

HERETAUNGA TRAMPING CLUB (INC.)

"POHOKURA"

BULLETIN NO. 71

DECEMBER, 1955.

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Hon. Treasurer:

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To all members we extend best wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Bright New Year.

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ANNUAL MEETING.

The Annual Meeting of the H.T.C. was held in the Girl Guide Rooms on October 13th, 1955. The following is the annual report:-

MEMBERSHIP:

This year closed with a financial membership of 78, made up as follows:-

Full members	61	(67)
Junior members	3	(4)
Absentees members	13	(17)
Honorary members	6	(5)
Associate member	1	(1)

PRESIDENT'S REPORT:

As other sections of the report cover the activities of the past year I need only refer to some of them briefly. With a sound core of active trampers and a good list of fixtures it has been a satisfactory year, above the average. One feature has been the number of private trips - a winter traverse of the Sawtooth calls for special mention.

Two highly successful innovations also call for special mention. The first of these was the old members' reunion at Triplex Creek last October. Conditions were perfect and the day a great success. This will pretty certainly become a regular fixture.

The other innovation was the entry at long last of a float in the Blossom Week parade. It was unavoidable that this should fail to conform with the floral motif - high country plants do not flower in September - but it was original and striking and set a standard we could well aim at in the future.

As regards the coming year we have two responsibilities that are going to keep us busy. One is keeping our search and rescue organization tuned up. We have been exceptionally free of alarms and excursions for several years now. This is too good to last. We may be called on not only for the odd bod, who has gone astray, but to look for crashed aeroplanes and fight forest fires, as well as to give help in such emergencies as floods and earthquakes. These things have happened and they can happen. If they do we may need the help of every fit member of the club. We have a reputation to keep up here. In the near future there are a number of fixtures in collaboration with St. John's Ambulance, Radio Emergency Corps and Police.

The other responsibility is high altitude huts. We have already made a start on major repairs to our two older huts and also intend to enlarge the Waikamaka Hut. A good deal of work is still necessary here. We have also offered to assist with the erection of several air-dropped huts for the deer-cullers and are likely to be called on this summer.

The coming year is also the 21st anniversary of the club and the occasion calls for considerable celebration of one sort or another. Just what form these celebrations will take is not yet decided, but a special committee is being set up to cope with the programme. No doubt there will be considerable whoopee - but I must point out that this will also mean a lot of work for the willing horses - it is fortunate that there are many willing horses in the club, they are going to be needed.

During the year we have as usual suffered the loss of several valued members, either overseas or to other parts of the country, and are faced with the imminent loss of others. As ever we find ourselves dependent on new blood to fill their places.

News reaches us from several of our far-flung members. George Lowe is not only photographer to the British Antarctic Expedition, but also responsible for B.B.C. recordings and Times correspondent. John Cranko is trying to set up a Search and Rescue organisation in Kenya on the N.Z. model.

I should also put on record two committee changes. Helen Hill, after coping with the onerous job of Treasurer for five solid years, has asked to be relieved of her duties. Living out of town and working in Napier has not made it an easy job for her and the club owes her a debt - not of money I hope - but of gratitude.

Wally Romanes has also stepped down as Club Captain, as he is not likely to be in these parts much longer. During his year of office he has set a high technical standard which has been of great value in developing new leaders.

Lastly I wish to record the loss the club has suffered by the death of a keen young member, who we were hoping was going to be good value, Ian Phelps.

CLUB CAPTAIN'S REPORT:CLUB TRIPS

	Average Party Strength:	Total Week- end Trips:	Total Day Trips:	Total Trips for Year:	Club Membership:
1953	12 - - - - - 18 - - - - -	-17	- 10 }	27	: 91
1954	10 - - - - - 12 - - - - -	-15	- 12 }	27	: 88
1955	11 - - - - - 20 - - - - -	-14	- 11 }	25	: 78

The above figures show a slight increase in the popularity of club trips during the past year but even more encouraging are the number of private trips made by members. There are some 21 of these on record beside many which have not received mention. In the main, these trips both club and private, have covered bush country which takes members right into the heart of our local hills. As this appears to be the preference of most people it is to be hoped that future fixtures will continue along the same lines.

One of the most interesting trips of the past year was that scheduled as Old Members' Day, when some 42 people of varying ages and from as far afield as Christchurch gathered to meet old friends and make new ones.

Several years ago George Lowe led a winter traverse of Sawtooth Ridge. Bad conditions prevented a repetition until this year, when a small private party enjoyed an excellent trip from Howlett's Hut to Black Ridge under full snow conditions.

Holiday periods saw members well scattered, taking their leisure or otherwise in areas including the Hermitage, Pelorous Sound, Mt. Egmont, Ruapehu, Urewera and Tararuas.

In most cases leaders have carried out their obligations fully, even to the extent of altering trips to suit conditions prevailing at the time and it was only found necessary to cancel two fixtures owing to exceptionally bad weather.

Memorial Service: We younger members did not have the pleasure of tramping with those whose names are inscribed on the Memorial Cairn, but this service takes us back over a few short years which we have had in the hills and as the years increase, so does a realisation of the debt we owe to those who have prepared the way for us. Last year some 18 persons attended a simple but effective service held at the Cairn, and members are reminded of the coming Cairn trip on November 12-13th.

Search and Rescue: Once again we have had a year free of any calls by SAR. In this we are fortunate but in order to improve efficiency and test co-operation between units, a small scale

trial search was held in the Kaweka basin with the Radio Emergency Corps providing a link back to Havelock North. This proved a valuable lesson to all who took part and it is probable that at least one weekend a year will be set aside for this purpose.

The Search List has been revised and copies circulated to club officials.

General: In conclusion, I would like to thank those who have done so much for the club during this past year and wish all members full and pleasant tramping, on high hills or green valleys, during the many years ahead.

#### HUT AND TRACK REPORT:

The Hut and Track Committee have not had a particularly energetic year, at least as far as tracks are concerned. A good start was made in painting the roof of Waikamaka Hut, and also in replacing the bottom plate and piles on the eastern side, but after Queen's Birthday week-end, activity virtually ceased.

In September a strong working party again visited Waikamaka Hut to prepare for the task of renewing the remaining bottom plates and piles. Piles and plates were cut, creosoted and stacked to dry.

The only track cutting of note was the partial discing of Government Spur which has still to be completed. Private parties have done some cutting and our thanks go to them and others who completed various odd jobs on private trips.

Looking ahead, we have a remodelled Waikamaka Hut with additional sleeping quarters out of the smoke and weather-defying walls of corrugated iron. With this behind us, we could perhaps turn our gaze upon wooded tracks, especially those further afield which are becoming obliterated as the deer move out. A light slasher in every party would clear up much of this, but would not remove the need for good old-fashioned working parties.

#### TRUCK COMMITTEE REPORT:

As the date for the replacement of the present truck draws near, this would seem an appropriate time to review its career with the Club. Extensive reconditioning was necessary to make our 1934 Bedford roadworthy after its purchase just over two years ago, the total outlay for truck and repairs being £196. However, since then it has really given excellent service, and apart from the unfortunate day when two tyres blew out, it has only once failed to deliver us safe and sound under its own steam. Now, complete with Wally's canopy, and cushions unearthed by Edna Ansell, the truck provides transport of unprecedented luxury, particularly when one recalls the bleak rides of not so long ago. During the past year 250 passengers have travelled approximately 24,000 passenger-miles, the total mileage being about 2,300 miles.

For some time now we have been on the look-out for a roomier and more substantial vehicle than we have at present. Large-

ly through the efforts of Ian Stirling, we have succeeded in obtaining, at a cost of £160, a 1939 2½ ton Ford, fitted with a 1946 reconditioned Mercury motor. This will be ready for the road within a few weeks, and should provide the answer to our transport problems for many years to come.

#### SOCIAL COMMITTEE REPORT:

The Social Committee has done hard work this year in endeavouring to obtain outside speakers for our club evenings, and we thank them for giving up their valuable time.

Instructional talks on the success of tramping, the efficiency of First Aid, the bits and pieces that go to make a museum, early H.B. settlements, and hitch-hiking across America, have filled in many a night. Movie films and coloured slides have covered Europe, England, the Pacific Isles and the hills of home.

Our greatest achievement was the entry of the club float in the Blossom Procession, representing Mt. Ngauruhoe in eruption. Many thanks to Mr. Attwood for storage space, to W. Shaw and Les Holt for materials, club members for odds and ends, donations of paint, etc., and to all the willing helpers who proved to be excellent builders, paperhangers and painters. I congratulate them all on their wonderful achievement and co-operation.

#### "POHOKURA".

The usual three numbers have been published. The distinct improvement in legibility of the last issue is due to the purchase of a new roller for our duplicator.

We take this opportunity of thanking all four typistes, those who have helped with the duplicating and with the assembling and the contributors of some very interesting articles.

#### PUBLICITY:

In accordance with the wishes of the committee reports of the more important trips, fifteen in all, have been submitted to both local papers in the course of the year, as well as occasional reports of meetings of more than domestic interest. The Press welcome short factual reports of this type and we are indebted to them for their interest. Over the year tramping items amount to about for columns of newsprint.

The notice board in Jack Charters' window has been on display and kept up to date thanks to Peter Wood. The importance of this is that it gives visitors from other clubs and prospective members an opportunity to locate the club, or the club's officers. This has proved a difficulty in the past. Telephone numbers of club officials have also been filed at the Greater Hastings office for the same purpose.

#### SEARCH AND RESCUE ORGANIZATION:

Search lists have recently been revised and copies distributed to search committee and to Hastings Police in order that quick action can be taken in emergency.

MAPS:

The Kaweka map has been redrafted incorporating aerial data for the Makino. The Southern Kaweka has now been flown but the information for re-mapping is not yet available.

The Central Kaimanawa map is still in an unsatisfactory state and we continue to be dependent on the unfinished Survey draft. The Surveyor-General now reports that the Survey map of the Oamaru area (N 113) is not expected to reach publication till the end of 1956.

The Forest Survey have recently ordered a number of Northern Kaimanawa maps for use in a field survey this summer. They express appreciation of the map and have offered to supply us with any corrections or additions they may come across.

LIBRARY:

During the past year more people read more books - 19 members took out 32 books, bringing in 10/4.

George Lowe sent us two grand additions to our library, "The Picture of Everest", lovely photographs in colour; and Ed Hillary's "High Adventure", signed by the author and others, including two Sherpas of the Kanchenjunga team. Betty Lowe presented us with "The Mountain World, 1953".

GEAR CUSTODIAN'S REPORT:

This has been another busy year and good use has been made of the club gear, both on official trips and private loans. Tents, ice-axes, packs and boots have been in demand.

Purchases have been:-

- 1 week-end pack (to replace the one that went missing two years ago.),
- 4 large billies,
- 1 pair second-hand boots,

and Pat Bolt has again brought up-to-date the first-aid kits for the three huts.

Our thanks are due to Alan Berry for the gift of a parka, to Wally for the gift of a frame pack, and to Norm and Wally for the loan of their ice-axes to the club. I wish to also thank Rex Evans for putting the odd nail in a boot or two, and the President for sharpening the slashers and other odd jobs.

It is one of the disadvantages of having a gear custodian who lives out of town, that all gear cannot be returned directly after a trip, but I have to thank all leaders and borrowers generally for prompt return at the following meeting in good condition. There have been one or two delays and the odd dirty billy, so I will just put in my yearly reminder that if we don't want tents to rot and billies to rust, those who have them temporarily in their keeping should attend to them immediately after a trip and not leave them wet till just before the next club meeting.

Receipts for hire of gear were as follows:-

Billies	-	4	-
Parka	-	4	-
Packs	1	10	-
Boots	-	15	-
Ice Axes	1	6	-
Tents	3	5	-
Sundries	-	13	-

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£ 7. 17. -

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#### APPRECIATION:

Again this year we wish to thank all the kind people who allow us to cross their properties on our way to the hills.

#### ELECTION OF OFFICERS.

Officers for the coming year were elected as follows:-

<u>Patron:</u>	Dr. D.A. Bathgate.
<u>President:</u>	Mr. N.L. Elder.
<u>Vice-Presidents:</u>	Mrs. J. Lloyd, Messrs. R. Chaplin, G. Lowe.
<u>Club Captain:</u>	Derek Conway.
<u>Secretary:</u>	Miss U. Greenwood.
<u>Treasurer:</u>	Peter Wood.
<u>Auditor:</u>	Alf Dixon.
<u>Committee:</u>	Misses Helen Hill, Pat Bolt, Messrs. Alan Berry, Ian Stirling, Hal Christian, Philip Bayens, Jack Landman.
<u>Social Committee:</u>	Mrs. Els Bayens, Misses Pat Bolt, Pearl Smith, Judy Hare, Messrs. Philip Bayens, Jack Landman.

#### SUB-COMMITTEES.

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

<u>Hut, Track &amp; Fixture:</u>	Hal Christian, Philip Bayens, Helen Hill, Peter Wood, Derek Conway.
<u>Truck:</u>	Ian Stirling, Peter Wood, Alan Berry.
<u>Editor:</u>	Janet Lloyd.

Librarian: Edna Ansell.  
Album: Ray Thomas, Jim Glass.  
Notice Board: Pearl Smith.  
Gear Custodian: Kath Elder.

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HITCH-HIKING THROUGH EUROPE.

c/o N.Z. House, London. 25/10/55.

Dear Mr. Elder,

It's about time that I wrote and told you about my travels since I left N.Z. in March.

On arriving in Australia I hitched down to Melbourne, spent a few days there, then hitched by air to Hobart. There I worked for two weeks in a canning factory. While there I enquired about shipping to England. To my surprise I managed to get a ship in the beginning of April. From Hobart I hitched across Tasmania to Launceston and back to Melbourne by boat.

Sailed for England on the "Castile Felice", an Italian ship running immigrants to Australia. Smooth trip all the way, spent most of the time sun-bathing and eating. We only had a few ports of call, Colombo, Aden, Port Said, Naples, Southampton. Arrived in England and had to put on every bit of clothing I had, and that was very little as I only had what I could carry on my back.

Spent a week in England, mostly in London and Canterbury, then started on a six weeks' tour of Europe with an Australian chap I met on the boat. We hitched from Calais down through Paris to the French Riviera and on to Italy. France seemed quite a nice country agriculturally, but did not like the towns.

In Italy we saw Genoa, Pisa, Rome, Florence, Trento. All the way from the South of France we kept on meeting Australian, South African and N.Z.s doing the same as us, and usually the same route. Sometimes competition in getting lifts was keen. One morning five girls were picked up before we got anywhere. We should have been wearing skirts.

In Austria we spent three days up in the Alps near Innsbruck at a ski hut, really beautiful country. Unfortunately we had no boots or heavy gear. From Austria we had a quick call at Switzerland; the cost of living there drove us out. At the Swiss border we managed to get a lift up through Germany by truck to Cologne. Cologne to Rotterdam I managed to get a lift by barge down the Rhine. My friend missed out on this as he had to get back to London. In Holland I went to the Hague and Amsterdam before crossing Belgium and back to England.

It was a very good trip and a great experience, full of excitements. Next year I hope to go to Norway, Denmark and Sweden, and also Holland again. At present I am working in Cambridge with an aircraft firm. Had only been here two weeks when they closed for holidays, so I had a quick trip up to Scotland and went up through the North West. On the way back passed through the Lake District.

My work here is interesting having been on Vampires and have just started



on Vickers Viscounts. There is every type of machine here from Comets to Tiger Moths. I saw the Farnborough Air Display and last week-end went down to the Earl's Court Motor Show. At present my transport consists of a bike with a Cycle-Master unit on, it enables me to see the surrounding countryside on my half day off. Last week the Queen visited Cambridge, so I went in to see her, had a good view from the top of a letter box.

How have the trips with the H.T.C. been going? I am looking forward to getting back into something in the way of tramping, for here the country is so flat (Cambridge).

Give my regards to the club members, and I hope to be back to see them sometime in '65 or '67.

Cheerio for now,

DICK CALDWELL.

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#### ACCIDENT REPORTS FROM THE F.M.C.

Accident report concerning the death of Miss Ailsa Lillian Tarrant who was accidentally drowned whilst attempting to cross the Routeburn River: December, 1954.

Two parties, including Ailsa Lillian Tarrant, arrived on the flats opposite Routeburn Huts at about 4 pm. on 17th December 1954. It was raining and the river was fairly high. After several attempts to cross at various points, they returned to the first point where one member successfully crossed. He found a rope of about 25-30 feet length in the hut and brought this back to help the others, the rope being held by two men so as to span the deepest part of the stream.

Miss Tarrant started to cross on the upstream side of the rope; in the centre she looked up, lost her footing, her pack went under water, she seemed to be doubled over the rope and was then swept under it and downstream. She could not release herself from her rucksack and her head was immersed frequently. She was dead when pulled ashore half a mile downstream.

#### COMMENTS:

1. When crossing a river, concentrate on the job in hand; to look up can easily cause a slip.
2. Although the right shoulder strap of the deceased's pack was loosened before she entered the stream, she was unable to get rid of it when she slipped. Her plastic raincoat appeared to have become tangled round it.  
  
"Loosen ..... so that the pack can be shed instantly" .....  
("Safety in the Mountains", p. 29).
3. When using the rope as a hand-rail, cross the river on the downstream side of the rope (Moir's Guide Book, p.96 - Safety in the Mountains, p. 31).
4. The rope hand-rail river crossing method should never be used when there is a likelihood of being swept away. (Safety in the Mountains, p. 31).

5. Even in purely valley tramping, a light rope of adequate length for river crossing should always be carried by the party. (Safety, p. 31).

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Fatal accident in the Matukituki - January 1955.

On 2nd January 1955, Yvonne Robinson with two companions climbed the steep snowgrass slopes from the Matukituki to the Tyndall ridge. Although one of them had descended this face four years previously, the party were off the Smith route on the ascent and in spite of a search at the top of the ridge, they failed to find the top cairn which is the key to the route of descent. They camped that night near Cascade Saddle as planned. Rain and wind all night and next day made conditions unpleasant and they decided to return to the Matukituki. The route of climb was descended safely in spite of heavier rain and a thunderstorm until near the foot of the bluffs, where Miss Robinson (at the back) apparently slipped, shot past her companions and fell over several bluffs to her death.

COMMENTS:

1. The decision to return to the Matukituki instead of the easy descent to Dart Hut was unfortunate but understandable.
2. The party was of reasonable strength and their equipment broadly adequate. Discomfort in a wet tent should not tempt a party to attempt a hazardous retreat.
3. No general rule can be laid down as to the use of a rope on such a face; this must be decided by the leader on the spot. On many parts of this face we would consider a rope to be more dangerous than helpful. The slip occurred on a grass face, not on a rocky bluff.
4. The evidence does not indicate that rubber-soled boots were the cause of the accident.
5. The "Smith Route" is the best route yet discovered between the Dart and the Matukituki and as such has been crossed by many parties. It is, however, a route to be treated at all times with great respect and the party had been warned that it "can be definitely dangerous in bad weather". (See Matukituki Camp 1954 booklet issued to them). Even the best route is steep, and other routes taken by parties who have missed the way, as on this occasion, are steeper and more heavily bluffed.

Under the conditions prevailing on 3rd. January we would consider this face to be dangerous.

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Accident report concerning the death of F.C. Cooper who was killed while descending from the low peak of Mt. Cook, towards the Empress Glacier, on 25th February, 1955.

F.C. Cooper and J. Murphy, two Australians with limited New Zealand mountaineering experience, left the Empress Hut at 3 am. on February 25th for a climb of Cook. They reached the low peak at 7 (weather overcast but no wind), traversed to the high peak and back to the low peak at noon (cloudy and a strong westerly wind). Rain began shortly afterwards and visibility was bad on the descent. They left the ridge and on Cooper's decision went down a couloir on bare ice, they slipped

and fell about 200 ft. Cooper was killed in the fall and Murphy had back and arm injuries. Murphy was unable to dig out his companion who was buried under sliding wet snow, but descended a rock ridge and regained the Empress Glacier at 7 pm.

The Committee of the club which Cooper had joined in 1954, told him before he went on the trip that they considered he had not enough experience to lead on climbs in the Central Alps.

Guide M. Bowie also reports, "I told the party that Cook was not fit to be climbed and I would not tackle it in the prevailing conditions - bare ice up to about 10,000 ft. and Cook not fit to be climbed in the best of weather".

Murphy wrote subsequently, "...we were climbing dangerously ... I believe we had climbed safely and well on the unquestionably more difficult summit ridge".

#### COMMENTS:

1. This accident is the direct result of a grossly exaggerated opinion of the party's own mountaineering capabilities. They both had insufficient previous experience of ice-climbing, and in spite of ample warning, they failed entirely to appreciate the significance of the icy conditions then obtaining on Mt. Cook.
2. Advice from experienced mountaineers must be heeded and acted upon. The fatality would have been avoided if the party had accepted the advice of either the committee of their club or Guide M. Bowie.
3. A probable contributing cause was the bad weather at the time of the accident. The party were insufficiently experienced to read the weather signs and to know that they should have been off the mountain before the weather developed.

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#### SOCIAL          NEWS.

Birth:                To Valerie and Peter Smith, a daughter.

Engagement:        D'Arcy Williams to Ruth Lockhart.

Change of Abode: Alison (née Elder) and Ron Procter are now in Tokotoa.

June Skinner (née Budd) and family have moved to Otorohanga.

John Reid:        By the time this is published will have exchanged railcars for boats. He is continuing his diesel engineering on the high seas.

Wally Romanes:    Has returned from Portland Island, but has taken to the mountains. He is now deer-culling at the head of the Makaroro.

Doug Napier:      has had a long spell in hospital, but we were pleased to see him back again at the last meeting.

George Lowe:      is on his way with the reconnaissance party to the Antarctic. His address is still London as given in the last edition of "Pohokura". Mail may be forwarded, or it may not.

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CLUB TRIPSLog Cabin

August 7th

This was cancelled on account of the weather.

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No. 510.

HOWLETT'S - TIRAHA.

13-14 August.

The trip as originally scheduled was washed out by rain, but we eventually squeezed it in during a free weekend. A bright and early start on the Saturday morning saw us at Mill Farm by 8 o'clock, where we were met by Edna and the two R.E.C. types, keen to find out what the reception was like up yonder. Although the weather was comparatively mild, the river itself was none too tropical, and no one was sorry when the foot of Daphne loomed up around a bend at 11.45.

One hour for lunch and a brew, in accordance with Union rules, and we were away again. Quite a few of the party were making the acquaintance of Daphne for the first time, and no doubt were given good reason to remember her. Conditions could have been worse though, as there was practically no snow below the hut. Early in the evening Maurie and Ron produced their box of tricks, and succeeded in making contact with the Hastings operator, who relayed among other things, the weather man's evening gloom session.

As anticipated, Sunday morning dawned a bit murky, but as the weather was lifting a little we decided to wander along to Tiraha and have a look at the prospects there. Above about 4500' the snow became fairly thick, with a tantalizing crust that kept letting one down at the Psychological moment. On our right lay the Sawtooth, its fangs bared to the morning sun, while beyond, the ice glistened on the upper slopes of Ohuinga, Paemutu, and Rangiateatua.

As there were not enough ropes and axes to go round, the party split up, eight continuing upwards across the snow-plastered N.E. Slopes of Tiraha, over which the clouds were once more gathering. In the summer Tiraha is merely another pleasant tussock-covered peak, but under heavy snow everything seemed so much more spectacular, particularly as we get so little experience of these conditions.

The snow became more icy as we progressed upwards, making it necessary to kick or cut steps in some patches. We roped up a couple of hundred feet below the top, as the wind was by now threatening to toss us over an inviting cliff edge. Not that anyone was worried by the thought of the fall of course, but it is just that the sudden stop at the bottom can be rather inconvenient. When we at last made the top, 3 hours from the hut, the mists were right down and the wind was blowing more than somewhat, banishing any thoughts we may have had of venturing out onto the Sawtooth. After a few moments clinging to ice-axes well planted in the snow, yelling in one another's ears, we left this blighted spot and headed back down the way we had come. On

the way down, we made the most of the good glissading conditions on the lower slopes.

After a quick snack at the hut, the rear party took off down the spur again at about 1.45. One and a half hours to the river, another wee snack, and then two and a half hours back to Mill Farm. After the usual period of chaos that seems to reign while everyone is getting themselves organized, we were aboard and away once more.

No. in party : 13

Leader: Alan Berry

Edna Ansell, Judy Hare, Susan Waters, Pearl Smith, Tom Oosterdyk, Jack Landman, Geoff Wilson (A.T.C. & T.T.C.), Jim Glass, Ray Kelly, Alan Mummery, Maury Taylor and Ron Morgan (R.E.C.), Alan Berry.

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No. 511

MAKARORO - TRIG J - ARMSTRONG TOP

August 21st

I give this trip its fixture list title for although we reached neither the Makaroro River, Trig J or Armstrong Top; we did cover "points between" on a day instead of a week-end schedule.

A 6.20 a.m. departure from Holt's got us away from the woolshed near the Makaroro about 8.45. We headed up through the paddocks on to a cleared spur which ran into bush and snow at about 3,000 feet. A short pause was made for the purpose of exchanging snowballs and recording the views - near and far. Then we plunged from glistening sunshine into watersoaked undergrowth. Here the party refused to follow me in crashing through the foliage, preferring instead to skirt the ridge awhile till we found easier, more open going. (Unobtrusive leadership?) Further up we chanced upon openings which gave us views of the Makaras or, to the north, the main divide rising ruggedly from a well-wooded Gold Creek. Here and there the trees opened out a little and snow lay deep upon the ground and hung tenaciously from laden branches in a typical Xmas card fashion.

A short break for calories about 11 a.m. and a little tree climbing to reassess the direction of this long ridge after reaching a false top, then on our way again. Where the trees gave way to scrub and the snow was lying too deep for us to bother any more about shaking it down one another's necks we chanced upon an opossum. 12.45 and a snow-filled clearing gave us opportunity for lunch. No one seemed to mind that the snow refused to be transformed into tea. A quick look around from another false top nearby yielded rewarding views in the directions of the Waipawa Saddle and of Ruapehu and Ngauruhoe.

The retreat to the truck was made in two groups both of which failed to locate the alternative spur leading back. Accordingly both parties found themselves precipitated into a cramped and rather log-strewn stream. However three hours sufficed to get everyone back to the truck and at 7.30 Holt's was again sighted.

No. in party: 13

Leader: Hal Christian.

Marie Valler, Els & Philip Bavens, Jack Landman, Derek Conway,

Brian Jobbins, Jim Johnson, Ray Thomas, Don Hislop, Bruce Hesketh, Alan Berry, Rex Grudnoff.

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Trip 512.

ARAPAOANUI

Sept. 4th

No official account of this trip has come to hand, but we understand that its aim and object changed from historical to horticultural in the interests of the float the club entered in the Blossom Parade.

The club truck was not available as it was already semi-decorated. Transport consisted of three cars, a small truck and one motor-bike.

From the end of the road the party walked round to the next bay where they cut marram grass and tied it in bundles for easier carrying. On the way in they had managed to locate some kanuka not yet infected with blight as the manuka was, and they piled bundles of this also on Philip's truck.

Several boil-ups helped to make it a very pleasant picnic-ramble.

No. in party: 15.

Leader: Derek Conway.

Philip & Els Bavens, Derek Conway, Jack Landman, Helen Hill, Ray Thomas, Frank McBride, Margaret Haycock, Pearl Smith, Edna Ansell, Angus Russell, Jim Gibbs, Marie Valler, Dave Williams, Jim Glass.

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No. 513.

WAIKAMAKA HUT - WORKING PARTY

Sept. 17th-  
18th

The usual late start saw 14 grimy trampers arrive at the mill after a particularly dusty journey. Packs, ropes, axes and creosote were unearthed from the grey mass behind the cab, and we were away. The river presented no difficulty and we reached the hut in the reasonable time of  $3\frac{1}{2}$  hours. Work was begun at once, two of us clearing a short stretch of the track up the stream while lunch was brewing. Just before lunch Helen arrived. She missed us by two minutes at Holt's and commandeered private transport to take her to the roadhead.

Lunch over, armed with axes, we surveyed trees, mentally calculating the number of piles we could cut from each. We selected two and after cutting them through at the base and then swarming up neighbouring trees lopping off branches indiscriminately, managed to get them to ground level. Cutting them into lengths was easy enough, but when it came to moving a seven foot length of solid tree nearer the hut, the fun started. Head over tail seemed easiest until we came to the creek off Rangī, where it got stuck. This seemed to indicate a floating job, which was going nicely until Bruce fell in. Well, once you're in you can't get any wetter, so he buckled down to the job and wrestled the monster to a handy hauling-in place.

While this was going on, another gang was busy chipping bark off piles and creosoting them.

Sunday dawned snowy and only a few hardy types ventured out to cut the bottom plates down to size, icicles forming on their whiskers.

Leaving the hut around midday we made good time to the road and were home just after dark.

No. in party 15.

Leader: Peter Wood.

Jack Landman, Jim Glass, Derek Conway, Norm Elder, Hal Christian, Bruce Hesketh, Frank McBride, Kevin Simmons, Edna Ansell, Judy Hare, Kath Elder, Susan Waters, Marianne Culpan, Helen Hill.

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No. 514

KIWI - KAWEKA

Oct. 1-2nd.

The party arrived at Swamp Cottage some time after 10 a.m. Derek Conway and I were waiting there and after enjoying morning tea we set off for 4,100. The track is overgrown quite a bit in places but after some bush-bashing we found the spur leading up. It was a good climb and after a short rest and a good look around on Clem's Rock we arrived at the top shortly after midday where we had a dry lunch. The weather was good when we started, but clouds began to come down and visibility got worse. The walk over the tops to Kiwi Hut was done at a very easy pace, except for one very hasty member, who had the fire going and the tea ready when we arrived at the hut about 4 o'clock. We decided to get the stew going and have an early meal but once the cooking started we got so keen that we started some more experimental brews so that by the time all this was ready everybody had got quite hungry and the meal was a great success. The porridge next morning was not a success, but I think we all got enough to eat. The weather had got worse during the night and it looked like rain, but we decided to carry on to Kaweka Hut.

The rain came, visibility was bad and we did not see much of the surrounding country. We managed not to get lost and we arrived safely at Kaweka Hut where we expected to meet another party of four that left later on Saturday and was going to do the trip the other way round. But they had left the hut for a look around the Cook's Horn Basin. We had a good lunch and started on our way back to Swamp Cottage where we arrived about 4 o'clock.. Some hot tea was waiting there as Philip Bayens and his party had arrived a bit earlier and got the billy going. After putting on some dry clothes the party left for the truck for the trip back to Hastings. It was a pity the weather did not co-operate too well but I think most of us enjoyed the round trip.

No. in party: 11

Leader: Jack Landman

Norm & Kath Elder, Susan Waters, Marianna Culpan, Edna Ansell, Derek Conway, Hal Christian, Owen Brown, Frank McBride, Alan Berry.

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The chosen spot was Kowhai Flat, access by Glennies Road to Hall's woolshed (Waipukurau 565K).

The Wellington members decided to camp there on Saturday night, so 2 Hastings, 1 Auckland and 5 Napier people joined them - the latter 5 arriving in drizzle after dark. Nora, from Christchurch chose a dry night in Hastings.

It was the site chosen by Wally for the bush-craft camp a year ago, and has the disadvantage that the flattest ground for tents is not the best sheltered, and fierce gusts of wind blew down on us from unexpected angles off the surrounding ridges all night. It was a wonder that nothing blew away, though Angus' tent flv, put up by many willing hands after dark, seemed specially set to catch the wind, and Nancy was apt to remark whenever there was a fierce spatter of rain that she could see stars on the horizon.

Things improved so much in the morning that the tramping party on arrival decided to bask in the sun and defer exploration of Gold Creek and the spur behind till after lunch.

Meanwhile the old members' convoy arrived. Cattle beasts had turned the track down to the river into an indescribable boggy mess - so Norm and Ezra re-sited it to one that was more ordinarily muddy on their way out to meet the convoy. Their arrival in camp was heralded by the excited chatter of the children who had no difficulty in finding amusement, paddling and exploring, and to whom showers meant nothing.

Their elders took shelter took shelter in the crowded tents and held a meeting to discuss next year's festivities.

Hughie put on one good burst before the picnic broke up, but it soon cleared and one group had a further brew-up in the sun at a creek nearer town.

The Tramping party, looking well aired, returned to the camp as the last of the picnics left. They were very welcome in helping clear up and seeing that nothing was left behind.

It was good that so many tramper's families were able to turn up - a site nearer Hastings would have brought more, but a hill trip should give some of these youngsters a chance to stretch their legs, and some spoke regretfully of Triplex Creek.

No. at picnic: 51.

Leader: Kath Elder

Colin & Noreen Baumfield; John Baumfield; Laurice Smith; Joan & Arch Toop; Roger, Brenda & David Toop; Marg & Les Holt; Sally & John Holt; Michael & John von Dadelszen; Mark von Dadelszen; Leslie & Peter Lattev; Jan, Alison, Hugh, Rosemary & Catherine Lattev; Bernard & Grace Plesse; Marg Clayton; Janet Lloyd; Nora Finn; Pat Bolt; Unsula Greenwood; Joan & Clem Smith; Patricia Low; Angus Russell; Molly Molineux; Ezra Bartle; Nancy Tanner; Kath & Norm Elder; John Phelps; Wally Romanes; Joyce Stanley; Lucy Nottman; Ron Busby; Jack Landman; Susan Waters; Kevin Simmons; Jim Trumper; Treve Nockels;



This was a five-day spring balance trip - loads ranged from 32 to 50 plus pounds at the start, and more reasonably from 22 to 38 lbs at the finish.

We mislaid the track twice on the way in, admired the pumice chimney at the Mohaka Camp and struck an ornithological puzzle on the way up the Oamaru. An unscheduled boil-up before entering the bush meant camping short of Te Taeta O Rangiharakiki on a grassy island - unprofessional perhaps but at least on neutral territory between Hawke's Bay and Auckland.

The track, newly opened a year ago, was cluttered with a surprising quantity of branches, presumably snapped off in a snowstorm on 13th July. At 12.30 we reached the Waitaphero Saddle, the sudden change from forest to miles of tussock as breath-taking as ever. We crossed to Boyd's Hut for a look-see and a boil up, coming across the unexpected sight of an air strip on the terrace. Sheep were on the move and we heard dogs - evidently the musterers were in.

Hordes of dogs, packhorses and several startled faces greeted us at the Mangamingi Hut - fortunately we hadn't left the tents at Te Taeta - but we were hospitably welcomed within the limits of the accommodation.

They were away at dawn to muster the Tapui O Marua Hine slopes, an amazing job in all this scrubby country, like South Island mustering with a dash of jungle warfare. 8 men, 42 dogs (eating two carcasses a day) and some dozen horses. Having seen the pack-train off most of the party left for Makorako, whose peak had dominated the valley on the way up. The botanists doubled back to the Waiotupuritia.

As the day wore on the sky filmed over ominously and a ragged scud started to appear, but the Makorako party made the summit before the wind got up, and the Waiotupuritia party made a snug camp and climbed the ridge that was their objective. However the wind switched overnight to the south and the sky cleared. This was a go-as-you-please-day, partly as Geoff Wilson's Auckland party was due, so our only arrangement was to meet at noon in the Waitawhero Saddle. The botanists found plenty to do and got away late, to sight the Mangamingi party, also behind schedule across the main valley.

Having sighted each other, each went its own way, the northern party making a side trip to try and locate the elusive Te Ranga-whakarua Trig without success. A little later they suddenly came face to face with the A.T.C. party well-blocked up and going like a train.

The two H.T.C. parties re-united at the saddle and spent a lazy afternoon boiling up and loafing down the valley out of the wind. The manoeuvres of a family of whio, Pa and Ma and 5 small but competent and well drilled ducklings were a charming interlude.

The A.T.C. party had made a fast trip down from their saddle and were at the Te Taeta camp site ahead of us, and the flat was a lively scene of bustle and uproar. One abiding picture will be a row of Heretaungas gazing silent and round-eyed at the feeding operations of a really highly organized party.

As the bell-birds stopped at dawn, the camp sprang into life,

and the departure of the A.T.C. scheduled for 7 a.m., estimated at 8, but actually at 6.30 made an equally deep impression. The exhortation "Don't chew it, gulp it down; we're leaving in 5 minutes", deserves to be recorded.

After their departure for Auckland the valley seemed strangely quiet, and the birds came back. In fact we saw a good deal of bird life on the way down, including a pair of nesting robins, and another glimpse of our mystery birds out on the flats. Luckily a pair turned up later at the Mohaka camp and could be identified definitely as shining cuckoos.

The ride home was dusty and wearisome, especially as the truck developed an intermittent feed blockage - fortunately not on the big hills. Some of the girls were lucky, as coming off the plains at the upper Waipunga bridge, we were halted by the Gilchrists, Tom King and Eric Phillips who were travelling in a convoy from a pa-hunting trip in the Upper Wanganui. They offered three people a ride in comparative comfort.

No. in party: 8.

Leader: Norm Elder.

Edna Ansell, Helen Hill, Susan Waters, Kath & Norm Elder, Derek Conway, Jack Landman, Ray Kelly.

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516 (B)

# NATIONAL PARK - LABOUR WEEKEND

The seven members of the 5-day trip left Holt's at 4.30 a.m. Thursday - a pre-dawn start. Travelling in two cars we breakfasted en route on cut lunches and reached the Chateau at 11.15 a.m. Here delays confronted us while we negotiated for Whakapapa Hut (Hut 114) at the Chateau and skis. A drive up the mountain and an inquisitive peering into a number of the many huts on Ruapehu - and tobogganing completed the programme for Thursday.

Skis were obtained on Friday morning although the Chateau was officially closed for repairs. We put in a good day, on and off the skis, and retired to Whakapapa Hut to indulge in solid eating and to await the arrival of the three-day party. Els and Phil arrived at 10.15 and were absorbed into the warm atmosphere of the hut. Walter's party, arriving shortly after midnight, retired quietly to the 8 x 8 tent erected in the camping ground but Ron, at 2.30 a.m. not knowing where the tent was, speedily located our cars and us and gently woke us from slumber.

The weather, like the reports, was precarious, but we all skied on Saturday and a party of 9 climbed on Sunday. However the mist enveloped us at 7,000 ft. and although we reached about 8,000 ft., surface crusty ice on the glaciers and the fact that we lacked three ice axes stopped us. A break for lunch revealed no corresponding break in the mist so we carefully retraced our steps - some to join the skiers, the rest to return to base.

Two of the party had already transferred to an almost empty Manawatu Hut and the invitation had been extended to the whole

party. However from the warm comfort of Hut 114 built up by generous helpings of carbonettes in the stove, we felt loathe to make the change on the last night. Moreover most of the occupants made for the Chateau pictures ("The Big Top"). A hilarious evening was spent before sleep became the order for everyone and the set-up with packets and food piled high on a diminutive table, dirty plates, utensils and clothes strewn over the floor, suggested to someone the theme for next year's float.

A 10 a.m. start for the return journey was planned for Monday and a reasonably leisurely trip (pies, fish and chips at Taupo) was made back to the blossom city. We were grateful to Rex Chaplin for the loan of his luggage carrier.

No. in 5-day party: 7

Leader: Hal Christian

Marianne Culpan, Owen Brown, Bruce Hesketh, Jim Glass, Alan Berry, Peter Wood, Hal Christian

No. in 3-day party: 9.

Els & Philip Bavens, Pat Bolt, Jovce Stanley, Walter Shaw, Treve Nockall,

Pearl Smith, Judy Hare, Ron Busby.

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No. 517.

PRACTICE RESCUE IN THE BLOWHARD

Oct. 29th.

Nine Club and six St. John Ambulance members left Holt's at 7.10 a.m. for the bridge at Bottly Creek at the foot of the Blowhard arriving shortly after 8.30. We sent two of our boys ahead to stage the accident, the rest of us following about ten minutes later. The "patient" was found with head and leg injuries at the foot of a waterfall. After applying first aid he was strapped to a Neil Robertson stretcher and carried out to the road. The stretcher supplied by St. John's is light weight, comfortable and easy to handle. The leader, misunderstanding the place of operations stayed searching the wrong stream so did not attend the demonstration! Later a search party went out for her and after nearly an hour met her near the road. Apologies and grateful thanks. After lunch and a boil-up we had another rescue using such makeshift equipment as could be devised by a normally equipped party. A broken collar bone and badly sprained ankle being the injuries sustained, the St. John's men demonstrated the necessary first-aid, after which club members tried while others cut manuka poles for a stretcher. Three parkas with the sleeves turned inside were slipped over two long poles with two short cross poles lashed into place with rope. A point that was stressed - make sure the stretcher has some length to spare. A rope attached to each handle and long enough to be slung round the neck of the carriers is an improvement which leaves the hands free when necessary. Arrived back at camp we had another boil-up and an hour or more of demonstrations of first-aid for various types of injuries and practice in resuscit-

ation in case of drowning or electric shock. We spent an interesting mixed day and after an enjoyable drive arrived home before 6 p.m.

No. in party: 9.

Leader: Edna Ansell.

Norm Elder, Ray Kelly, Jim Glass, Kevin Simmons, John Phelps, Owen Brown, Pat Bolt, Helen Hill, Edna Ansell.

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No. 518.

KAWEKA. CAIRN

Nov. 12-13th

This was the 8th commemoration trip; only 12 starters, the smallest turn out yet, but, for the first time on record, perfect weather.

The main activities of the outward trip were over-coming the petrol feed trouble, and composing a song about the Bottly Creek exploits, reaching the hut at dusk, - no double-bunking problem on this occasion.

A 6.30 start was scheduled, but, thanks to Edna, we were away at 6 a.m. Although our Labour Day experience may have had some sub-conscious effect it should be put on record that, apart from Hal, this was achieved in comparative silence. It was soon clear that we were travelling faster than most previous parties and had plenty of time in hand. With a fairly strong wind at first we were encouraged to keep a steady pace, but with leisurely spells at sheltered viewpoints.

Contrary to forecasts the weather steadily improved and the wind slackened. We were at the trig shortly after 10 and had time for a boil-up before the service. The cairn is tending to settle forward but appears fairly firm now and with a little rebuilding of the top should be a permanency.

A fault line conspicuous in aerial photos which passes just west of the trig was located and we set off for home at noon. It was a hot day by now and it was a weary and footsore party that reached the truck a little before six.

No. in party: 12.

Leader: Norm Elder

Helen Hill, Edna Ansell, Susan Waters, Judy Hare, Kath & Norm Elder, Hal Christian, Owen Brown, Jim Glass, Frank McBride, John Phelps, Kevin Simmons.

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PRIVATE TRIPS.30th Oct. THREE JOHNS.

A K.T.C. party five strong with better weather than the forecast, back-disced the route up from the top of the North Block, returning by the Waipawa River. This was rather a special occasion as the leader of the party was the namesake and nephew of one of the original Three Johns, John Dasent, killed in action. A scalp-wound descending the scree gave some first aid practice. (N.B. The sight of a deer is a good test of freedom from concussion,) and soft shingle in Triplex creek gave another incident in a by no means uneventful day.

Norm Elder.

1st-5th Nov. MACKINTOSH - CASTLE CAMP.

Of considerable botanical interest. Two unidentified Clematises at the Lawrence Hut, a queer plant up the Donald, only once recorded previously from the North Island. A good spur, on to the plateau from well up the Donald. An unfamiliar orchid. Spent a couple of nights at the Mackintosh Camp. Little sign of game till a hind came nosing round the camp as we were on the point of packing up. Later, kidneys and back Steaks. A new colony of an uncommon koromiko on the spur to Studholme's. Flakes of snow on Kaiarahi. More deer at Castle Camp. While back steaks were being extracted with a blunt knife had time to locate the site of a former hut. Camped in the Tutaikuri and came out by the Kaweka hut. A horse has recently been taken up behind the hut and along to Studholme's - dirty big hoofprints everywhere.

Norm Elder.

SNOW-CAVING ON RUAPEHU.

Month August.

We planed to build an igloo. Four of us, all girls. Partly as an experiment and partly just to prove we could.

It was snowing the day we arrived at the park. There was no freeze that night and soon after five, in the starlight we set off through the soft snow and drifts to A.C. A social call here, another at a snowcave at the bottom of the glacier and then the steady plug, plug up the glacier itself. Up the steeper slopes to the left and at last on to the plateau, close to Te Heu Heu. It was 9.30 and one of those gloriously warm and sunny days.

The igloo idea was given up as the snow was still too soft and powdery to stick together in good blocks. It would have

to be a snow cave instead. We chose a cone - shaped mound and tackled it with ice axes; but a couple of feet in, we struck blue ice and could only chip at the surface. So this first attempt was abandoned.

The second choice was rather more sensible - into a 50° snow bank of hard packed powder snow, firm yet easy to dig. Our only tool was an ordinary coal shovel, but a few blows with this, and great chunks of snow came easily away. For three hours we worked, at first in spells, with a rest period of luxurious sunbathing on a lilo; then, as the cave went in deeper, it became a full-time job, with one person digging and the other three sweeping out the debris. The smoothing off, to prevent drips, was done with a crampon board.

When furnished the cave was most impressive and almost homely. Down the entrance tunnel, which was sheltered by a wall, a step up into the main igloo - shaped sleeping quarters. On the snow was a sheet of plastic, then two lilos crosswise, and, a final touch a niche for the candle. It was amazingly snug in spite of a temperature of about 30°. We had sitting up room but for four of us not much room for manoeuvring. The greatest disadvantage was that we had provided no escape vent for the primus fumes, hence all cooking had to be done almost right out in the open and our grandiose visions of prolonged meals in bed were squashed.

Outside, it was a wonderful evening, calm and clear and intensely silent. The bulk of Te Heu Heu was in the foreground, beyond it, Ngauruhoe and Tongariro, with Egmont just round the corner.

The morning was again fine and sunny, even though nor-westerly winds and high cloud forecast a change. We would still have one good climbing day - up to the crater and then up Tahurangi. It was still soft and the going was easy, our only problem being to kick steps firm enough. On the steeper Ohakune side of Tahurangi the steps could readily have slid away beneath us. A splendid view from the top, the Kawekas and Ruahines standing out clearly, and even a suggestion of the South Island. Then back down round the crater over the Pyramid, across the plateau over to Te Heu Heu and then back to the snow cave. From there on down to Salt Hut for the night and next day across to Mangatepopo.

That was the snow-caving part of our trip. Only one night as the weather was deteriorating, but great fun; an "experience", and a not unpleasant one. On Ruapehu however it had little practical use. It was too cold to get up

before the sun and by that time any advantage of time has been lost. All climbing there can be reached easily from the lower huts where an early start is not quite such a determined physical effort. However, we all came down full of ideas and improvements for our cave next year!

Susan We ters.

10th - 11th September.    HOWLETT'S - SAWTOOTH - BLACK RIDGE.

Over the past few years weather conditions have turned back a number of attempts by Club parties to make a Winter crossing of the Sawtooth, the latest being in August. Just to show Hughie that he cannot have it all his own way, a small party waited for a favourable weather report, jumped into Hal's car, and set out for Mill Farm, arriving at 10.15 am.

One of the local yokels was sitting on the doorstep there and helpfully suggested that we try a new and perhaps better route, up the Moorcock, over the ridge and down into the Tuki. As it turned out we took  $3\frac{1}{2}$  hours to make the foot of Daphne, an hour longer than up the river. So much for the Helpful Advice. Another  $2\frac{1}{2}$  hours saw us at Howletts, after having been shadowed along the ridge by three sinister looking Spectres of the Brocken.

The fire was very difficult on the Sunday morning, and in spite of a 4.30 reveille, it was 7.20 before we got away. The snowline was at about 4700' and the surface in excellent condition, while the weather would not have been bettered, and upon reaching Tiraha at 9.15. we were greeted by a truly magnificent panorama - the corniced dome of Taumataomekura and the wicked looking pyramid of Te Hekenga ( -o-te-rakau-a-tane-Koeka) rose above us to the South West, with the S. Ruahines, Tararuas, and Nelson peaks in the background. Turning our gaze to the North, the peaks of National Park glistened in the distance on our left, while stretching away below us lay the Sawtooth, a contorted series of knife-edged humps and pinnacles, rising in the distance to the graceful dome of Ohuinga. Beyond rose Paemutu and Rangī, the H.B. Ridge and Hikurangi Range, the sunlight gleaming coldly upon their mantle of snow.

A sizzling glissade off Tiraha dropped us on to the end of the Sawtooth, where we roped up. The actual crossing took three hours - three hours of scrambling up and down snow and rock bluffs, waddling duck fashion along razor edges, and wriggling along astride the ridge in the worst places, cutting steps around the nastier pinnacles and glissading off the gentler ones.

After a quick dash up the few hundred feet to the top of Ohuinga, we sat down to a late lunch and a look around, astisfied that the route out via Black Ridge and Govt. Spur should be fairly straightforward - but little did we know. The Eastern face of Ohuinga is decidedly steep, and we found that Black Ridge rather inconsiderately does not start until several hundred feet down the face, so while Hal busied himself cutting steps zig-zag down the first 200 feet or so, we two sat comfortably above and lent moral support. A rather precarious stomach glissade below the steps sufficed to land us on Black Ridge. Another half hour took us below the snow line, and by 3.45 we were at the top of Govt. Spur, 1½ hrs from Ohuinga. The top of the Spur is pretty messy, but once on the cut track we were able to make better time. Night caught us up in the Tukituki, and it was quite dark when we at last made Mill Farm at 7.20, exactly 12 hours after leaving Howlett's.

Hal Christian, Tom Oosterdyk, Alan  
Berry

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BRUSH, HAMMER AND .....: NGAURUHOE IN THE MAKING.

Like Dior, creating his fashions in lace and silk, we created a mountain of paper and wood.

Our idea seemed possible and this is how it was carried out. A small band of willing workers scrounged round and found bits and pieces. Les Holt gave us some 12-foot timber which duly arrived at Helen's. The truck was stripped and construction began with four main uprights strengthened by crossbars so that it looked rather like a trig. Around this, No. 8 fencing wire was wound to give a round shape. Over this, small tattered pieces of rusty wire-netting were wired to give a good foundation for the scrim. Strips of scrim, previously sized, were sewn together and stitched in place with no gathers or loose ends.

The truck was then taken to a large shed and finished off at night. Three layers of newsprint were pasted on (the supply kept up by Jim). The paste, incidentally, came from ever so many different people. After allowing this to dry painting began. Colours were a little difficult to obtain, but the mixture gradually turned into a brownish purple. "What a ghastly colour!" says someone, "Put some more black in" - "No! Brown!" .. and so it went on till there was Ngauruhoe in all her glory, snow-capped, hot lava streams and brownish rocks. Tea-tree and snow-grass grew around the bare edges, while a tent and a signpost filled the only space left on the deck of the truck.

Saturday dawned fine. We moved off to Queen's Square where inside the cone we placed and lit a chip heater containing sawdust to provide the smoke, a metal sheet for sound effects and red-painted coke for the eruptions. Ngauruhoe performed magnificently. All along the procession route she belched smoke, threw out red-hot rocks and gave the most realistic subterranean rumbles. We were proud of our creation.

PAT BOLT.



CLUB EVENINGS.

We have had a talk on air to ground co-operation by Derek and one on the "Ghost Road" to Inland Patea by Lester Masters. Ray Grant showed us more films of Europe; Joyce Stanley some of Fiji, and Ian Stirling some of New Zealand, including a club wedding.

CHANGE OF ROOM AND NIGHT FOR MEETINGS.

We had the opportunity of moving to a new hall in Warren St. N., more spacious than our present meeting-place. The Girl Guide Room had been somewhat crowded at some of our recent meetings, and the zip heater and stainless steel sink of the new place were most attractive, so we decided to move. The new hall was booked on Thursday nights, so we had to change to Wednesday. All members please note.

ROSS SEA COMMITTEE.

Rex Chaplin was appointed club representative on the Hastings and district Ross Sea Committee.

NEW MEMBERS.

We welcome to the club the following new members:

Marie Valler, Peter Hurford, Reg. Petrowski, Bruce Hesketh, Kevin Simmons, Jim Trumper.

C'EST LA GUERRE...

Considerable curiosity was aroused in the course of shifting our gear to the new clubroom, by the painting that used to hang on the wall.

This was the work of Joan Edgar of the Woodford staff, and can best be explained as an allegory of the H.T.C. in wartime. Internal evidence suggests the date at 1942.

The prancing figures on the skyline are peacetime phantoms. Motor transport was rare and limited in scope, so push-bike trips were normal. With so many of the club overseas working parties for the parcels fund was a major activity. The author claims that any apparent resemblances to living persons are purely coincidental. In spite of this some perverse types claim to recognize Angus Russell, Clem Smith and Molly Molineux; while the more imaginative claim to identify Ezra Bartle, Nancy Tanner, Rosmary Greenwood and perhaps Marge Clayton. Really imaginative types could easily add to the list.

FIXTURE LIST.

<u>Date:</u>	<u>Trip:</u>	<u>Leader:</u>
Jan. 21st. <sup>22</sup>	<u>Ngaruroro from Kuripapango.</u> Instruction, River work, artificial respiration.	Els Bayens.
Feb. 3-4th. <sup>4-5</sup>	<u>Waimarama</u> (bus). Kairakau via Te Apiti Stn.	Alan Berry.
Feb. 18th. <sup>19</sup>	<u>Donald River via Blowhard.</u>	Judy Hare.
March 3-4th.	<u>Waikamaka Working Party.</u>	Hal Christian.
March 18th.	<u>Puketautahi,</u> via Dartmoor or via Inland Patea Rd.	Marianne Culpan.
<u>EASTER:</u>		
Mar. 30-April 2:	1. <u>Northern Kaimanawa &amp; Whangatikitiki.</u> 2. Easy trip: <u>Boyd's Hut.</u>	Derek Conway.
April 15th.	<u>Te Waka,</u> via Potter's Rd. Pukētītiri.	Norm Elder.
April 28-29th.	<u>Iron Whare</u> via Makahu Saddle or Whittle's Clearing.	Jim Glass.
May 13th.	<u>Waipoapoa Bush</u> via Maraetotara.	Pearl Smith.

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SUBSCRIPTIONS:

Save 5/- by paying yours before the end of Decmber!

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FIRST MEETING NEXT YEAR:

The first meeting next year will be held in the new hall, 205 N. Warren St.,  
on January 18th 1956, at 7.30 p.m.

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