

HERETAUNGA TRAMPING CLUB (INC.)

"POHOKURA"

Bulletin No. 68

December, 1954.

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To all members we extend best wishes for a merry
Christmas and good tramping in 1955

ANNUAL MEETING.

The Annual Meeting of the H.T.C. was held in the Girl
Guides' Room on October 14th, 1954. The following is the annual
report:-

MEMBERSHIP:-

This year closed with a financial membership of 88, made
up as follows:-

Full members	67	(68)
Junior "	17	(14)
Absentee	5	(5)
Honorary		

PRESIDENT'S

REPORT:- It is time we considered the future of the Club, so
rather than confine myself to the year just past I am
going right back into the history of the Club. To start consider-
ing the future by recalling the past isn't as silly as it sounds.

It is the same principle as taking a back bearing to fix your direction.

Early in 1935 a plane disappeared on a flight to Hastings. After a fortnight of wild rumors and unmethodical searching, search was abandoned. Just afterwards Ian Powell skied on to the plane in Armstrong's Saddle. The need for some proper organisation was urgent to those who had been involved, and the H.T.C. was formed in the same year.

Our first problem was the enormous stretch of country to be covered, from the Manawatu to the Mohaka and across to the head of the Waikato. Exploring became our first, and perhaps is still, our main interest; search organisation and the training of leaders always in the back of our minds.

The Club has had several small scale searches and several rescue jobs which have been competently carried out, and about the same number of alarms, which have been a useful test of the machinery; but has only been involved in one major search for a crashed R.N.Z.A.F. plane near Howlett's Hut in 1948. In this luck played a part in providing an immediate clue, but the follow-up was a brilliant operation. It was important as a demonstration of what competent ground parties could do, just at the time S.A.R. was being set up, and in that way had an influence on the final set up. But it has given the Club something pretty difficult to live up to. The Club Captain's report covers this aspect of the Club's activities, so I will leave that to him.

We haven't the resources of a big club. Bigger clubs have one big advantage - they are more stable. There is always a core of old steadies, the sort of people whose hearts are in the club and can be depended on to rally round in an emergency. A small club hasn't a big enough core for that, and when a good tramper drops out he leaves a gaping hole. Most members do not realise how much worry and hard work goes on all the time to patch these holes and train up replacement for key men. The administration of a club is a long way from romping along a bush track hattering, with boil ups at suitable intervals.

This is why so few clubs remain active for more than a few years. I've been connected with the F.M.C. over a number of years and I can tell you this. As far as my knowledge goes there are only two or thereabout clubs of our size in the whole Federation that are as active and I doubt if there is any that have had so long a run. So in keeping going as we have we have accomplished something.

We have been helped by our handicaps. H.B. is cut off from the rest of the N.Z. ranges - good ranges and lots of them.

This gives us lots of tramping country but keeps us from going the easy way. Had we been handy to the Main Trunk I should expect us to have double the membership but far less tramping. Most of them would be hanging round the Chateau. The Kawekas, Kainanawas and Ruahines have been a strong shield against that kind of success.

But if I may say so, I doubt if we'd have kept going as we have if we'd been entirely home grown. It has been the local blood that has given the club its vitality and drive, but right but from the jump we have always had a handful who have tramped in one or other of the older established Wellington clubs. They have brought with them the tradition of responsibility, without which the club might quite easily have disintegrated into an enthusiastic but disorganised mob. In a sense we have developed as a small club with the tradition of a big club.

I should like to quote from a recent letter from a leading Wellington tramper:-

"I was interested in your remarks (re club captain). Actually your idea of an all round job, nursemaiding etc., is in the best traditions of the Tararua T.C. of Geof Wilson etc., but the young bloods haven't appreciated it lately, they are still so full of running off climbing the big stuff or away to the Park skiing activities which I should say are in the minority with your club members at the moment. When the H.T.C. has tamed the home ranges and there are no more questions to answer you may find the same turning outwards to other chunks of country. This may add to the lustre of the club but on the other side, getting bigger and better and brighter must I think lose the old closeknit friendliness."

Saying farewell this year to friends of long service to the club has made me realise that the club is reaching the point where the past gives way to the future. Two ex-Presidents and Lin Lloyd, at one fell swoop makes a big break.

After Doc Bathgate's dynamic personality had got the club away to a flying start Stan took over two years later with the club going great guns. But the war came and the club was badly hit. No less than 40 served in the theatres of war and as you will realise from the cairn, nine never came back. Stan just had to carry on, eleven years in all, keeping a skelton organisation in being, and thanks to him and to a magnificent team of girls, the club held together.

As chairman Stan would be hard to beat. When meetings were at their rowdiest, and club meetings were pretty rowdy in their time, Stan had not the slightest difficulty in coming booming through the din like some great foghorn; in committee he was always on the job, impossible to sidetrack and always ready to kill fruitless controversy with some obvious solution; on formal occasions the ideal spokesman for the club, with just the right word and the dry wit to put it across.

When Lin came back from the Middle East, Stan could at last step down. But Lin was fully occupied with rehab. and his tramping days were just about over. It was only his loyalty to the club that induced him to take it on and we have cause to be grateful to him for his service in the difficult period of the post war build up. He has decided that the time has now come to resign and I appreciate his point of view in making a clean break. But I feel a personal loss, old digs are few and far between in the tramping world and we speak the same language. We shall miss him in committee - particularly his hard commonsense and his wicked chuckle.

Another resignation is that of Bob Woon from the position of Club Captain. When George Lowe took off for more rarified heights Bob was his successor. I should explain that one of the peculiarities of this club has been the triple leadership of President, Secretary and Club Captain, all of roughly equal importance in the scheme of things. Bob has been a club captain in the best tradition over a difficult period of build up which threw a lot of the burden on to his shoulders; preparing of tripe, training of leaders, filling in gaps and nursing new hands. Thankless work a lot of it and it has meant a lot to the club to have a real toiler there over that period. In the name of the club, and particularly personally, I wish to thank Bob very warmly. He has earned it.

That brings me to the future. With Stan's departure to Palmerston we have lost one more of the 14 who were at the meeting that decided to form the club. It won't be long now before these prehistoric monsters will only be available in fossil form. And a good thing too. I have seen a live tramping club held up for years by a fatherly old-timer who simply didn't know when to let go. But it does bring problems. I doubt if the club as a whole realises how much the smooth running of the club depends on the few who have identified themselves with the club and who do all the donkey work that nobody particularly wants to do. Look ahead 3 - 4 years and ask yourselves how many of the present committee will still be in harness. Even after they've dropped out of active tramping the same steadies go on year after year, but you can't take it for granted that they will go on indefinitely working for the club.

Our particular trouble now is the wide gap both in age and experience between the old timers and the present generation of active trampers. This was not so obvious so long as George Lowe was in the district. We always think of George first of all as a club member; and George himself in the 6 days of 1954 that he spent at home managed to attend a club meeting, and even more characteristically to run out to the Blowhard to see that the Kawekas were still there - incidentally arousing the deepest suspicions of the forest ranger, who wanted to know his business in a gazetted State Forest. His heart may be in Hawke's Bay, but his boots are in many other places. I should refer here to the N.Z. Alpine Club's Himalayan expedition, as I notice the Club Captain has been too shy to list Baruntse among the year's "private trips". We have not heard nearly enough about it yet, but have followed the vicissitudes of the party with the closest interest. George seems to have been a very busy man, but his description of the return to Thyangboche was a classic and I hear that his Baruntse film is "sensational". But for the war there would probably have been several in between to take over - but there aren't. Those who are running the club now have to look ahead. It has always been the club policy to encourage new blood to take over responsibilities and this has worked well, but it now reaching the stage where the members will have to keep their eyes open for replacements on a bigger scale.

Before I finish there is one matter I should speak of. The sudden death of Mr. Noel Mulgrove. This has broken a long-standing between the Mulgrove family and the club. Both Mr. Mulgrove senior and Noel took an interest in the club beyond the serious matter of boots and their proper nailing, and many of us will remember both them and Mrs. Mulgrove with affection.

CLUB CAPTAIN'S REPORT:

Club Trips: A total of 27 official club trips have been run during the past year. Of these, fifteen were weekend trips with an average of 10 and 12 were day trips having an average of 12. Participation by members in club trips shows a slight decrease against that of the preceding year. The reason for this is not apparent and it can only be presumed that matrimony seasonal work and weather conditions have taken a greater toll than is usual. Although several trips were altered to suit various reasons, it was only necessary to cancel two fixtures due to impossible conditions.

During the Easter period a trip to Waikaremoana was held and Labour weekend saw members at Mangatepoto Hut, National Park. The support which these fixtures gained shows a keenness by members to break new ground and initiative on the part of the leader.

Transport: It is now eighteen months since the club purchased a truck of its own and very full use has been made of it during this

period. A recent coat of paint has greatly enhanced its appearance and apart from two breakdowns we have had useful service from it during the past year.

Fixtures: Providing trips which will suit all tastes and personal arrangements is a considerable task and the Fixture Committee is to be commended on the fixtures for the past year. Please remember, suggestions by members for future trips will be welcomed. Private trips have been numerous including such areas as the Hermitage, Routeburn, Ahimanawas, Fiordland, Kawekas, Barrier Island, Ruapehu and Egmont, besides many unrecorded weekend and day trips in the local ranges.

Memorial Cairn: Probably the most important trip of the year, this serves to bring back to some memories of the men whose names are inscribed and remind others of the debt we owe to early members of the club. Last year some 24 persons attended a simple but effective service held at the cairn and members are reminded of the coming Cairn Trip which is fixed for November 13-14th.

Search & Rescue: Keeping search lists up to date is a trying job and members are again asked to notify the President or Club Captain of any change in address. We have had a fortunate year in that no search parties were called upon, but we cannot afford to relax and it is intended to hold a trial search in the very near future.

General: It seems that I have stepped into this job just in time to write a report. However, I thank my predecessor R.L. Moon for the able way in which he carried out the most difficult period of the past year. My hope is that I have handled the position as efficiently as he.

That the club is short of fit, experienced members is apparent, but the best method of overcoming this handicap is not so clear. We must, of necessity, take a long term view and with a changing membership such as we have this may be a difficult job. Members can be guided to a certain extent by lectures and talks but this savours of forced learning tends to deter rather than interest people.

The real leaders of the future are those who show initiative and keenness, the types who will find out or ask about that which they are ignorant, plan and execute trips of their own and generally equip themselves for this important role. Remember, we have a two-fold purpose, that of gaining maximum personal enjoyment from the hills and secondly, passing on this enjoyment to others, thereby assuring that efforts made by those who have preceded us are not wasted.

It is with these thoughts in mind that I wish all members full and pleasant tramping for the future.

SOCIAL COMMITTEE
REPORT:

This year those who have attended club meetings regularly have been rewarded with excellent film trips to both N. and S. of the country, from Little Barrier Island to the precipitous heights of Fiordland and various stops between. Colour photography has been well represented and much enjoyed, and I would suggest that if more members came to the meetings, fewer would regret having missed these excellent films and slides.

The Social Committee are always grateful for useful and original suggestions for programmes at club meetings. We would like to thank Miss Lowe for letting us hear George's most interest and entertaining letters, and also our speakers and technicians for their willing help.

"POHOKURA": We take this opportunity of thanking all four typists, the duplicators, the staplers and the wrappers-up of "Pohokura". Our last number contained an article on local history that readers found very interesting. We are hoping to make this feature of future bulletins.

PUBLICITY: The practice of advertising meetings of special interest has been continued, and short accounts of the principal trips have been sent into both local papers. These have been well presented and we are indebted to the press for their continued interest in the club's activities.

The notice board in Jack Charters' has been on display, giving 'phone numbers of club officials and current fixtures. Phone numbers have also been filed with the information section of Greater Hastings.

LIBRARY: During the year two new books were donated to the club, one being George Lowe's generous and prized gift of "The Ascent of Everest" autographed by all members of the team.

There are now 111 books listed, but not many members use the library. One 13 readers took out 23 books, and receipts totalled 5/9. It has been suggested that we raise the fee to 6 per book; this will have to be debated.

HUT & TRACK

REPORT: A good job was done in replacing the decayed piles and floor plate in Kaweks Hut, some discing has been done at Triplex Creek, and the bunks at Kiwi Hut have been repaired. Some painting and repairs are due at Waimaka Hut, and track clearing here and there.

TRUCK COMMITTEE
REPORT:

Except for one or two minor breakdowns the club truck has behaved very well during the year. The most expensive items of maintenance was the purchase of two new tyres and tubes, costing approximately £40.

Since the last annual meeting the truck has travelled approximately 1500 miles. We would like to thank those members of the club who have driven the truck for us so carefully and conscientiously; not a very easy job after a hard week-end's tramping. Thanks are also due to Wally Romanes for the use of his canopy which has added to the comfort of members on trips.

Quite recently the truck has been painted, thanks to a few stalwarts, and it is now a "Model Job".

GEAR CUSTODIAN'S
REPORT:

The gear has been gradually assembled during the year with the exception of gear in huts and items missing before last annual meeting - the sleeping-bag cover, week-end pack and tent fly. These were in good condition and I believe marked with the club's initials, so I am loth to write them off entirely and still hope that someone spring-cleaning an outshed will come across them and return them to the club. In that hope I give them first publicity.

I have to report 3 further small losses, 1 small bag for one of the new tents marked "H.T.C.8", and two large billy lids sizes 10 & 9. These have been in part compensated for in the appearance of another size 6 billy. Otherwise members have co-operated well in returning gear in clean and dry condition after use.

A small notebook is now kept for all gear out on trips and on loan. This should keep better trace of each item and give some idea of the use and wear of individual items.

DETERIORATION & RENEWALS:

Tents: The two oldest tents, 6' x 8", are now very frail and of not much use. This leaves the club with only one 6'x8' and four 5' x 7' tents and one further fly 7'6" x 10'. The oldest tent and one 5' x 7' were torn in a gale on the tree planting working party at Moorecocks and some other guys were frayed. The old one has been very roughly patched and the 5' x 7' has been professionally patched and waterproofed, and the guys of several tents have been renewed with slightly heavier shark line. I may say in passing that the damage was caused in a camp pitched in shelter from a heavy wind which changed to a gale in the other

direction during the night. The guys had been fastened to rocks which worked in the wind.

Ice Axes: Slings have been acquired for the ice-axes.

Slashers: These are in varied states of wear, and 2 handles split on the last working party and are on the list for repair.

Boots: Heel and toe plates have been removed from one of the pairs of women's boots and nails renewed.

Billies: We have 2 billies of 10-quart and one 9-quart sizes, and only one size 10 lid for them. If anyone can produce lids of these sizes it may save us all from smoked tea one of these days. The smaller billies are all in pretty good condition.

First Aid: Pat Bolt has our thanks for renewing first aid kits for leaders and truck.

Hut Gear: The camp ovens were in good order in Kaweka and Kiwi Huts when last visited. The large frying pans were showing signs of rust, owing to too good a cleaning apparently, and were given a rub over with dripping. The large shovel and one hammer were brought down from the Kaweka Hut and I propose bringing down the saw as it is likely to get rusted there and may be wanted elsewhere on its next commission. On our last visit to the hut the small spade was not behind the door and could not be located. There is only one kerosene tin that does not leak, but there are a couple of medium-sized billies which are still servicable. The spring-cleaning of the cupboard on 6-7th February has now been entirely undone by the rats, the shelves had to be taken out and scrubbed. All the labels had been eaten off the tinned foods and the tins were getting badly rusted. The triangular bandage had been pulled out of the first aid tin and chewed.

I have not been to the Waikamaka Hut since my appointment as gear custodian (in fact when I offered to take over the job I did not visualise the complication of hut gear). I hear that there is not much club property in the hut. I shall be very grateful if leaders will check over hut gear from time to time and report, as it is pretty difficult to keep check all through the year. This request applies to private parties also.

USE OF GEAR:

The gear has been in good demand during the year both by Club parties and individuals. Ice Axes in particular have been in constant demand.

Fees for the hire of gear have brought in:-

Packs	9. 0
Tents & Fly	1. 2. 6
Ice Axes	18. 0
Boots	<u>3. 0</u>
	<u>£2.12. 6</u>

In conclusion I would like to thank leaders and members for making my work easier by punctual return of gear, and by seeing that tents and billies are properly dried out after the trip so that they have not been brought to the next club meeting in a mouldy and rusty condition.

APPRECIATION: Once again we wish to thank all those kindly property-owners who have allowed us to pass to and fro over their land on our various expedition.

ELECTION OF OFFICERS:

Officers for the coming year were elected as follows:-

Patron: Dr. D.A. Bathgate.

President: Mr. N.L. Elder.

Vice-Presidents: Mrs. J. Lloyd, Messrs. W.G. Lowe and R. Woon.

Club Captain: Mr. W. Romanes.

Secretary: Miss U.M. Greenwood.

Treasurer: Miss H.C. Hill.

Auditor: Mr. A.I. Dixon.

Executive Committee: Miss P. Bolt, Messrs. A. Berry, D. Conway, D. Reid, I. Stirling, K. Thomas and P. Wood.

Social Committee: Misses P. Bolt and P. Williams
Messrs. P. Baynes, D. Caldwell, D. Conway, and I. Stirling

Life Member: Mr. E.S. Craven was elected a life-member of the Club.

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SUB- COMMITTEES.

At the first meeting of the new committee the following Sub-committees and officers were appointed:-

Fixture Committee: Wally Romanes, Helen Hill and Alan Berry.
Hut and Track " Derek Conway, Ken Thomas and Peter Wood.
Search Committee: Norm Elder, Ursula Greenwood & Wally Romanes.
Truck Committee: Ian Stirling and Helen Hill.
Editor: Janet Lloyd.
Librarian: Edna Ansell.
Publicity: Norman Elder.
Gear Custodian: Kath Elder.
Club Album: Derek Conway and Ray Thomas.
Notice Board: Derek Conway.

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NOTES ON THE BACK COUNTRY OF HAWKE'S BAY.

Hawkston Station - first owned by a Mr. Hallett - extended from the site of the present homestead right up and over the Kaweka Range and up the Mohaka River to above the Makino River. This station used to graze, among its other flocks, 7000 Merino wethers over the top of the Kawekas. These sheep were mustered off in the winter and were put back for the summer grazing. The usual thing was to start moving them up in October from the Homestead Block, on the first day as far as Puketitiri. On the second day they were pushed up as far as the Iron Whare on the Makahu, and on the third and subsequent days right along the range as far as the Kiwi Saddle where there was a hut for the shepherds on the edge of the bush.

It is interesting to note that some of the best native grasses for pasturing these sheep grew in the Studholme Saddle. To those of us who know the present condition of that saddle with its shingle slides and eroded slopes, it is hard to visualise it as it was then. Over-grazing, burning and rabbits soon ruined the whole of the Kaweka Range. In the early days not only kiwis but wekas also were quite plentiful in all this back country.

The northern slopes of the Kawekas were also grazed up the Mohaka. There was a "frame" hut erected at the Mangatutu River for the use of the shepherds, and the "old timers" still call that stream the Frame Creek or simply, The Frame. The sheep were grazed up to and beyond the Makino Stream.

Later on, a graded track was put in to the Hot Springs. This track first went from Puketitiri over Ferny Ridge and continued as a 12-foot track to the "Frame" or Mangatutu. From there on it was continued as a 6-foot track right in to the Springs. It was hoped to have a Government Sanatorium erected at the Springs, and this track was to be the forerunner of a road for vehicular traffic. This idea still persisted up to 25 years ago - since when it has faded out. But the old graded track is still there except where slips and washouts have obliterated it.

Mangawhare Station must have been one of the biggest of the old time stations, as its boundary extended to Hawkston boundary and later on right up on to the Kawekas when the boundary fence ran right up and over the top of the range. In those days Mangawhare included Waiwhare and extended right over into the McIntosh country and up and beyond the Studholme and Kiwi Saddles.

It is interesting to know that the Blowhards were then covered with fern and tussock only and were looked on as good open sheep country, as was also the McIntosh and indeed all the "foothill" country in the Tutaekuri Basin. It was the same old story of mismanagement and misunderstandings, with over-grazing and repeated burnings plus rabbits putting an end to tens of thousands of acres of pastoral land.

The rabbits soon proved a deadly pest to the back country, and huts were erected along the ranges from which poison gangs could operate with poisoned pollard, etc. A hut was put up by the Rabbit Board at the Studholme Saddle, one at the Kiwi Saddle and one on the McIntosh. These were all malthoid huts. Castle Rock Hut was erected on Castle Rock Flat, threequarters of a mile from the Kuripapango Lakes and out towards the Tutaekuri. From here a good horse track ran down into and across the Tutaekuri River and so on to the McIntosh Hut and then out to Puketitiri. This was a horse track quite frequently used by the rabbiters.

The rabbits were in their thousands even up on the tops and right into the edge of the bush. Horses were taken up to the Kiwi Saddle Hut by "The Lakes Spur", what we call the "Government Spur". But as a rule the rabbiters who occupied this hut carried their blankets and provisions and their poison etc. on their own backs. They used to walk down to the Kuripapango Store to replenish their supplies of flour, sugar etc. - a 50 lb. bag of flour, a bag of sugar and everything else they required had to be swagged in. I was told they could go down from the Hut to the Hotel in 1½ hours, but they took a lot longer on the return journey.

On one occasion the gang were snowbound in the Kiwi Saddle hut for a whole week and ran out of tucker. They got out of the hut by climbing up the chimney. On that occasion it took them 8 hours to get down to the Kuripapango Hotel. We can assume that a good time was had by all when they hit that delectable spot.

In this attempted control of the rabbit pest, the Main Divide was patrolled from Woodville to Waiouru. Some of the huts or hut sites are still known and used by trampers.

D.A. BATHGATE.

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EXTRACTS FROM THE MINUTES OF AN F.M.C. MEETING HELD ON OCT. 30th, 1954.

Hillary-Lowe Everest Fund: The chairman reported that the sub-committee had recommended that the fund be wound up and the matter placed in the hands of the Trustees. Receipt books were being called in and any person holding a receipt book or any moneys should forward them to the Secretary.

National Parks: Mr. Syme, the Federation's Representative on the National Parks Authority, reported on the meeting of the Authority held on the 22nd. September 1954.

It was noted that a 1000-acre reserve, known as the Hapuakorari Maori Reserve, in the Tararua State Forest, existed in the vicinity of the Oriwa Trig station, but had never been clearly defined or surveyed. The Tararua State Forest Working Plan was to be amended and in the meantime, no hut, building or other rights in that vicinity would be granted.

It was proposed to proceed with the Museum and Alpine Garden at Tongariro National Park in the vicinity of the Chateau. It had been suggested that a more suitable site would be higher up the mountain as the vicinity of the Chateau did not lend itself to the establishment of an alpine garden. It was however, the intention of the Board to prepare a small experimental plot meantime.

Matters concerning the Mt. Cook National Park which were discussed by the Authority included further protection for bush hawks, a campaign against Chamois and Thar next season, the establishment of a motor camp, tree planting, repairs to certain bridges and the future control of high level Tourist Dept. huts. Access track from Ball Hut to the Tasman Glacier and flood dangers from Sawyers Creek was also discussed.

Referring to the Fiordland National Park, Mr. Syme said that after discussions with the N.Z. Forest Service the Authority had agreed to the inclusion of 124,000 acres of State Forest land in the Park. The tracks in to the Waiau River from the main highway between Manapouri and Te Anau were in need of repair and it was agreed that this should be carried out.

Safety in the Mountains Campaign: The big job in hand at present, said Mr. Bridge reporting on the progress to date, was the production of the three safety films. The rock climbing film was completed but it was found necessary to make some modification to it. It should be available early in the New Year. The bushcraft film, of some 4,000 feet in length, was shot in the Tararuas recently and should be ready for showing by April of next year. The snowcraft film would be produced later in the year with the assistance of Mr. Bowie at the Hermitage.

Ball Hut - increase in tariff rates: A letter from the Tourist and Publicity Dept. advises that in future the charges for the use of Ball Hut would be 30/- per day.

It was considered that from a safety angle the Department should be asked to reconsider this matter.

It was moved that Mr. A.P. Thomson be asked to discuss the matter further with Mr. Marshall, General Manager Tourist and Publicity Department.

Sales Tax, Rucsacs: It was reported that the Comptroller of Customs had been approached with a view to having sales tax removed from rucsacs and it had been suggested that the Federation make similar application. Although sales tax was removed from almost all sports equipment, rucsacs were omitted because of their classification.

It was moved that a letter be sent to the Comptroller of Customs urging that rucsacs be reclassified and removed from the list of taxable items.

Nature Protection Council of N.Z.: Mr. B.D.A. Greig, the Federation's representative on the Nature Protection Council, submitted a report on the proposal by the Council to have formed a trust for the

reservation and care of special natural features, such as waterfalls, rock formations, and outstanding patches of bush or coast, comparable with the proposed natural trust for historic places and buildings. Though the Federation was directly concerned mainly with National Parks and mountains or back-country scenic reserves, continued the report, it did have a community of interest with those seeking the creation of a trust for those other special features and would therefore recommend that the Federation support the proposal for such a trust, particularly in view of the undoubted practical advantage of having a separate dedicated Trust Fund which would attract general or specific donations and encourage people owning any such features to hand them over to the Trust for reservation and care in perpetuity.

It was moved that the Federation support the proposal for such a trust.

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CYANIDE IN HUTS.

The F.M.C. have issued the following warning:

Cyanide, which is often used by trappers, is on occasion found in huts. In appearance it is similar to salt, and could also be mistaken for sugar, although it has the smell of bitter almonds. Clubs should warn their members to be very cautious in using salt or sugar which they may find left in a hut, and if any doubt exists as to the contents of any container it should be destroyed immediately.

The rapidity of death is the outstanding feature of cyanide poisoning. Death in some cases appears to be immediate but it is believed that the average period may be taken as about two to ten minutes.

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CRUSADERS : NAPIER BOYS' HIGH SCHOOL.

A visit to the Kaweka Hut in preparation for the trial search showed that two Napier parties had just previously visited the Kawekas, the second of which made the trig in a day trip. As this is an unusual feat their times will be of interest. Leaving Napier at 4 am., they took 3 hours to reach the hut from the road, but in spite of this were at the trig by 12.30, returning for a boil up and leaving for the road at 5.30. Contact has been made with this group, who are evidently goers. Their Sundays are occupied, but they are anxious to get into the Ruahines for day trips, preferably on Saturdays. The club should seriously consider what can be done in this direction to assist them.

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FOOD REQUIREMENTS.

Talking of food (?), the Wanganui Tramping Club have produced a most efficient list of food requirements worked out in tablespoons per person per day; while the November issue of the "Tararua Trumper" has worked out the caloric value of food likely to be taken on a Christmas trip in the Southern Alps. Both these bulletins may be borrowed from the Secretary.

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CLUB TRIPS

No. 485.

Kiwi Hut

August 21-22nd

As we approached the top of 4100' on our way to the Kiwi Hut, the good sun shone down upon us, the cloud was riding high, and all in all an excellent week-end was before us. We paused atop one of the knobs along Kiwi Ridge, and placed our packs upon a large drift of snow to take in the surrounding countryside, so different to what one beholds from an office window in the town. Our gaze wandered over Ngauruhoe erupting well in the west, and finally took in the last snow slope, prior to reaching Kiwi Hut. We swung our packs up and were away, thinking of that cup of tea, the first for the day, it being then about 2 o'clock. There was little appreciation of the dangers ahead on this snow slope as we climbed, but it was not long before they made themselves felt very severely by two members of our party. You will read about it in the accident report published in this issue. In due course the patients were treated for shock, had their wounds bandaged, and were being fortified with strong tea and sugar. After we put them to bed we duly carried out our original intention of repairing the bunks with sacks, needles, clouts and twine, which we had brought in for the purpose.

Needless to say, on the return trip out to the road, great care was exercised when the party was traversing the scene of the previous day's accident. Many were the helpful comments and criticisms passed, unfortunately too late for much use.

No. in party :9.

Leader: Derek Conway

Helen Hill, Edna Ansell, Peter Wood, Ian Phelps, Laurie Kennv,
Hal Christian, Doug Napier, Ray Thomas.

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Double Accident on S.Kaweka Range. 21 August, 1954

A club party of 9 were going to Kiwi Saddle Hut on a hut maintenance job, intending to continue round to the head of the Tutaekuri to the Kaweka Hut on Sunday. Snow was going after a couple of heavy falls. From Hastings most of Sunday's route was visible and snow was discontinuous. Saturday's route was not visible from Hastings but is lower and had been reported on by a party on the Inland Patea road since the last snowfall.

Equipment was discussed at the club meeting and ice axes were specifically mentioned. It was agreed with the leader that they would be unnecessary as snow appeared continuous only above 5,000' to the north. The highest point on Saturday was 4594', on Sunday Kaiarahi (4915'). The leader had had several years' experience of snow conditions not only in the local ranges but also on Ruapehu, Egmont and in Otago. Another of the party had climbed 3 seasons at the Hermitage.

There was a heavy frost on Saturday morning. A party at the

Kaweka Hut experienced heavy sleety rain on Friday night preceding a hard frost, but this was not known to the club party.

The route follows an old musterer's track along the ridge partly through bush. The final summit has been burnt and grazed and here the pumice soil has washed out into awkward 5-6 foot hummocks with scrub on top and clayey hollows between, the usual route sidling through these.

A few drifts of soft snow were met along the ridge, only the final slope was under more or less continuous snow with scrub showing. This faces E.S.E., and at 2 p.m. was just losing the sun.

The party went up the slope in three groups but, owing to the hummocks, not in sight of the others. Near the top the first group started to sidle to the right, the usual route onto the ridge. The leading man, a young farmer wearing army boots with toe and heel plates, slipped and slid 200 feet down a snow chute, somersaulting over a bluff. After his pack broke free he was able to stop himself, and though shaken and considerably grazed and cut assisted in the search for his pack.

The leader who was at the back heard the second man shout and saw the pack go down. Half the party went down to the fallen man and the leader told the remaining four to go on to the hut. One of these was the member with most alpine experience.

They had not seen the accident either and were not clear as to how it had happened but bore further to the left to avoid the spot. In this way they came to a similar clay hollow filled with hard snow and facing S.E. The first three scrambled up onto the hummocks which were rough going but not dangerous; the fourth started to sidle, tried to turn, slipped and slid down some 40 feet, when she hit a rock and started to roll, coming to rest in some tussock just before a steep rocky drop. She was also considerably cut and skinned.

There was no further difficulty, once the dangerous state of the clay washouts was realized, in getting to the top and down the sunny face to the hut where first aid was given and the casualties were put into sleeping bags and treated for shock. Next morning the leader decided against attempting the round trip and no trouble was experienced coming out, the face getting the morning sun.

In discussion on the leader's report by the committee the following points were made:-

- (1) Ice axes should have been taken, even if only to give new members an opportunity to learn to use them.
- (2) Inexperience of snow conditions. Although pretty well all the party had been on snow before, the sudden change in snow conditions at such a low altitude was completely unexpected. A very similar accident occurred in 1947, also in the Kawekas, at 3500 feet. The dangers of snow should be emphasized in talks at club meetings.
- (3) Control of parties, particularly on familiar routes is difficult. In this case a young, fit and comparatively inexperienced lad was in the lead at the time of the accident. The practice of having experienced persons at front and rear should be more generally observed.
- (4) Equipment. The danger of heel and toe plates should be emphasized (though in the case of the second accident the girl

was wearing new clinkered boots). It is difficult to expect a country member who only gets out occasionally to be fully equipped. (5) The second accident happened through NOT following the footsteps of a more experienced leader, and trying to go what looked an easier way. Again this points to the necessity of an experienced leader in difficult places and the following of that leader by the rest of the party.

(6) Further action. It was agreed that a copy of this report be sent to the accidents sub-committee of the F.M.C. and a summary published in the club bulletin. Also that short talks on matters affecting the safety and well-being of parties be given regularly at club meetings.

There was however general agreement that correct practices can only be learnt on trips. Leaders should not take it for granted that newcomers will automatically learn to do things the right way, but be prepared to advise and instruct where this can be done.

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No. 486.

Three Johns

Sept. 5th

As there was much to be done, we made an early start, arriving at McCulloch's at about 8 o'clock. Just by way of a change, we decided to approach Three Johns by the ridge rather than the usual river course, and 8.30 saw us off up the formed track opposite the mill. A steady but pleasant climb, through bush in the early stages, and tussock higher up, found us atop Three Johns at about 12 noon. Far below we could make out the truck canopy as a tiny red speck on the riverbed. The howling wind, bitterly cold, banished anyone's thoughts of lingering, so we merely took a quick look around and then headed down the other side,

From the saddle, four went down to Waikamaka to make sure that there still is a roof there to paint, while the remainder dropped down into the Waipawa for a boil-up. A sign of their passing was several massive snowballs, six or eight feet high, which we came across on our way out from the hut. The river itself had been recently scoured out by a real old man flood, evidenced by the debris and rocks, perched high in the trees along the banks. A rapid descent was made, aided by heavy snow below the Waipawa Saddle in place of the usual leatherwood, and we were away by 5.30.

No. in party: 10

Leader Alan Berry

Edna Ansell, Pat Bolt, John Mitchel, Robin Fargher, Jack Landman, Doug Napier, Philip Bavens, Peter Wood, Norm Elder, Alan Berry.

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No. 487.

Makororo Bushcraft

Sept. 18-19th.

The party that turned out to be initiated in the ways of the

woods was disappointingly small, considering the value that can attach to a sound knowledge of elementary bushcraft. For those that did however, the weekend turned out to be very enjoyable as well as educational.

The ridge overlooking the river provided an excellent viewpoint for a course in the transplanting of scenery on to the map, although the main range was partly hidden by cloud. The remainder of the morning was spent in mastering the art of pitching a tent that will not blow down. With recollections of various trips in mind, we all took note, and found that it is merely a matter of finding trees big enough to hold the tent up, and logs heavy enough to weigh it down.

Some time, some considerable time, was devoted to a demonstration on how to light a fire of green beech in "someone else's plate". Norm's effort with a stump of candle illustrated another standard method. The calories per minute being given off by the two fires were about the same at the time they were combined to serve a more appetising purpose. Later in the afternoon, Wally instructed us on the right and wrong ways of crossing rivers. The Makororo was up a bit, and literally added extra force to Wally's advice.

Much of Sunday was spent on the Pohatuhaha Ridge. A spur leading up from the river just above Colenso's provided good open going right to the crest of the ridge. The weather was pretty thick, so after a quick snack, we headed off down the ridge, striking the river a short way above our camp. After the usual, we made our leisurely way out to the woolshed, and were home in good time.

No. in party: 9.

Leader: W. Romanes

A. Romanes, Alan Berry, Peter Wood, Norm & Kath Elder, Edna Ansell, John Mitchel, Dick Caldwell, Laurie Cantwell.

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No. 488

Discing Government Spur

Oct. 3rd

A large party left Holt's at 6.15 a.m. and proceeded to Mill Farm in the truck and Rex Chaplin's car. We had a look at a logging road which went off down over the Moorcock Stream and up to the top of the ridge directly across the TukiTuki from Government Spur. However we could not cross the Moorcock so returned to the farm and proceeded up the Tuki Tuki the normal way. It was 10.30 by the time we got to the foot of Government Spur so we boiled up and had lunch before starting the discing. We were already running late and were further slowed up by a patch of second growth on the ridge so that by 2.30 we had to turn back without finishing the job. However the track as far as we went is well disced, back-disced and cleared.

No. in Party: 15

Leader: Rex Evans

Norm Elder, Rex Evans, Rex Chaplin, Laurie Kenny, Rev Thomas, Tom Oosterdyk, Jack Landman, Dr. Bathgate, Doug Reid, Susanne Neufeld, Edna Ansell, Pat Williams, Pat Bolt, Kath Elder, Miss Garnett.

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No. 489.

T R I A L S E A R C H

Oct. 16-17th

Imagine a capital E about a mile long made of rock and rubble. That is the general shape of the Cook's Horn Basin. It is rough enough to be interesting - the peak in the upper angle is close on 4,700 feet - and at the same time small enough - say 500 acres - to be covered pretty thoroughly on one trip. Also there is the Kaweka Hut pretty well exactly in the middle, for a base. The Heretaunga Tramping Club wanted to run a small practice search - the Cook's Horn Basin seemed just right for it.

Searches and trial searches are in the bones of this club. An unsuccessful search in 1935 led to its foundation, and it may be called a foundation member of the present S.A.R. organization. At least in 1948, just about when the war-time S.A.R. - Sea Air Rescue - was extending to land operations and changing its name to "Search and Rescue", parties from this club demonstrated the part that small ground parties could play when the weather held the rest of a big search up.

But we haven't held a trial search for some time, and when we became involved in the official Safety in the Mountains campaign, we felt that safety, like charity, began at home. The idea of lecturing adventurous beginners on safety first went rather against the grain, and it seemed far better to give our own enthusiasts a run in a controlled operation where they would do most of their learning for themselves - and there is always plenty to learn.

Searching is not just one big game of hide and seek as you might think. It is more like a battle of wits. The missing party is thinking hard how to get out, the searchers are thinking hard how to find them, and the pattern of the country forces both into making the same kind of moves. A search is essentially thinking out the probable moves of a party in trouble and making counter-moves. To carry these out you must have competent searchers, and there are never enough of these. Those who use the ranges are like those who use the sea - in times of trouble there is the same instinctive sense of brotherhood and for much the same reasons. If there's any mishap in country that you know you feel personally involved and unhappy, until you are doing something about it. It doesn't matter who's in trouble or what foolishness got him into it. That can be argued about afterwards. Your job is to get him out of it.

If it is a matter of life and death there is never a lack of volunteers, the trouble is always to pick the competent volunteers. This is where organized groups play a part, in Hawke's Bay the Heretaunga Tramping Club, the Tamaki Tramping Club, the Deerstalkers' Association, and the Radio Emergency Corps. They know what their people can do. For the job must be done systematically. You may cover a lot of country but if you can't explain where you've been you might just as well have stayed at home. The only safe thing to do then is to send out another party to go up the spur you were supposed to have gone up as you "might have gone up the next one". That is how searches can break down, leaving gaps that are only closed when it is too late.

A search in the ranges isn't like looking for a needle in a haystack. First you look for clues on the obvious routes which will narrow the search down to a limited area. Here you cover the less likely routes that a lost party might take, finally you might make a sweep of a particular gully.

All this cannot be done in a week-end, but we went through the elements of it. This was a 'club search'. We do not expect our members to get lost, and usually we act on a request from the police to look for others, but for the purposes of this exercise two of our people went in ~~very~~ ahead, to be reported overdue.

The following morning search and radio teams went into the hut in the middle of the basin and were in radio contact with their base in Napier about noon. The basin was divided into sectors and the main ridges and streams traversed for clues. As I have said the basin is in the form of the letter E, and meantime a light-weight radio was being installed above the bushline on the central bar of the E from which there was a view of almost the whole basin.

Shortly after two o'clock a recently used fireplace was found. This was strictly in order, but the search nearly came to an untimely end when the searchers, leaving their beat and making a beeline back to the radio to report, came across an unoccupied tent. This was not according to schedule but the search controller shrewdly decided to assume that the missing party had met with an accident away from their base camp and complete the reconnaissance before switching his parties to the intensive search which the evidence called for. Towards sunset a sealed envelope left at the search base in Havelock was opened, giving a message as from an aeroplane sighting smoke on a map reference which pin-pointed the tent. Sunday's operation was obvious. A concentrated sweep from the fireplace to the tent soon came upon the missing party enjoying a late breakfast in a sunny corner.

Their first action after welcoming their rescuers and putting the billy on again was to present a couple of envelopes containing formidable lists of injuries. A runner was sent out and shortly afterwards the advanced radio party arrived and set up shop on the spot.

While a stretcher was being constructed, splints cut and a support party guided in by smoke to assist with the carrying, each party heard the other's story with a good deal of hilarity.

The missing party had had their problems. After pitching their tent on the Friday the sky looked so black that they preferred to stay the night in the hut. Just as well, for there was an unexpected fall of snow in the evening, but the position was not so good in the morning. With a couple of inches of fresh snow smooth on the ground and every twig loaded, how were they to get away from the hut and reach their hide-out when every footmark was glaringly clear? The snow might just have melted by the time the search parties came in, but it was touch and go and they couldn't risk it.

After some complicated moves a series of false trails were laid away from the hut, the packs, which had been thrown into the bush, retrieved and taken into a pleasant corner on the far creek for a late breakfast. Leaving the fireplace as a clue, they then

worked their way back to the hide-out to find the tent well snowed in, so leaving it to thaw out took their packs over to a patch of sunlight. For some hours all was peaceful and the search seemed to be going according to plan when suddenly voices were heard close at hand. This was the party that found the tent, and unfortunately in the tent was a pair of boots. An intensive search seemed imminent - so somewhat panic-stricken the lost party separated to their accident stations each clutching his little envelope of injuries and holed up till dusk made it safe to return and carry on with the rest of the programme.

The searchers had managed to cover the streams and most of the main ridges on Saturday's reconnaissance. They found the snow almost entirely gone but picked up some of the tracks made by the missing party. It should be explained that the latter were alleged to be botanists - an important point - as botanists have a reputation for taking unpredictable routes in search of the vegetation which lurks in odd corners, so that these wandering tracks were entirely in keeping and aroused no suspicions.

Communications are an important part of any search and essential to a prolonged one. Probably the most valuable part of the exercise was the work of the Radio Emergency Corps. Two lightweight sets, breaking down to 9 lb. components, were used in the basin, one at the hut, the other where it was most wanted. A mains set at Waikonihi Station had a busy time picking up messages to and from the hut and to and from Napier, the radio base. A search base in Havelock North followed the progress of the search and informed the police. We learnt a lot from it, we got a lot of fun out of it, the weather was kind, and we covered the elements of a full scale search.

No. in party: 12

Leader: W. Romanes.

Norm Elder, Kath Elder, Wally Romanes, Helen Hill, Edna Ansell, Ray Thomas, Tom Oosterdyk, Derek Conway, Doug Napier, Ken Thomas, John Mitchel, Jack Landman.

Radio Emergency Corps: Ron Morgan, Maurie Taylor, Jack King, Max Delahave, Mr & Mrs Gilchrist.

Pauline Tvers was search base in Havelock North.

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No. 490

National Park

Oct. 23-25th.

In spite of a 6 o'clock start from Holt's on the Friday night, by the time we had picked up sundry bods and equipment from hither and yon, it was 7.15 before we left Napier. The idea of going across in the club truck did not meet with much enthusiasm, which was perhaps just as well with the roads as they were, so we ended up by making the trip in two cars. One car-load arrived at the Chateau at about 1 a.m., and were just comfortably dosed down when up roared the other half of the convoy. Apparently they had suffered gnawing pangs of hunger at Taupo, and instinct had guided them to the nearest grillroom.

Saturday dawned beautifully clear, and the trip to Mangatepopo Hut was made in bright sunshine. The five-day party was sun-bathing when we arrived, but soon bestirred themselves; and we all turned our eyes and feet towards Ngauruhoe. We approached the mountain from the saddle on the Tongariro side as this face, more or less a 2500' shingle slide, appeared to offer the best escape route (morbid thought). The ash and fine pumice made the last 2000' or so pretty heavy going, but the thought "O'Sullivan could have done it" spurred us on. If you want to know what it feels like to stand on the top of an active volcano, you had better go and try it for yourself, as it cannot be very well described. What we saw can be though. The present crater is shaped like a great bowl, with two vents towards one side at the bottom. From one came a terrific blast of super-heated steam, while the second supplied all the other odds and ends that go to make a successful eruption. The noise was deafening, rising and falling with each burst of activity. In the circumstances it did not take long to satisfy the curiosity of most, and we were soon making a rapid descent down the way we had come.

Sunday had two trips on the menu - Tongariro, or a visit to the latest lava flow. Eight made for Tongariro, just as the mists were beginning to gather in the East. These soon rose, to blot out all the scenery above 5000', and combined with the cold wind, made it a bit miserable on top. After a wee snack, including some much appreciated pineapple from a tin expertly mangled by Les with a sharp rock, (guess why), we headed off back to the hut. The other party's inspection of the lava flow on Ngauruhoe was so thorough, that they had eventually found themselves about 50' from the crater lip. However, the mountain seemed to take rather a dim view of their presence, and discretion prompted them to let it grumble to itself in peace.

The weather back at the Chateau on Sunday night looked pretty gloomy, so we were all pleasantly surprised when Monday morning turned out fine and calm. The three-day party took off up Ruapehu, while the remainder disported themselves on the lower slopes. The mists were beginning to gather as we made the crater edge, but did not prevent us from getting a good view of the crater itself. Steam rising from the lake practically blotted it out, but it had obviously shrunk a lot since our visit last year. Hopes of a closer look at Tahuangi were dashed by the sudden arrival of the usual mist, so after a short spell, we reluctantly retraced our steps down the mountain.

We straggled back to the Chateau in the early afternoon, and crammed all our gear once more into the cars. Soon we were on the long road home, carrying with us memories of a particularly enjoyable weekend at National Park.

Three Day Party (7): Helen Hill, Edna Ansell, Peter Ericson, Laurie Kenny, Dave Williams, Jack Landman, Alan Berry.

Five Day Party (8): Peter Wood, Derek Conway, Rex Evans, Les Turfrev, Hal Christian, Doug Reid, John Mitchell, Marie Valler. (See p. 24)..

No. 49.

Triplex Creek : Old Members' Day

Oct. 31st.

The trip had been put on the fixture list without much thought of the form it was to take - thanks mainly to Les (Mathieson) Lattey the main age groups were notified and a very successful scheme of operations roughed out.

On Saturday afternoon an advance party left Hastings timed to meet a carload from Wellington, but the latter appear to have spent a fine afternoon tour the back roads and weren't sighted, so leaving a note on the car in the approved style we plunged into the wilderness. Triplex is a wilderness, the same cloudburst that wrecked the other rivers has choked the bed with boulders and fallen trees, but one grassy flat was intact, and here we pitched a superior camp.

Towards nightfall a reconnaissance found the Wellington party preparing to crash camp by the car, which Nancy had driven right to the bush edge, and they were soon in camp. Molly caused some consternation by throwing all the carefully laid bedding out of her tent - they certainly train them tough in Wellington!

In the morning a party headed upstream to collect scree plants for the Napier show and locate the new Shut Eye track, but the stream was a shambles and they had to turn at the forks with neither objective reached. Meanwhile guides had gone out and brought the main convoy, under Janet, in. Later the Lattey-Piesse rearguard was collected. The flat was now a seething mass of trampers food and kids - about 40 bobs as nearly as could be tallied. The day was ideal, Sixty-Six still streaked with snow at the head of the valley, reminiscent of past exploits and near at hand rimu bush and clematis full out. All went merrily. The children ran themselves very happily with occasional round-ups when they took to the bush, the Middle East branch nattered and occasionally threw Nora into a convenient pool, the botanists batted, and all ate their way steadily through the food, and slapped at sandflies, fortunately diluted by the acres of skin exposed to them.

Not the least remarkable feature was the opulent transport available, which gave a slightly unreal air to a tramping club outing.

No. in party: 42

Leader: Norm Elder

Janet & Lin Lloyd; Les & Peter Lattey with Miss Lattey, Alison, Rosemary, Catherine & Hugh; Helen & Arch Toop with Brenda, David & Roger; Joan and Clem Smith with Brian; Bill & Anne Lovell-Smith with David; Bernard & Grace Piesse; Les and Marg Holt with Sally & John; Bruce & June Baird with Christine; Norm & Kath Elder, Edna Ansell, Pat Williams, Ray Thomas, Tom Oosterdyk, Grace Dixon, Joyce Stanley, Nora Finn, Molly Molineux, Ezra Bartle, Nancy Tanner, Ron Craig.

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No. 492.

Cairn Trip

Nov. 13-14th

Our annual Cairn trip was at first in danger of being disorganised when the Saturday was chosen for election day; however, we decided that a one o'clock start would cater for the politically conscious among us, and that we could bear not to hear the result till the Sunday night. When we left Hastings we had some difficulty in packing 14 people and packs on the truck, but a heavy hailstorm we passed through at Otamauri showed us just how easily everyone could get under the canopy when they really tried.

We reached Kaweka Hut about 7 p.m. to find a very welcome brew of soup, prepared for us by the advance party of three. It was a still, warm evening, and we sat up late talking and singing. However an early start was called for, and we actually left ten minutes before the scheduled time of 7 a.m. Just before we set off Dick Caldwell arrived, having left Hastings at 3 a.m. in order to come up with us, so we remembered to enquire, "Who got in, anyway?"

We followed a new route to the tops, going straight up the creek to the Cook's Horn Fork, then following a deer track through the bush to open scree and tussock on the tops. From there a steady pace took us to the Cairn just at 11 a.m. Over Hawke's Bay we looked down on a great layer of fluffy white cloud, the edges of which kept drifting up and past us as a discontinuous mist; over to the west Ruapehu stood up blue and white, and Ngauruhoe steamed away with a great white plume. During the day great thunderheads with cauliflower tops and navy blue bases built up, and threw dramatic shadows of blue and purple over the whole landscape.

The Cairn service was simple and impressive, as usual. Perhaps the warm sunshine and the beautiful view made respect and gratitude the keener as the youngest member of our party placed this year's big wreath on the stone under the plaque.

We had a leisurely lunch at the spring on the slope below the Cairn, where a patch of snow attracted the usual glissaders. At 12.30 we reluctantly turned for home; reached Kaweka mid-afternoon, and were out at the road about 5.30. The weather was still fine and warm, and again we had a lively journey home, with some competition between Dutch and English as to who could sing the moisiest and most cheerful songs. Again a trip to be remembered.

No. in party: 18

Leader: Helen Hill.

Edna Ansell, Pat Bolt, Joyce Stanley, Ken Thomas, Susanne Neufeld, Ray Thomas, Tom Oosterdyk, Derek Conway, Grace Dixon, Norm Elder, Kath Elder, Philip Bavens, Els Kiss, Treve Nockels, Jan van Panhuys, Jim Gibbs, Dick Caldwell, Helen Hill.

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NATIONAL PARK TRIP (contd) Five Day Party.

The five day party left Hastings on Wednesday evening and spent the night on the lake shore at Taupo. The next morning they estab-

lished a record by being fed and away within the hour. They reached the Chateau about 11 a.m. but spent most of that day in and around Whakapapa Lodge as it was raining. On Friday they all climbed Ruapehu. Near the crater they ran into Mr Gilchrist and several R.E.C. people. They went round the side of Paretetaitonga from which they could see Egmont. After lunch half of the H.T.C. and one R.E.C. climbed Tahurangi and came back over the top of Paretetaitonga while the other half went up Te Heu Heu.

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LETTERS FROM OVERSEAS

From Pam Dyson (to Norm & Kath Elder).

Hello Both,

I see you have not been able to pinpoint our whereabouts. You will no doubt find marked Lesser Slave Lake. High Prairie is about 30 miles west of the most westerly part of the lake. We are 180 miles east of Grande Prairie, a little over 200 miles north of Edmonton. Alaska is some 1000 odd miles north of here - quite a little step. Long distances don't mean nearly as much here though as at home. Last month - or rather July, we covered nearly 3000 miles. It was a lot to take in all at one go but we'll soon have the opportunity of digesting a large portion of that at our leisure. We're bound for Nanaimo - Vancouver Island, on the 12th of this month. I think in my last note I told you only of our trip down South - Alberta. The last two weeks of the month we spent in B.C. The route from here led west from Grande Prairie then north to Dawson Creek where the Asaska highway begins. From there we cut down into B.C. and made due south gradually weaving our way through the mountains. I had no idea B.C. was so vastly different to Alberta - and as far as that goes, Canada on the whole. The way took us eventually through the Frazer canyon. Have you seen it? The mountains on either side are much different to the Rockies. They look and must be of softer material. The people we were travelling with were typical prairie folk and were scared stiff of the heights even though the roads and views were excellent. When only a few miles from the Border we struck out west again and finally stopped at Abbotsford. Dot and I stayed there for four days and during that time managed a trip out into the heart of the mountains to an area of lakes and hot springs, a couple of jaunts down over the border to Birch Bay, Washington, and finally a tour of Vancouver city. Next we hopped across to the Island where we stayed with some of Dot's relations in Nanaimo. We fell for the Island at first sight and our liking increased the more we saw. The weather was the best and that does go a long way in bringing out the beauty of a place. Victoria I think is a lovely city. We were taken to our first game of La Crosse and were told it was originally an Indian game. We also went to our first drive in theatre. They're much more enjoyable than the indoor films. Another interesting trip was a conducted tour of a timber mill and its bush. The main object is the

same as our mills at home but there are slightly different methods. They use water wherever they can for storage and transportation and it was fascinating to watch the men out on the logs poling them to their correct sections. The holiday there ended all too soon and we had to set out on the return journey. This was in the main exactly the same route as on the trip out except for the canyon. We went further east and then north through the Okanagan valley. It was an absolute picture of ripe fruit and grain. Since we've been back we've managed several trips out to Grouard on Slave Lake for some very successful fishing. Pickrel, Perch and Jacks are the catch and oddly enough all fishing is done with a rod. An ordinary line is simply scorned. I'm sending with this a few pictures taken at various stages. I'm very disappointed with the printing of the snaps I took of the mountains. The negs are good but no care is taken in the printing so I haven't bothered getting any reprints. The ones I picked out for you are mainly for general interest only.....

A Week-end in Wales
(Extract from Hugh Elder's Diary)

This is intended to chronicle a Weekend in Wales. As a sort of background, may I mention that the Snowdon area is a long way from London, which makes it awkward to get to for a weekend as either you travel on Friday night and get there very late or you leave on Saturday morning and spend the day in travel. I took the middle course, and went overnight by a series of trains and by what might appear a roundabout route, across the Midlands to Crewe, (changing trains at Crewe has to be experienced to be believed - it combines the worst features of Paekak. & Palmerston North stations but is much larger, and the town is no better than the station), on to Chester and around the coast to Llandudno, before branching off inland up the Vale of Conway to Bettws-v-Coed.

Like many crazy things the trip started with a Twentieth Century Group hop at the Overseas League which I left shortly after 10 to catch a train, carrying a 35 lb pack. As I was going to a hop I wore sports clothes - as I was travelling half across England I didn't take boots - and just in case we struck a fine night and a chance to sleep out I carried a tent, primus and full camping gear. Boots would have been a better bargain!

It was quite a reasonable trip as train trips go, though cramped by the lack of leg room and disturbed by the usual train noises. We left Euston at 10.45 p.m. and hit Crewe just over 3 hours later, about half of it dozing. At Crewe it was necessary to change trains, the usual procedure of groping your way out onto a station platform and finding life going on as usual in an impossibly early-morning sort of way. Bought half a dozen cheese and tomato sandwiches for want of better nourishment (the cheese was grated!) and spent the rest of the trip dozing and (when awakened) nibbling sandwiches and trying not to spill the cheese - though it wasn't really edible. We stopped for a couple of years at Chester where a fast boat train for Holyhead sailed past us and on past the Dee Estuary and along the north coast of Wales with the sky beginning to lighten and views

of grey sea and as it grew lighter Caravan parks where people go and herd together for a fortnight away from it all! At last about 4.30 we reached Llandudno Junction and changed to a local train (for "we" read "me and my pack", which was nearly my size) which after a long wait decided it was far enough behind schedule and left for the interior of Wales. By this stage the sky was flaming orange and hope of sleep pretty well gone, so I studied the Penguin Guide and discovered that this was the Vale of Conway, and Very Historic. The area was one of the Welsh centres of resistance in the time of Richard the something, and still looks unscathed in spite of roads, railways and electric power.

We chugged slowly up the valley, stopping at all stations and arrived at Bettws-y-Coed dead on time (the Welsh are more realists in their design of timetables than I had thought). By now we were getting into the hills and the cloud, and it had started to rain: squally weather, easing off for a few minutes and then coming down in a solid shower and then repeating the cycle. It was just after 5.30 when I arrived at Bettws, and the station porter thought I was quite mad starting off on the 5 mile walk to Capel Curig, where any sane soul would have waited for the bus at 7. So, I suppose, one would!

Leaving Bettws-y-Coed on the main west road to Holyhead every house bears "Rooms to Let" signs, or "Teas". The national industry seems to be to sit with the kettle on the boil in case some visiting tourist comes in for a cuppa! And so on, alongside a small tributary of the Conway, running much as an N.Z. stream on a firm rock bottom in beech forest - or is it beech? English beech by the way is much broader-leaved than the N.Z. variety, and in spring at least a much lighter green.

The mile posts gave all the distances to and from, and all the distances to Capel Curig were 5 furlongs over the mile. After about 4 miles we came into the hamlet of Tyn-y-Coed which is really an outlier of Capel Curig, its main claim to fame (for me) being the pub where we stopped for dinner when I climbed Snowdon with the Tomkinsons a few months ago.

I have not put in all the oohs and ahs about scenery. The landscape over here is much finer in detail than the N.Z. countryside, and due to both rolling ground and the national weather it is seldom that one sees any distance, even from the famous viewpoints. These two factors make for a permanence that we do not seem to have in the lived-in landscape in N.Z., varied only by the season which produces very marked changes.

The "cultivated" look about every square inch - drystone (slate) walling, tidy cottages (occasionally) and even the roads, all of any importance sealed, gives the place the Olde-Worlde picture so raved about by visitors from the Yob Countries (I hope we tread on no corns) and described by millions of worthier pens and picture - postcards.

And so to the Plas Curig Youth Hostel, where a bearded Hut Warden, looking more like a caricature of my late Housemaster than any mortal soul should at 7.10 a.m. on a wet Saturday - glared a welcome, explaining that nobody rose until 7.30.

Mona and Ellie, ex C.U.C., were in residence having hitch-hiked up from Oswestry in some ridiculously short time and (after a shave) breakfast arrived with real milk and eggs bought locally, and by 10 (kicking-out time) all chores were done and we were out on the not-very-promising road.

A pause at the local shop where we were rather handicapped by not knowing the Welsh for "strawberry jam", and we proceeded along the road to Lake Ogwen, and soon a large articulated truck stopped and picked us up.

After 6 months in London I was not used to shorts, but am informed they are quite the done thing in Wales and have priority with all motorists giving lifts - so hiking is really synonymous with "hitch".

So we dropped off again at the foot of the rocks below Trvfan (pronounced "trivven") which we proceeded to climb. Ver takes the tracks or ver takes the rocks according to choice, and there is a wide variety of in-betweens. We selected one which combined perfect safety with a low rate of exertion and sufficient interest to remind us of the textbook days on Castle Rock with the C.U.C.T.C. when people climbed all sorts of silly slopes to see if they could get up them, although I climb might be better described as a walk.

And so to the top, where there was a keen wind and cold and some dozen other climbers, with more on the ridge ahead to the Glyders, and we rested and scaled the twin summit rocks. It is said you can jump from one to t'other - not in a crosswind, thanks! An entertaining interlude watching climbers (sans rope) descending cliffs for a blown-away hat. In the process they found another.

Next we proceeded along the ridge to find a point to drop off. Cloud lifted a bit for us and we had some view, but it was too windy to dally or to fish out maps. We kept on moving. I was a mug and carried Elly a few yards, discovering in the process that the Shropshire food agrees with her...

And so back to the Youth Hostel, and it being Saturday adjournment to the local pub and so back to bed and very sound sleep.

I omitted to mention a shop selling locally-made woollen goods - mainly off the looms at Llangollen, but an interesting selection for all that - very warm shawls etc.etc. I settled for a tie, duly passed as fit to wear by the rest of the party.

On Sunday up all too early to the tune of a deafening bell, and after the morning chores out once more into the climate, again windy, but less threat of rain (which had ceased in the middle of Saturday morning).

We staggered down to Tyn-y-Coed with our packs and left them in a friendly garage while we went to have a look at Moel Siabod ("promounced "Mole shabbad") which is a hill you can climb in a short time. Mona had got a Sunday Times and our progress was slow, through larch plantation and up grass beside a small stream which burst into several waterfalls.

We lunched in the lee of a stone wall by a lake, and as we had little time and the top was blown, beat it downhill past a flooded slate quarry (disused) to Tyn-y-Coed again.

On the way down we met a party coming up. "Steve", the Hostel

Warden, runs a climbing school of²⁹ about 8 at a time for a week or so, teaching the rudiments of navigation, knots and all the rest of it - I don't think he goes deeply into the technicalities of climbing, but rather more the flavour of its title "hillcraft".

Next problem was to get home. Wales observes its Sabbath, having numbers of churches (& of course singing) and no buses or trains except coach parties "oop for the day" from Lancashire, so it was necessary to hitchhike down to Blandudno. This was little trouble & I did it in two laps. Mona and Elly somewhere behind returning to Shropshire - doubtless they had plenty of offers.

And so home by train, a long way.

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Letter from Norway (Meg. Tomkinson)

Over in Norway for about 2 weeks. Magnificent scenery - very rocky, mountains blue, blue fjords. We spent a few days in Jotunheimen, (home of giants) and tried to climb one 8000 fter but were beclouded at 7000 ft and as we had no compass decided to go back - T'was quite a precipitous scramble and we used the rope a bit and finally got back to our hotel about 10 p.m! We're staying almost 'en famille' in a tiny wee pensionat miles from anywhere but nearest Andalsnes. People v. friendly, but a lot speak no English!

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PRIVATE TRIPS.

Waikamaka Hut.

26-27th October

Just after Labour Day we went in to collect the high country plants for the Napier Museum display. On the way in we marked down suitable stuff and surprised ourselves by reaching the hut in 3½ hrs! travelling time. Tracks of a large party carrying ice axes turned out to be those of an M.T.C. Labour Day party 20 strong. Snow on Sunday appeared to have cramped their programme, so they had cut an enormous stack of firewood. There are now 912 names in the log book - a feature being the number of outside clubs visiting it. Checked up on jobs for the November working parties and did some makeshift repairs.

It is pleasant to be able to record that using split green timber the fire went perfectly and there was no smoke problem.

We started collecting on the way out - the Waikamaka is completely unaffected by flood damage - dumping our packs in the saddle and climbing 67 for a good haul of scree and tussock plants. We were in mist right up to the top, where it broke giving a magnificent view of 66, still streaked with deep drifts of snow. Some very surprised deer bolted across a snow drift after which we had the place to ourselves.

In spite of the Tongue and Meat peg 67 is still in position. The day improved and we collected and sunbathed till hunger drove us back to our packs for a boil up.

The return was hard slogging with heavy loads of plants and

some local visiting preparing the ground for the Triplex trip got us home late in the evening.

Norm & Kath Elder.

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There have been various other private trips. One party finished discing Government Spur. Incidentally, a party of Kiwis led by Norm also disced Rosvall's. There was a trip to Pakatutu and another up Colenso's Spur round by Maropea and down Gold Creek. Also a party of 2 got bushed for a while at the bottom of the shingle slide coming out from Kiwi. (Hut & Track Committee please note!)

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S O C I A L N E W S

Marriage : Valerie Doig to Peter Smith.

Engagement: Stan Woon to Kathleen Smith.

Angus Russell has had quite a spell in hospital but is now well on the way to recovery.

Ken Thomas is back from Ardmore.

Letters from Pam Dyson (Canada), Hugh Elder (England) and Meg Tomkinson (Norway) are printed elsewhere in this bulletin.

Buckingham Palace crops up again in our news. George manages to alternate visits there very nicely with trips to the tops of the Himalaya. This time he went to receive the C.B.E.

Our congratulations to Norm Elder on the award of the Loder Cup in recognition to his services to New Zealand Botany.

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C L U B E V E N I N G S .

We have had various film evenings. At the meeting prior to the old members' trip Arch Toop showed us movie films of club trips taken away back in the days before the war.

At a recent evening Grace Dixon produced coloured slides of Fiji, Tonga, Samoa and various parts of New Zealand.

In between Norm gave a short talk on the duties of a party to the leader and Wally discoursed on food.

A party of about 12 celebrated Guy Fawkes on the beach at East Clive. When the main bonfire burned down they collected more piles of driftwood and lit a series of fires for about 100 yards along the beach. It was most spectacular. Then they cooked their supper in the embers of the first.

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OBITUARY: Lan Phelps.

The death of Lan Phelps, Edna Ansell's nephew, in a motor-cycling accident, was a shock to those who had known him and tramped with him. While he was living up at Kereru he couldn't get out on trips much, and even when he got a job in Napier we didn't see much more of him as he seemed to be spending most of his week-ends working on the farm.

He was a goer, living every minute of his time and obviously delighting in it.

As a tramper he had a good eye for country and was one of the people we were looking to for the future. One's first impression was of a merry lad, light on his feet and tireless over rough going, but there was more to him than that. I realized it when I was running him home after his crash in the Kawekas. It had shaken him quite a bit, but the whole trip he was utterly absorbed in examining aerial photographs of the Wakararas and never said a word. He had what it takes to make a tramper and that means something.

N.L.B.

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PRESENTATION TO LIBRARY:

Our thanks to Betty Lowe who has presented the Club with a copy of "Mountain World". This contains accounts of exploration and mountain climbing in various countries, including Greenland and South America. Of particular interest to us is the full account of the Swiss attempt on Everest.

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HIRE OF CLUB GEAR:

At the last committee meeting it was decided to double all charges except for tents. Also, if any club gear is damaged or lost while it is hired out, the person concerned "shall be liable for the whole or part of the cost of repair or replacement at the discretion of the committee".

There has been an addition to club gear in the form of a parka presented by Alan Berry. A pair of (old) boots size 9, has been bought.

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NEW MEMBERS:

We welcome to the Club Hal Christian, Maurice Taylor (H.V.T.C.), and Joan Craigie (absentee).

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NEWS OF GEORGE:

George is still in England, busy lecturing on the Baruntse Expedition. He addresses the Royal Geographical Society on Dec. 13th, and is to appear on two T.V. programmes. He and Ed are also writing a book on the same subject.

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FIXTURE LIST.

For information regarding trips, ring Hastings 9-270 R.

<u>Date:</u>	<u>Trip:</u>	<u>Leader:</u>
Jan. 23rd.	<u>Tukaki River.</u> River crossing instruction.	Janet Lloyd.
Feb. 5th-6th.	<u>Kuripapango:</u> The Lakes.	Tom Oosterdyk.
Feb. 20th.	<u>Gardner's Mill:</u> Trig K, Makaroro R.	John Mitchel.
Mar. 5th-6th.	<u>Matthew's,</u> Golden Crown, Herrick's Spur.	Helen Hill.
Mar. 20th.	<u>Black Ridge,</u> Ohuinga (5530').	Rex Evans.
Easter:	<u>Te Atua Mahuru,</u> Puketarata, Mokai Patea,	
April 8th-11th.	<u>Waikamaka Hut.</u>	Derek Conway.
April 17th.	<u>Blowhard,</u> Boar Hill - Donald R. junction.	Ian Stirling.
April 30-May 1st.	<u>Makahu Stream,</u> Dick's Spur, <u>Northern Kaweka.</u>	Norm Elder.

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SUBSCRIPTIONS:

These are now due. Remember that you save £/- by paying up before the end of December.

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1955:

The first meeting of 1955 will be held on Jan. 20th, at 7.30 p.m.

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