

HERETAUNGA TRAMPING CLUB (INC.)

"POHOKURA"

BULLETIN NO. 54.

APRIL 1950

PRESIDENT -

L.H. Lloyd,
St. George's Road S.
Hastings.
Telephone 4346.

HON SECRETARY -

Miss U. Greenwood,
Duart Road,
Havelock North,
Telephone 2569.

CLUB CAPTAIN -

W.G. Lowe,
"Sunnybank",
Hastings.
Telephone 2951.

HON. TREASURER -

Miss Muriel Shaw,
116 Queen Street E.
Hastings.
Telephone 4428.

....

SOCIAL

NEWS

Mary Moroney and John Bremner were married just before Xmas. The Club wishes them every happiness in their new home in Wellington.

We extend hearty congratulations to Shirley Single on her engagement to Allan Besselman.

Wendy Pascoe has left to join the WRNS in Auckland. Our good wishes go with her.

Congratulations to another of our members in the WRNS, Nancy Tanner has received her commission and is now acting third Officer.

Members of the Daphne Ridge Club formed on Howlett's search were interested to see Vernon Stout's name mentioned in connection with more rescue work, this time in the South Island. A fellow deer-culler cut his leg open with an axe and Vern came out post-haste to get help. Leslie Owen, mentioned in the same report as being in charge of the deer-culling in that area was well known to the H.T.C. in the early days of the Club's history.

Peg Morris is having an entertaining time in England. The following is an extract from one of her letters :-

" I have just come in from hunting, what, what ! but nary a fox nor a hound did we see ! Last week I took my "new" bicycle for which I gave the large sum of £2:15:0, and rode to the meet at Ampfield, a small village about 3 miles away. It was my intention just to watch the start of the proceedings, but, as there were several people on foot and bikes, I tagged on to a lady who looked as though she

meant business and knew where she was going . It turned out to be a good pick, because it was Mrs. Master-for-hounds and she knew all the tricks of the trade . However, she withdrew early in the proceedings and then I was left with three old boys, (who'd all been following for forty years and looked it) and a Miss G... ; a real enthusiast . It was a perfect day and we had lots of fun though I didn't actually see the old fox then . However, although it wasn't exactly like scrambling up the Waikemaka, it did stretch the legs and I thoroughly enjoyed the country and woods which have been perfect this November . My co-hunters all insisted that I share their pork pies and sandwiches and were most kind and friendly, so much so that I received a message yesterday to meet Miss G.. today and go off in a different direction - however, we spent so much time hunting for the hunt that we didn't catch up at all . So much for my hobnobbing with the gentry . My next appointment is Monday so I'm told - I'm enjoying myself immensely, being a lady of leisure . I've been in the country most of the time so I can't speak for London though I have passed through several times and ridden on the Underground in a most nonchalant fashion as though finding my way round the metropolis is kids' stuff ! Hampshire, where I am at the moment, is a lovely county - I have never seen so many trees, outside a bush . Romsey is a typical little market town, with very narrow winding streets and a very fine Abbey . I must say I find some of these villages most attractive though I'm well aware that they might possibly be more romantic than sanitary ! I love the way the farm buildings' mellowed brick and moss covered tiles just melt into the landscape - they tone perfectly, and give one a most satisfactory view . So far I've penetrated into Hertfordshire, Kent and Hampshire - as Hants is my headquarters for the time being I've seen more of it, and the more I see the better I like it . There's a village called Twyford just round the corner and a few miles in the other direction is the country estate of the Delgetty clan, (Delgetty and Co.) so its rather funny how things repeat themselves . My longest trip to date last Friday by bicycle to the villages of Wallop - Middle and Nether . Did you ever hear such names ? But they're applied to two very charming little places".

.....

PRIVATE TRIPS.

HIKURANGI , EAST CAPE.

Hikurangi rises from the coastal plain to about the height of the Kawekas and is asherring gutted as the top of the Peak , which makes a spectacular combination . Beside it lie Whanakea, nearly as high, and Wharekia, perhaps 4300' , which are even more sheer, so the country is something of an eyeful . It means an awful lot of travelling , but the Coast from a service car is both interesting and entertaining and the stray pakeha is made very welcome .

This was a K.T.C. fixture, but after the usual crop of withdrawals there were left two Kiwis and two botanists . Transport proved easy as a bus runs three times a week right up the Tapuwaeoro Valley . We made our base at the Klondike Hut 1800' but would have used our time better had we taken a tent to the bush

edge (3750') . There is little bush on the northern face, but on the southern side it runs as far as the eye can see, with a few leatherwood tops in the direction of Arowhana and one long bush valley running S.E. to the Motu .

Someone has recently put a match to most of the leatherwood on the mountain, creating a scene of desolation, but redeemed by acres of giant buttercup in flower . The ridge above this is fairly narrow and we were blocked by a dirty little shingle-shute as the boys had no nails . Time did not allow us to sidle the south side far enough to find another route up , so we failed to make the trig .

Next day we broke camp and sidled the foot of the Wharekia cliffs on our way back to the road .

N.L.E.

...

WHAKAPUNAKI.

On our way south Tony and I dropped off at Tiniroto to have a stab at Whakapunaki , the prominent landmark that stands up across the Bay behind Wairoa . It proved to be a huge limestone block tailing off in a long line of white cliffs in a sou'westerly direction from 3200' at the trig to the Te Reinga Falls where the road and the Hangeros River cross it . It is flanked by deep gullies, so that Tiniroto is the wrong starting point . We had to slog back up the hill and find our way across the head of one of these gullies, where we camped .

Next morning we found a way to the top of the scarp and worked along it to the trig which is a magnificent viewpoint from Hikurangi by Arowhana and Maungapohatu to Waikaremoena , then to Ruapehu, the Kaimanawas and Kawekas . Planes were crossing all day, apparently using the white cliffs as a beacon .

There are several thousand acres of fine beech forest, red and silver with queer looking spiderwood (nei nei) everywhere in the undergrowth . We followed the scarp further, but a hot day on a waterless limestone top has its drawbacks and when we came to a cut track we pelted down it in search of water . Before we found it we were well out of the bush and the afternoon was wearing on . That night we spent below the scarp and poked about next morning - all afternoon too, for we had muddled the service car timetable and only reached Wairoa in the dark to doss in a Sahara-like sandy motor camp, with Tony's botanical trophies laid out beside us like a window-box display .

N.L.E.

.....

THE HOODOO OF BOYD'S BUSH

Friday the thirteenth was the date on which the Hoodoo of Boyd's Bush was finally laid and the corpse can now be pinned out on a map for all to see . Arch will remember a day party over Te Reinga that crawled home at 2 a.m. Geoff. Piesse, not to mention the Otaihape T.C., one pouring evening with night coming on and the streams running the wrong way .

The Key to Boyd's Bush is one measly little saddle, so low that it is masked by the tall timber, almost plumb in the centre .

It divides what looks like one valley, cutting diagonally right through the bush from the trig, into two, so that the stream draining S.W. from the trig at this point doubles sharply back east and finally across the road and through the Comet to the Ngaruroro. Beyond the saddle a fresh stream drains S.W. like the other tributaries of the Mangataramea.

Parties coming down from Cameron Camp and missing the track invariably, in trying to head these tributaries, take this creek from the trig to be one of them, cross it and then the trouble starts. One remedy is to find the track, another to find the saddle, though one joke is that the track doesn't cross the saddle, but crosses the stream some 200 years West of it by a bridge - yes a BRIDGE.

First the track: From Cameron Camp go down the ridge towards the Hogget, another bridge, - yes a BRIDGE - is on the way. The track then turns south, across a flat, almost obliterated by pig-rootings, then down the side of an old burn in manuka towards the saddle. From Boyd's you merely follow the logging track, neglecting recent blind turn-offs running out to the left.

Alternatively you can reach the saddle quite quickly from the trig by dropping down a bare spur running south from near it. This is itself a blind spur, but if on reaching the bush line you bear left, almost south, you are on a ridge which takes you down a good way. Once you get well down, it is time to work rather to your right till at the drop off into the bend of the creek you are travelling about west. Hoodoo Spur would be a suitable name for this curving spur.

N.L.E.

.....

OPAWA BUSH, TAUPU.

A solitary Maori family made us very welcome at the timber settlement - the rest of the gang were weekending in Taupo - and when we turned down his suggestion of dossing in one of the half-finished Forestry-pattern residences as too palatial, offered us the use of a friend's hut. The friend was most affable when he blew in on us on Monday morning, complete with his week's luggage, liquid and other.

The Opawa Bush lies on a fairly level pumice plateau, and is 5 miles long and 1-2 miles wide, most of it in heavy matai, rimu and miro - not so dense as Ball's clearing, but a lot of bush and a lot of country involving a good deal of travelling by sun or compass.

In the morning we cut across it and of course ran into a lot of steep dry pumice gullies, only one carrying water. The bush was full of birds. At most halts we were inspected by a solemn robin, but most were high up in the tree tops. One strange loud musical call took us some time to trace a flock of Kakas.

In the middle of the bush we had come across some beautifully adzed old boards lying near a rotting totara stump and on the far side came to the remains of an abandoned village with large kanuka growing on the hut sites. Most interesting was a petaka, not carved but very neatly built, still standing with some of the thatching still on, a pine tree, some poplars and strawberry plants still struggling against the bush, but dead cherry trees.

We worked our way back to the logging track on a parallel course, then packed up and set off, intending to traverse the bush to the far end, but when we reached the logging gang and enquired about tracks and particularly about water, they advised us to go back and drop down to a bridle track running below the plateau. Once down in the manuka we must have over-shot the track (easily enough done for the flat was covered with "brumby tracks"), so we struck up on to an easy-looking ridge towards a patch of bush. This was a trap for we presently found ourselves on the lip of a sheer sided gash, 300-400 feet deep, through which the bush drained into the main valley. After a scramble we landed upon a thicket of toi toi beside the stream at the downstream end and hacked out a queer but very comfortable camp.

Next morning a useful bridle track took us over a low ridge and into the inner valley of the Hinemaia which runs for miles across open flats between the Opawa Bush and the main bush of the ranges. We had intended to get into this but a friendly warning about wild cattle made us cautious. We saw none but got some handsome scares next day. I had got to within a chain of the bush edge when a repeated mooing noise persuaded me to cut short my tour. Tony was taking a photograph quite near camp when a bellow from the other side of the manuka clump likewise drove him off. In the upshot our main adventures with livestock were the antics of a bush rat running from tree to tree in the dark, and a wekā that trod heavily on my head in the middle of the night and caused a mild panic.

We had come up the valley by a route with the imposing name of Te Moko o te Renginui, though no track is visible to the eye. The cascades shown on the map are most impressive, the whole river spouting through narrow-streamlined chutes. We found two more such cascades one above our camp and the other on our way out.

It was now time to turn back. The site of the Kainga of Wairoa is overgrown and produced another adzed plank but little else. All these settlements built up against the bush in remote corners and yet so near Taupo makes one realize the strong pull of the traditional way of life to the Maori.

As we were now doing the trip in reverse our next move was to reach the southern end of the Opawa Bush and traverse the length of it till we picked up the logging tracks. There were no tracks along the ridge but plenty of thick manuka and it was only on looking back that we found we had been quite close to a logging road running down the Waipahi. The route involved some 2½ hours travelling by compass on a zig-zag course to get round the head of a stream and worked out quite well. Our most interesting find was an old pigeon-snaring trough still lying at the foot of a large miro. We sighted two dumb-founded pigs, a somewhat quicker-witted deer, and again a great number of birds.

The finish of the trip was rather an anticlimax. On the steep and narrow road of the plateau there is in effect a one-way traffic system as the loaded timber-lorries cannot stop and you cannot pass them anyway. Had we stayed in we should have had to go out early with the morning run or risk missing the service car, and water shortage and fire-lighting were additional complications. So we went down to the river and instead of rimu and matai and bell birds we had manuka and blackberry and mosquitoes on the edge of a littered picnic ground. We must go back though, with a rifle this time, and shoot our way in past the bush edge to Te Iringa.

N.L.E.

PORONUI - BOYD'S HUT.

The tramp there and back from Poronui Station on the Taupo Road to Boyd's Hut on Ngamatea Station is a pleasant, interesting trip, traversing as it does the headwaters of two of the biggest of our Hawke's Bay rivers, the Mohaka and the Ngaruroro. Our party of five had six days' tramping in fine weather and in country new to the majority of us.

The first day and a half we spent at a logging camp picturesquely situated on a pumice terrace overlooking the bush-filled basin of the Mangatoetoe River, a branch of the Taharua, which in turn is one of the two main headwaters of the Mohaka River. The bush is mixed beech forest with a good stand of red beech at the lower altitudes. It is part of the Kaimanawa State Forest and selected trees of red beech are being taken out for fence posts and battens. We saw here a good example of how our native forests can be farmed, but not destroyed. The trees to be cut are first marked and numbered by a forest ranger, then felled, sawn and split into posts and battens. These are removed with the least possible damage to the rest of the bush or the forest floor. The bush remains almost intact and regeneration occurs over the felled areas. What a difference between this method and the usual story of total destruction with droughts, floods and erosion to follow!

We had a very happy stay with the "boss" and his Dutch wife who had been held by Japs in Java as a P.O.W. for three and a half years. In spite of her chemistry qualifications and her command of five languages she enjoys life at the bush edge with her husband and children. Her nearest neighbour is at the Rangitaiki Hotel, fifteen miles away.

We spent a full day in the bush, going up on to the Te Iringa ridge on the divide of the Tauranga Taupo River. From the top of the ridge we had tantalising glimpses through the dense bush of the upper basin of the Tauranga Taupo with the various peaks well known to our Kaimanawa trampers - Maungarahi, Dowden, Makoreko, Ahipeape, etc. and beyond them all, Ruapehu.

This day showed among other things the desirability of always carrying a compass when travelling in bush country, particularly if it is new country. No party in our H.T.C. should ever go out without at least one compass, preferably two in each party. At one stage in the bush we found ourselves quite happily going down the deep gorge of a stream heading due south into the Tauranga Taupo instead of going, as we should have been, due north back to the logging camp, food and shelter. Against all "natural instincts" and bushcraft we followed the compass and scrambled up the steep slopes back into the Mangatoetoe and safety.

We left the car at the lower homestead and tramped through to the cullers' camp where we met three rather disappointed Auckland deerstalkers who had made an unsuccessful attempt to get through to Boyd's Hut. They had apparently turned off the Oamaru into a big tributary up which they had come across a shag rookery.

We pitched our tents on the banks of the Oamaru, about two miles up from the cullers' camp. While sitting outside the tents we saw a wonderful demonstration of aerobatics from a troupe of five native bats which werestarting their day's hunting at dusk. There are two varieties of our bats - one with a long tail and short ears, the

other with a short tail and long ears . Those we saw had no noticeable tails, but they didn't stop still long enough for us to see their ears . They are our only N.Z. mammals . Their speed and the quickness of their turns amazed us as they snapped up the insects flying in the air above the river . Bats are supposed to be almost blind and to depend on a system of radar to enable them to get about and hunt their prey in the dark . Supersonic sound and echolocation are used . What an advance we could make in navigation and flying if only we could copy their methods .

We found the journey up the Oamaru quite long, following as we did a blazed trail which was continually broken by river crossings . Bird life in the Oamaru was not plentiful . There were some large rainbow trout in the bigger pools of the river .

The outlook at the Oamaru Saddle is very striking . We walked out of the sombre shade of the Oamaru bush into the golden afternoon sunshine of the upper Ngaruroro River basin . We just had to sit down and enjoy seeing it all again - the flat, open river valley clothed in the beautiful red tussock, the Golden Hills saddle, Boyd's rock and the other high hilltops .

Boyd's Hut was reached at 6.45 p.m. and was a welcome sight . It was very heavily infested with rats . All parties, I am sure, should carry rat poison on hut trips to help knock back these pests . We spent two nights at Boyd's . The bird life was interesting . On one beech tree all at the same time were feeding 4 parrakeets, 9 whiteheads and 3 rifleman . Both cuckoos were heard, an occasional Kaka, and Tuia and Bellbirds .

Our return trip down the Oamaru was uneventful, but it still seemed a long way . We saw several red deer in the bush as well as some Japanese deer in the Mangatoatoa . In the Oamaru we also saw a jet black fantail which is quite a rare bird in these parts . We also explored an old Maori Pa site before returning rather regretfully to civilisation .

It was a delightful trip with no great hardships, full of interest and enjoyment .

D.A.B.

CLIMBING IN THE COOK-TASMAN AREA.

The H.T.C. Climbers went their own ways this year and I found myself in a T.T.C. party bound for the Hermitage . The three of us spent most of the time weather-bound, although every available climbing day was made use of .

We packed 130 lbs of gear each in two trips up the Heast Ridge and dug a snow cave on the Grand Plateau side of Glacier Dome . We looked out of the tunnel on to Cook, Dempier, Silberhorn, Tasman, and Lendenfeld , the five highest peaks . The next day we left at 3.30 a.m. and climbed Engineer Col, traversed Lendenfeld on to Marcel Col and dropped on to the Fox Glacier . We then returned in thick mist and howling wind over Pioneer Pass .

Two days later we left at 1.30 a.m. and cut on to Silberhorn Ridge . The last 200 feet on to the summit of Silberhorn took three hours of step-cutting . We traversed Silberhorn and continued up the Ridge to Tasman . About 200 feet from the summit, with probably 10-15 minutes of easy going to the summit we took account of the numbed and frostbitten limbs and turned back . By this

time the wind was gale force, a big cloud bank was approaching rapidly and cloud was scudding over us leaving flurries of snow. We had reached an altitude of about 11,300 feet. We came down at full speed, sidled Silberhorn and set off south along the main divide into the murk, hunting for the elusive Mt. Leichelmann. We traversed sundry bumps and 2 larger ones before we dropped on to Clarke's Saddle, so we presumed we had traversed it. We found afterwards at the Hermitage that the last peak we had done was it.

Coming down Clarke's Saddle gave a minor diversion - a 35 ft. crevasse jump when we found ourselves cut off - we measured it for the cynics.

With indecent haste we fled the avalanches of the Linda Glacier and arrived at the snow cave at 7 p.m. in sleet. The weather became worse and three days later we left - for me Weimerama and sunny Hawke's Bay.

H. McK.

MORE BAD WEATHER IN THE MT. COOK AREA.

A friend who is a member of another Club and myself had arranged an interesting and suitable trip for beginners: a round trip from the Hermitage over Pioneer Pass and down Fox Glacier up the West Coast, and back up Franz Josef Glacier and over Graham's Saddle. The trip takes about six days and we allowed ten taking hopefully of some easy climb in the Tasman valley if we got back with days to spare.

We went up to Heast Hut in bright sunshine. The next day was doubtful and our guides suggested instead climbing the Anzacs, two 8,000 ft. peaks below the eastern face of Cook. The weather held, and we had a very pleasant day, though I had the usual beginner's difficulty in trying to do simultaneously all the things I was told to do with my ice-axe, rope and crampons.

"Pioneer to-morrow" said Jim at tea-time. By 3 a.m. the wind was blowing sleet against the windows and swirling cloud hid the Tasman glacier 3,000 feet below. We stayed in our bunks all that day and all the next day. Although it was the week before Christmas all my clothes and nine blankets scarcely kept me warm. The third morning our guides grimly uncoiled their rope and we gingerly descended the ridge, now deep in new snow, and retired to the Hermitage. By evening the storm had cleared.

There was now too much snow and too little time to carry out our original plans, so we re-organised. Gwen went off to climb Mt. Sealey; I indulged my passion for seeing around by going up the Hooker valley to the Gardiner hut. The first night at Hooker Hut was made memorable by hearing the story, well-told in the darkness after lights-out, of Peter Graham's experience of "The Hooker Hut ghost". Next day we went up to Gardiner through the Hooker icefall, and I was able to admire safely from the end of a rope the full beauty of those glittering, green crevasses. We rose at 3 a.m. next morning to have a go at Harper's Saddle, where I was promised a view over the Divide into the Cook river valley and the Le Perouse glacier. About an hour below the saddle we were turned back by bad weather which won by a length our race back to Hooker, where we arrived wet in a flurry of snow.

Unable to bear the thought of walking tamely home, we waited through a rough afternoon for signs of clearance. By 3.30 a.m. it was sufficiently fine for us to set out across the Hooker and over Ball Pass. Even there bad weather pursued us, blotting out most of the view and following us down the snow slopes on to Ball Glacier. We arrived at Ball Hut about 11.30 a.m. to see the bus which should have waited for us disappearing down the road.

We left the Hermitage next day in brilliant sunshine. Looking back at those lovely shining peaks we could only murmur, like so many others, "Next year".

H.C.H.

....

HITCH-HIKING IN THE SOUTH ISLAND.

After the ten day trip in the Spenser Mountain with the Club I set out on a hitch-hiking tour of the Southern Lakes district and the West Coast.

I travelled by express to Dunedin, but the weather there was not to my liking so I caught a bus to Roxburgh. The next day I hitch-hiked as far as Cromwell, having a look at the Roxburgh Hydro Works on the way.

The road from Cromwell to Queenstown passes through the Kawarau Gorge. This seemed to me uncrossable owing to the steepness of its sides and the swiftness of the river, but the early Maoris used to cross it by what is known as the Natural Bridge, a rock arch reaching from side to side. I was admiring the scenery and having a feed when I suddenly spotted a car coming my way, so I hastily packed my swag and successfully thumb'd a lift right through to Queenstown.

Queenstown has beautiful public gardens. In these there is a large boulder bearing an inscription to the memory of Captain Scott. This stone was brought down by the Wakatipu Glacier and left in the present position when the ice melted.

I took a boat as far as Elfin Bay. There I ran into Tubby Farrelly and party. Tubby is a foundation member of the H.T.C. Her party was going in the same direction as I was, up the Greenstone River to Lake Howden, so we travelled together for a while. From Lake Howden I moved off in the direction of the Homer Tunnel and the Te Anau Road, arriving at Cascade Creek camp at mid-day. At the hotel I had one of the nicest meals of the trip.

I sat down by the roadside and waited patiently. Sure enough, before long, a car came on the scene travelling in the right direction and I got a lift to Te Anau. After a boil-up, as it was such a pleasant evening, I decided to tramp on a bit further before camping for the night, but I hadn't gone far before I was picked up by a car which was heading for Invercargill. The said car was an ancient model already filled to overflowing with people and luggage, but the boys said they had been on a hitch-hiking tour themselves the year before and they had sworn when they set out by car this year that they would never pass a lone hitch-hiker without offering him a lift.

I dropped off at Lumsden. There I wandered into the hotel, got talking to the proprietress and said I would like to find out a bit about the early history of the town. She said her

father was the very one to talk to and she would take me up to see him. He was in bed. I said I didn't want to disturb him if he was in bed, but she said that was quite all right. He had been in bed for three months.

After Lumsden I decided to head back via Dunedin and Christchurch and go over to the West Coast. The longest lift of the whole trip, a mere four hundred miles, got me over Arthur's Pass to Hokitika in record time. I was able to see the famed West Coast bush and beautiful Lake Kanieri, but then the weather broke and I took a bus through Greymouth, Westport and the Buller Gorge to Nelson and on to Picton, where I boarded the boat for Wellington and home.

B.W.

.....

WANDERING IN THE SOUTH ISLAND.

After a few days of welcome civilisation in Christchurch the call of the outdoor was once again answered and it was with light hearts that Peter Smith and I set out for Arthur's Pass, 3020'.

The cool air of the Pass was so refreshing after the heat of Christchurch that little time was wasted in settling down and in true tramping style we journeyed forth to see what was offering. After admiring the Alpine flora growing in the township we left the road and followed a well defined track leading to the Bealey Glacier. This route is often used by climbers to gain Mt. Rolleston, one of the finest Peaks in the Park. The Glacier itself is only frozen avalanche snow, fallen from the ridges about the Lower Peak.

Treading warily, we examined the blue depths of this uneven flow and were amazed at the amount of weight required to break through the thin arch above the stream.

On our return we had a fine view of Avalanche Peak and the Pass itself. The following day we walked through the Otira Gorge and saw a fraction of the Westland beauty. Behind us Mt. Rolleston stood guard over the Pass, offering a more rugged appearance to the Westland visitors. As the weather became gradually worse we returned to Arthur's Pass and there back to Christchurch.

With no particular plan in view, I once again let my feet be the master and several days later I found myself in Queenstown. Here the offer of a launch trip to Nicholas Homestead seemed too good to miss and in the middle of the night, I was whisked away to the far side of the lake. From the homestead a good track follows the lake for about 3 miles but then becomes very overgrown. Trying to push on, I found that it didn't pay to argue with such things as wild roses, blackberry bushes and lawyer vines, so instead chose the snowy water of the lake for my trek. Luckily the lake remained calm and I pushed on as hard as the water permitted. Reaching Elfin Bay, 12 miles, tired and leg-weary, nine hours after setting out, I decided to wait and catch the steamer to Kinloch Point the next day.

From Kinloch point the bus takes one several miles up the scenic Routeburn Valley. This valley passes between snow-capped peaks and never loses sight of Mt. Earnslaw.

From the road the track swings across the river and then winds for five miles up the valley. This walk was very different from any other I had ever done. The undergrowth and ferns are so green. The river cascading and winding its way through the tall forest, fascinates one and only too soon is the tramp over.

Near the huts the valley opens out and the splendour of the surrounding snow-capped peaks is unfolded to the trumper. However, this was to be only part of my reward, as half an hour later, the peaks were lit up in a blaze of golden light - the prettiest sunset I have ever seen.

From the huts the track leads two thousand feet to the Homer Saddle. A two hour climb brought me to Lake Harris and another hour to the top of this saddle. From here there is a glorious view of the Routeburn and Hollyford valleys. Following up the Hollyford Valley, the track leads through very fine varieties of *Celmisia* and *Ranunculus*. Looking back a further view of Lake McKellow and the West Coast can be had before dropping 1000 feet into Lake MacKenzie.

From Lake MacKenzie the track once again leads into the bushland and after a very pleasant walk past various waterfalls, I reached Lake Howden. The following day I travelled to Milford Sound and after launching around tramped along a section of the track. Once again I was struck with the beauty of the scenery that New Zealand has to offer.

Regretfully I left the Sounds and returned to Christchurch via Lake Te Anau.

M.H.

.....

ASPIRING AND AFTERWARDS.

Geoff. Milne and I usually go somewhere together and for 1949-50 it was to the Mt. Aspiring district. We had been invited along with others as part of the climbing party in the filming of an ascent of Aspiring.

Geoff. had climbed Aspiring before and assured me that it was easy, all the photographs I had seen seemed to say differently. It was Christmas '47-'48 when he was there and that was the first occasion on which a snow-cave was used as a climbing base. Since then it has been almost common practice.

About the middle of December we travelled to Lake Wanaka. No-one was there to meet us and we stayed the night in the hotel. The next day was perfect so we soaked our boots in the lake and took photographs. Later that day the Film Unit van arrived and we met the photographer, Brian Brake; the minstrel, as we called him, Douglas Lilburn; the bard, James K. Baxter; the artist, John Drawbridge and one hanger-on, an architectural student. Altogether a very intellectual bunch!

The bard impressed us most deeply - Firstly as a prize sap; and later as a first class companion in every way, a very good poet, ghost-story-teller and card player.

In the film unit truck we crawled up the valley to the Aspiring Station carsheds. Jerry Aspinel who runs the station came from the homestead a mile away with a heavy team of draught horses and a huge dray. We bundled in and trundled off. This mile requires a fording of the main streams of the Matukituki. It was

swift and quite deep .

That night we dispersed ourselves to sleep in odd nooks in farm houses, but before this we watched Jerry connect with the outside world by radio-telephone .

The journey up-valley next day was almost a safari . There were 4 pack-horses - 4 riding horses and 7 men on foot . This day was one of our few good days . The walk up to the big Matukituki hut (sleeps 40) is easy and as the river moves in a great curve there is always a further view coming into focus . At the Rob Roy junction we stopped to spell and look up into the Rob Roy Glacier that cascaded down into the bush . This scene deeply impressed our minstrel and bard .

We arrived at Aspiring Hut early one afternoon about 20th December and for the next three and a half weeks it rained on some part of every day except one . Naturally the film was not finished, but a lot was completed; in fact all the valley and build up sequences were completed in short sprints between rains . Because we did not climax the trip by taking the cameras to the summit of Aspiring it doesn't mean the trip was unsuccessful .

The party itself was a very happy one which at one time consisted of fifteen . We had some gay impromptu parties and great feasts .

Because of the weather there were parties continually weathering in the hut and I did more sitting round a sock-strewn fire reading digests, dozing, tea-drinking and talking than I ever have before . Aspiring Hut was where about nine-tenths of our time was spent . The other tenth was spent in several ascents and descents of French Ridge, to the Bivvy five times, beyond to the Quarter Deck (up on the Bonar Glacier) four times, six nights in snow caves and seven hours one morning in a traverse of Aspiring peak .

Aspiring can be climbed comfortably from the French Ridge bivvy - a small but new and well appointed hut - but the film was to be made from snow caves on the Bonar Glacier . The reasons were nearness to the mountain and the crevasse scenery and the story was to show a snow-cave as a climbing base . To prepare for this an air-drop was to drop large quantities of food and equipment on the glacier . A small party of us went up to wait for and collect this . Our wait covered several days and finally one evening the sky cleared and promised a fine day . We decided to attempt the S.W. ridge of Aspiring . At 2 a.m. we left the French Bivvy with sleeping bags and food for the snow-cave we had built on the glacier . Dumping these loads at 6 a.m. at our cave we roped in a party of three and set off a little later for the S.W. ridge .

It was an unusual climb because eleven people did it that day . The ridge had been climbed only once before thirteen years before and was reputed to be difficult . A 53 degree ice-slope on the last 400 feet has to be surmounted . The first party were already on the ridge like flies - a party of four who had a snow cave at the foot of the ridge . We followed and reached the summit an hour behind the first party . The third were a pair of the fourth another private pair and these reached the summit some two hours after us .

The climb is a good one and requires cramponing a steep snow ridge for a thousand feet . Then you enter a steep ice gully and cut steps up to the summit ridge which is an ice-cap . The top is sharp but the wind was sharper and we didn't stay long . We descended the

N.W. or normal route which finishes with a short rock climb. At 1 p.m. we were back on the glacier. I can now agree with Geoff. and say that Aspiring by the normal route is a very easy climb.

Our nights in the snow caves were comfortable, but all during terrific storms. Inside a cave you hear no wind and the fiercest storm troubles you not. But comfort in a cave is only comparative. If there was ever a hut or a bivvy nearby I would leave the cave. If there was a tent near a cave in bad weather, I would stay in the cave.

After Aspiring we had still two and a half weeks of holiday and passed this time at the Hermitage. Both my arms were out of action and I rested mostly. Amongst other things we climbed Mt. de la Bache, crossed Grahams' Saddle and then flew back over the ranges one perfect morning. We spent other days hut-bound in arctic conditions but that only makes the story too long.

- George Lowe.

....

ADDITIONS TO LIBRARY.

"Mountain Holidays" by Janet Adam Smith. This was presented to the Club by Heather Collins.

"Camping and Woodcraft" by Kempthurt.

....

REPORTS OF F.M.C. ACCIDENT COMMITTEE.

Merle Gwynne : Holdsworth, December 1949.

There are two main lessons to be learnt here : one is the heavy responsibility involved in taking a large and inexperienced party over even comparatively easy country. The difficulty is to see that instructions are punctiliously carried out by people who are not in the position to realise the risk involved. The second lesson is that storm clothing should always be carried under conditions where a sudden change of weather could prove dangerous. Failure to do so is the commonest sign of inexperience.

The use of trained bloodhounds in a search of this type is being seriously considered and the question is being taken up with the authorities.

J.F. Keenan : Taramakau River, December 1949.

The party of five had an 80 foot rope, but did not use it and attempted to ford with interlocked arms and linked ice axes. The river was swollen and discoloured and when the riverbed began to shift underfoot the end man lost his balance and was swept away.

The report points out the difficulty of judging the state of a ford and the importance of playing safe and using a rope if there is any doubt at all.

.....

ACCIDENT INSURANCE.

It must have occurred to you at one time or another that providence watches over trampers when you think of some of the places we get into and our antics in getting out of them. Of course accidents shouldn't happen and they seldom do, but there is always the possibility.

Most Clubs have considered accident insurance, but the risks are so vague that the cost of a policy covering all club members would be prohibitive. The F.M.C. is now circulating an offer made by the N.Z. Insurance Co. for the cover of individuals which is worth the consideration of active trampers. \$1 a year may be quite a good investment if you happen to be the one who makes that false step and if this scheme is going to be a success it will need the backing of members of clubs.

...

IGNIMBRITE SADDLE SEARCH.

The Northern Keimānawa have provided their fair share of excitement. One Hawke's Bay party has been treed by wild cattle, another came out at Hautu on a compass course in thick weather and a third rang through from Ngāmatea three days over-due just as a plane was being sent out. When Auckland rang through late one night to say that an A.U.C.T.C. party had become separated near Ignimbrite saddle a week previously, there was a certain air of familiarity about the situation.

As the missing party had a week's rations there was no particular urgency, for the weather had been bad, and it could be assumed that they would need three days' clear weather to find their way out, which would give them till the night of Thursday 16th February. Meantime preparations were made for a search should one be necessary.

Auckland's first need was maps. An H.T.C. party had made a trip in and out from Taupo in 1945 to locate possible routes, and this and later information had fortunately been put on a tracing in connection with some of this summer's trips. Thanks to the Aerial Mapping Co., helio prints of this were rushed off and both Northern and Main Keimānawa maps were flown to Auckland and in the hands of their committee within 24 hours of the first message.

The set up that developed was that the Wanganui police working from Ohakune were running their own search, or rather a sort of rescue operation to Ignimbrite; Auckland were standing by with search parties and Hawke's Bay was supplying maps and information. The M.T.C. (Palmerston North) had also been warned and through Ngāmatea it had been arranged for someone to visit the Mangamingi Hut.

On the third day when it might be expected the missing party would turn up, things started to move. The police party got away and an Auckland party started to move up the most likely exit route, while some cullers turned up at Ngāmatea and took on the other route through the Mangamingi. With the two main routes blocked it seemed possible to limit the search to the area between - most probably the rivers running into Taupo where earlier parties had met trouble.

As it was obvious that in case of a search being called ground parties would take as long as two days to get into position, it was clear that air cover was going to be of immediate importance, so during the day the situation was discussed with our representative on the S.A.R. (the central search committee in Wellington). Up to

this point no Hawke's Bay parties had been warned, and an urgent message to send a party up to Poronui that night caused rather a flutter. At short notice Deerstalkers' Association and Rovers' parties were made up, together with an R.E.C. party and there were nine H.T.C. volunteers available. In the meantime enquiries were made and it was apparent that the parties asked for would be under police control, outside our scheme of search and in any case travelling over country which was already being swept by the deer cullers. Accordingly the parties were held in case a general search was called next morning.

At 10.15 a.m. on Friday morning S.A.R. took over, Forty searchers were standing by in Wellington, Levin and Palmerston, 15 searchers and 12 R.E.C. in Auckland, 17 searchers and 2 R.E.C. in Hawke's Bay. Army were establishing a base at Turangi and supplying transport for parties. While ground parties were moving into position air patrols were concentrating on the valleys between Ngapuketura and The Lake.

The placing of these parties was rather overwhelming. Six or seven were to be put in north of Ngapuketura, a radio base at the Mangamingi, and a party into the Rangitikei lower down to block that exit, with two standby parties at Turangi. That didn't account for the whole number, but it was difficult to see where they could be used immediately.

Just as final arrangements were being made to collect our parties at embussing points a patrol plane reported a ground signal from the Waipakihi, "77", which we interpreted correctly as "LL" (party all safe) road upside down. As the Waipakihi party was led by Geoff Wilson, a veteran of many searches, there was little possibility of error and his runners were out to the Desert Road smartly to confirm that the missing men were well and able to travel out.

The question now was where had the party been during those ten days? The natural guess was flood-bound in the Tauranga-Taupo, but we were wrong. As information trickled in it turned out that they had missed Ignimbrite and dropped into the Rangitikei. After a couple of nights there they decided to go on with the trip, and just as the other two dropped down from Ignimbrite to look for them they took off round the head of the Rangitikei. In the Mangamaire they overshot the Mangamingi saddles in thick weather and got into the Panoko, which they followed down to the Ngaruroro. They appear to have decided to follow this down to Kūripapanga, and needless to say got stuck almost immediately in the upper gorge.

After a couple of days the weather cleared and they decided to retrace their steps, which they did smartly, just nipping across Ignimbrite between the police party coming up the Waioata and the cullers at the Mangamingi. The report of the Auckland search inquiry has not yet been issued, but the main sequence of events is fairly clear.

It is of local interest that at their farthest point they were on the Hawke's Bay boundary and within six miles air line of the Manson Hut. (It should be mentioned that the cullers had picked up their footsteps, both going and coming where they had crossed the main track at the Panoko, so that had further search operations been necessary there was one valuable clue.)

What is of general interest is that this was the first try-out of the new S.A.R. organisation and the results were most

16.

encouraging . The hold-up at the beginning with the Wanganui organization searching and the Auckland organization standing by was beside the point as the party were merely overdue and there was no reason to suppose they were in trouble . Once their time limit was up things moved fast and in spite of minor hitches the organization was there for the conduct of a large-scale search .

One difficulty in the organization of search parties was the shortage of leaders in the club with knowledge of the Kaimanawas, though it appears likely that this will be remedied before very long. Departures from the Province, matrimony and Anno Domini account for practically all those who were out on the last Kaimanawa club trips . For this reason the Deerstalkers' Association and the ex-Rovers, both of whom had men available with considerable experience of that country were called on in the first instance .

N.L.E.

....

CLUB TRIPS.

WORKING PARTIES.

It was revealed at the last Committee meeting that the transport fund was exhausted. As most club trips still have to be subsidised fairly heavily the Committee thought a few working parties might be a good idea in order to build up the fund once more . This was brought up at the next meeting and as a result two parties went fruit-picking in Mr. Lindsay's orchard , one on March 12th and the other on March 19th .

There were 10 in the first party : Helen Hill, Kath Neligan, Janet Lloyd, Lin Lloyd, Norm Elder, Steel Therklason, Allan Proffitt, Allan Cowan, Les Tucker, Ken Thomas ($\frac{1}{2}$ day) .

In the second party there were 9 : Muriel Shaw, Helen Hill, Ken Thomas, Des O'Neill, Walter Shaw, Peter Smith, Derek Conway, Allan Cowan ($\frac{1}{2}$ days), Norm Elder ($\frac{1}{2}$ day) .

The resulting cheque amounted to £19:6:7 .

....

No. 370.

WAIPATIKI BEACH.

December 10th - 11th .

The weather looked perfect for a picnic weekend at the beach when we set sail from Holts for Waipatiki with 13 aboard the truck, two following up under their own steam . We selected a nice spot in the bush for a camp site and for a short while everyone was busily engaged erecting tents. The billy boiled and lunch consumed, everyone moved off down the track to the beach . There was much swimming and sunbathing - and sunburn . The truck driver kindly left us the tarpaulin from off the truck and this was erected by means of ropes stretched between trees to form a big canopy large enough to accommodate us all . It was under this canopy that we partook of the evening community stew . Afterwards everyone returned to the beach where we built a huge bonfire and sat singing around it until suddenly it began to rain . There was a hasty retreat back along the beach to our camp site and by the time most had arrived back they were very damp indeed . The canopy came in very handy, one of the tents leaked so badly before anyone had even entered it for the night that it was decided to sleep under the canopy . Angus and Dave were

very wise. They stayed under the cliff until the rain was over and then toddled back to camp quite dry.

During the night several visitors came to call on us : First came Dave Sherry and another just as everyone had settled themselves down for the night . After much hullabaloo they departed back to town and peace once more reigned over all . The next visitor was by way of a hedgehog sniffing curiously at the, amazing bags bundled up in a heap . Some unfortunate had left his bread out and this the hedgehog duly took away with him and had half scoffed by the morning . A rat, too, payed a call, but decided there was nothing attractive enough amongst the selection of bods to its liking .

Morning dawned bright and clear again and after breakfast the beach was hot favourite again . During the morning Philip Finch and a friend arrived per motor bike . Muriel , Mabel and Walter arrived about lunchtime and close on their heels came Peter Lowe . The afternoon was spent in various ways, some on the beach, some walking around the bluff and some practising climbing out of "crevasses" with a rope . I think everyone had a most enjoyable weekend .

Number in Party : 15 plus 6 Leaders : Betty & George Couper .

Party: Dave Williams, Angus Russell, Shirley Single, Pat Bolt, Ngairi Usherwood, Wendy Pascoe, George Lowe, John MacIntyre, John Mitchell, Ken Thomas , Alan Cowan, Mervyn Hawkin, Stan Woon, Betty and George Couper .

Sunday Party: Muriel Shaw, Walter Shaw, Mabel Wyatt, Phillip Finch, Graham Martin, Peter Lowe .

.....

No. 371.

CHRISTMAS IN THE SPENSERS.

Dec. 23rd - Jan. 6th .

Our party of nine left Hastings at 10.30 p.m. per Newman's and arrived at Palmerston North at 1.30 a.m. where we had 3½ hours sleep(?) in the bus before heading for Wellington and the Ferry steamer . On the rough daylight trip to Nelson - 9 a.m. to 9 p.m. - trampers as well as porpoises were seen diving .

That night was spent at the Tahuna Beach Camping Ground and the following morning (Dec. 25th) we left per special bus for Lake Rotoiti, pausing for breakfast (real country style) at the Mokepiko Hotel . Rotoiti was reached at 10.30 and after re-packing , etc. the party headed towards the Traversé valley at the other end of the Lake . Rain was falling steadily and lunch half-way around the lake consisted of wet bread and butter, rain water, cold meat, rainwater, lettuce, cheese, rainwater etc. If thirsty, a cold drink from the lake was the answer to that one .

At the head of the lake we were met by a party from the Hutt Valley Tramping Club who directed us to an empty hut further on . After crossing with care the already flooded Travers river, and with the hut in sight, one or two members of the party decided to get thoroughly wet, and fell or jumped into a deep waterhole - one camera suffered - but it DID brighten up the day for the onlookers .

During the night two shooting and tramping parties arrived wet to the skin from up the Valley where their camp was now under water .

This made the hut very crowded. Imagine 16 people in a 12 x 10 shed with no bunks, one fireplace, and lots of wet clothes. We hoped the weather would clear and decided to press on up the valley. The streams and rivers did not look as high as the previous night. We left the hut at 10.15 and experienced heavy showers now and again. Because of the coldness in the air we were making jolly good time when we were stopped by a roaring, bubbling, torrent. This was the Hopeless Creek and impossible to cross. We camped two nights on the banks waiting for this creek to drop sufficiently for us to continue up the valley. A miserable wet camp was this one; cold, too, with glimpses of snow falling on Camel and Hopeless Mts.

Dawn, December 28th, was beautifully clear, and in the excitement of photographing Mt. Travers at the head of the valley, the leader fell and sprained an ankle. However we packed up and headed up the Travers Valley, gradually climbing all the way. That night tents were hastily pitched among a few lonely trees at 4000' whilst snow fell, gradually getting heavier and VERY COLD. Much difficulty was experienced in getting the fire going that night. John and Bill fanned the fire with tin plates, but seemed only to succeed in sending clouds of smoke in each other's face. Suddenly like music we heard the hisses as snowflakes landed on the billy lids, and we realised that things were on their way to getting cooked, for there was heat in them-there billys. Camped nearby were four lads from the Pease Tramping Club, who allowed us to cook part of our meal on their fire, which was much appreciated.

Dec. 29th. After a miserable night it was a great sight to waken and see blue sky above the brilliant white snow on Mount Traverse and realise that we had a fine and sunny day. After 5 cold, wet, miserable, days, it was hard to believe. Sleeping-bags, tents, clothes, all damp, were hastily spread in the hot sun and dried rapidly. With packs up we were away by 10, accompanied by the Pease T.C. boys, heading towards the East Sabine valley via Travers Saddle. With fresh snow the going was tricky, especially for those without experience on snow. A rest and scroggin was had on the 6000' saddle at noon. The route into the Sabine could have been improved, but whichever way one goes it still is a long drop to the river. Several deer were seen and one was shot for food. A welcome boilup was had when we reached the river at 4 p.m. after which we continued up the East Sabine until a decent campsite was found at 7 p.m. In this bushclad valley most clearings are swamp or rocks. The party was rather weary and snowburnt, and after a huge meal, sleep was the ideal thing.

Next day was fairly easy with 5 hours very gradually climbing towards the Col leading into the Clarence valley. We camped amongst snowgrass, rocks, dracophyllum, and an occasional scraggy leatherwood tree at about 5000'. We were by now above the bushline. The weather looked settled so we each found a soft spot and slept that night without pitching the tents. Mount Franklyn and surrounding snow-capped peaks looked beautiful in the moonlight. The Pease T.C. boys had attempted to get over the Col but thick mist prevented them from doing so. They camped only half a mile away in cold damp mist whilst we being a little further down the valley were lucky with our clear moonlight air.

On the 31st December with a long day ahead of us, we were up and packing at 4.30 a.m. The day once more gave promise of fine weather and the valley rang with whistling and singing. The climb

to this Col is a trifle steep for heavy packs , but boot nails, finger nails, and ice axes all did their stuff and after almost 3 hours the party arrived on this 6750 ' high saddle or Col. Far away in the South beyond the Waiau river valley Faerie Queen could be seen quite clearly, below us the Clarence valley looking so bare and rocky after the heavily bushed valleys we had been travelling through, and to the North Mt. Mackay so close and yet - ah well, we must get on into the Clarence .

After the scramble over rocky scree (too big to be fun) and then down a long snow slope that was fun, a boil-up at the first dracophyllum bushes (no wood in this valley) certainly was welcome . It was here that the valley echoed with a plaintive cry " But I LIKE jam" !!! The sun was very hot and this valley was very long . Our boots were softened with the many days rain, river crossings, snow etc. and feet were not happy . Bill changed into sandals halfway down this valley and finished the trip in them .

Lake Tennyson was a welcome sight towards the end of the day and as we had planned to stay in a hut half-way around the lake, we plodded on, some climbing on the hillside, others wading around the edge and being targets for those above . It was here that Molly did her Bog diving exhibition to the mixed horror and delight of those speed merchants who were lucky enough to be handy . After 10 $\frac{1}{4}$ hours we arrived to find the hut in use, so camped nearby. Molly and one or two others who felt sufficiently dirty, went swimming in the snow-fed lake, BRRRR!!

It was New Year's Eve. In various camps were two parties Auckland University Tramping Club, Paes T.C., and of course the Heretaunga T.C. The H.T.C. Managed to sit up until 10 o'clock but midnight was too much to expect .

January 1st was a beautiful morning, though cloudy . We left the Lakeside about 8.15 heading over the Maling Pass 4273' to the Waiau Valley, where we watched Bill carefully stalk and shoot a deer. Quite exciting really . After lunch we ambled down the valley to the junction of the Waiau and Ada valleys . Once more boots were annoying tender feet . After rolling under the electric fence and through the bull paddock to the safety of another electric fence, we could breathe once again, and look for a camp site . (How I hate bulls). Then -- surprise - fresh gooseberries ! Tiredness was forgotten as the fruit was gathered in preparation for the evening meal at our camp in the Ada Valley . This beautiful valley is like the Kentucky Bluegrass country that Hollywood films show us with beautiful horses roaming about . The horses were there, too . About 70 or 80 came to see what we were doing, then when cameras were ready they galloped away over the daisy carpet that was the floor of the valley, into one of the numerous groups of Beech trees . With the snow-covered Mt. Faerie Queen at the end of the valley and a very blue sky above, we all wished for colour film in our cameras .

At our camp at the junction of the Christopher and Ada rivers we had as neighbours two British lads now working as Govt. deer Cullers . We envied them their job in these delightful surroundings, (we also envied them their freshly made camp bread for we had only Service biscuits) . However, we made some pretty good girdle scones which disappeared very quickly . Bill went shooting up the Christopher and came back with steaks for breakfast.

As this was a rest day it was spent mostly in sneaking someone's book and having a read, slapping sandflies, or general

exploring . The trip list read " Reading Matter - if taken - please restrict to a Digest - this will prove ample for the party " . Unfortunately only two heeded this, whilst others took that jolly fine " Safety in the Mountains " . So we read, re-read and read again " Safety in the Mountains " , and can quote "if in doubt, sit down and have a smoke " , at the most inconvenient moments .

The weather was rapidly changing and we headed over the Ada Pass to a camp site at the head of the Maruia River . A number of deer were seen in this valley . The wind was now very strong with misty rain . At 7 p.m. we were joined by our friends of the Paua T.C.

It was hard next morning to encourage the cooks on duty to leap out of sleeping bags into the wet and windy morning . However, we left camp at 8 and headed through the heavily bushed valley and Cannibal Gorge arriving out about 10.15 . Neither party had a notion of how to get to the road, over a thousand feet above us, through extremely thick, wet, bush . There should be a track, but - ? So we made one of our own and duly arrived on Lewis Pass, did a hasty $3\frac{1}{2}$ mile road walk to Maruia Springs Hostel, where afternoon tea was demolished in true trampers style , after which hot thermal baths were enjoyed .

We left Maruia Springs per Newman's at noon the following day for Christchurch, where we left Bill and Mervyn to continue their wanderings, whilst we caught the Ferry to Wellington, the train to Hastings and home .

P.S. If taking tinned stuff take a tin opener . (That doesn't mean John Mac with his ice axe, but one of those kitchen gadgets.)

Number in Party 9:

Molly Young, Pat Bolt, Philip Finch, John MacIntyre, Ken Thomas, David Sherry, Bill Wilkie, Mervyn Hawken, Muriel Shaw (leader).

No. 372 .

TITIOKURA & TARAPONUI

Jan. 22nd.

In spite of a forbidding sky , thirteen assembled at Holts for the trip to Taraponui and we picked up one more at Clive .

On the way up the Taupo Road we picked up two chaps who were hitch hiking round the North Island . Both had quite interesting tales to tell .

As we sidled along the range after leaving the truck the temperature was very hot at times, but in between it was very cold, calling for coats and jerseys . We arrived at the hut at about 12 o'clock to be greeted by the nauseating smell of rotting goat meat . One brave soul removed the offending morsel of putrifying protein . We had a quick lunch, but the leader decided that there would not be time to reach the trig and so we headed back home . On the return trip we had the interesting experience of walking just outside the edge of a downpour of rain .

Number in Party 14 :

John MacIntyre, Steel Therkleson, Ken Thomas, David Sherry, Philip Finch, Graham Martin, Des O'Neill, Helen Hill, Wendy Pascoe, David Bathgate and a friend, Dave Williams, Bailey Carradus, Allan Cowan leader: John MacIntyre .

No. 373.

POURERE BEACH

Feb. 4 - 5th .

Eighteen left Holt's at 9 a.m. just as it began to rain . This didn't augur well for a beach trip, but, as it happened , the worst of the rain hung around Hastings and once we reached Pourere there was not really enough dampness to spoil our enjoyment .

We collected our wood where the road hits the beach . This was fortunate , as there was practically no wood at the camping ground or anywhere near the cottages . Incidentally, we collected a couple of Katipo spiders along with the wood, but nobody got bitten .

In the afternoon we explored the reef and swam . Next day we wandered round to Areamoana , finding very superior crabs, etc. among the rocks round there . We had to leave early so that the truck could get along the beach ahead of the tide .

Number in Party 18 :

Janet Lloyd, Muriel Shaw, Shirley Single, Pat Bolt, Doris Torbett, Margot Hamilton, Lin Lloyd, Ken Thomas, Allen Cowan, Walter Shaw, David Sherry, Peter Smith, Dave Williams, John Williams, Des O'Neill, Mervyn Hawken, Brian Pedersen, Stan Woon .

Leaders, Janet & Lindsay Lloyd.

...

No. 374.

MAKARORO.

Feb. 18 - 19th .

As the Kaimanawa search party were being disbanded they were asked if they were prepared to go on with the scheduled trip , and thirteen hardy souls were willing to board the lorry just as the Southerly buster struck Hastings. The worst was over when we reached the mill, but conditions were pretty bleak and the river was beginning to run dirty, so we took advantage of the new logging road to make straight for Ellis's Hut, arriving pretty wet after pushing through soaking bush and scrub for the last hour .

After a comfortable night the weather had improved enough in the morning to consider the Pohatuhaha Range, so we set off and after four hours' climbing through good bush struck the range a little south of Trig R. The going along the top was fair and two hours' travelling enlivened by gloomy stories of the nights out and other inconveniences suffered by previous visitors, saw us at the head of a particularly ill-omened dog-legged spur near Trig K . Most of the divide was hidden in cloud, but it was beginning to lift and landmarks in the main Makaroro valley were dimly visible .

A steep plunge down the face brought us quickly to an abandoned logging track and we were out to the mill five minutes over our scheduled time after a brisk nine hours in the bush . Mr. & Mrs. Grant welcomed the H.T.C. with their usual hospitality which was very much appreciated .

Number in Party , 13.

Muriel Shaw, Pat Bolt, Helen Hill, Des O'Neill, Steele Therklson, Dave Sherry, Alan Cowan, Walter Shaw, Merv. Hawken, Alan Proffitt (C.U.C.T.C.) H. Elder (T.T.C.) Peter Smith and Norman Elder (leader) .

...

No. 375.

KAIRAKAU BEACH

5th March .

A party of 16 left Holt's at 8 a.m. and went via Havelock North, along the Elsethorpe Rd to Elsethorpe township, turned along the coast road and arrived at Kairakau Beach at 10.15 a.m. It was very hot, with a strong easterly blowing, and deciding that the sea wasn't very inviting at that time (very rough) we strolled along the sandy beach. Huge rocks from the cliffs had to be clambered over at times and these were seen to have much shell fossil in them and had apparently recently fallen, as there was no sea life among them.

Some decided to then do some climbing, the rest played about on the sands, and we all eventually arrived back at 1.30 p.m. After a hasty lunch we donned our boots, made tracks to the southern end of the beach and took to the hills. The Mangakuri Stream forms a wide deep gorge there. Unfortunately you cannot walk through, but the ideal way to see it would be in a small boat. The patches of bush and bare rock were quite pretty. Up on top of the ridges we found a number of old Maori trenches and a wonderful view of the coast both to the north and south.

On our return we were interested to see two men cooking crayfish and hastily made friends. On discovering that there were 16 of us they had a long think. However, at the end of the said boiling period we were fortunate in being given a kerosene tin of young crayfish, which were soon eaten. The party returned via Otane and were back in Hastings by 7 p.m.

Number in Party 16.

Pat Bolt . Isabel Wyatt, Muriel Shaw, Betty Couper
Janet Lloyd, Kath Nelligan, Molly ?
George Couper, Walter Shaw, Peter Smith, Bill
Wilkie, Allan Cowan, Ken Thomas, Steele
Therkleson, Les Tasker, Derek Conway .

Leader: Pat Bolt .

....

No. 376.

WAIKAMAKA HUT

25th - 26th March .

Thirteen seems to be a permanent number for weekend parties; and although connected with devils and bad luck we seem to have avoided the consequences. At one stage the numbers indicated twenty-three starters, but that was too good to be true and various roto seduced away the week in spirit.

Eight times I've been to the Waikamaka, the first, three in perfect weather, the others, well its' been various. I always hope for perfect settings like the first, but maybe next time. This time the sky was leaden and the horizon close. Dunlop had us well away in good time and the sixty miles reeled off. The road from Fowld's to the old mill is deteriorating with constant springs keeping parts sloppy.

At about 1 p.m. after lunch we moved off, some rapidly, some slow, some endeavouring to keep dry feet and others not caring to join the game. Apart from a dead hind in the river bed we reached Waikamaka without incident about 4 p.m. - overcast and cool (the weather not us) Contrary to all history the fire burned beautifully

and we fed well . John and Alan slept out in the Scotch mist , the rest found room inside .

Sunday morning was overcast and near rain and we lay abed late. About tenish we set off down the river and twenty minutes took us to the big creek from Sixty-Six , a very narrow gorge led us to the 50 foot waterfall and after a scramble on scree we found the deer track above the fall . Some ten minutes further on we turned back and returned to the hut . After more food a retreat to the road was made in small sections . The truck was late and we reached Holt's soon after dark .

Party : Muriel Shaw, Helen Hill, Pat Bolt, Walter Shaw, Ken Thomas, Alan Cowan, Bill Wilkie, Peter Smith, Derek Conway, George Lowe, John Mitchel, Mervyn Hawken, Frank Reid.

Leader : George Lowe .

...

CLUB ROOM EVENTS.

Most evenings this year have been taken up with accounts of Christmas and Easter trips but on March 30th Elizabeth Bennett gave us a very interesting account of a holiday in Denmark .

CLUB COLOURS.

Just a reminder that the Club Colours are sky blue, navy blue and scarlet . The official distribution of same is sky blue shirt, navy blue shorts or slacks and scarlet socks or putties . These colours are registered with the Federated Mountain Clubs and can be used only by members of this Club as a Club Colour .

.....

The attention of members is drawn to a comprehensive and entertaining article on Snow and Ice in the December Number of the Tararua Tramper . This is written by Geoff. Milne (George Lowe's cobbler) .

....

MAPS.

The new Tararua Map is now available and Northern Kaimanawa Maps may also be obtained from the Secretary .

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

There are a few who have not yet paid their last year's subscription . These are reminded that until this has been paid they cannot receive any further copies of "Pohokura" .

...

WAIMARAMA AND RED ISLAND.

April 2nd.

This trip was cancelled owing to lack of support. Most people were preparing for Easter.

No.377.

EASTER AT WAIKAREMOANA

Easter, April 7-10.

We left Hastings 7 a.m. Friday. We stopped for a few moments at Waikere and Wairoa and arrived at Lake Waikaremoana camping grounds approximately 1 p.m. The day was sunny, though a trifle chilly as heavy snow had fallen during the night.

We pitched one large marquee 18 x 12 and one tent 9 x 9, stored the food into an Army type hut, had lunch and relaxed. Several of the party climbed Ngamoko Trig 3644' from whence fine views could be had of the lake also Lake Waikareiti, Papakorito Falls, Cape Kidnappers, Tuai, etc. Hydro townships.

Twenty-six members of the Manawatu Tramping Club arrived about 4.15 p.m. and put up their little village of tents and one wonderful red and white striped marquee. The evening was chilly and slightly damp, so early to bed was the story.

Visits were made the following day to Lake Waikare iti, the Aniwanuiwa and the Papakorito waterfalls. The latter proved rather dampening to three of our party. A bit of a combined club singsong and get-together was held in the hall in the camping ground in the evening, and was enjoyed by all.

Sunday was a beautiful day and the majority of H.T.C. and M.T.C. spent the day on the launch, seeing the lake from end to end. Others did rock climbing and general scrambling on the hills overlooking the lake.

The M.T.C. left earlyish Monday for Palmerston North, whilst the various parties of H.T.C. scattered over the countryside to see anything of interest before leaving the district. The Trig was climbed once more, final photos taken, tents and rucksacs packed etc., and we were away on our journey home by 2 p.m. arriving in Hastings about 7.15 p.m.

Thanks to Dawn Wall for two bales of hay for use as bedding, a jolly good idea for it was both clean and warm - much nicer than damp ground. Thanks also to Lindsay Lloyd for a case of apples, these were muchly appreciated. Also to the lads who brought along axes, shovels, etc., the Greenwoods for buckets, mallets, etc. and to Geo. Couper for his assistance in the catering question.

No. in Party: 20.

Leader, M. Shaw.

Helen Hill, Mabel Wyatt, Joyce Fuller, Dawn Wall, Kath Stirling, Muriel Shaw, Peter Smith, Derek Conway, Walter Shaw, Alan Cowan, Ian Stirling, Stan Woon, David and John Williams, Des O'Neil, Brian Pederson, Ken Thomas, Allen Proffitt, Pat Bolt, Don Irvine.

---ooOoo---

No. 378.

LAKE OPUAHI

April 16th.

After rain on Friday there was some worry as to how the weather would be for this trip to Opuahi Lake. However, Sunday morning arrived with plenty of clear blue sky so we duly left Holt's per truck at 8.10 a.m. with 23 bods on board. We collected Angus in Napier bringing our total to 24 and arrived at the lake after an uneventful journey at 10.15 a.m.

After the usual boil-up many were the discussions as to how the day should be spent, most of us however decided that a jaunt around the lake was quite a good idea, so this was done without further ado. Returning to where we had left our packs some of us consumed a little more food and decided that we would spend the afternoon up road from the lake. Meanwhile, several others decided that a spot of rabbiting was the order of the day, so armed with shovels and what-nots they set off. We saw no fruits of their labour and no excuses were offered for not producing the odd bunny. However let's get on with the rest of the business.

Our party, consisting of 11 Kiwis and 4 H.T.C. set off up the road from the lake until we met with the logging road and proceeded up this to its end about a mile distant. From there we set out in a westerly direction heading for some rocky formations which proved to be quite interesting. We explored these for some time and headed from there to the road again and thus back to the lake to the accompaniment of many hideous yells echoing through the hills and valleys thanks to Derek who was some distance down the road.

Arriving back at our destination we found that the others had returned and very conveniently had the billy boiling. Having partaken of a cuppa we all decided that there was no place like home so on to the truck we piled at 4.15 p.m. and with much straining of vocal chords, plus the odd raindrop, we arrived back in Hastings via Havelock North at 6.25 p.m. bringing to a close a trip very much enjoyed by all who took part.

No. in Party: 24.

Leader, D. O'Neill.

D. O'Neill, K. Thomas, A. Cowan, Walter Shaw, Muriel Shaw, P. Smith, D. Conway, R. Woon, S. Woon, A. Russell, N. Elder, I. & D. Kirk. Also 11 Kiwis.

---ooOoo---

EASTER IN THE KAIMANAWAS.

The great exodus to Waikaremoana created a vacuum that nearly sucked us away but three of us planned a more strenuous tour. At the last minute we had misgivings - the weather had turned nasty. However I rang Norman and blithely he said "All my best trips have started in thunderstorms. When do we come to look for you - Wednesday night?" With that to cheer us we were off on Friday at dawn to the Rangataiki Plains and Poronui

Station. (14 miles off the Taupo Road). The Chrysler thundered powerfully on the flat bits but the load and the hills caused an odd backfire, clouds of steam and a great lack of urge. After many stops to cool her burning brow we wallowed heavily across the tussock and pumice to Poronui Station (now deserted).

A cold wind accelerated our activity, my brother drove the car away home and we stepped stiffly away about 1.30 p.m. I knew the track into the Oamaru-Mohaka junction and we reached the cullers' fly-camp (now dismantled) after an easy two hours. There was yet time and wishing to cut down the long following day we continued up the Oamaru. Simultaneously we spied a fine stag on the open tussock. One of the party had a rifle (taken to defend us from the fierce wild cattle and the roving renegade elephants of this primitive area) and loading he began his stalk. He did well, creeping to within fifty yards on the open flat, but that was all - the stag was aware - he aimed - the stag began his sprint - he fired - the stag kept on sprinting in a sporting wide circle but after three shots he ended the game by disappearing unfairly into the bush. Soon after this we camped in a pleasant spot in the bush near to water, wood and warmth.

Saturday was fine and warm - even at 7 a.m. when we started in the bush. Although a long upward swag (6 hours), the bush is pleasant and fairly easy (except that some budding bushman has blazed false trails and walked secretly in the direct ones). We disturbed several hinds who were off in a flash, played hide and seek with the fantails and talked intimately with the inquisitive bush robins. An hour after midday we walked onto the clear saddle which looked down on the wide, pumice-terraced Ngaruroro river-bed. Crossing the valley we climbed the terrace and padded up the easy horse track to the Mangamingi junction, sat and snoozed for an hour and then swagged hotly up the Mangamingi to the hut (4 p.m.) near its source. On this afternoon George Couper complained mildly - unusual as George seldom complains - about his boots. He shed them in favour of tennis shoes. That night we drained and plastered some ugly blisters and we realised that a tricky handicap was placed on our schedule.

On Sunday morning the stars were fairly bright, but a red dawn promised wind (promise unfulfilled) as we left. At 7 a.m. we looked down into the frost encrusted Mangamaire (headwaters of the Rangatikei river) and up to Makorako (5665' highest Kaimanawa trig). A climb of Makorako was on the menu, but George missed this course and enjoyed the sweets of the river (with raw and painful heels). Steele and I dumped our packs at 8 a.m. and bounded mightily uphill and round the tops to sink tiredly on the top at 10 a.m. The view was nearly boundless. Ruapehu, Ngauruhoe, Lake Taupo (almost within spitting distance) and the Kawekas, our destination, away on the horizon and blue distance to the S.E. It seemed a long way. It was.

Some chocolate and snow, a look at the map and we were off hell bent and muscle careless to the valley; (1½ hours) a short sleep and away after George who we found an hour and a half later toasting his toes in the sun at the beginning of a gorge. From the map directions and the hill contours we expected to find the zig zag track which leads to Kaimanawa hut. We fossicked

about and finally climbed up a painful 1500 ft. to discover that in the river we were at least an hour short of the take off. Time was short and we hurried into the river, wading some deep pools, moving quite desperately against darkness and the campless confines of the gorge. Just at dark the sides lay back and a tussock flat revealed an old camp site. We settled in. Two deer cullers called in and invited us to their established camp about a quarter of a mile away but we were too tired. One of the deer cullers was a fine, picturesque specimen - tall, blonde, twentyish, hair down the neck, a deer-skin sweat-band Greek fashion round the head, torn grey trousers cut down to shorts and split with a butcher's knife up the sides to the hip-bone for greater freedom, agile and fast-moving.

Monday up at 4 a.m., away at 6 a.m., up the zig zag, along open tops then down to Kaimanawa hut (9 a.m.) No stop, then up, up to Taruarau Saddle and along open tops parallel to Bishop's Rock and Rocky Creek down a gentle spur to the wide Taruarau (12.30 p.m.). No stop - George's feet too bad, when cold he seized up - along, along towards the Hogget - then up, up - slow - tired - late along the Hogget tops and then to Log Cabin. A gruelling day of thirteen unrelenting hours. George's feet were in a bad way, but George had made up his mind that we wouldn't be a day late.

Tuesday away at 8 a.m. - our last day - up to the Hogget trig and along to Te Iringa and slowly hobbling down onto the Gentle Annie at 3 p.m. Journey completed on time but to the detriment of George's feet - he spent a week in bed.

And thus ended our Easter journey. We were picked up at MacDonald's at 4.30 p.m. and home after one of the most interesting range crossings that I have done.

No. in Party: 3

Leader, George Lowe.

Steele Therkleson, George Couper, George Lowe.

---ooOoo---

FIXTURE LIST, 1950.

<u>Date:</u>	<u>Place:</u>	<u>Leader:</u>
Apr. 29-30th.	<u>BOYDS BUSH - TE IRINGA etc.</u>	Norman Elder
May 14th	<u>TE WAKA TRIG from TITIOKURA</u>	Angus Russell
May 27-28th.	<u>KERERU - POHATUHAHA</u>	Philip Finch.
June 3-4-5th. <u>King's Birthday.</u>	<u>HERRICKS SPUR - NO MANS - RUAHINES</u>	Doc. Bathgate
	<u>PUKETITIRI - BLACK BIRCH - CAIRN REPAIR - KIWI SADDLE - KURIPAPANGA</u>	Geo. Lowe.
June 11th.	<u>BALL'S CLEARING - HUKANUI</u>	Janet Lloyd.
June 24-25th.	<u>KAWEKA TRACK WORKING PARTY</u>	David Bathgate.
July 9th.	<u>SILVER PEAKS</u>	Walter Shaw.
July 22-23rd.	<u>PUKETITIRI HOT SPRINGS & RETURN via MAKAHU RIVER, BLACK BIRCH to WHITTLES</u>	Geo. & Betty Couper
August 13th.	<u>POUTAKI HUT - WHAKARARA RANGE</u>	Steele Therkle- son
August 26-27th.	<u>WAIKAMAKA HUT - RUAHINES</u>	Muriel Shaw
Sept. 10th.	<u>LONGFELLOW</u>	Des O'Neil.

---ooOoo---