

HERETAUNGA TRAMPING CLUB (INC.)

"POHOKURA"

BULLETIN NO. 62.

DECEMBER 1952.

President:

N.L. Elder,
McHardy St.
Havelock North.
'Phone 2968.

Hon. Secretary:

Miss U. Greenwood,
Duart Rd.,
Havelock North.
'Phone 2569.

Club Captain:

R.L. Woon,
Park Rd. S.
Hastings.
'Phone 7543.

Hon. Treasurer:

Miss H.C. Hill,
Percival Rd.
Hastings.
'Phone 3825.

To all members we wish a Merry Christmas and good tramping in 1953.

ANNUAL MEETING.

The Annual Meeting of the H.T.C. was held in the Girl Guides' Rooms on 9th October 1952. The following reports were submitted:-

MEMBERSHIP:

This year closed with a financial membership of 73, made up as follows:-

Full	members	59	(54)
Junior	"	1	(1)
Absentee	"	12	(21)
Associate	"	1	(1)
Honorary	"	5	(5)

PRESIDENT'S
REPORT:

The club has had an encouraging year. Although our overall membership shows a decrease there are more active trampers and improved support for trips, thanks to a nucleus of keen trampers and a considerable respite from transport problems. But after all we are a smallish country club and as such not only exposed to the normal and unavoidable losses due to advancing years and matrimony, but also for the tendency of valued members in the prime of tramping to seek their fortunes in the great world outside. We can only keep our fingers crossed and tramp while the tramping's good.

At the moment we are still short of experienced leaders. The aim of the fixture committee is always to give as many members as possible a chance of leading parties, but in a number of trips this year the appointed leaders have dropped out. I know this has frequently been unavoidable, but

it means we are depending too much on the willing horses and may find ourselves in difficulties later on.

However a cheerful sign is that private trips have been ranging over new ground and also the way club trips are beginning to get away from the huts and the well-trodden routes.

Our shortage of experience was forcibly brought home to us when we were alerted by S.A.R. over a plane missing in the Southern Kuahines and we had no one available who had been south of Howlett's. The abandonment of the search after a week of stormy weather was a bitter disappointment but it was a useful test of our search organisation. Search teams from the club and the Hastings branch of the Deerstalkers' Association, together with a radio team from the Napier branch of the Radio Emergency Corps were ready with a minimum of delay and between us we should have been able to put up a competent performance.

Only those who are actually involved can know just how much work is involved in the running of the club. The thanks of the club are due, not only to those who are faced with the continual problems of arranging trips and transport and beating up substitute leaders, but to those backroom boys (and girls) who beat up trip reports for Pohokura, edit, type, print and staple and distribute the results, write up minutes, cope with finance, and arrange entertainment for club meetings. In all these departments the club has been well served this year - you can fill in the names for yourselves.

The club has followed with the closest interest the progress of Shipton's Cho-Oyu expedition in the Himalayas, of which George Lowe was a member. We are grateful to him for his letters, which filled out the meagre press reports with vivid accounts of some of their fantastic exploits. The club gave him a hearty send-off party, and although we have barely sighted him since his return, as his time has been fully occupied, we managed to squeeze in a welcome home party and also had a glimpse of some amazing colour slides, before these were despatched to the Everest Committee. We shan't be seeing much of him as he is stationed even further up country at the foot of the Blowhard, but we hope he'll be out on some trips before he is away to the Himalayas again. (The news has just been received of Mr. Eric Shipton's resignation because of disagreement with the Everest Committee over the organisation of the 1953 expedition).

The club has lost a good friend in Sub-Inspector Kearney on his transfer from Hastings Police Station on promotion. We have reason to be grateful to him for his steadfastness in the Howlett's search of 1948, and he might very well be looked upon as the patron of that unique and exclusive organisation the "Daphne Club".

For the search committee I should like to thank those ex-members and others who so promptly answered a request over 2YZ for extra ice-axes to equip search parties.

CLUB CAPTAIN'S REPORT:

Club trips: During the last year there have been twenty-seven club trips, of which fourteen have been day trips and thirteen week-enders, with an average of fourteen and thirteen and a half persons respectively per trip. Only two or three trips have been cancelled because of the weather while others have been changed from one place to another more suitable to the conditions prevailing.

There have been no combined trips with other clubs this year and all club trips have gone to our local hills.

Transport: This year the club is grateful for the use of private transport for most of our club trips.

Fixture List: The fixture committee have done their best this year to get us into some new country and it is very pleasing to see the long week-ends used to advantage in this way.

A good number of the trips this year have been made to places where the nights have had to be spent in tents owing to the lack of huts, and these trips have always been voted among the best.

Memorial Cairn: Once again one side of the cairn had collapsed, so an advance party of four went in ahead of the annual club party to make repairs. Owing to the weather conditions, a temporary job only was done.

Twenty-seven club members made the trip to the Kawekas for the annual trip but, owing to the weather, only nine or ten made the cairn, where a short service was conducted by Dr. Bathgate at 11 a.m.

This year the trip has been set down for the 8th and 9th Nov. and once again we call on all trampers, past and present, to keep this week-end clear and endeavour to make the trip.

Private Trips: Once again both North and South Islands have attracted our members. In the South, the Hermitage area has been the attraction, with the Urewera, Ruahines, Kaimanawas and Kawekas again being the objectives in the North Island.

George's trip to the Himalayas with the British Expedition has of course been one of our main interests during the last year.

Search Organisation: Once again the search lists have been revised. In this connection, I would ask club members to advise the secretary or president as soon as they change their address, telephone number, or place of employment. Contact has been maintained with the R.E.C. and the Deerstalkers' Assn. A practice search has been talked of, but so far one has not been held.

Club members have been alerted twice this year, each time on account of missing aircraft. The first time, which was hardly an alert, was when the Air Force plane was lost and finally found on Ruapehu; and the second time was when the Air Force Oxford plane went missing at the beginning of July. This search was abandoned before H.T.C. parties were called upon, although we were ready and itching to go.

During the year we had two alarms for stretcher parties. One came at an awkward time with most members out but after some delay a scratch party was assembled, but was not needed. The other call was promptly answered and there were no hitches.

Once again those who have gone out regularly have had good tramping, although the club saw very little snow this year.

SOCIAL COMMITTEE REPORT: As far as the social side of the club goes, we had a very good year. An application was put in to the National Film Library and we have been allotted enough films for four evenings per year. After a lot of work, Pat Bolt and Doris Torbett got together a song-book and there are five typed copies. Many thanks to George Lowe for giving us an excuse to hold social evenings in his honour and also to Mr. and Mrs. Elder for the use of their home for these occasions. There were about forty at each party and a grand time was had by all. In November

members and friends held a bonfire on the beach near Clive.

Evenings like these have proved the club has plenty of social life in it, so let's try and keep it that way. If you have any suggestions at all, please give them to your social committee.

To those who have married during the year we give our best wishes for the future.

In conclusion we would like to thank those who have made our club evenings so enjoyable by giving us talks or showing us films.

"POHOKURA": Our second-hand duplicator at first seemed rather a mixed blessing.

Wastage of paper through inexperience made the inaugural issue somewhat uneconomic and the time it took seemed interminable; but it was certainly a boon as far as running off the circulars advertising George's lectures was concerned.

We are gradually learning to control its little ways. For instance, there was a tense moment during publication of the last issue when the foot went on strike and refused to feed in the paper any longer. But Rosemary cajoled it with first a pin and then a wooden match till Kath after great perseverance unearthed the missing screw and "Pohokura" No. 61 came out on time as usual.

PUBLICITY: It is still surprising after seventeen years how many people in the district don't know of the existence of a tramping club, and even trampers coming into Hawkes Bay from outside frequently have difficulty in locating us.

For some time past special meetings have been advertised, and throughout the club's existence short accounts of the club's more important trips have been given to the local press, to whom we are indebted for the interest they have shown in publishing these.

In addition we have again made a display of maps, photographs and gear in Griffith's window, and a recent innovation is a club notice-board in Jack Charters', which gives essential information for anyone wishing to get in touch with the club.

MAPS: The publication at Christmas time of the Lands and Survey map of the Ruahine Range brings to a close fifteen years of map-making and negotiation in which the club was largely involved.

The southern two-thirds of the map has been elaborated from the earlier tramping maps by the inclusion of aerial survey data, the northern end being still a reproduction of club maps.

The new map is a big step forward and comment has been most favourable, though minor amendments will doubtless have to be made.

An amended tracing of the Kaweka map has been made and helio prints are in stock, while various additions and corrections have been made to the existing Kaimanawa tracings.

LIBRARY During the past year six new books were donated to the club. We have now 104 listed books, generously given for the use of all.

REPORT: However this year only sixteen books were taken out, by ten members, thus many are missing climbing information and pleasurable reading.

We regret that some inconsiderate members cause trouble by not returning books promptly; one book has been out nineteen months, two books six months, and one book was returned only after the supposed lost book had been replaced by a new one. Any lax member mars the success of any club.

EQUIPMENT
REPORT:

Club gear has not been used much this year as most trips have been confined to the various huts; and on the tent trips, more private tents were used than club ones. Two new small tents have recently been added to our store, and one tent has been written off due to old age; the total now stands at four tents and one fly.

On the only track-clearing trip this year the slashers stood up well and no damage was suffered. It is likely that in the near future some machetes will be added to our stock. These should prove valuable but care will be needed in their use as they can be dangerous if not handled properly.

Financial returns have been small, as little gear has been borrowed apart from the hire of tents.

HUT & TRACK
REPORT:

The attempt to rebuild the cairn on last year's November trip failed due to inclement weather, so it remains to be seen what results this year's efforts will bring. Dick Burton had an attempt to tame the smoke of Waikamaka, using an old billy with some success. April saw the H.T.C. busily engaged on the Kaweka track, which despite interruptions from roaring stags was cleared right through to the Hut, weapons used ranging from slashers to scythes. Of the three club huts, Kaweka is the only one showing signs of deterioration, with the roof in need of a coat of paint and the piles, particularly on the eastern side, showing signs of rot.

In the visitors' books at both Kaweka and Kiwi, frequent mention is made of frigidaires and the need for midnight fires. Any good suggestions for raising the temperature in these huts will be most welcome.

APPRECIATION: Finally our thanks are due to property owners who have so readily allowed us to cross their land on various trips.

ELECTION OF OFFICERS:

Office-bearers for the coming year were elected as follows:

<u>Patron:</u>	Dr. D.A. Bathgate.
<u>Presidenta</u>	Mr. N.L. Elder.
<u>Vice-Presidents:</u>	Messrs. E.S. Craven, L.H. Lloyd, W.G. Lowe.
<u>Club Captain:</u>	Mr. R.L. Woon.
<u>Secretary:</u>	Miss U.M. Greenwood.
<u>Treasurer:</u>	Miss H.C. Hill.
<u>Auditor:</u>	Mr. A. Dixon.
<u>Executive Committee:</u>	Mrs. J. Lloyd, Miss P. Bolt, Messrs. D. Conway, P. Smith, K. Thomas, D. Reid, S. Woon.
<u>Social Committee:</u>	Misses P. Bolt, D. Torbett: Messrs. D. Conway, I. Berry, I. Stirling, S. Woon.

BALANCE SHEET AS AT 30th SEPTEMBER 1952.

LIABILITIES

SEARCH RESERVE FUND:

Balance as at 1st October 1951	£ 16 13 7	
LESS: Amount Expended during year	2 11 -	14 2 7

NEW HUTS RESERVE FUND:

Balance as at 1st October 1951		36 12 6
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TRANSPORT FUND:

Working Parties	62 8 8	
Contributions from trampers for trips	73 14 3	
	<u>136 2 11</u>	
LESS: Amount paid for trips	71 15 5	64 7 6

ACCUMULATED FUNDS:

Balance as at 1st October 1951	161 2 4	
ADD: Excess of Income over Expenditure for year	<u>16 6 2</u>	177 8 6

£ 292 11 1

ASSETS

EQUIPMENT AND FORMS:

Balance as at 1st October 1951	14 2 -	
ADD: Cost of Tents purchased	<u>9 12 -</u>	
	23 14 -	
LESS: Depreciation	<u>2 7 5</u>	21 6 7

HUTS:

Kaweka	5 - -	
Waikamaka	5 - -	
Kiwi Saddle	<u>25 - -</u>	35 - -

BADGES:

3 4 -

MAPS:

7 12 4

"SEARCH AND RESCUE" BOOKLETS

1 7 -

POST OFFICE SAVINGS BANK:

Search Fund	14 2 7	
New Huts Fund	<u>36 12 6</u>	50 15 1
General Fund		110 2 10

BANK OF NEW SOUTH WALES:

Current Account		63 3 3
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£ 292 11 1

SIGNES

H.C. HILL (TREASURER)

AUDITOR'S REPORT & CERTIFICATE: SIGNED: A.I. DIXON (AUDITOR).

INCOME AND EXPENDITURE ACCOUNT FOR YEAR ENDED 30th SEPTEMBER 1952.EXPENDITURE

GENERAL EXPENSES:

Advertising		3	3	5	
Insurance Premiums:					
Waikamaka Hut	4	9			
Equipment	4	9	9	6	
Subscriptions:					
Royal Society of New Zealand	1	1	-		
Forest and Bird Society		7	6		
Federated Mountain Clubs	1	16	6		
Youth Hostels Assn.	1	1	-	4	6
Donation to Everest Society			5	-	-
Sundries			3	2	2
					£ 16 1 1

RENT OF MEETING ROOMS

11 11 -

SOCIAL EXPENSES

2 - 6

CLUB PHOTOGRAPHS

5 -

29 17 7

BULLETIN EXPENSES:

Stencils and Duplicating Paper	24	19	3	
Sundries	1	4	8	23 3 11

LOSS ON "SEARCH AND RESCUE"

3 8

LOSS ON BADGES

11 -

14 8

DEPRECIATION: Equipment

2 7 5

59 3 7Excess of Income over Expenditure for year
transferred to Accumulated Funds

16 6 2

£ 75 9 9INCOME

SUBSCRIPTIONS 62 3 -

DONATIONS 5 2 4

HIRE OF EQUIPMENT 1 - -

LIBRARY FEES 10 -

PROFIT ON SALE OF MAPS 3 5 11

INTEREST RECEIVABLE: Post Office Savings Bank 3 8 6

£ 75 9 9

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C I U B T R I P S.HAWKSTON - DONALD RIVER.

Aug. 16th-17th

This trip was cancelled owing to the weather.

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No. 436

BURNS RANGE

Aug. 31st.

Third time lucky - or was it? In spite of a spell of drizzling weather which seemed as though there was nothing to stop it going on for ever there was a fair muster of die-hards at Holt's. George accompanied us as a passenger as far as Waikonini and when we came round from the spell of his Himalayan stories we found that the drizzle had stopped, peaks were showing and there were even some patches of sunlight.

The Glenross and Omahaki country was seething with activity - no 5 day week hereabouts. Little shacks and camps at every turn and fresh traces of fencing, logging and giant discing everywhere. At Omahaki we met Des. Neil about to set out pig hunting, (Does anyone know that an experienced boar skins lambs like an expert?), and he gave us a lead across the Omahaki (in flood) and through a wilderness of disced manuka to the foot of the Burns Range.

This is in heavy manuka, except for one bushed gully into which we sidled, following instructions. Cloud was coming down again and everything was sodden, so a boil-up was achieved, more by pig-headed obstinacy than common sense, for it took the best part of two hours, wasting valuable time. However the bush made it easy going and we were soon on top though there was little to see but cloud and streamers of mist.

Rain set in on the way back and when we reached Omahaki it was pouting. We thought it wisest to get the truck out while daylight still held so turned down Mrs Neil's offer of tea, and piled onto the truck without attempting to change. By huddling close together and singing lustily we achieved comparative warmth and reached Hastings, damp but undaunted at 8 p.m.

No. in party: 13.

Acting-Leader Norm Elder.

Pam Dyson, Val Doig, Dot Short, Barbara & Jennifer Maultsaid, Bob Woon, Allen Cowan, Jim Gibbs, Philip Bavens, Graham Grooby, Iam Berry, Tim Hull (K.T.C.)

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No. 437.

LAKE OPOUEHE

Sept. 14.

Amid much hustle and bustle 17 odd bods, all shapes, all sizes climbed aboard Ian's truck at about 7 a.m. en route for Lake Opouehe set at the foot of the Maungaharuru Range, about five miles west of Lake Tutira. We had a perfect morning's ride and felt mighty hungry on disembarking at 9.30. We then made for the western end of the lake for our first boil up and half our grub supply. After loitering in the sun for an hour and hearing stories of the eels in the lake we set our feet marching. About 200 yards up the stream that feeds the lake we struck a spur that took us to the top of the ridge that joins the main system north of Tarapanui. About $\frac{3}{4}$ hour along the top the native bush begins. The sawmills have been having a go at the lower southern side, but the trees are untouched further in. Lunch at a creek just above an old sawmill and then we hit out in a southerly direction towards a jumble of huge rocks. After spending a couple of hours roaming amongst this old time earth movement area where we discovered subterranean rivers, caves and huge rocks 30' - 40' high with scrub growing on the tops, we returned to the truck about 4.30. A happy and wet trip home. At Bay View we helped a car back on the road, the driver being stuck up to the hubs in shingle. Made Hastings at 7.30 or thereabouts.

No. in party: 17.

Leader: Peter Smith

Argus Russell, Dick Burton, Allen Cowan, Norm & Kath Elder, Ian Berry, Ken Thomas, Helen Hill, Bob Wallace, Pearl Smith, Pat Williams, E. Ansell, Jennifer Maultsaid, Barbara Maultsaid, Muriel Lowe, Janet Lloyd.

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No. 438.

PUKETITIRI, HOT-SPRINGS, MAKINO SPUR

Sept. 20th-21st.

We left Holt's in good weather at about 7.20 a.m. in Dick's truck and after a good but very winding trip arrived at the cottage on the Makahu River, about ten miles behind Puketitiri. After a boil up we crossed the Makahu and set off up the long winding hill to the local tops. By 1 o'clock we arrived at a fairly fast flowing, unnamed creek and as it was fine weather and quite hot we decided on lunch. After lunch we continued along the old cart track, with dried bracken sharply reminding us that the track is not as wide as it was, and that a club working party could do wonders in the area, over a low saddle and down to the Mohaka River and the Hot Springs. We found the Springs suspended above the Mohaka River, and while Helen and Shirley found a camp site on the river bed, Allen, Dick, Ray and I went to the Springs for an hour's glorious bathe. We then swapped places with Helen and Shirley and prepared the stew etc. while they had their free 'hot bath'.

Next morning we were away by 8.30 to the top of the hills alongside the Mohaka to be met with a veritable sea of 8 - 9 ft. manuka in direct line with Makino Spur. In fact the whole area is one paradise of manuka from end to end. We pushed our way through for about 3 miles, then realized that Makino was a hopeless proposition in the time allowed, so returned to our camp site of the previous night, and, unashamedly, lazed on the beach for two hours in brilliant, hot sunshine. By 2.30 we had packed up and were ready for the trip back over the same track we had come in by. On arrival at the Mokahu River we found that a fire was raging in the small pine copse by the hut. However, seeing there was no panic and no one seemed in the least interested, we lit another fire in the prescribed position and had a final boil-up before leaving for Hastings at about 5.15. On the whole a good trip in good weather though the final objective was unattainable in the allotted time. However, on a long week-end it would definitely be worth trying. You could continue on up Makino Spur to the northern Trig and down to Makahu Saddle and out at Hewlet's farm.

No in party: 6.

Leader: Allen Cowan.

Helen Hill, Shirley Geraghty, Allen Cowan, Dick Burton, Ray Grant, Jim Gibbs.

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No. 439.

MARAETOTARA

Sept. 28th.

An 8.30 start at Holt's saw us picking up the 24th and 25th passengers at Havelock at 8.50. Going through the six gates over the winding road to Mr Geret van Asche's homestead, we parked the lorry and left for the river at 10 a.m. We wandered over the paddock to the falls, where George was fascinated by a miniature model of his whirlpool, and the younger members of the party made many logs shoot the falls. In the course of wandering down stream an attempt was made to gaff a large eel which got away under the bank. After lunch on a gravel flat the wind coming upstream became cool, so packs were left and a quick journey made to the gate at Clifton. Those who returned by a higher route reported good views. The day was beautifully fine, some kowhai was out and there were no sandflies. Only the youngest took a voluntary dip. The truck was back at Holt's by six.

No. in party: 25

Leader Kath Elder.

Ian Berry, Norm Elder Ray Grant Bob Wallace, Ken & Ray Thomas, Bob Woon, Derek Conway, Jim Gibbs George Lowe, Alan Ansell, John Phelps, Helen Hill Jennifer & Barbara Maultsaid, Barbara Higgins, Grace Dixon, Margaret Elder, Doris Torbett, E. Ansell, Pat Williams, Shirley Geraghty, Pearl Smith.

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No. 440

TE ATUA MAHURU.

Oct. 11th-12th.

Having been promised good weather by the weather Bureau, we left Hastings at 7.20 a.m. in good spirits. Two hours and twenty minutes saw us on the banks of the Makaroro. We changed in a keen south Westerly, left the mill at 10.15, and after stopping to watch wild ducklings at play and to admire the Kowhai in bloom, arrived at Gold Creek at 11.10 where we boiled up.

We were off again at 12.25 to find Colenso's Spur. Unfortunately we were unable to fit the country into the map which is a little bit wrong in this area. After going some distance past the spur we turned back to a nice spot on the river bed and camped at 4 p.m.

While camp was being established four of us set off to try and locate Colenso Spur. We went up something that we thought could possibly be "it". After climbing for about half an hour we decided we were on the wrong one, but finally picked out the spur that we thought must be "it" and turned back for camp. The whole of the Makaroro valley is covered in bush and of course every spur looks the same, and unless you have some knowledge of the country it is very hard to pick up any spur and say "that's so & so".

We were up at 5 a.m. the next morning, but didn't get away until 7.25, arriving at the foot of the spur at 8.20. Shortly after 10 we arrived at the camp and had a welcome drink at Colenso's spring. A short rest here and we were on our way climbing steadily until we reached Te Atua Mahuru at 12.15. After watching a stag and having a good look around the country we turned back downhill. Away in the distance we could see the Mill and wondered how we would get there before dark. Steady tramping, however, had us down at the stream at 2.30 where Muriel had the billy boiling and after a "cuppa" we were on our way at 3.25. We reached Gold Creek at 4.35, continued on our way arriving at the Mill at 5.30.

It was "au revoir but not goodbye" to the Makaroro area as we intend to return to this country which offers so much good tramping.

No. in party: 11.

Leader R.Woon.

Helen Hill, Shirley Gerachty, Muriel Lowe, Ian Berry, Alf. Dixon, D. Conway, P. Smith, Dick Burton, Rex Chaplin, Ray Grant, R. Woon.

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No. 441.

WAIKAMAKA.

Oct. 25th-27th.

Surprisingly enough we left Holt's at 7.15 a.m. on Saturday morning (starting time 7.0 a.m.). We travelled de luxe for a change, as we had Hill's Jowett Javelin, and Ursula's Standard

"Estate Car". 8.15 saw us at Onga Onga awaiting the arrival of one Bill Ingram from that district. We were entertained by a green parrot from the local pub which sounded like a maiden in distress, but we weren't so fortunate. Some time later, 9.55, we arrived at the farm mill to find we had some eager competition in the handicap to Howlett's in the form of four Wellington Tramping and Mountaineering Club types but, sad to say, the odds were slightly against them. Ask Helen how many crossings of the Tuki Tuki we made, but we finally had a boil up at the foot of Daphne at 12.45. Dick set the pace up this beloved spur. Swirling mists beckoned us through the leatherwood up onto the ridge and finally to Howlett's at 4.30 p.m. to find five deer-stalkers in occupation, but three willingly sacrificed the warmth of the hut for a bivvy in the bush. A short while later Wally arrived, having had bad luck with his transport arrangements. Good show, Wally!

As the sun set lower in the west the "spectre of the Brocken" was witnessed several times against the mist in the valley below. That night before retiring Dick decided that a brew was well worth while, so he carefully took the boiling billy off the fire, threw in a handful of tea, then had a look at the contents with his large torch, which, being intoxicated by its reflection in the tea promptly split its image with a loud plop! Peter looked in and thought the tea was still boiling, but it was the pent up feelings of the torch case bursting forth. Never-the-less the brew was consumed and the old sandman soon had everyone under his spell. Up at 4.30 a.m. on Sunday morn. Think of it you people in Hastings still in bed! Lots of people, one small fire, so we didn't leave the hut till 6.30 on the longest day of the trip, 11 hours all told.

A strong breeze from the west soon brought low cloud as we sat atop Tiraha surveying our chances of that Sawtooth - enough said! A patch of blue up above and we were off; what a scramble! Between Tiraha and the northern slopes of OHUINGA which we reached at 10.10 a.m. we saw 42 deer, the majority of stags in velvet. We dropped down into the saddle and headwaters of the HAWHATAU where Wally precariously perched the large billy atop a very small primus and in a very short time the usual was drunk. We were just about to depart when we met 4 Taraki Club people doing the same trip in reverse. These people put us wise to the drop off into Tussock Creek. They accepted a mug of tea from us, then both parties continued on their ways, one climbing OHUINGA, ourselves PAEMUTU RIDGE which was finally reached at 1.00 p.m. A conference was held on the chances of continuing on over Rangiateatua or down into the Kawhatau. We decided on the latter as it looked a rocky scramble over Rangit. A large scree ran off Paemutu into Tussock Creek and good going was made to the junction of Tussock and Kawhatau at 1.30 p.m. where most removed

stones etc. from their boots before continuing downstream. The river widened out into flats and finally 2.45 p.m. saw us at the junction of Rangī creek up which we scrambled for half an hour to arrive at the cairn which marks the turn off up Rangī saddle. 4.10 p.m. and we were slowly, ever so slowly, climbing a disced track with brew-distended stomach and a dirty black wall of cloud approaching from the west. On one side of Rangī saddle at 5.5 p.m. was peace and quiet whereas behind us we could feel the first drops of rain, so parkas were donned and smartly too. Rain dropped heavily from the sky and we dropped quickly from the saddle down the creek reaching Waikamaka Hut at 5.45 p.m. to find it clean, dry and uninhabited. Oh! what a stew that night, and Ah! as everyone hit the sack around about 8.30 p.m. after a strenuous day, but a day not to be missed for worlds. Lets see, half an hour to the saddle, two hours down the river -mmm! Lets sleep in folks, and we promptly did, to rise somewhere about 9.00 a.m.; eat a long drawn-out breakfast and eventually leave the hut at 10.35 a.m. for the Waipawa Saddle which was shrouded in low-lying cloud. We skirted up to the right past the waterfall and scree face to reach the saddle at 11.10 a.m. A wee stop for nourishment all round, then down the Waipawa river with a stop on the way for lunch just before the forks in heavy rain, (typical Labour Day). Arriving at McCulloch's Mill at 2.00 p.m. we continued on our way to Fould's homestead where Bill rang his father who promptly appeared with a Bedford truck half canopied and lifted us holus bolus to his homestead near Tikokino. Over a dozen trampers and car drivers descended on Mrs Ingram's well laden table and in next to no time thanks were expressed for a fine tuck in with hopes of another visit. A successful trip came to an end on arrival at Holt's at 6.30 p.m., but next Labour week-end will perhaps see us in the Ruahine Country again with, perchance, a Ruahine crossing.

No. in party 17.

Leader: Derek Conway.

Helen Hill, Pat Bolt, Shirley Gersaghty, Philip Bayens, Ken Thomas
Bill Ingram, Ray Grant, Dick Burton, Peter Pattullo, Wally Romane.

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No. 442

ANNUAL CAIRN TRIP

Nov. 8th - 9th.

An eight o'clock start was called for and 11 answered the call. Three more were picked up at Stortford Lodge and away we went. We arrived at swamp cottage at 10.15 and had a boil-up, leaving for Kaweka Hut at 12 midday. A very slow trip into the hut saw us arrive at 3 p.m.. With nothing to do and time on our hands some "Specialists" practised their trade. This was necessary as a rotten tree fell on the original convenience. We had an early night and were disturbed at 11 p.m. by the arrival of a late party of 4.

Up at 4 a.m. Sunday and 15 of us away at 6.30 a.m. (disgraceful!) We were at the Cairn by 10.15. A brew was enjoyed and then the simple, but, to our minds, appropriate, service was held at 11 o'clock. We left for Kaweka Hut at 11.45 and arrived at 2.30. Ken and Bob arrived at 2 having investigated and travelled down from the top by way of a very fast shingle slide. We left for the road at 3.30 in light intermittent rain, and arrived home in Hastings at 8.30 p.m. after a somewhat damp but enjoyable trip.

No. in party 18.

Leader: Ken Thomas.

Norm Elder, Kath Elder, Janet Lloyd, Helen Hill, Colleen Fisk, Doreen Hern, Pat Williams, Pearl Smith, Bob Wallace, Ray Thomas, Angus Russell, Bob Woon, Stan Woon, Ray Grant, Shirley Geraghty, Ian Berry, Jim Gibbs.

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THE SERVICE AT THE CAIRN.

Many who would like to take part in the memorial service at the Cairn are unable to. Even those who get as far as Kaweka Hut cannot always reach the cairn itself. Last year about half the party had to turn back from Studholm's Saddle because of raging wind and bitter cold. The previous year, though two parties set out, one from each end of the Kawekas, no one was able to get to the Trig. So, this year, as we stood silent before the cairn we felt that just to be there was in itself a privilege.

We had travelled in thick mist all the way along the tops, but as we neared 5657' the clouds lifted and we could see out over the plains. The weather cleared in similar fashion for our Dedication Service just four years ago.

As 11 a.m. drew near we formed a semi-circle before the cairn. Norm Elder, club President read the following passage from the Apocrypha:-

God created man to be immortal, and made him to be an image of his own eternity.

Nevertheless through envy of the devil came death into the world. But the soul of the righteous are in the hand of God, and there shall no torment touch them.

In the sight of the unwise they seem to die: and their departure is taken for misery,
And their going from us to be utter destruction: but they are in peace.
For though they be punished in the sight of men, yet is their hope full of immortality.

And having been a little chastised, they shall be greatly rewarded for God proved them and found them worthy for Himself. As gold in a furnace hath he tried them, and received them as a burnt offering, And in the time of their visitation they shall shine, and run to and fro like sparks among the stubble. They shall judge the nations, and have dominion over the people, and their Lord shall reign for ever.

They that put their trust in Him shall understand the truth; and such as be faithful in love shall abide with Him: for grace and mercy is to His saints, and He hath care for His elect.

Then came the reading aloud of the names on the plaque:-

Bruce Beechey	Freddy Green
Bill Boyd	Ken McLeay
Dick Bright	Max McCormick
Doug Callow	Mocky Meldrum
Wyn Irwin	

We placed our wreath of Anzac Day poppies beneath the names of those we were remembering.

As we lifted our eyes from the cairn to the horizon the clouds had lifted from the base of Ruapehu and there the sun shone on the white snow.

Janet Lloyd.

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CLUB EVENINGS.

- 28/8/52: Welcome home to George Lowe at Norm Elder's; also celebration of Ang's birthday.
- 1/9/52: George showed us slides in colour of the Himalayan trip - a memorable evening.
- 18/9/52: A highly entertaining talk by Jim Gibbs on his experiences in the Army and Mercantile Marine.
- 15/11/52: Fireworks evening at Clive beach.
- 20/11/52: A packed meeting when George showed us further slides and demonstrated the special Himalayan equipment.

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SOCIAL NEWS:

Our congratulations to Merv. Hawken on his marriage in Australia. We hear he is bringing his wife to New Zealand at Christmas. We hope to see them then.

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THE FEDERATED MOUNTAIN CLUBS OF NEW ZEALAND (INC.)To All Affiliated Clubs.NEWSLETTER No. 10.11/11/52.

FOREST FIRE HAZARD. The approach of summer should remind us all to be very careful with fires during the next few months, especially in the height of summer when tussock, bracken, long grass, forest litter, moss and filmy ferns are drying out; when any rainless wind will greatly increase the rate of drying. Care should be taken in siting and putting out camp fires; smokers should see that used matches and cigarette butts are really dead before being dropped. Parties used to fairly damp conditions in North Island bush should realise the much greater risk of tussock or bush fire on the dry eastern side of the main divide of the South Island. If entry to an area is barred by the authorities on account of fire risk, please keep right out of it - there are plenty of other hills and mountains.

CONDUCT IN TOURIST HOTELS: Earlier in the year, the Federation Executive spent a good deal of time on a complaint, emanating originally from the manager, about the behaviour of some members of Clubs at the Hermitage last summer. These people, though not guests at the Hotel, went too far in making free of the facilities there and did not, in matters of dress, toilet and behaviour, conduct themselves in a fitting manner.

Clubs are asked to remind their members that Government tourist hotels like the Chateau and the Hermitage are not common property. They are commercial enterprises catering mainly for tourists and must be treated with the same respect that a privately owned hotel usually is. The management is always generous with help in an accident, and at the isolated Hermitage will befriend non-guests trapped by storm or wanting to clean up and refuel at the end of a long spartan trip in the mountains. We should take care not to abuse the present good relations by uncouth conduct and unsuitable dress. Leaders of parties and senior members of Clubs should exercise a restraining hand and, if need be, check any untoward behaviour before it offends guests or the management.

NEW NATIONAL PARKS: (See last Newsletter). The Sub-Committee would be glad to have Clubs' recommendations well in advance of the next quarterly meeting of the Executive. Those Clubs that roam far and wide are especially asked to consider areas outside their home stamping grounds. Clubs have a very direct interest in expansion of the National Park System and the Executive is loath to go beyond the most obvious new areas without the support of the Clubs. At the last meeting, we considered only three new areas, one - High Alps - an obvious case for a park, and the others - Urewera and Tararua - recently the subjects of much publicity in the press. There are other mountain areas which meet the exacting requirements laid down in the Act - "Areas of New Zealand that contain scenery of such distinctive quality or natural features so beautiful or unique that their preservation is in the national interest". What about the Spenser Mountains for instance? Are Clubs interested in them as a park?

Last month a Club, concerned to get better right of access to a block of skiing country but uncertain whether to ask for the area to be made a National Park, asked, among other things, what were the advantages and disadvantages of a park. The following extract from my reply may help other Clubs:-

" .. The advantages of a National Park, as far as Mountain Clubs are concerned, are:-

- (a) Unrestricted access and use for recreational purposes subject to the usual safeguards about fire, damage to bush, permits to cut tracks and build huts and so on.

- (b) Development by the Park Board (assuming it has adequate funds, as it should under the new set-up) of tracks over the Park, Hostels (perhaps), huts, shelter and general amenities. Roads (access or through), would be Works Dept. jobs and would be public roads.
- (c) If the area is very popular, employment by the Board (or by a lessee such as the Tourist Dept.) of guides and instructors in the dominant sport practised in the Park. As at Tongariro, the area directly under the control of the Tourist Dept. would be restricted to a reasonable space around the Hostel and other amenities (well under 100 acres there).
- (d) The carrying out by the Board of a definite policy of preservation of native flora and fauna and the eradication of introduced species, especially deer and other pests. Grazing of grassland or tussock country could be permitted by the Board but it would not be allowed to interfere with the Park, which is above all things a conservation and recreational area.

As for disadvantages, about the only one that might bother Clubs would be the invasion by the general public. However, that has not worried the many Clubs with huts in Tongariro National Park; there the public has brought better access roads, ski tows and instructors of high calibre. A Park cannot be the preserve of a few Clubs."

TONGARIRO NATIONAL PARK - REFUSE OFFENCES BY CLUBS. A year ago, the Federation reminded Clubs with huts on Ruapehu, about the need to dispose satisfactorily of refuse. It is distressing to hear that this year, three Clubs have offended (four last year). The Executive will receive a detailed report from the Board and will take this very seriously. Clubs with huts on Ruapehu are urged to attend to refuse during summer working parties and especially to provide satisfactorily for the disposal of refuse next winter by burning or burying.

"LAND UPLIFTED HIGH" by John Pascoe, will be published by Whitcombe & Tombs before Christmas. This sequel to "Unclimbed N.Z." is 235 pages text, plus 4 maps, 17 pages illustrations (25 blocks) with appendix by Stan Conway on food and equipment. It is three-quarters narrative and description of climbing and tramping in both islands, balance about high country sheepmen and deer-killers, with a critical study of literature of the Southern Alps.

SEASON'S GREETINGS. The Executive wishes Clubs and their members the Compliments of the Season. May you have good trips at Christmas and Bright Prospects for the new Year.

B.D.A.GREIG, President.

EXTRACTS FROM ACCIDENT REPORTS FROM FEDERATED MOUNTAIN CLUBS.

MT. BEVAN NON-FATAL ACCIDENT: DECEMBER 1951.

On the 30th December 1951, a member of a party of three slipped on the snow slopes of Mt. Bevan (7470 ft.) which is in the vicinity of Mt. Aspiring, hit some rocks and suffered considerable injury.

On the 28th December the party climbed to the Bevan Col at the head of the West Matukituki River and established themselves in a snow cave camp. Rain

fell the next day but on the 30th it was fine and at 11.30 am. the party set out unroped on a leisurely climb of Mt. Bevan from the Col. A previous party had commented that it was a stroll of less than half an hour and could be climbed anywhere. About half way up the leading member who had a rope asked if anyone wanted to put it on, to which the others called out they were all right. Shortly after this one of the party slipped from steps which had been cut in the frozen snow - it is thought that the step broke away under his weight - and the accident occurred which resulted in a stretcher case.

The mishap on this apparently easy climb emphasises the following methods of obviating unnecessary risk:

1. Judge and appreciate the slope and conditions of a mountain as you find them. Remember snow conditions may change in the matter of a few hours. Mountaineers frequently understate difficulties after a climb and quite often the time taken on a route is minimised. Be logically critical of information given you and in giving information be precise and correct.
2. The responsibility is on the leader, usually the front man during the ascent, to advise when the rope is necessary. A leader is at fault when the last man has to call for the rope. This fault is not uncommon amongst mountaineers in New Zealand.
3. Before venturing on to steep snow slopes a party should have practised checking falls whilst on safe snow slopes. Have you practised checking falls with any party you have climbed with?

This unfortunate party sited their snow cave on the flattish portion of the Col, having dug it with ice axes and aluminium basins as a shovel left by a previous party could not be found. After the accident the terrific storm which hit the Alps on the 31st December confined the party to the snow cave. A rescue party had reached the site, but their tent (a new one of good design with Dural uprights and ridging) collapsed in the storm within a few hours from the combined effects of poles bending and ice packing on the material. It was impossible to dig a new cave in the storm so the original one was enlarged. The shovel was now available. The storm raged, the entrance tunnel became snowed in and for sixty hours men worked continuously day and night in shifts of 25 minutes - the longest that could be endured in one shift - to keep the entrance open. The weather cleared temporarily and the escape to the valley was made.

Never site a snow cave on the flat, but always on a slope. Parties intending to dig snow caves must take suitable digging equipment: there should be at least one reinforced flat open mouthed shovel for every four men. More than one party in a poorly sited snow cave has almost been overwhelmed with snow in a storm - take heed.

CONCLUSIONS FROM REPORT ON DEATH OF GERALD BROOKS NEAR GRAHAM SADDLE: ELSTER 1952.

It was the opinion of the guides in the rescue party that the body was unsufficiently clad for an alpine crossing such as Graham Saddle.

Medical evidence found the cause of death as being due to Injuries, Shock and Exposure.

It is considered that this fatality was caused by inexperience and wilful

disregard of good advice given them by an expert.

Although there are occasions when it cannot be avoided, parties should try and avoid getting immediately behind one another on a slope. In this particular case, Brooks fell directly on to his companion, thereby knocking him down, and giving him little chance of arresting a fall.

FINDINGS OF SUB-COMMITTEE ON DEATH OF GEORGE FRYER NEAR KIME HUT, AUGUST 1952.

The Sub-Committee was at first unable to account for the failure of the deceased to reach Kime Hut under what appeared to be reasonable weather conditions at the time despite the deterioration that took place later. Furthermore the deceased was thought to be of a cautious nature and in good physical condition although not "tough" in the generally accepted sense.

It is known however that weather conditions suffer intense local variations in the more exposed parts of the Tararua Range and few places are more exposed than the high level area in the vicinity of Kime Hut. In addition the route as far as West Peak for the then prevailing conditions would most likely be in relative shelter and the full force of the wind and rain would not be felt until the summit of the peak was gained.

Thus it was the misfortune of the deceased to be enticed into circumstances that later caused his death. That he met his death from exposure accentuated by exhaustion there is no doubt. A good deal however can be learnt from the circumstances of his death and the Sub-Committee is grateful to Dr. J.V. Cable, Physician, Wellington Public Hospital, for his interpretation of the findings of the pathologist in this connection.

The various circumstances will be dealt with point by point:

(1) Absence of Food in the Stomach: It is certain that the deceased did not eat after leaving the Otaki Forks and his failure to do so is thought to be a most important factor contributing to his death. Why he did not eat is not understood for there was food in his pack including chocolate and raisins. It is fundamental that body energy and warmth is obtained from the food digested and leaders should see that their parties do not endeavour to face tough going on empty stomachs. Lack of food permits the sugar content of the blood to fall and causes a feeling of faintness in the strongest of men. Marching rations are the answer to this and should be included in all personal rations. The effect on morale is important too. If however the party has gone to the extreme of endurance care should be taken in a choice of food. Chocolate and other rich foods should then be avoided as they tend to cause vomiting.

(2) Exposure: A considerable area of the body is exposed when shorts are worn and the heat loss is thereby increased. This effect is accentuated by the wind and still further accentuated by rain. It is not generally understood that, depending on one's state of health, the effects of exposure are sudden and sure. The persistent lowering of the blood temperature by only a small amount prevents the oxygen carried by the blood from being released for use by the tissues. This effect soon reaches the brain and causes drowsiness and a feeling of recklessness. The consequent danger is great.

(3) Taking of Alcohol: It is a considered medical opinion that the amount of alcohol taken by the deceased was not sufficient to contribute greatly to his death although such a practice is not to be recommended and could in other circumstances be a major source of danger. Alcohol absorbed into the blood-stream causes relaxation of the capillaries and consequent increase in heat loss although it does in itself contribute heat to the body in general. Alcohol may also contribute to the feeling of apathy brought on by hunger and exposure.

(4) Going Alone: The practice of going alone is always dangerous although the risk is considerably reduced when other parties are ahead or behind. The dangers are greatly increased above the bushline.

It must be accepted that the practice of going alone will continue, yet it is to be strongly discouraged. Under all circumstances a note should be left indicating the proposed route and times.

In the present instance the deceased was most vague in his intentions and it would have materially increased his chances of survival if he had informed the leader of the Club party of his intention to go ahead and had also left a note at Fields Hut indicating his time of departure from there.

It is suggested that Clubs adopt the practice of ensuring that all huts contain Hut Books.

(5) Clothing: It appears there was a grave error of judgement on the part of the deceased in not donning sufficient clothing earlier.

CONCLUSION: The deceased was a victim of a combination of circumstances which, considered separately, were not sufficient to cause his death, but which, in the aggregate proved to be fatal.

There is a growing lack of respect being shown towards the local ranges arising out of either an ignorance of their dangers or of an indifference to them. Members should be encouraged to take the necessary precautions for their own safety and instruction in survival should be emphasised in the bushcraft course.

No responsibility rested on the leader of the Club party in the matter and he is to be commended for the competent manner in which he handled the situation.

Resulting from the above accident the F.M.C. asks all clubs to inform their members that the recovery or removal of a corpse is the responsibility of the Police Department.

Generally Mountain Clubs are asked to assist in the case of fatal mountain accidents, but under no circumstances should they remove a body until authority is given them.

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P R I V A T E T R I P S .PIGHUNTING BEHIND TUTIRA.Weekend 28th September.

Eric Smith and I left at daylight on Saturday morning from Tutira Station and with light packs and three dogs headed for the nearby bush country on a day's hunting. This country is covered with very heavy bush running out into pig fern and the inevitable manuka, and of course is most difficult from the hunter's point of view.

We had been tramping for about half an hour when a large boar was spotted feeding on a nearby ridge and keeping the dogs in behind we started stalking. The only reason we could see this beggar was because some clot had lit a fire and had burnt out the undergrowth. We got within 50 feet of him and Smithy said, "Take the shot, Doug!" The boar must have heard for he looked up and as Smithy was in the lead I told him to go ahead. The bullet struck and whistled off into space, the boar fell and the dogs took charge, grabbing him by the ear. The bullet had gone through the top part of his neck, but he was by no means dead. However, we soon remedied that and continued our journey down gullies and over ridges. In places the country was most beautiful with native bush and small waterfalls. It was pleasing to note, also, that the forest is regenerating well in this area. There is an abundance of five finger which proves that the deer are not there in large numbers. We noticed fresh sign of wild cattle, but unfortunately did not come across any.

After having a rest in the middle of the day (the weather incidentally was beautifully fine), we continued along the tops and occasionally got a view of the surrounding country which is both wild and rugged. We even got glimpses of the far off snow-capped Ruahines. We came across a stag later on down a ridge and Smithy was not very interested, but as I wanted some venison we stalked it and, to cut a long story short, Smithy dropped it with a most glorious shot of at least 400 yards. The dogs arrived there first and as it was only wounded they were having a go. I am pretty hard hearted usually, but as the poor beast couldn't fight back I really felt sorry for it and we lost no time in finishing the job. On the way back we stopped every now and again to take in the wonderful scenery that surrounded us. All of a sudden I saw a big black boar tear down the hill into some pig fern. The dogs bailed him in there and it was a tricky and I suppose dangerous business to go in after him. I love to see the dogs on a pig. No matter which way he turns, there is a dog there to bite him on the seat and I should imagine this one's seat was mighty sore by the time we arrived and finished him off.

By the time this was done it was getting on in the afternoon, so back to the car we headed through this wonderful bush country. The dogs got on to another pig but didn't nail it and when we arrived at the car it was still light so we had a look across the road and chased, but did not catch, three more pigs. We then went back to the homestead and this is what I call deerstalking de luxe - a hot bath, dinner on the table ready for us, and a feather mattress to sleep on. "Douglas, you're getting soft!"

The next morning we decided that we'd give the pigs a thrashing, so with six dogs, a mixture including a point setter and a fox terrier, we set off and I had the most unusual experience of walking through the bush without a pack or rifle. Smithy did the decent thing by carrying our lunch. It was a marvellous treat to walk through the manuka without getting caught up in that infernal contraption they call a frame pack which I was using the day

before. We tramped for a long time and although we saw fresh sign, got no pigs. It was getting towards lunch time when we came across a little hole in the ground down which two goats had fallen and couldn't get out. They were so close to starvation that they couldn't walk so the long thin knife got them out of further suffering.

It was midday and still no pigs: morale was getting rather low. It is pleasing to see large numbers of young rimu trees growing in this area, a good sign for the future. After lunch the dogs went straight into the side of the bank and this was followed by a terrific din. Two opossums were literally dragged apart and scattered all over the place. Early afternoon and still no success. "To hang with the pigs, Smithy. We're better off in bed!" We were nearing the road when the dogs left us - barking - a squeal - off I went flat out straight through a large bog and got wet through but didn't realise it till later on. I arrived on the scene first and they had a young boar which I promptly finished off with the knife. On the last ridge the dogs got on to a mob and while the two holding dogs got a sow down below, the others bailed a big boar up top. We rushed in and he was in some very thick manuka, fighting the dogs. While he was occupied in the front the big point setter appeared from nowhere and as he hadn't been on pigs much before didn't realise the danger. He just ambled up as though he was going to be patted by his master. Evidently he decided that as everyone else was getting wild with the boar he had better do something about it, so he took a mighty bite at the back end! Panic then set in, in no uncertain terms. I don't know where Smithy was, but I was studying the scenery on the top of the highest piece of manuka in the district, and when things quietened down we were faced with four very subdued-looking dogs. We decided then that we had frightened the pigs enough for that weekend and left for parts unknown.

Doug Reid.

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THE REBUILDING OF THE CAIRN.

October 18th-19th.

Friday night saw Bob Woon, Derek Conway and Ken Thomas leave Hastings for Auriapanga en route for the Memorial Cairn at Trig J.

After a comfortable night at the Swamp Cottage we left for the tops just as the sun was rising. The trip to the hut was accomplished at reasonable speed, and on arrival we had a boil up and then slowly climbed the ridge to the top. By this time the sun had risen and the temperature rose to great heights. So did we and the higher the hotter, or so it seemed. We passed through Studholme and had another boil up at the Surveyors' Camp, then pushed on to the Trig. This was reached in the late afternoon and the camp was erected right at the trig and just a few yards from a well-filled tarn.

The Cairn was then tackled. It was decided to start from scratch and so we dismantled the whole thing and rebuilt from ground level. Surprisingly enough the job was completed by the three of us in just under two hours and we turned in early and spent a very warm night despite the fact that water left in a billy outside the tent was frozen in the morning.

Sunday was hot and clear and we left early and travelled slowly. Scorning the conventional route home we tried another which has not been used by club members for many years. After hearing what we had to say about it, it will be surprising if it is used for many more. It stank! We

reached the road with hours of daylight to spare and set sail for home in high glee, feeling very pleased with ourselves.

However, Lady Luck decided that as we had had such a good time she would fix us. Accordingly she broke down our car on the way home. This happened outside a house with a 'phone, however, and it was a simple matter to ring for help and also to partake of that generous hospitality which farm life in the backblocks seems to breed. Some time later help arrived and we were towed safely home.

Ken Thomas.

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A RUAHINE CROSSING - THE MOKAI PATEA WAY.

I have always wanted to cross the Ruahines. And now I have done it. And having done it and thinking in reverie of the Labour week-end I think it's one of the most enjoyable tramps I've ever had.

There were four of us; Doug Ashby from Waipawa, Dash and Glen, his two dogs, and myself. We left McCulloch's Mill site at 5 am. on Saturday and crossed the Waipawa Saddle about four hours later. The river had changed course considerably and the dogs disturbed some fifteen deer. The morning was perfect. We signed the Waikamaka Hut book and ambled up the scree on to Rongotea Ridge. The Kawhatau valley looked inviting - I have very pleasant memories of a trip there - but we followed a deer trail north along the scrubby bush of the Rongotea ridge, camping in the last saddle before the climb on to Rongotea. A log corral has been erected in this saddle and blaze marks lead to the only trickle of fresh water, found on the Kawhatau side.

We talked late and departed correspondingly late, shot a fine stag, saw many others (some fifty all told), climbed Rongotea on a perfect morning, and snoozed in the sun. While on Rongotea we saw half a dozen pigeons, busily flying on pigeon business. To complete the ornithological notes: a paradise duck flew powerfully over the ridge heading purposefully for Armstrong's saddle and Hawkes Bay. His crossing of the range took a little more than two minutes.

Rongotea is the start of the great Mokai Patea plateau, which we crossed, dropping pleasantly to the ridge above Mokai sheep station on the western side. Perfect weather made the route finding as necessary as our parkas. Several amateurs were bagging deer on the plateau. We camped about 3 pm. at the site of a hut marked on Norman's old Ruahine map. On Labour Day (again in perfect weather) we reached the road at Mokai station. The clematis and kowhai were in full bloom. It was only 9 o'clock in the morning and we picniced at three spots over the Napier-Taihape road. The dogs enjoyed the trip and so did we. If ever I get blasé about the local hills, the time will have come to give up the bigger hills.

George Lowe.

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KIWI HUT CAMP OVEN LEFT FILTHY.

On October 5th Doug Reid and I arrived at Kiwi Hut to find that the last visitors (who had not signed their names in the visitors' book) were not a

good type to have roaming round the mountains. The hut was dirty and there was very little wood left inside, but, worst of all, was the state of the camp oven and the billies. The camp oven still had the remains of a stew in it. The odour was so bad that neither Doug nor I could face the cleaning of it, so we just put it outside for Nature to work on until we return some day.

Carrying that camp oven up to Kiwi Saddle was quite a task. It's a pity that everyone does not appreciate the work that goes into building and furnishing a hut.

Bob Woon.

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MAKARORO - MAROPEA - ARMSTRONG SADDLE.

Sept. 6th-7th.

I have a trip to lead in the Makaroro area and as I had never been in the country before I decided that I ought to have a look at it before taking a party there.

I rounded up Norm, Graham Grooby and Jim Gibbs and we left Hastings at 6.30 pm. on Friday, arriving at the Makaroro Mill at 8.30. The river was up and we crawled into our bags resigned to the fact that we would not be able to force a passage up the river on the morrow.

We left the Mill at 8 am. on Saturday, following up the left-hand bank of the river until we reached Gold Creek at 9.10. We tried one crossing of the Makaroro but it was too tough so we climbed on to the spur just north of Gold Creek. The weather was overcast but the mist was not down on the tops. A few photographs were taken of the valley but our time was mainly taken up with steady tramping.

We boiled up at 12.30, still not on top. The weather was beginning to close in but we were not worried as the forecast was good for Sunday. We arrived on top at 3.25 with the mist now well and truly settled in. A shingle slide that was supposed to lead us down to the Maropea stream could not be found, and after tramping over the peak we decided to try and make Shut Eye Shack. Off we set, but after crossing Trig 50 we went astray and missed the main divide. As we turned back the rain began. We found our way on to Trig 50 only to lose the main divide again. We knew now that we would not make Shut Eye before dark and that it was a case of trying to find somewhere to camp and hope that the weather would clear for the next day. We turned back to Trig 50 and at last got on to the main divide and so to the saddle between Trig 50 and Armstrong Top. Here we camped at 6.30 without water or a fire. Fortunately the rain had stopped and we all spent a reasonably comfortable night.

Next morning we left the camp (?) at 8.45 and arrived in Armstrong Saddle at 9.45. Weather conditions were still the same but about this time began to deteriorate further. It actually snowed a little and then settled down to a steady rain. We had arranged to meet Doris Torbett, Pearl Smith and Stan somewhere in Triplex Creek so off we went. At the forks of the stream we found a small fresh fire and fresh boot marks around. After ascertaining that Stan & Co. had turned back we set off and caught them up at the bush edge after about two hours. We didn't see much of the country but what we did see was very interesting and the Club trip should be a good one.

Bob Woon.

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WAIKAREMOANA.Labour Weekend.

Party: Peter Smith, Val Doidge, Averil Hastings, Ian Berry, Jim Gibbs.

As all five of us were able to get five days off for Labour weekend, we decided on a trip to more distant horizons than would have been possible on the "Shorter Long Week-end". Waikaremoana seemed inviting and sufficiently far off to be new ground and sufficiently near to be easily accessible in the time allowed. So on the 23rd I picked up a rental A40 van from Hastings Car Sales at 0830, and on to pick up the various bodies in the various hide-outs and were eventually away from Haumoana by 9.30, in good weather.

The trip to Wairoa was uneventful bar two slight incidents. The first was while crawling up the hill after Tangoio I was surprised to suddenly see Peter and Ian, who were in the back, run up alongside the steering-wheel. The second was in the vicinity of the Mohaka Bridge when an agitated hand suddenly protruded from a car travelling in the opposite direction, in frantic effort to stop us. On stopping we found that it was one of the local "Traffic Warriors" who had spotted a body dangling from an apparently precarious position, I imagine somewhere near the roof. This was either Peter or Ian vainly endeavouring to get some "dust-freed" air. However, the local "Life Preserver" did not and would not accept such unorthodox methods. The body had to withdraw in ignominious defeat under the gimlet eye of the local law enforcer. Being the driver I was unable to see what permanent effect that eye had, if any.

We arrived at Wairoa a little after 1 pm. and had a much-needed lunch. After lunch Val and Averil went off to see some friends where they also met Bernard Teague, who very kindly provided local sketch maps of Waikare. We left a little after 2.30 and finally arrived at the Lake House Motor Camp at about 4.30. All the way from Wairoa the weather was banking up and becoming thick and overcast. Sure enough the rain started about 8.30 or 9, after we got the tents up and the fire lit.

It rained all the first night. It rained all the first day and we thought that we were in for a really enjoyable (?) week-end. However, we were there to see what we could of Waikare, so, in pouring rain, we set off for the Aniwanui Falls about three miles from the Lake House. From there we went on up Aniwanui Rd. to have a look at the Papa-Korito Falls, which I think are even more spectacular than Aniwanui.

From Papa-Korito we returned to camp for lunch and a change, then after lunch off to Kaitawa Hydro-Electric Station where a very obliging guide took us over the whole building. It was still pouring with rain so we became really decadent and used the camp ld. slot electric cooker for the stew that and each succeeding day.

The following day, Saturday, was as perfect as Friday was horrible. Clear, blue sky with brilliant warm sun; it made one feel great to be alive. We decided Waikare-iti was the objective and off we went. An Australian-American tourist party were also going; however, we went on our own. From the track turn-off on the main road the signpost says "Waikare-iti $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles - $3\frac{3}{4}$ -hour walk". We did it in 46 minutes. The tourist party took $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours. We were glad we went on our own!! Though, of course, we missed the launch trip.

On the Sunday we decided, weather permitting, that Ngamoto Trig (3644) was the first objective. We rose at 3 am. and were away by 3.30, up the

track by torchlight, finally reaching the top six minutes before the sun came. It was a perfect morning with a perfect sunrise. It came up in a large red ball of fire. The view was magnificent, though curtailed by mist and cloud on the distant ranges, but the immediate view of the lake was perfect and very clear. We were back in camp by 8 am. after spending an hour at the trig. By the way it was $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours to the top, 39 minutes to come down. The weather, if anything, was better than the previous day - anyway from a photographic viewpoint. Brilliant sun and the whole sky speckled with large banks of white cumulus cloud. The view from the Lake House was really perfect.

Having risen at 3 am. and the weather good we decided to join our friends, the tourists, and have a look at the lake from the lake. The launch left at 10 am. and off we went. The whole trip was about sixty miles all told and very enjoyable and pleasant it proved. Unfortunately on Monday we had to return home, but we were determined to have one last look at Waikaremoana, so climbed Te Rahu Peak on the Panikirikiri Range on the way home. We wanted to reach Pakanui Peak, but time did not allow it. The view from Te Rahu was, I think, better than from Ngamoto Trig. From the peak there is almost a complete panoramic view of the whole Lake.

We left Onepoto, the lake outlet, at about 1 pm. and arrived back in Hastings about 8 pm. after a perfect week-end in excellent weather. A few statistics concerning the lake may be of interest. It is 21 square miles in area and just over 2000 feet high. The distance round the shore line is just over 100 miles. The rate of outlet at the highest peak of using by the Power Stations is 30 tons per sec. The deepest sounding is 840 ft. The lake level at the moment is 32 feet below normal.

Jim Gibbs.

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ACROSS THE NUP LA TO EVEREST.

Janet has asked me to write about this crossing of the Himalayan divide and of the visit to the historic camp sites (Base Camps 1, 2, & 3) on the north side of Everest. It is unlikely that this side of the mountain will be visited again by British parties because of political changes in the control of Tibet.

The journey occupied about three weeks and followed immediately after the attempt on Cho Oyu (26,750 ft.). It was accomplished by Ed Hillary of Auckland and myself, with three good Sherpas, Ang Puta, Tashi Puta and Ingve. The experience remains, in our estimation, the most exciting, exacting and satisfying mountaineering that we have undertaken. Never do I expect to surpass it. The icefalls of the Nup La were immense - immeasurable. Six days were required to cover some four miles or less. The iceworld cut through, over and round, was quite "out of this world" and the memory is still vivid of the flaming excitement that burned through us when we reached the top and looked into Tibet and the historic face of Everest. We spent six days on the north side covering many miles of glacier in extremely short time. All of us carried fifty pounds plus. The days were long and strenuous but very rewarding.

As before, I'll revert to a letter that I wrote during the crossing - it's rough, but the story is there:

West Rongbuk Glacier - Tibet,
2nd. June 1952.

Dear Folks,

As I left Namche sixteen days ago I put these last three pages of pad in an envelope and decided to write the odd incident of this Nup La journey. At least it started out in a leisurely sort of way, but the tempo has increased until today when it has dropped to a solemn rather heavy largo - a largo feeling for Ed and me because of the storm that's about us - snow, wind and monsoon cloud, shortage of food and drink, and we're far from home on the Tibet side of the range with the difficult Nup La to recross to get to comfort and security.

This journey has been our greatest achievement to date and it's proving to be the most exciting and exacting exploration we've done. Even after the hard days we are doing there are nights when we toss sleepless because of the morrow's exciting prospects and passes and the day's exciting finds in exploring: and, too, there are others when we wonder how we're going to get back over the terrific crevasses of the Nup La and whether our food will last out - whether we'll be able to reach our Nup La icefall dump in time, and so on. In that way it's been easily the most exciting journey yet. And, too, we've been over half way round the great flank ridges of Everest and we'll have an almost unique set of colour slides that we're dying to see the results of.

Fifteen days ago we set out to try and cross the Nup La which would put us on the Tibetan glaciers of Everest. I wrote on the 24th from the icefall camp. On 25th May Ed and I tried to scale the cliffs to the left of the icefall and had some very exciting moments mostly in trying to get down without falling off, and later without being hit by flying boulders. On 26th May we tried a subsidiary icefall and after several hours we emerged through the broken ice overlooking Nup La. That was one of the most thrilling moments. We descended and on the 27th carried up kerosene and 80lbs. food and went to dump it on the Nup La when to our surprise and disgust we found that an unseen labyrinth of crevasses and an icefall was below us and between Nup La and us. It took us two days to cross this with loads and one section was particularly touchy with hidden mines, and Ed fell down one until the rope held him 12ft. down, out of which he cut his way.

On 29th we crossed the snow saddle - Nup La - 19,400ft., and set sail down the W. Rongbuk and so to Tibet. Everest was only six miles away and looked huge. We went down the Main Rongbuk, and here there are acres and acres of terrific ice pinnacles 300 and 400ft. high. We had some fancy ice work cutting through these and lowering our three Sherpas down, but got through and entered the valley of the E. Rongbuk and passed the old Everest Camps 1, 2, and 3 up to 21,000ft. We shot up the Changtse glacier and camped under the North peak of Everest, 24,730ft. (unclimbed), and next day made an attempt and got to 22,000. There we were stopped by some dangerous slab snow and bad weather. We backed down from our rather cheeky attempt and the same day ran (literally) down the glacier and camped last night by a small tarn at the terminal of the Rongbuk. A few miles down valley in the beautiful colours of the barren Tibet side we could see the famous Rongbuk Monastery, which excited our Sherpas considerably; but even though short of food we could not show ourselves as we are trespassing again.

Today the weather has been foul - snow and wind - and we fought our way against it up here to within a few hours of Nup La again. We have a dump of food (2 days) on Nup La which we hope will get us down the icefall and down valley to a yak herd where we can get milk, curds and potatoes. If we get this we hope to head off with two or three days' food and cross a pass to the Khumbu glacier and explore the terrific S. faces of Everest that they saw last

year. If this comes off we'll have been around more than half the great flanks of Everest and will have a unique set of colour slides - if they come out - and if the weather lifts for our fast reconnaissance of the S. face. It's a really big hill. Today we had a fleeting glimpse of the terrific N. face from five miles away and it was plastered last night with monsoon snow. The monsoon is now here with bad weather and treacherous snow conditions.

5th June.

It's only a few days since I wrote the other pages, but our adventures were by no means finished. The following morning we planned to visit a 20,000ft. snow col that was unmapped and unvisited. We thought it might take us into the Khumbu on the Nepal side, and thus be quite a find. At 2 am. on the 3rd. I awoke frozen in my bag and put on down clothing and anything available. A damp penetrating cold of away below zero was about us. Everyone was affected. I crawled out and the peaks were clear, but a high ceiling of cloud cut out the stars and almost continuous lightning was flickering along the Nepal side of the range. At 3.30 Ed looked out and we decided to try and reach the unknown col, for although the difficulties and the altering shape of the Nup La icefall had us worrying we were filled with the desire to explore.

About 4.30 it began to get light and Cho Oyu, Everest, Lhotse & Co. were tinged with yellow and then evil red with light hog's back clouds contouring over their summits. This is a bad sign. We waited and in a quarter of an hour the whole sky turned black and became a huge fast-moving snow cloud. We changed plans within seconds and shouted to the Sherpas, whipped down the tent, slammed everything into any pack, and began to run - and running at 19,000 with a load isn't easy. We knew a monsoon snow storm was coming and to be caught on the Tibet side with only two or three days' food would have been rather grim. We had six miles to go over the Nup La to a two-day food dump on the Nup La. Ed and I did it in one hour 40 mins. and the Sherpas with 40-50lb. each in 2 hours.

The cold was really arctic and we arrived in complete down clothing and our beards were stiff with ice. We picked up the dump and decided to try and get down the icefall the same day. Left at 9 am. as the snow began, visibility nil. We roped, five of us on the two ropes, 200ft., Ed at the back to keep direction and me in front, not being able to see even our feet, whether they were going up hill or down. After twenty minutes we were to hit an ice gully under a huge rock and here I skirted along the edge with ice about 30ft. to my left. Snow masked a great frozen lake and I trod on the snow and went through the ice to my waist and was pulled out like a fish on the rope. My feet froze but we cut through some ice ledges and headed across a crevasse plateau and just as things were grimmest, we saw our "tuck rock" appear and after 1½ hours reached an old camp site. Ahead was a quarter mile of flat that was the most treacherous area of masked crevasses that we've ever been on. In N.Z., if the axe shaft goes down in snow full length on a snow bridge it's safe to say it will hold you - but not here. We got across this without anyone falling right through - and believe me the rope was tight between us. The Sherpas, who are usually casual and rather annoying with their rope habits, were super cautious. We knew what was coming next and wondered just what had happened to the two huge crevasses of over 100ft. wide which were ahead. They had had snow in the bottom six days before. The first seemed all right and Ed cut down the wall 50ft. and carefully sounded his way across a flake and cut up the other side. The Sherpas went very well even though the walls were so steep that their loads pushed them off balance. Ed belayed them from the lip and held them upright. The second was my turn to cut and was much the same as Ed's except for a jump across to an ice knob at the bottom and a long ice traverse to get out. It took us 1 1/4 hrs. to do 300ft. in horizontal distance.

Snow was falling heavily. Six inches of new snow overlaid ice on the Nepal side now, and we started down the steep portions of the icefall. Our old icefall dump was only a mile away but we spent the next two hours cutting down walls and peering in the mist - at least Ed did, while I had tied on behind him to anchor him more safely on the steep bits. One ice ledge which the Sherpas hated on the way up had slipped and widened and Ed spent half an hour making a complete platform along it for the Sherpas to shuffle along. They did well, but it was punctuated by muttered "Bhote Kharak" (very bad). The snow lessened slightly and we could see a few hundred yards and we followed our old up route down and under some cliffs. These cliffs were pouring powder snow avalanches on to big fans and we had to keep just beyond these. About 3 pm. and dog tired we got out of the labyrinth on to the lower ground and then on to a moraine wall and unroped. The real dangers were over: the Nup La icefall was behind and we were back in Nepal - but what a day! It finished an hour later when we camped in driving snow, heavier than ever. Ed had fallen in to his knees in a snow-covered water hole and we were really frozen. We pitched the tent and crawled into wet bags but the Sherpas were cheerful and with their consideration and kindness they brewed soup and rice with curry while we lay exhausted, getting warm.

We were glad to be across safely, but were sorry to lose our unique chance of exploring an unknown bit near Everest. There was no insomnia that night and we woke to a perfect morning, snow everywhere. We dried out the wet socks, gloves, bags, scarves, boots etc. and 20 minutes took us to our icefall food dump. A green bag contained some mail brought up the day before by a local man. The same day we pushed off down the glacier to a small lake and some grass and flowers and camped. We sent the Sherpas down to the yak herd and they have just come back with 40lb. spuds, some yak milk, but no curds, which are really delicious mixed with tsampa (ground cooked maize) and sugar. Our main diet at present is rice and potatoes. I haven't eaten a green veg. since leaving N.Z. However, we're as fit as hell.

This morning I got out at 3 am. and it was such a perfect morning I climbed a 19,000ft. peak and got the best view of mountains that I've ever seen. Wait till you see the photographs. Ed went up later and he agrees with me. Tomorrow we will get out for Khumbu pass and then to Namche where I hope to post this about 12th June.

That's about all - except for a crossing of a 20,000ft. pass to the Khumbu valley and a flying visit to see the famous icefall where it cascades down between the confining jaws of the Western Cwm (pronounced COOM - 'oom' as in 'room'). During the climbing of rocks on the pass the Sherpas found a piece of hair and skin which they proclaimed to be of the "yeti" - the snowman. It is unfortunate that we did not secure this and return with it to confound the sceptics and the experts.

The day following our visit to the Khumbu icefall we hurried down valley, met Shipton and without pause set out on the Barun exploration, which was recounted in the last "Pohokura".

GEORGE LOWE.

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FIXTURE LIST.

<u>Date:</u> 1953.	<u>Place:</u>	<u>Leader:</u>
January 24th-25th.	<u>Club Picnic</u> - Tuki Tuki, Waimarama, Pourere ?	Pat Bolt.
February 8th.	<u>Dartmoor.</u>	Helen Hill.
February 21st-22nd.	<u>Waipatiki.</u>	Dick Burton.
March 8th.	<u>Disc Kiwi Slide: Paint Kaweka roof.</u>	(Ken Thomas (Derek Conway.
March 21st-22nd.	<u>Maungaharuru Mystery Trip.</u>	Ian Berry.
April 3rd-6th: <u>Easter.</u>	<u>Northern Kawekas.</u>	Bob Woon.
April 19th.	<u>Longfellow.</u>	Peter Smith.
May 2nd-3rd.	<u>Waikamaka - painting roof.</u>	Jim Gibbs.

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SUB - COMMITTEES.

At a recent committee meeting the following sub-committees and officers were appointed:-

<u>Fixture Committee</u>	:	Bob Woon, Helen Hill, Ian Berry.
<u>Hut & Track</u>	"	: Ken Thomas, Derek Conway, Jim Gibbs.
<u>Search</u>	"	: President, Club Captain, Secretary.
<u>Equipment Officer</u>	:	Ken Thomas.
<u>Editor</u>	:	Janet Lloyd.
<u>Librarian</u>	:	Angus Russell.
<u>Press Relations</u>	:	Norman Elder.
<u>Album Custodian</u>	:	Derek Conway.

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SUBSCRIPTIONS: Reduce yours to £1. by paying it before the end of December !

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THE FIRST CLUB MEETING IN THE NEW YEAR WILL BE HELD ON JANUARY 22nd 1953.

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