

HERETAUNGA TRAMPING CLUB (INC.)

" P O H O K U R A "

Bulletin No. 73.

August, 1956.

President:

N.L.Elder,  
43, McHardy Street,  
HAVELOCK NORTH

Phone 2968

Hon. Secretary:

Miss U. Greenwood,  
Duart Road,  
HAVELOCK NORTH

Phone 2569

Club Captain:

Philip Bayens,  
St. George's Road, N.  
HASTINGS, R.D.2.

Hon. Treasurer:

Peter Wood,  
St. George's Road, S.  
HASTINGS, R.D.2.

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THE MAORI IN THE HIGH COUNTRY.

(Joint address by R.A.L.Batley and N.L.Elder to the Historical Section of the Royal Society, 12th June 1956).

The country dealt with is that lying between the headwaters of the Mohaka, Moawhango and Waipawa Rivers, that is, most of the Kaimanawas, the Kawekas and the Ruahines as far south as Rangitikei Atua.

After a general description of the country, the Maori resources in food, shelter and equipment were discussed (mutton-birds commonly nested in the ranges in pre-European days), then Mr Batley gave the traditional explorations and the place names associated with them. (The rock "Te Upoko o Kahungunu" at the mouth of the Ikawatea had just been visited by the H.T.C. Queen's Birthday party, and it appeared to be taken as a tribute to the mana of the rock that the route to Shute's had been abandoned at this point.)

Twelve traditional routes were then described, and each in turn was discussed from the point of view of present day usage. The first three were parallel routes across the Moawhango country from the Desert Road, Tarikua, Arawharaunga and Te Puta a te Haki, the last named being illustrated by colour slides.

No. 4, from Ngamatea to Taupo, via Pikiawatea, had been followed in part by the H.T.C. Easter party. An interesting point about place names came up about here. The route is described as from Tawake, Tohunga to Tapui o Marua Hine. These are now survey trigs, but were primarily applied to districts. The route would now be described as from the Golden Hills to the Upper Ngaruroro.

No 5. was through the Harkness to the Mohaka, probably along the

ridge at the head of the Mangatainoka followed by a botanical party last year.

No. 6. followed pretty well the line of the present Inland Patea Road with an intriguing branch from Kuripapango to the Mohaka, possibly along the Black Birch from the Donald.

Nos 7-8. ran from an old pa, Akuratowhiti, at the Rangitikei Narrows, to Hawke's Bay, by way of Otupae and Pohokura, and by No Man's and either Pohatuhaha or Rakautanga. The problem of the last route is where the Ikawetea would be crossed.

No. 9. follows the divide by Potae to Tupari, then either reaches Hawke's Bay by way of Pohatuhaha or by Te Atua Mahuru. (The tarns near Tupari are named, as are the tarns below Rongotea, which suggests that these routes were mainly used during dry spells when water was a problem on the tops).

No. 10. Te Parapara (?) is Colenso's route over Te Atua Mahuru. The name suggests that Colenso's Te Atua o Parapara belongs here and may have been wrongly applied to Sixty-six.

No. 11. follows the Mokai Patea and ends down the Waipawa River. An old map shows it definitely running to Sixty-six on a direct ridge from Rongotea, there being no Waikamaka Valley. It seems likely that any route would have used the Waipawa Saddle. The name Taumata o Mekura applies to a lookout where the track crossed the divide - Three Johns seems a possibility. (In any case the name has now been applied to a trig near Te Hekenga).

No. 12. is a route running up from the Kawhatau onto the Mokai Patea at Colenso.

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#### FEDERATED MOUNTAIN CLUBS. 25th Annual Meeting.

Molloy Molineux attended as the club's delegate and we are indebted to her for a full report, together with a copy of a knowledgeable editorial from the Dominion of the F.M.C. safety campaign.

To deal with large scale rescue operations, particularly, though not exclusively, for aircraft accidents, S.A.R. have now dumps of eighteen - man equipment at both Ohakea and Wigram which can be flown, or perhaps parachuted to any point at short notice.

One point settled was the problem of representation of the larger clubs which has bedevilled the F.M.C. over the past few years. After a number of ingenious proposals had been put up without securing general approval a sub-committee made a fresh approach and concluded that the existing system, however illogical, was in practice satisfactory and that no reason for changes had been substantiated. (It should be explained that the F.M.C. decisions are usually made by discussion and seldom come to a test of sheer voting strength, so that the ability of delegates is of more importance than their number). Consequently the meeting approved of the executive's proposal to confirm the present basis of representation with additional safeguards against bare majority decisions.

Related proposals aiming at sectionalizing the executive were

turned down and it was made clear that elected members were concerned with mountaineering interests as a whole and not with individual or sectional interests. The whole strength of the F.M.C. has depended on this attitude towards its responsibilities.

The election of the new executive resulted in E.D. Bridge becoming president. It may be of interest to note that of the total executive of 16, 8 are members of the N.Z.A.C., 5 of C.M.C., 4 of T.T.C., 3 of N.Z.D.A. and 2 of ski clubs. 6 are resident in Wellington, 3 in Christchurch, 2 in Auckland, 2 in Dunedin, with 3 country members, one of which is our nominee, Dr. McPherson.

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### O N T H E T R U C K

Punctuality How often does a trip pass the clock tower on time? Every experienced leader allows half an hour extra, so everybody gets routed out before dawn for the benefit of the usual laggards. Incidentally what about the suggestion of giving the chronic sufferers from alarm-clock trouble a tinkle half an hour before the truck is due out?

Bicycles. By courtesy of Hilt's club members are allowed to park bicycles under cover in their yard. This is a great convenience to us, but when we leave the gate ajar we are not popular. Leaders should make a point before leaving and on return, of seeing that the gate is left locked.

Fares. It is a mark for the leader to have to collect fares,

- (1) in the dark at Holts
- (2) at the roadhead
- (3) in the middle of the ranges
- (4) in the dark at Holt's

Please bring your £5 notes, pennies etc. to the previous club meeting, travel with a clear conscience, and take advantage of any fare concessions that may be going then.

Mattresses Comfort in the lorry is more than just a state of mind - in spite of what the boy friend may say. Edna's mattresses are a boon - when they are dry. We know all about sunny Hawke's Bay, but you know what can happen if mattresses are left out on the tray during a trip, or between trips. Will the last off the tray at the start, and especially at the end of a trip, please stack them under the canopy, please? Don't pay any attention to the boy friend.

Boots. No boots on the truck is a good rule. If you've ever ridden over a corrugated road with a dirty big clinker (or even sometimes a toe plate) in your ribs you'll know why.

Sleeping Bags On a cold trip a sleeping bag cover is a good insurance against that numb shrinking feeling. Delicate types are even known to get into sleeping bags.

Packs It is now usual to stow packs in the front of the tray as the truck handles better with the dead load forward. Front or rear, the practice of sitting on packs should be discouraged. Trampers are not fairies, and apart from obvious damage to the billies etc. such things as strained camera cases letting in light are due to this kind of thoughtlessness.

The leader should see that packs are safely stowed, or, if necessary, lashed down.

Bods. Disposal of. Bodies can conveniently be sardined (en long), hunched or packed in double layers according to size, shape, number and powers of endurance. A little rough-housing may restore the circulation and relieve the tedium - in moderation. Rubber-necking at views shows a praiseworthy interest in the beauties of nature, but a mass of standing live-load adds to the sway of the truck and cuts the less volatile off from both air and scenery.

Car sickness The old sailor's maxim - the lee side please! Victims are advised to park themselves near the tailboard or make up to the driver.

Truck Maintenance. The truck committee would appreciate drivers telling them as soon as possible after a trip if any work wants doing on the truck. They naturally get browned off if it is left till the last minute before the truck is wanted again.

Economies Our object is to keep fares as low as possible. An average of 12 fares gives a manageable loss met by subsidy from general funds, but this does not cover truck depreciation which must be met by working parties. An average of 16 per party should enable the transport fund to be self supporting. Leaders can do a lot by pointing out the attractions of their trips at meetings, ringing up likely customers who are not at the meeting which often brings results - while they could well encourage the coy types to bring out the girl- (or boy-) friend - at any rate on the easier trips.

N. I. E.

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### TRAMPING AT CAIRNS : Queen's Birthday Week-end.

Extracts from letters of Derek Conway.

"I replied to an advertisement wanting companions to climb Mount Bartle Frere (5287') which is about 50 miles away and the second highest peak in Australia. The chap running it is a chemist and very keen..."

"My chemist friend called at 8.15 p.m. on the Saturday and we sped at a reckless pace into the night for Bartle Frere district passing Babinda on the way. We travelled about 45 miles and finally left the new Holden at a cane farm friend's place called Trembath. We then walked down a small track and so into the bush along an old logging track and finally camped for the night on an old bridge across a

roaring stream. All this by torchlight and every stick looked like a snake!

"The chattering of Geoff's teeth awoke me at 5 a.m. We soon had breakfast cooking on the primus and all done from inside the sleeping bag, which amazed my friend who was a one blanket man who walked along with rifles, water bottles, cameras etc. all dangling from off his limbs, but nevertheless we made progress.

First to annoy us was the stinging trees which grew about waist high and even stung me on the knee through my long trousers. It caused my whole leg to ache right up to the groin. After a while we started to climb up a ridge, but very soon we ran into real trouble in the form of cyclone damage which meant that whole trees had been blown over and were lying down the ridge we were going up, which meant we were pushing through their foliage, then scrambling over the trunk, over the roots and then on to the next one; but that was not all, for where a tree had come down it allowed the light in with the result that young growth romped away. This consisted mainly of the vine variety, the worst being wait-awhile which entwined everything and was also well equipped with a double set of hooks every half inch of its length. There were vines as thick as your wrist and others just like thin black wire. All in all it was most trying and necessitated constant cutting with a cane knife to make a passage. A large mob of cockatoos soon discovered us and followed us up the ridge, screeching away. In the background was the constant booming of a cassowary (like a small emu). All sorts of palms and strange trees; some had roots which were about half an inch thick and about 4 feet high above ground level.

My friend suffered from two ailments: one was his rapid rate of consumption of water from his water bottle (we had to carry all our own water as you can't rely on tarns), and the other was the way leeches soon found him every time he sat down. A leech is like a caterpillar half an inch long which, unknown to you, selects a soft place and feeds on your blood, and at the same time to aid him, he injects an anti-coagulant which, when you pull him off, causes blood to flow everywhere.

Our first point, 3100', called Broken Nose was supposed to have taken 5 hours but took 9 hours, so we pitched camp there. We had a good view of the surrounding countryside as well as the hopeless tangle on the ridge above us to 5287' which we decided was beyond our powers. It would have required a large party fully equipped and with several days to spare.

That night was chilly but we had a wonderful view of the lights below, especially the can fields being burnt off for the following day's cut.

We retraced our steps at 10 a.m. the following day and then ran off the blazes we had made coming uphill and had to resume our cutting again. By a stroke of good luck we came upon the very end of a survey line which had just been run in the previous week. It was just on dusk and we were fortunate indeed. About 8 p.m. we got back to the farm, to be seated at a real banquet after which we drove back to Cairns very tired and very stiff....."

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DEREK CONWAY.

CLUB TRIPS.

NO. 525

Easter, 30th March - 2nd April.

NORTHERN KAIMANAWA CROSSING.

We left Hastings at 4.45 a.m. on Good Friday in the Club truck, followed by Kath, Mavis and Norm in the Minx. We picked up Helen on the way and arrived at the lower Poronui homestead at 10 a.m.

Norm, Mavis and Kath set off on their trip in the Kaipo and the remaining fourteen of us shortly after shouldered packs and pushed off, arriving at the old cullers' camp at the junction of the Mohaka and the Kaipo at 1 p.m. Here we had lunch.

Jack had the fire going as we reached our camp site 100 yds up the Waitewhero stream at 5 p.m., and in no time a fine stew and dried fruit were merrily boiling away as various members pitched tents, collected wood and bedding and otherwise made full use of the rapidly fading light. Of course, it rained that night to the annoyance of many who thought it would remain fine and had decided to sleep out. Els and Phillip did the decent thing by electing to cook breakfast the following morning and so it was that, thoroughly strengthened by a stiff brew of porridge, tea, Ryking and sundries, we sat on top of the Waitewhero Saddle at 9.45 a.m., having left camp at 7 a.m.

The contrast of the bush-clad valley of the Oamaru with the open tussock of the Ngaruroro was a fine climax to a wet morning's walk and with the mist just clearing off Tapui-O-Maruahine across the valley the scene was most impressive. At 11.30 a.m. we thought it wise to have a boil-up for we were now half a mile up the Te-wai-o-tupiritea, a main tributary which with the Mangamingi forms the Nga ruroro half a mile down from where we sat.

We were moving up to the foot of an even bush ridge when a stag grunted ahead just inside the bush. We replied and very soon a magnificent stag was standing not 30 yds away, straightening his head and giving vent to his feelings. But press on we must, so we all shouted as one, upon which the stag, foiled again, soon retraced his steps into the bush with ourselves close behind. By 3 p.m. we had arrived at the main ridge just slightly north of Pikiawatea and from a rocky knob jutting out of the beech which grew high all round we could plainly see Lake Taupo and a fair proportion of the head of Tauranga-Taupo, also Dowden and Ngapuketura. Without much ado we continued north for a quarter of a mile, then took a steep plunge west into a well-cluttered-up extreme tributary of the Tauranga-Taupo. At 6 p.m. with a tired party strung out up this creek we called it a day and pitched camp 100 feet up on a plateau alongside a tarn.

It had rained all night and, as we lay abed the following morning on April 1st contemplating wet boots, wet socks, wet tents to be carried, wet bush, in short, a real day for fools, through all this came a cry of "Porridge is ready." Alan and his crew had succeeded in cooking breakfast in spite of it all.

Soon revitalised we were away and at 8 a.m. we were able to prove our correct position in relation to the map by a strong stream on the right which drained off Maungarahi, and an hour later the river gave way to broad flats at the junction of the Pikiawatea and Maungarahi streams. Here a note of welcome was left on an obvious stake addressed to Norm who was hereabouts, but whereabouts? White or blue mountain duck were much in evidence as we continued downstream.

In the middle of a wide stretch of river bed we were commenting on the Tiger country appearance of all around when a mighty roar shook the air, to which we replied. Then a mighty Red stag came full bore up the river bed straight for the party, whose footsteps faltered as the stag continued its charge. It finally stopped not 5 yds away, still roaring heartily.

A nasty gorge in the river at the foot of Ahipaepae prevented further river travel so we referred to Norm's written note on a possible-probable-might-be and could-be route over Ahipaepae trig. Three hours later, a forlorn and dejected party stood at the trig with a faint suggestion of Lake Taupo showing through the new beech growth and as that was to be our final destination, at least it was on our left and that was some consolation. After another steep drop we fortunately struck a good spur leading slightly west of North, which gave us good travelling thorough eaten-out beech forest about 100 feet above the Tiraki stream. Continuing until dusk we camped in the stream bed on a damp site but the only cleared one available. The next morning everything was soaked again, and we left without breakfast as the wood had reached saturation point. We verified our position at Papakohatu stream at 7.50 a.m., finally emerging from bush edge at 11 a.m. with the prospect of several hours of stiff manuka bashing to reach the end of a bush track from Fletcher's Mill.

You can imagine how the tempo increased when Jack up front announced that just ahead was a road, and no mirage either. Learning from two stalkers that Taupo was 13 miles away we clapped the pace on, but 5 miles later the road was having a telling effect on all, so a halt was called and we boiled up and awaited the arrival of Alan who was fortunate to get a lift down to the settlement of Tauranga-Taupo where he picked up the truck, kindly brought round by Rex Chaplin. The rest of the trip home reads thus:- Ran out of petrol 1 mile from Taupo; consumed dozens of pies at Taupo; lights shorted on Taupo Road; home at 1 a.m. Tuesday morning.

No. in Party 14; Helen Hill, Marie Valler, Els Bayens, Geraldine Lcftus, Edna Ansell, Jim Glass, Doug Napier, Owen Brown, Al Moffatt, Alan Berry, Jack Landman, Walter Shaw, Phillip Bayens.

Leader - Derek Conway.

KAIPO.

30 March - 4 April.

(A private trip in the same region as previous trip.)

The two low saddles are good, both below 3,000' but enormous amounts of logs in streams force you to sidle - shall try sidling left into saddles next time. Only 600' drop into Tauranga-Taupo.

Camped above main river, slept in, and completely missed Derek's party who had gone down the opposite terrace. Carved "KAIPO" in pumice cliff at the take off.

At main confluence read:- "H.T.C. party left here at 9.20 a.m. 1st April heading downstream for foot of Ahipaepae. Hearty greetings to all souls on this day of fools."

Feeling the tail-end of this message rather keenly, we tailed them downstream till they were clear of the main Ahipaepae spur, then turned at about the time they hit Trig 1123.

We had a thick day crossing the Pikiawatea ridge, but hit the right spurs and came into glorious sunshine in the Waiotupuritia. Decided the rations would last an extra day, so went over to Boyd's. Spent the morning on colour photography and botany, then down the Oamaru and so home.

Saw several stags. Plenty of Jap in Kaipo and upper T.Taupo, all red in main T.T. and in Oamaru. Located Te Teana stream, almost opposite Waitawhero confluence. Camp is at Te Whakapai stream and has been wrongly identified. Two shooters, dropped by air, running into Ngamatea musters, and walking out in disgust, were reported at various points.

Party: - Kath and Norm Elder and Mavis Davidson.

No. 526

" ROCKY RA NGE."

The schedule laid down that we were to tackle Te Waka from the Puketitiri end but between a baulky truck, a large party and plenty of distractions we didn't make the whole distance.

From Potter's Road we picked a face clear of scrub, but the first distraction was a pleasant creek running through a basin out of the wind which obviously suggested a boil-up.

On proceeding, a limestone crag, though botanically indiffer-ent, gave the rock-climbers some exercise, but after no great delay they came to earth and we reached the crest to find ourselves cut off from the main top by a wide basin with some bush in it-also goats.

A difference of opinion as to routes led to the botanists crossing the basin while the topographers went round the rim to a rendezvous where the tobogganers put on a show while waiting.

From the next top we could see Te Waka trig, but a long way away over featureless country. There were no takers, so we turned west across another basin to reach the outer ridge and a view across the Mohaka.

In this basin the archaeologists had a surprise, a block of limestone with queer designs on one face. With one dissentient this was agreed to be old carving, and after photographing it and searching for further evidence, we headed up to a viewpoint.

Between cartographers looking for trigs and speleologists looking for caves, the leader had now to concentrate on keeping track of 21 bods in a maze of limestone blocks and bluffs - and it was with a sigh of relief that the whole tally was made at the start of a recently cut sidling which took us round to above the truck. A boil-up, some manuka-cutting by the harrier types, and a lot of singing on the road home.

Party 21 - Edna Ansell, Leslie Hewitt, Anne Cave, Vera Carter, Margery Williams, Joyce Stanley (+1), Alistair Moffitt (+1), Owen Brown, Laurie Kenny, Alan Berry, Jim Glass, Angus Russell, Dave Williams, Graham Hare, Kevin Simmons, Len Hodgson, Dick Clark, Norm Elder (Leader).

No. 527.

# IRON WHARE.

April 28th & 29th.

Late nights, early rising and hot muggy weather all worked against making good time into Makahu saddle. The Gorge stream route was taken; then, after lunch on the top of the Birch, we tried to find a better route across the top to Whittle's Clearing. I think if anything our route was a little worse than the last one we took.

After the Clearing we found the disced track a bit hazy in places. A few more discs would soon put it right. To our delight we found there were still several stags roaring and it wasn't long before we were challenged by a fine beast which was said to have fourteen points.

It wasn't till after 4 p.m. that we reached the saddle and our hopes of making Kaweka flats that night were grim. We pushed on to get as far as we could. Trouble soon cropped up in the form of two clay wash outs which we couldn't get across. We had to climb high to get round the top of them. Then on down to the stream that flows out of the basin formed by Kaweka N. & North Kaweka. Here we found a good camp site. Soon the tents were dotted around in the bush and one of Dick's fine fire-places built out on the river bed.

Everything went with a swing. By the time the tents were up the stew was well under way. This was preceded by a really fine brew of soup - one of the best I've tasted. Food always tastes twice as good when you're hungry. Everybody was in bed by 9 p.m.

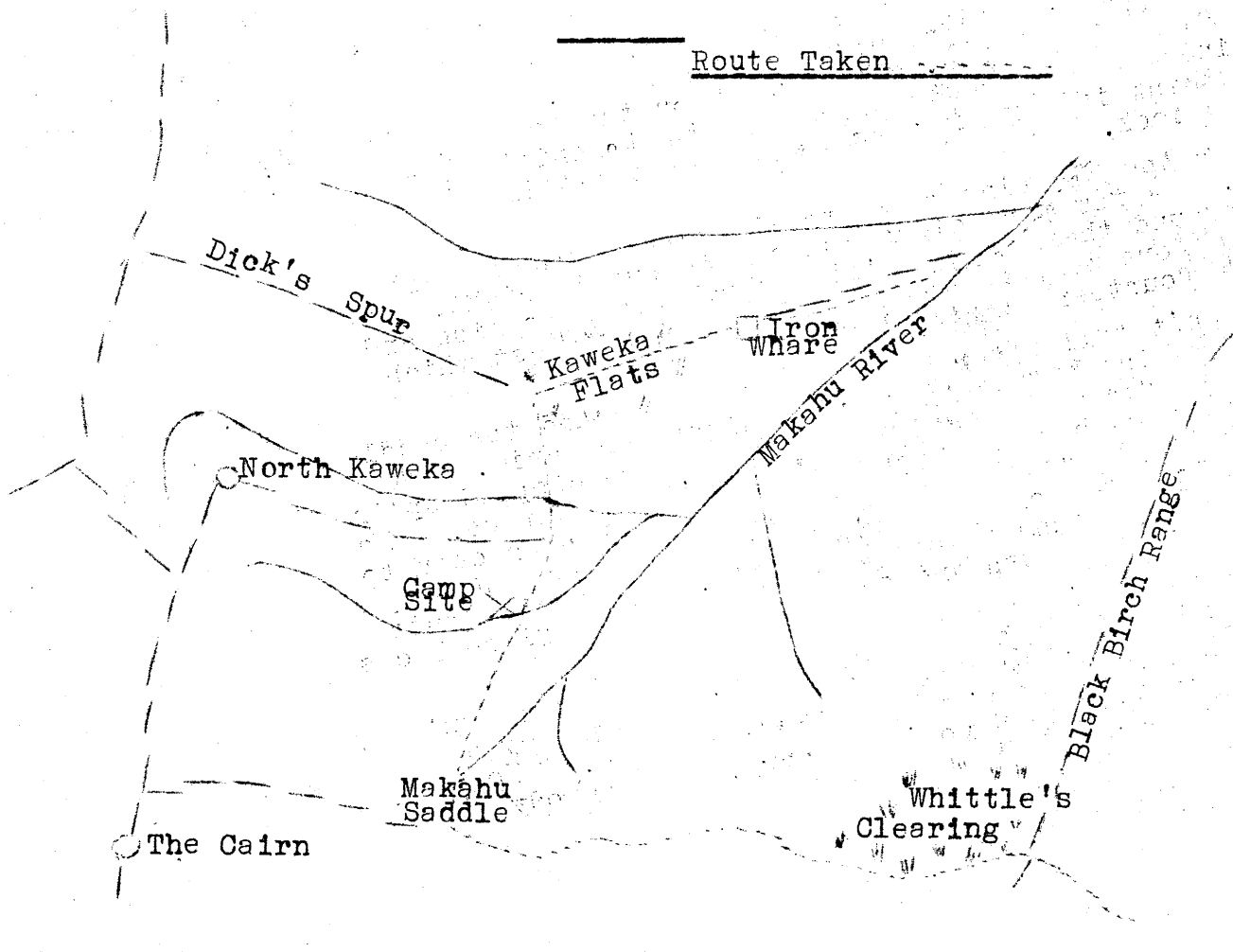
By 6.30 the following morning the fire was going and the porridge was under way. Porridge, cornflakes, bacon, eggs, steak, sausages and cold pork were all on the menu. So you can understand why it was 8.30 before we were packed up and away, heading in a northerly direction across the foot of the spur leading off North Kaweka. The going was fairly good, in and out of bush and manuka scrub. Then after crossing the river that flows out of the basin formed by Dick's Spur and North Kaweka we found a good route up on the Kaweka flats. We came across an old camp site where Kath found an old shirt of hers which she lost over a year ago.

After dropping off the Kaweka Flats we picked up the Iron Whare, still in not bad condition. Then on down and down we went into the Makahu River. After a quick lunch Alan & Dick went up and over the Black Birch to get the truck, while the rest of us went down stream to Cook's Cottage, arriving there after three hours of easy river work.

We hadn't been there long before we heard the friendly noise of the truck coming down the hill.

No. in Party - 9 - Alan Berry, Len Hodgson, Frank McBride, Dick Clark, Kath Elder, Edna Ansell, Judy Hare, Marjorie Williams.

Leader: Jim Glass.



NO. 528.

WAIPOAPOA BUSH.

MAY 13TH.

Filling in a gap, I found myself leader of a party to Waipoapoa bush. No-one in the party had been there before, so we began finding our way quite early in the day with the aid of road signs and A.A. maps. We made quite an impressive convoy of 19 people in 4 cars. When we arrived at Waipoapoa, we climbed a couple of hundred feet on to a ridge, and found, according to the map, that we had reached the highest summit for some miles around. The rest of the day was just as easy. We wandered through a patch of fenced-off bush, which was full of young seedlings, and had a leisurely lunch by the stream. Then we went over to Te Aratipi, which is a good viewpoint overlooking Waimarama, and back by a different route. We halted, and sat down, and had a boil-up, at numerous intervals. It was a warm and hazy day, which encouraged us to enjoy it as much as possible. We saw many wild duck refugees from the shooting season, did a little bit of real climbing into a steep little gorge and up the other side, and finally attracted the attention of a whole crowd of enormous bullocks, who galloped up and snuffled gustily at us.

We reached the transport in time to get well under way before dark. A very enjoyable day.

No. in party - 20 - Philip Bayens, Els Bayens, Rachael and Ted Priddy, Al Moffitt, Lois Bartle, Len Hodgson, Nancy Tanner, Barbara Wallace, Margaret Myson, Leslie Hewitt, Ann Cave, Vera Carter, Edna Ansell, Marie Valler, Heather Robinson, Graham Hare, Barbara Hare, Jim Glass.

Leader: Helen Hill.

NO. 529.

WAIKAMAKA WORKING PARTY.

MAY 26th-27th.

Eight heavily laden stalwarts set off from McCulloch's just before nine, rolls of flat galvanised iron (15lbs apiece), hammers, nails and other assorted builders' sundries protruding from well filled packs. Neither the weather nor the water was any too tropical, so after a wee bite at the forks, we pushed onwards and upwards into the land of the mists. Conditions were rather damp and miserable on top, with the usual westerly zephyr wafting through the Saddle, and we were all glad to drop down the scree to thaw out. We made the hut at 12.30, the time of 3 $\frac{3}{4}$  hours being quite reasonable in the circumstances.

The scene at about 2 o'clock was one of frenzied activity. While one gang cleared the earth from around the base of the walls, and securely fixed a 4 ft strip of the aforementioned iron over the present malthoid, others applied yet another mud-pack to the outside of the fireplace. Meanwhile, excavation for the proposed lean-to on the eastern side of the hut proceeded apace, a considerable amount of earth and shingle having to be moved to provide a level site. Philip, Els and Rex arrived out of the murk at about six, and lent a willing mouth to the disposal of a "great grey-green greasy" stew.

All were agreed, after a very comfortable night, that the iron had made a great improvement to the comfort of the establishment. However, much remained to be done on the lean-to, and although the weather was not too bright, four piles were cut and placed, and some of the plates and studs prepared. It is hoped eventually to move the door of the hut around to the East wall, in the shelter of the lean-to - eventually.

The results of our building efforts were not as obvious as we might have hoped, but time marched on, and at 2.15 we shouldered packs and struggled up the creek, over the Saddle, and so to the Mill by about 4.45.

No. in Party - 11 - Judy Hare, Els Bayens, Graeme Hare, Len Hodgson, Norm Elder, Ray Thomas, Kevin Simmons, Rex Chaplin, Philip Bayens, Frank McBride, Alan Berry.

Leader Alan Berry.

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#### BARUNTSE FILM.

We were very fortunate in having George Lowe with us the evening we showed the Baruntse film, thus ensuring a larger audience than we might otherwise have had. His introductory talk was, as usual, extremely interesting. The film itself was magnificent. It seems a great pity that it has been cut to what we understand is less than half its original length.

The net proceeds resulting from this evening amounted to £47.17.6. From raffles we raised £25, and a collection taken up at an earlier Club meeting realised about £3 (the exact amount is not available at the time of going to print). So the Club has been able to hand over to the Ross Sea Committee roughly £76.

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#### "EAST OF EVEREST".

This book by George Lowe and Sir Edmund Hillary, giving the account of the Baruntse Expedition, is now on sale in Hastings bookshops.

Sir Edmund tells the story as far as the accident to Jim McFarlane, his own illness, and their subsequent withdrawal from the scene of action. George takes over from here and describes the remainder of their exploratory trips, (they drew lots to decide who would explore which valley) and climbs (nineteen peaks over 20,000 ft. as well as a few others), and the festival of Dumji held at Khumjung.

The 48 pages of photographs are simply the best expedition collection we have ever seen. The maps are very clear. The only fault of the narrative is its brevity.

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"Climb the mountains and get their good tidings. Nature's peace will flow into you as sunshine flows into trees. The winds will blow their own freshness into you, and the storms their energy, while cares will drop away from you like the leaves of autumn."

John Muir.

No. 530.

NORTHERN RUAHINE CROSSING2nd - 4th June  
Queen's Birthday

The idea was to go from Big Hill station to No Man's hut, down the Ikawatea to Shute's hut and out by Big Hill again; but "Hughie" thought differently. To begin at the beginning:- We left Holt's at 6a.m., the party thinned down to 7 (originally 13). Got to Big Hill at 8a.m. and to Herricks at 9.50. Met two shepherds who informed us that the track from Shutes to Big Hill was badly overgrown three years ago. Left Herricks at 10.30, up Herricks spur which seems to drag on endlessly. Weather fair (broadcast grim). Got to the top at 3.20 p.m. - the same time as the mist - but as our route to No Mans is snow-poled, we had no difficulty in finding the hut. I was all for pushing on but the party favoured the hut more, so we stayed in the hut, which we reached at 4.15 p.m. Just as well we did, as by about 6 "Hughie" simply turned on the tap and did not turn it off till the following morning.

Not realising the extent of the rain (swollen rivers) we set off at 8 a.m. the following morning in misty weather, with the idea of dropping into the Ikawatea and then going on to Shutes. We followed the Main Divide for approx. 2 hours, saw quite a number of deer and fresh track-cutting through the various patches of bush and signs of pack horses. Struck the ridge down to the Ikawatea at 10.15. On the scrub line we found a nice, steep, cut track. All the way down we had a good view of the Pohokura out-station country and, occasionally, of Otupae, which appeared more massive than I had thought. We sidled well above the Ikawatea with the intention of striking a track to Shutes (misunderstanding on my part as there is no such thing) till we came to a gorgy stream which forced us into the river, where the fun began. The Ikawatea was well up on account of the rain the night before. We managed to get across using the pole method, but considered it dangerous to cross it again. So there we were on the wrong side of the river with only one day to spare to get to Big Hill where Owen was to pick us up again.

We decided to walk as far as the Tararuarau to look for a bridge over the Ikawatea. Finding none, we went to Pohokura Out-station where we rang Mrs. Roberts of Ngamatea station and asked her if she would ring Owen to tell him to collect us from Kuripapango instead of Big Hill. Having settled this we left smartly to get as far as possible towards Kuripapango, a mere 12 to 15 miles! We crossed the Taruarau by the swing bridge, the stream being well up and very swift. One of the shepherds had to swim his horse across - a sure warning to trampers to leave the river alone. We camped at 5 p.m. on the side of the road.

Got away by 9 am next morning for Kuripapango. It took us 2½ hours to get to the Inland Patea road. We called in at Timahanga station to contact Mrs. Roberts; she had not been able to get in touch with Owen Brown, so we gave her another address with the same result. Eventually, after three tries, the message got through. At Timahanga we were all invited in for a nice cup of tea and real bread with jam by the Maori lady in charge. This

gave us some more energy for the final climb of 'Gentle Annie!' We left Timahanga at 1 pm and got to Mrs. Macdonald's at 3.15. Here we received the same hospitality. "How many of you?" "Only seven" "Bring them all in and you can wait for the truck here". So we changed and made ourselves at home. 4 pm and no Owen - by 5 o'clock we were all wondering what could have happened. One of the party went as far as the lone pine tree, but Owen was approx.  $\frac{1}{2}$  a mile further on, stuck in the drain hard up against the bank. The road being bad and slippery, he just skidded into the drain, where he had been since 4 o'clock. With all the manpower we had and the aid of my rope and a small truck, belonging to a deerstalker who came from Ngamatea, we got the truck eventually mobile, collected our gear from Mrs. Macdonald's, leaving all our butter there as she had run out, and finally got to Hastings at 9.20 pm. Here I would like to thank Mrs. Roberts and Miss Macdonald for their help and hospitality.

Conclusion: If there has been heavy rain during either the previous day or night, stick to the ridge. If there is still heavy rain, stick to your sleeping bag. We used bulk food. For breakfast we had porridge and hot tea. We had dried fruit as sweet at night. For seven people for 3 days we carried the following bulk:- 24 lbs dehydrated veg. (dehydrated meat included); 4 packets oxtail soup (stew thickening); 1 lb. dried apricots,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  lbs dried apples, 1 lb. dried figs - used after stew at night-time;  $2\frac{1}{2}$  lbs oatmeal, for breakfast. These quantities proved any amount for the two meals.

No. in party: 7.

Leader : Philip Bayens  
Peter Hurford, Graham Hare, Kevin Simmons, Jim Glass, Helen Hill, Els Bayens.

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No. 531.

TREE PRUNING AT GWAVAS

10th June.

Instead of the Smith-Russell track working trip set down for this date, we switched to the pruning of a block of 22 acres of pinus for the Forestry at Gwavas. Owen and I left Napier reasonably early - 5.30 a.m. - arriving at Stirling's to find the truck reluctant to go. It took considerable patience to get her started and it was nearer 6.30 when we finally left Holt's. On arrival at Gwavas, we picked up saws and were ready for work by 8.15. We were each given two rows of trees, pruning only those marked with two spots of white paint. We pruned till 9.50 when a billy of tea was collected from the cook-house. Back to work again from 10.30 till tea for lunch was brought over at 1245. The day was cloudy and a bit chilly so we took only an hour for lunch, then worked till 4 pm when we called it a day with nearly half the block finished. After changing and another hot drink we were on our homeward way at 5, with arrangements made to come out again next Sunday to finish.

No. in party: 13. Leader : Edna Ansell  
 Graham Hare, Ted and Rachael Priddy, Norm Elder, Owen Brown,  
 Kevin Simmons, C. Hargreaves, Nancy Tanner, Marie Valler,  
 Heather Robinson, Jack Landman, Laurie Kenny.

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No. 532. TREE PRUNING AT GWAVAS 17th June.

Four members cleaned up the rough patches we had left on 10th June while the rest of the party carried on with the job.

No. in party : 11. Leader : Edna Ansell  
 Graham Hare, Norm. Elder, Kevin Simmons, C. Hargreaves,  
 Nancy Tanner, Jim Glass, Alan Berry, Len Hodgson, Kath Elder, Doug Napier.

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No. 533. THREE JOHNS - WAIKAMAKA 23-24th June.

A party of ten hardy souls left Holt's at 6.30 am. As we neared the mountains, stops were made to admire their snowy mantle and to take photographs. One hardy type lost his "best hat" and caused some back-tracking! A short halt was called on the track in to the starting point as it was necessary to hack through a shrub or two with ice-axes before Alan could snake the truck past. The usual disrobing and rearranging of packs completed, the party began the march through the river about 9.45.

After a short breather and some food in the sun a little way up the spur, the real climbing began. It was not long before we gleefully encountered the first snow patches which quickly became deeper with increasing altitude. Conditions were quite pleasant, but the sun's rays were weak and the air temperature low. Very soon the deep snow underfoot and frozen snow covering the scrub made the going tougher.

The day had worn well on towards 2 pm before a 10 minute stop was made for a dry lunch on top of the first bushy knoll of the Three Johns. From there on it was bush-bashing with a vengeance - slow going, and everyone very cold in consequence. Trail breaking became even harder as the deep, soft open snow was reached on the ridge (speed  $\frac{1}{4}$  mile per hour). Some fell in the holes and crawled out, others went crab-wise across the snow on all fours! Abominable snowmen in fact! In the teeth of a keen wind it was a relieved party of trampers who reached the summit (5,120) at 5 pm to see the sun sink in the west and a full moon rise out of the frost murk beyond the Wakararas.

A swift descent was made to the Waipawa saddle, and everyone floundered down the rough, snow-covered creek bed by the light of the moon and torches. After such a hard trip, Waikamaka Hut was a welcome sight at 7 pm - but the wood was wet!

So no fire, no stew till around 9 pm. N.B.: Malthoid roofing felt burns when all else fails.

Just as the stew looked like becoming a reality, in walked Phil and Els Bayens, Doug Napier and Kevin Simmons. They had left their truck at 5 pm and made good time up the Waipawa, but, like the main party, crawled over the ridge on hands and knees. Everyone was finally fed and "cocooned-up" by midnight and soon the only sound was that of the night wind in the trees and the rushing creek.

Next morning the usual difficulty was encountered with the Waikamaka chimney plus wet wood, so "Brunch" lasted from 8 am till noon. Conditions outside were most unpleasant - plenty of wind and sleet etc. At 12.30 we set out on the return journey in falling snow. A small blizzard was howling across the saddle. Some tobogganing speeded up the descent, and the party was soon strung out down the river-bed. It is interesting to note that a member of the rearguard was able to retrieve a pair of gents trousers lost on the working party trip a month previously. The owner at first declined to recognise the garment, but has stepped into them again now! The two vehicles, Ford and Dodge, reached Holt's again at 7 pm, completing a most strenuous but enjoyable trip.

No. in party : 14.

Leader : A. Moffitt  
Alan Berry (trail finder), Lois Bartle, Edna Ansell, Graeme Hare, Len Hodgson, Joyce Stanley, Archie Smith, Ted and Rachael Priddy, Phil and Els Bayens, Doug Napier, Kevin Simmons.

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No. 534.

# TREE PRUNING, CONCLUDED

8th July

Fixture list, "Smedley". Never a show. A suggestion from the meeting, "finish the Gwavas pruning, then on to Smedley". With a large party and only six man-days of work estimated to polish the job off it seemed a natural. A plaint reported from a guest, however, "I pay 3/- for the privilege of coming out and am then called on to do a quid's worth of labour for the club". An unusual amount of chopping and changing. Leader, sub-leader and four other bods reneged; however, six unscheduled bods appeared at Holt's. We rumbled out under the morning star, 22 strong and 2 deep on the truck.

The snag was that six man-days was nearer 12, and several; extra man-days were added by some sub-standard pruning. Several gangs had to be switched to checking and re pruning. 2 pm - Finished! Too late for Smedley. The contractor (Philip) had the bright idea of giving his minions a run across to Devil's Gully on the way home. Waded through a bull-dozed morass and picked up the old track. Here fell in with three Jovial Huntsmen, empty-handed, Jack, Doug and a third. Duly impressed with the mass of talent and beauty displayed before

them. And so home via Salisbury Road, a very congested and vocal trip. Pruning completed, no snow on Wakararas, cloud massing on the divide.

No. in party : 22

Leader : Norm Elder

Edna Ansell, Leslie Hewitt, -Anne Cave, Lois Bartle, Rachael Priddy, Marie Valler, Margaret Powdrell, Nancy Tanner, Els Bayens, Barbara Hare, Al. Moffitt, Owen Brown, Dick Clark, Ted Priddy, Hal Christian, Philip Bayens, Peter Wood, Ray Thomas, Robin Fargher, Brian Newall, Russell Bluden.

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No. 535.

BLACK BIRCH AND NORTHERN KAWEKA

21-22nd July

6 am start had the party of 12 at Whittle's at 8.30. Made off over Baldy, encountering our first snow in scrub before reaching the top, with many broken branches etc. to indicate the snow fall's severity and unusual reach into low altitudes. Then down to the Gorge stream via a recently cut Forestry track and up spur to Black Birch - deciding to have a boil-up at the bush on top. However, found about 18" of soft snow on top making conditions too frigid and wet for a camp farther on. So after some eats, decided to return to Gorge stream and camp there and try our luck on Don Juan on the morrow. The camp here was about 2,100 feet, Black Birch top 3,500 feet. Time on top - noon to 12.45 and back at camp at 3 pm. Stew, eats, words, etc. till 8 o'clock. There was no sun to speak of during the day - red sunrise and much ground mist; light N.E. breeze. The cloud which was on Birch when we arrived at Whittle's had lifted about 500 feet by the time we reached there, sufficient to show Dick's Spur and the end of Makahu Ridge to Cairn and Trig. Snow very wet and sodden. Norm had no success in examination of proposed nursery areas on Birch.

Sunday, a light rain shower early, were packed and away by 9.30. Took packs to top of ridge before Baldy then took billy and day pack down this ridge between the two arms of the Gorge stream, arriving at trig N VII about 11. Ideas of Don Juan were now scrapped and the rest of the day spent descending in scrub to the Gorge stream for mid-day boil-up where we met a party of four shooters and dogs out for the day from Puke-titiri who had preceded us by about an hour down the ridge.

Then we ascended a clear, easy-going stream bed up to tops just north of F. More snow and now a bit of sunshine to play with together with quite interesting views south west and a particularly clear view of the Heretaunga plains. Once again we met our fellow trampers and also saw another two plus dog - apparently <sup>attracted</sup> cul- lers, almost within hailing distance. This spot certainly attracted attention on this day. The ridge was followed to trig J - found quite easily - then a descent made to the Gorge stream in a general line for our packs. This part of the trip tried us out on a bit

of track-finding in fairly tall manuka, but it caused little delay. We eventually greeted our most unwelcome burdens about 3.45 and it was now just "Home James and don't spare the horses". We returned to civilisation and the week's burdens refreshed from a pleasant weekend in spite of North Kaweka trig having the better of us on this occasion.

No. in party : 12.

Leader : Dick Clark.

Alan Berry, Robin Fargher, Norm Elder, Owen Brown, Russell Bluden, Ray Thomas, Edna Ansell, Heather Robinson, Marie Valler, Els and Philip Bayens.

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NEW YORK AND LONDON: (Extracts from a letter by Wally Romanes).

Our entry to New York was accompanied by the most violent electrical storm I have yet witnessed as great, jagged rents of lightning sizzled down to the sea, illuminating it to our horizon, and torrential rain beat down the waves to a white froth of surging water.

By dawn we lay off Ellis Island in N.Y. harbour where customs, quarantine and security officials came aboard for a normal check and by about 10.30 we were berthed at Bush Terminal just opposite, as the Brooklynites put it, "Foity-toid St." The heavy cold fog showed no sign of lifting and even the Statue of Liberty was hard put to show herself. All our passengers were ashore within the hour leaving we poor unfortunates to envy them and carry on with work. Immediately after dinner, armed with our \$20 sub (£7.2.3) we set off to see something of N.Y.

Down a subway stop on 45th St. we went to emerge half an hour later in Times Square, the city's movie house area, where a glittering array of advertising lights halted all in outright amazement. A great waterfall along the length of the building roared over the parapet, plunged down to verandah level and disappeared from sight. An advertisement for cigarettes puffed smoke from between the lips of a story-high figure as across another building the world news spelled out in a glittering show of lights. Everywhere the all-revealing glow of a thousand different lights. Yellow and cream taxicabs poised at intersections like greyhounds, ready to leap forwards in a mad pounding of rubber at the sounding of a cop's whistle. And the policemen themselves - gum-chewing cops, some on horseback and all with revolvers, directing traffic with whistles and nochalant waves of the arm.

Poked my nose into Jack Dempsey's Bar, Madison Square Gardens and one of the many inns where ice-cold beer is 15c a glass and an enormous, ryebread-ham-cheese-lettuce concoction costs 60c.

From N.Y. we followed a snow-clad coastline to the mouth of the St. Lawrence River and up it to Montreal. Some idea of the size of this river may be gained from the fact that our pilot came aboard some 250 miles downstream from where we docked.

London you know well enough - there is no need for me to describe its sights, sounds and smells, but if it is fair to make a comparison on a two-day visit to N.Y., London wins hands down. Behind N.Y.'s glitter is an emptiness which robs the city of its strength. London on the other hand has an air of solidity which you probably know better than I. And so back to London I came

after visiting relations and cycling about Scotland for a fortnight.

With things stirring in the direction of Makahu Saddle the club will probably have a rather busy time ahead and despite the size of this undertaking I have no doubt that it will be successfully carried out. It's easy enough to add words of cheer from 12,000 miles away! How are the meetings going in the new hall?

London weather is at its best today, bright sunshine and a gentle breeze, so I have strung out my climbing rope inside the room to dry some washing, for being in Kensington the neighbours object to having it hanging outside. Do you see what I mean about London's distinctive way of life?

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### S O C I A L   N E W S .

Births: To Kath and Stan Woon - a daughter.

To Muriel (née Shaw) and Sandy Lowe - a son.

Marriage: In England, Hugh Elder to Marian Darby.

Departure: Derek Conway is on a working tour of the East Coast of Australia. He spent some time in Cairns (see letter elsewhere), and is now working in the Kodak laboratories in Melbourne.

Molly Young is in England at the moment.

Wally Romanes is in London (see letter).

Mr. & Mrs. Jim Gibbs are back in Hastings.

George Lowe is very busy in London with work for the Antarctic Expedition. In a recent letter, speaking of the party at present wintering in the Antarctic, he said they were still in tents but were in very good spirits. The Expedition is due to leave London on 15th November in the "Maggie Dan".

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NEW CLUB CAPTAIN: Philip Bayens was appointed Club Captain by the committee in place of Derek Conway who resigned from this position on going overseas. This left a vacancy on the committee, which has been filled by the appointment of Owen Brown.

GWAVAS PRUNING CHEQUE: This amounted to £46 - a stout addition to the Transport Fund.

NEW MEMBERS: We welcome to the Club:- Jennifer Chaplin (absentee), Alistair Moffitt, Lois Bartle, Rachel and Ted Priddey, Graeme Hare.

CLUB EVENINGS: We have had ten-minute talks by club members on tent-pitching, boots, packs & equipment, and a history of club transport; films on Bushcraft, Milford & Doubtful Sound, Copland Pass & Graham Saddle; and a spell-binding address by Mr. Francis, curator of the H.B. Acclimatisation Society's Game Farm at Greenmeadows.

RE-UNION: Jan. 26th-27th 1957.      21st ANNIVERSARY DINNER & PICNIC.

A second circular has been sent out to all who replied to our first, thus indicating that they were interested in further details of the celebrations. This last circular contained the results of the last meeting of the Reunion committee: The dinner will be held at the Farmers' Tearooms on Saturday evening Jan. 26th. We will spend the evening there and have supper as well. The picnic will be held on Sunday Jan. 27th. We still have to decide on the place. Subscriptions of 30/- per head must be paid by September 30th to Mrs. L.H. Lloyd, St. George's Rd. S., Hastings R.D. 2.

FIXTURE LIST.

<u>Date:</u>	<u>Trip:</u>	<u>Leader:</u>
Sept. 15th.	Blossom Parade.	
Sept. 16th.	Working Party: Smith-Russell Track.	Edna Ansell.
Sept. 29-30th.	Waikamaka: Working Party and Rangī or 66.	Jim Glass.
Oct. 14th.	Working Party: Finish discing Government Spur.	Dick Clark.
Oct. 18-22nd.	<u>Labour Week-end:</u>	
	5-day: Whittle's, North Kaweka, Venison Top.	Phil Bayens.
	3-day: Whittle's, Iron Whare, Dick's Spur.	Alan Berry.
Oct. 28th.	Northern Ruahines: investigate track to Shute's Hut.	Jim Gibbs.
Nov. 10-11th.	Kawekas: a) Cairn Trip. b) Day Trip for Old Members.	Nancy Tanner.
Nov. 25th.	Mohaka Hot Spring.	Pat Bolt.
Dec. 8-9th.	Trial Search and Rescue practice, based on Herrick's Hut, N. Ruahines.	Norm Elder.

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ANNUAL MEETING:The Twenty-First Annual General Meeting of the H.T.C.

will be held in the Radiant Hall on Oct. 10th, 1956.

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