

HERETAUNGA TRAMPING CLUB (INC.)

"POHOKURA"

BULLETIN NO. 55.

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SOCIAL

NEWS

Our congratulations to Bill Wilkie on his engagement to Molly Laing; also to Alva Cutler on his marriage to Phyllis Davidson. We wish them all future happiness.

Doris Torbett is now in Christchurch. She spent a weekend at Ball Hut recently and had some good skiing.

Merv. Hawken is also in Christchurch. He has joined the C.M.C. What about an account of a trip or two for "Pohokura" Merv?

Molly Molineux has come "back to the mainland" and is now in Wellington on the staff of the Dominion Museum.

Pat Bolt has been flying round various parts of Australia and is now home again.

In May, Allen Cowan and Ken Thomas went of to camp. Ken's description of their life there is given below.

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LIFE IN MILITARY CAMP

or.

THE LADS WHO WENT TO LINTON

On May 9th, 1950, nearly all of New Zealand's eighteen

year olds who were physically fit went into camp. Allan Cowan and I were among these lads and on that day began what was probably to be one of the most interesting periods of our lives. With us went other Hastings lads so we were not alone. Leaving Hastings at 1245 hrs. we went by rail to Palmerston North and then by truck to Linton M.C. Immediately after arrival at camp we were divided into Companies and I was cut off from the main body of the Hastings lads. However, I did not mind as there were one or two Hastings chaps in our Company, and when we were allocated to our huts (4 men) I had one Hastings chap in with me. The other two chaps came from Gisborne and Waipukurau and when we had introduced ourselves to each other we went off to tea together. After a satisfying tea we were issued with blankets, sheets and other gear and finally got to bed at about 2130 hrs. (9.30).

The next day we dashed madly around the camp after clothes, etc. When we were all fitted out (more or less) we went to the camp cinema for a talk from the Camp Commandant Col. L.W. Thornton O.B.E. In this address he welcomed us all to camp and said he was sure we would like military life. He went on to tell us that he was sure in his own mind (if not in ours) that we would be a fine body of soldiers if we liked to put our heart and soul into it. After warning us about the rising dangers of the Communist menace in the world today he dismissed us with what amounted to his blessing. Then we settled down to work and for the next six weeks we spent a most interesting time learning to be soldiers.

When we arrived at camp we were each issued with our personal rifle, and in the first two weeks we learned all about the rifle - how to clean it, how to fire it, and all the other things about the handling and maintenance of it. Along with this we were taught elementary drill, fieldcraft, camouflage and P.T. During this period, and for the rest of our training, the days were divided into eight periods of three quarters of an hour each, with five minutes between each period and fifteen minutes between the second and third and sixth and seventh periods for morning and afternoon tea. Each day began with Reveille at 0630 hrs. Breakfast at 0700 and morning parade in preparation for a ceremonial parade on King's Birthday. At 0830 approximately work began and continued with the breaks mentioned plus one and a quarter hours for lunch. The day ended at 1645 and tea followed at 1715. Sometimes during the evenings we had lectures to attend, otherwise the evenings were our own. Tattoo was at 2000 and lights out 2015.

After the first fortnight we graduated from the rifle to the Bren Gun, advanced drill and fieldcraft. During this period King's Birthday fell and we had a ceremonial parade, instead of the holiday we were accustomed to. We were inspected by Brigadier Andrews V.C. This venerable veteran stalked up and down the ranks and peered shortsightedly at us,

closely followed by Colonel Thornton and miscellaneous hangers on. They also peered, hoping, no doubt, to find dirty brass or horizontally creased uniforms (ghastly crimes). However this ordeal passed and so did the second two weeks.

In our third fortnight we graduated from Bren Gun to Sten Gun and so on up the line of training. During this third phase we were subjected to a form of Army "Third Degree" called a P.S.O. Test. P.S.O. stands for Personnel Selection Officer and he was the man who conducted these tests. These tests are a series of general intelligence and observation tests, and from the results obtained the Army claim that they can tell whether you should be a butcher, baker or candlestick maker. The result of my test indicated that I would be suitable for the R.N.Z.A.C. and as there was to be a Squadron of Armour in Hastings I was to be part of it. At the end of our third fortnight we had more or less a "passing out" parade and on this occasion we were inspected by Major General Sir Howard Kippenberger. After the inspection we marched past as No. 1 C.D. Training Battalion, and then after changing our hats or hatbands we marched past as Corps Training Companies or Squadrons. This was the end of our six weeks of Basic Training and we were now ready for eight weeks of Corps Training in which we were to be trained for our special jobs in the Army.

On the Sunday following this parade the R.N.Z.A.C. and R.N.Z.A. boys left for Waiouru or Siberia as it is called. We arrived at 2230. It was cold, but there was no snow. The next day we began work and for three weeks I and some others were trained as Gunners in Valentine Tanks. This culminated in a shoot with live ammunition. On the third weekend all the camp was given long weekend leave if they wanted it. They did. As a result I came home and after an enjoyable stay I returned to Camp. Then the miracle happened - it snowed. About three to four inches fell and most of the boys nearly went mad. Almost 60-75% of them had never seen snow before. It is not hard to visualise what followed. Snow battles raged, but when it thawed they were not so keen and constantly complained of the wet and cold. Now with ten weeks training behind us and another four to go I will probably be home shortly before or after this is printed in "Pohokura", so I will be able to give you a more complete account of the Training.

K.T. Thomas.

4.  
THE FEDERATED MOUNTAIN CLUBS OF N.Z.

NEWS LETTER NO. 1.

The Executive has felt for some time that most members of clubs never get the opportunity of knowing what the Federation is doing and even club committees often hear only what their Secretaries deem to be the more interesting items in the minutes of FMC executive meetings. So with the idea of telling more of you a little of what the FMC is doing it was decided at the last meeting (25/2/50) that the President should edit a News Letter which it is hoped club committees will endeavour, by means of bulletins, club evenings etc., to pass on to as many of their members as possible.

SAFETY BOOKLET: This is, or should be, in everyone's hands now and if you haven't got your copy see your club Secretary about it; copies for non-members may be bought at the booksellers (1/6).

SAFETY PUBLICATION: The Schools Publications Branch of the Education Department has prepared a publication which will go out as a bulletin "Adventure in the Mountains". The text is by J.D. Pascoe and there will be photos, diagrams and a bibliography.

INCORPORATION: This is one of the most important subjects the Executive is working on at present and the pros and cons will be fully discussed at the Annual Meeting in Wellington on 20th May 1950 when delegates will be asked to vote on it. The Executive considers it would be to the advantage of all if the FMC were incorporated, especially in so far as it concerns the Ski Council, but for this to be brought about all member clubs must first become incorporated. In view of the number of club-organized outings, instruction courses, ski-ing competitions etc., this is obviously desirable and we hope the motion will be carried at the Annual Meeting.

NATIONAL PARKS BILL: The question of the control and management of the National Park areas is a problem which received the attention of the FMC shortly after its inception but progress in achieving a solution was interrupted by the war. A sub-committee has again engaged in furthering the proposals of the FMC but some delay has been occasioned by the change in government. While the federation is entitled to nominate a representative for one National Park Board and has members on others it is felt that a new approach to the national park problems is essential. The proposals of the FMC call for the constitution of a National Park Council and the provision of funds for the protection and upkeep of the park areas under the supervision of local Boards comprising individuals and representatives of organizations interested in the parks as reserves and places of study and recreation.

AERIAL MAPS: Unfortunately, it is the country we are most interested in which has been mapped the least. However, some areas have been done and more will be done in the

future. Those interested can see what is available at the Lands & Survey Department's office, Wellington, and district offices hold prints of their respective areas. At the moment the cost of buying prints is rather prohibitive, but when more of the country has been mapped the Federation will endeavour, by bulk buying, to get photos at reduced rates if there is sufficient demand from clubs.

BROADCASTS: You may have heard some of these before Xmas, New Year and Easter holidays, put across on the national hook-up. We hope to be able to increase this service in the future.

CHALET ACCOMMODATION: The FMC is still impressing on the Government the need for more accommodation and, as an example, have recommended something in the nature of a chalet at the present terminus of the Bruce Road on Mt. Ruapehu.

INSURANCE: The executive hopes that the insurance policy drawn up by the N.Z. Insurance Co. Limited will meet with the support it deserves. This is the first time anything like it has been tried in New Zealand and it offers reasonable cover at an extremely cheap rate to all mountain club members.

In conclusion, all the best to skiers and skaters for the winter, to climbers better luck next summer, to deerstalkers good hunting during the next two months - it doesn't matter about trampers, they get out all the year round.

For the Executive

H.J. Stevenson

resident.

April 1950.

#### 19TH ANNUAL MEETING OF F.M.C.

No particular problems came up for discussion this year except the matter of incorporation of the FMC which was unanimously agreed upon by the delegates. The incoming executive shows an increase of South Island representatives. Reports on the year's activities have several features of interest.

#### PARK BOARDS:

These are in the main comprised of representatives of government departments and local authorities, whose interests may be in conservation, but are also in economy and in the possibility of tourist developments. Parks vary widely in income according to their situation. The FMC's policy is to press for representation of the users of national parks -- i.e. tramping and mountain clubs, to put finances on a more

equal footing and to have some central body to lay down a policy for control of parks. There is a fair prospect of developments in these directions.

#### MAPS:

The revised issue of the Tararua map is a very satisfactory job and the Lands & Survey draft of the companion Ruahine map is well-advanced. Tony Druce is in close touch with the draughtsman on the interpretation of tramping maps and air photographs. This will be a first-rate job though the new 1 : 100,000 scale will take a bit of getting used to. Christchurch S.A.R. (Search) has brought out a location map showing all mountain huts in the South Island. The only other maps reported were the H.T.C. Northern Kaimanawa and Ngamatea helios.

#### SEARCH:

A brief outline of the working of the S.A.R. Organization during the year was of great interest. Some details have still to be ironed out but the main lines are sound. S.A.R. is preparing a booklet for issue to member organizations which will explain the set up and so reduce the causes of delay in emergencies. The FMC representative (L.D. Bridge) hopes to visit provincial centres during the year which should assist in building up co-operation.

#### INSURANCE:

So far the scheme has taken on rather slowly and delegates are urged to urge the importance of support for it. The cover operates from the time of leaving home and includes shooting as well as tramping mishaps.

#### LICENSING OF GUIDES ACT:

The history of this Act is bound up with the history of the Federation, but the development of club training schemes and the phenomenal development of guideless climbing has changed the picture. The present scheme of training professional guides will be a satisfactory substitute so long as Mick +Bowie remains at the Hermitage.

#### AERIAL PHOTOGRAPHS:

There was some discussion on the possibility of reducing the cost of photographs for the use of parties making trips into little-known country.

N.L.E.

#### F.M.C. NEWS LETTER NO. 2.

The 29th Annual Meeting was held in Wellington on 20th May and besides executive members of the F.M.C. and Ski Council there were 45 delegates representing 28 clubs.

The following officers were elected: PRESIDENT: H.J. Stevenson (Oamaru); VICE-PRESIDENTS: A.D. Mead (Auckland), N.M. Thomson (Levin), B.D.A. Greig (Wellington), T.T. Robins (Christchurch), W.S. Gilkison (Dunedin). HON. SEC/TREAS: Mavis M. Davidson (Wellington); COMMITTEE: F.K. Akhurst, L.D. Bridge, H.J.C. Haines, A.P. Harper, A.H. Hines, A.F. Pearson (Wellington), D.H. Rawson (New Plymouth), R. Syme (Hawera) S.S. Gillies (Oamaru)

NEWSLETTERS: As the FMC finds it impracticable to distribute these to all members (over 8,000) it has been decided to send two copies to the Secretary of each club - one copy to be passed on to the club bulletin editor.

ACCIDENTS: It has been suggested that FMC accident reports should be read at club evenings in the hope that the findings and recommendations of the federation would be discussed and the lessons to be learned appreciated. While not all accidents are the result of faulty technique or defective gear there is no doubt that the information available from past reports could form the basis of a mountain safety campaign.

NATIONAL PARKS: The National Parks sub-committee reported to the annual meeting that the proposed bill was under review and that they had hopes of a satisfactory outcome.

MAPS: The Heretaunga T.C. have brought out 1 mile to 1 inch maps of central and northern Kaimanawas and the Ngamatea plateau. The Lands & Survey Department has put out a map of the Tararua ranges and is now working on one of the Ruahines. The Tararua map is on the 1/100,000 scale (about 1½ miles to the inch), a recently adopted standard issue. A N.Z. Alpine Club sub-committee has compiled a mapped list of South Island huts and hopes to have copies made available through SAR.

S.A.R. Mr. L.D. Bridge reported that a booklet was being published showing where everyone fitted into SAR and he expressed the hope that conferences would be held later to discuss the booklet and its application. The organization set up under this title puts on a firm New Zealand wide basis, procedures that have been followed in some parts of the country for many years.

The arrangement whereby clubs work with and through the Police has been proved in practice to be most effective and is to continue. While clubs are committed to the support of the scheme and have undertaken the responsibility of a large and exhausting share of the possible work, they have the assurance that co-operation of Government Departments and the Services (with the resources at their command) will be available in case of need. Practical experience of the scheme in operation has proved its effectiveness.

INSURANCE: Probably owing to the fact that ski-ing had not started and the climbing season was over the response to the N.Z. Insurance Company's special policy at the time of the annual meeting had been somewhat poor. It is to be hoped that members will avail themselves of this excellent cover and preclude any possibility of its lapsing through lack of support. Benefit under the policy is not affected by Sick Pay but members should contact the N.Z. Insurance Co. Limited if they have any queries regarding the benefit under Social Security.

LICENSING OF MOUNTAIN GUIDES: Mr. Harper outlined the past history of the subject for the annual meeting and a sub-committee was set up to submit a report to the first quarterly meeting of the executive of the FMC on 5th August. While the original policy may still be desirable in long view, there can be no doubt that the introduction of a guide training scheme at Mt. Cook must influence the FMC in its present approach to the problem. Mr. Harper's full report may be read in the minutes of the annual meeting, 20/5/50.

INCORPORATION OF FMC: Mr. Thomson, on behalf of the executive, outlined the advantages of incorporation - incorporation gets rid of personal liability and responsibility. The matter was discussed from all angles and when put the motion was carried unanimously. The position now is that the very few clubs who are not incorporated must do so to their advantage and in order that they may remain in the federation. Mr. Thomson generously offered to effect incorporation of all non-incorporated clubs.

AFFILIATION FEES: No one will object to the decision of the meeting to reduce the levy from 4d. to 1d., thus making the affiliation fees for the year 1950/51 three-pence a member - 2d a member subscription (fixed) and 1d travelling exes levy. The current accounts go out with this Newsletter.

SKI COUNCIL: Mr. J.B. Young reported that the past year had been a very active one - the highlight had been the visit of the Australian skiers. The year had seen great activity in ski-tow installations and hut building, there being no less than 20 huts under construction on Ruapehu alone. Mr. T.T. Robins, V8 and a willing band of helpers have also erected a super hut for Canterbury enthusiasts.

SKI YEAR BOOK: Great credit is due to Mr. Naish for his untiring efforts to produce this excellent book. It is hoped he will get the support this effort deserves, which can be achieved only by clubs taking sufficient interest to send in news items etc., ON TIME.

ART UNION: The Ski Council has decided to run an Art Union for the purpose of raising funds so that a ski team may be sent to Australia next year. A lot of money must be raised



and we hope that not only ski clubs but all clubs affiliated to the FMC will show their unity by subscribing liberally to this project.

TWENTIETH ANNUAL MEETING: This will be held in Christchurch in May 1951 and it is hoped there will be a good national representation.

The FMC has a keen and competent executive who are there solely in your interests - it is your federation - so send in your problems, suggestions and complaints and these will receive the best attention possible.

For the Executive

H.J. Stevenson

President.

### PRIVATE TRIPS.

#### CHATEAU, 1950.

This year at last Peter Smith, Walter Shaw and I made a break for freedom and escaped to the CHATEAU for a week along with staff and friends of an Aerial Mapping party. A H.B. Motor Company Bus was chartered, damage £48, and fifteen people departed from Hastings with high spirits and many promises.

We groped our way the last few miles from the turnoff to WAIMARINO through a murky mountain MIST, nearly colliding with the Army retreating from exercise "SNOWLINE". On arriving we bunked down in Whakapapa huts at the cost of 5/- per person per day.

The following two days were spent slushing round in snow and rain trying to admire things that people imagined they saw in the gloom. For the sum of 9/6d. - 5/- skis, 2/- boots, 2/6 bus, we proceeded up the mountain on Wednesday by G.M.C. Mountain vehicle to the new ski room halfway between Salt Hut and R.S.C. Hut. There, after producing our tickets obtained beforehand at the Chateau, we were equipped with skis and sticks and told to walk! up the ski tow. Reason for walking was absence of snow, which was really amazing as snow was lying in patches at prison farm, 30 miles away, yet here 5,000 odd feet up Ruapehu there was just the odd drift. As luck would have it, one little dip, beneath the Pinnacles, strangely enough called Suicide Valley was where we tried to perform the wonderful gyrations seen on the screen, alas! But it was good fun.

We stood at a disinterested distance from Shorty Clarkin, ski instructor, taking his morning ski school, and with highly sensitive ears we gleaned what instruction we could for nix.

This is the result:- toes in, ankles in, knees in, a little more weight on that leg, ah! this is great, whoops! FORE! Two snow maidens have their legs cut clean from under them, everyone is in a hopeless tangle. This went on for two glorious days while Old SOL beat unmercifully down. FOR dinner nine starving people sat down to one tin of pineapple, one small tin of apricots. "WE don't play that kind of music here".

On Friday morning we set out on the return trip and on reaching Taupo two hours later we read about Korea etc., which brought us back to earth with a jolt.

We hope Ruapehu will still be there next year!

D.C.

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#### WEEK-END AT BALL HUT:

We left Christchurch at 10.30 p.m., had supper on Ashburton Railway Station about 11.30, and reached the Hermitage about 6 o'clock Saturday morning. Had a cup of lovely hot tea and biscuits there, collected our ski boots, changed buses and left for Ball Hut about 7.15 a.m. Ball Hut is only fourteen miles further up but we did not get there until 8.30!! Talk about a road! It is only a track of small boulders in a sea of huge boulders. We struck snow a few miles from the Hermitage and seemed to be heading into a storm. It was snowing then, but just a little. As we had had a whole week, from Monday to Friday, of continual rain in Christchurch, you may know down went out hopes of a fine week-end. However, when we reached Ball Hut it was fine and sunny. We had breakfast about half past nine, and about time too. Then, we were fitted for a pair of skis and the serious part started. The ski-ground we were on on Saturday was about half a mile from the hut so we had to shoulder our skis (really professional) and walk. It was on the Ball Glacier just above where it meets the Tasman Glacier. We skied and fell, fell and skied, all the rest of the morning until lunch at one o'clock. At this part of the proceedings, I thought "You will never make a ski-er" or ski-man or whatever they are called. A "snow-man" would have suited me better. But, re-inforced with a three-course meal, I was much improved and really began to enjoy it. Saturday night there was a bit of a party, dancing (in hob-nails) singing etc. One of the boys in our party had brought his piano-accordion. There were twenty-five in our crowd and there was another party of twenty-five from Christchurch. We were all staying at Ball Hut. A bus load or two came up from the Hermitage both days too. We had nice bunks, six or eight to a room, with nice wire-wove, mattresses and miles of blankets. Only one sheet though, so we tossed and decided to use the sheets on the mattresses and use our own rugs next to us. The sheets and pillow cases were spotless. We were not allowed any water at all on Saturday so had to soak our flannels in the snow for a bit of moisture to wash our faces on Saturday

night. Sunday morning we got half an inch of brown liquid to wash in but, one blessing, it was warm. Sunday morning we spent out on skis. There was a second ski ground straight below the Hutt which was much faster and steeper. Feeling far more familiar and experienced, we used this ground on Sunday morning. Gosh, it is a super feeling when you get some speed up. There were two Norwegian chaps staying at the hut and were they good! I think they must have been born on skis as they could do just about anything on them. The highlight on Sunday morning was when the pair of them got on one pair of skis and went practically the full length of the ground before they fell off. We had good meals, three course all of them except breakfast, and morning and afternoon tea if you were on the spot. The weather could not have been better. It had rained all the week the same as here and then there was a heavy fall of snow on Friday night so we were very lucky with our weekend. Saturday night was as clear as day. The party was breaking about 10 or 10.30 p.m. and someone looked out of the window and saw these two Norwegians out on the skis going flat out. We left Ball Hut at 2 o'clock Sunday afternoon and the Hermitage about 3.30. We stopped there just long enough to leave our boots and get some snaps of Mount Cook, etc. The view of Mount Cook was really good - as clear as anything. We had dinner at Geraldine about 8.30 and again we were really ready for it. Reached Christchurch again 11.15. It was a really good weekend.

D.T.

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#### MOAWHANGO - HIKITAHU.

A cheerless, drizzling evening in Taihape led us to cast ourselves upon the hospitality of the Otaihape T.C. instead of sleeping in the Domain and we have reason to be most grateful to the Seccombes for their kindness. It was incidentally the night of the O.T.C. annual meeting and we were interested to learn that they have the remarkable membership of 150 and operate on a six months' (skiing) season.

The object of our trip was to examine the plateau between the Moawhango River and the head of The Hautapu forming the extreme south-westerly corner of the Kaimanawas, mostly tussock with some patches of bush, and searching for rare plants was purely incidental.

This country has a long history of settlement and our first night was spent in the derelict Waipuna outstation, two picturesque, shingled huts almost hidden in second growth. Next day we came unexpectedly upon magnificent cedar forest and spent a couple of useful days pottering around. Abandoned transmission line access roads were everywhere and local farmers were busy linking up with these with bulldozers. We then struck off towards Wairouru, chasing scattered clumps of cedar, and when these ran out swung back south towards Hihitahi.

We were by now unwittingly trespassing on an Army Reserve (the reason for the abandonment of the transmission line). An artillery shoot the previous day had not come our way, but when we found ourselves in the middle of an anti-tank range we sidestepped smartly.

Hihitahi is a vague conception and locating the centre in the dark was a matter of guess work. When we finally dropped packs in front of what appeared to be an embryo store an enormous bull dog emerged from the shadows, causing a near panic. After an embarrassing pause he made it clear that his intentions were friendly.

The last stage was dossing down in the Taihape waiting room to await the midnight train and being nearly cooked alive by the fire stoked up by the sympathetic station staff.

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#### FIVE WEEKS IN QUEENSLAND:

From Sydney to Brisbane (approximately 480 miles) we travelled by the Pacific Highway (coast route) in four days, through country deeply covered in gum trees. There were plenty of dairy farms, by no means as up to date as ours, and the houses as well were in very bad repair and never painted. The first night's stop was at Taree on the Manning river, 15 miles from the coast and on again 164 miles to Coffs Harbour which has a rainfall of 70". Citrus orchards came around the corner on the second day and we all put in 9d. to buy a case of huge juicy oranges for 15/- which lasted all the rest of the way. At Coffs Harbour we saw the first of the aboriginals, very black and extremely skinny. They do like the picture shows. The third day we saw banana and pineapple plantations on the eastern cleared slopes. These unfortunately were not ripe, so we were unable to make a raid. The vivid reds of the *Pointsettia* flower standing out in the gardens, the bright orange flower of the coral tree and the purple *bouganvillea* were the only signs of colour.

The rivers in N.S.W. are very wide and crossed mostly by vehicular ferry. These were interesting after our concrete bridges here, so the party always had to get out and stand on the ferry to cross the river. Where there are bridges they have no sides, as this enables flood debris to float by - as we experienced a week later.

Grafton, on the Clarence River, (population 12,000) is a town of trees. It has a double decker bridge, road and rail, and lifts in the middle to enable ships to pass through. Its streets are 132' wide, each planted with a different variety of trees and these trees are full of cooing doves. Water hyacinths float down the river in islands and you wonder if you

are seeing things or not. Towards the end of the day the dairy and timber give way to sugar cane and nothing can be seen but sugar cane of all ages from the planting to the cutting stage. We stopped at one big plantation and Arthur (Coach Captain) got out to cut us a cane. The cry of "Look out for the snakes!" didn't frighten Arthur as he plunged into the growth and emerged after heavy slashing with a piece of cane, which was sampled, and spat out - too sweet and tough. Ballina, (population 7,000) our stop on the third night proved to be a little lacking in sink plugs, and water, and to have a wash or shave proved impossible, so we waited till Brisbane.

Murwillumbar is the terminus of the N.S.W. railway, and at Tweed Heads on the border beer is off at 6 p.m., while through the gates at Coolangatta in Queensland you can stay till 10 p.m. and keep cool, either in the bar or on the beautiful white sands. The coast to Brisbane is popular with surfers, and a beautiful stretch it is, catering for those who search for the winter sunshine of the north. Crab and oyster farms are prevalent in the dirty mangrove rivers.

Brisbane, the hub of the north, had hot and dusty houses all on high piles and almost completely obscured with venetian blinds and trellis. It was King's birthday weekend, so no one spent any money; the following day we left Brisbane by Catalina flying boat for Daydream Island in the Whitsunday Group - nearly 600 miles in four hours. The coastline, which we followed all the way, was dotted with little islands. The sea was blue and clear. We could see small fishing settlements, mangrove swamps and gum forests.

Day Dream Island is two miles in circumference and this was where we were to spend ten days. What were we going to do and see? Our enthusiasm was dimmed first of all by the smallness of the island, next by the way we were taken ashore (in a rowing boat) then again by the tin huts that we slept in and lastly by the fact that there was very little to see and do on the island itself. Water was not laid on. You used a jug and basin. There were no baths, but a hot shower was obtainable if you were lucky enough to strike the water in the copper hot. You rushed to the copper at the back of the kitchen, filled up a jug and ran to the shower house, tipped it in a can with a few holes in the bottom, hooked it up, hopped under and pulled the plug string with one hand and soaped with the other, otherwise you washed in a basin in the corrugated iron cabin with its cement floor.

The sun was scorching. We were now in the tropics and had to peel off into summer clothes. Mostly bathing togs and sun suits were worn all days. The beach was dead coral, washed white, and sandshoes had to be always worn both in and out of the water. As the days passed we grew to like the small isle and found lots to do, rowing, walking, eating oysters, swimming, sunbathing, aquaplaning, fishing, ping pong, launch

trips to neighbouring islands, etc. coral and shell hunting.

It was a great thrill to get out to the Great Barrier Reef, 40 miles to seaward, and a twelve hour trip by launch. This can only be seen at certain tides. We left at 9.30 and first sighted it about 1 p.m. as a few dark shapes on the horizon. As we neared, the reef could be seen clearly. On the near side the sea was breaking in white spray - beyond, a dead calm of a dark colour, this being the coral reef. Cruising along we found a channel through the reef and anchored inside. The boats went off to see the coral and then one boatload of six, which I was fortunate to be, was dropped on the reef itself. We were led to believe the tide was dropping. The water was about two feet deep when we stepped out of the boat, and the skipper said to walk to the higher ground which we did, but the going was extremely difficult as you had to look before placing each foot, in case a clam or soft coral was underneath. That was disastrous. We were picking up huge lumps of coral, of all sizes, shapes and colour, soft and hard, and some had a grand collection. Apparently the skipper had miscalculated the tide and it was quickly rising instead of falling and by the time we were picked up the water was nearing the bottom of my short shorts. That was only 15 minutes from the time we were put on the reef. Tides and weather are very tricky and a cyclone 100 miles away can affect the reef. Darkness and clouds were gathering and the skipper made a hasty retreat through the channel to the open sea. It began to rain heavily and we all got soaked through, but it was a great experience and few people have the opportunity of ever setting foot on the Great Barrier Reef 15,000 miles long and 100 miles wide. The colours of the soft and hard coral, and coral fish, are beautiful, especially when the sun is shining. You look through glass bottomed boxes and hang over the side of the boats to see them. Live coral out of the sea positively stinks and to keep it, it must be boiled. In the process it loses its colour. It is then tinted artificially, but the colours are not the same.

We were not good fishermen. All we fished up were lumps of coral; there are certainly no fish in the water. By this time we were enjoying ourselves thoroughly and then one day nine little niggers left Day Dream for Queensland, Mackay, Townsville, Cairns, the Atherton Table lands, Pt. Douglas, and round about, flying from Mackay to Cairns, staying at Townsville a night en route.

Mackay, with a district population of 34,000, makes out of sugar yearly £5,000,000. The country is all planted in sugar right north to Mossman, where the best of the Queensland roads end, 400 miles from the Cape. These towns on the coast have not very big harbours, but ships transshipping raw sugar use them mostly. Also cruise boats. We were taken over the South Johnston sugar mills, not far from Innisfail. You

usually know when you are approaching one by the high smell which accompanies it. The cane is crushed, the pulp washed, sterilized and cleaned, the liquid eventually evaporated out until it becomes molasses, goes into boiling vats, and finally dryers, and the raw sugar is bagged only four hours after entering the crusher. The cane when growing is all shades of green and before it is cut a small portion is burned, so as to drive out snakes, kill the cane bug, and burn off the under leaves.

It is all cut by hand, slow work, but the cane cutters get £5 a ton. The cut cane is loaded on trucks, and all over the cane country you see the sugar cane trains puffing along to and from the factories, tooting at the road crossings. The cane cutters get terribly black. They are often mistaken for Abos, and you can always pick a cane cutter's home by the number of trousers on the line (a pair a day).

Queensland's roads were very bad. The streams had to be forded, and the rains washed more holes out as fast as they filled others in, and the Government wouldn't do anything about it, so we had a bumpy time, a broken axle, and a few punctures.

The bush of the north is thick and tangled and the people there boast about their mountains. The butterflies and birds have the most beautiful colours. The Kangaroo, Emu, Cassoware, flying foxes and white cockatoo, are a great menace to farmers. The mangrove rivers, dirty and warm, are alive with crocodiles lying in readiness. Many beautiful falls are found in the tropical bush and there are extinct volcanoes on the Atherton table lands. Here maize is grown like the cane of the coast. The dairying industry is also carried on, one cow to four acres. No wonder we couldn't get enough butter on the table in Australia.

Our wonderland tour was nearing its end after 35 days and we were sorry to be leaving the heat and dust, the fruit, and the north, but fly we must back to Sydney. The first big hop from Cairns to Brisbane, by Australian National Airways, took 7 hrs. 10 mins., touching down for ten minutes at Townsville, Bowen, Mackay and Rockhampton, for a good stretch. Cold meals were served on the plane, salads, fruit salade, ice cream, drinks, etc., and they were very welcome. Our Air Hostess looked after us very well, with barley sugar and newspapers, and of course the scene below was wonderful. We flew at an altitude of from 2,000 to 6,000 feet and Brisbane and Sydney at night were a fairland of lights. We saw also the devastating flood waters, of the previous weeks in northern N.S.W. and knew how lucky we had been to have seen the country in all its beauty. Brisbane to Sydney was our last hop, and soon we had to say goodbye. We covered 4,350 miles in 34 days.

P.B.

BINDING BULLETINS:

I have just bound a complete set of Pohokura for 2/-, and the result is so satisfactory that it occurs to me that a brief note on the procedure may be of use to members.

The first job is to remove the existing staples.

Restapling is a job for a printing firm and the trimming of the volume and cutting of end boards to size is more conveniently done by them. In restapling they also add strong end-papers which are the basis of the covers.

The rest you can do yourself. First the end-boards are pasted on to the end-papers. You don't need all your covers inside the volume, so you can cut some of these out and paste them on to the boards. A minute under pressure will make a smooth job.

For the hinges and backs paste is too brittle, so glue or gum is preferable. A strip of cloth covers the back and reinforces the hinges. Special bookbinding cloth is the easiest to handle, but any thin strong cloth would do the job - strips from an old window blind make a good job.

Two years' Bulletins, six numbers, make a conveniently sized volume.

N.L.E.

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WINDOW DISPLAY.

In an effort to arouse interest in the H.T.C. and increase membership, we arranged a window display in town. We wish to thank the firm of Griffiths' Footwear Ltd. who generously lent us one of their show windows for a week. Enlargements of club photos, both scenic and humorous, together with bunches of rucksacs, iceaxes, etc., and a few well-chosen posters made a brave display.

Of course the only way to make sure of new members once we have lured them out is to treat them nicely on their first trip. For those who have never tramped before the first outing is often quite an ordeal. The whole party should help, but it is the especial job of the person who brings them out to see that they have adequate equipment and that they are made to feel at home.

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CLUB ROOM EVENTS.

Norm showed us interesting slides of the Ngaruroro, tracing its course from source to sea. The different types of land formation and of vegetation were revealed in these photos, many of which were taken in the Kaimanawas.

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HISTORICAL ROUTES & THE HISTORY OF EXPLORATION IN THE RANGES.

N.L. ELDER.

(The following is the substance of an address given by Norm Elder to the Historical Section of the Royal Society. Ed.)

I have never followed up a number of interesting clues that would have afforded material for a proper treatment of this subject. When you are traversing the ranges on some other job, every so often you see something odd that makes you wonder how it looked to the first people that saw it. You are always inclined to think that you are the first person that has ever looked on it, but I remember once walking over a saddle in the Kaimanawas with an old bushman who said casually, "We must be the first people who have ever been through here" - and he kicked an axe-head, a forged wrought-iron head of an old-fashioned pattern. When you find yourself really glad to see signs of human visitation, even a bit of chocolate-paper or orange-peel, that is a good sign. It shows that you have been off the beaten track.

What has impressed me very much is the way that the country must have been sorted over by man for hundreds of years. The first explorer is on the border line of legend, Tamatea pokai-whenua, who is however a 'tipuna' of the present people of Hawkes Bay. (Pokai-whenua means "to carry the country", it is sometimes translated as "The Map Roller"). On his first tour of inspection he is said to have gone to Otupae, and the hollow under Otupae is called Pohokura, after his pet lizard which is supposed to have escaped there. (There is another Pohokura further north across the Mohaka, which may refer to another of his trips, but of course you can't tell - its all so legendary).

Anyway Otupae is the shoulder of the Ruahines which you can see from the plains through the Taruarau Gap, and it seems to me that anyone visiting Hawkes Bay for the first time would quite possibly choose that gap for starting to go in to the country. That looks to me a reasonable assumption. It was a genuine exploration; he was making for that gap in the ranges.

It must be borne in mind that the Maori was really not equipped for the high country. Even today there is very little to eat, except the deer. They had no means of making a permanent track except by walking on it. Colenso remarks that only a bare-footed man could tell by the feel of the moss that he was on a track. These early trips would be real expeditions. They would have to take most of their provisions with them.

Maori Routes: Wairoa - Taihape.

One route I have been particularly interested in I have heard Ngata speak of as a former route from Wairoa to Taihape. It went up the Mohaka, across the Oamaru Saddle to the Ngaruroro, then across Ngamatea and the Rangitikei. As the Mohaka formed for some distance the boundary of the Tairāwhiti Block an enormous number of traditional names which were identified in the Land Court hearings have been printed on the survey maps, so that practically every reach on this part of the river has a name. There is even the remains of an old pa, called Tuahiwi, just below the rim of the Ngamatea Plateau, at nearly 3000 feet, just a small settlement. It beats conjecture how any human beings could have supported themselves up there. The swamp is a series of channels on a bare plateau without a vestige of shelter. I don't think there are any eels in that swamp; there would be paradise duck, but I can't think of anything else you could eat up there. It may have been a sort of way-station, a coldharbour, on the way across the plateau. It looks impossibly bleak, though certainly I have mostly passed it in the rain.

One puzzle of the route is which of the three Oamaru saddles it crossed. Two tiny named creeks suggest the easternmost, a survey trip point with the grand name of Te Rangawhakarau suggests the westernmost, but the obsidian was found on the present route through the central saddle. Possibly all three were used.

Incidentally a more recent but still legendary use of this saddle was as a back door to a sort of North Island Mackenzie Country, through which stolen mobs were driven to be sold at Whakatane.

Obsidian: This route can be traced by fragments of obsidian. I have picked up obsidian near the Rouiti pa-site, in the Oamaru Saddle and again at the Rangitikei Ford, the biggest piece at the latter about the size of half a brick. Flakes of obsidian are the surest record of pre-European visitation and I should mention that it occurs at other points in this country, two or three of them rather mysterious ones. In fact it is extraordinary how frequent it is, considering how far off any main routes some of the localities lie and what poor country it was for hunting. One is tempted to conclude that the Maori suffered just as much from sheer curiosity as the Pakeha.

Obsidian occurs at one curious place, the Rangitikei Forks below Ignimbrite Saddle. This was where that Auckland 'Varsity party went missing the other day, which has made us realise how inaccessible it is - two days' fast travelling from any point outside the range. It is not the obvious route, a narrow valley shut in by high ranges all round, and you would think that no one in his senses would go down there. Yet we found a flake of obsidian down there. The Maori's difficulties in tackling that type of country must have been the same as our own, and their purpose less obvious, for there is little life in such a spot.

Another curious place for obsidian is on the top of the Black Birch Range, where innumerable small chips are scattered over an area about 100 yards across. Why? A third queer specimen - Mr. Sturge showed it me once, and I think it came from a mountain tributary of the Rangitikei behind Mangaweka - looked like a waterworn stone, but one end was chipped and showed it was obsidian. How long had that been there?

Maori Routes: Hawkes Bay - Taupo.

The old Taupo route followed the present road fairly well but about Runanga it swings south round the head of the Rangitaiki, crosses the Taharua fairly well down below Wairongo, then ducks into the bush and comes out on the Hinemaia. The only reason I can suggest is that bush travelling through forest was easier than battling through fern and manuka. Quite recently I made one possibly interesting discovery here. I met a chap working on some Forestry houses in the Opawa Bush who knew the country and he said, out of the blue as it were, "There are one or two things you ought to see in there. You want to go up the Hinemaia, and just beyond the brumbies' ford you'll see a little patch of green on the hillside. It is round a hole in the ground; you can't see down, but you can hear a terrific noise of water." Now Colenso makes a great story about a chasm hereabouts called Waiharuru, "Rumbling Water". The Survey went so far as to draw in a stream of that name, only they unfortunately put it across a bare waterless flat, and in eliminating this we had eliminated our only clue to that portion of the route. This new information appears to pinpoint the track where it leaves the bush.

Ripia.

A report on the advantages of this route made by Gridley in 1857 remarks "All the Maoris who know the country say that the Ripia route is a better route (than the Turangakumu route)".

Military track:

Before leaving the Taupo Road, has anyone tried following the old military bridle-track? You can see it running along the opposite side of the valley just below the falls and it is very well graded. Probably it is by now too overgrown with fern.

KURIPAPANGA.

I don't know much about this route. The image on the Teteko pa opposite Whana-whana is said to be a landmark on it, in which case it followed the Ngaruroro up for some distance. All other information suggests it left the river about Matapiro.

From the Gentle Annie saddle Bagnall considers the route ran south of the present road to the Taruarau Ford, but a route to the north (now an overgrown pack-track) is more likely from the run of the country. Once out on the plateau it swung south towards Otupae, then diagonally across Mangaohane, probably to the lower ford.

#### Te Atua Mahuru.

I have tried at various times to follow Colenso's route by the old war trail across the Ruahine. The main features are fairly clear, though some details are hard to identify. His "two slips" are probably the big scree on Te Atua Mahuru though it is no particular obstacle at the present day, and his Wai-o-kongenge camp is probably at the water-hole opposite its base. I think we have sighted his "stone well", Ngaroto, on the western bush-line, a tarn in the bush. Colenso says he walled it round with stones, but the tarn appears to have swollen and covered this.

The "Maori clearing" opposite the Makororo mill is probably connected with this, but it is rather an oddity, for it is about half a mile off the route, which followed the river. I have never actually been there, but when I first had it pointed out to me it appeared to be a clearing burnt in rimu - red beech forest. Now it is a small patch of second growth in a milled area. Some old-timer up that way told me that Maoris used to come here, but what for I don't know. It doesn't seem reasonable.

There are said to have been a couple of fortified pas in this vicinity which the Waikato raiders were responsible for.

#### Reporoa Cave.

Another place I should like to know something about is the Reporoa Cave. Reporoa is the name given to any long swamp, but the Ruahine one is on the road to nowhere, and it is hard to figure out where Taraia was going when he was trapped there in a snowstorm. I am perhaps assuming that the cave was in the scarp immediately east of the swamp as shepherds have been trapped there by a snowstorm, and I nearly got stuck there in a gale myself. The cave could have been on the Rangitikei side of the swamp, in which case it would be near the Inland Patea route already mentioned.

#### Pokopoko Pa.

This pa, though chronologically out of place, comes in here topographically. The sale of Mangaohane was resisted and a small pa thrown up, whose palisades still stand, laced together with fencing wire, presumably borrowed. A cleft in the limestone cliff behind gave an emergency exit and a few hut sites are visible down by the stream.

#### Taumahapu Pa.

In central Hawkes Bay behind Gwaves there are two pas, Taumahapu and "Bullock's pa" with a few tall palisade posts still visible. I know nothing of their history but they appear to be contemporary with Taurekareka (1838). Behind them you come to a little sheltered hollow, now in some sort of tussock, Heriru, the place of refuge. Behind that again you scramble up a razorback between two gorges coming down from the Wakararas and come to a little fighting pa, "The Natural". Apparently the hollow was a hide-out and if you got into trouble you dashed across the gully, up this spur and fought it out with your back to the Wakararas.

Up to this point I have been traversing the legends and evidence of early visits more or less topographically, but shall conclude rather on chronological lines.

1850s. Evidences of fires and the ages of existing trees point to some extensive fires at least 93 years ago in the Inland Patea. This is before the country was stocked with sheep, there is no tradition of it and there seems no reason for it. Round Taupo it has been pointed out that the Maoris burnt fern customarily to encourage root growth and Colenso records enormous fires in the gumlands of North

Auckland as early as 1840, but there was no fern at this elevation.

1870. One charming record up Big Hill Stream behind Kereru is a large boulder in the middle of the stream and cut on it in letters about a foot high the words

RAHUI  
TE KOTEKO  
1870

About this time surveyors were working the main ranges. This was a methodical exploration. Using Maori guides and porters they found their way into and through the roughest and wildest country. Their trig points remain, but there is little trace left of their tracks and camps, though their pencilled field notebooks are stored in district survey offices. They got most of their information from the natives with them, sometimes right, sometimes wrong, the spelling of place-names often wildly inaccurate. On Rangi o te Atua (5589'), one of the main peaks of the Ruahines there are records in a jar still legible back to 1896, and a pencilled note of 1896 saying that records of 1870 were then still legible. From 1896 these records continue down to recent times.

#### HUTS.

1887. In this year the first Howlett's Hut was built of cedar slabs on the divide near the head of the Tukituki. Howlett was an eccentric all right, but an able man, an able botanist anyway. Just behind the hut a few years back we came across a curious and unfamiliar form of a spaniard. On looking it up, it was there all right, with Howlett's name beside it.

About this date must come some of the Rabbit Board huts, but apparently the Board's records were destroyed in the earthquake and no information is now available. At one stage they seem to have had a chain of huts along the Ruahines. The Pohangina Hut had an old visitors' book with some most interesting entries. I was sorely tempted to bring it down on my last visit, but refrained and in 1946 the hut was destroyed by fire. One record carved on the door was an inscription dated 1896 in Latin commemorating the visit of a party returning to Hawkes Bay from Wanganui.

The present Shut Eye Shack is curiously sited on a ledge on a waterless ridge. The legend is that a packhorse carrying a load of iron up to build the hut collapsed at that point so they just erected it there. There are remains of another hut in Buttercup Hollow, which is the obvious site on that route.

On the north-east plateau of the Ruahines we once came across the remains of what was probably another Rabbit Board hut but we have never been able to locate this again in that baffling country. No Man's Hut, a comparatively recent iron hut, stands at the unusual altitude of 4400 feet. The thatched Rushine Hut with its slab walls is probably older than the Rabbit Board and originally a musterer's hut on Te Koau station; on the other hand Shute's Hut in the Taruerau Gorge is built of concrete, bearing the date 1920.

Further north in the Kaimanawas there are some old buildings. Boyd's homestead, now in extreme disrepair, has had the roofing iron stripped off revealing the original shingled roof. Ngamatea station is partly reconstructed from the old cottage of the Tikitiki outstation. The present Boyd's Hut below Tapui-o-marua-Hine near the head of the Ngaruroro is the fourth of a series of huts that have been built on that very convenient site.

#### LATER EXPEDITIONS.

1911. B.C. Aston and Frank Hutchinson followed Colenso's route across the Ruahines.

1922. The Bibby family of Blackburn got loose in the Ruahines and over a couple of very active years worked out for themselves all the main routes of the range. In the course of these they located the earlier records in the cairn on Rangi o te Atua which have already been mentioned. Quite recently a flat rock that had overbalanced on Te Atua o Parapara (Trig 66, 5450 feet) displayed on its underside in lettering still clear: 22 Feb 1922 - H.N., B.G., R.N. BIBBY.

This summer we were tacking about round the back of the Opawa Bush (Taupo) and found a number of Maori settlements, abandoned perhaps as recently as the 1920s. Adzed timbers, thatched roofs, pataka, a pigeon snaring trough, and a site always backed up against rimu-matai forest gave a picture of a conservative Maori way of life that had lingered almost to the present day. They had a few poplars and cherry trees, the odd pine and the odd strawberry, but these looked to be about the only concessions to modernity. We left everything as we found it. That country has been lived in all right. You do feel that you are likely to come across odd traces of occupation anywhere.

When I was just out of my teens I made a long trip in an army transport. Whenever we got ashore in some queer corner and had a look round, the top of the nearest hill seemed the obvious place to make for, and it was always a group of New Zealanders on top when you got there. I sometimes wonder if Bernard Shaw is not right in claiming that climate moulds character, and that is why the Maoris and ourselves share that curiosity to see what lies on the other side of the skyline.

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### C L U B      T R I P S .

No. 379.

TE IRINGA & LOG CABIN.

April 29-30th.

The general idea was to start the winter fixtures with a good trip, and get sufficient support to show a credit to the transport fund. In spite of preliminary organisation the latter objective was not quite attained. The lorry stopped at Kuripapanga to reduce mileage and Saturday evening was spent walking in to Timahanga, where the arrival of 17 bodies by moonlight caused a near panic. A memorable feature of the evening was a full-throated community sing while the stew was simmering.

Next morning the more energetic half of the party set off at 7.30 for Log Cabin, the more sedate leaving for Boyd's Bush about an hour later. At first the day was overcast but later cleared to a glorious afternoon.

Contact was made with the Log Cabin party crossing the main saddle dead on schedule and while waiting opportunity was taken to blaze the tricky turn-off below Cameron Camp.

After a boil-up the combined party returned over Te Iringa under ideal conditions. A haze obscured the coast and dulled the outlines of the Ruahines, but against the light the volcanoes, the Kaimanawas and Kawekas stood up brilliantly with deep blue shadows. Kuripapanga was reached soon after sunset and Mrs. Macdonald's hospitality was very much appreciated.

Log Cabin Party: Alan Oulaghan (sub-leader), Helen Hill, Muriel Shaw, Derek Conway, Allan Cowan, Des O'Neill, Peter Smith, Ken Thomas.

Boyd's Bush Party: Norm Elder (leader), Joyce Fuller, Kath Nelligan, Shirley Single, Doris Torbett, Les Tocher, Angus Russell, Dave Williams, Bob Woon.

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No. 380.

TE WAKA.

May 14th.

After three days of rain we were favoured with a mild peaceful day. Away from Holt's at 7 am. picking up four in Napier. About two miles from Te Pohue Pat turned to the left and after six miles of a twisting, scenic road landed us safely at Mr. Ruddenklau's hospitable door, at 9.15 am. The Ruddenklau family made everyone feel at home, and directed us upwards after much enjoyed refreshments.

There was pleasant climbing for two hours into deep gullies and up steep spurs. On top, keeping the bush top on our right and the Mohaka valley on the left, we came to several calm tarns set in an immense grassy stadium. The billy boiled merrily and then after another hour we gazed all around from Te Waka trig, airily above the

limestone cliffs. Travelling south along that ridge we entered the bush and to our surprise at length came to a road which brought us out to where we could see our base. We selected a suitable spur to our left and the descent from the trig took  $1\frac{1}{2}$  hours. The easy, open bush, a quarter of a mile of scrub with a track cut through it, grass of lawn-like shortness, and the smooth bitumen roads, made it a comfortable trip. Lights gleamed cheerfully from Port Huriri and Napier's unlit streets were reached at 6.15 pm.

The whole day passed in a happy club spirit.

No. in party: 25. Leader, Angus Russell.

Steele Therkleson, Des O'Neill, Bob Woon, Alan Proffitt, Graham Martin, Peter Smith, Derek Conway, Dave Williams, Pat Bolt, Cath Stirling, Marjorie Henry, Muriel Shaw, Eve Hyland, Helen Hill, Dawn Wall, Ray Pocock, Brian Pedersen, Don Kirk, Walter Shaw, John Mitchel, Gavin Vickers, Lindsay Lloyd, John McIntyre, Don Irvine.

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No. 381. KERERU - POHATUHABA.

May 27-28th.

Saturday 27th May dawned mild and clear, and the party of 14 (supplemented by 1 at Stortford Lodge) left Holt's, in good spirits, at 8.30 am. for Kereru via Marae-kekaho. Poporangi was reached at about 10 am., and after crossing the stream numerous times and passing through many gates (thanks Des) we arrived at a gorge with a very narrow, steep descent. I'm afraid the truck driver didn't share our trust in him. However, we negotiated it after a little scraping and reversing. Half a mile the other side we finally left the truck and started trickling along the eastern side of the Ohara - a small ditch with almost vertical sides of 200 to 300 feet.

About eleven we boiled up at a small stream, had some tucker and moved off again. We reached Little Andrew's Hut about 1.30 pm., had a breather and pushed on, crossing the Ohara about 2 pm. (Little Andrew's Hut, built 1922, is used as an out-station for Poporangi. It is beautifully lined with dressed timber and old "Auckland Weekly News" cuttings.)

The land between the Ohara and Pohatuhaha Range is undulating, rising gradually to the south. Vegetation consists mainly of light scrub (although there are stands of tall manuka), fern and native grasses. We arrived at the site of the remains of the "Sentry Box" about 4 pm., selected a camp site, pitched tents and prepared the stew.

As it was such a beautiful night a few of us slept out beneath the stars. Sleep was somewhat fitful owing to the serenading of rumbling streams, pig grunts, and George's snores (?). Up at 5.30 am. next morning: those who were going to the top were away by 7 am. Ten set off, but three went only as far as the bush line then ambled back, taking things easily.

10.15 saw seven of us sitting on Park's Peak, breathing in the excellent panorama and more oxygen. Visibility was perfect, hardly a cloud in the sky. Landmarks from Te Waka to Takapau, and Kahuranaki to Ruapehu, were easily distinguished. The wind was keen and piping, it was a work of art to hold a camera steady. Consequently our stay on top was not long. We descended rapidly by a spur directly below the trig, reaching the camp at 11 am.

Lunch with a cup of tea or coffee, and the last of the party was away by 11.45 am. 2.30 pm. and another bite and sup, this time at Little Andrew's; 5 pm. saw us packed aboard the truck heading for home.

A good trip, thanks to the excellent weather.

No. in party: 15. Leader, Philip Finch.

Muriel Shaw, Helen Hill, Marjorie Henry, George Lowe, Angus Russell, Dave Williams, Don Kirk, Alan Proffitt, Walter Shaw, Des O'Neill, Steele Therkleson, Peter Smith, Bob Woon, Graham Martin.

No. 382.

PUKETITIRI - CAIRN - KURIPAPANGA.

June 3-4-5th.

A new approach to the Kaweka Trig (5652 feet) was made by a party of trampers during King's Birthday week-end.

The successful attempt was made from Puketitiri by climbing on to the Black Birch Range, crossing Little's Clearing - a great natural clearing on top of the range at 3000ft. - then following south-west through mountain birch to find a saddle between tributaries of the Tutaekuri and Mohaka rivers. This watershed is found at the base of a steep ridge running directly towards the highest point in the Kaweka Range.

The party camped in the bush at the foot of the ridge, and on the following day pushed through manuka scrub at its foot, climbed up the broken ridge to the trig, the highest point in Hawkes Bay. Lying among the manuka at the foot of the ridge were many charred totara logs, indicating heavy bush where there is now scrub and scree.

A cold wind which later developed into a gale swept across the open tops. Ruapehu was clear and covered with a recent fall of snow.

From here the party traversed south along the range, some going to Kaweka Hut and others round the headwaters of the Tutaekuri River to Kiwi Hut. On Monday, in clear but cold weather, the parties returned by well-known tracks to Kuripapanga on the Taihape road, and then to Hastings by truck.

A few deer were seen. Much of the lower part of the route was across country freshly rooted by pigs, of which four were seen. In the birch bush were many native kaka, parrots and a few tuis.

No. in party: 9.

Leader, George Lowe.

Helen Hill, John Mitchel, Derek Conway, Peter Smith, Des O'Neill, Steele Therkluson, Brian Pedersen, Ray Pocock,

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No. 383.

HUKANUI - BALL'S CLEARING.

June 11th.

We left Hastings at 9 o'clock for a day trip to the Hukanui Range at Puketitiri. We arrived at Hukanui station homestead at 11.15 am. and proceeded up to the trig. It was very easy climbing as the truck takes you almost to the top. We arrived at the trig at 12.15 pm. The trig itself is about 3200ft. above sealevel.

After lunch we proceeded along the range and went through Ball's Clearing, one of the most beautiful native bush reserves in New Zealand. By the time we reached the truck it was about 4.15 pm. and time to leave for Hastings.

No. in party: 20.

Leader, Brian Pedersen.

Muriel Shaw, Marjorie Henry, Norman Elder, Bob Woon, Ray Pocock, Angus Russell, Derek Conway, Graham Martin, Peter Smith, Don Kirk, Philip Finch, and 8 Kiwis.

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No. 384.

WORKING PARTY to KURIPAPANGA.

June 24-25th.

Eleven scrubcutters left Hastings at 7.30 am. to clean up the track to Kaweka Hut which had become badly overgrown. The party deposited gear at the Swamp House and while the majority started cutting near the Lakes, Bob Woon and Lin went through to the Tutaekuri to see the position on its far bank. They found the tributary stream near the zigzag had washed out badly, but access was still reasonably good. They boiled up at the river and cut back to the main party. Angus Russell, Henry and Elizabeth Bennett did some preliminary investigation on the proposed new up-route to Kiwi Saddle, and the two latter made a colossal stew which brought the whole party to

anchor so that they could barely sing. A congenial evening swopping lies in front of the fire was highlighted by Joy Fuller setting her hair alight in a candle. The warning yell from Helen Hill was on such an urgent note that it succeeded in extinguishing the fire. Just don't know why Joy did it - smelt awful!

Progress had been so amazingly good the first day that it was decided to see what we could do to the track up to Kiwi prospected first by Clem and Angus. It turns off left about 100 yds. from the Swamp House track. Two groups found the best line through the first scrub piece and linked up, then cut ahead on an old track till a small clearing was reached. From here the track was blazed and cut up a spur and the billy boiled at noon at the only reliable water-supply up the ridge. Cutting on, the tops were reached under clear conditions, with snow in great patches underfoot. Then down again to meet the truck according to schedule. A pleasant and effective trip, with happily no bloodshed and all hands cutting like veterans.

No. in party: 11.

Leader, Lin Lloyd.

Muriel Shaw, Helen Hill, Elizabeth Bennett, Joy Fuller, Marjorie Henry, Bob Woon, Allan Proffitt, Walter Shaw, Derek Conway, Angus Russell.

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No. 385.

SILVER PEAKS.

July 9th.

We left Holt's at 10.15 am. after waiting for the Napier detachment, and proceeded through Havelock. After the Red Bridge the road was very slippery. On one hill we had to put manuka under the wheels before the truck could negotiate it. It took just over an hour to do the twenty-one miles.

After leaving the truck we followed a winding spur in wind and rain till finally we found ourselves on top of a trig overlooking the knife edge range which runs north and south. We took photos and then wound our way down to the river where we lunched for a good hour. With full tummies we plugged overland to the south trig, climbing up its leading ridge in blazing hot sun. We left the trig and lost height rapidly as we made our way back down to the road and the truck.

No. in party: 14.

Leader, Walter Shaw.

Helen Hill, Betty Stringer, Marie Persen, Dawn Wall, Cath Stirling, Muriel Shaw, Philip Finch, Don Kirk & 1, Dave Williams, Bob Woon, Angus Russell, Derek Conway.

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No. 386.

KAWEKAS.

July 23rd.

(Account of trip reprinted from Herald-Tribune of 26/7/50)

The widespread snowfalls of last week prompted a change of trips by members of the H.T.C. from the Puketitiri Hot Springs to a day trip into the snow on the Kaweka ranges. About 20 enthusiasts left Hastings by truck before dawn last week-end. On reaching Kuripapanga many hopes of a day in the snow were dashed, because the range, although still white, was covered in a thin filmy layer of snow that was rapidly melting in the warm west wind.

The party however followed the track above the Kuripapanga lakes, crossed the Tutaekuri River and reached the Kaweka Hut at midday. There were patches of snow around the hut with many bird tracks, made probably by kiwis.

After lunch some of the party climbed up a frozen creek and scrambled on to a prominent rock tower at about 4000ft. (known as Cook's Horn). A clear view of Ruapehu was obtained and also of the high country in between, which was widely snow covered. The creek leading to Cook's Horn was frozen to a depth of six inches in some places. A waterfall of some 30 feet was a solid festoon of ice.



At the Kaweka Hut a count of visitors from 1935 (when the hut was built) to the present day showed about 1350 callers. Names are recorded in the hut visitors' book.

A leisurely return was made to the road and the party reached Hastings soon after dark.

No. in party: 22.

Leader, George Lowe.

Sub-leader, Bob Woon.

Muriel Shaw, Catherine Stirling, Jean Ritchie, Joan McLeod, Alison Elder, Judy Hellyer, Betty Stringer, Marie Person, Merle Beacroft, Mary Clark, Betty McLennan, Graham Martin, Ian Stirling, Ray Pocock, John Mitchel, Norman Elder, Philip Finch, Allan Proffitt, Bill Parker, Stan Woon.

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No. 387.

POUTAKI HUT - WAKARARAS.

Aug. 6th.

A party of 15 including 6 Kiwis left Holt's at 7.20 am. After an uneventful journey we arrived at Wakarara Station at 8.45. Donning tramping boots, etc., we were on our way. After an hour of tramping along a well-defined track we came to the Poutaki Stream - of course the billy was hauled out and a cuppa was soon on the way. Then we went on again, climbing up to the top of the first saddle from which we followed the ridge running almost due south to Bald Hill. After one or two scrambles we were on the summit of the hill or Trig P (2840') on the survey plans.

Bad weather had been banking up in the Ruahines for some time and now it came scudding across to the Wakararas. The winds blew and the rains came and of course landmarks were soon blotted from view. We pushed on towards the Hut, but with the weather gradually deteriorating it was decided to abandon the attempt to get to the hut. Of course it was rather disappointing considering that we were only half an hour away, but we did not think that it would be a very nice night to spend in the open.

Accordingly the party dropped down to the Poutaki Stream where after a little bother a fire was lit and a cup of tea on the way. After lunch we followed the stream until almost to the crossing where we had boiled up in the morning and then climbed on to a small shoulder which ran down to the stream. From there it was just a matter of following the track back to the station. It stopped raining before we arrived back (about 4.15 pm.), and so we were able to change into dry clothing without any worry.

Another uneventful trip and we arrived in Hastings at 6 pm. So ended a tramp which, although a bit wet, was enjoyed by all who went.

No. in party: 15.

Leader, Bob Woon.

Muriel Shaw, Helen Hill, Betty Stringer, Marie Person, Cath Stirling, Barbara Stirling, Jean Smith, Philip Finch, 6 Kiwis.

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#### ANNUAL SEARCH PRACTICE.

The committee decided to hold an annual search practice so that members would know their part when called on for actual search. After all, this club has been involved in no less than six searches in the last five years.

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FIXTURE LIST.

<u>Date:</u>	<u>Place:</u>	<u>Leader:</u>
Aug. 19-20th.	<u>WAIKAMAKA HUT.</u>	Muriel Shaw.
Sept. 3rd.	<u>LONGFELLOW.</u>	Des O'Neill.
Sept. 16-17th.	<u>PUKETITIRI HOT SPRINGS.</u>	Helen Hill.
Oct. 1st.	<u>HERRICK'S HUT - GULL STREAM.</u>	Muriel Shaw.
Oct. 21-22-23.	To Be Arranged.	
Oct. 29th.	<u>TE ARATUPI.</u>	Dave Williams.
Nov. 11-12th.	<u>KAWWEKA TRIG &amp; CAIRN.</u>	Lin Lloyd.
Nov. 26th.	<u>GLOW-WORM CAVES, KAHURANAKI.</u>	Cath Stirling.
Dec. 9-10th.	<u>Craggy Range-Rongaiika-Cape Kidnappers-Clifton.</u>	Pat Bolt.
Christmas Trip:	To Be Arranged.	

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NEW MEMBERS.

At a committee meeting held in May the following members were elected:-

Cath Stirling, Dawn Wall, Bob Woon, Brian Pedersen, Derek Conway,  
Peter Smith, Alan Proffitt.

At subsequent meetings:

Kath Nelligan, Les Tocher, Ian Stirling, Don Kirk, Marjorie Henry,  
Ray Pocock, Joyce Fuller, Marie Persen, Graham Martin.

We welcome them to the Club and wish them good tramping in the years to come.

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