

" P O H O K U R A "

BULLETIN NO. 67

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THE ROAD TO TAIHAPE VIA KURIPAPANGO.

Kuripapango. This was a well-known ford across the Ngaruroro River in old Maori times and was an outpost of the Ngati Hotu tribe who inhabited the district known as the "Inland Patea" - the "Inland" being used to distinguish it from the well-known coastal district and town of Patea in Taranaki.

The Ngati Hotu were driven back from this outpost by a strong raiding party from the East Coast tribes. The leading chiefs in the attacking party wore cloaks of dark brown or black dog skins and hence the scene of the fight was named, in Maori fashion after this incident, Kuri Papango.

The Hawke's Bay Maoris claim that the name "Patea" commemorates a well-known local chief of that name who stayed away from home on a bird hunting trip for a lot longer time than his wife believed to be necessary. He did not improve his standing with the aforesaid lady by arriving home with a very poor "bag" of potted birds, especially as his wife had managed in his absence to fill up the family pataka (storehouse) to overflowing. This particular lady was noted for her scolding tongue and her incessant nagging. When Patea took her for a walk, she fell over a cliff and was killed. To save having to appear at the tribal inquest, Patea fled up-country back into the district now known as the Inland Patea, where it is claimed he left many descendants.

The old Maori track from Heretaunga to the Inland Patea was by way of the Ngaruroro River as far as Whanawhana, then up the Omahaki stream and over the range to come out at the back of Lumsden's homestead and across the ford at Kuripapango.

The thousands of acres of open tussocky country of the Inland Patea made a strong appeal to the sheep men of Hawke's Bay and, in 1879, Mr. G.P. Donnelly took some of the first sheep from Hawke's Bay to the Inland Patea - the forerunners of many thousands of sheep which were to be grazed there for their wool clip. In the early days of settlement all of the wool from the Inland Patea came out to the Port of Napier and of course all the supplies for the stations came from Hawke's Bay. Mention of certain of the stations and their flocks during the "good old days" of the Inland Patea will give us some idea of the magnitude of the transport problems. For instance, there was Erewhon Station with 40,000 sheep, Karioi and Waiouru with 40,000, Owahaika (Ngamatea) 60,000, Moawhango 30,000, Mangahane 30,000, etc.

It was necessary for all the Stations even as far as Karioi and Waiouru to be supplied from the East Coast because of the mantle of bush extending up through the King Country.

It was not until the main truck railway opened in 1905 that much of the trade went out via the main ~~truck~~ and Taihape.

The first road to the Inland Patea was by way of Puketapu and the Tutaekuri River which had to be crossed and recrossed en route. The road at first went up as far as Kouini where there was a hotel and stables - about 30 miles from Napier.

If you were to turn off along the Flag Range road to its end, you would get on to the old road a few miles below the site of the old Kouini Hotel.

Later on the road went to Willowford where there was a big Accommodation House and stables. The wool from the Stations was brought out to the road-head from the Inland Patea by pack horses. It was first scoured on the Stations to wash out the dirt and so lighten the weight of the woolpacks for the horses. Nevertheless, it meant the employment of large numbers of pack horses - It has been said up to 300 in numbers. - which must have entailed an enormous amount of equipment and food for men and horses.

In 1885 the road over the Blowhards was opened as far as Kuripapango. It is interesting to note that there was no scrub on the Blowhards at that time, only fern. This was burned off and grass was sown on the burn and sheep grazed on the new pastures. This disastrous policy was repeated until in only ten to fifteen years the soil was destroyed and erosion followed, with nature attempting to cover up man's destruction by growing a mantle of manuka scrub. Now the Forest Department has taken over this area in a praiseworthy attempt to correct the mistakes of the early settlers by tree-planting.

As the road was pushed through a low level bridge was built across the ford at Kuripapango upstream from the present high level bridge and a narrow swing bridge was constructed for pedestrian traffic.

In 1880 Macdonalds built an Accommodation House across the river and Kinross built a licensed hotel this side of the river. Macdonald finally bought out Kinross and ran the Kuripapango Hotel and Guest House together with the Post Office, general store and blacksmith's shop, stables, etc. on this side of the river.

The first dog trials for the North Island were held at Kuripapango in 1889.

In 1890 the road was opened as far as Moawhango.

The high level bridge at present crossing the Ngaruroro was built in 1897. For some years prior to this, coach services had been run from Puketapu to the road-end which was first at Kouini, then Willowford, Kuripapango and finally at Moawhango. The journey from Puketapu to Moawhango was a two day trip with a night at the Kuripapango Hotel.

The six-horse woolwaggons with their high loads of wool bails must have made an impressive sight, as must also the coaches with their five-horse teams and skilful drivers. A story is told of one of the coach drivers having turned his coach and five-horse team on Gentle Annie - he must have picked a good corner and a quiet team.

Kuripapango has seen some exciting times, for not only was it the distributing centre for the Inland Patea but it was also a very popular tourist resort with tennis parties, riding parties, picnics, etc. where fun and hospitality were the order of the day.

What a succession of events Kuripapango has seen from the days of the Maori outposts, intertribal raids and ambushes at the ford, to the days of explorers like Colenso who used it as one of his three routes to the Inland Patea. These days were followed by the influx of sheep, dogs and packhorses with musterers, shearers, cooks, rouseabouts and the Station tradesmen and packmen. Then came the coaches and the wool waggons with their horse teams, travellers and tourists - an exciting, busy period.

Next came the opening of the Main Trunk in 1905 which sounded the deathknell of the hotels and accommodation houses along the road to the Inland Patea.

This, together with the advent of motor traffic, finished them off completely.

Now in summer time there is a limited transport service to and from Taihape and this, together with the summer carting of wool and the odd private car, is all that disturbs the peace and serenity of the old road. For a while after the 1931 Hawke's Bay earthquake, old times seemed to have come again because all roads to and from the North had been closed by disastrous slips and all the motor vehicles travelling to and from Hawke's Bay from the North had to use this Gentle Annie road - or else go right down south and go through the Manawatu Gorge. It would be interesting to know what concentration of motor traffic there was on that historic and difficult road in February, 1931. The writer saw some of the people who had come through at that time and the general opinion was "never again" except in such a case of emergency.

Some day no doubt it will be declared a main highway and improved quite a lot. It has been suggested that the road will run on a new route from the top of the Blowhards and strike the Ngaruroro River opposite the mouth of the Kakekino stream, proceeding up its bed to rejoin the present road. This would of course cut out

"Gentle Annie" altogether. It will be a long time before this is accomplished and by that time some, but not all, of the old romance of this road will have gone.

D.A. BATHGATE.

FEDERATED MOUNTAIN CLUBS.

The 23rd annual meeting of the F.M.C. held in May seems likely to mark a turning point in the history of the organization.

Affiliations have increased and member clubs grown in size. The whole balance of the Federation has changed. At the same time the scope of the Federations' activities has widened. In consequence, a number of motions came before this year's meeting calling in effect for a review of the relations between the central body and its members.

One change had already taken place immediately prior to the meeting with the formation of the N.Z. Ski Association, an autonomous body taking the place of the Ski Council of the F.M.C. Purely skiing clubs are not much concerned with the activities of the F.M.C., but it is too soon to say how clubs with other interests beside skiing will meet the situation.

A motion aiming to protect clubs from interference by the F.M.C. met with a mixed reception. When it appeared that the larger clubs were evenly divided and several speakers had expressed doubt about the purpose of the motion, a modified resolution, with the effect of removing possible implications was agreed to.

After a proposal to sectionalize the executive had been briefly discussed, it was withdrawn by its mover, but a further proposal to increase the voting powers of the larger clubs raised the same problems in another form.

The present constitution gives one vote for each 100 members with a maximum of 3 votes. This is obviously inadequate for the present composition of the Federation. Deerstalkers and Ski Associations are Dominion-wide bodies with memberships of several thousand and the N.Z.A.C. with its local branches has a similar status. At the same time the policy of the Federation has deliberately been to encourage the development of local clubs to spread interest in mountaineering as widely as possible. No solution seemed possible off-hand and the problem was referred to the in-coming executive who have set up a sub-committee to investigate and report.

There was general agreement to a suggestion that where clubs were involved in accidents they should have an opportunity of commenting on the accident committees findings before these were made public.

The election to the committee plus president and vice-

presidents gave an executive distributed as follows:-

Wellington 4, Christchurch 3, Auckland and Dunedin 2 each,
Nelson, Taranaki and Hawke's Bay 1 each.

The majority were mountaineering nominations, just over half tramping club, a few were ski club, while both Deerstalkers nominees were elected.

A fully-attended committee meeting was held on 3rd July at which as much work as possible was devolved on sub-committees to ease the burden. Sub-committees on the Everest Fund and on voting powers were instructed to report back to an October meeting

A Safety Campaign film on rock-climbing should be issued by late August, a bushcraft and firearms film should be shot in the next two months and a snowcraft film in Nov-Dec. These will be both 35 mm and 16 mm, also instructional strips.

It was a shock to find the cost of holding this committee meeting totalled £58. This year's committee is unusually far flung, but it is clear that the Federation's finances will not allow meetings as frequently as the volume of work makes it desirable.

(Approximate memberships 1953-54 figures:-

All Ski Clubs 3,700	Deerstalkers 2,000
All Tramping Clubs 2,300	Alpine Clubs 1,900)

N.L. ELDER.

F.M.C. ACCIDENT REPORTS.

REPORT OF THE F.M.C. CONCERNING THE DEATH OF DENNIS JAMES DENNEHY OF TE TEKQ.

On the afternoon of the 4th March, 1954, the deceased who had been out deerstalking was passing through the gateway of a dwelling when the rifle which he was carrying accidentally discharged. It is apparent that he dragged or carried the rifle some 25 yards before collapsing on a bed in a house nearby. After receiving medical attention, he was admitted to the Whakatane Hospital where he died that night.

COMMENTS: It is the opinion that this accident would not have occurred if the precaution had been taken to unload the rifle before returning home.

REPORT OF THE F.M.C. CONCERNING THE DEATH OF FREDERICK RAYMOND SPINKS.

The deceased, who did not belong to a mountaineering club, was accompanying two members of a Canterbury Club on a trip to the head of the White River. After spending some days in the Barker Memorial Hut, the party was obliged to make the return journey in

wet weather. The White River was swollen and under such conditions it is customary for parties to proceed to a river fork some distance below the hut and cross the southernmost fork and thence continue along the south bank until in the vicinity of the White River.

The party commenced to cross the river fork with the aid of a rope and using the correct technique. After the leading man had safely crossed, the second man commenced to cross but experienced difficulty and, after resting at a large rock decided to return to the side from which he came.

During the difficulties preceding this decision, the leading man secured his end of the rope to a rock and had also taken a belay around his shoulders. On the return journey the second man stumbled or was washed off his feet and in trying to assist him the third man (Spinks) fell or was dragged into the river and washed down-stream ahead of the second man, around the bend and out of sight.

Going to their assistance, the leading man was quick to realise that the strain on the rope must be released at once if the two men who were tied to it were not to be drowned. The rope was immediately cut and the leader, after seeing that the first man was safe, rushed downstream and found that the deceased was held under the water by the weight of his pack. The pack was removed and deceased carried ashore where artificial respiration was applied over a long period without result.

It is apparent that the deceased sustained an injury to his neck when he fell and which could not be noticed at the time.

The medical evidence was that the cause of death was respiratory failure due to a fractured dislocation of the cervical spine suffered in the attempted crossing.

COMMENTS: The Coroner, who found in accordance with the medical evidence, said that the other members of the party had no cause for self recrimination; had it not been for the prompt action of the leader the accident might have had more serious results. The leader had shown considerable courage and he was satisfied that the rules for safe river crossing were carried out properly.

The Federation supports the views expressed by the Coroner in this most regrettable and unusual accident.

REPORT OF THE F.M.C. CONCERNING THE DEATH OF DAVID HOBSON FOSTER.

Foster in company with two other climbers left the Cameron Hut at approximately 10 a.m. on the morning of the accident to climb Tent Peak by a straight route up the main ridge. After a time, the leading man who was faster than the other members of his party went ahead of them. This in itself is a breach of mountaineering technique, as the mountain concerned, though not difficult, is one on which a rope should be used at most stages. Also the leading man in deserting the other two was also placing himself in danger. The deceased was known to be a capable climber and cautious.

From the evidence available, it appears that Foster and the

other member of the party roped up when necessary on the face of the mountain, but it is stated that, at deceased's request they unroped once the ridge was reached. On reaching the summit ridge, Foster fell, struck his head and then slid some 1500 feet down a snow face.

On returning to the hut to report the accident the deceased's companion did not give clear directions as to where the body was lying. Consequently, considerable difficulty was experienced by the rescue party in finding the body. It has since been reported that conflicting statements were given to the Police and that further difficulty was caused by the two surviving members of the party in not making themselves available for the hearing of the inquest.

COMMENTS:

- (1) The immediate cause of the accident could not be ascertained.
 - (2) The leader was guilty of breaking the fundamental rules of safe climbing in leaving the other members of his party, and continuing on a solo traverse. This no doubt contributed to the other members of his party not using the rope on a ridge which is not necessarily difficult in itself, but a fall from which would be dangerous as it is exposed on both sides.
 - (3) When an accident occurs, it is essential to give full and correct details to the rescue party and the Police.
 - (4) Persons involved in an accident should not attempt to conceal any matter from the Police as a wrong impression may be given when the true state of affairs is ascertained.
 - (5) Those concerned should make themselves available for the hearing of the inquest.
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NEWS OF GEORGE.

The progress of the 1954 Himalayan Expedition seems to have resembled nothing so much as a switchback over hitherto untrodden passes and unclimbed peaks with the pace so rip-roaring that there was no time for writing letters. However, George did say once that Baruntse was probably the most technically difficult peak over 23,000 ft. that had yet been climbed. Certainly we have not heard of anything else so steep that, while climbing below the crest of the ridge to avoid trouble with cornices, the climbers had to cut hollows for their hips as well as steps for their feet!

Then there was a sort of harvest festival in a Sherpa village. We can't tell you what it was called because we couldn't read George's writing. But no European had ever been to this feast before; it lasted a fortnight, and a great time was had by all.

P R I V A T E T R I P S .

5th - 7th June. EGMONT.

Philip and I left Hastings on Friday night at 5.40 p.m., Taranaki bound. The vehicle was a 1937 Austin 7 full to overflowing with gear for three which included portable radios, pressure cookers, rope, ice axes, lots of food and somewhere a pair of crampons raring to go.

All went well until somewhere past Hawera, well after midnight, the navigator being asleep on my shoulder, and I discovered that the signposts were reversed and we were travelling in quite the opposite direction; but after a jolt Philip soon had himself re-orientated and we were away again after much torch waving and cursing.

A notice warning motorists of ice on the road welcomed us to New Plymouth at 3 a.m., where we soon managed to locate that elusive mountain man D'Arcy Williams. A short tour round New Plymouth later that morning convinced us that the town had quite a few attractions apart from Mt. Egmont as a backdrop.

By mid afternoon we were comfortably housed in the North Egmont Hostel at a height of 3000'. This is reached by a twenty mile drive on tar sealed road from the city. Tariff per day at this one-time tourist hotel, providing own supplied food and bedding, is 7/6. That evening a combined meeting of the Auckland and Taranaki branches of the Alpine Club was held in the lounge with Rod Syme presiding. There were also some excellent slides of White Island and the Southern Alps. It was a good evening, but as our eyes were beginning to clog up a little early, we retired.

D'Arcy bounced in the following morning to say that a large scale assault on the mountain was to take place and that we had better get mobile. A well formed track leads directly up a leading spur and finally levels off at the Tahurangi Hut, 5,500'; from here the large number of people split up to fill in the requirements of the ropes that were available and so set off accordingly after filling in the log book. D'Arcy and I were the last to leave the hut as we intended using what D'Arcy described as a quicker route. A strong wind was blowing from the west and visibility was down to 100' and less as we progressed up the main ridge in the footsteps of the others. At about the 6000' mark we donned crampons and cut across Snowy Valley, scene of last year's fatal accident; then up over some rocky bluffs and so on to D'Arcy's 45 deg. "Surrey Road" which for sheer joy rose straight up to finish as one side of the Shark's Tooth.

Well, after several close shaves with loose rocks bowling down the mountainside, etc., we stepped out into brilliant sunshine at the crater, and there at the summit on the other side was at least half of the other ropes busily eating and drinking and taking photos. No sooner had we started to descend than it began to snow then sleet. This was followed by torrential rain which necessitated a fast clip of an hour and a half back to the Hostel. We arrived soaking wet and suffered a hot shower that came in spurts and dribbles and finally ceased altogether.

The rain continued all that night and the following day being a Monday

we decided to bid farewell to the mountain, the Hostel, the rain and Taranaki and seek a drier climate; so we sped off to Palmerston North having minor petrol trouble at Stratford. Leaving Palmerston North we had to travel via Fitzherbert East as the Ashurst bridge was closed to traffic. Well, it started to rain again, and then it started to pour till finally we seemed to be shovelling up mud and water right over us like an elephant till right in the middle of all this I pulled the choke clean out of the dashboard, which necessitated Philip's holding the cable in one hand and pulling with pliers at the wire until we got through the Gorge. Somehow or other the car could not pull without full choke, so fully choked we travelled right to Hastings to arrive at 10 p.m., to be met by Jack who had had a good ride back on his new B.S.A.

Party: Jack Landman, Philip Bayens and Derek Conway.

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26th - 27th June.

WINTER WEEK-END AT KAWKA HUT.

Our departure from Napier was at 2.15 p.m. in bright sunshine and a warm breeze with the mountain ranges showing up clearly in the west leading us to expect a mild spell of weather for the week-end at the Hut. The Kawkas remained clear and distinct till we had topped the Blowhard, when we found that the whole range had disappeared behind a curtain of cloud.

As we got out of the car at the turn-off rain and the temperature both fell rapidly and what had been a mild spring day had changed to a midwinter blizzard. The cold rain soon turned into a vicious hailstorm and as we passed the Swamp House turn-off, the light began to fade out and the clouds turned on a blinding storm accompanied by a biting southerly wind. It was quite dark when we came to the Tutaekuri, the bed of which was a white carpet of snow with the temperature still dropping - we could almost imagine ice forming at the river's edge even at that early hour. We refrained from using our one and only torch as long as possible but were compelled to turn it on as we reached the zig-zag out of the river.

We found as we got into the smaller manuka that the track was completely blocked by the snow-laden scrub, the tops of which were bent over till they touched the ground. This proved quite a troublesome obstacle to our progress as it meant hammering with a stick at each bush to shake off the snow and allow it to resume its normally upright position, or else just plunging ahead and wallowing up to our armpits in a freezing mixture of scrub and snow with a good chance of missing the track. Visibility was limited by the falling snow to a distance of two to three feet, which meant very slow progress with one torch only and therefore a steadily increasing fall in the body temperature. Our mitten supply was on the same scale as the torch supply - just enough to keep one person reasonably comfortable. They, like the torch, had to be shared by the party.

One extraordinary thing was the very severe degree of cold encountered at this stage. The snow as it fell froze on to us and our packs and on to

the vegetation. As we got to the hut creek we just had to stop, open our packs and put on all the spare clothes we could. We shivered our way into our spare woollies, redonned our packs and set off up the creek bed. Here the scrub which is normally 6 - 7 feet high was bent right over by the weight of the snow till it appeared to be only some 3 feet high. We had a look at the hut-ridge track - or at least where it should have been - but all the scrub was lying down the slope and was covered deeply in snow, making it impossible to get up that way to the hut. We dropped back into the creek bed and continued on up in the snow which was falling just as thickly as ever, thus limiting the visibility and our progress.

It was more by faith than by sight that after trials and errors, we finally picked up a faint horizontal depression running across a steep snow slope which indicated the track from the hut to the creek. We followed this line carefully and proceeded into the bush. We were thrilled by stumbling into a heap of rusty tins and knew for certain that we had found the Kaweka Hut - at 8 p.m.

Angus boiled up some cocoa and we had a light snack and then turned in. Unfortunately the whole of the local rat population and visitors staged a winter sports meeting that night in the hut - over and under the bunks and their occupants. Everything that could be knocked down in the tin plate line was knocked down accompanied by a chorus of squeals and squeaks.

In the morning the snow was still frozen in the folds of our packs, our parkas still retained the shapes of our bodies - frozen as we had taken them off. We left on our return trip at 11 a.m.

..... This account had been written at the request of the Editor of "Pohokura", to bring to the notice of the younger members just how many surprises an easy week-end trip to our nearest hut can provide. And also to demonstrate that old trampers have still a lot to learn.

Party: Angus Russell and 'Doc' Bathgate.

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10th - 24th July.

NATIONAL PARK.

You may remember a snowstorm which swept the central district of the North Island on the week-end of the 10th and 11th? Well, Saturday 10th found me Ruapehu bound in my wee car. Though I went via Palmerston North, I had the greatest difficulty in reaching even Taihape owing to snow and ice on the Mangaweka Hill.

The following day I set out from the "Gretna" in Taihape, in the company of several other cars travelling in convoy to Waiouru. We had breasted a very icy hill and were pausing to survey the long slide down the other side, when screaming up the hill came a 1928 Austin 7 with steam and water gushing out of its radiator and rag and rope tied round its rear wheels. A heavily-wrapped occupant from within announced that he had come through from Taupo via the Desert Road where he had left a score of cars and a landliner bogged down. He seemed very pleased with his effort. At Waiouru the snow was banked up high on either side of the road, where the grader had been working. Travelling through to Ohakune was most awesome, what with the snow-swept appearance of the rail disaster at Tangiwai, the frozen snow on the road sounding like glass breaking as you drove over it, and cattle and sheep standing hungry and dejected!

Life appeared to have ceased in Ohakune, and the town had assumed a real postcard appearance with its heavy mantle of snow. Surprisingly enough, round the Chateau, which I reached about 2.30 p.m., there was not a great deal of snow, as a high wind had arisen and had blown it into secluded spots forming large drifts. You can well imagine the feelings of car owners confronted with an ice and snow encrusted engine block, just as they were preparing for a fast trip back to the City!

I booked in at Long Lodge for the fortnight, then contemplated the shocking weather which seems to frequent the mountain at this time of the year. Monotony was soon relieved mid-week, as I persuaded a chap with a badly sprained ankle, that as he could not drive his car back to Auckland, perhaps I might endeavour to drive him there, provided he pay my return fare to the Chateau. He gladly accepted and I enjoyed a short respite in the great city with rather a contrast in climate to that experienced at the mountain.

When I returned I enjoyed four days' ski-ing on the staircase. That was all I had during the two weeks I was there. The weather was foul!

During the entire fortnight Ngauruhoe was extremely active with continuous eruptions of lava which glowed bright red at night, and associated with this were the ear-splitting detonations which rattled windows and doors.

Finally I came home by way of Taupo after two weeks of the most ghastly weather, plus volcanic disturbances; but I thoroughly enjoyed the break in spite of everything.

DEREK CONWAY.

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NEW MEMBERS:

We welcome the following to the club:-

Dick Caldwell, Laurie Kenny, Laurie Cantwell, Terry O'Connor, Robin Fargher, Tom Oosterdyk (Waikato Tramping Club).

CLUB TRIPS.

No. 476.

WAIKAREMOANA

Easter, April 16-17th.

It was a pleasant ride as far as Wairoa as we travelled to the Lake by "Comet" diesel bus on Good Friday morning; but from that hospitable town onwards the immensity of the flood experienced a few days previously began to make itself evident. Large areas of farms had a heavy coating of mud and silt; trees had debris lodged 15' above the ground, and long stretches of road had mud piled up on either side similar to what is left after a snow storm.

Under an overcast sky that afternoon we met members of the Manawatu Tramping Club, did a Cook's tour of the facilities available to trampers and the like, pitched our tent town and listened to the enchanting music afforded us by Dick's squeeze box.

Saturday dawning cloudless afforded visits to the satellite Lake Waikare-iti and the Aniwhaniwa and Papakorita falls which were resplendent in the bright sunshine. Wasps were very prevalent, particularly near the old Gisborne road which leads to the Papakorita falls. They appear to be thriving in the old stumps and logs in the clearings.

Sunday proved wet and windy, but some stalwarts braved the elements and made a visit in the launch to the head of the lake to partake of a wet dinner. The following day they climbed Ngamoko Trig to be enshrouded in wet mist but proclaimed it simply "smashing".

Two parties on the Friday and Saturday nights and an excellent concert and social on the Sunday night satisfied most people's lust for entertainment. These, by the way, were held in a well appointed community hall whose boards and piles really suffered during our stay.

We left for home after lunch on Monday in torrential rain. A short stop was made at Tuai Power Station where we viewed the efforts of the siphoned Lake water to generate amps, watts and volts etc. The layout of the control room at Tuai was very futuristic indeed and it was explained to us that all three stations, Kaitawa, Tuai and Piripaua were remotely controlled from here.

We had a hilarious bus ride to Hastings where we arrived on Monday night at 8.30 p.m.

No. in party, 23.

Leader, Derek Conway.

Edna Ansell, Irene Bows, Pat Bixley, Marie Valler, Robin Young, Ian & Alan Berry, Jack Landman, Philip Bavens, Laurie Kenny, Dave & John Williams, Dick Caldwell, Laurie Cantwell, Ron Fargher, Ray Thomas, Terry O'Connor, Walter Shaw, Ian Watts, Dick Burton, John Mitchell, Doug Napier.

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No. 477.

WORKING PARTY

April 24-25th.

This was held at Mr Gage's orchard. Fruit picking was the order of the day.

No. in party, 7. ON SATURDAY: Norm & Kath Elder. ON SUNDAY: Helen Hill, Terry O'Connor, Laurie Kenny, Laurie Cantwell, Philip Bavens.

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MACKINTOSH

This was changed to a working party but cancelled, as no orchard seemed to require our help.

--- ooo ---

No. 478.

MOHAKA HOT SPRINGS

May 16th.

We left Holt's an hour late, at 6 a.m., and it took three more hours to get to Cook's cottage. We were fairly cold and the pull out of the Makahu warred us up.

Two lads had gone on ahead after pigs. We stopped dead in our tracks at the sound of fifteen rifle shots! Down the valley we spotted the boys - also the stag, still walking!! We left them to it. At the forks of another couple of streams we came on a sow and her young not fifteen yards away in burnt manuka. By the time we came to our senses the pig and family had gone.

The track is very clear all the way. After two and a half hours we reached the sulphur hole - a huge hungry hole, a trap in bracken and manuka. We looked for the springs thereabouts, hunted up and down in the manuka and at last found a track which led us to where they gushed out of a small crack in a rock. The mineral waters formed two small waterfalls and pools on their way to the Mohaka. The question then was how to get down to the river. We scrambled and fell and crawled over and under manuka branches, grass and lily to a wee sandy beach. Even in that remote spot we found muscos.

We left soon after lunch and had a quick trip back to the truck and home.

No. in party, 11

Leader, Pat Bolt.

Alan Perry, Dick Caldwell, Robin Fargher, Hal Christian, Pearl Smith, Margaret Haycot, Helen Hill, Wally Romanes, John Mitchel, Pat Bolt.

--- ooo ---

No. 479.

KIWI-KAWEKA via TUTAEKURI

May 29-30th.

When our small party of five arrived at the Pine tree the sky was overcast. Some hours later we encountered driving sleet on 45948, having reached the Kiwi Ridge via the Smith-Russell track.

That evening in Kiwi Hut we learned not to light a fire with petrol sprinkled liberally from a flask; ask those who were literally flaming from head to foot! A very heavy frost that night was followed by a good, clear day on Sunday, affording good views of Ruapehu and Ngaurohoe sending up columns of ash and smoke.

9 a.m. and we were away down a good ridge leading directly into the Tutae kuri which was reached in $\frac{5}{4}$ hour. We crossed the river and about 200' upstream ascended a dogleg spur which eventually brought us to the leading ridge behind Kaweka Hut.

Time was running out so we took the musterer's ridge behind Kaweka Hut which brought us to the top of the zig-zag and finally a

brew in the Tutaekuri. A smart hour and we were at the road head once more, filling radiators etc,

Tomtits were in abundance in the deciduous fuchsias below Clem's rock, and an owl admired our progress along the beech grove on Kiwi Ridge. A bellbird rang clear at Kiwi Hut. Two hinds continued barking when disturbed climbing out of the Tutaekuri, and a belated stag was roaring somewhere in the Cook's Horn basin.

No. in party, 5.

Leader, Derek Conway.

Kath Elder, Norm Elder, Dick Caldwell, Ray Thomas.

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No. 480. INTO THE HOODOO COUNTRY - Queen's Birthday, June 5-7th.

The fixture list read Tupari (Potae) Piopio Pohatuhaha and Makaroro. CO-er! The sub-committee said it was the leader's suggestion - but in midwinter? Here's some history:-
1935. Peg 34 - Mathews, 8 hours on a compass bearing in mist, scrub and rain.

New Year's day 1938. Crash camp below Trig U, & a second beyond Apias.

December 1938. Southerly buster on a Tupari-Te Atua Mahuru traverse.

New Year 1939. Day party spent a wet night out near Dutch Creek.

December 1940. Party driven off Piopio by a storm.

January 1948. Dry camp on Tupari bushline.

However there were 12 starters so off we went on a cloudless Saturday morning. The Makaroro had recently been running a banker and was well shingled up and discoloured, though at normal level. To take advantage of the weather we went up Colenso's Spur, boiling up at Waikongenge. We had hoped to go beyond Tupari and down the cullers' track to camp at the head of the Ikaawatea, but made slow time along the tops and, with heavy cloud coming up, the light had almost gone when we reached Tupari, so we ducked down the spur. Couldn't find the tarn in the dark (it was dry anyway), so true to form had a dry camp.

Bringing water down from the tarns on the top made a late breakfast which put a side trip to Potae out of the question, but the weather was holding up and with everyone going better we made good time along the tops and were at the hut ruin on the plateau in 4 hours travelling time. As this put us ahead of our minimum schedule we struck off south along the range towards Pohatuhaha for an hour and a half before camping. This was trackless scrubby bush on a flat-topped ridge, a good introduction to the last day.

Mist and rain and bad going made Monday a slogging day. Although we weren't far from Pohatuhaha it was an hour and a half till we were under it and another $3\frac{1}{2}$ hours to Trig R, thanks to a misidentification of it which led us off the range too early onto a blind spur. It was dark when we reached the foot of the right spur, crossed Dutch Creek, and floundered across country in the direction of the mill workings by torchlight. Conditions were ominously reminiscent of 1939 with rain setting in, but at length

we did strike a logging track. Two hours steady walking and the lights of the mill; but also a gap in the middle of the bridge. However though the river was coming up there was little delay in finding a ford.

Wally made fast time round to the woolshed to fetch the truck, we rang Hastings to let them know we'd be late home and off. Little we knew. Midnight found us at Te Hauke with a dead engine. After some frantic exchanges of dry trousers a phone message was got through to Mr Berry who gallantly brought his truck to the rescue. The clock tower showed 2 a.m. as we drew into Holt's.

No. in party 12.

Leader, Norman Elder.

Wally Romanes, Laurie Kenny, Laurie Cantwell, Robin Fargher, Helen Hill, Jim Gibbs, Terry O'Connor, Rex Evans, Ray Thomas, Hal Christian, Alan Berry, Norman Elder.

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no. 481.

RUAHINE HUT via BROOM BLOCK

June 13.

Ten of us left Holt's at 7.15 a.m. We arrived at Big Hill Station at 8.30 and Lo minutes later were on the track down to the river. We met the young pet spotted fawn again, but it has grown quite a bit and is very friendly though a trifle uncertain of so many people. We followed up the right hand bank of the stream a fair way, crossed by stepping stones at a narrow place then followed a good track up on the other side. Soon we came to a fork and both looking equal took the right hand branch which proved to be not as good as it seemed, for it petered out, but we soon came out on a patch of open country. After taking stock of our surroundings we decided to head the first of two gullies, drop down and cross the second, climb out and make for the saddle, but a lot of high scrub lay between. There are plenty of tracks but these are very overgrown in places. We pushed through what seemed like miles of manuka then later an awful lot of pig fern. Spiteful stuff. Just after crossing the second stream, about half way up the steep bank we encountered a black pig. It came over a rise, saw us unexpectedly and in sudden panic tore up the track ahead of us passing less than a yard away. Soon we struck a patch of burnt-out scrub, but higher up was open birch bush which is always pleasant going and we followed along the track on the ridge hoping to reach Ruahine Hut by lunch time. We had had one light shower earlier in the day, but by the time we reached the tops it came on to rain hard with snow and sleet. How cold it turned. We were soon chilled to the marrow and putting on all the clothing we had we hurried along to reach the hut. But at a $\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 we came upon a tarn and as the hour was late, the sun struggling through and we were feeling hungry and thirsty we staved by it to boil up. By the time lunch was finished it was too late to go in further search of the hut. Coming out of the scrub at the side of the tarn we found the track leading to Big Hill and in two hours we were back at the woolshed, changing, ready for the road. One car load had hurried on to Hastings to catch a southbound bus and the

and the rest of us arrived back about 6.30 after a good day.

No. in party, 10

Leader, Edna Ansell

Ray Thomas, Laurie Cantwell, Dick Caldwell, Norm Elder, Pat Bolt, Grace Dixon, Miss Craigie, John Phelps, Brian Kemp, Edna Ansell and 7 Kiwis.

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PUKETITIRI

June 26-27th.

Cancelled owing to transport difficulties and bad weather.

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No. 482.

TE WAKA

July 11th.

We left Holt's at 7.20 a.m. with our usual "lucky number" of 13 in good, but cold, weather.

All went well to Titikura. A slow climb to the saddle, we came across our first snow at the foot of Titikura, and found snow well down on the saddle itself.

After all were ready we left the truck and set off for the trig. The view was good, Kidnappers and Mahia being clearly visible also the peaks towards Waikaremoana and Taupo. 66, Three Johns and Rangai were also plainly visible and very deep in snow. We arrived at the trig at about 1 p.m. for lunch.

After lunch we decided to return by way of the same ridge that we came by, but, instead of continuing along the top for the whole distance we dropped over the left hand side and examined several of the limestone caves in the area. We found some quite deep ones, about 20 or 30 feet deep. Also we found a set of stalactites, average length about 36".

Arriving back at the truck about 4.30 p.m. we were away for home. At Whakatu the truck stopped - reason (?). We tried to coax it, Dick Cantwell got busy with the insides, but it was of no avail. In the end all bodies were out and pushing hard. The engine started, but as soon as the lights were switched on the engine cut out. So we staggered, very self-consciously, into Hastings by torch light flashed through the windscreen, arriving without mishap at about 7.45. All told a very good trip in good weather.

No. in party, 13.

Leader, Jim Gibbs.

Laurie Cantwell, Dick Caldwell, Angus Russell, Tom Oosterdyk, Doug Napier, Laurie Kenny, Robin Haig, Alan Berry, Pat Bolt, nurse Craigie John Mitchel, Hal Christian, Jim Gibbs.

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No. 483.

WAKARARA RANGE

July 25th.

With a plaster of fresh snow on the tops and the rivers up the

Howletts fixture would have been a solid plod without much chance of doing anything from the hut, so that trip was postponed and a day trip run to the Poutaki Hut - via Eatons to cut down the mileage. There was a strong wind off the snow at first, but this eased off by the time we reached the exposed ridge. The range is as barren as ever and the ups and downs seem if anything more pronounced. Only a few drifts of snow but enough for Bob to build some outsize snowmen. We boiled up rather late in the basin below the hut and returned by the inner ridge, reaching the truck at nightfall - a 7 o'clock start is rather late at the present speed of the club.

No. in party, 11.

Leader, Norm Elder.

Edna Ansell, Helen Hill, Joyce Stanley, Wally Romanes, Laurie Cantwell, Ray Thomas, Tom Osterdvk, Bob Wallace, Alan Berry, Kath & Norm Elder.

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No. 484.

HOWLETTS → BLACK RIDGE

August 7-8th.

Rather a deadly silence greeted a suggestion that we made a Friday night start and taking this as a sign of agreement, arrangements were made to leave at 7 p.m., 6th August. With the fleshpots behind we headed for the hills, arriving at Mill Farm about 10.15 P.M. Full use was made of the cottage and it proved very comfortable indeed.

Some fellow started stamping about at 5 A.M. in the morning and there was no other course than to arise and do likewise. However we were away by about 7 a.m. heading up the Tukituki and found the river about normal despite the recent bad weather. As the four of us paused to squeeze out some water we were joined by Norman, Rex, Ian and Tom, the remainder preferring to make Mill Farm a base for trips. Norman returned, we followed our noses uphill and the rain drizzled steadily down. Before long the latter turned to snow, making conditions unpleasant enough for us to don long trousers and mits. We had some barley sugar, then carried on steadily upwards, finally leaving the bush and moving into a light mist which swirled eerily around dead trees and stunted growth. A silence which comes with the snow hung over all and we unconsciously lowered our voices.

Once on the ridge, a smart breeze hurried us along to where the hut stands in a small hollow, and while Derek cleared the door of snow our camera men began work. Time approximately 1.15 P.M. Inside, on the floor lay a body. A mouse had died of exposure, probably due to lack of breakfast. The boys were certainly hungry, but when one murmured something about fresh meat for the stew he was greeted with evil glances and our corpse was placed reverently outside the door. A brew of cocoa soon cleared the funeral atmosphere and little movement was made from sleeping bags until our stew was begun at 6 P.M.

Our original intention had been to traverse Sawtooth Ridge and return to Mill Farm via Black Ridge, but with conditions as they

were, this was not practical and we decided to return the way we had come. Departure was delayed on the following morning in the hope that we would obtain a view when the mist lifted. Due to a lack of co-operation on someone's part this did not eventuate until we had given up hope and were just about to enter the bush of Daphne's spur. I promptly sat down and absorbed sunlight while the photographers made the most of it. We carried on downhill to the river where we waited for Peter and Tom who had made a detour. Also produced a half packet of raisins and we just managed to finish them as they arrived. A warm sun made the downstream trip quite pleasant and no time was wasted to the foot of Rosvall's Spur, where Norman's party had a billv boiling. Derek was shaking with hunger so we had a bite and drink, then carried on to Mill Farm, which was reached about 3 P.M. Those who did not go to Howlett's Hut had not been idle: Norman's party blazed Rosvall's spur and the remainder had made a trip up Moorcock Stream. We were under way by 4 P.M. stopping on the first hill for a view of the snow-clad Rushines then moving regretfully homewards.

No. in party, 13.

Leader, Wallv Romanes.

Norm Elder, Ian Watts, Rex Evans, Walter Romanes, Tom Oosterdvk, Alan Borrv, Peter Wood, Derek Conway, John Mitchel, Ray Thomas, Doug Napier, Robin Fargher, Terry O'Connor.

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LETTER FROM PAM DYSON TO NORM & KATH.

High Prairrie, Alberta. 12/7/54.

Hello to you both,

At long last something constructive to describe to you. Until now there hasn't been any news other than the usual travel patter, but recently Dot and I have been getting in a good deal of tripping about and Canada is gradually unfolding before us.

The ball started rolling a few weeks ago when we took off to investigate more of the Peace River country. Where we are at the moment is part of it but by no means plays a part in the wonderful stories we have heard about this rich area. We found that out when we went north and then went as far as Grande Prairie. The country up there is more arable hence greener and more orderly. It's a vast farming prairie, completely flat except for the area about the Peace River itself, where the land has been thrown up into great canyons. From Grande Prairie's one and only hill of any size we saw for the first time the Rockies. They were away to the west and stretched in a jagged sweep right across the western horizon. They looked lovely then, but little did we know that we'd be amongst them so soon, and see their majesty at close quarters.

We decided to take July off in order to go down to the Calgary Stampede, and as we had the opportunity to do various other things during the month got down to planning. To date we've covered quite a bit of territory. The month began with a few days at a lake not far from here. Hughie was kind to us the whole time to suntanning was in full swing. Best of all we went swimming - our first since Curacao - that's how much warm weather we've had since we've been

away from home. The lake water was cold but we were so amazed to find we could still swim that we made full use of it. Fishing too was on the programme. We actually hooked a great big one - but it got away. Most of our energy was spent trying to deal with the man-eating mosquitoes. They pose a real problem, for they breathe in smoke like a nicotine addict and just lap up insect repellent, so after five days of dealing out capital punishment right and left we were more than ready to set out for the mountains.

We wasted no time in Edmonton and pushed on as fast as poss. to Jasper - a tourist-lousy township. Actually it's no wonder for it is situated as Banff in the heart of the ranges and is an absolute paradise. We pushed on for a few miles past Jasper to find accommodation in one of these 'motels'. We had all our camp gear with us but didn't fancy sharing the tent with bears etc. which are more than a bit friendly. We didn't see a bear until we reached Jasper, and then lo and behold one rolled out of someone's yard and over to our car. There was a wild scramble to shut doors and windows and then we proceeded to examine it, and it us, through the glass. I made further acquaintance with one the next a.m. I had gone out to the car to get some food when one rolled up. Foolishly I fed it some bread through the window and from then on it wouldn't let me out of the car. When I finally got back into the hut the darned thing tried to climb in through the window. Nice friendly creatures!

But what of the mountains - I went completely camera happy. Each peak seemed better than the last. No other name could be given to them than Rockies. They are a series of great massive rock peaks with, even at this time of the year, snow clinging to the horizontal and diagonal strata ridges. From the summits great cliffs and saddles swoop down to ice fields and glaciers. All the time we could hear avalanches roaring. The pines cling tenaciously to the lower faces and somehow or other manage to grow out of sheer and arid ground. Unfortunately we did it the lazy man's way, by car, but it was wonderful just to be there - and we were able to plan routes up to hundreds of summits. We only had three days to cover the 200-odd miles of road through but we at least saw a great number of well known mountains and some very beautiful and breathtaking waterfalls. There were also moose, beaver, chipmunks and elk in the animal line, but most of these were seen nearer the two towns of Banff and Jasper. Banff is very much like Jasper. Some time soon I hope we will be able to spend more time in this really beautiful district.

For now, a cheery hello and best wishes to all - Pam.

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S O C I A L N E W S .

Engagement: Bob Woon to Bev. Howard.

Marriage: Ian Berry to Pat Bixley.

Loris Torbett has returned from Australia.

Pam Dyson and Dot Shaw are at present in Canada.

Stan Craven had been appointed headmaster of Palmerston North Boys' High School.

George Lowe is back in England.

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CLUB EVENINGS.

13/5/54. Four members of the A.T.C. who were motoring through showed us slides of the Rangitata, Rakaia and Wilkins. Mr. Gilchrist also showed us slides of the early days of the A.T.C. taken at Waikaremoana, the Waitakeres and the Waikato Heads.

5/8/54: With Doc. Bathgate as commentator, Mr. Jack Agnew showed us a coloured film of bird life on Little Barrier Island. Parts of this were quite as beautiful as the National Film Unit "Kotuku".

At this evening, also, we bade farewell to Stan and Val Craven, of whom, see more below.

19/8/54: Derek showed us slides taken by Wally of rock climbing at Titahi Bay and tramping in the northern Tararua; also slides of his own of a recent tramping trip in the Kawekas and his snowy journey to National Park.

DEPARTURE OF THE CRAVEN FAMILY.

This paragraph follows naturally after the group heading "Club Evenings", for some of the best evenings we have ever had have been held in Stan and Val's home.....

V.E. Day: Word flashed round, "Party at Stan's. Come round straight after work. Bring your butter ration, bread, sausages and anything else you can lay your hands on."

V.J. Day: I don't think we waited to be invited. We just rolled up, hopeful, and were not disappointed.

First farewell to George: 47 of us squeezed into Stan's living room.

Most of our committee meetings for the last seventeen years have been held at Stan's and these have always been very sociable affairs, with Val dispensing tea afterwards and everybody chatting on and on till finally Stan would wind the clock most ostentatiously.

Stan is a foundation member of the H.T.C. and was president from 1937-1948. Since then he had been a vice-president. We shall miss his masterly handling of amendments and his practical wisdom.

In the field his greatest achievement was surely the leadership of the trip for the dedication of the cairn. 47 members in the party! And with Stan's shepherding every single one arrived at the cairn.

We congratulate him on his new appointment and hope that he and Val will be very happy in Palmerston North.

M A P S: The following may be obtained from the secretary:-

<u>Lands & Survey:</u>	RUAHINE	Price	4. 0	
	WAKARARA		4. 0	
	NGAMATEA		4. 0	
<u>Helio:</u>	KAIMANAWA CENTRAL	Price to members:	3. 6	(Non-members,
	KAIMANAWA NORTHERN		3. 0	{ plus 6d.
	KANEKA , AHIMANAWA, OWHAOKO:	each	3. 0	{ "
	S. HUIRAU, ROADHEADS:	each	1. 0	

FIXTURE LIST.

<u>Date:</u>	<u>Base:</u>	<u>Trip:</u>	<u>Leader:</u>
Sept. 18-19th.	Makaroro.	Bushcraft.	<u>Wally Romanes.</u>
Oct. 3rd.	Tukituki.	Disc Rosvals	<u>Rex Evans.</u>
Oct. 16-17th.	Kuripapango.	S.A.R.	<u>Norm Elder.</u>
Oct. 23-24-25th.	Ruapehu.	Mangatepopo.	<u>Alan Berry.</u>
Labour week-end:			
Oct. 31st.	Triplex Creek.	Old members' day.	--
Nov. 13th-14th.	Kuripapango.	Cairn Trip.	<u>Helen Hill.</u>
Nov. 28th.	Waipawa River.	Paint Waikamaka Roof.	<u>Derek Conway.</u>
Dec. 12th.	Horseshoe Bend.	Caves.	<u>Pat Bolt.</u>

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ANNUAL MEETING: NOTICE TO MEMBERS.

The nineteenth Annual General Meeting of the Club will be held in the Girl Guide Rooms, Queen St. Hastings, on Thursday 14th October 1954, following the club meeting which will begin at 8 p.m.

Nominations: (Extract from Rule 18):-

- .. "Any financial member shall 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 make a point of being present at the meeting, and also to send in nominations in good time.

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