

HERETAUNGA TRAMPING CLUB (INC.)

" POHOKURA "

BULLETIN NO. 63.

APRIL 1953.

PRESIDENT -

N.L.Elder
43, McHardy Street,
Havelock North.
'Phone 2968.

Hon. SECRETARY -

Miss U.Greenwood,
Duart Road,
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-----

WE NOW OWN A TRUCK

The saga of club transport goes back into the mists of pre-history.

One famous incident:-

"Piesse and Lattev are very useful guys

They took the broken axle out, while Ian saw Brighteyes", appears to have taken place before there was any Bulletin. This was Gordon McCutcheon's truck, dangling over space on the narrow road to the Moorcock. The club made a fortunate start with a member, Gordon, with a truck, and made full use of him. But turning out for every trip became pretty solid, particularly in the busy season, and before long the club was calling on Eric Draper, for long our mainstay. Eric was partial to a spot of shooting and after accompanying us on our trip, a day ascent of Rangitike Atua, preferred to amuse himself in his own way. In these far off days there were many day trips to the tops as Hastings observed Saturday late nights.

In May 1938 the Bulletin announces:-

"TRAMPERS. PLEASE NOTE IN FUTURE ALL TRIPS WILL LEAVE FROM HOLT'S YARD"
- and so a tradition was born.

After Eric got married he dropped out for a spell and the records show various substitutes.

Railway buses had been used for long distance Easter trips, and in this way George Denford had been introduced to the club. George joined the club and was with us the whole way, solving the awkward question of driver's accommodation, though I remember a plaintiff cry coming out of the mist on the divide near Te Atua Mahuru: "When do we come to the tarmac?" Both George and Joe Nimon took us on several week-end trips, but buses though luxurious were expensive and slow, so we persuaded Eric to come back and he or Wally Shuker drove for us until the outbreak of war when his passenger licence was called in.

Various private vehicles had acquired fame by this time. Ian

Powell's venturesome Austin 7 was a going concern before the club was formed, and Molly Molineux with my mother's Austin 10 had also been taking odd bodies on many occasions. I can remember John von Dadelszen coming to the rescue of a marooned and footsore party at the Ohara stream after a western crossing and Doug Cooke's "Floss" receives honourable mention in one trip account.

Clem Smith's Pontiac was a standby by the end of 1938 and from that date "Doug Callow the Ford Fury" receives frequent mention. One trip over Gentle Annie on a pitch black night with Doug estimating the bends in advance and taking up several turns in the slack of the steering is on memory, rather, some obscure breakdown in a gale at midnight coming in from the Makaroro mill, while a third was a stage where he didn't dare stop and June Budd and her pack had to bale out on the move.

With the war, transport became a nightmare. Petrol was rationed, lorry charges went up, then lorries were limited to a 30 mile radius. We still made occasional lorry trips, but with numbers down, transport subsidies had to be increased and fares raised. For a while gifts of petrol coupons were eagerly welcomed, but later tramping clubs were given an allowance for hut and track maintenance. By this time, however, tyres were the problem, and car after car of the club's trusty supporters could no longer risk the back country roads. It was now cycle or hike.

Ursula gets a special mention for taking a Greenwood truck to McCullough's in 1942, and the 1943 annual report records with pride that 4 trips had been made to the ranges.

And so the war dragged by.

The 1946 report mentions "we have a truck", presumably Harold Dunlop's, but our trouble was now to fill it. Working parties were switched with some effect on to building up the transport fund, and we battled along thanks to Pat Farrington as a very obliging driver. But they had a series of country contracts and week-end trips on top of this gave Pat practically no home life. It came a bit hard all round.

In 1950 Downey's informed us that they had inherited Draper's passenger licence so it was considered expedient to transfer our custom, but this raised the problem of drivers. We could occasionally persuade one of Downey's drivers on condition he went home for his Sunday dinner, doubling the mileage we paid for. This was obviously prohibitive and we were once more forced back upon private transport, now becoming more common. Charges were increased in 1951 to double petrol. Dick's van, the Woon truck, Alec's jeep and Norm's station wagon appear in various convoys.

At this stage Ian Berry makes his bow and the wheel has turned full circle. As in Gordon McCutcheon's day the club has a member with a truck, and as with Gordon we've made a welter of it, but it makes heavy demands on Ian.

As far back as 1950 Geoff Gilchrist had suggested that we follow the example of the A.T.C. in purchasing a truck and offered to keep a lookout for a suitable P. & T. discard. At last the summons came. A dependable Bedford truck with a long and honourable history was being superannuated and sold by tender. Our represent-

atives went over, inspected her and discussed her with Geoff and the overseer of the P. & T. yard.

We decided to put in for her and our tender was accepted. Ian Stirling has offered to take on her maintenance and she is now in his capable hands.

N.L.ELDER.

-----000-----

NEW MAPS

The 'National Grid' sheets are being extended inland to cover some of the high country. Napier Survey Office have already in print N.133, which runs across the N.Ruahines to the other side of the Rangitikei and includes Te Atua Mahuru; and N.123, covering the South Kawekas, the Ngamatea Plateau and including Motumatae trig in the South Kaimanawas. Mr Crerar is draughtsman and is in possession of our tracings. These are "very provisional sheets" - in effect professional versions of tramping maps, as the area has not yet been flown, and are not in colour.

However they are very clear and handy in size, while being mile to the inch they are easier to read than the rather cramped scale of the Ruahine map. This is definitely one up to the Lands and Survey. Northern Kawekas and Ahimanawas will be with us before we know where we are.

-----000-----

TRIG POINTS

In working on aerial photographs in uninhabited country trig points may be the only control points possible, but these can seldom be picked accurately as there is usually only a peg or pipe. It would be a great help in draughting if trigs could be pinpointed and Mr Crerar makes the very sensible suggestion that club parties could help by marking trigs visited so that they would show in photographs. I should think a ring of stones or dead wood or a couple of stone arrows 3 - 4 feet long would do the trick. There are old rings cut in the ground round Te Atua Mahuru and Tupari trigs which would probably show up if the scrub was cleared out of them. This applies to areas not yet flown - S.Kawekas and N. Ruahine.

-----000-----

SOCIAL NEWS

BIRTHS: To Val and Stan Craven - a daughter.
To Mr & Mrs John Groome - a son.

MARRIAGES: Shirley Bathgate to Dr.T.E.Hunt.
John MacIntyre to Judith Beattie.

ENGAGEMENTS: Valerie Doig to Peter Smith.
Marie Persen to Flying Officer Leonard Owen Hodgson.

-----000-----

CLUB TRIPS

No. 443.

LAKE RUNANGA.

Nov. 23rd.

Derek and I left Holt's on bicycles at about 8.20 a.m. At Fernhill Bridge we found Mrs Ansell and her nephew who had been there for nearly an hour. Ken and Ray turned up about 9 a.m., and after a pow-wow with a very friendly old Maori lady about the state of the local cemetery we left for Ohiti Road and Lake Runanga.

After climbing the first hill of Ohiti Road on bicycles we decided it was time to abandon the machines and take to the hills. Just at that moment the Maultsaid family rolled up en route to some mysterious beehives near equally mysterious Maori Burial Ground and Defence Area. Some of us proceeded on foot over the hill and on reaching the top we saw the others down by the lake, let out a series of wild yells scaring every sheep, duck and swan in the neighbourhood and joined up with them. On the lake were quite a number of Paradise duck and also black swans, while around the edges was the constant croaking of numerous bull frogs.

From the lake we ambled back towards Ohiti Station. It was now about lunch time and as a good clear creek ran across the road ahead we decided on food and a boil-up.

After lunch we continued up Ohiti Road where Mr and Mrs Maultsaid were "beeing". We also examined three fresh water springs with beautiful clear ice-cold water pumped continuously from subterranean caverns. From there we examined the Maori Cemetery and fortifications on the surrounding hills and had a really good view of the Ngaruroro River with its many water lanes.

We then returned to the road, had a final boil-up at a creek near the house and were back in Hastings by about 5 p.m.

No. in party: 6.

Leader: Jim Gibbs.

E. Ansell & nephew, Ken Thomas, Ray Thomas, Derek Conway, J. Gibbs.

-----000-----

No. 444.

CAPE KIDNAPPERS.

Dec. 6th-7th.

Successive heavy easterly seas during the springtime have cleared the beach of the big slips that were on it for so long, but as you approach the ladder a big fall is still evident.

The party arrived at the hut in various detachments from morning till after dark.

The birds, the surf and walks were the main attractions. Photographers talked intently of exposures, films, etc.

It was a free and easy party of small groups and the only compulsions were time and tide as we returned next day to Clifton.

No. in party 19.

Leader: Angus Russell.

(Trip No. 444)

Doug. Reid, Dick Burton, Ray Grant, Derek Conway, Jim Gibbs, Ian McPherson, John Reid, Dave Williams, Walter Shaw, John Mitchell, Helen Hill, E. Ansell, Doris Torbett, Pat Bolt, Ethel Batson, Audrey Coburn, Muriel Lowe, George Lowe, Angus Russell.

-----ooo-----

No. 445.

CLUB PICNIC
(Tukituki)

Jan 24th-25th.

Bad weather reports may have turned a few away, but for a club picnic the rally was disappointing. We would like these picnics to take the form of a reunion of past and present members. However, those that did go had a good time in spite of the rain.

From 4 p.m. onwards the various members dribbled in. Dick gave a demonstration of perfect cooking with his pressure cooker and petrol stove while I made a tasty stew over the fire. We had our meal under canvas because of the rain. Two portable radios and a sing song kept us going till the rain stopped and then logs were thrown on the fire till 10.30 p.m. Ian and Ray caught two eels and shoals of trout were seen jumping for flies during the evening.

Sunday dawned clear but by 10 a.m. it was clouding over and the weather forecast for showery weather proved true. One by one we took a plunge in the deep, swift river. Pearl and Paul appeared on the opposite bank, but could only reach us by swimming over and had to go back to the far side for their lunch.

After a brew at about 3.30 p.m. we left for home in misty rain.

No. in party: 13.

Leader: Pat Bolt.

Ben Thomas, Ray Thomas, Dick Burton, Ian Berry, Des O'Neill, Paul Smith, Derek Conway, Doug. Reid, Doris Torbett, Audrey Coburn, Pearl Smith, Janet Lloyd, Pat Bolt.

-----ooo-----

No. 446.

HORSESHOE BEND

Feb. 8th.

We were scheduled to go to Dartmoor or along the Tutaekuri, but a preliminary expedition discovered no swimming holes deep enough to swim in; so a lightning switch took 20 of us to Horseshoe Bend. It was a dull day, and threatened rain, but we had a swim and saw plenty of traces of the recent heavy flood. After a boil-up we moved off to the Mokapeka caves. A long climb up to the saddle was made over slopes badly slumped by heavy rain. Most of the party then went down to the caves, which they found had recently been flooded, with the result that there were no glow-worms. They then returned to horseshoe for another swim and another boil-up. Meanwhile Pat and I, preferring heights to

depths, had climber a long way up on Kahuranaki. We returned in time to share the cup of tea, and before we finished to threatened rain had begun in earnest; so we crowded on our three vehicles about a quarter to five and went home.

No. in party: 20.

Leader: Helen Hill.

K. Thomas, D. Burton, D. Conway, Ray Thomas, S. Woon, I. Stirling, D. O'Neill, Pat Williams, Pat Bolt,, Jennifer & Barbara Maultsaid, Doris Torbett, Audrey Coburn, W. Romanes & brother, Craig Morgan, Peter Wood, John Mitchel, Pearl Smith, Helen Hill.

-----ooo-----

No. 447.

WAIPATIKI

Feb. 21st-22nd.

We left Hastings at 9.20 a.m. with a somewhat disappointing muster of five. However we picked up three more on the road.

When we reached the Waipatiki valley Ian stopped the truck and we began filling up on blackberries, occasionally moving on to a fresh bush. We eventually got going again and arrived at last year's camp site at about 11 a.m. We then went down to the beach to look at the sea. The beach was filled up a lot since last year. The breakers were very big and came roaring up the beach and over the top of a rise and ran down the inside to drain into the creek.

In the afternoon we went for a walk round the foot of the cliff to Awapawanui and back via the road and a disused road, arriving in time for a cup of tea put on by the disappointed fishing members of the party. In the evening we went down to the beach and had a fire as per custom. It was smaller than last year's, but there weren't so many to gather the wood. After much yarning and a bit of singing we adjourned to the bag at about midnight.

Sunday dawned bright and clear, and about 10 a.m. everyone began to cook their breakfast, except Angus who had been chopping wood since 5.30 a.m. and who had had his. Some of the hardier ones went swimming. Two more joined the party during the morning.

After lunch most of the party went for a walk up to the top of the hill on the eastern side of the bay and had a good look at Napier. We came back to camp via a little creek which comes out about half way between the beach and our camp site on to the road, or rather under it.

We left the bay at about 5.45 and got back to Hastings at about 7 p.m.

No. in party: 10.

Leader: Dick Burton.

A. Ansell, Ian Berry, Angus Russell, Dave Williams, Ray Thomas, Ken Thomas and sister, John Mitchel, Craig Morgan, Dick Burton.

-----ooo-----

There were two objects in view for this week end : (1) the painting of the Kaweka Hut roof and (2) the discing at the top of the shingle slide. Two parties went in separately and here are the accounts of their trips:-

Painting Kaweka Hut Roof.

It is good to get into the local hills again; if only to paint the Hut a brilliant orange.

Seven of us left Hastings in Dick's truck at 8 a.m., well armed with 1 gallon of paint, paint brushes, roof scrapers etc. On arriving at the Hut early Saturday afternoon Dick immediately assumed the responsibility of scaffolding engineer and produced from his pack coils of wire, pliers, hammer and 2 lbs of 4 inch nails. In no time a 10 rung ladder rested gleaming and new against the eaves. Following that came a large frame which lay on the roof and will be removed, we hope, next trip in.

Paint was keenly stirred, brushes were lovingly stroked, then behold! the roof by 7 p.m. had gained years of life to come, and the "putter-onners" of paint had become distant blood relations to the natives of far distant reservations, (Red Indians I think they call them) only the whoops of joy came when paint was washed off and we became Palefaces once more.

All Saturday Angus had been threatened with terrible torture if he should dare to mend chimneys at 5 a.m., and I think he took it to heart, for he rose at 8.30 a.m. with the rest of us. For those that like a pre-breakfast walk, a stroll through the beech forest valley behind the hut is most enjoyable, but don't come back to find your tin of corn half burnt.

During Sunday, trips were made up to Cook's Horn, Etc; wood was chopped, and spare paint was applied as landmarks in the riverbed. A steady walk mid-Sunday afternoon brought us to Ken's large party at the Waikarakaro streams. Then followed a short search for someone who had gone botanising. We finally left for home shortly after 5 p.m. with a very pleasant range trip behind us with which to start the season.

No. in party: 7.

Leader: Derek Conway.

Doris Torbett, Edna Ansell, Dick Burton, Craig Morgan, Angus Russell, Dave Williams, Derek Conway.

-----000-----

Discing the Top of the Shingle Slide

A truck load of trampers very graciously picked up the leader at 6.15 and headed for the hills.

Impending car sickness called for a couple of halts on the way and the road end was finally reached at about 9 a.m. An hour was spent boiling up at the willows and the party finally set out for 4100 at 10. Progress was slow but steady with frequent halts for breathers.

The beech behind 4100 was reached at 12 noon and we all had lunch together with sparring sips of water which had been laboriously carried up by Bob Woon.

Following lunch the party split up. One half under Helen went towards Kiwi for a look-see, while the other half started for and finally found the slide. From here we worked back sighting and deciding as we went where to put the poles. We then returned to the beech and cut likely looking poles, packed up and set off to do the good deed.

We had almost finished when Helen's party returned and after a rest we all hit off down the slide. To the novices this proved most thrilling as the slide was in good fast condition.

A short stop at the bottom to remove shingle, then away we went for the road. The trip out was put through at a moderate pace and we reached the willows fairly early.

No. in party, 14.

Leader: Ken Thomas

Rav Thomas, Bob Woon, Ian and Alan Berry, Jim Gibbs, Helen Hill, Walter Shaw, Philip Bayens, Peter Wood, Eileen Dixon, Pat Wallis, Meg Tomkinson, Barbara Higgins.

-----000-----

No. 449.

MANGAHARURU MYSTERY TRIP

March 21st-22nd.

The truck left Holt's at 7.12 a.m. and after picking up Dave and Angus headed for Tutira. We arrived at Boundary Stream at approximately 9.15 and had our first boil-up. A short stop on the way up was made at Tongio to examine some manuka blight. We then took the truck up to Mr R.J.Heays' woolshed and with Murray Heays to show us the way we set off for the top of the range. After losing some sweat we gained sufficient altitude to get a good view of the cliffs which dominate this country. Unfortunately Murray was not able to come with us the whole of the trip, but before he left us he gave us some detailed instructions as to how to find our way to the break where, for which we were heading. Following the track, which Murray had pointed out, we dropped down to and crossed a stream and then passed through some attractive bush. Lunch time found us with a mystery. Were we on the right track and where was the clay patch which we had expected to come across before this time? However, while the others were eating, Bob and I went up a ridge and came upon the missing clay patch and our first view of Te Kooti's Lookout and the Te Hoe and Mohaka country. Without much trouble we followed the track from here through tall manuka until we came to some old sheep yards. From here it was only a short distance to the hut. As the only fresh water was some distance from the hut seven of us went down and filled all our billies. The stew was soon on the fire and Angus and Rav put in some good work getting fern and manuka for bedding. A short distance behind the hut we were able to look down over the Mohaka and we spent some time

here admiring the scenery and trying for echoes while we waited for the stew to cook. The evening was spent telling yarns about school days and we were in our bags by about 9 o'clock. Eight slept on the floor of the hut although it was rather a squeeze.

Next morning we were up in time to see the red and orange sunrise. As the weather was clear Dave took some coloured photographs of the mist-filled valleys from our lookout behind the hut. After a leisurely breakfast, and Dick's inevitable cup of tea, we moved back to the sheep yards and then climbed up to some outcrops of rock. We played around these rocks for a short time and then followed the track back to the clay patch. Above here was a rather impressive bluff and after some discussion as to whether or not it could be climbed four of us decided to have a go. It proved to be easier than it looked and we reached the top without much difficulty, Peter being the first to reach the summit.

From the clay patch down we had some trouble in finding which of the many tracks was the right one, but we eventually got back to the more clearly defined track further down, Audrey, Doris and Dick getting there by a somewhat quicker route than that taken by the rest of us. We had lunch at the stream where the track comes out of the bush and arrived back at the truck at 1 o'clock.

A short trip was made back through the gorge and here we left the truck and with only two packs set off up Boundary stream. After a lot of scrambling through manuka and stinging nettles we arrived at the waterfall about $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours later. This rather pretty waterfall had us stumped when it came to estimating its height, but it was generally estimated to be between 180 & 300 feet. It might be a good idea to take up some cord to measure it with next trip in. Dave and Angus put the billy on and the rest of us climbed up through the bush on the right hand side of the fall to the top. The stream above the fall was very pretty and we stayed here for some time. Signs of deer and pig were plentiful and they had been doing considerable damage to the bush. When the time came for us to leave this spot we found that we had made the elementary mistake of not marking the top of the track (?) we had followed up. After half an hour of peering over cliffs we eventually found it and got down to the mug of drug. The trip back to the road took us just over the hour and we arrived back in Hastings at about 8 p.m.

It was a good trip in interesting country with plenty of scope for the botanist, ornithologist and photographer.

Np. in party: 9.

Leader: Ian Berry.

Doris Torbett, Audrey Coburn, Dick Burton, Peter Wood, Bob Woon, Angus Russell, Dave Williams, Ray Thomas, Ian Berry.

-----000-----

F. M. C. NEWS.

A committee meeting of the Federated Mountain Clubs suggests a pleasant natter in a social atmosphere. The reality isn't quite like that. With the growth of the Federation comes the increasing complexity of problems, administrative technical and financial and the last was an all day marathon. Sub committees met at 9 a.m. on a perfect Wellington morning and that was the last we saw of daylight. A working party of girls from the Whakahaere T.C. served up meals at intervals, but only for lunch was there even a nominal break, and this was merely an opportunity for continuing business informally. As 5 p.m. was passed even the toughest began to look glazed.

The present set up of the F.M.C. is a core of mountaineers and trampers with two large groups, skiers and deerstalkers rather more loosely affiliated. Their support of the Federation depends to a considerable degree on how much it meets their needs so that a good deal of attention was given to matters affecting them and one or two of these broke new ground.

For instance the Deerstalkers Association have been protesting against the proposal to cull out the herd of Wapiti in Fiordland. Hitherto the F.M.C. has not had to consider such problems and its general attitude could fairly be put that shooting out introduced animals was "a good thing". However the Deerstalkers had offered to shoot out the red deer and the crossbreds in order to maintain a pure wapiti herd, and their president, Newton McConachie, attended the meeting to explain their proposals. From this it appeared to be the most practicable way of reducing the total animal population and the commonsense decision was made to support them.

There has been another flap about mountain accidents with a ministerial suggestion that mountaineers should be licensed. The Federation insists that education is the only way to reduce accidents and is making this point at safety conferences. Its main practical job at the moment is bringing out an enlarged edition of 'Safety in the Mountains', the present edition being exhausted. As this involves some 20,000 copies and the expenditure of about £1000, the raising of the money even with the assistance of a government grant is a headache and the editorial burden is considerable.

Broadcasts are another method of spreading information. The Christmas broadcasts were on a very limited scale, disappointing after the success of the broadcast discussions of the previous year. However the N.B.S. appears to be pulling up its socks and there is even another suggestion of local broadcasts, - so we may be in vet.

Search and rescue matters covered a good deal of ground. Considerable areas still have no S.A.R. representatives and suggestions were made to cover several gaps, mostly in the central parts of the North Island which are at present a No Man's Land.

There are rumblings about restrictions on climbers from Federated Farmers some of whose back country members have been finding large scale rescues in the Southern Alps a heavy burden.

There have been discussions with police representatives about meeting the cost of searches, but they are not committing themselves in general terms, though willing to consider specific cases "on their

merits". Generally it pays to play safe. Naturally rescue parties tend to dash off without delay, but equally naturally the police cannot be expected to meet expenses incurred without their authority. At least notify the police, if it seems advisable get their support to going out, if this cannot be obtained locally flag S.A.R. seems to be the sequence.

Air search in mountain country has been considerably limited in scope as the result of experience. Aircraft will not in future fly nearer than 1000 feet to summits or slopes, nor be sent out if there is much cloud about, while under most weather conditions Harvards will be the slowest planes employed. This means that they will not be used to look for parties unless on snow slopes and will be confined to observing for signals such as smoke and presumably large objects such as crashed planes.

Various other matters of interest came up. D.S.I.R. propose to investigate dehydrated foods under "service" conditions and are thinking of getting parties on long trips to act as guinea pigs. All eyes lit up at the thought of a free issue, but it would mean sticking to a rigid diet and while interesting, probably somewhat austere.

A medical report on the use of sulphur drugs gave some interesting information on their uses and limitations. They can be dangerous and one interesting point is that plenty of water must be drunk when they are used.

One curious sidelight on the formation of National Parks is that the Wellington clubs have not got round to approving a Tararua National Park, which might seem on the face of it to be an obvious choice. Quite a body of opinion feels that tramping interests are better served by the present set up as a forest reserve administered by Forestry, than they might be under a park board.

The Forest Service have circulated a statement of policy, offering to arrange for someone to discuss this with the F.M.C. executive. Arrangements are being made for this.

-----000-----

DEPARTURES.

Pam Dyson is on a trip to England.

Jennifer Maultsaid is training as a mycologist at the Ruakura Research Station out of Hamilton.

John Reid has been transferred to Wellington to take a course in diesel maintenance.

George Lowe is back in Nepal with the British Everest Expedition.

-----000-----

NEW MEMBERS.

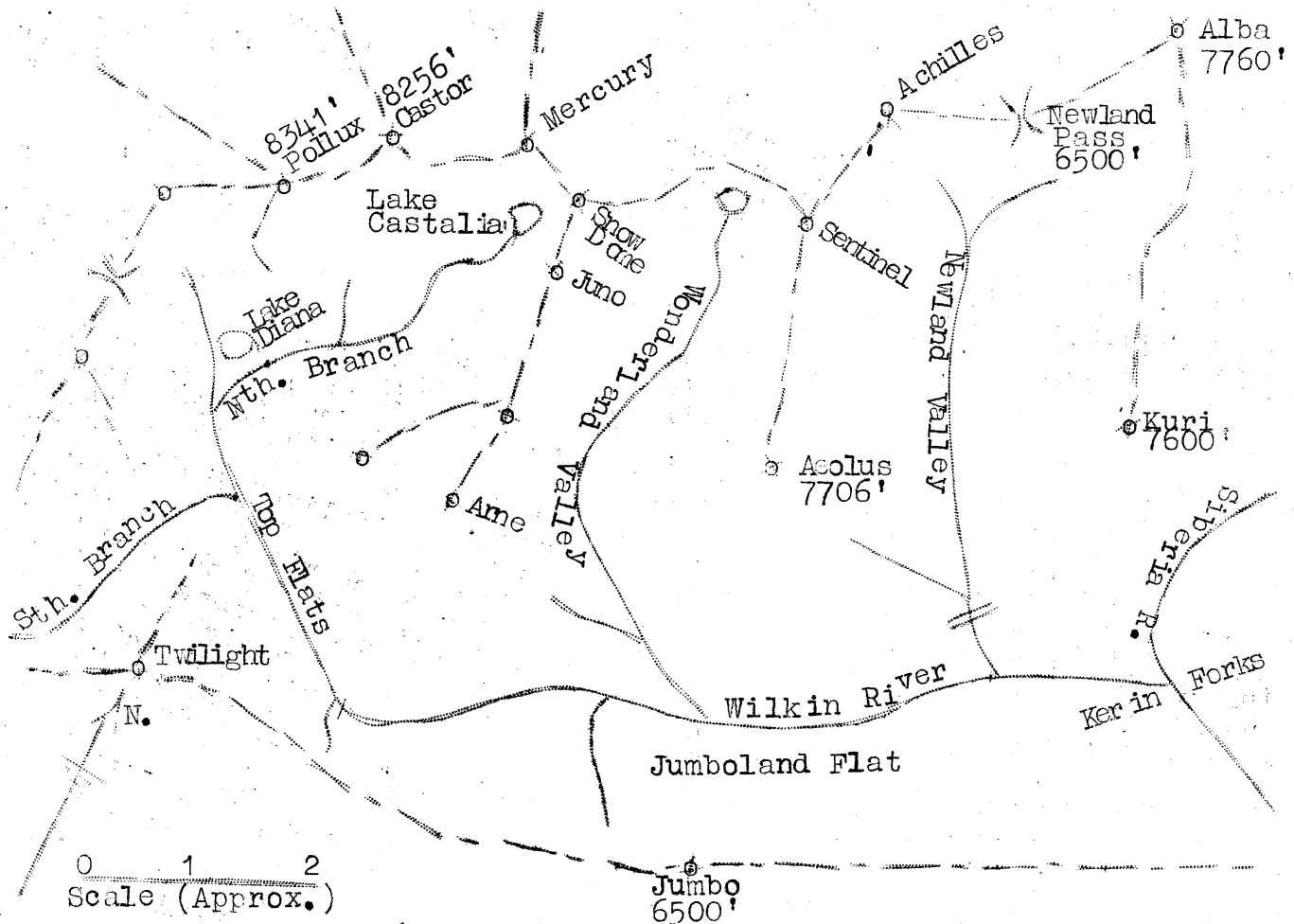
The following have been elected members of the club:-

Audrey Coburn, Craig Morgan, Bob Wallace (junior member), John Reid, Ray Grant, John Groome, Wally Romanes, Peter Wood.

-----000-----

WILKIN VALLEY

26th Dec. - 9th Jan., 1953



Draining the eastward slopes of some 50 miles of the Main Divide and running into Lake Wanaka as the Makarora River lies a network of rivers and ridges, snow and scree, building a pattern of intrigue and beauty such as only Otago may claim. As with all things, this too had a beginning; for even as New Zealand lay beneath that gigantic ice cap so many years ago, an inexorable force was at work, carving, shaping. The ice age drew to an end and from beneath the mighty glaciers emerged a land of rocky canyons which weather and tide, with infinite patience, slowly moulded to that which we know to-day.

I say "We know", but if this is true what urges one to climb or explore? Perhaps it is a form of escape from

civilization and its attached obligations which leads us to hold for a time to the simplicity of nature. We sought an answer this year in the Wilkin Valley, last of several waterways which go to swell the Makarora River as it flows swiftly down to Lake Wanaka.

An active preparation is essential and, indeed, adds immensely to a trip of this type. Food has to be purchased, weighed and packed, equipment inspected, maps and timetables scrutinised and an ever watchful eye kept on snow conditions. This is a considerable task. Having shown just what work is involved, I must now confess to leaving all this in the capable hands of Beryl Mathews, Keith Wood and Maurice Perry, who together with myself formed the party.

In theory we were carrying food for about four or five days, the remaining supplies to be air-dropped by Mr. "popeye" Lucas, Queenstown. This should have made for reasonable packs, but somehow those "extras" crept in, resulting in a careful check of gear at our twelve o'clock boil up, one hour after leaving the head of Lake Wanaka. Having decided what to leave behind and cached it, we moved on up the true right bank of the Makarora River until from a low bluff summit the Wilkin Valley lay spread before us. Wide clover-covered flats led the eye up the valley to a dominating snow peak - Mt. Aeolus. This was for three of us our first taste of Wilkin beauty and I know we absorbed it for, although some fifteen minutes were taken up bidding a fond farewell to the Hutt Valley T.C. Friends with whom we had combined for transport, it was not until 6 p.m. that we halted for the night at Kerin Forks Hut. It is here that the first flats end, giving way to a bush enclosed gorge which takes one, by way of a good track, to Jumboland Flats. However, our route lay up Newland Valley which enters Wilkin River from the left one hour above Kerin Forks.

We crossed to the Newland River about 9 a.m. the following morning, then began a long climb over indefinite deer tracks to the valley above. Once clear of bush and gorge, we made better time to a large trog right at the valley head and directly below Newland Pass, (6500' approx.) where camp was made for the night. With a threatening sky and low mist we were loath to leave our sacks in the morning, but although it is seldom I literally leap out, there are times when you realise it is necessary to make a determined effort.

Following breakfast, Newland Pass claimed our attention. What degree of difficulty in ascent is required to name a pass a pass I do not know, but with a rope and not a few anxious moments we made the ridge top to be greeted by a biting wind from the West Coast. This same wind occasionally broke the mist as we travelled roughly south along the Main Divide, permitting a glimpse north to Mt. Alba. On snow and rock alternately progress was made until about 4.30 p.m. when we agreed to camp. This is the last non-snow camp site along the ridge, so out came our 6 x 8 japara tent and with iceaxes for poles we set it up in

the most sheltered spot available. One of six made by a Wellington firm, these are excellent tents; indeed, this is the second occasion on which I have had a nervous pleasure in proving them. But let us return to the following morning as I am getting ahead of events.

When, about 10 a.m., the mist cleared we took climbing packs, and ascended Sentinel, a confused jumble of loose rock affording an easily won view. About 50' below the summit I came across a battered tin which must have been thrown down by lightning as in places the metal had melted through. A waterproof bag inside was intact and after slipping our own note in Keith replaced it on top.

As we moved on above an imposing cirque forming the head of Wonderland Valley the ridge narrowed, then climbed to Snow Dome. Maurice and I had moved on looking at a route down to Lake Castalia, for in this country an orthodox descent requires careful thought. With this in mind, we made a patchy glissade off Snow Dome toward Juno, warily crossed a crevasse and finally wound up some distance off the ridge top looking down on a very tempting Lake Castalia. However, we decided it was too far below and satisfied ourselves with a photograph. We sat for a few minutes, only an occasional avalanche breaking a peaceful silence. But the dull booming roar seemed to blend with the scene about us and we relaxed as they tumbled off those valley sentinels, Pillux and Castor. It is moments like these which bring a wealth of thoughts to one's mind, such as are never forgotten.

As we stood again, a camera filter dropped with a merry tinkle coming to rest at my feet. I am not always as lucky as that! However, we were soon away, plugging up the snow slopes which had provided a glissade but a short while before; over Snow Dome, sidled Sentinel and dropped down to camp about 5 p.m., just in time to join Keith and Beryl in a good laugh. We had caught a Kea the previous day, plucked and cleaned him, then buried him in a patch of snow that morning. Eight hours of sun had done its work and there lay our bird on top of the refrigerator, with frozen feet pointing skywards - a most undignified pose from which we removed him to a warmer spot in the pressure cooker, above a purring primus.

A strong, gusty wind blew up during the night and continued all next day during which time we scarcely moved outside, except to build a wall of rocks and generally batten down. That night saw the wind increase and it really began to rain. We lay inside our waterproof covers, which held most of the water in remarkably well, listening to our tent crack and strain. There was little else to do anyway.

We managed an early start in clearing weather the following morning and apart from a sticky bit in some bluffs, made good time to a trog about half an hour below Lake Castalia, in the North branch of the Wilkin. As gear was spread to dry

and we headed to a handy pool for a necessary wash, I could not help casting a speculative eye toward Pollux. As the following day was spent packing food to our trog, from where it had been dropped on Top Flats, it was not until the morning after that Maurice and I made a start. Keith woke us at 2.30 a.m. with a hot drink and we were away by torch light at 3 p.m. This valley head is mainly composed of scrub-covered, old moraine and although disconcerting, it was not surprising to have Maurice vanish from sight, then hear his muffled curse as he clambered from some hole in the ground. Nevertheless, good time was made and we breakfasted at 7.15 a.m. on top of some bluffs, with the valley literally spread beneath our feet.

A grand sight I assure you, but on we must move, plugging up a steep snow slope to level out beneath a long line of large crevasses, through which we eventually found a passage past stately seracs and yawning cracks, until once more a level terrace appeared before the final long, steep slope to a rock ridge running from the summit. Crampons and rope had been in use for some time now and, warming to the work we plugged up to a final crevasse before the rocks. As I belayed Maurice along a delicate lip of snow, we felt the cool, green-blue ice depths, inviting, restful and ever watchful calculating our progress. Once on rock the crampons came off. We had a bite, shortened our rope, then moved forward making slow progress over tricky loose rock until nearly 2 p.m. Although only about half an hour from the summit, we had no wish to join the "Night Out Section" so reluctantly decided to call it a day. Descending to our rocky breakfast site, we collected the surplus gear then retraced our steps down those crumbly bluffs to a snowgrass spur leading to the valley floor. On our arrival at Lake Diana about 7 p.m., we found Keith and Beryl had moved camp down to here and within a couple of hours I was in the sack, feeling tired but well satisfied with an excellent day's climbing.

The following two days continued fine but we did little apart from swimming in the lake which is surprisingly warm, eating and finally moving camp to Top Forks. Keith went down valley to reclaim our rifle from the Hutt Valley T.C. party. He shot a hind on the journey back, making a pleasant change from dehydrated stew.

With weather conditions still excellent, a suggestion to climb Twilight, an easy climb but a first rate view point, was quickly decided on for the following day. Our route lay up the South branch then an inevitable long slog to a rocky summit. Once on top any regret vanished, for here before one's eye was a panorama extending from Lake Wanaka to Mt. Aspiring. Peak upon peak of rocky spires, snow domes, jagged buttresses or smooth slopes, all spread out to be photographed with camera and printed indelibly in the mind. A hopeless inadequacy of pen annoys me; it is only by personally meeting these scenes that one may fully appreciate their value. We spent some time

here; then, as the shadows slowly lengthened, made our way down to Top Forks.

A hot sun, agreeable companions and plenty of food had done their work, for during the remaining four days that we moved leisurely down valley, our time was equally divided between sunbathing, shooting, and travelling, with I might add, not one regret. There is more than enough to hold attention in valleys as on peaks, especially in Otago country.

Such then is the Wilkin Valley, which yielded one of the most enjoyable trips I have yet undertaken; an area of easy valley and stern tops, giving beauty, splendour and majesty even from the valley floor.

"Only the faithful may comprehend, and to comprehend is not always the same thing as making your comprehension intelligible to others." - A.D. Godley.

Wally Romanes.

--- ooo ---

T A R A W E R A.

January 1953.

An Attempt to work out access routes to Tunurangi which appears to be the high cone in the centre of the Ahimanawas, didn't come to much owing to atrocious weather, starting with two inches of rain in three quarters of an hour, and continuing with thunderstorms, mist and drizzle. This was a pansy operation, as we stayed at the hotel, and dashed out whenever the rain eased off. However, we made the acquaintance of Mr. Macalister at Tuck's Mill, an enthusiast with a fund of knowledge of the range.

The plan of the country is like a lop-sided starfish with eight arms - narrow ridges with deep valleys radiating between them - and a feature of these valleys is that they are in pairs, each main stream having two parallel heads. Consequently, only alternate ridges are through routes.

The star point is well north, not far from the bush edge, so that the quickest way to it would probably be to strike south from the road at Rapunga across the open country. The ridge from Wharangi trig above the hotel would also be a possible route, but a more direct ridge can be followed by taking a track up the Ohane Stream which is half-way between the Double Crossing and the hotel. A horse track takes you up the south bank pretty well to the main fork, then swings S.E. up a grassed spur to meet the ridge at about 3,000ft.

Tunurangi was one of Doug Callow's projects for a club fixture and might very well be considered for a long week-end.

N.L. ELDER.

--- ooo ---

SNOWBOUND AT MALTE BRUN.

January, 1953.

"The best season ever. Why weren't seasons like this when we were young?" Thus Andy Anderson at the Hermitage, and everyone seemed to agree with him.

I arrived on a Tuesday, and next day made the usual fitness gallop up Sebastopol, with quite pleasing results, I thought. That night into the lounge came my guide, Snow Mace, with plans for climbing Malte Brun by the south ridge - "The rock is in splendid condition." So next day up to Malte Brun hut we went; and I found myself grievously less fit than I had hoped. We set out in sunshine, but clouds followed us up the glacier, and a few snow-flakes fell as we climbed the moraine wall to the hut. I was secretly not ill-pleased, as I felt too tired to climb the next day; but when we woke to find several inches of snow round the hut I thought Hughie was going too far.

The weather remained bad all day Friday, all day Saturday, all day Sunday. We stayed in bed because it was too cold to get up. Every glimpse we got of Malte through the cloud showed it whiter than before. I read my copy of Dante's "Inferno" and remembered my mother's parting words, "Now don't go climbing those mountains, have a nice restful holiday."

On Monday the weather had cleared sufficiently to allow us to go out, and there was a bus coming up to Ball hut. So we retreated rapidly down the glacier and returned to the Hermitage, in very bad humour.

On Tuesday it cleared up. But the damage was done; floods in North Canterbury and the Manawatu, and snow and ice over the whole Alps. We waited until Wednesday afternoon for some of the snow to melt or slide - I spent much of the time lying in the grass sunbathing and reading FitzGerald's book while I ate the ripe gooseberries, red currants and raspberries which grow wild on the site of the old Hermitage. Then in hot sunshine we sweated up to Hooker hut and set out at 4 a.m. next day for a climb along the main divide from Copland Pass to the Footstool, which was our main objective. Alas! We found that above about 7,000 feet there were masses of new snow, soft, slushy and melting. We struggled along the ridge, over Madonna and du Faur and stopped finally on Cadogan, while Snow murmured naughty words as he scrabbled the snow off every rock he wanted to stand on. There we gazed on what lay between us and the top of the Footstool, and gave it up. Back along the ridge; lunch in mist and hot sun on FitzGerald Pass, then along to Copland for variety, and, just for fun apparently, a headlong descent from pass to Hooker hut - about 4,000 feet - in one and a half hours. When we left Hooker, after a welcome brew, I ventured to hope Snow was not in a hurry. His reply was to wave me into the lead, so that all I could do was to break into a hand-gallop which covered the six miles in one and three quarters hours, and brought us to the Hermitage just in time for dinner, very weary after a 14½ hour day.

Next day my sneaking hopes of a day rock-scrambling on Wakefield were dashed by Snow being called out at daylight to Mueller hut to bring in a party with a broken arm in it. So I wandered up the Hooker valley and took photos with varying exposures and success. Next day, when the weather was good and most of the snow gone, I sadly climbed on the bus and came home. The flood damage I saw on the way did not comfort me at all.

Helen Hill.

;7- ooo ---

SOUTHWARD BOUND.

Dec. 23rd - Jan. 12th.

We arrived in Queenstown on Xmas Day and after two days doing this and that (?), we embarked on the "EARNSLAW" on the Sunday raring to go. Included in the gear was one large brown trout which didn't remain in its natural state for long once we left the steamer at Kinloch and had a boil-up. The fourteen miles by open bus up the Dart valley with views of Mt. Earnslaw, the Humbolt, Forbes and Richardson Ranges and finally the entrance to the Routeburn, were in themselves breathtaking, and many were the "ooh's" and "ah's!" from one and all. Afternoon tea was served by a swing bridge over the river, but our keenness to get going was greater than our desire for food, so we quickly got under way on the track up the valley floor. And "floor" it really was, for, unlike our North Island country, here were peaks and ranges falling sheer down to wide flat bottoms, thickly grassed and heavily bushed.

The well graded track was a pleasure, and in two hours we reached the Routeburn Huts at a bend in the valley. From here the view was overpowering. Up the valley, now due north, could be seen the North Col, on the right Mt. Somnus (7599') and glacier; down valley towards the Forbes Mts. was Mt. Earnslaw (9250'), up behind was Ocean Peak (6063') and Routeburn Falls. We pitched the tent that night by the Huts, did some stalking with no success; then slept when the sandflies retired at 9.30 p.m.

Up and away early next day on to the track which skirted round behind the huts, and climbing steadily we reached a hanging valley above the falls. Then "bang! bang!" - one nice stag, and on up to Lake Harris and finally Harris Saddle just in time to greet the heavy fog which came rolling up from the Hollyford valley. We were told the view from this saddle was terrific, but the only view we got was of keas flying overhead. The track still held good and with Moir's Guide-book in one hand and Spaniard-stabbed fingers on the other we pressed south down the Ailsa range above the bushline.

Someone suggested a cup of tea to cheer us up, warm us up, and keep the fog off which was getting quite wet, so out came the primus. At this stage we were overtaken and passed by two Scotsmen we had befriended with venison steaks back on the track. We invited them to share our tea but they decided to keep going - just for the hell of it, they were soon to discover. We packed up and moved off and some time later, still in the ever-increasing fog, we heard the "trampers' lament" coming to us out of

the mists, sworn in broad Scotch with occasional crashes of the undergrowth and minor landslides. On looking down we espied these two game fellows grudgingly doing a similar traverse to our own, only thirty feet further down the slope and completely off the track. After that they clung to us like blood brothers.

By now patches of sky were coming through the murk and the track dropped down due east through tangled, bush-covered moraine, to reach Lake McKenzie in another hanging valley below Ocean Peak. The fog rolled back, the sun came out and we swam in the lake with about six Canterbury types having a make-and-mend day on the lake after climbing in the Olivine. Here we rested for two hours, restored our shattered knees and boiled up some rice. Out on the track once more we had good views of the Darran Peaks all in the vicinity of 8000', and in the distance Lake McKerrow and the West Coast. We passed the Earland Falls (several hundred feet in height), and the track sloped down to Lake Howden which we reached about 6 pm. that night.

It rained all night and next morning, but it was the only rain for our three weeks so we had nothing to complain of as we walked the short distance out to the road at the Eglinton - Hollyford saddle. A bus took us to Cascade Camp where we dined and continued on down to Te Anau via the Eglinton Valley. Next morning we bade farewell to the Lakes District and bussed it to Invercargill via Manapouri and Lumsden.

New Year's Eve in Bluff will remain with us for all time, but nevertheless we were fit and able to board the "WAIRUA" on New Year's Day for that 2 1/4-hours' dash across Foveaux Strait to "Rakiura" alias "The Land of Glowing Skies" or Stewart Island. The "Wairua," no bigger than the lake steamer "Earnslaw", (6' draught), soon slipped out of the heads into the swell from the west but fortunately for us the crossing was "flat" so we were able to enjoy the scenery at Dog Island, then the Mutton Bird Islands and large shoals of krill (a type of plankton). As we approached Halimoon Bay the odd penguins porpoising in the water added much to our amusement.

The wharf at Oban was crowded as we berthed. The arrival of the boat is the big event of the day. The four of us were completely captivated by the tropical appearance of the Island and waters surrounding it. A bush and bird lover's paradise is Stewart Island. We soon fell in with an old identity who put us wise to a trip round the coast to Maori Beach some eight or nine miles away. Stories of Virginia deer, fish galore, deserted logging camps and various other treasures soon had us pounding the road round the bays to the track, with food aplenty (?) and a borrowed cod line. From Lee Bay the track started through bush down to the bull kelp seaweed-covered rocks until Maori Beach was reached that night. The tent was pitched on a commanding spot, the line was cast into the blue waters with tempting morsels such as limpets for bait, and Doug stalked off with promise of plenty of backsteaks. But alas, the hours wore on, no sign of Doug and not even a quiver out of the fishing line. We were awakened about midnight by Doug creeping back into his sack without the fresh meat.

Morning arrived and so had a 5' shark on the fishing line, but the thought of shark for breakfast wasn't inviting. We had a quick survey of our food resources and found to our dismay, instead of five days' rations, some clot hadn't even ordered enough to choke a cat with, let alone one of us. Doug went out immediately to shoot the biggest animal on Stewart Island, the line was thrown out with more hooks and bait, and then we went around looking hungrily at the seagulls, Mollymawks, and Red-Eyed Oyster Catchers who flew just out of reach of death's long arm.

Two days later we crawled back to Oban to satisfy our appetites and to knock back scurvy. So much for Maori Beach. We camped the next three days in the well situated camping ground cut out of the bush at the back of Oban. From here we ran day trips to places of interest, and at night climbed Observation Rock to watch the setting of the sun at the head of Paterson's Inlet about 9 pm. You could still read a newspaper at 9.30 pm.

STEWART ISLAND is thirty miles by forty in extent and at the northern end is Mt. Anglem (3209'). About five hundred people live there all the year round. Fishing is the main occupation. Various forms of farming have been tried, but have met with little success. Fruit will not ripen. The climate is very mild, the frost record being only 2deg. F. even though very cold winds blow from the south in the winter. They are in the 200-inch rainfall area.

Virgin bush extends from one end of the island to the other and consequently the small whitetail or Virginia deer are found within half a mile of the shore as swamps and backwaters are the only clearings. Red deer are also found there, but no rabbits.

The Mutton Bird islands are situated about half way across Foveaux Strait and are barely 100' high. The birds arrive from the North about September and mate. They burrow in the ground like rabbits to hatch their young which are left at an early age to fend for themselves. It is at this stage that they are caught and despatched by the local Maoris to their pals in Hawkes Bay. The Maoris have sole rights to these birds.

On Bench Island, about three miles off Ackers Point on Stewart Island, there is quite a large colony of seals, but we couldn't afford to charter a launch and it was too far to swim. Oyster catchers, mollymawks, rockhopper penguins and pigeons were the main birds we saw. The "Can't you hear the sea roaring" shells are found all along the shore while in the water there is an abundance of seaweed ranging from lettuce green delicate weed to twenty-foot fronds of dark brown bull kelp, which resembles many octopi on an incoming tide.

To complete the sketch there are, on the map, large areas marked "Reserved for Landless Natives".

Derek Conway.

--- ooo ---

TUTIRA - TARAPONUI.

Dec. 26th-28th.

Bright sunshine promised us a good trip as we left by car at 7.10 am. for Tutira. After enjoying morning tea kindly put on for us by Mrs. Shine of Tutira we left the car and were soon groaning under the weight of our packs. We crossed Boundary Stream by way of a bridge and then started up a bulldozed track on the property of Mr. R.J. Heays. Along this track we met Murray Heays, a member of the Deerstalkers' Assn., and he gave us some useful information about the country which we hoped to cover. He told us that he had recently discovered a greenstone axe while he was pighunting. Following his advice we had lunch at a whare and after a good rest and a feed of wild honey we pushed on up the track until near the top of the range. Here we branched off and shot up to the top and our first view of Te Kooti's lookout and the Te Hoe country.

The summit is a mass of tremendous slabs of sandstone and pumice rock with no vegetation, presumably owing to erosion. The view is magnificent, extending to the N.W. well into the Huiarau Range, the Panekiri Range, across

the Southern Ureweras and over to the Ahimanawas. In the immediate foreground is the Mohaka River with the Te Hoe River running into it, and, on the far side, Te Kooti's Lookout with very sheer walls all round. There is reputed to be an old Maori Pa at the top of the lookout which might well be worth a club visit.

After a while we moved up to a trig point, 2979', and then back to the track which we followed until we came out on to the Pohukura Road. We then went on towards Tarapomui, but after we had travelled perhaps $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles without finding any water and because of the stories we had heard of the shortage of water in this area, we decided to drop down to the road which we could see several hundred feet below on the Te Hoe side of the range. It looked easy. Grass at first, a bit of short scrub and then the road. The grass was easy, but the "short scrub" turned out to be bracken, cunningly sloping downhill. From a distance it looked level and smooth, but once in it we found it covered holes four and five feet deep. It spread itself over small streams and creeks. In places where it looked solid you went in up to the armpits! In extent it must have been only three or four hundred yards. In time it took damned nearly an hour to get through. However, we eventually reached the road and came out on to an excellent camp site, complete with fireplace made out of a quarter of a 44-gallon oil drum. There were also New Potatoes growing! Apparently someone last year had thrown away some old potatoes which had produced and multiplied abundantly. Anyway, there was sufficient for our stew that night and still some over for the next party.

Next morning showed promise of another clear day and after some discussion as to whether we would follow the road down to the Mohaka or head for Tarapomui we set out in the latter direction. We followed the road back to the saddle, then made our way along the range, encountering two or three herds of goats who committed the most suicidal acts in vain attempt to free themselves of our presence. One took a virtual leap into space and landed, very miraculously, right side up on a spur fully three hundred feet below us! We reached the Tarapomui trig (4290') at approximately 3.30 pm. From here the view was terrific: Kuapehu, the Kaimanawas, Ahimanawas, Kawekas, Ruahines, Wakararas, the plains and sweeping coastline of Hawkes Bay, the farmlands of Tutira and the mysterious, bush-clad Te Hoe country. One cannot help feeling disappointed that this interesting-looking Te Hoe country is not more accessible to our club.

We could also see Galbraith Hut and as it looked some distance away we reluctantly moved on. On the way down we saw a stag, the only one on the trip, and countless rabbits. That evening we were treated to a wonderful picture of the sun setting behind the Kawekas. It was so clear that Cook's Horn could be plainly seen with the naked eye.

After a comfortable night in the hut we left at 6.30 and an hour and a half later we were again at the trig. Once again we had a very clear view with Ngauruhoe sending up an occasional puff of smoke. Eventually, after a hot and uneventful trip we arrived back at Shine's for another welcome cup of tea.

Our luck with the weather had been very good. As we came down the track the mist came down over the tops.

Party: Walter Shaw, Jim Gibbs, Alan Berry, Ian Berry.

--- ooo ---

WHITTLE'S - MAKAHU SADDLE - DONALD RIVER - MACINTOSH -KURIPAPANGA.

March 1st - 3rd.

In company with Bill Puddle and Bill Goldfinch I set off from Whittle's on the morning of the 1st for Kuripapanga with the idea of prospecting a feasible low level route to the Kaweka hut track, and also to have a look at the bush, or the lack of it, on State Forest 21.

We gained the tussock flats on the top of the Black Birch Range in about two hours, the track passing through patches of Red Beech to 2900' and Mountain Beech above this altitude. My companions left me at midday to return to Napier while Dick, my Great Dane pup, and I headed for the Donald - Makahu Saddle, passing through a large block of Red and Mountain Beech with scattered Totara trees. The Red Beech on the western side of the range reaches to 3300' and the undergrowth is badly eaten out by Red and Japanese deer, only lawver, mingimingi, Pepper trees and a few Coprosmas and ferns being left unmolested.

After making camp in the Donald River just below the steep Kaweka faces I pushed on up the river for an hour in search of deer, most of which appeared to have shifted to the Kaweka tops for the summer.

After a wet night I set off down the Donald with the idea of following the bed until I could strike up on to the MacIntosh. Gorges prevented progress within a couple of hours, so a climb back on to the western ridge of the Black Birch Range was necessary. From this ridge it is possible to pick a practical route across on to the MacIntosh and although it is a bit of a scramble even the pup was able to negotiate it satisfactorily. Half way up the slope on to the MacIntosh I found one of the biggest Kanuka trees I have ever set eyes on, about forty feet high and fifteen inches diameter and there are quite a few others almost as big.

The MacIntosh is fairly level with patches of bare clay, heavy manuka, swamp, tussock and monoa through which it was easy to find a route to the patch of beech forest which is visible from the Kaweka tops. The floor of this forest is very bare, the deer obviously harbouring beneath the thick canopy of Red and Mountain Beech trees during the winter. The altitude is approximately 2900'.

The old camp site marked on the plan is easily found near a creek which emerges from the eastern side of the bush. There are only a few sheets of iron and a patch of green grass left however, as this site has not been in use much during the last 30 or 40 years. During the evening I heard a Jap. stag roaring well, although there did not appear to be many deer about judging from the tracks.

On the morning of the 3rd I set off directly south from the camp to the Tutaekuri River meeting it just below the junction with the stream that flows out of Cook's Horn basin. There is a drop of about 600 feet at this point from the MacIntosh down into the river, so rather than climb up the other side into the burnt scrub of the Castle Rock Flats I elected to follow up the river.

Within a mile the river flows through a bad gorge and I had to leave the bed and climb well up on the northern slope and down into the river again, through patches of large Kanuka and Red Beech. About midday I met up with Dr. Kingma of the Geological Survey, who is at present mapping this area, and

Mr. Maurie Robson of Kuripapanga. We reached the swamp cottage in a pelting north-west rain and left for Napier.

The route is quite an easy one providing the right ridges are followed and is recommended for a weekend winter trip when the Kaweka tops are covered in snow.

J.G. GROOME.

--- 000 ---

CHRISTMAS TRIP BEHIND THE KAWEKAS.

26th Dec. - 4th Jan. 1953.

Dec. 26th: Left Hastings about 8 am. with surprisingly light packs (20 lbs. personal gear). Travelled very comfortably to Puketitiri, where the distributing of our community food took place. This brought the packs up to approximately 52 lbs. At 11.30 am. the packs on our backs (by no means an easy job), we set off in the direction of Birch Range and via Whittle's Clearing dropped on to the Makahu saddle, where we camped the night facing the Kawekas.

On Whittle's Clearing we shot a deer, which we literally and figuratively butchered.

"Are your shoulders hurting?" "Whose, mine?" "Oh no, they are as good as gold." "Hmm, strange! Mine are giving me ***" - the last phrase was a thought ...

Dec. 27th: The usual procession. Awaking, trouble to get out of the sack, breakfast, and on your feet again, through the Makahu saddle up to the Kawekas. Quite a climb with 50 lbs. on your back and the sun doing his best to get every drop of moisture out of your body.

Reached the Cairn at midday and headed for Venison Top, but we did not get there, the packs were pressing too hard. Had a high camp near Dick's Spur.

Dec. 28th: As usual Had a rather faraway view of Ruapehu and the smoking Ngauruhoe. Heading for Venison Top seriously now. Shot a stag (seven pointer) but did not butcher it as we had plenty of meat.

Dropped down into the saddle before Venison Top. We had been ridge travelling up till now but here we encountered bush. According to a member of the party, there was a kind of deer-highway here twenty years ago, but no sign of it at the present. On the contrary the deer-tracks were overgrown with beech saplings which tickled our sensitive sunburnt arms and legs. Reached Venison Top, 4637', at 5.15 pm. and camped there the night.

Dec. 29th: Not so smartly on our feet this time. This was a really lazy day. The morning was spent in botanising, measuring of pumice stones, (the size of pumice stones stands in connection with erosion), and in gathering of charred tree parts for radio-carbonic research to find out the time of the destruction and the age of the tree.

Left Venison Top at midday. Crossed the saddle between Venison Top and Top 4910. We blazed the track and erected two cairns on Top 4910. Camped the night in the bush.

Dec. 30th: As usual always the same people. Left camp at 8.15 am. and pushed through a badly overgrown, unnamed saddle. Reached Te Pukechikarua, 4944'. Here we had a good view over the country. Due north of us Poromui clearing, due east, the N. Kawekas. We pushed on in the direction of Mangatainoka.

Pluvius, who had been very good to us the last four days, could not resist the temptation any longer and gave us a few decent showers, not only

making the party wet but also our future firewood. Decided to camp where we could find some water. After some struggles got the fire going, using a human being as a chimney. Recommendable, as long as you are not the object yourself.

Dec. 31st: Our intention was to find a suitable spur leading down into the Mangatainoka. We found a spur after some milling round, but it was rather tricky. Just before we dropped into the river flats we shot a deer and butchered it. One of us was washing the meat in the river. All of a sudden, a yell - "Give me my rifle!" A big bang, a huge water-fountain, and a long, black slimy slippery eel departs this life. Camped on the river flats.

Jan. 1st: New Year's Day. Another year gone. Nothing changed. We are still in the Mangatainoka. Had fried eel for breakfast.

Pluvius did his best again. We followed the river up for approximately thirty minutes, climbed a spur and dropped on the other side into a side stream of the Mohaka. We followed this river down. There was a fairly good track, probably kept open by wild cattle, because the prints were there.

Crossed the Mohaka by means of a pole at midday and struck on the other side a good horse track, which led us to a saddle near the Big Ben. How we struck this horse track I don't know and still don't. It must have been pure luck or instinct. The manuka around the Mohaka was in full flower - a really great sight.

Jan. 2nd: Political discussion before we start tramping. Headed for Te Matai along a well-graded horse track. Near Te Matai we found a ruin of a whare. From here, according to a member of the party, it was just a matter of walking out, but this proved a miscalculation of the position of the Pakaututu grassland and of the party. It appeared that we had missed the leading spur to Pakaututu sheep station.

Jan. 3rd: We tried to find a spur which would bring us more in the direction of the Pakaututu station and eventually found one. This spur dropped us in the river, the Ripia. Four of us pushed on and found the station.

Jan. 4th: Heavy rain made the river Ripia rise and so we decided to break up early. Had breakfast in an empty whare near the station, and spent the rest of the day walking in the rain to Puketitiri.

Most of the navigation done on this trip was by aerial mapping.

PARTY: Norman Elder (leader), Kath Elder, Hugh Elder, Bob Woon, Peter Smith, Mick Greenwood, Philip Bayens.

--- 000 ---

MAUNGAWARO RANGE.

Tramping up the East Coast usually means Hikurangi, and many people have eyed the neighbouring craggy peaks Wharekia, Aorangi, and particularly Whanakaoa, whose highest pinnacle does not appear to have yet been climbed. Further south another outlier from the main divide, Arowhana, though only 4672' catches the eye from Gisborne and is frequently visited. But all these peaks lie out in cleared country and have suffered botanically. Aorangi was burnt 40 years ago, Arowhana in 1945, most of the Hikurangi scrub belt in 1949, and all these have goats, pig and deer respectively on them.

The divide and the involved mass of forested peaks towards the Bay of Plenty are little touched and little known and the highest of these appears to be a ten mile long range called Maungawaro running west into the bend of the Motu and rising to about 4600'.

Access is distinctly awkward as it is only joined to the divide by a high scrubby roundabout ridge and is cut off on the west by the gorges of the Totu. There seems however to be a comparatively easy access ridge from the cleared Mangaotane Valley to the south and attempts have even been made to open it up for grazing.

There is a lively tradition of exploration locally and acting on local advice we went slap at it from the east, crossing two ranges and three main valleys on the approach. Two of the valleys had been burnt and grassed but were not stocked except by strays and four hours' straight plugging along a boundary fence saw us in the Arowhana saddle on the bush edge where we camped to wait for Dick. He arrived next morning after a 5 am. start and announced that he would have to be home the following night on account of shearing, so we went straight on across the third valley.

They don't use ridges much in this country and there are few spurs, so the local technique is just to plunge down the face and sidle any awkward gullies or rock bluffs, and the same up the other side. The country is sandstone, softer than greywacke, and there are few spurs, the slopes being mainly loose rubble under a great depth of litter, for there are no animals to trample the surface except opossums, which make queer little smooth runs like hedgehog runs. The sandstone however remains in sheer-walled bluffs and fantastic razorbacks.

We spent the night on a razorback just below the plateau. We had been soaked in a thunderstorm and were feeling pretty cold when we came to a moss-covered cliff, difficult with packs. There was just room for a 3-man tent and a fireplace and we wrung out the moss for some very tasty water. Dick had looked a bit sideways on our boy-scout shorts and large packs, but by now he was pretty cold and his trousers in shreds, and when we had the tent up and the fire (and a pipe) lit with one match I think he was prepared to hand it to us on some points. Although he had no blanket and only a partial dry change he spent a reasonable night and was ready to go on in the morning, but the "moss soup" made a deep impression. I should explain the difference in gear is largely that local people travel light and fast, prepared to put in a hard night, but then duck out home and wait for another occasion. We on the other hand coming from a distance are equipped to stay out and complete the trip in all weathers.

So far we had been in heavy bush, a good deal of it strange to the eye, with tawari in flower, great mop-headed thickets of neinei, and the glaucous celery pine with cartwheel branches like a Norfolk Island pine. On the plateau we came into bog forest and open patches of bog - fair going on the whole as there wasn't much leatherwood off the steep slopes, but the mist was coming and going and we couldn't pick up much, though evidently the range was higher further over and ran out for miles.

Here about midday Dick had to leave us to return, getting home at midnight, then up at 4 am. to get on with the shearing - they certainly breed them tough up the coast. Tony and I didn't go much further as we had enough work under our noses to keep us occupied. After some hours of poking about on a mile or so of plateau collecting and taking photographs we had come to the conclusion that a former forest was being swamped by bog. It was time to return, with the unusual feature of carrying a large billy of water downhill from the bog pools to our dry camp on the razorback. Some carry through leatherwood!

The following day we retraced our steps across the Mangaotane in a leisurely fashion (though we got bluffed once) to our first camp on the divide below Arowhana, which we climbed next morning. The fire had been right over

it and the top was rather a desolation of dead scrub and weeds and pig had been right to the trig in spite of one forbidding bluff of bare and sunsable rock. From here we could look right down on Whale Island and the Bay of Plenty coastline, but mist suddenly licked round, rain started, the usual afternoon thunderstorm started to growl and we scuttled back to camp, packed up and set out for the road. It was a wet trip out with interminable climbs out of the main valleys through burnt timber and it was nightfall when we got in. There was no one at the farm so being pretty wet and weary we dosed down for the night on the kitchen floor.

Our last day we spent poking round patches of lowland forest down the Mata Valley and interesting cliff faces, and enjoying the hospitality of Dick's home.

N.L. ELDER.

--- 000 --- 000 ---

KURIPAPANGA IN THE EARLY DAYS.

While George Lowe was teaching up country in between Everest Expeditions he sent us the following note and enclosure:-

"Here's a snippet that may be of casual interest for 'Pohokura'. Last week I saw this in an "Encyclopedia of N.Z." published 1908; it also printed two photographs, one of the Napier-Taihape coach with spirited horses splashing across the Tutaekuri near the Maungatutu junction, and one of 'Kuripapango' (as they spelt it) showing beautiful sheep country with a swing bridge across the Ngaruroro, also the hotel (an impressive two-storey affair), two houses and a general store." -

Kuripapango.

Kuripapango is a health resort situated on the Ngaruroro river, near the Kaweka ranges, forty-five miles west from Napier, with which there is a weekly mail service. It is in the county and electoral district of Hawke's Bay and is 1,698 feet above sea level. The surrounding country is celebrated for its magnificent scenery of mountains, dales, lakes and river, with some of the finest water-falls in New Zealand. "Gentle Annie" (3,200ft.), Mount Cameron (3,800ft.), and Kawita (4,000ft.) are easily accessible, and afford magnificent panoramic views from their summits. Game is plentiful, the lakes and rivers are well stocked with trout, and pig-hunting and deer-stalking are also obtainable. The country is devoted exclusively to sheep-farming.

Mr. Alexander MacDonald, formerly proprietor of the Kuripapango Hotel, was born in Edinburgh in the year 1830. He subsequently worked on the gold-fields in California, Australia and New Zealand, and finally settled in the latter country. He took over the Kuripapango Hotel which was destroyed by fire in 1901. Mr. MacDonald then took up sheep farming, which he has since successfully conducted."

--- 000 ---

ADDITION TO LIBRARY.

Our thanks to Pam Dyson, who presented us with a copy of "The Delectable Mountains" by Douglas Busk, before she left for England.

--- 000 ---

LETTERS FROM NEPAL.

The following are extracts from some of George Lowe's letters:-

20th February. TAJ MAHAL HOTEL, BOMBAY.

Yesterday morning I stepped ashore at Bombay and work began. The Taj Mahal Hotel is the largest and best known in Bombay, a huge place with a thousand servants and great gardens. I have a "room" at 35 rupees a day (approx. £3) with all meals. The room consists of shower, conveniences, bathroom, writing room with two lounge chairs and a fan, a bedroom with twin beds built-in, lighting, electric clock, another fan and marble inlaid floor. I'm fit and well, looking forward to seeing the other boys.

24th February.

Phew it's hot, at least it was, but I have my tie off and am writing this in an air conditioned office in Bombay. The Himalayan Club secretary here is a big business man and he has looked after me with free use of his home, car and chauffeur, his clubs and meals, his office and its facilities and his knowledge of the influential people of Bombay; and, too, I have been included in tennis parties and dinner parties. All in all he has been a heaven-sent aid in a hell hole of heat and government red tape. I am fit and well, eating ravenously and despite heat and flies and office work I am becoming fatter and fitter. There have been many more things to attend to now that I have been in Bombay for a few days and the most tedious are the cancellations of the air bookings and re-bookings of fresh ones, adding 20 gallons of kerosene to the lot which has already gone forward (there are no suitable jerry cans in Bombay). The packing of the wireless gear, walkie-talkie sets and receiver sets is quite fun; all have to be tested. The customs officers have to be seen regularly and we are arguing about the expedition food. They claim that we should pay customs duty on that food which is consumed in India. We argue that the food will be consumed in Nepal, a separate country, and they cannot charge customs on that. It will take a day or two to clear this up. The railways will not so far attach a special waggon carrying our 8 tons of equipment on to the fast express by which we intend travelling from Bombay. We think the chance of theft and pilfering is too high to risk having it sent by goods train. This argument will take a few days and may not be settled completely to our advantage.

27th February. NEW DELHI - INDIA.

I am having a very memorable time in India - in fact a more wonderful and eventful trip than I have ever had previously. I didn't think that I would enjoy the time in Bombay so much. Actually I am now in Poona in Professor G.I. Finch's spacious fan-cooled office. The temperature is 99 deg. F. today, calm and clear with air like a furnace outside. My lips and face are dry and a bit sore from the change to such dry evaporating heat.

Yesterday afternoon I came up to Poona, 2,000ft. and 150 miles inland on a table-land with the jagged teeth of the Western Ghats - a range of hills showing along the horizon. At 5.10 pm. I stepped aboard the "Deccan Queen", a fast electric train to Poona and we streaked out of Bombay, whistling and whizzing through the suburban stations at quite exciting speeds. The sun sets early here at present and we slammed across the coastal plain as the sun went down behind the hills. It was hot, searing hot, the wind was like a flame-thrower through the window - I think that's how my lips and skin became

so dry and sore. With only two stops and a steep climb up the Western Ghats - travelling still at a high rate - we skidded to a halt in Poona after $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours. The Professor and his wife met me at the station and whisked me off in the Zephyr Six to a dinner with two doctors and two brigadiers. Professor Finch is the director of National Chemical Laboratories - a huge central building with a whole colony of houses round about.

Friday 27th. BOMBAY.

Life moves rapidly. I talked all afternoon with Finch mostly about oxygen and discussed with him the physiology of high altitude - he is lecturing to some people this evening with slides. I am going along and then joining him for dinner. In Poona for two hours we met the Director of Meteorology for India and discussed and fixed with his department an arrangement to have the weather forecast broadcast to us over All India radio and the B.B.C. (short wave) at 13.50 hours G.M.T. This will be a special service for us during May and the first week of June. They are to give the wind velocities in the altitudes of 25,000 to 30,000 ft. and the warning of the approach of the real monsoon and the westerly disturbances (the "little monsoon") which occur before the main onset. We intend to climb on during the westerly disturbances but retreat smartly when the real monsoon begins. They guarantee to give us four days' notice.

The Secretary of the Eng. Alpine Club arrived in Poona - Basil Goodfellow is his name (and the name is very appropriate) - and with he and Finch talking I learned a lot. The oxygen equipment this year is of three types. The main standby consists of a 10lb. cylinder of oxygen with a valve and flow control and a rubber tube going straight into the mouth and held by the teeth. The climber trains himself to breathe in normally while the tube allows a 3 litre per minute (or more) flow into the lungs to augment the rarified air. In breathing out the user bites the tube and conserves the flow. The supply lasts approximately 4 hours at 3 litres per minute and the whole thing is then discarded and a new bottle picked up. As far as possible dumps will be made. This simple type is what Finch thinks is "the goods". His theory is the simpler the better. With augmented breathing apparatus (the above type) he claims we'll breathe less rapidly and move more quickly. Weight, claustrophobia, irritation due to pure oxygen will be avoided and the chance of breakdown in supply is very slight. He is surprised that this method has not been tried since his experiment in 1922. (He reached 27,300ft. by this method in 1922 - on Everest.)

9th March. KATMANDU. (British Embassy.)

Returning to Nepal was not without its pleasure. I got a certain kick out of crossing the border into this place again. The baggage came in over the mountains on the famous aerial ropeway. This is about twenty miles long and loops across the deep valleys over 2,000 feet above the valley-floor. It must be $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles between the pylons on the longest stretch. Everything seems to have arrived intact so one of the major tasks of the expedition has been accomplished.

Yesterday I got my first view of the snows. We crossed a little pass on the walk in - the valleys are full of green spring growth - and then Michael and I spotted simultaneously the peaks; incredibly high and blurred by haze away behind. The outline of these Nepal peaks is quite fantastic. There are no rounded mountains here. They jut and sweep up with quite exciting angles - always fluted with ice channels and looking from a distance quite impossible. It is a thrill to look at these hills. If I came twenty times I would still get a kick out of the looking.

12th March. ON THE MARCH.

It's dark now, the sun sets early here now, about 6.15 pm. and I'm holding a torch in one hand as it's too early to go to sleep and the kerosene light is too weak to read by. We had completed the third day's march by 1 pm. today and I have been sun-bathing, sleeping and catching butterflies since then. Last night we camped on the river bed of the Sun Kosi river. It's winter here and the water is icy cold. The night is perfectly clear. I slept on my eiderdown bag as the night was warm. At 5 am. we got up and after a mug of tea set out at dawn - 6 am. Today we climbed out of the steep Sun Kosi valley up to 7,000ft. and now we are camped high above the valleys and it's only two minutes' walk to a great view of the high peaks (we've identified Karyolung, Numbur and Gauri Sankar). On the way up the ridge we had several wonderful views all down the valley. There were flowering peaches and perhaps some flowering almonds and just a few rhododendrons. In Katmandu we were issued with and fitted with our oxygen masks and urged to wear them during the march in. I put mine on today during the steep uphill and found that when I was hurrying and breathing really hard I forgot that it was on my face and nose. It's an ugly looking thing - a big rubber mask covering the mouth, nose and chin. To keep the fitting tight it is necessary to shave, which may cause some bother later with sunburn and even cold. This evening three of us went for a stroll and looked at the cloud rolling over the range. Later John Hunt and Mike Westmacott came up with butterfly nets and began chasing butterflies, they are collecting specimens for the British Museum. It was fun watching them stalking up to a shrub with a net poised, it seemed incongruous that these hardy mountaineers should be such crack-pot looking butterfly catchers. Later on we joined in the game and found that the hunt was really good fun. We caught some big jet black beauties and some smaller yellow ones. John Hunt seems to know something of the different varieties and he has a collection of his own in England.

At sunset the clouds over the peaks rolled away and we all ran up to see the peaks turn gold in the setting sun. We ate curried rice, cauliflower, peas and tinned steak in the big communal tent and now that it's dark I am writing this. Most of the boys have taken their lilos and sleeping bags outside and a group of them are identifying stars and planets, George Band seems to be the expert on names and settings.

15th March.

By the time you get this I expect we will be up at Thyang Boche our first base camp. We expect to be there on the 27th or 28th March. After two days there we are breaking into sets of four men each and going off to climb and practice with our oxygen equipment for eight or ten days and then return to discuss the results and split up and climb with others practising with oxygen for another ten days. So I expect it will be some time before you hear reports of us attempting Everest. That won't be until after the middle of May. With this oxygen equipment we have optimistic hopes of success.

I guess that's all for now. It has been suggested that the expedition address be altered to:

British Everest Expedition,
c/o British Embassy,
Katmandu, Nepal.

Which I am sure will be faster and more efficient than New Delhi. I am looking forward to the next mail delivery which won't be for another two or three weeks. Kindest regards to the people of H.T.C. and all the other interested folks.

GEORGE LOWE.

--- ooo ---

FIXTURE LIST.

<u>Date:</u>	<u>Place:</u>	<u>Leader:</u>
May 17th.	<u>Tin Whare - Breakheart. (Wakararas).</u>	Helen Hill.
May 30th-June 2nd.	<u>To Be Arranged.</u>	
June 14th.	<u>Burns Range.</u>	Dick Burton.
June 27th-28th.	<u>Matthews - Golden Crown - No Man's.</u>	Ken Thomas.
July 12th.	<u>Waikoau.</u>	Norman Elder.
July 25th-26th.	<u>Waikamaka - Rangi - Three Johns.</u>	John Mitchel.
August 9th.	<u>Gwavas Forestry.</u>	Philip Bayens.
August 22nd-23rd.	<u>Howlett's - Otumore - Moorcock.</u>	Pat Bolt.

--- 000 ---

CLUB EVENINGS.

John Groome gave a talk on forestry management together with a film illustrating his main points. We gather that tramping has government approval these days as deer make themselves scarce in places frequented by trampers.

We felt very honoured by a visit from Mr. Winthrop Young. He spoke mainly of Everest expeditions past and present and explained the present policy of the Everest Committee.

--- 000 ---