

HERETAUNGA TRAMPING CLUB (INC.)

" P O H O K U R A "

Bulletin No. 69.

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CLUB TRIPS.

No. 493.

Nov. 27th - 28th

WAIKAMAKA HUT.

(Working Party)

The new high octane fuel did not live up to its reputation as we covered the last few miles of road in the Bedford, but considering the fact that she was only getting it in dribs and drabs one could not expect too much.

* Pack s up and we were away up the freshly running Waipawa River and in no time we saw evidence of a lahar having taken place a few months before. There were mighty red beech trees torn from the banks and fresh shingle and boulders from nearby scours all the way up to the forks. Nevertheless the brightly flowering sub alpine growth on Waipawa Saddle soon made us forget the devastation below, as did the two hinds that walked out on the open scree face under Three Johns.

One of those black walls of approaching cloud descended onto us as we dropped down to the hut and this soon made itself felt in the form of a sharp hailstorm that laid a thick carpet around.

Our third surprise for the day was the discovery that carefully preserved beech shelter trees at the Waikamaka Hut had met the advances of a keen and ignorant axeman. His efforts were not appreciated. Later that afternoon we replaced the doorstep and strengthened the corner post somewhat, a good ladder was knocked up and half the roof painted bright orange.

The following morning what paint was left was applied to the roof, leaving about 5 feet unfinished on the northern side. Some of the party visited the waterfall while others made ready to leave. A day party trickled in at noon just as we were leaving and they were welcomed by Norm and Kath who were staying an extra day. Good times were made by all out to the road and we reached Hastings at dusk.

No. in party: 11.

Leader: Derek Conway.

Kath Elder, Marie Valler, Helen Hill, Edna Ansell, Dawn Rodney, Ray Thomas, Alan Munnery, Jim Glass, Dick Burton, Norm Elder.

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No. 494.

MOKOPEKA CAVES.

Dec, 18th.

Left Holts at 10:20 a.m. in very sultry weather. The truck was filled to overflowing by the time we arrived at the disembarking point for the Mokopeka Caves.

The hills were slippery and dry underfoot, and the climb up was rather lengthy for those without boots. We were at the caves by 11 a.m. and most of us went down the rope to the big glow-worm cave and fumbled around. We descended to the river at 12:40 for lunch and a swim. The river was thick with floating weed. We left the Horseshoe at 5 p.m. for home in a shower of rain.

No. in party: 19

Leader: P. Bolt

Ray Thomas, John Mitchel, Doug Napier, Walter Shaw, Robin Fargher, Laurie Cantwell, Derek Conway, Peter Wood, Ray Kelly, Jack Landman, Alan Berry, Jim Glass, Barbara Maultsaid, Treve Nockels, Hal Christian, Marian Berry, Marie Valler, E. Hannah.

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No. 495.

TUKITUKI.

Jan. 23rd.

River Crossing Instruction.

It was the middle of summer and the river was very low. We had quite a hunt before we could find rapids deep enough, swift enough and narrow enough. (Our rope was rather short.) It was one of those bitterly cold weekends that we experienced from time to time this summer. A stiff southerly wind blew down the river and we shivered in our bathing togs as we waited on the brink for our turn to cross on pole and rope. Alan rut us through our drill with

efficiency and speed and we rushed to don slacks and jerseys.

By lunch time, however, the sun had come out and was hot enough to scorch us quite severely as we sat under a bank sheltering from the wind which was still very cold. This double-crossing of the elements made for restlessness. We had a swim in the afternoon, but left for home fairly early.

No. in party: 17.

Instructor: Alan Berry
Leader: Janet Lloyd.

Jim Gibbs, Philip Davens, Ray Kelly, Dave Williams, Alan & Marian Berry, Jack Landman, Jim Glass, Walter Shaw, Pat Bolt, Els Kiss, Janet Lloyd, Pat Williams, Barbara Maultsaid, Doug Napier, John Mitchel, Dick Burton.

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No. 496.

KURIPAPANGO LAKES.

5-6th Feb.

With a party of fourteen on board the truck we were away to a flying start by 1:30 p.m.

The weather did not look too promising and Kuripapango welcomed us with a light drizzle so we decided to stay at Swamp Cottage for the night. Wally went out in pouring rain to see if there were any deer in the neighbourhood but returned after 2½ hours with no luck. The rest of the party decided to have a look at the lakes where an eeling expedition was in progress. We soon discovered the two eelers waiting patiently but without results. The steady rain made us hurry back to Swamp Cottage where a big fire welcomed us.

The programme for Sunday was to go up 4,100 (Kuripapango Hill) and continue along the ridge up to the saddle, then drop down into the Ngaruroro River. A party of three left for the Kaweka Basin shortly after 7:45 a.m. to look for deer. The remaining eleven of us left at 8:40 and kept a steady pace up the Smith-Russell track till we reached Clem's Rock where we admired the scenery for ten minutes. We passed 4,100 but it was invisible because of heavy mist. We had a bite to eat at the saddle and waited patiently for the clouds to lift to get a view of Ruapehu but that did not eventuate.

The unpleasant weather conditions forced us to move so we dropped down into country that was unknown to most of us. We had a great time going downhill to the Ngaruroro, but we thought we were never going to get there. However we did in the end and had lunch by the river about 2 p.m.

As we were going downstream Helen's eyes lit upon a track on the left hand side of the river. We followed this and were soon on the Hastings-Taihape highway.

A quick but pleasant walk along the road and we were welcomed back by Dick Burton and Doug Napier who had come up to sunbathe at the lakes. Finding no one there they had returned to Swamp Cottage.

Soon Wally and his men returned with news of two deer killed.

We were back in Hastings by 8 p.m.

No. in party: 14.

Leader: Tom Oosterdyk.

Edna Ansell, Helen Hill, Els Kiss, Judy Hare, Wally Romanes, Laurie Kenny, Jim Glass, Dick Calderwell, Ray Kelly, Philip Bayens, Ray Thomas, Jack Landman, Ray Grant, Tom Oosterdyk.

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No. 497.

MAKARORO - TRIG K.

20th Feb. 1955.

(a) Sunday Party.

A 5.50 start on a perfect Sunday morning saw us at the Makaroro Mill shortly after 8 a.m. It being the morning after the night before, even the arrival of the Tramping Club failed to arouse the mill settlement, which was still dead to the world when we set off across the now repaired bridge at 8.20.

An hour's steady trudging up that all too familiar road brought us to a set of logging skids, a trickle of water, and so an excuse to sit down a while. Thus refreshed, we struck off up one of the many inviting old logging tracks just waiting to lead us astray, up through a seemingly aimless jumble of ridges and spurs. The track we had picked soon petered out, so we took off up another stray spur. This lead onwards and upwards, a bit dog-legged in parts but always upwards, eventually striking the main ridge a little to the north of Trig K. We appeared to have struck an excellent route, which just goes to show that finding a route in the Pohatuhaha region is merely a matter of holding your mouth right.

From here it was but a wee step to the Pohatuhaha ridge proper. Once there, we peered hither and yon through the mist, and eventually set off down yon through the scrubby growth that abounds in these parts. After some time, we turned off down the spur up which we had come on the bushcraft trip. Rain had set in and it had turned coolish, banishing any thoughts of lunch on the tops, but the IC Plus in the water we had had earlier in the morning kept us going until we reached the Makaroro at about 2:30.

Here we had a damp and dismal lunch, before setting off on the trip down the river. At the foot of Colenso's spur we met Wally's party, who had been braving the elements on the tops for the weekend. The party straggled back to the Mill in their own time, and 6 o'clock found us once more at the mercy of the whims and fancies of the Club's infernal machine.

No. in Sunday party: 9.

Leader: Alan Berry

Edna Ansell, Helen Hill, Susan Waters, Judy Hare, Pat Bolt, Owen Brown, Ray Kelly, Jim Glass, Alan Berry.

(b) Week-end Party.

We left the truck at the head of the O'Hara at dusk and set out

for Matthews. The track had been completely obliterated by giant discing and after an hour's wandering in the dark we camped for the night.

Away at 9 a.m. next morning, we soon reached Matthews and from there set out for the Golden Crown after the usual hut book formalities. At about 1:30 p.m. we were almost at the top of the Golden Crown when the rain began. Soon after some laborious bush crashing in the heavy rain we were on the top (a fortnight later it was discovered that we had crossed onto Bob's Spur) and soon found the track. There was one rather amusing interlude while on or perhaps off this track in that we turned completely around and arrived back at a spot where we had rested half an hour before.

About 4 p.m. we reached the Cullers' "Fly" camp which we found deserted but very comfortable and after a good tea we retired for the night.

Up at 4 a.m. next morning and away at 6 a.m. in good weather except for a stiff NW breeze. Wally had a crack at a deer in mid morning but the wind prevented him from getting a good sight - thus he missed. He got a deer at about 12:30 p.m. and we stood around in the drizzle which had started at about 12 o'clock while Wally and Peter skinned it. We reached Te Atua-o-mahuru at about 1 p.m. and had dinner at Colenso's Camp at about 1:30 p.m. We reached the bottom of the spur at about 3 p.m. just in time to see the day party moving off. They had been doing another trip and had left a signal at the bottom of the ridge to say they had gone on; we couldn't have timed it better!

We were at the mill by 6 p.m. after a long walk down the river bed and at home by 9:30 p.m. A good week-end!

No. in Week-end Party: 4.

Leader: Wally Romanes.

Peter Wood, Rex Evans, Ray Thomas, Wally Romanes.

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No. 498.

THREE FINGERS - GOLDEN CROWN.

5-6th March.

We left as usual a little after 6 a.m., 20 of us, for a week-end trip. We left the truck at the "island" between the O'Hara and the Poporangi and walked upstream for over an hour to where the Gull joined the O'Hara. We then climbed onto a plateau badly overgrown with manuka, and headed for the base of the First Finger. We reached it, after much scrub-bashing, in the early afternoon. The upward climb was at first an unhappy struggle through thick manuka, but we eventually emerged, rather hot and torn, into clearer going, and then a steady excelsior act took us to the tops, about 5 p.m. It was a perfect campsite, a snow-grass clearing, beach bush beyond, a good stream, and a wonderful view. The weather was just as perfect, warm, clear and still.

Next morning we pushed on up to the trig (4,135') at the head of the Three Fingers, and then followed the ridge until it touched the main divide a little south of Ohawai. Then we turned south, intending to

leave the main ridge when we came to the Golden Crown. Unfortunately, as we knew from previous experience, the map is inaccurate in that area, and landmarks hard to pick up. We were soon floundering along a deep track filled with liquid mud, and trying to ignore Ray, who insisted a number of times that we had gone past the Golden Crown, because he had recognised a tree he had seen when up there a month before. As there are lots of trees up there we were unconvinced, until we squelched up to Wally, who had halted in front, to find him staring thoughtfully at a tin and some orange peel. (Yes, we know about litter-bugs, but there were no other landmarks, and the map is wrong.) So we were quite nice to Ray when he said 'I told you so', and we turned round and splashed back to a place that Wally said must be the top of the Golden Crown and we turned down it, and it was. Soon we came to a creek where we had camped once, on a Queen's Birthday trip. We had a rather late lunch, and set off down the spur. More manuka at the bottom, but it's easier going down, and we soon arrived at Matthews, time 4 p.m. There we met Dr. McPherson, and a long walk out brought us to the O'Hara crossing. We found then that a new road which we didn't know about would have saved us a three mile walk in the previous day, and a three mile walk out now. However, the doctor took our drivers to collect the transport and come back for us, so no one had a complaint. And so home, after another strenuous and happy trip.

No. in party: 20.

Leader: Helen Hill.

Edna Ansell, Judy Hare, Marianne Culpan, Susan Waters, N. Elder, W. Romanes, Ray Kelly, Ray Thomas, O. Brown, J. Phelps, H. Christian, J. Glass, T. Oosterdyk, H. Hill, Len Hodgson, Alan Mummery, Brian Dean, Ted Singleton, Garry Mulvanah, Richard Hopkins.

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No. 499.

BEAN PICKING PARTY.

13th Mar. 1955.

With the idea of building up a fund for a new truck eighteen stalwarts arrived at Mr. Reid's place in Southland Road for a day's bean picking.

The trip had been cancelled the night before on account of heavy rain. When Sunday dawned fine it took a while to notify everyone that the working party was on again and the truck left Holts at 9 a.m. instead of the previously arranged 7 a.m.

Considering the shorter time the resulting cheque of £17.10. 0. seems a pretty good effort.

No. in party: 18.

Leader: Alan Berry.

Alan & Marian Berry, Kath Elder, Peter Wood, Philip Bayers, Els Kiss, Jack Landman, Ken Thomas, Ray Thomas, Hal Christian, Susan Waters, Marianne Culpan, Joyce Stanley, Helen Hill, Pat Bolt, Alan Mummery, Laurie Cantwell, Robin Fargher.

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No..500.

GOVERNMENT SPUR.

20th March 1955.

Twenty-four of us left Holts at 6 a.m. in the truck plus Norm's and Ken's cars. The look of the weather got steadily worse the nearer we got to Farm Mill and it ended up by raining good and hard while we changed. However, by 9:15 all except three of us were plodding along, head down, into the Ruahine Ranges.

Instead of taking the cut track up Government Spur we decided to investigate Ranunculus Creek on the north side of the spur. We found the creek good going except for one or two rough patches. After a spell and a bite to eat we climbed up onto the top of the spur just below the saddle and continued on up to the end of the discing where we arrived a little after midday.

We split the party here. Some stayed to continue the discing while the rest went ahead to a tarn to get the billy boiling. They lit a fire in the rain with wet wood in very good time and gave us a very welcome brew. We started down again at 2 p.m. and once more split the party at the saddle, some going down the stream and the others going down the track. The times down to the Tuki Tuki were about the same.

An hour after arriving at Farm Mill we were on the road again.

No. in party: 24.

Leader: Rex Evans.

Jack Landman, Alan Berry, Hal Christian, Philip Bavens, Rex Evans, Richard Hopkins, Jim Glass, Peter Wood, Len Hodgson, Rudolph Gilman, Ted Singleton, Norm Elder, Ken Thomas, Edna Ansell, Pearl Smith, Judy Hare, Marianne Culpán, Susan Waters, Els Kiss, Joyce Stanley, Ray Thomas, John Mitchel, Margaret Havcock, John Rattenbury.

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F.M.C. COMMITTEE MEETING: 5th. Feb. 1955.

The work of this committee was tying up the ends of the year's work in preparation for the annual meeting in May.

Constitution: The only urgent matter likely to come up at the annual meeting is the basis of representation. There is general agreement that the Federation should not be sectionalized but that the larger clubs should carry more weight. The only outstanding question is the scale of representation and clubs will be asked to make a decision on this. The main proposals are being circulated to clubs as soon as possible and a commonsense decision should be possible.

In general constitutional questions have been in the background this year and the F.M.C. has been able to concentrate on its proper work.

Safety Campaign: None of the films has been completed as yet, but all should be available in three months' time. Films will only be available in 16 mm., with instructional stills in 35 mm. It is hoped to add a shooting and firearms film to the present sequence, but the decision will have to wait until next financial year. Meantime the official safety committee is disbanding, though the F.M.C. will probably keep a sub-committee in being.

S.A.R.: There has been some delay in importing high level stretchers, but they

are expected to be available before next summer.

Aircraft have been used in search operations on at least two occasions this summer. In one case there were hitches, in the other co-operation was speedy and most effective. A scheme for making morphia available in special circumstances is under way.

Two points of interest that came up in discussion were the suitability of rubber boots for N.Z. conditions and the need for instruction in the recognition and treatment of frostbite.

Accident Reports: In the absence of definite evidence in the Sefton and Mt. Cook accidents, the accidents sub-committee reported that these could only be recorded without comment.

Several non-fatal accidents were reported, including one in the Kawekas.

No report had been received on the Maymorn search, but the S.A.R. report was taken to be sufficient.

Hillary-Lowe Fund: This has been wound up at a total of about £700. Mr. A.P. Harper, one of the trustees, brought forward various directions in which this fund might be used and there was some discussion on this.

N.L. ELDER.

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F.M.C. ACCIDENT REPORTS.

CONCERNING THE DEATH OF JENNIFER JILL PEASE WHO WAS KILLED ON MT. EGMONT ON 15th May, 1954.

On 15th May, 1954, Jennifer Jill Pease was killed by a falling rock when climbing several hundred feet from the summit of Mt. Egmont. It is thought that her party was off the highest part of the Lizard Ridge with a resulting added danger from falling stones. The lethal stone about a foot square and six inches thick was accidentally released from some distance above by a descending party who shouted a warning. This warning was heard by the leader of her party. The rock bounced above her and struck her in the head causing death.

Comments: Falling stones are always a grave danger on a mountain and the greatest care should be taken to avoid dislodging them. If a stone is dislodged every attempt must be made to stop it before it has gained momentum and this can only be achieved if the party is really close together. If a stone is falling the warning shout must be audible. A falling stone may bounce in unexpected ways and change direction considerably. Parties should if possible avoid faces where stone falls are likely.

Climbers should endeavour to register consciously what happens at the time of an accident so that the facts may be ascertained as accurately as possible.

CONCERNING THE DEATH OF ALAN ROBIN ANDERSON WHO WAS KILLED ON MT. EGMONT ON 18th July, 1954.

On 18th July 1954, Alan Robin Anderson fell on Mt. Egmont and died as a result of his injuries. He was a competent skier but not an experienced mountaineer, and had skied in various parts of the South Island but not previously on Egmont.

He was with a small working party at Kapuni Lodge and, despite an assurance from a skier with local experience that conditions then were too icy, he indicated his intention to climb above the lodge and see if he could find suitable ski slopes.

He set out with another party who were climbing the mountain on foot and reached the Knoll from where the Kaupokonui basin was investigated but found too icy. The climbers left him understanding he was returning to the Lodge but later they saw him ski-ing in the Kapunui basin. He was not seen again until after he had fallen but a study of his tracks showed that he had subsequently taken off his ski at an icy patch below the Knoll and commenced to descend on foot to the Kapuni Lodge. He had not gone far when he slipped on an icy slope on the shady side of a ridge and was fatally injured by sliding over rocky outcrops below.

Comments: Snow conditions can be expected to be different in different mountains, having different weather and for this reason local knowledge is important and local experience should be heeded.

Steep ice slopes on any mountain must be treated with the greatest of respect and a climber or skier must take every precaution not to slip as the chances of stopping himself are negligible.

Experienced climbers and skiers should be able to anticipate the changing conditions of snow slopes that pass from sun to the shady side of a ridge.

The accident also emphasises the importance of avoiding solo climbing or ski-ing in all cases where the conditions are dangerous or potentially dangerous.

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

Jim Gibbs gave us a very entertaining account of his "decadent" motor tour of the South Island.

Ray Grant showed us colour films of England, Sweden and Germany, taken on his recent trip.

Derek showed us slides of his Christmas tour, also some of Ngauruhoe erupting and Ruapehu, and finished up with some of Wally's taken on various trips.

Two of the St. John's Ambulance men gave us a most valuable talk on the treatment required for injuries we might expect to receive in the ranges.

Wally has given us two short talks, one on the compiling of a fixture list and the other on Personal Gear for a Week-end Trip. For the benefit of any who were not at the meeting we will print the list he gave us:-

Personal Gear for a Week-end Trip:

Good Pack. Sleeping Bag. Waterproof cover for sleeping bag.
Parka or short oilskin. Sou'wester.
Well nailed boots. Four pairs woollen socks.
Longs. Shorts. (preferably woollen).
Singlet. Shirt. Jersey. All woollen, extra shirt or jersey in winter.
Balaclava or woollen scarf (in winter).
Woollen gloves or mitts.
Plate, mug, knife, spoon.
Torch (standard two-cell).
Matches (in waterproof container).
Notebook and pencil.
Small towel, toothbrush, soap, toilet paper.
Map and compass.
Personal first aid pack.
Spare boot laces or piece fishing line.

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PRIVATE TRIPS.

Copland Pass.

Jan., 1955.

The Hermitage had had beautiful weather for weeks, but the morning after we arrived brought a change and while we were climbing Sebastopol (4819') summer departed in a flurry of wind and rain. So we couldn't leave for Copland Pass that day. However, the next morning dawned fine again and shortly after 2.30 p.m. we left for Hooker Hut (3770'). This very pleasant walk took $3\frac{1}{2}$ hours. We crossed the river twice over swing bridges, one of which ended in a platform built round a boulder - a flimsy looking affair high above the rushing river. In the evening a kua visited us.

We were astir early next morning - 2 a.m. - but the mist kept us from starting out till after 5 and then, half way to the pass, the weather deteriorated so much that we returned to the hut - time 7.30 a.m. A hot cup of cocoa, back to the bunks and we were soon warm again. We barely stirred till lunch time when suddenly the weather cleared to a beautiful sunny afternoon. The boys spent some time down on the moraine below the hut on a clear patch of ice, step-cutting, glissading and generally enjoying themselves.

Next morning we were ready to set out at 4.15 a.m. The track leads up from the Hut in a steep zigzag, which was hot work. There is a fair amount of rock and then a snow slope where we roped up and used crampons. It took us just 3 hours to climb to the Pass, 7000'. We didn't have very clear views as clouds still hung around and mist was in the valley. The snow on the other side was too soft for glissading. The rest of the walk down the valley to Douglas Rock Hut is for the most part like the rocky road to Dublin. It was very hot and the milky ice-blue river was most tempting. We came down a steep zigzag track to a patch of grassland covered with mountain flowers, celmisias, ranunculi. A spaniard down there is much bigger than those in our ranges. The Douglas Rock Hut stands in the bush between two streams. It is built of pit-sawn timber, mostly totara, which was felled and sawn nearby. We arrived at 12.15, the trip taking 8 hours.

5 a.m. next morning, saw us on the most beautiful bush track I have ever seen. Mist covered the tops, moss covered the track and flowers and ferns grew everywhere. Lacebark flowers were strewn along the path and innumerable streams crossed it. The only level parts of the track were at Welcome Flat beside the river and an open part about three hours further on. Near the hut are two small hot pools and a stream where the growing things are petrifying. The guides had been behind us, but after a while they went on ahead to arrange transport to the Fox Hotel. We arrived at the road at 2.30.

Next day called for a rest so we went in the afternoon for a row on Lake Matheson. It was too cloudy to see the mountains but we enjoyed the lake. The day following, the weather

didn't look too promising, but we hoped it would hold and set off in the bus for the Franz Josef. From here we had planned to return to the Hermitage via Graham's Saddle. The road winds through thirteen miles of beautiful bush with a bend in it for every day of the year! By the time we arrived at the Franz, the rain had come, at first in a drizzle and then in a downpour which kept us in the equipment room for most of the day.

If the next day was wet we weren't going to have time to do Graham's Saddle. We needed two fine days for that and it looked as if we would have to go back to Christchurch by road. Then Helen had the bright idea of flying over the Alps. As it turned out the next day was not fine enough for the Saddle, but it was good enough for us to go on to the Glacier where we used our crampons and ice axes. That afternoon we caught the bus back to the Fox and early next morning boarded the plane. We had a fairly clear morning and our pilot took us nearly out to the coast and was most helpful with our snaps, going so far as to tilt the plane so that the wing would shade the lens from the sun.

We arrived at the Hermitage at 8.15 in a little more than an hour - in time for breakfast before joining the Tasman Glacier party. On the way to Ball Hut we saw a chamois. On the Glacier we saw an ice cave and very beautiful it was with its walls and roof of frozen ripples. A narrow stream rushed into a deep tunnel, disappearing from sight and leaving us only its sound, bound on high walls of ice. Hochstetter Ice Fall looked only a few yards away, but we were told it was over a mile distant - too far for us to go over for a closer view.

On our last morning we walked over the Hooker track as far as the Memorial Pyramid built to the first three men who lost their lives climbing Mt. Cook. And so ended a holiday that, thanks to Helen, was like a collection of bright jewels.

Edna Ansell.

Number in party - 4:- Edna Ansell, Bob Wallace, Ken Ross, Helen Hill.

TE RAWA - PELORUS SOUND.

25Th Dec. - 9th Jan., 1955.

This story has its beginning last Easter, 1954, when, with three other Ardmorons, I jumped into my old Model "A" and burnt up the road from Papakura to Wellington to spend Easter in the Marlborough Sounds.

So impressed was I by those four days that when I had the opportunity of returning there for Christmas I lost little time in siezing it and had no trouble in persuading Ray to accompany me.

The trip was run by the Wellington Square Dance Club and there were nineteen in the party of which only four were Club members.

The Club had rented for two weeks, a farm house at Te Rawa or Wilson's Bay in Pelorus Sound, three hours by launch

from Portage, the well-known guest house in Keneperu Sound. An ideal spot.

Ray and I went over on Xmas eve with an advance party of nine to get things ready for the main body. On arrival we found several families already in residence there in tents and another cottage which is part of the property. Broom and scrubbing brush were the order of the day at the house and in no time we had everything reasonably clean and hygienic for those to follow.

On the 27th the rest arrived and the trip got under way. On a trip of this sort there is seldom any one main thing about which to write since you are left with impressions which are so many and so varied that they are difficult to sort out later. Little fish, big fish, the ones that got away, the scenery, who pushed who in off the launch, who fell in off the launch after the New Year's Eve dance at St. Omer - these and dozens of other things crowd each other out as they vie with one another for a place in the front rank.

The highlight of the trip, however, stands well above all these. This was a three-day trip right round D'Urville Island. We left Te Rawa on New Year's morning and headed out to the open sea and round to French Pass. Through the Pass and round the Western end of the island where we stopped for the night in a sheltered bay and enjoyed the hospitality of the local farmer.

The next day was spent cruising along the coast exploring in turn each bay and arm as we came to it. Many of these arms are bush clad to the water's edge and extend many miles inland. Their colouring is superb and their variety infinite.

At the close of this day we went in close to some rather forbidding rocks where we saw a number of seals swimming in the sea and resting, tho' not for long, on the rocks. Following this we went out round Stephen's Island and then ran to a bay where we spent the night in a deserted and delapidated hut which, to Ray and me, seemed a cross between Poutaki Hut and the Dog-box on the Moorcock ridge where the H.T.C. planted the pine trees.

The next day was much the same. We followed the coast back to French Pass, picked up some food, hooked our breakfast cum dinner out of the sea then headed back to Te Rawa. General opinion: three days well spent.

Ken Thomas.

WAIKAMAKA HUT.

28th - 30th Dec., 1954.

Heather and two friends made the trip with me. We carried the half-sheet of iron for the fire and fortunately did not blow away on the Waipawa Saddle. Next day while the others cooked and slept I scraped and painted the remainder of the roof. We were joined about 5 p.m. by the Elders and Alan Berry who scrambled down from 67. Thursday was cloudy so my ideas of scaling the heights and viewing the scenery evaporated in the mist. It was our friends' first tramp and, we gather, their last!

Hal Christian.

16th-20th Jan., 1955.

This was a "recce" for Easter and apart from the last day turned out to be a solo effort. I drove over to North Mount Egmont Hostel and established myself in the Camp House about 9 p.m. Sunday. Mr. and Mrs. Walker and Miss Dixon have recently taken over the premises. The Camp House has been completely renovated with new wire and kapok mattresses.

On Monday I climbed the 5,000' to the top with a farmer and four children, the youngest about 8. Goat-hunting on Wednesday with the ranger was interesting. Incidentally, there are no deer on Egmont. On Thursday with a friend from Rotorua I climbed to the top again. The mountain was clear, but the rest of the island was covered in cloud, apart from one or two "islands" in the National Park region.

Hal Christian.

TRIPS BY NORMAN ELDER.

15th-21st Dec., 1954.

As Caucis Flat is now one vast manuka thicket, we took three slashers in breaking two. The best access is up a burnt spur just beyond the Hot Springs then pick up our cuts along a crest of tall Kanuka. It took us all day to reach the Makino Spur bush-edge where our cuts stop. Next day we overshot the spur down to the mouth of the valley and made a bad pick, scrub-bashing and bluff-sidling most of the day to reach the river.

The valley itself is good, some beautiful timber and tame deer everywhere. From the Mangaturatu we climbed a steep spur leading to the open top N. of Venison. Philip's cairns were ok but the back blazing a bit patchy. All the bush back to the Kaweka is in thick undergrowth. At the bushline the weather broke and we made a bleak camp at the head of Dick's Spur, coming out next day via Iron Whare and Makahu. The Iron Whare is derelict with the walls and chimney disintegrated though the roof is still intact.

26th-30th Dec.,

From Armstrong's Saddle the spur off Peg 62 is overgrown with a steep drop off, but has vestiges of a well-formed track. From the upper fork the valley is beautiful going with bush flats and shingle fords to the main forks. Passed the ruins of an old stalkers' hut and found a smart new cullers' camp at the Forks. Explored the middle branch of the Maropea, also good going, spent a day on an outlying peak between the Maropea and Waikamaka and came out up the 66 ridge. The weather was rough, but apart from one rotten rock, sidling under big bluffs met no difficulties. As there was no sign of Wally and Mauri, who had left us to go shooting up the divide on the first day, we left a note and went south to the Waikamaka Hut where Hal Christian's party were in residence. Next day was windy and murky, but we did one job below the gut (which was negotiable) and Alan cleared the start of the track on to 67.

We topped off on the way out by crossing the Shut Eye ridge to Triplex, meeting Mick and Mary Greenwood (M.T.C.) camped on the picnic flat and learning that the other two had gone out the previous day.

11th - 15th January, 1955. - HOLDSWORTH - GORDLESTONE - BANNISTER.

Back to the old stamping ground (last visited Jan. 1935). There is a new hut (W.T. & M.C.) near the old Mountain House site and the Powell Hut (H.V.T.C.) at the bush line, sheet-metal walls and huge double deck Maori bunks but no dry firewood. A perfect day rambling north along the tops photographing, shooting, botanizing (two colonies of a little blue forget-me-not the main find) and picking up landmarks (one of these a grassed hillside in the western foothills, which I remember helping to burn off at some tender age.)

The most extraordinary sight was hundreds of acres of leatherwood eaten out by deer, leaving bare trampled ground. We dropped into the upper basin of the Waingawa for the night (all easy going with the scrub gone) and spent next day poking around on Tarn Ridge.

The weather closed down at this stage and though we climbed onto the Bannister ridge we couldn't see much of the Ruamahanoa Valley. We came out down the Waingawa Valley, boiling up at the Mitre Flat Hut (M. YMCA T.C.), a small hut, new and well kept.

18th - 21st January, 1955 - WAITAWAEWAE.

Just time to turn round and go in again from the other side. The road and the Forcing Mag bridge are still holding so we started from the Otaki Forks. The new Waitawaewae Hut (H.V.T.C.) like the others has an all-metal skin and double-decked Maori bunks, but its distinctive features are the split red beech framing and beautifully adzed flooring and decking, all on totara piles - a beautiful job representing a staggering total of man-hours. Unfortunately being sited in the middle of a swamp, it is the H.Q. of the local mosquito corps and the weather was stifling.

We had hoped to make the Anderson Hut on the tussock bench S. of Crayford, but when the weather shut down and I staked myself we turned it in and came out.

11th February - ELLIS'S HUT.

A quiet day poking round the bush-edge. The hut is looking pretty decrepit and the chimney has collapsed.

16th-17th February - ARMSTRONG'S SADDLE.

We had seen a lot we couldn't explain in the messy bush and scrub on either side of Armstrong's Saddle when we were going down to the Marokea in January, so this was a check-up.

Weather a bit murky but better than the forecast. Camped on the ledge near the saddle and only went as far as the bald patch, coming out via Triplex at nightfall. The Shut Eye chimney has blown down.

HARKNESS 8 - 14 MARCH.

Twenty-four years ago we dropped off the back of the Kawekas on to the tussock of the Harkness. I've been promising myself a week in there ever since and this was it. In theory anyway. Actually a lot of other things cropped up, all interesting, but at least we spent a day and a half in there. The first distraction was fish. The other two turned out to be troutfishing maniacs. Luckily they had no tackle so this caused no delay. Quiser clearings shown in aerial photographs were more serious. First we floundered up a spur out of the Oamaru and drew blank, next I had the bright idea of leaving the track, and striking into an easterly saddle, but picked the wrong fork. Fortunately an easy sidle took us to our saddle and a row of little clearings where we camped.

Alan like a sensible man decided that there was no future in this kind of navigation and set off in the morning for the open tussock of the Ngaruroro with venison in mind. Bob and I went east on to a high bush ridge overlooking the Harkness, the Oamaru and across to Makorake.

That night the weather broke. Alan made Boyd's hut. But: we made a dive for the tent about 2 a.m. when it hit us. Next day with low cloud and a southerly drizzle we ambled round to the Harkness saddle, made camp and picked up Alan. Next day we entered the Harkness and scattered to various points of interest, meeting at the head at nightfall. Wind round to the east but weather no better.

The fifth morning it was still thick and it looked as if we'd have to pack up and go back by the Oamaru, but we badly wanted to head over to the Mangapapa through some interesting country. Luck was with us. A good leading ridge with a strong deer track took us round the head of the Mangatainoka - all map and compass work with a bit of aneroid and no hitches. So far we had only seen one hind and few traces but here the deer stood and watched us go by. Alan's attention being drawn to a couple he dropped a nice fat hind with a single shot.

Though the Mangapapa Valley looks a sea of manuka a narrow ribbon of tussock follows the stream and we romped down this to another wet camp about a mile from the Mohaka only six hours from the Harkness.

Our last day wasn't so hot. We brightly decided to follow the Taharua up, expecting to find a hut and a track. The wind continued boxing the compass and shifted from west to north, but it was still as thick and rather wetter. A good bash through thick scrub and bog took us to an unfordable Taharua and another bash through manuka to sidle a gorge.

We were pretty wet and weary when we reached the truck and the trip ended with an engine failure at Westshore.

N.L. ELDER.

UREWERA "EVERGLADES".

In December 1954 our trip was made into that part of the Urewera National Park to the north-east of Lake Waikare-iti, known by some as the "Everglades".

It is heavily bushed and contains numerous swampy clearings, the only clearings in thousands of acres of primeval N.Z. rain forest. One extraordinary feature of this part is that there is no surface drainage out of it in the way of running streams. If you were to get lost there without a compass there could be no question of following a stream and getting out that way because the only streams are those flowing into the scattered bush swamps. We investigated six of these areas and in each one we found one or more "sink holes" down which the waters from the swamps flowed away underground - their only exit.

Normally, there is only one of these areas which has permanent water. This is called on the old maps, the Mokai Lagoon, but is also known as Lake Henrietta. When we were in the area however, all of the swamps held sheets of water owing to the recent very heavy rainfall. The various swamps or natural clearings have all been given names, some not very romantic. There is the Clay Patch, the Racecourse, Tapper's Glade, Sopps Hollow, the Mud Patch and the Tundra. They are of various sizes and all completely surrounded by bush and all are drained through sink holes.

To get at the area, we crossed Lake Waikare-iti to its farthest end at Sandy Bay, where there is a beautiful shelving beach of white pumice sand. Frank Smith, from the Waikare Moana Hotel, took us with one of his tourist parties as close in to shore as he could go but we had to complete the water journey by stepping out of the boat and wading ashore with our packs.

We pitched the tent on the bush edge and set off through the forest due east to inspect the nearest swamp, the "Mud Patch". It was only some 20-30 minutes' walk over a slight divide till we came out into the open, knee deep in swamp. We picked our way round the northern edge to the far end where there was a lagoon bordered by a stretch of firmer ground on which six deer were grazing. As no rifles are permitted in the Urewera National Park we did our shooting with cameras. We found the looked-for sink hole against a bank at the far end and down into the hole ran a stream of water which probably ended up as an underground stream in the bed of Lake Waikare-iti. We made a detour back to camp where we were rewarded by the sight of a magnificent sunset across the lake.

Next morning we set off in pouring rain along a blazed trail which left from the northern end of Sandy Bay and which led to the first of a series of natural clearings, the Clay Patch. From there we proceeded to the Mokai Lagoon - a dark and gloomy stretch of water on that wet day. We climbed up a steep divide through the bush and came down on to swamp and water again at Sopps Hollow where we stumbled across a newly-born fawn. The rain increased in volume so we just pushed along with our heads down and threaded our way round this swamp till we came to the Racecourse - the next of the series. This has at one end a shallow amphitheatre which is usually dry and round which the deer have been known to run - hence the name. This time it was full of water through the edges of which we splashed and made our way for some distance through the bush again, to our immediate destination at Tapper's Glade. This glade has been formed as the result of a long rock slide which has come down from the Ruakituri Divide and filled up part of an old swamp. This has created a beautiful little opening covered with red tussock and was the only piece of clear ground which was comparatively dry. But what gladdened our eyes as much as the scenery was the sight of a sturdy tent and fly well pitched in the bush at the edge of the glade. There

was a good supply of food and camp and kitchen utensils, all the property of the "Wild Life" people and all obviously sited there by means of an air drop.

We pitched our own tent and overflowed into the local inhabitant's tent as well. The Government Deer Shooter arrived out of the darkness of the wet bush just at dusk and we were soon settled around a blazing camp fire lit by our leader, which defied even the Urewera downpour.

Jack had been in the area since October and proved to be a great host. With his Aussie hat, his huge curly brown beard, his swansdri shorts and boots, he looked a picturesque figure squatted down on a wet log with his plate of venison stew and a mug of tea alongside him. He told us he had never seen a deer till he came into the Urewera in October to receive the first air drop which arrived two weeks after it was expected. He had not been in his area very long before he got lost and turned up three days later at Maungapohatu Pa from where he walked back to the road. He had his rifle and matches so was able to fare not so badly except at night. He sent away for a compass when he got back to civilisation.

We were pinned down at Tapper's Glade for two more days by the rainfall which almost resembled a long-continued cloudburst. All the forest floor was a sheet of water, and I can hardly imagine a more arduous occupation than that of a solitary Government Deer Shooter in that area. The deer were not numerous but there were plenty of signs of intense destruction by these enemies of our forests.

Ours was an interesting party as we had as leader Mr. Bernard Teague (Will Wandafar), who had been in there previously and who has a wide knowledge of the Urewera mountains, streams and bush. His young son came with us, also Mr. and Mrs. Morris Jones - Mr. Jones is one of our leading N.Z. botanists, and is also a leading Maori scholar and is on the executive of the Forest and Bird Protection Society. A wide range of subjects was discussed around the campfire and in the tents.

The bush was beech forest mostly, with lower down a good mixture of rain forest. The small scarlet mistletoe was a blaze of glory and along with the beautiful white flowers of the Ixerba and the flowers of the Quintinnia, lightened up the bush. Bird life was interesting, from the teal, grey duck and paradise duck on the lake and swamps to the parrakeets, kaka, long-tailed and shining cuckoos of the bush, also tuis, bellbirds, whiteheads, grey warblers, pied fantails, and native pigeon. At night we were serenaded by moreporks and kiwis. The kiwis particularly seemed to enjoy the heavy rain and the wet bush, judging by the shrillness of their cries right outside the tents.

On the first fine day we scattered around the tundra, the bush and the ranges. I climbed up to a small peak at the back of the camp, called Puketaro, height 3697 ft. Not a very high peak by H.T.C. standards but one which gave a wide outlook over the country. There had been a survey party there many years ago and all the big trees had been felled on the top. The secondary growth of beech trees had reached a height of some 25 feet and I managed to get up on top of one of these. It was a perfect day and a perfect view all round the horizon. From the Ngaroto Range (opposite the Waikare Moana Lake House) following clockwise around the horizon could be seen Dargy's Spur (Kaiwaka), the Mangaharuru Range, Panekiri Bluff, the Kawekas (looking very bare and rugged), Pohokura, Maungataniwha, Whakataka and the Huiarau Range leading up to Manuoha (4603 ft., the highest peak in the Urewera), and on to Maungapohatu, 4353 ft., the sacred mountain of the Tuhoe people - and far away across the head of the Rukituri and Hangaroa Rivers the Ruakumara Range running away off to the East Cape. I went down some way into the Rukituri basin before returning to camp.

The next day our party broke up, the Teagues and the Jones' to continue

over the divide and down the Ruakituri River to Papuni Station at the roadend, while I went out with Jack, who was making for the Department's hut at the Hopuamashine whilst I made for Wairoa.

It was a perfect trip back through the bush by deer tracks to Waikare-iti where Jack launched his 10-foot Departmental dinghy in which we rowed leisurely back across the lake to the landing. It is the ideal way to see the lake and the bush. There was not a ripple on the lake, not a breath of wind and not a cloud in the blue sky. Jack insisted that he enjoyed rowing more than any other sport and we reached the landing in good condition, after one of the most enjoyable interludes of the trip, just in time for a cup of tea and something to eat with a tourist party. I parted from Jack at the road and after a mixture of two hours of walking and two hours of hitch-hiking on two different logging trucks, I finally reached Wairoa at 9 p.m.

We should appreciate the fact that the Urewera National Park belongs to the people of N.Z. for all time. The "Everglades" is only a small but very interesting corner of it. We should all of us try and make some trips up that way - preferably off the beaten track. We would be well rewarded for our efforts.

D.A. BATHGATE.

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SOCIAL NEWS.

Engagements: Doris Torbett to Russell Ludgrove.
Alison Elder to Ron Procter. Alison has returned to New Zealand and is at present in Auckland.
Pam Dyson to Ivan Hansen.
Dot Short to Russell Isaacs.

Departures: Bob Woon to Masterton. Bob will also be married to Bev. by the time this bulletin goes to print.
Dick Caldwell to Australia.
Pat Williams to Wellington.

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Presentation to Library:

George Lowe has sent us, with his best wishes, a copy of "THE PICTURE OF EVEREST", by Gregory. This contains marvellous colour plates of the Expedition.

New Members: We are pleased to welcome to the club -
Susan Waters (A.S.C.), Judy Hare, and Ray Kelly.

Cups for Supper: Have you in your home any cups without saucers? We don't want cracked ones, but we do like handles. The social committee say that with the increased attendance at the meetings, our crockery is rather short in supply. How about it??

News of George: George has been furthering his studies in England. He and Ed will be lecturing in South Africa in June and we hope to get another glimpse of him at the conclusion of their tour.

F I X T U R E L I S T.

<u>Date:</u>	<u>Trip:</u>	<u>Leader:</u>
May 1st.	<u>Hinerua Ridge.</u>	Kath Elder.
May 14-15th.	<u>Herrick's - No Man's.</u>	Peter Wood or Helen Hill.
May 29th.	<u>Te Iringa - Gentle Annie.</u>	Rex Evans.
June 4-5-6th.	<u>Waikaka base, trips from there.</u>	Alan Berry.
June 12th.	<u>Black Birch Range.</u>	Ray Thomas.
June 25-26th.	<u>Studholme Saddle-Donald R.-Tutaekuri.</u>	Norman Elder.
July 10th.	<u>Waipawa Forks-Shut Eye Shack-Triplex.</u>	Tom Oosterdyk.
July 23-24th.	<u>Howlett's - Tiraha.</u>	Philip Bayens or Derek Conway
August 7th.	<u>Timahanga - Log Cabin.</u>	Derek Conway or Philip Bayens
Aug. 20-21st.	<u>Makaroro-Trig J-Armstrong Top.</u>	Hal Christian.
Sept. 4th.	<u>Arapaonui - historical ramble.</u>	Dr. Bathgate.

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MAPS: A revised Kaweka map is now available. The Surveyor-General states in a letter that the Taupo Anglers' map should be ready in six months' time. This will be of value to trampers in the Kaimanawas as it will give details of all the rivers running into Lake Taupo. There is also a map of the Oamaru under way, but this is not likely to be ready until the end of 1956.

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Private Cars Used On Club Trips:

At the last committee meeting the following motion was passed:-

"In future the Treasurer will pay for expenses of private cars used on club trips only on presentation of a written statement showing name, trip, and actual petrol used."

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Anzac Poppies:

Please bring all the poppies you can, to make the wreath for the Cairn in November. Pat Bolt will collect them.

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