

HERETAUNGA TRAMPING CLUB (INC.)

" P O H O K U R A "

Bulletin No.75.

April, 1957.

President:

Mr. N.L. Elder, 43 McHardy Street, Havelock North. Phone 2968.

Hon. Secretary:

Miss U. Greenwood, Duart Road, Havelock North. Phone 2569.

Hon. Treasurer:

Mr. Alan Berry, Box 16, Havelock North. Phone 3671.

Club Captain:

Mr. Philip Bayens, St. Georges Road N., Hastings, R.D.2.

OUR 21st ANNIVERSARY REUNION

The Reunion week-end passed all too quickly. We give in this issue an account of the main events. On the Saturday morning a working party consisting of both old and present members went out to the picnic site to "make the rough places smooth" for the passage of cars over the paddocks, and then for the tramp (?) of 300-400 yds from the cars to the river. Apart from this, Saturday was a time for visiting around as each batch of travellers arrived in Hastings. Several families found each other in the motor camp. Boil-ups were the order of the day.

At 6.30 pm 81 of us assembled for the dinner in the Farmers Tearooms. Two late comers, one complete with pack, took the wrong spur, so to speak, and got bushed in a wedding reception held in an adjoining room. They accepted a glass of sherry with equanimity, but when asked to drink the health of the "bride and bridegroom", got a bit startled, went back on their tracks, took a fresh bearing and eventually arrived in the right place.

Our guests for the evening were Mr. Jim Williams, President of the Hawkes Bay branch of the Deerstalkers Association, and Mr. Ron Morgan, head of the Napier group of the Radio Emergency Corps. (Ron is also a member of the H.T.C.). We were fortunate in having with us the four presidents that the Club has had since its inception:- Dr. Bathgate, Stan Craven, Lin Lloyd and Norm Elder.

The meal itself was superb. When everyone was replete, John von Dadelszen, the toastmaster, held a roll call. As he read out each name the person stood up, gave his present place

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of abode and faced boos or cheers from the rest of the company. Kaitaia and Dunedin were the furthest towns, but among the many apologies and telegrams received there were addressees as far away as Massachusetts U.S.A., Vancouver Is. Canada, and Mt. Compass Australia.

Philip Bayens, our present club captain proposed the loyal toast. Dr. Bathgate, the Club's first president then proposed the health of the Heretaunga Tramping Club as follows:-

"I have the honour to propose the toast of the Heretaunga Tramping Club on the occasion of its coming of age. I shall give a brief resumé of its history:- On Monday, September 30th, 1935, a meeting was held at Christies new shop in Russell Street, Hastings, for those interested in tramping. There were present on that occasion Mesdames Elder, Bathgate, D.T. Christie, Fitzgerald and Keys; with Messrs N. Elder, D.T. Christie, R. Keys, Stan Craven, H.A'C. Fitzgerald, J.W. Palmer, W. Rainbow, I. Powell, G. Christie and Dr. Bathgate. It was decided to form a tramping club to be known as the Heretaunga Tramping Club and the following officers were elected:-

Patron: Mr. E.J. Herrick. President: Dr. D.A. Bathgate.
Vice Presidents: Messrs H. Chambers, H.A'C. Fitzgerald, J.W. Palmer. Minute Sec.: Mr. Gordon Christie.
Correspondence Sec.: Mr. J. Lloyd Wilson. Treasurer: Mr. W. Rainbow. Club Captain: Mr. N.L. Elder. Committee: Mesdames D.T.Christie, N.L. Elder; Messrs D.T.Christie, S. Craven; R. Keys, H. Kitt, I. Powell.

The urge to form a tramping club arose out of the loss of Mr. Hamish Armstrong when he was flying his plane from Akitio to Hastings. After an intensive but unsuccessful air search for the missing flier over a period of ten days in rough and stormy weather, the search was abandoned and all hope of finding Mr. Armstrong alive was given up. Two weeks after he was lost, a party of skiers headed by Ian Powell camped at Shut Eye shack. They came upon the missing plane just over the saddle subsequently named "Armstrong Saddle". The plane was lying on its side half buried in the snow. There was no sign of the pilot. The clock on the dash-board of the plane showed it had crashed two hours after taking off from Akitio. During this time the pilot had flown around in a desperate attempt to bring his plane down safely. But it was not to be. He crashed high up in the Ruahine Range in a snowstorm and, no doubt in a dazed state, wandered away to perish somewhere in the Ranges.

Ian Powell returned from the plane in a fast trip to notify the Aero Club of his discovery. A call was made for trained searchers but there was no organisation which could produce such a group on the spur of the moment. Out of this need our H.T.C. came into existence.

The name "Heretaunga" was adopted as being the old Maori name for this part of Hawkes Bay. For our colours the Club chose

sky blue, navy blue and scarlet. On our badge is "Pohokura" - the pet lizard of Tamatea-Pokai-Whenua the great Maori explorer.

The first Annual General Meeting was held on 2nd October, 1936 with an attendance of 30 members. This first year closed with a membership of 87. In the twelve months 27 trips had been made with an average attendance of 25 per trip. During this year the Kaweka Hut was started, also track clearing and cutting was carried out with great enthusiasm.

The club was fortunate at its beginning to have the advice and active help of such well-known trampers as Norman Elder, Ian Powell and of Jimmy Palmer of the R.S.C. These people were already experienced members of established clubs and gave us much needed help in the setting up of an H.T.C.

From its start our club has been a very active one with a good record of track cutting, hut building, map making, search and rescue work and all round good hard tramping.

Ours is a floating population and we have consequently lost through the years many active members who have moved to other centres. The war years put a big strain on our club as on all similar bodies. Ten of our members lost their lives in the service of their country. Their names are:- Bruce Beechey, Bill Boyd, Dick Bright, Doug Callow, Freddy Green, Ken McLeay, Max McCormick, Mocky Meldrum, Bugs Irwin and Bert Woolcott. These are inscribed on the cairn erected to their memory on the Kaweka Range, the highest point in Hawkes Bay. We must feel grateful to Stan Craven and those other stalwarts - a few men and women who kept the club alive in the war years and who so ably helped our overseas members by writing and by sending parcels to them all.

Through all the years a fine club spirit has been apparent in the H.T.C. One of the greatest thrills we can get out of tramping is the friendships we make through our common interests. There is a friendship and companionship of the high hills which all true trampers know. This gives to some extent the answer to the question "Why do we do it?". And what a wonderful pastime tramping is! It is indeed a re-creation. It is a sport (if you might call it so) where there should be no spirit of rivalry, no attempt to beat a companion, but rather a helping and a sharing, and pleasures doubled and redoubled because they are shared. Of course when we get old - as we all must - tramping is not so easy and some day we have all to give up the hard, tough climbs and be satisfied with something much less ambitious. But the older members can perhaps say with the poet:-

"What if I live no more those kingly days?
In the night they sleep with me still.
I dream my feet are on the starry ways,
My heart rests in the hills.
I may not grudge the much that's left undone,
I hold the heights, I keep the dreams I won."

And that surely is a great compensation - the memory of those days, and of those climbs and tramps with our fellow club members.

Of course there is another side to tramping and climbing - the heavy pack, the long steep pull uphill, the high winds and heavy rains, the cold, the fatigue and the weariness. But these are all passing things and are more than compensated for by the sense of achievement and of fellowship at the end of the day.

Our H.T.C. has been fortunate in having good tramping country and good trampers - men and women both. We have been fortunate also in having good club captains who have instilled into members the golden rules of tramping, emphasising always "Safety in the Mountains". It is because of this that we have had no serious accidents in all our years of tramping activities.

All of us here are grateful to the H.T.C. for the joys and pleasures of past tramping and we wish the club members all the best for the future. We would like in particular to honour all those who have kept the Club going through its first 21 years till it has now reached its majority. We would wish to thank those people - particularly the ladies - who made this wonderful and happy function possible to-night. So let us all join in drinking the toast and wishing the H.T.C. all the best. May it live and prosper as long as the people here are free to love liberty, to love tramping and to love the high hills."

Norm Elder, our present president, replied as follows:-

"I am answering this toast in the name of the H.T.C. of 1957, so perhaps I had better attempt a short description of the club as it is today.

We are no bigger than we were in 1935, our parties are smaller, most of our trips are to the ranges and we run more working parties. My personal impression is that we have lost something of the rich variety of human types that made the early development of the club so unpredictable - but I am assured that we still have a pretty fair range of eccentrics. As regards size, population of the district has gone up 50% but we've stayed put. The main reason I think is that there are now more organizations in the field; the Youth Hostels cater for the beach and tourist types, the Deerstalkers' Association for the blood and bone merchants and the recently formed Napier Ski Club for the slalom boys. This also helps explain our high percentage of range trips - we don't have to cater for the same variety of interests. The smaller parties may be put down to more private transport. Remember, the club started in the slump when it was truck transport or nothing. There must be many more private trips now - I've done nearly 30 myself in the past year apart from club trips.

The increase in working parties is unavoidable for several reasons: In the first place - major hut renovation, then partly deferred hut maintenance from the war years. The Kaweka Hut is 20 years old, far more than the estimated life of a malthoid hut. Some of the piles and plates have already been replaced and the rest will have to be done in the near future. The temporary piles of the Waikamaka hut have all rotted and been replaced and an annexe is being added. The Kiwi hut is sound and will probably not require major renovation for 3 - 5 years longer. Tracks need constant attention. With the passing of the peak of the deer population the undergrowth is coming in more quickly and the earlier discs are now 10 years old and need renewing.

In addition to this the purchase of a club truck, while solving the main transport problem, and covering its running costs from fares, does not cover depreciation (and our treasurer is a qualified accountant.) To avoid raising fares our present policy is to raise £30 a year by paid working parties. All this becomes quite a burden - about $\frac{1}{3}$ of our fixtures are now working parties. This is too much.

With Forestry now interested in access tracks there is one pleasant prospect ahead - that we shall be paid for working on our own tracks, thus killing two birds with one stone and cutting down working parties. Another solution of course would be to increase the fare load and make the truck completely self-supporting. To do this we need more active members and are considering attracting them both by providing suitable trips for beginners and increasing our social activities. In the long run we are on a win. New Zealand is ideal tramping country and tramping, not hiking, suits the kind of country we live in.

We still have considerable wastage. Apart from the unattached bods who drift in and out after a few trips we suffer from the fact that the occupational disease of most active trampers is itchy feet. As soon as they become really useful, away they go to the ends of the earth. To illustrate this I may point out that our last 4 club captains are now in: (1) The Weddell Sea, (2) Masterton, (3) Melbourne, (4) Vancouver. We consider ourselves fortunate that Philip, our present club captain, has both a commercial garden and Els to keep him leg-roped.

One difference from the early years of the club which I have not mentioned is our close connection with other organizations. When the Deer-culling Branch of Internal Affairs first came to the ranges they came to us for maps and information; the Waikamaka hut was built to meet our joint requirements. Since the formation of the Daphne club in 1948 we have been closely in touch with the Hastings Police, and since then with the Radio Emergency Corps and the Deerstalkers' Association, whose representatives are very welcome in this family gathering tonight.

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More recently, with the development of Forestry's interest in the high country we have made a new and valuable contact. Their policy is to encourage access with the provision of tracks and huts and they have been surprised and impressed to find how much hut and track making the club has done with its scanty resources. The boot is now on the other foot. They have already made a start with tracks and huts (dropped by air) on a scale well beyond our resources and we find ourselves being consulted on the location and design of huts suitable for our activities. We have even had a Waikamaka air drop. Our relations are very good and we have come a long way from the days when we had to lump sheets of iron and lengths of timber across country and pay for the privilege.

To conclude, I should like to attempt an explanation of why the club may appear to be less full of colourful personalities than in the dear dead days. You see, anyone coming into the club now meets a well-developed tradition. No two tramping clubs are alike and the Heretaunga Tramping Club has now developed what I can best describe as a colourful personality in its own right. It is you old timers who, for better or worse, are responsible for the H.T.C. as it now exists - and for how that appears to outsiders I may quote from "The Mountains of New Zealand" - "This small but strong and progressive club."

Lin Lloyd proposed the health of the guests and Mr. Williams replied.

Stan Craven gave the toast to absent friends.

John von Dadelszen thanked the reunion committee and secretary for their work and proposed the toast to the Ladies. Janet Lloyd replied and then gave the final arrangements for the next day's picnic.

A certain amount of entertainment had been prepared, but there wasn't time for it, and anyway everybody seemed to prefer nattering. After supper a few hardy types went for a stroll up the Peak.

For an account of the picnic, at which 160 were present, see club trip no. 546 in this issue.

We include here a letter from Wally Romanes who was our club captain two years ago:-

Kemano, B.C.,
Canada.

Dear Norman,

17th January.

Gave a little thought to the H.T.C. Anniversary on 26th-27th Jan. - in fact let my thoughts run wild. To my mind post-cards and telegrams are very impersonal and I would rather write what I feel. There is no need for me to wish this event every success - I know it will be and how I would like to be there to share it.

All H.T.C. Members,

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Tonight I am in a reflective mood. Thoughts without sequence run through my mind like a bubbling stream, pausing a while here and there, then rushing merrily onwards. I feel the snowgrass against my legs and have the scent of deer in my nostrils; a pack on my back and the rain-drenched bush brushing against my parka so that a thousand individual droplets combine. All these thoughts which tonight run random belong to the past and should by rights remain there, but amongst good food, pleasant company and mellow wine I want you to become just a little sentimental, revive the past, relive old memories then look forward to the future, secure in the knowledge that friendships made in our hills are made for a lifetime.

Walter Romanes.

It seems wrong to finish up on a grossly material note, but the committee was relieved to find that subscriptions covered expenses, and that the club did not suffer financially from our celebrations. The accounts are as follows:-

<u>Income</u>		<u>Expenditure</u>	
Subscriptions	119. 6. 6	Circulars	5. 4. 10
		Tickets	1. 9. 0
		Licence	2. 0. 0
		Drinks	13. 11. 4
		Dinner	94. 4. 3
		Advertising	1. 0. 0
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	£119. 6. 6		£117. 9. 5
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Excess of income over expenditure: £1.17. 1.

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C L U B T R I P S

MOHAKA HOT SPRINGS

No. 544.

25th November.

With a fine dawn and the prospects of a lovely day, a large party of trampers and youth hostellers left Holts at 7.20 am. for the Mohaka Hot Springs, some two and a half hours drive + a five mile walk. Arriving at the Makahu stream at 10.30, the party changed and without the leader set off at a gallop up the bulldozed track, which luckily was well made and wide. A pleasant hour was spent in brilliant sunshine at the forks over lunch, the energetic ones again pushing off first, and by the time the rear party reached the springs the former were returning. Most of us went under the shower which was very hot. Some went down to the river and some took photographs. There were people

No. in party : 24 Leader : Pat Bolt
5 Y.H.A. and the following H.T.C.: Edna Ansell, Els Bayens,
Nancy Tanner, John Isles, Bruce Downes, Dick Burton, Dick Endt,
Wil and Jack van Bavel, Ted and Rachael Priddy, Phil Bayens,
Jim Glass, Doreen Fletcher, David Glass, Owen Brown, Doug Napier,
Christopher Brayshaw.

TRIAL RESCUE IN BIG HILL BASIN

8-9th December.

Eleven H.T.C. and five R.E.C. left Hastings at 1.30 pm for Big Hill station with the idea of running a trial search in conjunction with the Radio Emergency Corps. The set-up was as follows:- Headquarters - ZL2EQA - in Havelock North at Norm Elder's home. Sub base - Big Hill station, Warren Strong, ZL2EFB. Advanced base - Herricks Hut, Ross Bickerstaff, ZL2EQC. Search team - two hours from Herricks with lost persons, Ron Morgan, ZL2EQD. Got to Big Hill at 3 pm where we settled Warren with his set in the woolshed. This was meant as a relay station, as having a powerful set Warren would be able to cover the two light weight sets from Advance Base and Search Team, and at the same time contact Headquarters.

The main party pushed on to Herricks, which we reached at 5.30, sending the second team on up Big Hill stream to establish camp somewhere. In the meantime Ross tried to contact sub-base - no result. Tried to contact sub-base and search team till 9.15 with no result. From one point of view this was excellent practice for the R.E.C. - contacts don't just come, you have to work for it even on a set frequency.

Sunday 9th December. Advanced base contacted search team and, after some trouble, sub-base. The main party in the meantime were preparing for the trip up Big Hill stream to contact the search party. We notified advanced base that main party left Herricks at 7.30 am. After approx two hours going upstream we found the search team, where Ron Morgan and escort had made themselves comfortable and had everything under control; he was in contact with advance base and sub-base and reception was very good; in fact so good that he was considering staying there - no disturbing statics from neighbours electric shaving gear, cake mixers, vacuum cleaners, etc. While having a brew of tea he contacted Ross who had several messages for us which were quickly relayed through the various bases. By this time the R.E.C. was working very efficiently. To make a long story short, we made a stretcher and found the going very hard. Six people for carrying a stretcher is a "must". We abandoned stretcher carrying after an hour and got to Herricks at 3pm.

10. Molly Molineux, Noeline Tomlinson, Michael & John von Dadelszen + 2, Ray Thomas, Robin Fargher, Doug Napier, Peter Anderson, Mavis & Rolf Keys + 3, Arch & Joan Toop + 3, Jack Hannah + 1, Ian & Pat Berry + 2, Russell Berry, John & Audrey Groome + 1, Doris Torbett, Jim Glass, Doreen Fletcher, Philip & Els Bayens, Wim & Jack van Bavel, Dick Endt, Spriggles & Gale Frame + 2, Mrs. Abe Lincoln + 5, Doug & Ailie Cook + 2, Catherine Watts + 2, Gordon & Thelma McCutcheon + 1, Stan & Val Craven + 4, Bernie & Mrs. Bernie Anderson, Jack Landman, Ursula Greenwood, Nancy Tanner, Jim & Dorrie Gibbs, Hope Hammond + 2, Lovell Amadio + 4, Mrs. Lovell-Smith + 1, Mr. & Mrs. Eastwood + 2, Len Hodgson, Dick Burton, Joan & Sid Riddell + 2, Reg & Ethel Nash + 3, Khan, Ian & Enid Powell, Peter Hurford, Jim Dever, Mr. & Mrs. Woon snr., Stan & Kath Woon + 1, Janet & Lin Lloyd, Angus Russell, Tubby Farrelly, Dave & Elsie Christie + 2, Dulcie & Alan Oulaghan + 4, Laurie Cantwell.

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CAPE KIDNAPPERS

No. 547

9-10th February.

We got permission to go overland and bumped our way in the club truck to near the hut where we camped. We arrived at low tide, so wandered round the beach to the actual cape, studying the flora and fauna. Then we had a swim. On the Sunday, after viewing the gannets, we walked down the coast to Rangaiika where we inspected the old whaling pots and the remains of a wreck. Then back over the hills, another swim, and home.

No. in party : 24

Leader Walter Shaw.

Angus Russell, Philip & Els Bayens, Nancy Tanner, Dick Endt, Wim & Jack van Bavel, Dave Williams, Jim Glass, Doreen Fletcher, Cyril Hargreaves, Graeme & Barbara Hare + 3, Al. Moffitt, Lois Bartle. Sunday party: Jack Landman + 1, Rex Chaplin + 1, Khan, Peter Hurford, Robin Fargher, Brian Joblins.

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FIRE-FIGHTING PRACTICE

No. 548

23-24th February.

A practical demonstration of the "one lick" method of fighting bush and scrub fires was arranged by the N.Z. Forestry Service, and this followed on a talk and film showing the method in use. The demonstration was under the control of Mr. John Cook, the District Fire Officer. It was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Robson at Kuripapango, and besides 14 members of the H.T.C., an equal number of members of the Hastings and Napier Deerstalkers attended.

Arriving at the camping site at the foot of Gentle Annie just past Mrs. Macdonald's at 11 am we had time to pitch camp

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MAKAHU SADDLE AND CAIRN

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No. 550

9-10th March.

Ten starters met at Holts at 8 am, even though the weather was not very promising, for a trip to the Makahu saddle hut, and to place at the foot of the Cairn the wreath we had been unable to deposit there on November 11th. The packs were put on board the trucks after a shower of rain and then we set off. The route in from Whittles is all ups and downs. Going down, quite fast time was made, but on the rising gradients it was a little slower. Some discing and cutting needs to be done in the scrub before the bush leading to the Clearing. It took five hours to reach the hut, including a lunch time brew. The hut was a welcome sight as the mist dropped around us, and soon the evening stew was on the way. Both courses were terrific. The light weight hut is extremely adaptable to air dropping and quick erection. The dexion framework is strips of aluminium alloy with pre-cut slots and bolt holes, bent along its length at right angles. There is a table and stool of the same material. It has a porch for storing wood and wet gear. There are four bunks and even though they are not long or wide enough for double bunking the wooden floor is quite comfortable.

On Sunday we were up early and ready to leave for the Cairn and top hut at 7 o'clock. A steady pace took seven of us to the Cairn in one and three quarter hours, where the mist lay thick about us. It was too cold to linger. The large wreath Brian had carried all the way was laid at the foot of the Cairn. Because of the thick mist we decided not to go on west to the other hut as we could easily have taken the wrong spur. In three quarters of an hour the Makahu hut was in sight again. Lunch was downed before an uneventful trip out, culminating in the truck reaching Hastings in daylight.

No. in party : 10

Leader : Graeme Hare

Nancy Tanner, Dick Clark, Dick Endt, Brian Joblins, Barbara Hare, Ted and Rachael Priddey, Courtenay Follick, Edna Ansell.

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KAMEKA AND SHINGLE SLIDE TRACK CUTTING

No. 551

24th March.

There were 49 listed as possible starters and of that 49, 43 started. We were supposed to make a 6.am. start. We actually left at 6.40 in the club truck and a truck belonging to Alan Berry's father. We arrived at the pine tree at approximately 9.15 and after debussing we split into four main parties. One lot went off to climb 4100 and came back down the shingle slide. Another group set out to recut the track from the bottom of the shingle slide straight down to meet the ^{Smith-Russell} track thus completing the third side of the triangle. The rest formed into a picnic party and a track cutting party to the Tutaekuri river. This party was led by Norm as I was away track cutting at the shingle slide.

Some parties had been complaining that it was hard to find the turn-off from the bottom of the shingle slide, so four of us took two slashers and our packs and went back to the foot of the shingle slide and recut the track so as to miss out the cross-over onto the dead slide, making it a better wet weather track and a slightly faster one. We were informed by Helen's party returning from 4100 that it was an excellent track and impossible to miss. The Kaweka track party cut a sidling back from the Tutaekuri river around the end of the spur to come out on the pine tree side on the track. It was cut to miss out the long slog up from the river on the way back from Kaweka hut.

Both jobs were completed in good time. To save time, my party used the old track from the slide to the Lakes and found it reasonably good though it had not been used for some time. We left the pine tree just about half past five and were in town a few minutes after seven, having done a good day's work. This was one of the largest parties we had had in the ranges for some time.

No. in party : 43 Leader : Cyril Hargreaves
Graeme Hare, Barbara Hare, Isobel Plummer, Nancy Tanner, Edna
Ansell, John Rattray, Peter Hurford, Peter Anderson, Peter Wood,
Lois Bartle, Al Moffitt, Laurence Lowe, Raymond Lowe, Ross Fleming,
Bruce Downes, William Roberts, Norm Elder, Kath. Elder, Jack
Landman, Jane Bone, Ray Thomas, Philip Bayens, Els Bayens, Jack
van Bavel, Wim van Bavel, Doreen Fletcher, Jim Glass, Alan Berry,
Penny Tuck, Brian Joblins, Courtenay Follick, Jim Essen, Kath
Kemp, Len Hodgson, Margaret Townsend, Helen Hill + 5, Eileen
Banks.

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LETTER FROM GALLY.

Vancouver, B.C.
Canada.

Hello Norman and Kath.

A fellow NZer and myself left from Southampton on Dec. 1st aboard the "Queen Elizabeth" for New York. That certainly is a mighty big ship - in fact, at 85,000 tons it is the largest ship afloat. We travelled Tourist Class but of course, unofficially, saw most of the First and Cabin class accommodation. In fact spent a good deal of time in the First Class gymnasium, a wonderfully equipped room which was quite wasted in that part of the ship. On one occasion after an hour or so in there we returned to an access door leading to Tourist Class only to find it locked. Harry, our big, 180lb. Yank from New York, straightened his tie, marched up to a steward, and in his most cultured Bronx accent asked if we could be allowed through as we would like to see how the Tourist Class passengers existed. I don't think for one minute that we fooled the steward, but he enjoyed the joke and we passed through.

We had five days at sea living like kings on excellent food. Our table

steward became a bit fed up towards the end because the two American fellows had appetites which equalled our own and religiously worked their way through the menu at every meal.

Docked about midday on the 5th and finally stepped ashore, after a long, tedious procedure with U.S. immigration and customs people, about 5.30 pm. At this stage I farewelled Keith (the other Aivi) as he was staying for a few days with friends in N.Y. Then began my bus marathon. On the 7th I had time for a quick visit to the Empire State Building then boarded a Greyhound Bus for Vancouver, five nights, four days and over 3000 miles away. For the first 24 hours we travelled south through Philadelphia, Baltimore, then turned inland and over the coastal ranges to Chicago on the shore of the Great Lakes. We had encountered snow by now, just a few inches overall, making the air crisp and clean and temperatures low enough to prevent a thaw.

From Cheyenne and Laramie in Wyoming the road gradually rises to an altitude of 8800' through typical Western movie scenery - rolling arid land with odd jagged peaks and abrupt canyons. At dusk we were on the highest point and the snow, whipped by a ground wind swept across these plains so that the surface of the land twisted and writhed as it receded to the horizon. A soft pink glow from a tired sun touched the few clouds idling across an otherwise empty sky and with the darkness we gradually descended into Utah and Salt Lake City.

By morning we were well into Idaho, land of the famous baked potatoes, with snow giving way to rain which is more general on the Western coast. By now my enthusiasm for scenery was wearing thin and Vancouver was a very welcome sight even at 11.30 pm.

Right now between say Dec. and Feb. is the slack period for work as the country north of here is frozen up, resulting in a mass migration to Vancouver during this period. I commence work tomorrow in the packing department of a large city store and although I told them I had packing experience, now suspect that their type of packing does not involve the use of a rucksack. Hope I see the day out.

Yours,

WALLY.

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LETTER FROM ANTARCTICA.

27th Jan. 1957.

Dear Keith and Norman, and all I.T.C.,

It's a rather rare occasion to be faced with a few hours to write letters for the last time in over a year. Tomorrow morning the ship sails and leaves us to get on with the crossing. It's also invidious to have to decide who to write to for the year and to spread as widely as possible. I address this note to Keith and you. Antarctic expeditions do not have the moments for relaxation for reading and writing that climbing expeditions do. The work and the rest seem to come in big lumps. The voyage down is mainly sloth when we say, "I can do that later". Now that we have arrived we have been working about sixteen to eighteen hours each day.

When we arrived we were far behind our programme - the hut was unfinished, the stores dumps were buried in drift, there were no seals for dog meat, the reconnaissance journeys inland were not done because of the hard winter. Now we

are in a much better situation, all within a couple of weeks. The hut is finished with coal in the cellar, the Aga fires roaring, emergency huts built, dumps dug out, enough seals for the whole winter, vehicles ready for an inland journey and threelong recce flights made to 81 deg. South. I was lucky to go on all three to photograph and judge the route.

Such a lot has happened and is happening that is new and different from the Himalayan journeys. Hut life is like being back at Waikamaka or Kaweka except that today (which is a warm beautiful day by the standards here - the sun shines) the air temperature is plus 10 F. with a light eight-knot wind from the South. Going outside is always a business for full clothing and windproofs but it's surprising how quickly we have dropped into the way of it.

Best wishes to all the Club. See you all next year.

Regards, GEORGE.

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O B I T U A R Y.

Clem Smith.

Clem joined the H.T.C. early in the war. In those days of petrol rationing most club trips were bicycling trips. Clem and Angus used to regularly bike out from Napier, go on the trip and then bike home again. On the few occasions when we were able to scrape together enough benzine to get to the ranges it was Clem's car that provided most of the transport - till his tyres wore out.

Clem helped very considerably with the building of the Waikamaka Hut and of Kiwi Hut. His name is perpetuated in the Smith-Russell Track with "Clem's Rock" at the top of it.

As a photographer he was superb. The photo of the Kawekas, snow-covered, with the Lakes in the foreground, which we use as a presentation photo was taken by him. He was also a genius at getting good groups of people. He had infinite patience and would just sit quietly in the background waiting his opportunity. You would have no idea a photograph had been taken till you saw the result.

The Old Members' Trip held in conjunction with the Cairn Trip in November was the last time Clem was out with the Club. He had intended coming to the Reunion but was prevented by illness.

We extend our sympathy to Joan, his wife and Brian, his son.

-----ooOoo-----

PRIVATE TRIPS

Christmas 1956

SOUTHERN ALPS

A good deal of planning, mainly by Alan, went into this holiday to the Mount Cook region. But the uncertainty of the weather and our desire for the company and advice of fellow climbers led us to abandon ideas of solitude in snow caves for the warmth of Malte Brun Hut.

We left Hastings on the 8.25 a.m. railcar on Boxing Day heavily loaded down with two packs each, small suitcases, and, lest the public have any doubt whatever of our destination, three ice axes prominently displayed. With this, and three cameras, we found our way on to the ferry and off again at Lyttelton, on and off the train to Christchurch, ditto a taxi to the bus depot and ditto the bus to the Hermitage where we arrived somewhere about 5.30.

Pitching tent and getting acquainted with passers-by at the camping area resulted in our getting a lift up the 12 miles to Ball Hut next morning. This gave us an earlier start than the bus would have, and resulted in our grunting up the Tasman Glacier 2 hours earlier than otherwise. It took us 9 hours to transport 60 to 70 lb. packs the 12 odd miles up to Malte Brun Hut (altitude 5,700 ft).

The following day, Saturday 29th, was misty as usual and all parties at the hut turned back from their climbs. We were thus able to rest and recover with easy consciences. Sunday and Monday followed with equally bad weather (or worse) and we rested with growing impatience. On the 1st January we were greeted with rain and derision and I turned my hand to cooking - apple fritters.

However several sallies on the rock and snow slopes above the hut increased our fitness and on Wednesday 2nd the weather cleared for a 7 a.m. start. Long miles of steps were plugged up the glacier, one leading at a time. At 10.30 a party of four leaving the hut 1½ hours later and using our steps caught us up. So we let them take the lead from there to the Lendenfeld Saddle, 7991 ft, where our paths separated. I was hoping we could attempt Elie de Beaumont but time and conditions were against us so we turned back after reaching about 9,000 ft at 3 p.m.

The following day, however, Alan and I climbed Elie. This is a fine snow peak of 10,200 ft. The twelfth highest, Elie de Beaumont is the most northerly of the 17 giants

which thrust into the clouds. About 20 miles south, the Hermitage nestles under Sefton which forms the southern bulwark. This day we caught four climbers who, having left earlier, used our steps up the glacier in the mist. Fun with ice steps and a small rope ladder got us all up a 6 ft. ice wall where a snow bridge used the day before had collapsed. Up above our previous "highest" between Walter and Elie we struck ice and the next few hundred feet took an hour or so. A final burst, then up crusted snow and at 12.20 we were on the top - a beautiful snow dome with a commanding view out and down into Westland and north to peaks of the central Southern Alps. There seemed to be peaks and clouds everywhere. The hut - 6.30 p.m.

Two days later we had another fine day and all those who had left in disgust who could return were on their way back. This day we attempted Malte Brun 10,441 ft and although we got no higher than 9,500 ft it was undoubtedly our best climb. 17 hours of darkness, dawn, sun rising, long hours of blazing sun and glaring snow and finally darkness again i.e. 3.45 a.m. - 8.45 p.m. The first 2,000 ft we climbed rapidly but there was too much snow on Malte (a rock climb) and three on a rope on steepening snow slopes overhanging 2,000 ft bluffs slowed us down to one at a time. A final steep pinch of 200 ft of rock must have taken us 2 hours because it took as long as that to come down it. The route we followed, we found later, was the wrong one although it was the guide book one. We discovered, too, that George Lowe had taken another difficult wrong route, but he got to the top! However at 2 p.m. there we were, as the photograph showed, tied to the rope, photographing the Main Divide and eating lunch sitting among the jumbled rocks in the main west ridge which leads directly to the summit.

Another two days and the weather cleared for The Minarets, like Elie, a snow climb. This time we were joined by two others. At 9,000 ft we stood aghast as tons of ice suddenly cracked and thundered down where we had recently climbed. After lunch we climbed the two Minarets (10,058 ft the higher) and de la Beche (9,817 ft).

A day out, a day gooseberry picking at the Hermitage and our 14 days were spent - so was our £25, but we think for 5 climbing days and two fine peaks - well spent.

Jim Glass, Alan Berry, Hal Christian

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RUAHINE RANGE - NORTH TO SOUTH?

Christmas 1956

Boxing Day 5.40 a.m. was zero hour for a trip that we had been preparing for for 4 months. The itinerary was Pohokura Outstation to the Manawatu gorge in seventeen days.

Back in October we had finalised the food list and one fine weekend with the help of Ray Thomas, Brian Duggan and Stewart Evans we had packed 36 lbs of food into Waikamaka Hut from which we intended to replenish our stocks on the way down. The food consisted mainly of dehydrated vegetables and fruit and a few luxury items such as peaches and cream.

Well, on Boxing Day Harley Taylor took us over the Taihape road to a point on the map which might have been the beginning of the track to the Outstation. However, it wasn't, but it took several hours of scrub bashing to convince us of that and about mid-morning we finally got on to a well formed dirt road which was obviously the track marked on the map. We boiled up at an unnamed stream at midday and continued on along the track to the Taruarau River where there was a swing bridge and a ford. Heading downstream we hoped to get to Shute's Hut before dark, but the river became too deep to ford safely so we camped at the junction between the Taruarau and Ikawatea Rivers. It had been a sizzling hot day and as the evening was clear and pleasant we were hopeful of a good run to No Man's next day.

However, we woke to find it raining cats and dogs and as I had rolled out of the tent during the night my sleeping bag was wet through. We had a cold breakfast, packed as best we could and headed up the spur in mist and rain to strike the main ridge just north of K about midday. Moving northward it cleared quite a bit and we shot a deer, taking a bit of meat for tea. Neither of us had been to No Man's before so instead of going round over Ikawatea we took a short cut across the valley to where the map indicated the hut should be. But all we found was bog and beech and a strong wind which soon brought the mist down. After two hours fruitless search we camped in the most likely looking patch of beech and contented ourselves with a cold tea.

Next morning the clouds were screaming across the sky and the weather didn't look the best for our first crossing of the Plateau so we headed straight out on to D and came down a good spur into the Ikawatea where camped about mid-morning and ate and slept for the rest of the day.

Next morning the weather looked better so we got away to a good early start and climbed up on to 34. Bypassing the

plateau this way took a total tramping time of five hours which may prove faster than going round the tops. We made good time along the tops in spite of high winds and camped at a tarn just short of Te Atumahuru at 4 p.m.

We woke at daybreak to be greeted by a howling gale and considerably lower temperatures. We had hoped to get to Waikamaka that day but the wind scotched that idea so we came down Colenso's spur into the Makaroro and out to the Wakarara Mill. Here a couple of deer cullers treated us to afternoon tea then I rang Dad and he came and collected us.

After five days in civilization, the weather showed no signs of improving so we came into McCulloch's and over the Waipawa saddle to Waikamaka Hut in rain and cold winds. Just below the saddle we found a hind with most of its legs broken so we put it out of its misery. For the next four days it rained almost continuously and we only left the hut to replenish the firewood supply. For the rest of the time, we read, cooked, ate and slept. On the Sunday night we were waked by an opossum tip toeing between our food tins and generally making a nuisance of himself. So after stealthily stalking him through the rafters, we despatched him with slasher and axe then went back to sleep again.

At last on Wednesday we got a fine day so set out at 9.30 to stretch our legs. We shot a stag in Rangī saddle, took some meat and went on to reach the top of Rangī by 12 o'clock. A boil up here took two hours then we moved north over 69 and got to the top of three Johns in 55 minutes. From there down to the saddle in mist and so back to the hut. We had good views westward but to the east of the main ridge was just a wall of mist. Next day the weather was exactly the same so after a late start we climbed on to 66, had a boil up then came down what appeared from a distance to be a good easy ridge into the Waikamaka stream near the waterfall. However, it proved to be very rough with rocky bluffs and lots of leatherwood making progress slow. We took our time up the stream, exploring waterfalls and the strange rock formations and got back at 6.30.

Friday was our last day so we spent the morning cutting firewood and tidying the place up. Then after lunch we came out via the saddle laden down with plants and uneaten food.

A few observations about the food may be of interest. Our packs for the first leg to Waikamaka weighed 55 lbs including the rifle and the food was to last us six days. Actually we could have gone ten days comfortably on that amount. We pressure cooked all meat and dehydrated food and fried flap jacks in butter and olive oil and the results were much better than could be achieved by billy cooking. We still

have our food lists if anyone wishes to make use of them.

B. Jobbins and R. Evans

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BIG HILL - NO MAN'S

December 31st - January 2nd

The intention was to follow Big Hill stream to a junction and then strike a ridge up to No Man's - a more direct route than via Herrick's spur. But this was foiled by one sprained ankle approximately 2 hours upstream from Herrick's Hut. We struck camp - it was time any way - and spent the night on a windy spot, while the ankle throbbed and swelled to a terrific size. The following day we improvised a pair of crutches and I hobbled back to Herrick's Hut. It only took me $4\frac{1}{2}$ hours. Dick Clark pushed on to the station to get me a horse on which I rode in great style out of the wilds into civilisation where the doctor told me that I must not tramp for $2\frac{1}{2}$ months. What a joke, and how right he was.

No. in party 8: Graeme and Barbara Hare, Nancy Tanner, Dick Clark, Norm and Kath Elder and Els and Phil Bayens (victim)

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FRANZ JOSEF - HERMITAGE

January 1957

We stayed at the Franz motor camp, in a cabin with all home comforts, and there met our two Hermitage guides, Gavin and Mac. We were to set off next day, but it rained - familiar situation! However, we tried the following day, which was fine with some cloud and mist on the tops. We went straight up Franz Josef glacier - at least, we zig-zagged among the crevasses - and arrived that night, rather weary, at Almer hut. Keas stalked us all day, and when we halted they tried to pinch the nails out of our boots. They're incredibly impudent and entertaining; and beautifully marked, too, when seen closely.

Up next morning in the middle of the night. We left the hut at 3 a.m. roped up and wearing crampons. The glacier was much less broken than when I was there before, and we made steady time, reaching Graham's saddle a little before 7 a.m. We took the inevitable snaps, because you just can't ignore the view, but it was cold and the wind was rising, so we soon set off down. The snow slopes are steep, and were too hard for glissading so we eventually worked our way down some patches of

rock and so out on to the Rudolph glacier about 11 a.m. Here we said goodbye to Mac, as he had arranged with the girl friend to catch the bus at Ball Hut at 3 p.m. He departed at a run, and, we learned later, just made it.

Meanwhile we set off for Malte Brun hut; we got lost in a maze of crevasses by de la Beche corner, and didn't reach Malte until 5 p.m. The 500 ft climb up the moraine wall was even worse than anticipation had painted it.

We slept late next day; it was gloriously sunny and we photographed enthusiastically. I don't know a more beautiful view than the one from Malte, practically the length of the Tasman glacier, walled the other side by the main divide from Cook to Elie de Beaumont.

Next day Edna, Gavin and Bob set out at 3 a.m. for Elie. They were back in the hut by 6 a.m. having run into blizzard conditions. We didn't see the tops again. For the next five days it rained and blew without respite. We did go one afternoon above the hut to the foot of the Malte glacier, and we did talk of climbing something from Ball hut; or from the Hermitage, when we retired there defeated. But Hughie kept it up. It was still raining when Bob and I left for home.

Party: Edna Ansell, Bob Wallace, Helen Hill

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O. H. M. S.

NORTHERN WAIPAWA

November 26th - 28th

The scree below Shut Eye Ridge are a good place for studying some of the queer things that are happening in the Rushines - old scree with tussock on them and bush and new scree undermining them. The general plan was to camp in the North Waipawa and spend a leisurely three days poking about in the head. Weather forecast problematical and had just finished a boil-up on a pleasant flat when a thunderstorm started without the slightest warning. Pitched one of the smartest camps on record and dived into the tent as it really started to come down. When the sun bobbed out a couple of hours later we set off up-stream only to run into a second thunderstorm as we came on to the open scree. Pushed on into a patch of beech and took a number of cores with the water spurting off the tree trunks, then beat it for home down the flooding creek. Too dull unfortunately to get a snap of Kath climbing down a waterfall.

Next day windy but fairly sunny we went up the left

branch making for the further screes, but didn't get far before being blocked by waterfalls so scrambled out up a steep deer sidling. Presently reached a look-out from which we could see further up the valley and it was not very promising. A long sidling through scrubby bush and then some dirty looking bluffs - obviously better tackled from Armstrong's saddle. As it was too late by now to do this we returned to camp and took the opportunity to collect the parachutes from the Waikamaka. A beautiful drop, three loads within 15 yards beside the rubbish dump. The hut was O.K. except that most of the billies, jars etc., were on the floor off the table - looks like an opossum.

More rain in the night and heavy showers all morning so after a late breakfast packed up and came home. The river up and discoloured but the Triplex ford gave no trouble.

N.L.E.

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MAKAHU SADDLE - KAWEKA RANGE

January 5th - 7th

A hurry call to site a couple of huts for air dropping found no-one else available. Met Ewen Meredith in Napier, picked up Ron Taylor and Roger (aetat. 13) in Puketitiri and off to the Makahu. Fortunately the rest of the party were still convalescing from Christmas, so it was possible to keep up. Ron had yearnings towards a traditional route down the lower part of Whittle's Clearing and was a little dubious about Jack Taylor's sidling through the bush - but the easy grade plus our discs made quite an impression.

The weather was dismal, ideal for the selection of a hut site, and after pradding round all three sites and one or two alternatives, we fixed unanimously on our third site (the one on a ledge at the head of the Makahu).

Next morning a 6.15 start for the tops, only $1\frac{3}{4}$ hours to the trig travelling light. The Cairn caused surprise and called for a full explanation. Here we were due to meet the Robsons from Kuripapango via Kiwi but the weather was shutting down again, and the wind was cold, so the rest, having no spare clobber, set off down to the western saddle (the position and even existence of which is pretty dubious looking down from the top).

After waiting $\frac{3}{4}$ hour by which time the weather was worse and the mist shutting down I took off to join them, and by the worst of luck just missed Mauri Robson (on horseback!) by a few hundred yards. As the mist opened and shut the others from below could just glimpse both of us travelling

along the skyline in opposite directions.

Met Ron coming back, but we were too late, and Mauri and the horse had ducked for home. We then had to find Ewen who had found a sheltered corner down by the saddle - a beautiful hut site.

It was now turning pretty dirty so we felt our way on to the spur (N 20° Mag. from the trig till you hit the head of the spur then bear right off the first knob). At the Makahu it was raining and blowing so we packed up and came out to Puketitiri to spend the following day selecting an airstrip, botanizing, eating the Taylors out of house and home etc.,

Both huts are to be 14ft x 11ft with 6 bunks, a porch and a wooden floor (4 x 2 tongue and grooved to allow for wear by trampers it seems). Not quite wide enough for square dancing is the only criticism.

A preliminary drop of tools etc., is scheduled for mid-January and both main drops towards the end of the month, from one of the airstrips at Puketitiri probably using a Beaver aircraft, which will fly up the Makahu Valley for the saddle drop, to avoid climbing over the Birch, but will, of course, have to climb over the main range to reach the other hut site.

N.L.E.

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MOKAI PATEA

January 29th - February 2nd

Went in via Waikamaka and Rongotea Ridge, shooting a stag on the scree above the hut, which obligingly rolled down to our feet, breaking its neck in the progress, an unusually fat beast.

Camped at a miserable bog hole along the ridge and the following night not far beyond Rongotea at the head of the long tussock spur on the Waikamaka side. Good camp site with a sidling to a fair-sized stream, so made this a base from which we spent a day down the Mokai Patea and another on the spur itself. Came back via Collins Creek, hit the scree high up and found it very unstable, whole stretches peeling off and leaving an awkward surface for the next comer. Rolled another deer down a scree in the Waikamaka.

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MOKAI PATEA

February 25th - March 1st

On the previous trip we had camped too far up the plateau and though we had made several lucky finds, had been unable to spend enough time at the lower end. This time we

went via Taihape and in by the Makino and Colenso. Thick mist and drizzle the first day, so camped early in wet bush. Next day fine, so sidled across on to the Kawhetau spur, up to Colenso and across the head of the Makino to the Mokai Hut site ("Miracle camp") and settled in the 'empty cullers' camp.

A strenuous day over to Check and back across the basin in and out of patches of bush. Came out down a steep scrub spur which supports a good growth of lawyer among other attractive features. The main interest of the trip was that what looked like burns were shown on old maps before the Pakeha came in, and that the old name, Tahu-a-Rongotea, now transferred to the trig, refers to a legendary burn at the opposite end of the plateau.

N.L.E.

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MAKAHU SADDLE HUT

February 16th - 17th

When the Club was told that there were parachutes from the air-dropped Top Kaweka Hut to be brought out it seemed an excellent opportunity for a weekend's tramping. Our route in was via Puketitiri and Whittles farm. On top of Baldy, we realised our "Baldy" was not the correct one, we were too far north. Slithering down to a low saddle, we began a gruelling time in the hot sun and thick Manuka on a ridge to the top of the Black Birch. Striking south to Whittle's Clearing we sidled around and later entered the bush. After turning in a circle, we decided to camp near a little stream as it was our first water and food except for very dry rations. We went to sleep on a beautiful moss bed as the riflemen flittered around us.

On Sunday we proved that we had travelled in a circle and very quickly picked up a trail marked with strips of white material. Once in the clearing we established the route to take us out and struck off into the Makahu Saddle Hut on the disced track. The hut is of dexion framework (looks like a Meccano set) and corrugated sheeting. After lunch we set off out over the correct route home without reaching the top hut or removing any of the chutes. (the parachutes had all been taken out via Kuripaponga on the Saturday).

No. in party 4: Judy and Frank McBride and Barbara and Graeme Hare.

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NEW ERA IN HUT BUILDING

AIR DROP OF MAKAHU AND WEST KAWEKA HUTS

The actual drop took place after some delay due to

weather on 6th February. A Cessna plane taking off from Holt's air-strip near Ball's Clearing flew material for both huts and for a deer proof enclosure in the Makahu Saddle in 12 lifts and a total time of 5½ hours. For the saddle drops the plane flew round the Black Birch and up the Makahu Valley, for the back hut the loaded plane had to gain height by circling to clear the range. There had been a preliminary drop of tools and tents and reception parties were on site so that erection proceeded almost immediately.

The H.T.C. had been asked to assist in recovering parachutes, some of which were of considerable size, but using packhorses this had been done by the time our first parties went in.

The Makahu Hut is on the northern side of the saddle immediately above the stream, the back hut in the patch of bush at the up-stream end of the flat, on an old camp-site.

It is rumoured that a small hut was dropped in the Rushines on the same occasion in the saddle north of Armstrong's.

N.L.E.

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WHAT NOT TO DO, or NEVER BE PARTED FROM YOUR PACK.

I can now talk about safety in the mountains. Doc. Bathgate suggested a Sunday trip up the Makaroro which sounded too good to be resisted. The weather was beautiful, not a cloud in the sky. We arrived at the Mill quite early, saw the logging road stretching its tempting way straight across the river so followed it in the car as long as it ran parallel with the river. We left the car at the nearest possible parking place and plunged down to the river.

Before twelve we had boiled up and finished a good lunch and decided that a Sunday afternoon stroll up Colenso spur would be just the thing. Our rucksacks, our spare clothing and food (barring half a dozen blackballs) we left neatly stowed on the river bank and my last action was to take my matches out of my pocket and carefully put them under my mug. We were now equipped with shorts, boots and light shirts and our climb through the bush was indeed enjoyable. Three o'clock seemed a good time to turn back but by that time Te Atua Mahuru loomed temptingly before us and we succumbed. We were rewarded by a glorious view from the top and left at 4.30 quite happy that we would be back to the river by dark and that with the aid of the torches in our rucksacks the journey to the Mill would be uneventful.

We trod our carefree way down the tussock, across the landslide, through the leatherwood and into the bush, sometimes plunging about a bit but seeing an occasional disc until we struck quite a defined deer track - our undoing, as we soon realised we were on the wrong ridge. No doubt we should have turned back but optimism kept us going until our ridge petered out and we found ourselves sidling below a major ridge. The alternatives - to sidle through the bracken or try the creek below. When we decided on the creek the

light gradually faded until suddenly there was complete darkness at a time when we were between gorgy sides out on the end of a log with an apparently bottomless pit below us.

Our one accessory was a pocket knife with which we cut bracken and then settled down for the night on a dry spot under some trees. We shivered like jellies until the crack of dawn just before six when we made for the main ridge on our northern side. A surprisingly long drop to the river, then about a mile and a half along its bed and we soon had the billy boiling and a good breakfast inside us. Arriving at the Mill a little after ten the generous hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Yeoman fortified us against our return to town.

The Search and Rescue Organisation had been alerted and quite a number of people seemed disappointed at being done out of a week-day trip to the mountains. The lessons to be learned from our trip are far too numerous to be set out here - fortunately it was still March and reputedly a warm night.

Party: Doc. Bathgate and Rex Chaplin.

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EGMONT:

..... And our Angus aged 78 climbed Egmont twice in one week.

-----ooOoo-----

FOOD LIST for a Four Day Search.

The following is taken from "Mountain Search and Rescue in New Zealand" by L.D. Bridge:-

<u>Food:</u>	<u>Calorific Value:</u>	<u>Weight:</u>
Service Biscuit	2,520	1½ lb.
Butter	2,187	10 oz.
Bacon	2,492	1 lb.
Rice	612	6 oz.
Dehydrated vegetables - Potatoes, Carrots, Parsnips, Peas, Lentils, Onions	1,320	¾ lb.
Dehydrated Meat or Pemmanican	1,800	1½ lb.
Honey	760	1½ lb.
Dried Fruit (Apricots)	1,037	1 lb.
Cheese	831	1 lb.
Oatmeal or Vimax (Coarse)	943	6 oz.
Sugar	929	1½ lb.
Sweet Biscuits	1,180	1½ lb.
Chocolate or Barley Sugar, etc.	2,605	1 lb.
Raisins, Dates, Peanuts, or Scroggin	723	6 oz.
Soups, 1 pkt. or 2 Oxo cubes	206	2 oz.
Tea	-	1 oz.
Cocoa (or similar beverage)	398	3 oz.
Milk (powdered, full cream)	266	2 oz.
Salt	-	2 oz.
Total weight	9 lb. 10 oz.	
Total calorific value	20,675 cal.	
or daily availability of	5,169 cal.	

NOTE: if fresh meat, vegetables and bread are taken instead of dehydrated meat,

vegetables and "Service" biscuits, and condensed milk instead of powdered milk, then the weight must be increased to make the amounts of food adequate:-

	<u>Calorific</u> <u>Value:</u>	<u>Weight:</u>
Bread	3,546	3 lb.
Butter	2,187	10 oz.
Meat, fresh	1,350	1 lb.
Liver Sausage (or substitute)	175	4 oz.
Vegetables	900	3 lb.
Condensed Milk (sweetened)	1,558	1 lb. tin
Total weight	15 lb. 2 oz.	
Total calorific value	22,432 cals.	
or daily availability of	5,608 cals.	

Men engaged in arduous search work or on stretcher bearing in rough country require a very high caloric intake each day. The nature of the task in hand would determine the requirement, but it would probably average at over 5,000 calories per day; under very severe winter conditions it could well be over 6,000 calories per day. The tables produced by Professor M.S. Rose and Dr. G. Bourne on this subject may be taken as a reliable guide when planning food lists for mountain club SAR work. The following table analyses the calories used each hour:

	<u>Calories</u> <u>per hour</u>	
Search work or stretcher bearing (severe exercise)	450	9 hrs. = 4,050
Sleeping	65	8 hrs. - 520
Sitting relaxed (meal times)	100	3 hrs. - 300
walking slowly	200	1 hr. - 200
Camp chores	144	1 $\frac{1}{2}$ hrs. 216
Standing relaxed	105	1 $\frac{1}{2}$ hrs. 158
		24 hrs. - 5,444

An emergency ration of 2,800 calories per day would be sufficient to keep men going for a few days. This obviously means a draw off will take place from body reserves. It should not fall below this level if satisfactory effort is to be expected.

-----ooOoo-----

H.T.C. Honorary Member of K.T.C.

We very much appreciate the following letter received from the Kiwi Tramping Club:-

"Dear Mr. Secretary,

It was decided at the general meeting held on the 5th Of December to make your club an honorary member of the Kiwi Tramping Club. We have appreciated very much your valuable help and support in the past and we hope we shall have your continued interest in the future. We hereby enclose the 1956 bulletin.

Yours faithfully,

R.J. Powdrell. K.T.C. Pres. "

S O C I A L N E W S .

Births: To Alison (née Elder) and Ron Procter - a son.
 To Mick and Mary Greenwood - a daughter.
 To Dot (née Short) and Russ Isaac - a son. (Prince Albert,
 Saskatchewan).

Engagements: Jim Glass to Doreen Fletcher.
 Derek Conway to Joan Hargreaves (of Melbourne).

Marriages: Ron Craig to Mary Heald.
 Judy Hare to Frank McBride.

Death: It is with deep regret that we record the passing of Clem Smith.
 (see page 15).

Departures: Doris Torbett has been moved to the Head Office of the Milk
 Treatment Department in Wellington.
Peter Wood has been transferred to Lever Bros. in Wellington.
Hugh and Marian Elder are back in New Zealand. They have a house
 at Tawa Flat.

NEW MEMBERS.

We welcome the following:

Barbara Hare, Dick Endt, Bill Bennett (absentee), Peter Andersen (junior), Cyril
 Hargreaves (junior), Raymond Lowe (junior), Allan King (junior), and Courtney
 Follett (H.V.T.C.).

CLUB EVENINGS.

We have had slides of Ngauruhoe's crater, Peaks around the Tasman Glacier, &
 the Milford Track. Mr. Wells, Conservator of Forests, gave us a talk one evening.
 Mr. Jackson, also of the Forestry, showed us films and spoke on the work of the
 Forest Service at the meeting before the fire-fighting trip. One of his films
 demonstrated the "one lick method" of fire-fighting, another dealt with the protec-
 tion and regeneration of beech in the South Island, while the third showed reclam-
 ation of land in Scotland that had previously been rendered useless by wind-blown
 sand.

ANZAC DAY POPPIES.

Please hand your poppies in to Pat, as your contribution to the wreath
 for the Cairn next November.

FIXTURE LIST.

<u>Date:</u>	<u>Trip:</u>	<u>Leader:</u>
May 5th.	Colenso Spur: Working Party.	Norm Elder.
May 18-19th.	Masters' Hut - Pohatuhaha.	Dick Clark.
June 1-2-3rd.	Makahu Saddle - Venison Top.	Jack Landman.
June 16th.	Kahuranaki.	Barbara Hare.
June 29-30th.	Wakarara via Totara Flat.	Len Hodgson.
July 14th.	Waikamaka: Working Party.	Brian Jobbins.
July 27-28th.	Otumore - Howlett's - Sawtooth.	Helen Hill.
Aug. 11th.	Armstrong Saddle - Culler Hut - Triplex Creek.	Jim Glass.
Aug. 24-25th.	Whittle's - Don Juan.	Peter Hurford.
Sept. 8th.	Taraponui.	Kevin Simmons.

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