

HERETAUNGA TRAMPING CLUB ( INC. ).

"POHOKURA"

BULLETIN NO. 58.

AUGUST 1951.

PRESIDENT -  
L.H. Lloyd  
St. George's Rd.  
Hastings.  
'Phone 4346.

Hon. SECRETARY -  
Miss U. Greenwood  
Duart  
Havelock North.  
'Phone 2569.

CLUB CAPTAIN -  
R.L. Woon  
Park Road S.  
Hastings.  
'Phone 7543.

Hon. TREASURER -  
Miss H.C. Hill  
Percival Road  
Hastings.  
'Phone 3825.

-----ooo-----

NEWS from the F.M.C.

Newsletter No. 4 came to hand after the last edition of "Pohokura" had gone to press. However, we had included most of it in the bulletin, gleaning our material direct from the minutes of an F.M.C. meeting. Here are two additional paragraphs:-

Late Mr. W.A. Kennedy's Slides:

The late Mr. Kennedy of Christchurch left his huge slide library in the joint trust of the N.Z.A.C. and C.M.C. Mr. Gordon Buchanan, P.O. Box 1055, Christchurch, has custody of these slides and wishes it to be known that they are available to Federated Clubs on certain conditions, chiefly regarding transportation and prompt return. The slides cover practically the whole of the South Island alpine region and are of very superior quality.

Accidents:

In spite of the large numbers in the Alps last summer the number of accidents was gratifyingly small. This I feel can be traced partly to the Federation's campaign for safety in the mountains and partly by the excellent work many clubs are doing with instruction courses. There are generally quite a few "near misses" and I hope those involved will profit from their experience.

One such case which has come to our notice involved a climber in a nasty fall, fortunately with not serious results, though it did involve a lot of people in expense and inconvenience. The accident was caused through the rope being taken off too soon at what appeared to the party to be the end of the climb. It has been stressed over and over again that the rope should not be discarded by a party when relaxation of care after a tiring day, or what appears by comparison easy ground, can lead to a serious accident.

The Annual Meeting of the F.M.C. was held in Christchurch on June 30th. John MacIntyre attended as delegate for the H.T.C. The following officers were elected:-

<u>President:</u>	Mr. B.D.A. Greig	
<u>Vice Presidents:</u>	Messrs. H.J. Stevenson (ex officio)	Oamaru
	B.S. Gillies	"
	A.D. Mead	Auckland
	T.T. Robins	Christchurch
	N.M. Thomson	Levin
<u>Hon. Secretary:</u>	Mr. R.C. Jeffereys	
<u>Hon. Treasurer:</u>	Mrs. M.M. Davidson	
<u>Hon. Auditor:</u>	Mr. C. McAllister	
<u>Committee:</u>	Messrs. L.D. Bridge	Wellington
	R.D. Dick	Christchurch
	W.S. Gilkison	Dunedin
	H.J.C. Haines	Wellington
	A.P. Harper	"
	A.H. Hines	"
	T.N. Newth	Christchurch
	A. Pearson	Wellington
	R. Syme	Hawera.

NEWSLETTER No. 5.July 12th 1951.

This issue is confined to the Annual Meeting on 30th June and matters arising from it.

ATTENDANCE. Though transport difficulties resulted in only a handful of delegates travelling from the North Island, there was a satisfactory attendance of about 25. The N.Z. Alpine Club, Canterbury Mountaineering Club, Tararua Tramping Club, and the Deerstalkers' Association, were the clubs strongly represented. As the Ski Council had to have its meeting in May, ski clubs were lightly represented. The Federation is grateful to the C.M.C. for arranging the use of a comfortable room in the Pioneer Sports Club building.

INSURANCE. There was a good deal of discussion arising out of a letter from Mr. N.M. Thomson who was unable to be present. He urged each club operating a ski tow to take out a public risk policy to cover its liability for injury to anyone using the tow. A single major claim could wreck the finances of any Club.

The importance of this was fully realised by delegates and the question was raised about the liability of the club members (or others) actually operating the tow at the time of an accident. It was thought that the claim would in the first instance be against them. One club reported that it had taken out a public risk policy for a substantial amount, but even though it had received specially favourable treatment from the insurance company, the premium was high. It was left to the Secretary, in conjunction with the Secretary of the Ski Council, to discuss the matter in detail with an insurance company, obtain quotations from two more, and report as soon as possible.

NORTH ISLANDERS AND SOUTH ISLAND HUTS: There was a long discussion on the overcrowding of the limited hut accommodation in the Canterbury and Otago Alps. The problem is not new and it is bound to get worse. Almost all the mountains of an alpine nature are in the South, but over two-thirds of the population are in the North. Not only have Wellington clubs expanded in number, size and activity, but there are now more South Island trips by Auckland clubs.

Most of the huts referred to belong to the N.Z.A.C. or the C.M.C. which now find difficulty in obtaining the use of their own huts during the peak of the summer season. Similar overcrowding occurs in Tourist Department huts as witness Malte Brun Hut in particular last December-January.

Do not get me wrong: far from there being any resentment to the increasing influx of Northerners, South Islanders are delighted to see them come to the "Mainland" for mountaineering. The trouble is that Southerners just cannot provide hospitality for such numbers in addition to their own thriving clubs. The N.Z.A.C. is now proposing to decline any bookings from other clubs for its huts in the peak periods of Christmas-New Year and Easter because its own members need the huts then. No one can object to this. The C.M.C., which does not book space or charge hut fees, will continue its policy of letting visitors into its huts - if there happens to be room when they arrive.

Both clubs are in the same difficulty. If their members arrive at a club hut on a dirty night and find it occupied, they don't and just cannot kick out the squatters (though if the weather is fine, there might be pointed remarks about good camp sites further on). Similarly, in bad weather, the rightful occupants do not refuse refuge to poor shivering devils whose tents have been blown down and whose gear is wet.

A good deal of the trouble arises from visitors blandly assuming that huts are more or less public property and that they are the only people in the locality anyway. The result of all this is the extreme discomfort of a hopelessly overcrowded hut in bad weather. Plenty of examples from the last few seasons can be quoted.

There is no easy or complete solution. In the short run, North Island clubs can help by:

1. Remembering that a hut belongs to someone, often another club, and that the right of use cannot be taken for granted. At least be courteous and try to get permission to use the hut. Don't just happen along without tents.
2. If there is any doubt whether you will be able to use the hut in question, take tents (good ones) as all had to do before there was any hut.
3. Pitch your tents properly in the best available shelter and prepare to stick out a storm. Only in sheer necessity seek refuge in a hut known to be already well populated. (Perhaps the best idea is deliberately to camp so far from any occupied huts that they are no temptation.)
4. Stagger your holidays as much as possible to avoid the peak periods. The weather is generally better in February than at Christmas-New Year anyway.

In the long run, the only real alleviation can come from more huts. Just how this can come about is not at all clear, but the annual meeting was impressed with the need for investigation. A Huts (Accommodation) Sub-Committee has therefore been set up to rack their brains and consider suggestions. The Committee is: R.J. Dick and B. Gillies (S. Island), A.H. Hines and N.M. Thomson (N. Island).

Will club committees please give this some thought and pass on their ideas to the F.M.C. Secretary. My own thoughts turn towards the hut programme of a National Parks Commission and its associated local Boards. But this lies in the future - the National Parks Bill has yet to go through Parliament, but we are hopeful that that will happen this year. There may, of course, be some scope for North and South Island clubs to pair off in

certain popular localities, but even though the Northerners might supply much of the finance, most of the building and maintenance must perforce fall on the Southern partners. The latter problems must severely restrain any enthusiasm of North Island clubs, singly or in groups, to have their own huts in the South.

The related and in some ways more important problem of use of musterers' and other private huts on back-country stations was also discussed. It was pointed out that ill-considered action by one visiting party may wreck the good-will carefully built up over years by a local club and, once lost, a run-holder's goodwill will be very difficult to regain. Apart from the huts, access over the land is required. Visiting clubs should always write for permission to cross stations and use huts. They could repay hospitality in part by bringing in the station mail and copies of the latest newspapers and weeklies. The appropriate branch of the N.Z.A.C. or C.M.C. will help other clubs by supplying the names and addresses of station-owners or managers and generally advising on access over their land.

RECORDING OF HUTS: Clubs are reminded to send in brief particulars (location, altitude, size, fuel, ownership, etc.) of any new club huts or other huts likely to be readily available to hillmen. Details are compiled by the Huts (Recording) Sub-Committee for publication at intervals and meantime as a source of information to any enquiring clubs.

MAPS: There is also a Maps Sub-Committee with a similar function. We want particularly to hear of new maps or sketch maps compiled by clubs. News of these would otherwise take long to spread. Notes on new official maps are also required. It would be appreciated if a copy of each new club map was sent in. As with new huts, the information will be published at intervals.

NON-FATAL ACCIDENTS: Until recently, the Accidents Sub-Committee has been concerned only with the circumstances, causes and lessons to be learned from fatal accidents in the hills and mountains. The annual meeting decided that, as far as practicable, a similar service should be given in respect of non-fatal accidents. The point is that there are many such accidents from which valuable lessons can be learned and the story can be pieced together much more satisfactorily because the people survive and can usually give a clear account of it all.

Clubs are therefore urged to send in short reports of such accidents coming to their notice, on much the same lines as for fatal accidents. Names are not wanted and anything published by the Federation will be anonymous as regards both the people and their club. I repeat: there is no intention whatever of showing up people or clubs: the Federation merely wants to help folk learn from the mistakes of others and so keep accidents of all kinds down to the minimum. There are few hillmen of experience who have not suffered or witnessed a mishap that could act as a warning to others.

FATAL ACCIDENTS: The frequency of river drownings was remarked upon. There was an impression among some delegates that most people drowned in mountain rivers are non-swimmers. Comments on this theory would be welcome.

OUR 21ST BIRTHDAY: As the Federation will come of age in September, it was fitting to have present its founder, Mr. A.P. Harper, who made the trip specially on this account. The 86-year old veteran outlined the formation and history of the Federation. The following is extracted from his notes:

In 1921 there were only one or two clubs besides the N.Z.A.C., which had been going for some years, and the T.T.C. then in its robust youth.

There were several matters calling for action, in both the public interest and the interest of those who went into the mountains. The chief ones were: the licensing of guides: the right to camp and build huts in National Parks: and the need for more careful enquiry into accidents.

As President of the N.Z.A.C. I took up all these matters with the authorities, and waged a persistent campaign for reform. This went on for several years with very little practical result.

By 1930 several other clubs had been formed and I realised that in advocating certain reforms on behalf of mountaineering, I was unintentionally butting into matters which affected these clubs, as well as the N.Z.A.C. It appeared to me that if we could get all clubs to discuss the reforms, and then all act together we should have a better chance of success, for my work had proved to me that numbers - rather than causes - impressed the authorities.

I sent a circular to 15 clubs about a conference. The response was good - eleven clubs were represented besides the N.Z.A.C. We met on Sept. 11th 1930 in Wellington. All those present, except the C.M.C., approved of the proposal and the F.M.C. was formed. The majority of the clubs considered that the N.Z.A.C. should not join the Federation, but work with it from outside, because it differed from the other clubs in its constitution. I thought this was wrong, but my club committee after careful consideration decided to abide by the expressed wish of the other clubs.

The objectives which I placed before the conference were:

(1) The licensing of guides. (2) Better control of National Parks and the rights of clubs as to use and building of huts. (3) The right of clubs to nominate representatives on Park Boards, and not to have to depend on Ministerial favour. (4) More careful enquiries into accidents.

It was made clear that the ideal was combined action in all matters of common interest, but no interference with the domestic affairs of any club.

Mr. F.W. Vosseler (T.T.C.), the first President, told me at the end of his first year that several clubs had not joined because they suspected some ulterior motive on the part of the N.Z.A.C. in advocating the Federation and then staying outside. To meet the position the N.Z.A.C. at once applied for membership and its admittance was followed by some others.

As for progress, guide licensing remains as it was, chiefly due to the general upset of the last war; the rights of clubs to nominate their own members on Park Boards has been partly achieved, and we have the right to build huts in national reserves and parks; accident enquiries are on a better footing. The F.M.C. has also done great work in its safety campaign and in its search and rescue organisation, and we have every reason to hope that legislation will shortly come down to place National Parks on a sound footing. The F.M.C. is now recognised by Ministers and by the Departments concerned as a valuable and useful organisation; that is a great thing.

It has taken much work over 21 years, but when one considers the many changes of governments, the pressing political problems they have had to meet, and lastly the general upset of the last war, I think we may feel gratified, even though progress has been slow.

Arthur P. Harper.

\*\*\*

In conclusion, I would like to thank clubs for the honour of electing me to the

office of President. I will do my best to follow the excellent example of my predecessors and further the interests of clubs and hillmen.

B.D.A. GREIG.

-----ooo-----

### SOCIAL NEWS.

Norm and Kath Elder have returned from England looking very fit.

Merv Hawken has gone home to Australia for a few months' visit. We expect to see him back here again later on in the year.

Molly Molineux is now in Rotorua. As she will have no use for her ice-axe while she is there she has very generously lent it to the club for the time being. This ice-axe is the club one that we presented to Molly when she left Hawkes Bay, so it has quite a history.

George Pickernell and Dorothy Craig were married a few weeks ago. We wish them every happiness.

George Lowe is at present with Earle Riddiford's party in the Himalayas. There are letters from him a few pages further on.

-----ooo-----

### CLUB ROOM EVENTS.

25/3/51. To farewell George Lowe we held the ordinary Club meeting at Stan Craven's and made it a social occasion. We made George a presentation and he responded with an entertaining account of how the Himalayan party contrived to get their luggage over to Australia in spite of the strike.

1035/51. Norm gave a talk on the set up of tramping and rescue work in Great Britain.

5/7/51. Mr. Burfield told us what to look for when we bought tramping boots.

19/7/51. Mr. French spoke on Hastings, England, his home town. He described its old, colourful traditions, still upheld, its privileges and duties as one of the Cinque Ports, and then, touching on modern times, the damage suffered in the last war and the reconstruction work in progress at the moment.

-----ooo-----

### DECISIONS OF THE LAST H.T.C. COMMITTEE MEETING.

Private Transport: The committee decided that when private transport is used for trips it is fairer to charge on the basis of double the petrol instead of petrol-&-a-half as has been done previously. The driver pays his share, too.

Club Captain: In the absence of George Lowe, the committee appointed Bob Woon to take on the duties of Club Captain.

Publicity Officer: On the resignation of Janet Lloyd from this position, Norm Elder was appointed.

New Members: Dorothy Craig, Alan Standeven, and Doug Reid were elected as Club members. We welcome them to the Club and wish them many years of good tramping.

-----ooo-----

LESSONS TO BE LEARNED FROM THE VIAL SEARCH.

The following is quoted from "The Tararua Trampler", May 1951:-

"In summarising Vial's mistakes, Mr. Bridge emphasises that he does it not as blame, but as an indication of the points clubs should advise their members to watch.

The following are Vial's listed errors:

1. Not leaving clear advice where he was going before leaving Wellington.
2. Going alone.
3. Leaving neither a note nor a mark when he turned back on Winchcombe.
4. Not leaving a note at the river.
5. Not camping at the river - an obvious way out - or returning to it when he found the tops, with his knowledge, were impracticable.
6. Leaving his pack.
7. Not firing shots on the third and fourth days he was overdue.
8. Not learning of the escape route off the Neill-Winchcombe Range."

-----ooo-----

ROUTE DIRECTION - UREWERA.

The Physical Welfare Branch of the Department of Internal Affairs has issued detailed directions, giving mileage from point to point and approximate travelling times for the following trips:-

1. Round trip from Papatotara Saddle on the Wairoa-Rotorua road via Maungapohatu, down Waikare stream and up the Whakatane River to return to Ruatahuna.
2. Papatotara Saddle to Waimana township, Bay of Plenty, via Maungapohatu.

These directions are written up in the A.A. style with names of places and mileage in the margin and description of route beside it. They should be easy to follow.

Apply for same to secretary.

-----ooo-----

RUAHINE MAP.

THE LATEST REPORT SAYS THIS WILL BE READY IN SEPTEMBER.

-----ooo-----

CLUB TRIPS.

No. 400.

April 15th.

The numbers offering for the scheduled trip down the Maraetotara stream were not large enough to warrant the expense of the truck, so that particular trip was cancelled. In the course of the evening however members, left to their own devices, made up two parties. One, with mixed transport which included push bikes, motor bikes and one car, decided on a day trip to Mokopeka Caves, while the owner of a private van offered transport for five only for a week-end trip into the Waikamaka.

(A) MOKOPEKA - TAUROA.

April 15th.

The morning was very fresh. We set off on bicycles, hoping our tyres would stay well pumped-up, as we found after we had started that no one carried a puncture outfit. It took us a couple of hours to cycle round the hills, over the new Waimarama concrete bridge and along the Elsthorpe road to the bridge just past Horseshoe Bend on the Tuki-tuki river. The poplars and willows on its banks were turning gold and the leaves were fluttering down. After a well-earned brew at the bridge we scrambled up the hills and over to the caves.

Leaving the lovely sunshine, all except three disappeared into the gloomy blackness, carrying candles and torches, stumbling over boulders and having the cold shivers, but keeping on even when someone suggested earthquakes. The second cave contained glow-worms, but before we could admire these it was necessary to play Tarzan, lowering ourselves down about fifteen feet on a rope, with very few footholds in the rock.

When we emerged from the caves we found the billy boiling. On the trip home we had a dip in the river. From the Red Bridge we doubled back up the western bank of the Tuki-tuki, came through the Tauroa gap and landed back in Hastings just after dark.

No. in party: 10.

Leader, Pat Bolt.

Kath Cherney, Janet Lloyd, Helen Hill, Diane Mudgway, Alan Standeven, Ken Thomas, Allen Cowan, Walter Shaw, Angus Russell.

ooo

(B) WAIKAMAKA HUT & "66".

April 14th-15th.

At 7 am. on the Saturday five of us set off in a somewhat overloaded Ford 10 van. We arrived at McCulloch's Mill at approximately 10 am. and after a boil-up we set off up the river for the Waipawa Saddle with the intention of climbing the Three Johns and Rangi in the afternoon. The weather, which was perfect, began to deteriorate as we climbed up and when we arrived at the Saddle everything was fogged over, so we went straight down to the hut.

According to some deerstalkers we met in the river, there were two cullers in the Waikamaka, but they were away for the week-end. They had left plenty of evidence of their presence. None of us had seen such an untidy mess in a hut before. We cleaned the place up, cooked a stew over a very smoky fire and then turned in.

Next day we left the hut at 11 am. and set off down the Waikamaka Stream intending to climb Trig 66 and travel round to Shut-Eye Shack. Coming to Waterfall Creek we travelled up it, up the deer-track, sidling to the top of the fall and into a very rugged stream in a big basin at the back of 66. The further we went the rougher it became, ending up in a 450 climb over very large boulders. At the source we began a very steep climb up to a saddle between 66 and 67. Bad weather had settled down on Hikurangi and was coming towards us,



being pushed along by a very strong gale which also pushed us upwards. Arriving at the top we decided not to go on as the wind was increasing. In a second we were enveloped by fog and it began to rain. It was bitterly cold on the tops and the rain hit our legs and faces like shot-gun pellets. The wind was so strong that we could not keep on a straight course. A break in the clouds revealed the Waipawa Saddle straight below us so down we went, right to the mill. A boil-up and off down the road only to get the van stuck in Triplex Creek. It was not very nice to get out with bare feet and push the van across. We arrived back in Hastings about 8 pm.

No. in party: 5.

Leader: John Mitchel.

Dick Burton, Merv Hawken, Derek Conway, Ray Pocock.

-----000-----

No. 401.

BIG HILL - HERRICK'S.

April 28th-29th.

We left soon after 1 pm. on Saturday, being seen off in the grand manner by the President and the Press Relations Officer. When we set out from Big Hill we missed the track; and while we struggled through the gorge, and bracken like sandpaper, John told us how they had got lost on the plateau above the hut. We reached Herrick's hut in three groups by different routes; had a fine stew and sing-song, and a comfortable night.

We left next morning about 8 am. and scratched up Herrick's Spur, John still pointing out the places where they went astray above us. We were on a track all day, but it was seldom the same track for more than 5 minutes at a time, for the whole area is a maze of pig and deer tracks. Having gone far enough up to be sure we could not reach No Man's that day, we headed down a steep spur into the gorge of Big Hill stream, and returned wading and scrambling along the bottom. Here Derek covered himself with glory by running down and catching a half-grown pig - we're going to enter him (Derek, not the pig!) in the Marathon in the next Olympiad - and we finally got back to the truck with the carcass slung on a pole.

A member of the R.E.C. accompanied our party to Big Hill, where he set up his transmitting gear in the woolshed and tested it to prove its suitability as a roadhead station in case of a search.

No. in party: 15.

Leader: Helen Hill.

Kath Cherney, Cath Stirling, John Mitchel, Bob Woon, Allen Cowan, Ken Thomas, Angus Russell, Dave Williams, Derek Conway, Peter Smith, Alan Standeven, Merv Hawken, Ray Pocock, Jack King (A.R.E.C.).

-----000-----

No. 402.

WAIKAMAKA - 66 - SHUT EYE.

May 12th-13th.

Having an excess of transport this week-end our party of nine set out for the central Ruahine Range by jeep and station-waggon. Who else but trampers would prefer the very open-air back seat of a jeep to the comfort of an upholstered sedan? However with the many levers and gears of this four-wheel drive to attract one's attention the 60-odd miles sped past and we disembarked at McCulloch's Mill. Another 13/4 hours passed before the late arrivals were fed and ready for the trek up the Waipawa valley.

Unlike our visit four weeks earlier the tops were obscured in cloud and conditions were ideal for tramping on the valley-floor. The river was low and the 37 crossings were negotiated without mishap. The Saddle slipped past as the mist descended lower, and we were soon on the soft scree of the

Waikamaka slide. A half-hour tramp down the river-bed brought us to the club hut and a welcome brew at 4 pm. (3 hours 20 minutes from the mill).

Despite all good intentions, nothing was done to the bunks as all spare time was taken up cleaning the hut and struggling with the fire (smokeless or otherwise). After a very delayed tea, we bedded down thankful to rest our smoke-filled eyes.

At 5 am. slumbers were disturbed by a distinctly civilised noise - Helen's alarm clock. Outside the stars shone clearly through the early morning mist, while inside clouds of fog were billowing over the occupants, as Bob used his man-made bellows on one of the hut's reputedly smoky fires. Patience was rewarded with success, and after a hearty breakfast our party was away at 8 am.

Retracing our steps of the previous day we slowly climbed to the Waipawa Saddle and "66" Ridge. The view was unimpaired as we topped the rise, and stretching before us the Bay lay under a blanket of low-lying clouds. Patches of snow could be seen higher up the ridge and as we gazed at the steep rise we noticed the first wisps of mistsweeping across the crest. After strapping Alec's ankle, which had been twisted the previous day, the party moved off following the ridge on to "67". Another stop was made to admire the fine panorama of the surrounding peaks, the Three Johns, Rangi, Hikurangi, Iron Peg, and New Hikurangi all being pointed out by the older members. A steep climb on loose shingle brought us to our goal - Trig 66 - at 10.30 am.

From the Trig the route leads down the right hand ridge through snow-grass and leatherwood to the Waipawa-Maropea Saddle. Our first sight of deer and an easy climb to the forked top, where we again followed the right hand ridge past Armstrong's Saddle. By this time the mist had completely obscured "66" and we tramped steadily on to turn off at Buttercup Hollow. The Hollow being devoid of water brought unhappy thoughts of a dry walk out to the road, but luckily sufficient water was found at the hut for a boil-up. The track after leaving the hollow sidles the ridge and then turns steeply down the spur to enter the beech forest a few hundred feet above the hut.

An hour's spell at the hut enabled a refreshed party leaving at 2 pm. to saunter through the native bush trail while above us the tree-tops rang with the melody of bell-birds and the occasional tui. Although the track is well overgrown this latter part of the trip proved to be a joyful and grand finish to our tramp. We arrived at the road at 4 pm. and reached Hastings at 7.15 pm.

No. in party: 9.

Leader: Mervyn Hawken.

Helen Hill, Peter Smith, Derek Conway, Bruno Sartoff, Alec Stafford, Bob Woon, John Mitchel, Cyril Davy.

-----ooo-----

No. 403.

HAWKSTON GORGE.

May 27th.

The onset of winter was marked by alarm-clock trouble and we left Holt's half-an-hour late after various members had been routed out or written off. Conditions were bleak on the road with intermittent drizzle, but cleared up as soon as we left the homestead. The objective of the trip had been changed to an attempt to unravel the complicated series of ridges and fault lines between Don Juan and the Black Birch Range, but this proved too ambitious for a winter trip. However, while some of the party boiled up on the open shingle at the head of the gorge an advance party attempted to force the gorge of the unmapped stream that was found to cut through the ridge paralleling the main fault. This became steadily narrower and more spectacular and the last 100 yards proved beyond the capabilities of the party in the time available.

Returning at a good pace we reached the track on time, but midway between

the homestead and the Puketitiri Road the engine developed an awkward electrical fault which took five hours to rectify. Fortunately it was a warm starry night and by the light of a couple of fires we spent a tolerably comfortable time, brewing and consuming the last of our food. Time of return, 1.30 am. Monday morning.

No. in party: 15.

Leader: Norm Elder.

Helen Hill, Pat Bolt, Muriel Shaw, Marie Persen, Kath Cherney, Enid Mulloy, Dick Burton, Stan Woon, Bob Woon, Ian Stirling, Derek Conway, Arthur French, Jim Macaulay, Philip Finch.

-----ooo-----

No. 404.

LOG CABIN - KIWI SADDLE.

June 2nd-4th.

With the Kawekas under a heavy fall of snow, eleven people assembled at Holt's with prospects of a good week-end. The private transport of three cars left at 7.30 am., and arrived at the MacDonald's at 9.20am., where one car was left, and everyone boarded the remaining two cars, reaching Te Mahanga Station at 10.10 am.

Leaving the Station at 10.45 am. we arrived at the Mangataramea Stream on the left of Boyd's old homestead at 11.15 am. and had the first boil-up of the day which was accepted as dinner. From the stream through a beech forest we worked our way up to the Hogget Ridge where some snappy shooting by Doug brought down a deer (In all we saw five, shooting two). By this time we were travelling in snow, and conditions being cold we kept up a steady pace to arrive at the Hogget at 2.20 pm.; we also noted that the wind coming from the west had caused some remarkable effects in the form of horizontal icicles on stunted and dead beech. We continued on down in a NW direction and the Log Cabin was a welcome sight at 3.35 pm. We retired to bed at 7 pm.

Sunday morning was felt before it dawned, with approximately 25-30 degrees of frost; but not wishing to observe the latent effects of frost we said adios at 8.10 am. and arrived at some mustering yards about threequarters of a mile from Rocky Point at 10.10 am. At Rocky Point we considered the possibilities of Manson Hut but decided that Kiwi Hut was the better choice, so we dropped down into the Manson Creek and after strenuous going we had our lunch slightly upstream from the Manson-Ngaruroro junction at 12.15.

After  $3\frac{1}{2}$  crossings of the Ngaruroro we entered the Kiwi Creek junction approximately one mile upstream from the Manson and proceeded upstream for  $1\frac{1}{2}$  hours, then took to a ridge on the right hand side, and after a bit of rope work and solid scrambling, we were able to make out the Kiwi Saddle and Angus's favourite clump of red beech. With night falling fast we were fortunate to make the hut at 5 pm. for some, 5.30 for others. After this day's heavy going we were only too glad to crawl into our bags - to sleep, we hoped, but the intense cold was to cheat us once again, and haggard faces arose and left the hut at 11.10 am. for Swamp Hut via 4594'.

We arrived back at the road at 1.20 pm. after a bitterly cold trip along the tops. The drivers of the three cars left immediately after a mug of tea to pick up their vehicles from the MacDonald's and Te Mahanga, and we finally left the Kaweka track roadhead at 5 pm.

No. in party: 11.

Leader: Derek Conway.

Muriel Shaw, Helen Hill, Cath Stirling, Ken Thomas, Bob Woon, John Mitchel, Peter Smith, Walter Shaw, Dick Burton, Doug Reid.

-----ooo-----

No. 405.

MAORI ROCK.

June 10th.

A very ragged start resulted in five of us assembling at what turned out to be the wrong gate on Kopangā Road. We discovered our mistake and advanced a couple of hundred yards to the correct gate. During this manoeuvre the two travelling per motor-bike vanished into thin air. After a futile search for them (our main concern being that they had the billy) we suddenly found that a note left in a milk box was meant for us. It said that Norm and his Kiwis had gone ahead by a slightly different route from the usual one.

We cut across the paddocks, picked up their tracks at Maori Rock and beheld smoke in the middle distance. Someone was having a boil-up! One of the Kiwis had caught a crayfish and they were on the point of cooking it in what was left of their tea, but we managed to persuade them that our need was greater than theirs.

After lunch the Kiwis went straight on as they had to pick up their truck. Kohinerakau was covered in mist and did not look at all inviting, so the H.T.C.s stayed in the valley and spent most of the afternoon catching crayfish!

No. in party: 5.

Leader: Janet Lloyd.

Dorothy Craig, George Pickernell, Ken Thomas, Allen Cowan.

-----ooo-----

No. 406.

KAWEKA HUT.

June 23rd-24th.

The truck rolled away from Holt's at 1.10 pm. with thirteen work-worn souls aboard bound for Kaweka Hut. In mist and rain we arrived at the Lone Pine Tree at 3.15. After a quick change, three of our numbers pushed off at 3.20 to get the fire going etc. The rest of the party left at 3.30 to try and make the hut before dark. The tail of the party arrived at 5.40, the last ten minutes being tramped in the dark; the first party arrived at 5 pm.

The stew was made and eaten in spite of a smell of burnt vegs. The hay was hit at 10 pm. and dead silence reigned till about midnight when one of the lads just back from camp was heard answering the sergeant back in a clear voice, until he stopped himself by shouting "Order!". After this the night passed with a melody of snores from a lower bunk.

It was interesting to note the temperatures recorded during the evening and morning. The thermometer on being taken out of the pack at about 7 pm. recorded 32deg. F. On being brought into the centre of the room it registered 40deg. By the lower window 30deg. The following morning outside the hut it registered 32deg. F.

Owing to heavy cloud and rain the trip to Kiwi Saddle was abandoned. Instead seven of the party donned parkas and set out for a round trip to the Tits and Cook's Horn. At about 3400' snow was encountered. On reaching 4252' conditions became worse with thick ice around. Three of the party were able to climb up and stand together on top of a four foot bush. The ice round the leaves and branches was a good quarter inch thick. After a photograph or two, the party turned back at 4252' as the cloud was closing in with intermittent snow showers and a strong cold wind. We arrived back at Kaweka Hut at 11.15 to find that Ken's pane of glass had survived the trip in and was in its final resting place.

At 1.15 we again split in two and nine of us, all well fed, crept out into the rain and made for the road. The four remaining ones left at 1.30. On reaching the Tutaekuri River we were told that two of the first party had gone adrift and were last seen making their way down stream from the cairn marking the track out from the Kaweka Hut stream. Two of the last party then stopped at the Tutaekuri while the other two went down to the Kaweka Hut stream junction with the Tutaekuri to find them. Not seeing any sign of them at the junction we started up the Kaweka Hut stream and just above the waterfall boot prints

were seen heading back upstream. The boot print was recognized as belonging to one of the missing couple. We then pushed on up to the cairn which would be practically impossible to miss going upstream. On the track just above the cairn another similar footprint was found. We then climbed the track, and on reaching the Tutaekuri again found the two strays with the two remaining members of the last party.

The Swamp Hut was reached at 4.30; the first party arrived at 2.45, one and a half hours from Kaweka Hut. Just before the truck left at 5.10pm. an earthquake was felt. A low-pitched noise was heard which remained constant for about a quarter minute. Then two cabbage trees appeared to be hit by a gale about 100 yds. away, yet no wind was felt where we were walking. We arrived back in Hastings at 7.30 pm.

No. in party: 13.

Leader: Peter Smith.

Pat Bolt, Dot Craig, Derek Conway, Bob Woon, Dick Burton, Allen Cowan, Ken Thomas, George Pickernell, and Rover Scouts Rex Mossman, Fred Carrington, Jim McCaulay, Arthur French.

-----000-----

No. 407. HERRICK'S - NO MAN'S - RUAHINE - BIG HILL.

July 21st-22nd.

At 6.25 am. a party of six left home in a dense fog which enshrouded us until Kereru Station. Big Hill was reached at 7.50 approximately, and at 8.5 we were all packed up ready to leave complete with emergency rations and tents just in case we went astray. This being the first attempt after two unsuccessful ones three years ago, we were determined to remove the hoo-doo.

Herrick's Hut was reached at 9.45 and after a boil-up and our first lunch, we set off again at a brisk pace along the bottom off Herrick's Spur, which is a long rugged ridge leading right to the tops near No Man's Hut. At first the going was hot, but as we climbed up a strong wind sprang up, so wind-jackets were put on. A second lunch was consumed half way up Herrick's but no time was wasted as we were running behind schedule. Only short stops were made from there to the top of the spur - for photos, chocolate, etc. - which was reached at 4.20 after we had climbed solidly uphill for 5 1/4 hours.

A short stop at the top, then off along the tussocky tops, over Ohawai (4495'), to the iron spike at the dividing of two ridges. We then consulted the map and found it to be wrong, and after pushing our way through thick beech we stumbled across a track which led straight down to No Man's, arriving there at 5.25 pm. Everyone felt weary, so after a large stew we climbed into our bags.

On Sunday morning the cloud had lowered and just as we left the hut at 9.45 rain began to fall accompanied by a strong cold wind. The track from No Man's leads along the tops through thick beech forest interspersed with open patches of snowgrass, past Lesson's Monument and on to the edge of the Ruahine plateau. We then travelled along the edge of the plateau, turning off two ridges before the Hollowback Spur and made our way through the scrub to Ruahine Hut, arriving there at 12.30. We were just in time to put our billy on the fire which had been lit by Dr., David and Kim Bathgate, who had just arrived there for the day. The hut is in a bad state, one wall having collapsed completely. After lunch we left the hut and made our way to the edge of the plateau, down to the shepyards, and plodded our weary way to the top of Big Hill, where there is an apology for a road - really an organised bog after the rain - leading down to the Station, where we arrived at 4.30. We then tumbled into the cars and headed for home, arriving there at 6.15 pm.

No. in party: 6.

Leader: John Mitchel.

Helen Hill, Enid Mullov, Dick Burton, Allen Cowan, Ken Thomas.

-----000-----

No. 408.

MATTHEW'S HUT.

August 5th.

6.30 am. on Sunday found several members of the Deerstalkers' Association and 13 members of the H.T.C. waiting at the clock tower prior to setting out for Big Hill.

Carrying material for the rebuilding of the Matthew's Hut, we left the road-head at 8.30. After dropping into the O'Hara Stream we climbed up to the plateau on the other side. From there the going was quite flat but owing to the dense scrub it was very hard going until a horse track was reached.

Some of the Deerstalkers had taken dogs and two pigs were accounted for before we reached the hut site at 11.30 am. After lunch some of the party were guided by Mr. L. Masters and shown some caves near the Gull Stream. The rest of us went with the parties of deerstalkers pig-hunting. The result was six pigs killed.

The party arrived back at the cars at 3.45 and so home to Hastings quite early.

No. in party: 13.

Leader: Doug Reid.

Enid Mulloy, Colleen Fisk, Pat Bolt, Kath Elder, Dick Burton, Ken Thomas, Ray Thomas, Doc. Bathgate, Derek Conway, Walter Shaw, Stan Woon, Bob Woon.

-----

On August 12th. John Mitchel and Bob Woon left Hastings once again with the Deerstalkers, in order to cut the track through to the hut. After an hour's cutting, the track was connected with the horse track and so the object of the trip was attained. Most of the deerstalkers then went pig-hunting. John and I, however, set out to have a look at the Golden Crown Ridge. We were rather discouraged to find that the base of the spur is heavily covered by scrub and bush lawver. We pushed on through a snow-storm, but owing to the deteriorating conditions we decided to turn back with our curiosity not really satisfied. However, we saw enough to realise that climbing the Golden Crown Spur with week-end packs would be no joke. In spite of the wet, cold conditions we enjoyed the trip.

Thanks are due to the Deerstalkers for arranging for the transport of the club members for these trips.

-----ooo-----

LETTERS from the HIMALAYAS.

c/o West View Hotel,  
Ranikhet, India.  
June 8th., Friday.

Dear H.T.C.,

I won't tell you of the voyage to Colombo, which was filled with incident. Of the train journey from Ceylon to Calcutta - about 12 or 1400 miles of rail travel - the heat and dust and the sameness of the country will be of interest when I get home. A similar 1200-mile journey from Calcutta to railhead at Kathgodam via Lucknow with a temperature of 113deg. F. was hot and full of trial and exorbitant expense in baggage. We had 3/4 ton and our fare for 4 came to 260 rupees - the baggage cost 273 rupees!!

We arrived at Kathgodam about 30th May and were charged another huge sum to get our gear and ourselves 52 miles and 6000 ft. higher to the haven of Ranikhet. The road is superb - the bus is a sporting model - you've got to be a sport to go in it. The road winds up through open bush and villages to the pine scented Ranikhet hill station. The hotel-keeper was a member of the Himalayan Club and of immense help. While two of us

wrestled with making up 60-lb. loads into heavy kit bags, Earle, our lawyer, negotiated for passes, extra gear such as sugar, ata (native flour), tsampa (a roasted grain), split peas, rice, pots & pans and a thousand other things. In the record time of two days we were packed, and our 4 Sherpas had arrived from Darjeeling and we had become acquainted with them, namely Passang Dawa, Tondoo (looks for all the world like a pirate off a Chinese junk), Nima, and Tenzing - all good types. We engaged 29 Dotial coolies, professional load-carriers from Nepal, to pack our loads of 60 lbs. for the paltry sum of 3 rupees per day (4/6). They feed themselves as well. The Dotials were a rough-looking crew with bare feet and ragged clothes with a blanket thrown over their shoulders. Their pack consists of a small head band attached to a doubled piece of rope which they hook under the load.

On 2nd June we left Ranikhet and bussed 52 miles to Garul and climbed 3000' to Gwaldam with a glorious view of the mountains. For 7 days we've been at it pretty steadily crossing a pass nearly every day. We've been carrying about 40 lb. ourselves and have become pretty brown and fit. The climbs are strenuous compared to N.Z. Here's a résumé: Gwaldam to Karat Bagat, 10 miles - 4000ft. and 2000ft. climb; K.B. to Ghat, 17 miles - 4000ft. climb and 6000ft. descent; Ghat to Ranni, 2500ft. climb and 9 miles; Ranni to Kaliaghat 2000ft. (over a pass of 10,500ft.) and 4500ft. drop; Kaliaghat to Dakwani, 10 miles and 4000ft. up, 2000ft. down & 2500ft. up to camp at 10,400ft.; and today we left Dakwani and crossed Kuari Pass 12,400ft. and dropped - and I mean dropped - to Tapoban 6500ft. lower. Altogether the approach march will take us 10 days.

We now follow a broad trail, the pilgrim route to Badrinath. The tramping has been over paths mostly and in a few places what might be called tracks. Route finding consists of asking the name of your destination at each village and they nod and point the way. So far it's all been over hills similar to the Kaimanawas - but today we went high enough to see beautiful alpine gardens of primulas, gentians, irises and even a few orchids - which are rare and greatly sought after. The view from Kuari Pass was terrific with literally dozens of giants over 20,000ft. with Kamet above all at 25,447ft. Our hope, Nilkanta, 21,600ft. looks steep and difficult. If we climb it, it will certainly be a feather in the old cap. At present I'm sitting beside the tent in a glade - the Sherpas are preparing our evening meal (very genteel) - stew and rice, while the Dotials are spread around their own fires cooking chapaties, a sort of thin wafer of flour and water which is almost wholly their diet.

That's all for now. I post this at Josimath where it goes out by foot post. If you write and I hope you will, send it to the above address and I'll get it at base.

Cheers and good tramping,

GEORGE LOWE.

Written from Base Camp - 16000ft. on Dakkhni Chamrao Glacier about five miles from Tibet: 1st July 1951.

Given to a local coolie about 8th July & posted I don't know when;

Dear H.T.C.,

Today is a rest day and I have been wondering how the old club is functioning? Although I'm amongst the high hills, the thought of a good wood fire and the green trees of Kiwi still calls strongly. I'll never growl about Waikamaka again now that I've had to scour the moraine for old yak dung and a green fungus that grows high. No trees grow here and our eyes are starved of greenness - we gather our talk around the comparisons of Himalayan and home mountains, and even though we sit and look at Kamet 25,447ft. we still say ours are best! The mountains here are high, the magic figures of 20,000ft. plus are their only claim to pre-eminence; true they are massive - but so is Cook; they have glaciers - but none as sweeping and snow fed as the Tasman, none as attractive or steep as the Franz, and none have the green of bush to add to their sameness. But it's hard not to be excited by their presence - here we are in a virgin valley. About 12 great peaks, four over 22,000, only one named - Mukut Parbat 23,760ft.-

some of rock and some pure ice and all unclimbed.

Last week, 24th or 25th June, we reorganised our gear and rested in the Govt. bungalow in Badrinath. We packed up 50 days' food and fuel and conferred over the map on how to approach Mukut Parbat. The map gave us two glacier approaches and we didn't know which to use. We required 20 coolies to move over 20 10-lb. loads and we couldn't afford to pay them to carry up and down the glaciers as we decided on the better. The answer was a reconnaissance. Earle was sick with dysentery, and Young Ed. stayed to organise the coolies and loads while Big Ed. and I moved off on 27th with a coolie and a Sherpa carrying most of our gear.

Three miles above Badrinath a huge landslip of many years' age has blocked the valley to a depth of 1200ft. and through the slip the Saraswati river has cut an amazing cleft about 4 or 5 yards wide. The volume of water, the spray, the roars and rumbles and the depth of the cut in solid rocks is amazing. We crossed the cleft on a rock that had fallen and lodged in the cleft - the water thundered about 800ft. directly below us. We tramped up the Saraswati valley towards Mana Pass which leads to Tibet. The upper valley was open and shingly with pleasant mountain flowers among the rocks - we passed a Mana shepherd with his flock of goats and black-horned sheep grazing the short grass - he whiled away the time tootling on a flute.

About 3 pm. we came in sight of a camping spot and what was on our map as a bridge. The bridge consisted of stone platforms on each side of the roaring torrent and the two poles that formed the bridge were lying on our bank dismantled because of the winter floods. We tried for two hours by fulcrums and balancing, pushing and shoving to push them across the 35ft. and finally gave up and camped by a delightful lake. Next morning we contemplated fording higher where it broke into 6 streams but the boulders bumping along the bed and the icyness warned us off. Big Ed. and the Sherpa went downstream about 3 miles and found a bridge of old avalanche snow. They appeared later on the opposite bank and by rope throwing and pulling the poles into position we bridged the torrent. Our Mana lad - 20 years old - picked up his load and walked across the springy pole which was round and only 4 inches through - we straddled and moved more cautiously. Just above the bridge we saw two figures moving rapidly towards us. They wore skirts and drove a flock of healthy goats and sheep. They proved to be Tibetans, the first of the year over Mana Pass to trade their salt, borax, rugs and woollen goods for wheat flour, rice, dhal and potatoes, also metal goods in Mana village. They were the real Mongol type, tough and smiling, leather skirts, long knee length boots and embroidered blouses. After an avid conversation with our Sherpa and coolie they swept on down valley, their herd-bells tinkling. We turned up and climbed the Pachme Kamet Glacier and camped about 15,500ft.

Next day we left 6 am. and almost ran up the rough moraine trough and then climbed rapidly to a peak of 19,500ft. from where we had a marvellous view of the valley head and the peaks. Kamet was less than 1 mile across the valley and a terrific rock face; Mukut Parbat was next door and quite inaccessible from this angle. We glissaded and ran back to camp in 2 hours, packed our tent and dropped into the valley, 7000ft. in all. We have acclimatised well, we climbed 4000ft. and covered 6 miles of glacier in 4 hrs. with just as much horsepower as we use at home. Very satisfying to us. Now to explore the next glacier. The monsoon has arrived and the rain will hold us up, I expect.

Regards to all,

GEORGE LOWE.

#### FURTHER NEWS FROM THE HIMALAYAS:

From Badrinath the party established a series of camps with the object of climbing Nilkanta, a 21000ft. peak near Kamet. After reaching a height of over 20,000ft., the party was forced to abandon the climb because of  
(move to p. 18)...



## PRIVATE TRIPS.

HOWLETT'S HUT.April 21st-22nd.

Our party of three left Hastings late on Saturday morning and proceeded via Waipukurau, the Ashcott Road and Ashley Clinton to the roadend at the Mill Farm - the old site of Thompson's Mill, where the car was parked.

We proceeded down the Moorcock Stream to the Tuki-tuki River bed up which we waded and tramped for over two hours to the old Slab Whare opposite the beginning of the Daphne Spur. Here, with the aid of a mountain cooker, we had a boil-up of coffee in the approved American style before tackling the Daphne.

For two of the party it was a first trip, but the third member had been up twice before, the second time as a member of the Police party on the "Oxford" search. We were thus enabled to listen to a running commentary from David about the doings on that eventful trip.

We found Daphne to be all that was ever said about her and a bit more besides. She certainly is no lady. It seemed a long plug up the wet slippery track with steady rain falling and darkness approaching. For a short period we missed our way and were compelled to make a steep uphill frontal attack through the wet leatherwood near the top of the spur. We came out on to the top into a howling westerly gale with heavy rain. We reached the hut after dark and all our discomforts were soon forgotten in the cosiness of Howlett's Hut plus a good fire plus a hot meal.

The hut was clean and tidy with ample firewood and contained a lot of gear, food and clothing belonging to the Government shooters who were away for the weekend. Wood and water were plentiful. The visitors' book made interesting reading. There have been a surprising number of visitors since this hut was erected by the Ruahine T.C. with the aid of some Manawatu members and some of our own H.T.C. stalwarts. Two bunks and a table now provide furnishings for the hut. Two pack-horses had been in recently with supplies for the Government shooters. They had also brought in two 40-gallon drums of water. These were lying outside the door of the hut together with a number of Air Force containers - all full of water. The containers had been parachuted down with supplies for the search parties and the Air Force personnel during the search. The track through the stunted beech bush north of the hut had been used as a horse paddock for the pack horses.

Howlett's Hut is in a striking situation perched as it is on a small ledge on the ridge between the head of the Orua and the Tuki-tuki at an elevation of 4400', and commanding a most extensive view of central Hawkes Bay and of the coast from the Mahia Peninsula over the top of Kidnappers almost to Porangahau. The lights of Napier, Hastings, Waipukurau and Takapau were all visible at night - between the showers. The building of this hut reflects great credit on those who had the vision and energy to plan and erect it as they did right on the site of the original Howlett's Hut. Tradition states that the original hut was built for Mr. Howlett, school teacher and naturalist, who lived at that time in Ashley Clinton and who brought his youthful bride to the hut for their honeymoon trip. It is probable that they had the whole place to themselves for that period.

We left Howlett's after lunch on Sunday in gale and rain and set out down Daphne Spur. One of the party collected a stag at the bush edge (the skin of this animal incidentally fetched the sum of £2.10/-). We did not attempt to boil up on the way out. With falling rain and a rising river we pushed on to the car at the roadend which we reached at 6 pm. Bird life was not plentiful on the trip but we noted fantails, waxeyes, grey warblers and pigeons in the Daphne Spur bush. Signs of deer were very plentiful. They can surely never be completely eradicated from this wild and mountainous region - an area which will probably remain attractive to shooters and an area which must always be particularly attractive to the trampers of Hawkes Bay and the Manawatu.

Party: David Bathgate, Kim Bathgate, D.A. Bathgate.

-----ooo-----

RUAPEHU.July 14th-17th.

Peter Smith, Derek Conway and Bob Woon left Hastings by train on Saturday 14th July. In spite of various adventures with missing drivers etc. at National Park, we made the Château and after much relaying of gear from the end of the road, settled in the Manawatu Hut.

We had good skiing the next day but rain spoilt things for the following two days. Then had a good day till early in the afternoon.

On the 21st July we went over to the Mangatepopo Hut as the Manawatus had their hut fully booked for the week-end. We intended to climb Ngauruhoe and Tongariro, but were thwarted by the weather. We returned to Manawatu Hut on the Sunday in hail and snow from the south. Good skiing on 24th and part of 25th, but the weather deteriorated again. We had better luck next day.

On the 27th, our last day, we left at 6.30 to climb the mountain. The weather was fairly good. A few low-lying clouds were around and there was a bit of wind from the SW. The previous night it had snowed heavily. The wind had piled up the snow into drifts and the exposed ice was terribly hard. At about 6,000 ft. we had to chop steps. The wind was pretty strong and the ice was getting harder. In between times there was the odd blizzard, so at 6,200ft. we gave it up and returned to the Hut. After tidying up we left for the Château and caught the train that night.

Our thanks to the Manawatus for the use of their hut.

P. SMITH.

-----ooo-----

IGNIMBRITE.

A series of deposits of ignimbrite occur across the Kaimanawas in the Waipakihi, Rangitikei, Mangamaire and Ngaruroro valleys and particularly at Ignimbrite Saddle, forming sheets or hummocks of conspicuous pale coloured rock.

These are of particular geological interest as they occur well above the main ignimbrite sheets surrounding Lake Taupo.

Mr. Healy of the Geological Survey writes:

"I should be glad at any time to get specimens of the rocks if any of your parties would be able to collect them, with rough ideas of the elevations in each case. It is likely where there are fair thicknesses of rock that there may be more than one ignimbrite present, in which case lower sheets are likely to be more dense than those at higher levels."

This will give anyone visiting Tapui o Marua Hine or Mangamingi Huts, or the Rangitikei bivvy an opportunity of taking on ballast to steady their steps on the way out, as nearly all the deposits known are handy to huts.

-----ooo-----

Continued from Page 16:-

bad weather and much fresh snow.

They returned to Badrinath, re-organised, and set out for an attempt on Mukut Parbat, a peak of 23,760ft., in a little-known, poorly-mapped district. No details of the climb have yet reached us, but according to newspaper accounts the peak was successfully climbed by two members of the party with one Sherpa porter.

FIXTURE LIST.

<u>Date:</u>	<u>Place:</u>	<u>Leader:</u>
August 18th-19th.	<u>Waikamaka Hut - Rangi - Three Johns.</u>	Peter Smith.
September 2nd.	<u>Poutaki Hut.</u>	Bob Woon.
September 15th-16th.	<u>Howlett's Hut OR Pohatuhaha.</u>	Stan Woon.
September 30th.	<u>Te Waka Trig.</u>	Ken Thomas.
October 13th-14th.	<u>Poporangi - Matthews Hut.</u> <u>Gold Crown - Herrick's - Big Hill.</u>	
October 20-21-22nd.	<u>Labour week-end:</u> open.	
October 28th.	<u>Craggy Range - Clifton.</u>	Pat Bolt.
November 10th-11th.	<u>Cairn, Trig J.</u>	Stan Craven.
November 25th.	<u>MYSTERY</u> .....	
December 8th-9th.	Waipatiki Beach.	Muriel Shaw.

-----ooo-----

ALTERATIONS TO HEIGHTS.

A number of Lands & Survey alterations to heights of trigs appear in Kickshaw's column in the "Dominion" (19/5/51) on the authority of the Surveyor-General, Mr. R.G. Dick.

Hikurangi (East Cape)	5753 ft.
Mangaweka (Ruahine)	5687 ft.
Kaweka	5657 ft.
Girdlestone (Tararua)	5076 ft.

"These heights have been fixed by triangulation in recent years and are accurate within 5 ft. Other peaks over 5000ft. of which only barometric heights are available include:"-

Makorako	5665 ft.
Karikaringa	5558 ft.
Rangi o te Atua	5589 ft.
Rongotea	5144 ft.

"These barometric heights may be over 100 ft. in error."

-----ooo-----

OLD HUT SITE: KAWEKAS.

On the authority of the late Mr. J.H. Absolom of Rissington, a musterers' hut formerly stood somewhere to the west of trig H. 4594', on the Southern Kawekas. Cannot locate any notes, but from memory it was called Rudd's Hut, and the long ridge across the valley was Rudd's Ridge.

N.L.E.

