

HERETAUNGA TRAMPING CLUB (INC.)

" P O H O K U R A "

BULLETIN No. 64.

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OUR CONGRATULATIONS TO THE EVEREST TEAM. George himself has said that thirteen men climbed Everest. We would also include Shipton, who found the successful route and scientists Professor Finch and Dr.Bourdillon who devised the oxygen apparatus. Innumerable others played their part in making this expedition one of the greatest team efforts ever deployed against a mountain. But this mountain was Everest. There could be no weak link in any assault launched against its altitude and storms.

George's Letters, read at our fortnightly club meetings, have been the most exciting serial story we have ever heard. Moreover they were fact, not fiction, and the adventures described were still continuing at the time of reading. Copyright restricts us from revealing much of their contents and also from saying what we would like to about George's achievements. We feel a tremendous pride in the work he did for the ascent. "Step-bashing" across the face of Lhotse at 25,000 feet without oxygen must have been pretty grim.

We are printing here a letter written on June 1st, on the Expedition's first day back at base Camp after the ascent. It was the first written word that reached us of their success and we prize it accordingly:-

"British Mount Everest Expedition, 1953,
Base Camp. 1st June.

Dear Janet and Lin,

At present the world doesn't know the news of our success but by the time you get this the noise will be over. Two days ago Ed and Tensing reached the top and I was waiting alone and expectant on the South Col to receive them. We are pleased that N.Z. was well to the fore in the whole game - especially so that

Ed was the summitter. I carried a Sherpa load plus a Sahib load 55 lbs in all to Ridge Camp 27,800 ft on 28th May (Ed carried 63 lbs!!) and was fit all through the vital days. Now its over and here at base are 13 Sahibs in an absolutely lazy listless condition - unutterably tired and listless looking and quite unable to grasp the idea of success.

I hope to write a full account to Betty in the next few days - but this in the meanwhile is a personal thanks to you and members of the Club for the interest you have taken in our doings. First for the letters and the most interesting account of G. Young's visit to the Club; next for the duplication of my letters which is saving me a tremendous amount of writing; especially so for the air-mailing of Pohokura which I and all the boys read up at Camp IV. The copy received everyone's favourable comment - and in fact envy that we had the country & people enthusiastic to get into the hills and report it as we did. It gave rise to long discussions on clubs and hills and was altogether a worthwhile thought.

Thanks to the Club for their cheery round robin - my regards to them all, good journeys with their truck and I hope to report in full on the Everest show - with slides - when I get back from England.

Thanks to Angus and Helen for regular letters too. I hope I get time to answer. I've had a wonderful supply of mail this year - almost too many to read at times, let alone answer.

Kindest regards to you both, to Kathand Norm & all the H.T.C.

Regards,

GEORGE

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FEDERATED MOUNTAIN CLUBS) ANNUAL MEETING

At the meeting held in Christchurch a well-balanced committee was elected including a nominee of the Deerstalkers Association so that all components of the federation are now represented.

The Ski Council has at last decided to form a separate Association which proposes to affiliate on the same basis as the Deerstalkers. The Ski Council has had practically complete autonomy in the past, but the change in status will probably lead to greater harmony.

Several matters of general importance were discussed. Proposals to reduce accidents by introducing restrictions have been countered by suggestions for a safety campaign on the lines of federation policy and a committee from government departments and the F.M.C. has been appointed to plan this. This will probably work out as an intensification of the F.M.C.'s existing programme, more assistance in the publication of 'Safety in the Mountains', more club training and broadcasts, which it was suggested should be directed more to the outer fringe of those not belonging to mountain clubs or the Deerstalkers' Association. Noel Thomson, the F.M.C.'s representative on the National Park's Council, gave an outline of the work to be tackled at its next meeting.

Developments in the Search and Rescue organization were summarized and there was some discussion on the scale of searches. It was

made clear that the full strength of the organization could not be thrown into every kind of search and that limits must be imposed by the conditions of any particular emergency.

The lack of support for the mountaineering insurance scheme was deplored and several instances were given of individuals who had cause to regret having neglected to take out a policy.

The traditional hospitality of the Christchurch mountaineers made the visit a very pleasant one, in spite of bleak southerly weather.

N.L.EIDER

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HILLARY - LOWE EVEREST FUND.

At a meeting of the executive of the F.M.C. held on June 27th the opinion was expressed that some permanent recognition of the magnificent work of Sir Edmund Hillary and George Lowe was desirable and that the opportunity should be taken to create a fund for future expeditions from New Zealand overseas.

It was resolved that the Federation should establish a fund to be known as the Hillary-Lowe Everest fund. It was moved and carried that the distribution of the fund and the time of distribution be left in the hands of the trustees who were appointed as follows:-

The President of the F.M.C.

The President of the N.Z.A.C.

Dr. Falla, who is President of the Royal Society and of the Wellington Branch of the N.Z. Geographical Society.

Mr A.P. Harper, founder and Patron of the F.M.C.

Mr C. McCallister, Secretary/Treasurer.

The committee of the H.T.C. has appointed Rex Chaplin of McCulloch, Butler & Spence as our local representative to receive our donations and hand them on to Wellington.

Now the next best thing to going off to the Himalayas yourself is to have a share in someone else's going, so the next time you're passing anywhere near McCulloch, Butler's, how about it?

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REPORT OF THE FEDERATED MOUNTAIN CLUBS OF NEW ZEALAND ON THE DEATHS OF FRANK SIDDLE AND CHARLES R. FOSKETT, WHO WERE KILLED IN AN ACCIDENT WHEN CROSSING CASCADE SADDLE FROM THE DART VALLEY TO THE MATUKITUKI VALLEY ON 30TH DECEMBER, 1952.

It is thought by the rescue party that Siddle and Foskett, unaware of the difficulties below, headed down the bluffs before reaching the cairn marking the top of the Ernie Smith route. Heavy rain the previous evening and the morning of 30th December would have made snow grass bluffs extremely slippery. The rescue parties surmise that the last man missed his footing, collided with the first man and that both fell together some hundreds of feet.

Comments:

(1) Where possible, a party whether roped or unroped should

endeavour not to ascend or descend in a direct line of fall of each other (except in the case of avalanche conditions) so that should a slip occur on steep slopes, the entire party will not be knocked down.

(2) While the Cascade Saddle can be crossed in fine weather by competent trampers it is felt that a number of accidents in recent years have resulted when trampers have gone into climbing country, especially in indifferent weather. It is the considered opinion of their own club's committee that the two men were not sufficiently experienced for a trip of this nature.

(3) A party of two in the high alps is not considered a very strong one, particularly so in the event of injury.

(4) Every effort should be made to gain full information on proposed routes beforehand. It is important, in country where the wrong route be dangerous, that the right route be found before descent, even if this means waiting and if necessary camping until visibility improves.

(5) We wish it to be generally known that steep snow grass slopes, particularly when wet or with a slight covering of snow, can be more dangerous than a snow slope of the same angle.

REPORT OF THE FEDERATED MOUNTAIN CLUBS OF NEW ZEALAND ON A NON FATAL
ACCIDENT TO TWO TRAMPERS ON THE NORTH COL OF MOUNT SOMNUS ON THE
13th MAY, 1952.

The party involved in the accident included five persons, two men and three women out of a main party of twelve trampers.

The party was equipped for valley tramping but not for alpine conditions where snow or ice might be encountered.

They climbed to a snowfield under the North Col of Mt Somnus and at 2.30 p.m. found the snow quite soft. None of the party realized the speed which the snow could freeze after the sun had left the slope. It soon became quite hard and difficult for them to walk on.

The party was unroped and one man who was several yards ahead of the others lost his footing and slid approximately 30 yards before striking a rock face and breaking his leg.

The second man in the party tied on a rope and while descending to aid his injured companion also slipped. The rope was not securely anchored and he slid to a position just below the first man, carrying the rope with him. He also received severe injuries.

The uninjured members of the party were three girls and the first injured man decided that two would be required to help the injured man off the ice. One girl was sent for help and with commendable effort reached the Routeburn Huts very tired at 7.30 p.m.

The second injured man made his way down in a dazed condition and was picked up by the first rescue party at 11 p.m.

A party of two from the Routeburn Huts went to the nearest telephone and made contact with Queenstown.

An aircraft was despatched to ascertain what aid was required

and after some delay and difficulty in establishing ground to air contact the necessary information was conveyed to the aircraft. local residents made a speedy and efficient rescue.

FINDING Accidents Sub Committee.

(1) The party did not possess the knowledge and equipment for climbing above the snow line.

(2) They did not realize that a soft snow slope would develop an icy surface in a very short space of time once the sun had left the slope. This is particularly so in the months of May to September when heavy frosts are likely. It is well to remember that a fine clear sunny day will be followed by a clear evening and a heavy frost.

(3) Their report describes the hardening of the snow as 'deterioration' while in actual fact an experienced and properly equipped person would welcome such conditions as an improvement.

(4) They were in possession of a rope but not the knowledge of its correct use. The second injury could have been averted if a little thought had been given to this matter.

(5) We wish to stress the fact that many of the accidents and fatalities in recent years have been caused by trappers venturing into mountain country without the knowledge of how to cope with the conditions they are likely to meet.

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PRIVATE TRIPS

UMUKARIKARI

May 30th - June 2nd

The Wellington night sleepers are an amazing development - sort of furniture van with 1½ decks mattress-covered. Ours slept 21, but I saw one big articulated truck with 30 odd.

Hugh's party, down to six, debussed in the small hours at Rangipo the main party going on to Rotorua. At dawn we presented our credentials and the girls got breakfast out of it - owing to an unfortunate misunderstanding the men started breakfastless. Mr. Ward the superintendent is an ex-musterer of the 'Bayleggo' school and interested in country, so he came with us across the Taikato and showed us a route.

Unfortunately we were at cross-purposes and assumed from his directions that the map must be wrong. Actually it was pretty well right, but we missed out on his track to the Whitikau Forks which would presumably have taken us up the inner ridge and followed the old horse track taken by Geof. Wilson.

A perfect day and about 6½ hours saw us at the bush line whence we camped with water handy.

Sunday was also super and we spent a leisurely day on Umukarikari photographing, mapping and just drinking in the view from Rupehu and Ngauruhoe, Makorako and Patutu with the crest of the Kawekas thro the gap. From the trig we went south into the first bush saddle,

shown wrong on the most recent map and down to the Waipakihi flats just opposite the creek from thunderbolt. Here we camped.

Monday was again perfect and we had another pleasant and easy day downstream. The Waipakihi flats are even better than memory paints them, with only perhaps half a mile under Karikaringa where the valley closes in and you have to sidle. Then more tussock flats. Innumerable river crossings of course, the water up about 9 inches on summer level, crystal clear and icy cold. At one rather deep one we used the rope, but most were good. A recent flood had been a banker and with the wide flats under water must have been an amazing sight. What was remarkable was the almost complete absence of scour, with mat plants and tussock right to the water's edge.

Down the river old camp sites became frequent and we stopped the night at a real home from home on a little horseshoe of tussock cut off from the river by a screen of trees. There was a large stone fireplace, tent sites with poles and pegs stacked in readiness, pumice carvings and even the start of flower gardens.

After a hard frost the first crossing was bitter cold but it was not much over $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours to the Waikato confluence, after which we could leave the river. Some floundering through lawver and then scrub put us onto the rough car track after which it was just a case of walking out to the 16 mile peg. The morning was cloudy and when we poked our noses up on to the plateau it looked pretty dirty up wind. Mist and rain met us at the Desert Road and we had a pretty bleak hour and a half waiting for our Rotorua party.

The news of Everest reached us in Taihape where four of these all night trucks were drawn up and excited groups of trampers rushed about babbling incoherently. And so home between song and sleep.

N. I. EIDER.

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THREE VOLCANOES

May 29th - June 2nd.

Geoff Harrow, C.M.C., tore me from fireside convalescence on Friday May 29 at 4 p.m. and after zigzagging over the beclouded Taupo road, dumped me down on the Mangatepopo track in bright full moonlight at 11 p.m. We arrived at the hut at 1.45 a.m. Sat. 30th, up the north snowy face of Ngaurohoe which was very lively. Then Geoff cut steps down 500 feet on the western face.

Sunday 31st, up Tongariro: Monday June 1st walked out to the car and then to the highest Alpine Club hut on Ruapehu. Their kind hospitality made me relax my dietary rules and after a sleepless night I trod in Geoff's footprints like a sick dog up to the crater lake and back. Not the least sign of heat on Ruapehu. My indiscretion robbed us of that peak. Ed Hillary's brother was in the hut with us. When we came down to the car park we found Canterbury mountaineers rushing to us with the news that Everest had been climbed.

Geoff Harrow is one of the four men who have climbed all of our 10,000' peaks. My slowness he handled with a true alpinist's gentle consideration and cheerful tact.

ANGUS RUSSELL

RUAPEHU13th-27th June

Ian Berry and I left Hastings by bus on a cold rainy Saturday morn bound for Ruapehu, but as we had a fortnight to spend there the condition of the weather did not mar our departure; and we thought we had come off lightly with 10/- charge extra freight on our mountain of crated food and assortment of gear. That night we were fed and quartered by Pete Smith and party, in Long Lodge and the following day was spent getting SKIS & BOOTS, packing gear into that most accommodating of mountain huts - the Manawatu.

Monday to Thursday we spent in the hut owing to rather inclement weather - wind that blows from every direction with gale force interspersed with rain; then, finally, all the forms of snow you could imagine; and each morning we would gaze incredulously at the growth of icicles from the eaves. Nature was having its fling inside the hut as well as out with 8° frosts and frozen milk and eggs stiff in their shells. We would listen eagerly to all weather forecasts on Ian's portable radio; read all sorts of sordid books, from "Hunting Chimpanzees in Africa" to "The Complete Skier", and all too often would collapse into our bunks suffering from obvious signs of gluttony and insufficient exercise.

Stretching our legs on Thursday night we visited a picture show, with all its usual breaks and interruptions, down at the Chateau; the walk back opened our lungs considerably. There was a full moon on the snow, Ngauruhoe sending out flames as a back drop, the noise of the express on the main trunk 11 miles away and it was all very impressive.

The middle week end of our stay saw a party of M.T.C. literally blown in with the wind and on Sunday we had a good day's SKI-ING with them at Mead's Wall.

Tuesday dawned bright and clear so we thought it was time we climbed the hill up the back of the hut. Away we shot with rope and axe, neither of which was needed, and 2½ hrs saw us on the Crater lip. We had been walking through soft snow all the way up the Glacier. Feeling undecided as to which of the two knobs on the far side of the crater was Ruapehu (9175!) itself, we picked the right hand one and off again at the gallop to within less than 100' from the top which was encrusted with hard ice formations, like twisted barley sugar. Having a wee rest, looking at some dirty cloud coming our way, feeling hungry, we said "Home, James, next time." Which was lucky for us because it snowed heavily as we arrived back at the hut.

According to the weather man, Wednesday was our last fine day, so we made the most of it SKI-ING, using the SKI-TO which was well worth the 7/6 a day. There is talk of an £80,000 chair lift for next season so it seems that Ruapehu in time will be up to the standard of overseas SKI-ING respts.

Ruapehu next year? Too Right!

DEREK CONWAY

TARANAKI ALPINE CLUB REUNION.June 19th

We left Hastings at 10 p.m. on Friday June 18th, bound, this time, for distant shores in the shape of Mt. Egmont. The weather was fair to poor and got steadily worse as we neared Palmerston with intermittent fog and rain. After Palmerston it got even worse as the rain became a deluge and made driving very awkward. However we meandered on until we arrived at a camp site about 8 or 10 miles beyond Kai-Iwi at about 3.45 a.m. By that time everyone was tired so we decided on a few hours sleep in the back of Dick's truck! Movement was impossible and sleep almost so - 5 bodies in 3 sleeping bags in the back of one truck! However we were up and away again about 8.30 a.m. bound for Hawera and breakfast, thence on to New Plymouth arriving about 1 p.m., for lunch and refreshment, finally arriving at Mt. Egmont Hostel a little after 4 p.m., about 18 hours after leaving Hastings.

On arrival at Mt. Egmont we found that a rescue party was needed to bring down a Wellington Tramping and Mountaineering Club member who had crashed on Hongi's Bluff and received a fractured skull. Hence a rescue party of about 25 of us raced for Tahurangi Hut. By six p.m. he was down at the hostel, in an ambulance, and away to New Plymouth.

The Reunion Party started at 6.30 p.m. and ended at 5.10 a.m. In all a damned good show and many thanks to the T.A.C. for a very enjoyable week-end.

We left Egmont at about 10.30 a.m. on the Sunday for Hastings. All was well as far as Palmerston, then fog and rain, with slips and detours and washed out bridges. The concrete bridge between Takapau and Kaipukurau was almost washed away by floods necessitating a 15 mile detour. We arrived back in Hastings at 11.45.

In closing I would like on behalf of the Heretaunga Tramping Club to express our deepest sympathy with relatives and friends and members of the Taranaki Alpine Club in regard to the terrible tragedy of last week-end, July 26th.

JIM GIBBS.

Party: Dick Burton, D'Arcy Williams, Des O'Neill, John Mitchel, Jim Gibbs.

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K A I P A R O R O.

Just over a year ago an Oxford plane went missing between Masterton and Ohakea. Several reports came from the Pohangina area and search parties were alerted, but after standing by for nearly a week of atrocious weather the search was abandoned. Naturally everyone hated to give up like that, but there was nothing definite to work on. The accidental discovery of the wrecked plane on Kaiparoro in the eastern Tararua, at least removes the uneasy feeling that it might possibly have crashed in familiar country.

Kaiparoro is a curious flat top, in tussock, though it is only 2660 feet high, which lies off the range just south of the point where the Mangatainoka River leaves the range. It is not far from the Mount Bruce saddle on the main road, though not actually on the Manawatu - Ruamahanga divide. I don't think it is often visited by trampers.

N.L. ELDER.

CLUB TRIPS.

No. 450.

April 3rd.-6th.

Easter in the Kawekas.

Our plans to go in from Puketitiri, past the Hot Springs, follow up the Makino River, then on to the spur and so out via the Makahu Saddle and Whittle's or Makahu River, went west when the bad weather came.

Instead of the scheduled trip we had a thrilling three-day trip into Kaweka Hut and out to the road.

We left Hastings about 8.30 am. A slow trip in bad weather saw us at the roadhead at 11 am. and all ready and tramping at 11.30. The trip in to the Tutaekuri was very wet but otherwise uneventful. When we arrived at the river we were greeted by the sight of a heaving brown and white mass of water rushing down to the sea. However, things were not as bad as they looked, and using poles we crossed the river fairly easily. We continued on our wet and weary way and arrived at the hut at 2 pm. Kaweka Hut is a very welcome sight in these conditions and it was made all the more cheerful by the grand fire we soon had going. Dick's portable radio gave us the weather forecast and spirits were not particularly raised by the gloomy prophecies of the weatherman. Stew and then an early night was the order of the day.

When we woke it was still raining and the mist was right down around the hut. Everybody lay in their sleeping bags until fairly late. During the day Peter, Philip and I got fed up with doing nothing and went for a stroll up to Maiahi and back. The tops were very cold with a southeasterly blowing, rain, and visibility almost nil. While we were out Dick and Ian also went for a stroll and came back reporting that the river was not as high as it had been the day before.

That evening we listened to the weather forecast again, and as there was no improvement in the reports we decided that home was the best place in this type of weather.

With old Hughie still doing his best to inundate the country, we were all up late on Sunday morning. After a leisurely breakfast we packed and left the hut about 11 am. Conditions were lousy and we tramped slowly out. The Tutaekuri was still swollen but not as high as it had been on Friday, so the crossing was easier. A slow trip out to the road saw us arrive there about 2 pm., and we left for Hastings at 2.30 saying "Good riddance" to the Kawekas for that week-end at least.

No. in party: 9.

Leader, Bob Woon.

Helen Hill, Edna Ansell, Dick Burton, Philip Bayens, Peter Pattullo, Ian Berry, Walter Shaw, Jim Gibbs.

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No. 451.

LONGFELLOW.

April 19th.

One truck and three cars to carry us all were waiting at Holt's at 7 am. At 10 am. at Whanawhana, the babble of voices echoing from hill to hill woke up the station and Norm had the pleasure of returning a battered enamel mug he had borrowed a year before to Mr. Beamish, who appeared, looking somewhat startled, from behind some scrub.

Following the western side of the stream that runs to the western side of the shearers' quarters and keeping to the tops, we reached the Omahaki Stream in one hour and a half. Following the stream bed from the shearers' quarters takes a good two hours. A boil-up and then into the woods.

We had a bit of bashing through scrub up a cliff face out of the Omahaki, and after trying to pick up a track that didn't exist we just scrub-bashed to the top by a very roundabout way. As time was running out, we had to keep going much to our feet's regret. On top of Longfellow the view was really good and many spurs, ridges etc. of the adjoining area could be picked out. The Taruarau River and Ngaruroro River could be followed with the eye a fair distance. We looked for the Trig, but could not find it. Burns Range looked peaceful for a change. After half an hour's loiter we marked with our eye from the top a route out - a straight line from where we were to the stream's junction with the Omahaki.

We arrived down in under half the time it took to climb - about 2 1/4 hours. An uneventful trip home brought us to Hastings at about 8 o'clock.

No. in party: 35.

Leader, Peter Smith.

Edna Ansell, Judith Smith, Helen Hill, Angela Mackee, Elizabeth H. Doris Torbett, Audrey Coburn, Pearl Smith, Ian & Alan Berry, Jim Gibbs, Joan & Clem Smith, Norm Elder, John Mitchel, Peter Pattullo, Angus Russell, Peter Wood, Bruce Beattie, Bob & Barbara Wallace, and thirteen Kiwis.

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May 2nd-3rd: Waikamaka roof-painting: cancelled owing to weather.

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No. 452.

MOORCOCK CREEK TREE PLANTING: No. 1.

May 16th.

In three vehicles the party left Holt's at 6.15 am. and reached the woolshed at the end of Milne Road about 9.30. The weather at this stage looked anything but promising, but it was decided that an attempt would be made to get some of the trees a few hundred feet closer to the planting area. Leaving our camping gear in the woolshed the party made its way up Moorcock Creek and each member loaded up with a couple of hundred trees and resolutely set out up the steep Stag Spur in the teeth of a southerly blizzard. At about 3,000' with the sleet beginning to look like snow the trees were heeled-in and the party rapidly retreated to the shelter of the woolshed and a brew.

Following the disposal of surplus grub to the two Forest Service men who remained behind for the week the trucks set off for the Waipawa refreshment houses and so to Hastings at about 4.00 p.m.

No. in party: 21.

Leader, John Groome.

Pat Bolt, Audrey Coburn, Kath Elder, Edna Ansell, Pearl Smith, R. & S. Woon, P. Wood, D. Conway, D. Reid, K. & R. Thomas, J. Gibbs, I. & A. Berry, B. Jobbins, Darcy Williams, John Hogg (Catchment Board), Barry Gilbertson, Nigel Johnson (Forest Service).

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No. 453.

MOORCOCK TREE PLANTING TRIP: No. 2.

May 23rd-24th.

With the promise (which was false) of better weather and with most of last week's snow already in the Tukituki the party of 14 got away to an early start. It was decided that we would camp on the planting area so that we could enjoy the moonlight views and the gentle mountain breezes, so after a quick boil-up the party set off for last week's tree-dump and added a few extra pounds in trees to the already heavy packs. This had the effect of slowing the party up somewhat but everybody eventually reached the scene of labour.

After a short discourse on planting to ensure that the trees went in the right way up, the hillside was soon covered in bent figures digging in rocks, patches of snow and charred logs.

The dinner hour was enlivened by the arrival of a plane at 1.00pm. which was carrying out a test to see if it would be practical to drop the trees from the air. Two bundles each of 125 trees were dropped with small parachutes from 100 feet and several feet of film was used in recording the operation. After observing the ease with which the trees were landed the party was inclined to regret the sweat and energy used in lugging 5,000 trees up 2,000 feet.

Planting continued after this diversion and by 4.30 pm. approximately 2,000 trees had been installed to battle with the Ruahine winds and temperatures.

Audrey directed the concoction of an enormous stew while the rest of the party went to great pains in erecting the tents, the weather at this stage giving every indication of behaving itself. History was made when the whole of the stew disappeared within 15 minutes, some attributing this to the sprinkling of Forest Service personnel through the party.

Until 11.00p.m. everybody was quite warm and dry in the various encampments, but from then on the north-west winds did all they could to deposit tents, bodies and packs in the Moorcock Creek 1,800 feet below. Sleep is impossible with wet tents flapping in one's face, but we stuck it out till daylight, by which time the club tents had suffered several pounds' worth of damage and everybody was more than willing to return to base. However nobody lost much more than a few hours' sleep and the experience showed what the local mountains are capable of at this time of the year.

Leaving the remaining trees and spades for later attention the party reached the woolshed and hot food at 8.00a.m.

The Elder family arrived at 10 a.m. and appeared quite disappointed that they did not have to climb to 4,000 feet to find us. Everybody was home for dinner, drying-out and a sleep.

A further day trip with about 20 planters should complete the job and Sunday 7th June has been suggested as a possible date.

No. in party: 16.

Leader, John Groome.

Audrey Coburn, Stan Woon, Peter Wood, K. & R. Thomas, D. Conway, J. Gibbs, I. & A. Berry, J. Mitchel, B. Jobbins, John Hogg (H.B. Catchment Board), Barry Gilbertson, Nigel Johnson (Forest Service).

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No. 454.

KIWI SADDLE - KIWI CREEK - 4812' - THE CAIRN.

May 30th-June 2nd.

Our lucky number, 13, set off in three varieties of transport for Kuripapanga, and thence up the Smith-Russell track to Kiwi Hut. It was a lovely day, and we had beautiful views of Ruapehu and Ngauruhoe. Kiwi was reached soon after 4, and we spent a pleasant evening, though the night was interrupted by Walter's falling through his bunk (Hut & Track Committee, please note.).

Next morning the party divided. Five of the boys went round the tops to Kaweka, shooting a deer on the way; the rest of us went an hour along the route to Kaweka, and turned off down a bare spur which dropped into Kiwi Creek. The spur was bluffed at the bottom, but we got down, crossed the creek - even here it was quite deep and impossible to cross dry-footed - and panted up the spur on the other side. From above, this spur had looked hard to get on to, but in practice it was perfectly easy, though steep. Soon we were back on the tops again, looking into the Ngaruroro valley and over to the Manson ridge. It was good travelling along our ridge, except for one patch of thick young beech on the point marked 4812 on the map. About 4.30 we arrived at a bush saddle, where we decided to camp. We had good shelter, but no water. Philip went down about ten minutes for this.

It was a very cold night, and we were reluctant to get out before daylight next morning. However, we were away shortly after eight, soon out of the bush, and thawing frozen toes against a sun-warmed rock. From there it was a steady grind of about 1500 feet up to the Cairn. Our ridge joins the main divide about 100 yards north of Trig J. Mist had risen steadily out of the valleys as we climbed, and made a foreground to a magnificent view from Tauhara at Taupo to 66 in the Ruahines. However, the mist climbed faster than we did, and we reached the trig groping blindly for landmarks. We had hoped to go to the north Kaweka trig, but now we produced map and compass to find our way back to Kaweka Hut even down this well-known route. I was considerably relieved later when the mist suddenly lifted to find we were coming down to Studholme Saddle in practice as well as in theory. There were two stags 50 yards away in the snow-grass; they examined us carefully before trotting off.

Kaweka Hut by mid-afternoon; (Hut & Track Committee please note - the Kaweka slide needs re-shingling.) We females put the stew on and dried out damp sleeping bags while the males cut down about ten dead trees and filled the hut with firewood. The fire would have satisfied a salamander.

Next morning five of us went up to Cook's Horn for the pleasure of running down a good shingle slide. Then out to the road. Stan, who provided part of our transport, was at MacDonald's, and while we waited for him we inspected the unsuspected but very pretty waterfall ten minutes down a new track by the pine tree. At last Dick went off to collect Stan, while we slept on our packs. Not for long! They came back screaming maniacs. "HILLARY'S CLIMBED EVEREST!" We executed a most spirited haka that must have been nearly audible in Hastings, then lit out for home at a suitable speed. At Pukehamoamo we met Des, Bob and Derek - and the car, decorated to catch the eye with ropes, ice-axes, deer-horns, pictures of Everest and Trig J, and slogans. With this in front, the convoy moved in to Hastings, and eventually to Dick's, where hot pies and home brew fittingly concluded a most memorable Coronation week-end.

No. in party: 13.

Leader, Helen Hill.

Edna Ansell, Pat Bolt, Faye Kerr, Philip Bayens, Darcy Williams, Derek Conway, Dick Burton, Jim Gibbs, Ian Phelps, Stan Woon, Walter Shaw, John Mitchel.

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No. 455.

MOORCOCK TREE PLANTING TRIP: No. 3.

June 6th-7th.

Nine of us were at Holt's on the Saturday morning and at 6.10 am. we were on our way. Two hours later Ian stopped the truck at the woolshed and we all scrambled off. A slow fire and abilly that wouldn't boil was partly the cause of a slow getaway. However, at 9.50 we were all on the march with light packs; no camping on top this time. About one hour up the ridge a big stag was shot, this held up the party for a while and we eventually arrived on top a little after twelve. We had a bite to eat and a drink of water and then got on with the job.

The weather was good with some very nice views of the main range under what was left of a heavy snowfall. We split into planting parties and away we went in three lines. Dig here, loosen the soil, put your spade in the other way, loosen the soil again and plant a tree. Pace 6 feet and repeat; and so we went on over shingle screes, through burnt bush, mossy patches and grassy patches until we had finished the trees that we had carried along from the main dump. It was now 3.30 and a cold south-westerly had sprung up. A quick count back at the main dump showed that there were only about 1,200 trees left and with reinforcements arriving tomorrow we would do that easily, so off back to a nice warm woolshed for the night. "Yes, Hughie," the boys say, "Go ahead and do your worst! We'll be dry and warm tonight."

We arrived at the roadhead about 4.30 and proceeded to mix up one of those stews that our little Audrey is beginning to get quite a reputation for making. After stew, followed by Jim's mixture of rice and dear knows what else, the only thing left to do was to hit the hay, literally, as there is quite a supply of this in the woolshed.

A good sleep was rudely interrupted by Ian and Bob who decided that the most effective alarm clock was to get sticks and run them up and down on the outside of the corrugated iron walls of the shed. It worked. By the time we had finished breakfast the first of the reinforcements had arrived and they were followed quite quickly by others including several men from Gwavas, among whom were our old friends Gilby and Nigel.

A brew was had by all and away we went with our friend Hughie looking very threatening. The tops were enshrouded in mist but we plugged on. When we reached the top we split up and those who were there on Saturday continued with the job they were doing, while the others went on with the planting of the spruce. Conditions were bleak with a cold S.E. wind. Rain set in and quickly turned to sleet and then to snow. We continued, determined to finish the job if possible. Conditions did not deteriorate any further, but by the time the job was completed most of us had had enough, and with numbed hands and very cold feet headed back down the spur very glad to say "Ta-ta for now" to the ranges.

A very nice speech by one of the men from the Catchment Board made us feel that what we had done was worth all the discomfort etc. that we had suffered, and from our point of view that £80 was worth having, too.

Week-end: 9. Edna Ansell, Audrey Coburn, Ian and Alan Berry, Derek Conway, Ken Thomas, Peter Wood, Jim Gibbs, and Bob Woon (Leader).

Day: 6. Norm Elder, Pearl Smith, Pat Bolt, Helen Hill, Eileen - , John Groome (& Dick), and several Forestry & Catchment Board people.

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No. 456.

BURNS RANGE.

June 14th.

We left Holt's at about 7.10 am. in fair weather. The sky was a little overcast and, remembering last year's trip to Burns Range, we hoped for the best and rather dreaded the worst.

One hitch caused us to stop the other side of Fernhill on the Taihape Road - the cause, a petrol blockage; however after about five minutes all was well and we were away again to a good start with no more halts. At approximately 10.00 we arrived at the Omahaki station for a boil-up and morning tea. At 10.50 we were away again up the track and into the manuka scrub at the foot of Burns Range.

Through the manuka there are fairly numerous deer tracks. However, a little scrub bashing hurts no one and a straight line is the shortest distance between two points, so off we went, finally ending in the creek that leads to the top, a little lower down than last year. We found the track quite easily and finally emerged on top about one or one-and-a-half hours later.

It was clear on top and we had a good view over the Ngaruroro River towards the Taihape Road. A second boil-up was indicated so we found a fairly sheltered spot while Bob, Rex and I went off in search of water through the manuka. Returning about twenty minutes later with a billy of water we had a look at the sky, decided dirty weather was approaching, so threw the water away and scampered back for the truck. There was a slight delay at the head of the track down, owing to missing the track, however Bob and Ian sighted the general direction from the summit of the nearest tree and all was well. Soon after we picked up the original track and were away for the bottom and the creek. Once over the creek and back in the manuka, "a straight line was still the shortest distance between two points", hence a little more scrub-bashing and back to the Omahaki station and the truck. In spite of forlorn hopes the weather held and after a good trip we were back in Hastings at about 8 p.m.

No. in party: 11.

Leader, Jim Gibbs.

Audrey Coburn, Barbara Maultsaid, Pat Bassil, Darcy Williams, Rex Chaplin, Ray Thomas, Bryan Jobbins, Ian Berry, Colin Timberhan, Bob Woon.

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No. 457.

K A W E K A S.

June 27th-28th.

At 8.15 on a rather threatening morning private transport left Holt's to whisk eight trampers to the Kawekas for a weekend in the snow. Two and a quarter hours saw us at the road end.

After a rather prolonged boil-up at the willows we left for Kaweka Hut at 12 noon. 2.30 pm. witnessed our arrival there under windy but otherwise good conditions. Three or four immediately left for the tops to have a look round while the not so energetic ones prepared tea, etc. Following perhaps an hour's absence the fit ones returned and reported high winds and a pretty thin time generally.

At about 6 pm. an afternoon party of five arrived, bringing our total to thirteen. Someone would have to double-bunk. After a 'cuppa' Des and Darcy wrapped themselves up well and left to do a moonlight climb somewhere in the snow outside. Shortly after their departure the stew was pronounced cooked and was dished out. It was burnt, and everyone wanted to know where the cook had

been. Fortunately, however, everyone was pretty hungry and so it wasn't noticed much. Shortly after Des and Darcy arrived back and after a discussion on the morrow we turned in about 8.30 pm.

Sunday dawned fairly clear, but no one made a move until about 7.30 or so. During breakfast it was decided that a party of about six, Bob, Des, Darcy, Philip, John Phelps and Peter would go round the tops to Kiwi and out, and that the rest would just amuse themselves in any way they pleased.

This they did. Climbing the ridge behind the hut we surveyed the view and then turned left and descended the ridge which leads into the saddle between the Tutaekuri and the Kaweka streams. Dropping off before reaching this we traversed Ang's ski grounds and regained the track up from the hut. It doesn't sound much but it's a fair step and we were not back at the hut until after 1 pm. A quick bite and a clean up of the hut and we left at 2 pm. for the road. This trip took two hours and we arrived at the cars at about 4.

Bodies were clothed, radiators filled and we settled down to await the arrival of the Kiwi Hut party. Six pm. and the shades were falling fast when they arrived, tired, wet, and worn-out looking. They had struck deep powder snow on Kaiarahi. It improved in patches between there and Kiwi, got worse again on 4594, and continued right down to the bottom of the shingle slide.

While they were changing it was discovered that Des had a flat tyre. Everyone rallied round and it was changed by torchlight. It was dark by the time we left and as we came up towards the Blowhard we were greeted by a large full moon just rising. This was truly a fitting end to a good trip. Hastings about 9 pm.

No. in party: 13.

Leader, Ken Thomas.

Edna Ansell, Helen Hill, Audrey Coburn, Ray Thomas, John Phelps, John Mitchel, Philip Bayens, Des O'Neill, Darcy Williams, Peter Pattullo, Alan Berry, Bob Moon.

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No. 458.

T A R A P O N U I.

July 12th.

The K.T.C. reported the Waikoau gorges neck deep in summer, so a winter trip, with the forecaster rolling round his tongue "hail rain or snow to low levels", did not appeal. An investigation of the unknown country between the Esk and Waikoau seemed a possible substitution, but when 36 names went down, the prospect was a little alarming. However two trucks and a car, the club's largest billies and all the warm clothing available was assembled and off we went. Some post entries were added, but the usual (?) crowd dropped out and the net result was 28 starters in two cars and a truck.

Contrary to all expectations the day was perfect and remained so. Three hours saw us at the head of the road right under the Maungaharuru, so Tarapounui became an obvious objective.

After a quick boil-up a fast party followed Mr. Sunderland's directions and swung north to head the Esk, the rest following at a slower pace, without committing themselves to any objective. At the back fence the fast party turned sharp left along it and vanished into a broken-looking gully, so the rearguard left them to it and took a spur that led to a boundary fence running up to the trig, where both parties met. A cold breeze had dropped so we could sit around and enjoy the view. A day out of the box and a view out of the box.

The parties reshuffled for the return, one heading the Esk again, the other sidling in a beeline for the roadhead over some very confusing bumps and hollows alive with rabbits.

The only untoward event was an ignition failure on Clem's car early on the journey home. Fortunately the other car was behind, and Mr. Mulholland at the plantation cottage showed himself a wizard in tracing an obscure and complex fault. Just to end a perfect day Meg's horn went mad when she left for Woodford and it had to be disconnected.

No. in party: 28.

Leader, Norm Elder.

Helen Hill, Pat Bolt, Doris Torbett, Pat Bassil, Muriel Lowe, Barbara Maultsaid, Nath Elder, Meg Tomkinson, Angela Mackie, Joan Smith, Edna Ansell, Mary McGuire, Corrie Bergh, Clem Smith, Angus Russell, Bob Wallace, Bob Woon, Ray Thomas, D'arcy Williams, Alan and Ian Berry, Jim Gibbs, Colin Timberhan, Derek Conway, Peter Wood, John Schellevis, John Phelps.

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No. 459.

WAIKAMAKA - RANGI.

July 25th-26th.

A party of nine gathered at Holt's, picked up one more on the way and finally left Hastings about 7.25 am. We arrived at McCulloch's about 9.45. The road to the open crossing is good, but from there on not so good. However, the vehicles responded wonderfully and we all arrived at the river in one piece.

Conditions were not very bright and a cold wind made changing quite an ordeal, but somehow we managed and after draining our radiators set off up the river at 10.15. An hour's steady tramping saw us at the forks where we had a bite to eat before continuing on our way. We plodded on and fresh bootmarks showed that there was somebody ahead of us and finally we caught up with two deerstalkers just where the screes start coming down into the river from 66 and Three Johns. After chatting with them for a while we were just preparing to leave when a stag was seen crossing one of the screes. A real fusillade of shots finally saw the stag down and out. Fourteen shots had been fired, twelve of which hit the scree and two the stag.

We continued on our way arriving in the saddle about 1.45. There was a cold westerly blowing and with Hikurangi under cloud we had no view so after another bite to eat we headed down for the hut. The slide was covered in snow with a crust on top but this was easily broken and there was no trouble here. Half an hour later we arrived at the hut and were astonished when we opened the door to see that the last occupants had decided that it was too much bother to clean up and had walked out leaving tins lying around and a lot of junk in the bunks. One bunk had a heap of onions and potatoes in it. This perhaps does not sound so bad, but some of the said vegetables had gone rotten and onion juice soaking into the sacking of the bunks does not make them last any longer. The smell of these rotting vegetables was also quite unpleasant. However, after clearing up we got a stew on quite early and so were in our sleeping bags before 8 pm. During the afternoon we had had a couple of snowfalls and at one stage it snowed quite heavily for about half an hour, and many were the speculations as to what the morrow would bring.

6.30 am. Sunday found some of us up trying to light the fire and trying to persuade the rest that it wasn't as cold as they believed. No further snow had fallen during the night and with the tops reasonably clear of mist we decided to have a lash at Rangi from the Waipawa Saddle. We accordingly set off from the

hut at 9.20 for the Saddle leaving four members under Ken to make their way out to the road in their own time.

After dropping our packs in the saddle we took some food and set off up to the Three Johns and then to Trig 69. From here we had some very impressive views of snow-covered peaks including the sharp-pointed Trig 66, surely the most impressive peak in the whole of the Ruahine Range. Our way to Rangiatea lay clearly before us. A bitter S.W. wind was blowing but wrapped up against the cold we pushed on down to a shallow saddle and then up on to Rangit. It was on this final ridge that we encountered icy conditions and a few steps had to be cut, but we were on top by 12.30. The wind did not abate at all and with the weather threatening to close in we decided to leave South Rangit for another day, and after taking a few photographs we turned for home.

Once Trig 69 was reached all chance of a slip had gone and it was here that we found some snow patches that were hard enough to slide on and had quite a bit of fun. However, playtime was soon over and off we went picking up our packs in the saddle and heading for the road followed out by a series of snow-falls. We reached the forks in a snow-storm and after a short rest pushed on reaching the cars at 3.30 pm.

After partaking of the brew that was waiting for us we jumped in the cars and were on our way at 4 pm. Unfortunately the trip was not without incident as a slight accident rendered one of the cars useless until radiator repairs had been effected, and so it was left. In spite of the cold conditions, the views obtained more than compensated for them and we had a very enjoyable week-end.

No. in party: 10.

Leader, Bob Woon.

Helen Hill, Audrey Coburn, Cath Caskey, Ken Thomas, Ray Thomas, Bryan Jobbins, Jim Gibbs, Alan Berry, Derek Conway.

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No. 460.

GWAVAS FORESTRY.

August 9th.

PART 1: THE DEPARTURE.

This was the first official appearance of the CLUB TRUCK. Ian Stirling and helpers spent many hours of solid work on it inside and out before they allowed it to bear the burden of a club trip. As it slowly drew up at Holt's with Ian at the wheel there was something solid and dependable about it that augured well for many future trips.

We tied a long streamer of club colours across the road, produced a pair of scissors and prepared to "cut the ribbon" with due ceremony. But a loud protest arose over the cutting of same, so we decorated the radiator with it instead and away she went.

(To be concluded).

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NEW MEMBERS:

We welcome the following to the Club:-

Bryan Jobbins, Alan Berry, Hugh Elder (absentee), Ross Smith, D'Arcy Williams.

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SOCIAL NEWS.

Engagement: Mick Greenwood to Mary Harris (both of the Manawatu T.C.).

Marriage: Marie Persen to Flying Officer Hodgson.

Shirley Bosselman (née Single) came along to a club meeting the other night. She is now living in Nelson.

It is not often we get a chance to introduce Buckingham Palace into our social column, but George Lowe was at a garden party there the other day, complete with top hat and gloves. So now, when people ask us that awkward question, "Whatever do you see in tramping?" we can reply, "It gets you to Buckingham Palace, anyway."

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CLUB EVENINGS.

After much correspondence the social committee managed to extract some films from the National Film Library. The best of these were "Forest to Mill" and "Death Valley."

The Forestry Department also showed us some films another evening. These dealt with forestry in Canada. One was entitled "Trees are a Crop" and the other showed the work of a paper mill.

Dr. Bathgate gave a talk on Kapiti with an accompanying film.

On June 25th Mrs. Lowe invited the WHOLE CLUB along to "Sunnybank" for supper. Needless to say the whole club turned up. It was wonderfully good of Mrs. Lowe and Betty to go to all that trouble. We very much appreciate it. To cap everything, a 27-page letter from George had arrived just the day before - the letter we had all been awaiting - giving us the story of the ascent and the return. We sat spellbound while Helen read it.

We would like to express here our appreciation to the Lowe family for the extremely generous way they have passed on to us George's letters. At every club meeting there has been at least one letter, lent by Betty for the evening. George's letters have really been the highlight of every meeting we have had this year.

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GEORGE'S RETURN.

And then George came home. And Hastings cheered like mad for the second time. (The first time was when the news of the ascent came through at the end of the Coronation ceremony.)

The Club turned out as a guard of honour in theory, but in actual practice we linked arms and tried to keep the crowd from bursting bounds. We didn't have enough ice axes to make a good display so just bedecked ourselves with club colours, except for those who were representing the club at the Mayor's cocktail party afterwards. They were dressed so smartly that they almost had to be introduced.

George looked terribly tired, but made the speech of a lifetime, cracking jokes in his own inimitable way. Now we are waiting all agog to hear the "unofficial" story of the Everest Expedition; but in the meantime this edition of "Pohokura" just simply has to go to press.

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FIXTURE LIST.

<u>Date:</u>	<u>Place:</u>	<u>Leader:</u>
Sept. 6th.	<u>Waikare River.</u>	Ian Berry.
Sept. 19-20th.	<u>Makaroro - Te Atua Mahuru - Triplex Creek.</u>	Bob Woon.
Oct. 4th.	<u>Tin Whare - Breakheart.</u>	Edna Ansell.
Oct. 17-18th.	<u>Tupari - Akarana.</u>	Jim Gibbs.
Oct. 24-25-26th.	<u>Mangatepopo Hut, National Park.</u>	Derek Conway.
November 1st.	<u>Hukanui.</u>	Kath Elder.
Nov. 14-15th.	<u>Cairn Trip.</u>	Norman Elder.
Nov. 29th.	<u>Boundary Stream Waterfall, Tutira.</u>	Audrey Coburn.
Dec. 12th-13th.	<u>Flat Rock, Rongaika.</u>	Angus Russell.

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ANNUAL MEETING: NOTICE TO MEMBERS.

The eighteenth Annual General Meeting of the Club will be held in the Girl Guide Rooms, Queen St. Hastings, on Thursday 15th October 1953, following the club meeting which will begin at 8 p.m.

Nominations: (Extract from Rule 18):-

.. "Any financial member whall be entitled to nominate or be nominated for any office, and the Executive Committee shall nominate suitable persons for the positions of Patron, Secretary, Treasurer, Club Captain and Auditor. Nominations in writing must be in the hands of the Secretary before the commencement of the meeting."

Members are asked to made a point of being present at the meeting, and also to send in nominations in good time.

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