempt as it was New Year's Eve).

Next morning suffering from lack of sleep and heaviness of packs, we headed for the Cape Kidnappers. The weather gradually cleared and on the whole we appear to have fared better than anywhere else in Hawke's Bay. Our plan was to travel to Clifton - around the coast to Waimarema, and back to Clifton, but the tides were against us.

One day we attempted to reach Waimarema on the overland trail (imaginary trail) but one energetic bull and our knocking knees rather put a stop to it and we contented ourselves with Mataroa, Rongaike, and various valleys empty of BULLS.

We also made friends with some fishing parties at Flat Rock and profited by their good nature to the extent of an enjoyable meal, plus several crayfish to take home .

The weather was hot and sometimes thundery, the swimming was enjoyed by all, and the tramping was a trifle tough as the hills were almost devoid of grass, and therefore rather slippery - and very hard .

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### LAKE TUTIRA

Christmas 1948

Shirley Single and I sat and cooked in the front seat of an antiquated truck which was giving us a ride to the Lake Tutira . One wheel, was held on by a piece of wire, and negotiating the Devil's Elbow was a bit grim, as we both expected to see the wheel dashing along the road ahead of us . The door was roped to the steering shaft, so we couldn't leap out even if danger did threaten . However, we eventually arrived at the Lake in the boiling hot sun and tramped almost the complete circuit of its banks before finding just the right camp site .

Later, being refreshed with a swim, we picked out the highest hills surrounding the Lake and headed for the tops where we had excellent views of the surrounding country . After the camera had put in a bit of overtime, we scrambled down a rocky valley, reaching our camp just at dusk .

The following day, after a few hours exploring various valleys, we packed up and headed for the road, where we were lucky enough to get a car ride (after slogging along the melting tar road for an hour or so ) .

M.D.S.

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### WHAKATIPU . REES . DART . MATUKITUKI . WANAKA .

Feb. 18th - March 4th .

After an uneventful though rather warm journey , the six of us arrived at Queenstown approximately 9.5 . Teaming with rain, and very cold. We camped in an old house in the Camping Ground . Spent a cold night . Lots of fresh snow showing next morning .

Left per Launch 8.30 and experienced a rather choppy and damp trip up the lake to Glenorchy. Arrived 11.30 . Still snowing on the tops. Arranged for a bus up towards Paradise Valley, leaving at 1.15 . In the Bus were two English Tourists who amazed us almost as much as we did them. They photo'ed us ready for the fray . " N.Z. Youth at Play" , cooed one of them. Play ? That little phrase helped us often on our weary journey .

We headed up the Rees Valley following a track mostly . Eventually reached 25 Mile Hut at approximately 7 o'clock . This is on a high terrace and is difficult to see from the river . All the low land handy to the river is swampy, so I guess they had a reason

for it .

Feb. 21st. Perfect morning, frost in the air. The East peak of Mount Earnslaw opposite the Hut gets photographed quite a bit, as does Mt. Clarke and the Forbes Range. The boys donned lipstick here for the first time . There certainly were some amazing sights . Left Hut 9 o'clock following a fairly good pack track upstream . Eventually reached Shelter Rock Hut about 4.30 . Everybody feeling the weight of their packs a trifle . This hut is more suitable for two or three and certainly is more than a trifle small for six . We squashed like sardines on to the Maori bunk made of bits of flattened tin plus stray clumps of snowgrass .

Feb. 22nd. After a weary night no one felt very fresh . However, we got away at 8.15 and continued up the Valley and clambered up snow and snowgrass to Snowy Saddle . Light snow which later turned to rain was falling . We followed down the Snowy River Valley to the Dart Valley , surprising a large herd of Thar . Smelly things .... Snowing heavily whilst we climbed over super sharp Spaniards, super slippery snowgrass and ditto rocks, following a track which suddenly left us "a thousand feet too high" . With loud curses (or similar noises) we dropped down into the valley and with the Dart Hut in view struggled over the beastly swing bridge over the raging Snowy River and thence to Dart Hut . A solid, warm hut, Moir gives time for party with heavy packs 10 hours . We did it in 8 hours . Weighed packs at Dart Hut . Girls 40 lbs. each , Boys 70-73 lbs.

Feb. 23rd. Rained all night and day . No climbing. Spent most of the day patching my torn pack and darning socks .

Feb. 24th. Raining at 3.30 a.m. so the boys called off the climbing day and we packed up and set sail for Cascade Saddle , More snow fell during the night . Low clouds covering tops, though gradually clearing. Quite a few avalanches falling from the Hesse glacier on Mt. Edwards . Got on to the Dart Glacier and slowly made way up the valley, the boys using Crampons (which we nicknamed Mousetraps) Joyce was not very happy on the Glacier, but then neither was I. Eventually Jack decided that we were getting no place fast and we ambled, scrambled and slid our way on to something slightly more solid underfoot . We climbed up and up almost on to the shoulder of Mt. Anstead to avoid rock slabs etc. . George, who had gone ahead and had last seen us at 11.30 was having "Pups" by this time and was quite sure we'd disappeared down a crevasse . Had lunch (?) at 5.30 on the Saddle . On to Cascade Basin. No Bivvy to be seen. Found two poles for tent . A search for more proved fruitless , so we used ice axes . The very air seemed to be trying to freeze . We all climbed into the sack and dined . Mt. Aspiring cleared at sunset and George took a snap of it which should be pretty good. Into the sack once more , cocoa, and so to sleep .

Feb. 25th. Frost in the night, also fresh snow. Camp site is approximately 5150 feet above sea level . Chilly morning. We lay in the sacks and cooked up the breakfast on two primus cookers . Looked like the beginning of a lovely day so the boys divided into two climbing parties and attempted Plunket Dome, Mt. Tyndall and Anstead. Joyce and I did a spot of washing, collected rocks to hold the tent

walls down. (The wind was getting very rough) . Down came the snow and a howling gale commenced . The girls retired to the sack and hoped the tents would not be blown away . They certainly took plenty of punishment . The Boys returned about 2 and 2.30 each party with one peak to their credit , and hair-raising tales about the battle to return to camp ... Later the weather cleared and Joyce and I explored the Cascade Basin, took photos and admired all the lovely alpine flowers in bloom . Sunset on Aspiring was a truly wonderful sight .

Feb. 26th. A promise of a glorious day after a very chilly night . The water turning to ice before we could get the primus going. Naturally all stayed in the sack for breakfast . Down tents, packs up and away . No clouds and beautiful views everywhere we looked . We definitely seemed to be on top of the world . All the small tarns etc. were still frozen as we passed on our way . We climbed up the lower slopes of Tyndall to a rather open bivy site and lunched wisely and well . George had fun trying to photo a Kea, whilst the other lads had other uses for that same bird, who, however, got away . Took various photos of Matukituki Valley, Aspiring, Cathedral Peaks, and then started down the Earnie Smith route to the Matukituki Valley. This has to be seen to be believed .. Crampons have been suggested for any future occasion .. A parachute possibly would be better .. Took Joyce and me 4 $\frac{3}{4}$  hours down bluffs etc., rock climbing , snow grass and much later, bush, to land about 6000' below . GOSH .... We tottered past Cascade hut which is a double tin hut, not very clean or tidy, up the river about a half mile to the palatial chalet ., Mt. Aspiring Hut (N.Z.A.C.) Built of local stones, , iron roof, electric light, wallboard lining, armchairs, etc. large main room, fireplace, mens dorm., ladies dorm., Kitchen, pantry, porch etc. A large party of Phys. Ed. Otago University in possession. Early to bed .

Feb. 27th. Beautiful day. Party sprawled out in the sun eating breakfast and lazed generally. Boys getting ready for an attempt on Mt. Aspiring. Joyce and I escorted the boys as far as French Ridge off Shovel Flats. Returned to Hut. Dinner and bed .

February 28th. Spent most of the day at glasses expecting to see party on Aspiring . In afternoon escorted the Phys-Ed. gang as far as Rob Roy .

March 1st. very strong winds and low clouds . Boys return about 11 o'clock (An impassable schrund prevented their getting on to the Bonar Glaciar, so they failed to climb Aspiring .

March 2nd. Bill Tuck, N.Z.A.C. and I decided to see what Cathedral Peaks looked like at closer quarters, but left it a bit late . Weather rather hot and a trifle thundery . Quite a scramble though young beech . No tracks. Deer roaring on the tops. Galloped madly into all sorts of cactus on the return journey in an effort to get out before dark . The Matukituki River is deepish and swift . We suggested to some cattle they they show us a good place to cross ... they did .... arrived back at the hut 7.15 .

March 3rd. Up, packed and away by 9.45 . Twelve miles to Niger Hut where we collect transport at 2 o'clock . Arrived at the road at 10 mins. to the hour and collapsed and fed, then discovered that Niger Hut was another two miles down the road . Jack and George dashed down and escorted the truck to our resting place . There was on the truck possibly the laziest man in N.Z. He eyed us with amazement and asked us if we ever got tired ? Later he said that his Doctor had told him that he should take some exercise , so he rolled his own cigarettes for two months, but had to give it up ... Beautiful drive around Lake Wanaka, Camping Ground, Showers, Hotel Dinner . And so to bed .

March 4th. Up at 4.30 , breakfast , and away to catch the Bus at 6.15 for Tarris and thence to Timaru, and home .

M.D.S.

EDITORS NOTE - This was really a T.T.C. trip . Muriel is a member of both the T.T.C. and the H.T.C.

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WAIKAMAKA - KAWHATAU

January 2-5th .

### STAN'S STORY

A previous plane search trip had been sufficient incentive for a second and more leisurely look at the country . It was with mingled feelings therefore, that we heard, at the end of the road, that a police party had just moved in ahead of us in search of a deer-stalker who had not returned to camp at Waikamaka Hut . The drag from McCullough's Mill to the Saddle is no easier than it used to be . A certain impetus was afforded by the appearance of two stalkers who reported the return of the straggler to the hut and the urgent need of a doctor . The patient appeared too far gone to take any interest in food or drink, but Doc. Bathgate's bunkside manner gradually prevailed . (Doc's account will appear elsewhere) . The adaptability of the four or five or six bunks in the hut is proverbial, so with the four stalkers, the police party of six and the five trampers there was still room to move about . To make even more space, four trampers were to move on next day to the Kawhatau ; Doc, of course, decided to continue his busman's holiday and see the patient sufficiently recovered to stand the transportation back to the road , and to supervise the handling and negotiating of the stretcher .

Monday, Jan. 3rd afforded a clear view for an hour or so of the peaks to the north and justified the struggle up the scree and along the top to Rangi Creek . Again the orange discs proved their worth . The deer on the flat of Rangi Creek did not insist upon their being shot at more than once . Camp was pitched on the Kawhatau opposite the confluence of Waterfall Creek and just before Waikamaka weather asserted itself . From then on the glimpses of the sun through a veil of rain were just enough to let us hope . We should have known better . A well-fed fire fought the wet valiantly for the next two days . The younger members kept warm by throwing stones in the river until there were very few left . Tuesday gave encouragement for a trip to the top of Hikurangi Range but again

the mist sent us back to a wet camp and a cheerful fire . Wednesday 5th was still misty and wet so we made a quick return to Waikamaka Hut . Reinforced by Doc we tackled the saddle (up the right bank before the waterfall) and the Waipawa which was full enough to prove it could be dangerous with real rain . On the road between the Mill and Fould's homestead where we had left the car, we met two Waipukurau trempers who had previously joined the Club in a trip to the Kaweka Hut . Their regards to "old-timbers like Sam Haraldsen and Arch Toop" (mere youngsters really) placed the senior members of the party as back-numbers (just what we felt like at that moment) .

Mrs. Grégory gave us a hospitable welcome on our arrival at Mr. Fould's house . The Club here has two good friends who are interested in all our activities .

Party : Doc. Bathgate .            Bob Craven  
         Kim Bathgate .           Stan Craven .  
         John Bathgate .

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EDITORS NOTE - The Doc. has very kindly given us on request a detailed account of his rescue work . The treatment required by anyone in such a state of exhaustion and the improvements effected in the handling of the Neil Robertson stretcher are points that should be well noted in case of future need .

#### DOC'S STORY

On arrival at the Waikamaka Hut we found the missing deerstalker safe in his sleeping bag . It was surprising to note how sick he really was and how quickly his condition must have deteriorated . He looked as if he had been desperately ill for at least a week or 10 days . He had had two days and two nights out at a high altitude clad in a thin singlet, a thin army jacket, shorts and gym shoes . This exposure , plus thirst, plus hunger, plus the fact that he felt that he was not going to "make it" all served to produce in a comparatively short time a state of extreme physical exhaustion and shock .

It was considered that with the best cure possible he would not be able to walk out under 10-12 days , so the obvious thing was a stretcher party . With the authority given by Constable Hanna of Waipukurau , who had come in just before us, additional medical supplies were sent for . Included in these was the Neil Robertson stretcher from the Memorial Hospital, plus 200 feet of rope . These were procured in very good time by the men's brothers and friends . The rope was left on the shingle slide in the Waikamaka and the stretcher and other medical supplies were brought on to the Hut .

On Tuesday morning , the twelve bearers were allotted their duties . One half took most of the packs up to the saddle, uncoiled the rope on the shingle slide and returned to the hut . The remainder prepared the stretcher by cutting two 10 foot poles, plus

reinforcing cross poles . The patient's 6 foot 2 inches in height necessitated the lengthening of the bed of the stretcher by means of ground sheets and coats .

The carry-up the Waikamaka was made in good time despite the halts , two men going ahead with slashers to clear the worst of the obstructions . It was quite a rough little stream to get a stretcher and patient up .

At the shingle slide and just past the waterfall , one end of the rope was tied to the ring in front of the stretcher, seven bearers handled the stretcher and the other five spaced themselves out along the rope like a tug-of-war team and at the appropriate signals pulled in the rope . This was done with the whole length of rope in about 3 different stages and acted remarkably well . The Constable made an impressive and effective anchor each time at the far end of the rope .

All packs were donned after a rest at the saddle and some cutters sent ahead to deal with the leatherwood . Going down the Saddle into the Waipawa the rope was used very effectively in checking the too rapid descent of the stretcher party .

The weather was steadily deteriorating as the rescuers wended their way down the Waipawa in the teeth of a howling North East storm of high wind and torrential rain . The vehicle waiting at the end of the road was a very welcome sight and only equalled , if not excelled, by the hospitality at the Fould's homestead .

This untoward incident which might easily have had a tragic ending happened to a man who was an experienced stalker , a man who for some years had been employed as a Government deer-culler in some of the roughest country in New Zealand .

At the time of the mishap he was actually sitting on top of Rangī , when he was suddenly enveloped in a fog which reduced visibility to a matter of feet . He set out immediately for the hut, but without a compass , turned south on the ridge instead of north . Then without sufficient clothing, food or drink or electric torch he was compelled to undergo his hazardous 48 hours on the tops - lost . It was only when the mist lifted that he was able to recognise where he was and make his way back to the Waikamaka hut during a short interval of clear weather . In tramping we should remember the essential things that this man was short of and without which his life was in jeopardy . As has been already stated, this man was a first class professional stalker. Therefore let us always make sure as has been impressed on us so often, that our warm clothes, our emergency rations , our compass , torch and matches are all safely in our packs , even though the day looks fine and particularly when we are tramping in high hills or other difficult country . Finally, should we have to help in this type of "rescue work" , we should realise the person lost will be suffering at least from exhaustion, together with shock (mental as well as physical) . The treatment required for these conditions is warmth, reassurance, fluids (hot and sweet), rest and shelter .

D.A.B.



ANOTHER ALPINE HOLIDAY

Xmas Holidays 1948-49.

For the Christmas holidays of 1948-49 three of us from the Club, John MacIntyre, Hugo McKay and myself, joined Geoff Milne of Wellington for some climbing midst the ice and rock of the Mt. Cook district. The expedition was a great success - not just because of the many mountain tops reached but because of the good fun we had together and the tramps we met.

In some five weeks we climbed 20 mounts between us. Eight were over 10,000 feet and are amongst our highest and grandest hills. The others were of varying heights down to 6000 ft., but height is no measure of success or difficulty, nor of enjoyment.

I enjoyed all the climbs for different reasons. One day (January 6th) John Mac., Hugo, Rod (Geoff. Milne's brother) and I crossed Ball Pass, climbing twin peaks, Mabel and Rosa, en route. These peaks are about 6800 ft. and are considered small compared with Cook, 12,349, and Tasman, 11,475' etc. This was a happy day; it included a 9 a.m. start; a lot of merry talk; the watching of a chamois and its babe engaged in a climbing lesson; many mountain daisies and damp tussock; squadrons of clouds low flying; the crossing of the pass in mist and then rain. Just as we reached Ball Hut a terrific thunderstorm broke, lashing the place with wind and rain and lighting up all the valley in flashes. We enjoyed the storm because we were in beds with many blankets pulled up to our ears listening to the rain on the roof.

Midst the snow we experienced terrific heat. During five days we sweltered at Malte Brun Hut, the temperature in the hut was around 90 degrees F. during the day. One morning at 4.30 a.m. the temperature was 60 degrees. This softened the snow and made climbing laborious. Outside the hut one hot afternoon the temperature was 140 degrees plus - plus because 140 degrees F. was as high as the thermometer went.

When counted in hours' actual climbing time is small. Many of our hours were spent pleasantly at the Hermitage, sometimes playing tennis, dancing, meeting other climbers, but mostly eating and sleeping. On off days I read several books "Ten Little Niggers", "Fire over England" and "The Lodger". The last I kept in my pack and it went to several peaks with me, including a traverse of Mt. Cook. I kept the volume but unfortunately left it on my bunk on "Rangatira".

As to high climbing, Geoff and I were usually roped together, our starts being made about 2 a.m. each day from high huts. Each day the problems were how to find a route through icefalls, and how to climb loose and solid rock walls. Our most difficult and exciting climb was a small peak called Coronet (8,260ft) This took 12½ hours to surmount though only 2000 feet from the glacier, but 2000 feet of steep snow and ice, some steep, snow-covered rock, and lastly a great crevasse and ice-wall out of which we chopped several hundredweight of ice to make a platform.

Our grandest and most memorable climb was a traverse of the summit ridge of Mt. Cook, which is  $1\frac{3}{4}$  miles long. This was a perfect climb on a perfect day (17th January). At 7 a.m. we were at 12,000 ft. and stepping along the knife-edge summit yodelling madly for sheer joy. At 9.30 a.m. when most people are only feeling the start of the working day, we were standing on the top of New Zealand. There is a deep satisfaction in standing at an altitude of 12,349 ft. and still having one's feet on solid ground.

George Lowe.

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### NGAURUHOE IN ERUPTION

Feb. 28th - March 4th.

On February 28th, about a fortnight after the main lava eruption, I got off the service car at the prison camp track at 5 p.m. and reached the Mangatapopo Hut at 7 p.m.

At 8 p.m. a small stream of lava erupted, crashing noisily down 500 ft. and sounding like large rocks. There were fourteen eruptions during my stay. All except the first sent up smoke, though about seven of them only churned and rattled in the crater. Four others did the same, but with a bang as well and four ejected white hot rocks and ashes, also with a bang.

As in an earthquake, the first sound from a volcano compels all your attention. You wonder what is going to happen. Visibility was perfect night and day. I chose a bunk from which I could watch the mountain at night.

On March 1st there were short eruptions at 12.35 a.m., 1.35 a.m., 2.5 a.m. some lasting about ten seconds, some thirty. One at 3.5 a.m. lasted six minutes, emitting smoke, fiery ashes and rocks. At 8.5 a.m. there was a loud shot, rumble and smoke.

I inspected the north-west slope where nearly all the heavy ejecta had crashed. Rocks weighing from three to twelve tons had bounded over and dug holes fifteen yards apart, while black lava bombs had dropped vertically and churned the earth like shell-fire. Some bombs had shot as far as five-eighths of a mile. Every slope was covered with scoria of varying size, pieces being up to nine inches in diameter and all ready to slide. Ascending and descending was a cruel penance. I found the crater a jumble of rocks, no vent visible, no activity, as dead as a smouldering rubbish dump. But at 4.20 p.m., just after I had returned to the valley, bang she went again. Shots that evening lasted for ten minutes or more, one at 6.14 p.m. being accompanied by a reverberating rumble that filled the valley and caused the hut to vibrate.

After a spell of over twenty-four hours there was another bang and a fiery shower at 5.40 a.m. on Thursday. This was repeated at 11 a.m. when I was high up on Pukekaikiore nearby.

The crash of falling rocks, the velocity and volume of the

uprushing smoke make a man feel puny even at a safe distance from this immeasurable power. God help anyone on the crater's rim.

Angus Russell.

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### EASTER IN THE WAIKAMAKA

Our party of 5 comprising David Sherry, Don Douglas, Don O'Neill, Colin McLenachen, and Cyril Davy left Hastings in bright moonlight at 4 p.m.

We arrived at the Waipawa river about 7 o'clock to find two deer-stalkers, Bob Gloyn and Colin Fowler camped in a pup tent. By this time a dismal drizzle had set in but, nothing daunted, we boiled up, changed into shorts and parkas and took the trail. The deer-stalkers who accompanied us proved excellent companions, working in well with all our arrangements. The trip in was tough, especially the last stretch up to the saddle as it rained heavily and a bitter gale buffeted us on the exposed river bed and on the saddle. The hut was reached in  $3\frac{1}{2}$  hours. We sighted a stag en route but failed to get a shot at him.

That night heavy snow fell, the countryside the next morning made a beautiful sight. Our somewhat nebulous plans had included a trip along the tops to Howletts and back the following day, but to tell the truth, we all slept in so late that we rather willingly abandoned this ambitious project. Instead we plumbed for a bit of deer-stalking, and a general exploration of the Huts environs as for most of us this was our first visit to the Waikamaka.

Our programme was as follows - Saturday, The whole party went up the stream to the Rangi Saddle, then divided into two parties, one going up Rangi and back via the Waipawa Saddle; the other making its way along the Rongotia Ridge and back by the scree. Sunday: After some discussion as to the relative merits of the two routes to the Rangi Saddle, we again divided into two parties, the first going up the river taking 1 hour 10 minutes, the second taking 55 minutes up the scree and along the tops. This seems to prove the case for the ridge route as the party had dry feet as well! Owing to a misunderstanding the Ridge Party didn't wait on the saddle but went off on a brief stalk, leaving a note under a rock away up the ridge - of all places! Consequently, when the river party arrived on the saddle there was nothing to show that the others had preceded them, so after waiting  $\frac{3}{4}$  hour they too wrote a note which they left conspicuously on the saddle. Then they proceeded down in to the Kawhatau via the disced track and the Rangi Creek. After shooting a nine-pointer stag at the Junction, they were returning when the other party arrived rather peeved at having been fore-stalled! Thence back to the hut where the Cooks turned on a stew, soup etc. quite up to the Club's usual standard. Monday. The weather had deteriorated so we packed out taking  $2\frac{1}{4}$  hours thus concluding a most enjoyable trip. The whole party was unanimous in their thanks to those members who erected the Hut and blazed the trails, thus making trips like this possible.

C. Davy.

EASTER IN THE KAWEKAS.

We left Hastings at nine o'clock Friday morning and by noon were enjoying a combined sunbathe and lunch at the Swamp House . After selecting our sheets of iron and fixing really snappy handles of wire, manuka, or a damask serviette (according to taste) we tottered along the track towards that delightful place known as the Shingle-slide. However, after an extremely long hour we all agreed that our heavy traffic license had expired . A four-day pack plus two sheets of iron is just too much ... certainly . The iron was left under manuka for the night, and on we scrambled up the shingle-slide which gets tougher every year . Along the tops we had a wind of gale force and odd spasms of hail to contend with and we were very pleased to reach the Kiwi Saddle Hut at approximately 5.15 p.m.

A beautiful fire was lit , so nice that every one preferred to sit by the fire most of the night . Although we retired about 8 o'clock, the entire party was up again from 1.30 to approximately 3 a.m. just keeping the fire company ... AND having a boil-up too . Fresh snow was around next morning, Cold ???

Saturday morning greeted us with low clouds, and we hesitated to return to the LUVELY pieces of iron waiting for us over the hills . By 10 a.m. however, we had no excuse as the mist had lifted , so away we went with empty packs, oilskins, odd bits of food etc. which we left at the last patch of bush on the tops . A billy of snow was left in the sun in the vain hope that it might melt by the time we returned, and away we joyfully sailed down the scree, collected the iron and then really started climbing . This took considerably more time than expected, and it was a very hungry crew who eventually enjoyed their boiled snow'n cocoa, and bread and honey at 3 p.m. After an hour or so walking sideways through scrub, trees etc., (we were carrying sheets of iron, remember ?) the hut was reached and our burdens carefully tucked away . The boys were given wood and water duty, whilst the girls DID the stew . This was easily the best stew ever made in the Kawekas .

We had planned to leave Kiwi Saddle Hut early Sunday, but low misty clouds made us wonder if perhaps we should cancel our trip to Kaweka Hut via Trig J and the Cairn . However, we started off at 7.45 a.m. and shortly afterwards the clouds lifted and a more perfect day in the mountains could not be had . Deer were roaring in all directions and fresh hoof marks were seen everywhere . Photos were taken of Ruapehu, Ngauruhoe, Stags, etc. An early lunch was enjoyed on 4915 , and then without packs we galloped off to Trig J. A little way on towards the Old Fence Line a great battle was fought with snow as ammunition . 1½ hours later we were shouldering packs and heading for the Kaweka Hut , which owing to the fact that we dropped down too soon and landed in the cactus was not reached until about 5.30 . A long and very enjoyable day .

Unfortunately the previous occupants of the hut had neglected to dry the billies and very rusty, dirty-looking billies they were too ., three of which had to be thrown away as they were useless .

Breakfast on Monday lasted for several hours, the leader

getting hers in bed (other parties please note ). The weather had definitely changed and rain was not far away . After a wood chopping contest and a lunch of hot scones etc., we set off for the road . Once in the Lake District we found ourselves surrounded by eager stalkers . With a brilliant Tartan shirt in the front of the party and a bright yellow jersey at the rear, we managed to evade being taken for the "bag" the stalkers were after .

We left per truck at 4.20, still hacking at the last loaf of bread and using up the last scrap of honey, and looking back at where the mountains were now obscured by what looked like snow falling. We certainly were lucky with the weather for Easter 1949.

Number in Party: 5 Shirley Single, Muriel Shaw, Les Crisp,  
John Mitchell, Peter Lowe .

Leader : M . Shaw .

#### NEW MEMBERS

Members elected at the last Committee Meeting were - Alva Cutler, Alan Oulaghan, Bill Wilkie, Bernard Piesse and Geoff. Piesse. We welcome them to the Club and wish them good tramping .

#### ADDITIONS TO LIBRARY

Our thanks are due to Norm. Elder for his generous donation of two books to the Club Library - "Waipoua National Park" by McGregor and "William Colenso" by Bagnall and Petersen .

William Colenso might be termed the forerunner of trampers in Hawke's Bay . His parish extended south to Wellington and West to Taupo and Inland Patea . In his zeal he journeyed twice a year to Wellington and back on foot, tramping down the coast from Waimarama and returning through the Weirārape, or vice versa . At least once a year he also made the journey to Inland Patea , often making a double traverse of the Rushines, but sometimes on the outward journey tramping through Kuripepeānga or round by Taupo. All H.T.C. members will find this book particularly interesting .

#### SUBSCRIPTIONS

Many of last year's subscriptions are still unpaid . The August number of "Pohokura" cannot be forwarded to members whose subscriptions for 1948 have not been received .

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FIXTURE LIST

May 14-15th	<u>KIWI HUT WORKING PARTY</u>
May 29th	<u>RABBIT GULLY</u>
June 4-6th	<u>KING'S BIRTHDAY WEEK-END</u>
	<u>KIWI HUT WORKING PARTY</u>
	or <u>WAIKAMAKA - HOWLETT'S</u>
June 26th	<u>HAWKESTON GORGE.</u>
July 10th	<u>MAORI ROCK - KOHINERAKAU.</u>
July 24th	<u>SHUT-EYE SHACK &amp; TRIG 66.</u>
August 7th	<u>TE MATA PEAK</u>
August 10-20th.	<u>CHATEAU TRIP - SKIING.</u>

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