

HERETAUNGA TRAMPING CLUB (INC.)

" P O H O K U R A "

Bulletin No. 76

August 1957

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C L U B T R I P S

No. 552

April 6th - 7th

MAKARORO RIVER - TUPARI GORGE

TRIG U - TE ATUAMAHURU

At the roadhead one silly person discovered he had left his boots at Holts - it was the leader. A pair of borrowed sandshoes was used and ruined.

The Makaroro was not at all warm as we crossed and recrossed it during the day. The Club has not had many trips upstream from Colenso's spur and it was the Tupari gorge and its sidling that we wanted to find. We passed through the gorge immediately after lunch quite easily as it has shingled up considerably.

We camped early in the afternoon near the foot of a spur to Trig 'U' on a river terrace five hours journey upstream from the roadhead.

We were away by 7.30 next morning up a good spur to Trig 'U' arriving at the bogs in time to have lunch in a pleasant sheltered spot. Soon we were heading along the tops past Tupari (5006ft) and Ina Rock to Te Atuahuru (5028ft) which we reached at four o'clock. We saw a number of deer, including a dark stag with an excellent head, and heard many roaring.

Some time was wasted getting out of the shingle-slide and crashing around in the leatherwood trying to find the track down from Te Atuamahuru. The light gradually faded till it was necessary to use torches as we climbed down the last steep drop to the river. It was not so difficult in the river though the party was tiring when we reached the truck at 9.30 after a big day of 13 hours tramping. Arrived at Hastings at 20 to 12 but had to take the Napier people home as there was no transport for them. Quite a number, I believe, went to bed without a bath.

No. in party 15.

Leader: Graeme Hare

Norm and Kath Elder, Kath Kemp, Alan Berry, Edna Ansell, Margaret Townshend, Barbara Hare, Brian Jobbins, Courtney Follet, Cyril Hargreaves, Peter Hurford, Raymond Lowe, Alan King, Peter Anderson, Graeme Hare.

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LOG CABIN - MANSON HUT

BACK HUT - KIWI HUT

No. 553

Easter: April 19 - 22nd

An ambitious programme was brought to a good finish by a big party 21 strong. Scheduled starting time 6 a.m. Got away by 7. Truck trouble and 21 bods plus 21 four day packs take some stowing away on a 2 ton truck. Got over the Gentle Annie without any trouble, and arrived at Timahanga at 10.25 a.m. The first day was rather easy, the only climb being the Hogget. After that it was plain sailing over flat tussock country up to the Log Cabin, where we arrived at 4.15 p.m. Log Cabin really lives up to its name. It is built entirely of Beech logs covered with a malthoid roof. We found the hut occupied by two rabbiters who put us on the right ridge the following morning.

April 20th:

Weather overcast and showery plus strong breeze. Left Log Cabin 7.10 a.m. (not bad!) got on to the ridge which leads on to a tussock plateau rather featureless but flat. Here we covered quite a bit of ground and got to Otutu bush by 11.15 a.m. where we found the beginning of a blazed track leading on to the Manson Trig. The track was good to follow but in some places the bush was badly broken by snow and wind. Struck Manson Ridge at 3.15 p.m. Unfortunately the clouds were pretty low, which made us take a strong side spur and missed the Manson Hut, but then the clouds lifted and there we saw the hut on the opposite main ridge. We got there just before dark. The Manson hut is large and has eight punks. It is made out of Beech framing covered with malthoid. The bottom three feet of malthoid has rotted away, which leaves the hut rain-proof but not altogether draught proof.

April 21st:

Weather: Clear sky and keen breeze. Left Manson hut 7.15 a.m. (not bad!!!) Followed the previous day's ridge down to the Ngaruroro at the same time picking out a good route up to 4812.

We reached the river at 11.30 a.m. - some drop and some climb out as well. Took us 2½ hours to climb on to the ridge. The ridge to 4812 was pretty badly overgrown but we managed to reach the Rocks Ahead hut just before dark. This hut is newly erected and was air dropped by Forestry. It has four bunks and a wooden floor. The fireplace is actually capable of warming the hut.

April 22nd:

Weather: Clear sky and keen breeze. Left Rocks Ahead hut at 7.30 a.m. Reached the Cairn at 9.15 a.m. Here the party split up, some going out to the road via Kaweka hut, and the others via Kiwi. Just past 4620 we spotted 1 stag with 7 hinds, quite a sight. On arriving at Kiwi, we had soup made from the leftovers of the trip - what a concoction! Two of us left shortly after this stop to collect the truck from Timahanga. Arriving at the Pine tree, we picked up the remainder of the party plus 6 scouts and got home by 9 p.m.

Conclusion: About getting away in the morning. Those on breakfast duty should get up at 5 a.m. to prepare porridge and tea. If the rest get up at 6 a.m. I am sure that 1 hour is sufficient for anybody to eat his porridge, drink his tea, pack his bag and be away by 7 a.m. A good early start makes all the difference to the rest of the day.

Number in party: 21

Leader: Philip Bayens

Hal Christian, Alan Berry, Cyril Hargreaves, Courtney Follet, Len Hodgson, Jack Landman, Allen King, Graeme Hare, Norm Elder and Kath Elder, Roger Boshier, Maurie Taylor, Walter Shaw, Barbara Hare, Edna Ansell, Els and Philip Bayens, Margaret Townshend, Helen Hill, Mavis Davidson, J. MacPherson

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COLENZO SPUR - WORKING PARTY

May 5th

Cancelled owing to weather plus blowout.

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POHATUHAHA - MASTERS' HUT

No. 554

May 18th - 19th

Press reports spoke of inter-island Ferry services disrupted by southerly storms as seven of us left Hastings at 7.15 a.m. On the way out we had an occasional glimpse of Pohatuhaha plus snow. The truck deposited us at the Mangleton air strip, approximately a mile beyond the Ohara ford and we were away by 9.30 a.m.

The route was via little Mt. Mary and Jumped Up flats, with

a stop for scroggan and tea at the Terateke stream crossing. We crossed Jumped Up stream and saw a stag as we were entering the Sentry Box bush. Arrived at Sentry Box hut at 1.15 p.m. was celebrated by a council of war as conditions higher up were obviously most unattractive. We decided to put in the night there and await the morrow's chances. To pass the remainder of the afternoon after camp was established, the male members went off to explore the limestone outcrop of Sentry Box. A shelter rock was discovered, whose present occupants turned out to be three very young pigs, one of which was caught and photographed. The rock had obviously been used as a shelter by someone in past time for besides an old sack, remains of a tin plate, a jar of salt and some Westport tar, there was also a baking powder tin containing five candles. Probably 8 to 10 people could doss down and be sheltered from the weather under two sides of it, with a soak pit water supply about 100 yards away. We climbed the limestone cliff itself and traversed it east on its southern side. There it was well covered with vines.

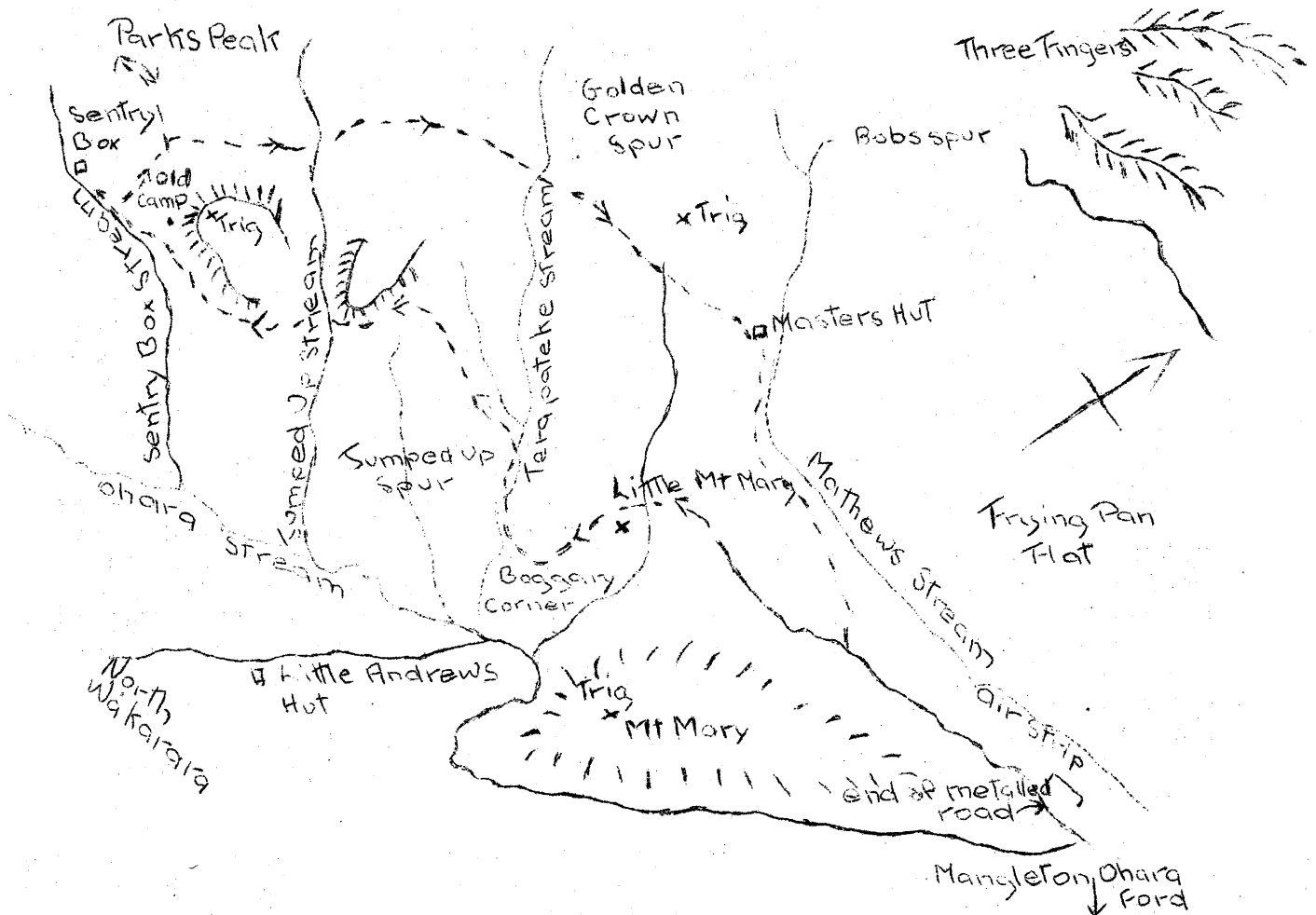
Conditions in Sentry Box that night were rather warm and cramped with double double bunking, but I don't think the three in the tent were any better off for they had a wet tent, light rain and some wind to contend with, while the temperature outside was not much above freezing. The next morning no-one stirred till 7.20 a.m.

We were under way at 9.15 a.m. At the top of the first saddle between Sentry Box Trig and Pohatuhaha we left our packs and continued up the face and spur reaching the top at 11.35 a.m. There were patches of sunshine - very few - and snow on the bushes, logs and ground from above the rock face that requires skirting to North. Cloud was down to about 4,700ft. The tops round past No Man's were all white, but mist covered Tupari, U, and the range further south. No one tarried to admire the view. As we hurried downhill to our packs the weather was closing in to the south from the south west. We had a boil-up at Jumped Up stream and stopped for ten minutes at Masters' hut. We followed out the alternative track at the foot of the ranges. The party was covered in parkas on account of the cold and near rain. This was done in 5 minutes over 2 hours and about $\frac{3}{4}$ hour was then taken from the hut to the truck via top of terrace to road along a new fence-line down the south bank of Matthew's stream, through the newly developed area. We were back in Hastings just before 7p.m.

No. in party: 7

Leader: Dick Clark
Dick Endt, Cyril Hargreaves, Edna Ansell, Barbara and Graeme Hare, Jim Glass, Dick Clark.

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MAKAHU SADDLE

No. 555

June 1st - 3rd

We got away in good time and arrived at the end of the road about 9 a.m. After the usual dress-change we made off up the track. Found the track up the Birch a little bit of hard work and had to relieve one of the party of most of her gear. But we arrived on top of Whittle's clearing round about lunch time and met a couple of men from the Forestry Department. They had spent quite a long time in the Makahu saddle hut looking after the high country nursery which the Forestry has started there. They also planted quite a few trees along the top of the saddle just before the hut. The number of blazed tracks before Whittle's clearing is a bit confusing and of course we got bushed, but pushed through the bush and managed to get out on the big tussock clearing and found there a big tripod marking the start of the track through the bush. Had lunch here in a nice sheltered sunny spot. Little

patches of snow here. Quite pleasant and the weather co-operated.

After lunch we set off through the bush and had a very pleasant walk. Just before reaching the hut one of the boys suddenly discovered that he was not carrying his ice axe any more. He knew he still had it after reaching the clearing so thought he had left it there, and decided to pick it up on the way back. Ice axes must be pretty hard to hang on to, because they were left behind several times during this trip, which meant a tramp back for the unlucky persons to collect them again. We arrived at the saddle hut just after four and in view of the condition of the party we decided to stay here for the night. The stew soon was on the fire and after an enormous meal everybody got in the bag.

The next morning the weather was clear but a cold wind came down from the top. We decided to make a day trip down to the Back Hut and set off after breakfast. Some stayed behind and promised us a good stew when we got back. But we were back before lunch. Half way up the ridge the cold wind or antartic gale was getting a bit too much to put up with and we turned around and arrived back at the hut at the same time as Els and Philip who had left town on Saturday afternoon and spent the night at Whittles clearing. After lunch we got under way to see if we could reach the Iron Whare, but the scrub was getting pretty tough and we went back in a big circle, travelling part of the way up Makahu stream, then climbing out the creek up to the left into the bush and coming out on to the track back to the hut. Another good meal and off to bed.

The next morning the wind had died down and most of the boys went up to the Cairn. Good going and beautiful weather. Most of the snow on top was blown away and the rocks bare. We had a splendid view of all the surrounding ranges. No clouds and Ruapehu and Ngauruhoe stood out well against the blue sky. We had a few glissades down a nice snow slope (head first) and then made a quick trip down. Had lunch, packed our gear and turned down the track for home. We reached the truck in good time and arrived safely back in Hastings after a nice easy weekend tramp.

No. in party: 12

Leader: Jack Landman
Helen Hill, Edna Ansell, Barbara and Graeme Hare, Shona Little,
Graham Low, Dick Endt, Els and Philip Bayens, Len Hodgson,
Roger Boshier, Jack Landman.

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KAHURANAKI

June 16th

Cancelled owing to bad weather

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June 29th - 30th

DAY IN THE WAKARARAS

July 14th

At 9.30 packs were heaved on and we climbed up above the stream, heading through turnip fields where two years previously the tea-tree had just been ploughed in. Skies had cleared and

opened the way for the photographers - black and white, colour and movies. The rugged nature of the terrain as we climbed, the brightly coloured shirts and the snow-clad central Ruahines beyond lent themselves to this preoccupation. Dick had driven the truck south and crossed the Poporangi stream so as to give us a round trip. So when 12.30 came up the "inner man" was much relieved to see Dick's figure appear in the tea-tree and to know that the billy was well on the way.

After lunch another 15 minutes took us leisurely up to the trig, Brian's Knob - 3588' it was assumed to be. 3 p.m. we left the tops and made a pleasant journey downwards. We heard shots, saw the hunters and saw the goats but everyone escaped unharmed. Another snack at the truck and a very pleasant trip was over.

No. in party: 14

Leader: Hal Christian

Lois and Al Moffitt, Shirley and Keith Garratt, Helen Hill, Pat Bolt, Edna Ansell, Dick Endt, Graeme Hare, Peter Anderson, Ray Newdick, David Bawden, Dick Clark.

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NEWS FROM THE FEDERATED MOUNTAIN CLUBS.

NATIONAL PARKS:

Tongariro: An additional area of 945 acres has been added to the park. Good progress has been made with the formation and metalling of the road into the Mangatepopo Hut and, as a result of working-bees by the Auckland Tramping Club and the Tararua Tramping Club of Wellington, the track across Tongariro from Mangatepopo to Ketetahi is in very good order. After careful consideration of all alternatives a site opposite the motor camp above the Chateau is being prepared for a group of houses for the use of those providing services within the park. Sites have been offered to the Auckland Associated Clubs for the proposed overnight shelter, and to the Boy Scouts and Youth Hostel movements for huts, all just above the motor camp. The Board has offered generous assistance towards the establishment of the Ski Patrol on a better basis and has plans for high-level shelters to go in during the coming year. Good progress is being made with the Ohakune Mountain road into the Blyth Hut area with help coming from the Army at the present time in building the two bridges. The National Parks Authority (N.P.A.) carried out a comprehensive inspection of the park early in February.

Nelson Lakes: The Lake Rotoiti-Lake Rotoroa area, including Mt. Robert, was gazetted as a National Park last year and the N.P.A. has chosen the name "Nelson Lakes" for the park from many suggestions. Steps have already been taken to have some of the boatsheds removed from the front of the main picnic ground.

Mount Cook: The new Board has been handicapped by lack of finance but is anticipated that a fairly substantial grant will be made from the funds available to the N.P.A. in the coming financial year. In the meantime the Board has given careful thought to the general plan for the development of the

park and in particular the placing of future buildings. An area has been set aside for the building of club base huts and the Canterbury Mountaineering Club and the N.Z. Deer Stalkers' Association have already built. The N.P.A. will be making an inspection of this park during April.

RUAPEHU SKI PATROL:

Administration: The Park Board will be the employing authority for all paid ski patrollers. The general administration of the patrol will also be carried out by the Board which will be advised on personnel, technical and equipment matters by the Committee which has been appointed by the Associated Ruapehu Mountain Clubs. The closest possible liaison will be maintained with the newly formed Ruapehu Association of Ski and Mountain Clubs.

Patrol Personnel: The patrol will consist of one paid controller or supervisor and 28 voluntary Ski Club nominated patrollers. An additional 20 ski patrol assistants will also be appointed.

Patrol Members - Availability: Be available for duty one weekend in four for the period June 1st to October 30th.

Clubs are requested to nominate members for the Ski Patrol. It should be appreciated that a high standard is desired for the patrol and that membership will be evidence of competency and a distinct honour.

- Members of the patrol will be granted privileges. Those recommended are:
- (a) Expenses: Up to 30/- to be paid towards the cost of travelling expenses for each weekend of duty.
 - (b) Insurance: An insurance cover against injury to members of the Patrol on weekends of duty covering them from the time they leave home until they return. Also insurance over gear and equipment used whilst on Patrol.
 - (c) Accommodation: Clubs are requested not to charge Club members on ski patrol, hut fees on their duty weekends.
In the case of non-club members on Ski Patrol, Clubs are asked to make free accommodation available.
Ski patrol members to supply own food, sleeping and mess equipment.
 - (d) Tow and Lift Facilities: Members of the Patrol to be granted limited complimentary use of all tow and chair lift facilities during their weekend of duty.

The Park Board grant of £500 provides generous assistance and makes possible the operation of an efficient Ski Patrol, now an urgent requirement on Mt. Ruapehu.

The apportionment of the remaining £300 is a matter for the other interested parties, viz. Hotel Tourist Corporation, Ruapehu Alpine Lifts Ltd. and the Combined Mountain and Ski Clubs.

Dr. McPherson has again been elected to the F.M.C. Executive.

Mr. N. Elder was re-appointed to the Map Sub-Committee.

S.A.R. COMMITTEE: Mr. Bridge reported this Committee had recently met. It would interest Clubs that Neil-Robertson stretchers had been bought and would be placed at strategic points. It had been agreed in principle to hold courses in rescue work in Wellington. Loud hailers were to be bought for testing in N.Z. bush. Search parties were likely to be asked to take out portable H.F. sets for communication with aircraft, and the RNZAF was providing air drop sets. Grants were possible to the FMC to cover losses on searches and lecture tours.

TRAMPING CLUBS & RADIO EMERGENCY CORPS.

At a dinner given by the N.Z.A.R.T. Norman Elder, asked to reply to the toast to kindred clubs, spoke as follows:-

" I have had a few moments of panic over my reply to this toast. I am replying for kindred clubs, but what am I? I am a trumper representing the Heretaunga Tramping Club, and here I am in the middle of this distinguished and highly technical gathering, with about enough morse to pick up a party line call, and hardly able to tell a triode from a triangle.

" My tramping colleagues I may add are at the moment somewhere up in the snow trying to make a winter passage across the Kawekas.

" It is these wide differences that have forced me to think of the basis of our kinship to you and I think it takes you down to this. We both have hobbies, though they are very different hobbies. The one sits in a cold hut with headphones on deaf to the calls of food, or abandoned wives - I have heard them - the other follows gametracks through the wild wet woods or plugs up snowy ridges; both absorbed and happy, but, from the point of view of normal citizens, distinctly odd.

" Where we do come closely together is when things go wrong, and our hobby suddenly becomes our responsibility. Behind our exploring and picnicking we are always aware that the ranges can be dangerous and so we are always alert for trouble. Your position is the same when a catastrophe occurs and the normal communications of a civilized community collapse.

" Our common ground is this feeling of responsibility. I have brought home to me after an Air Force crash when the returning search party was greeted by the senior Air Force officer in these words:-

" 'Of course we are grateful to you chaps, but after all this is a service matter. What do you get out of it?' We managed to tell him I hope, but our words were somewhat hasty.

" The point I have to make is that no organization as such, service, departmental or interdepartmental can take the place of this sense of responsibility, and this is where we come in. This country has still a pioneering tradition; a sense of responsibility was taken for granted in the early days - and it is up to us to see that it continues to be taken for granted.

This is not so in all parts of the world. In Scotland search is quite commonly left to the R.A.F. and rescue to the local crofters and ghillies; while in the Appalachians they believe in rugged individualism and leave those that get into trouble to get out of it.

" But to be of use in an emergency you must be more than a volunteer full of enthusiasm. The plague of searching in the ranges is the 'experienced bushman', a good bloke but too much of an individualist to carry out instructions, unable to read a map, and not equipped to keep going if the weather packs up.

" Some organization and some training are essential before any methodical searching becomes possible.

" Equally important are local contacts. The wide variations in the effectiveness of Search & Rescue organization from place to place are largely due to this. Here we have been particularly lucky in being accepted as a team and we can expect to have our resources utilized to the full if they are needed.

" This keeps us on our toes, for we are only too painfully aware of the extent of our area, and of the meagreness of our resources - and hence, I should add, of the extreme importance of communications.

" All I can say is that we are doing our best and that the bright star of our organization is the local branch of the R.E.C. Whenever the balloon goes up they are invariably the first to be ready; they reach their advanced bases with their gear, too often with scratch guides and without carriers; when they get there they establish communications often under the most difficult conditions, and I have also heard the rumour that they have assisted with stretcher carrying.

" We are proud to be associated with them."

N. I. E.

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PRIVATE TRIPS

HERMITAGE - MILFORD - DOUBTFUL SOUND

In thick mist and driving rain we rocked an' rolled in a rattly bus toward Ball Hut on the Tasman Glacier. Helen and Edna welcomed me there and a long natter ended in a quiet look round for us and a turn round for the bus. Next day still only mist and more mist, so Edna and I left for better fields.

Ahead our route led through the McKenzie country and Central Otago to Lake Wakatipu and Queenstown. At evening the southern lakes are most peaceful and the waters calm. We spent a hectic day at Queenstown doing the Kawarau dam, the lake's outlet and the much talked of Skipper's Road winding beside the Shotover River, the scene of much gold sluicing in the early days. The Kawarau River itself has slab stone hovels built on its banks - wood for building was lacking then. What a cold miserable existence! On to the largest lake of them all - Te Anau, which greeted us with a strong westerly wind, whipping up water dust and skirts. These winds mean bad weather for Fiordland, and we were to start the Milford Track walk the next day. However we made the most of it and visited the Te Anau glow-worm caves that evening by launch. These were really wonderful, and two hours were spent step climbing and shouting. They are the caves of rushing waters, discovered in 1948 and the stream comes from Lake Orbell (3,000') the home of the Notornis in the Murchison mountains - prohibited country.

Next day at dawn clouds raced across the sky and prospects looked bad; then the sun shone and the wind eased. The trip up Te Anau took $3\frac{1}{2}$ hours and the scenery is magnificent with towering peaks, bush-clad little islands and dark blue depths of water. A short walk, $\frac{1}{2}$ mile from the landing stage at the head of the lake is Glade House, enclosed with wire mesh, for here we met the "Big Sandfly" who accompanied us along the remainder of the journey. Glade House, a large dwelling on the banks of the Clinton River is a fisherman's paradise. The house itself, like the other overnight stopping places, consists of two large bunkrooms, diningroom etc and showerrooms - very comfortable even in the rain.

Our party for the track numbered twenty-seven, made up of

Dutch, Aussies and New Zealanders, and as everyone laced up boots that first morning I wondered what sort of trampers they were. The weather was misty, and visibility poor, but by 10 a.m. the heat was terrific, so much so that Edna and I defied the sandflies for a ten minute dash into the icy Clinton waters. The track from the swing bridge is very lovely and peaceful. The southland beech is quite different from ours and there are many friendly little birds. The waters of the river are from the snowfield of the McKinnon Pass, clear as crystal and blue, with big fat trout lazily swimming away the hours. Our pace throughout was erratic, for we did quite a lot of bird watching, photography, and indeed saw much more than the main party, there was no need to hurry.

All provisions are taken as far as Pompalona Huts by pack horse from Glade House. Three course meals are served all through, and more if one is hungry. The hosts are kind and very chatty. They love the bush and all it holds.

After a ten mile walk, taking your time, Pompalona Huts are reached for the overnight stop, with an early start next morning for the Quintin huts $9\frac{1}{2}$ miles over the 3,400' McKinnon Pass. Again the weather was overcast and thickened up on the top of the pass. The view from the top is superb, with the Clinton Valley lying to the south-east and the Arthur Valley lying to the west, the wee lake of Mintaro in the Clinton and the towering rock cliffs of Mt. Balloon, Mt. Elliott and Jervois Glacier. There is a memorial to Quintin McKinnon who discovered the pass in 1888, and the keas are numerous, inquisitive and destructive.

Down the steep rocky track to Quintin Huts and into a valley of waterfalls. They were everywhere tumbling down to join the Arthur River. We visited the Southland Falls later in the afternoon. The second highest falls in the world, they are 1,904' and descend in three leaps. The spray from them is drenching.

That night the weather turned really bad, and we awoke to the sound of raindrops, very, very heavy. It rained so hard that the rock faces were covered in "wetweather" falls, and the noise was continuously loud. We did not leave till 1 p.m. The rain had eased but the going was sticky. Two guides accompanied the party to Lake Ada, 11 miles; helping us across the raging torrents, but we did not need a rope. The pace was so great that we took little notice of the country, our eyes were on our feet all the way. How different from the first day.

On reaching the launch landing above Lake Ada the sun was shining brightly, but we were very wet. The halfway hut at the landing, a small tin shed equipped with all necessities, and we had a welcome cup of tea and cooked sausages. From here we were wading thigh deep in water till a little lower down we were ferried across by an outboard boat. We dumped packs and carried on around the edge of Lake Ada. The track here was narrow and rocky crossing numerous streams with gushing waterfalls, on swing bridges, a notice on one to say "One at a time, please". This took some time and the party got strung out a bit. Glimpses between trees of lake and towering rock peaks bathed in sunshine were very beautiful. Giant tree ferns and mosses grew greener step by step and light became

darker until at last the tall beech thinned out, the track widened, and sandfly point came into view. The launch was waiting we hurried aboard, but oh, the sandflies! The boat was in a hurry, we were tired, and as I looked up and around me I saw the threatening dark blue clouds closing in and chasing us up to Milford. I felt very depressed. The trip was over, and all too hurried. "You must see the Milford Track in the rain", they said, "The waterfalls are great". We did, that last day, but it could never be as beautiful as sunshine. At the jetty everybody went their separate ways. The lorrys were waiting, we jumped on, and soon we were all eating a three course meal.

Edna and I were booked in at the A.A. camp, $\frac{3}{4}$ mile up the road. That evening an electric storm hit us, the thunder seemed to bounce off Mount Sheerdown at the back of the camp and roll round the valley. It continued raining for two days and there was little to do. The third morning we left, but not until we had walked to the chasm 6 miles and taken a lot of photos. Birds were plentiful especially the pidgeon.

From Milford we caught the bus for Lake Manapouri via the Eglinton Valley and Te Anau, again passing rocky giants, snowfields, streams and beautiful scenery. We arrived at the Guest House Manapouri at 7 p.m. A comfortable night was spent amongst stuffed pigs' and deer heads. What a museum! Old pictures and curios together with the eerie sounds of bush and lake.

The next day Edna and I made ourselves known to Manapouri, a small settlement with great expectations. Pearl Harbour on the Waiau River is a mass of launches, bobbing with the current. We took a trip up the lake to behold its wonderful reflections and dark depths. It was a heavy misty grey day when we set off up the lake at 9 a.m. for Doubtful Sound, but a warm sun broke through and turned into a beautiful day. Three hours by launch brings you to the head of the lake. A quick change at the hut and you are ready for the guide. You are directed along to the track, and the rest is yours. The track through beech forest passes beside the Spey River for 4 miles, takes a sharp righthand turn and continues up the Dashwood Canyon to the Wilmot Pass, 2,100' above sea level, about 4½ hours. The wekas are very plentiful and walk around fearlessly calling to mates in the bush. It was a steady long drop to the sound through ribbonwood, fuschia and beech. Daylight was drawing in when we reached the huts at 6.30 p.m. The Helena Falls thunder down opposite the Deepcove Huts first built by Murrell, later taken over by the Doubtful Sound Company. The sounds, being tidal, cause trouble when boarding the launch. You are towed out in a delapidated row boat, to be put aboard an even more delapidated launch, and you wonder if it is seaworthy. A trip up Hall's Arm was part of the tour, and we spent a pleasant day cruising around. Doubtful Sound is much larger than Milford, wider, and not quite so steep and rocky. Bush sweeps the waters, deer play on its beaches and fish swim in the depths. To walk through the bush here is impossible. Deep Cove is very isolated by sea. Stores arrive at the hut once a year. They rely on venison for meat and the bread is packed in three times a week from Manapouri with each

party. We were fortunate in enjoying fine weather - even sunbathed; the day we returned it rained. This was our real first taste of Fiordland rain. The party left Deep Cove at 9.30 a.m. in pouring rain, on arriving at Garth Hut for lunch we were wet through, inside and out. Hastily lighting a fire we tried to dry out but it was useless. Shivering we ate lunch, put on our wet clothes again and took off on the last trek in a big hurry. That was a long way - no views, no stops, just rain, rain, rain. It eased off at the lake head and it was a comfort to have dry clothes on again. The launch visited the North Arm of Manapouri on the return trip but it was heavily covered in mist and cold. Leaving Manapouri next morning we both decided we must return and see more.

Party: Pat Bolt, Edna Ansell.

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ARTHUR'S PASS

1st - 14th July

We arrived at Arthur's Pass at 9.30 p.m. on Sunday night and it simply poured down for the next 24 hours.

Between the showers we got acquainted with Mrs Coberger who did not advise us to go up to the C.S.C. Hut, so we stayed in the village for another two days during which we managed to get some way up Avalanche Peak.

On Wednesday, as the weather was improving, we went up to the hut. You take a taxi to where the track starts, then you climb a zigzag track and negotiate a bluff to get there. It takes approximately one hour. We had to take two trips to get all our gear up. By 3 p.m. the weather had deteriorated and made our world very small. It snowed heavily till Friday noon. Then the weather improved beyond all expectation. There was a clear sky, no wind, and about 6" of soft powdery snow. We did a lot of skiing over the weekend - the only time the tow goes.

The skiing ground consists of two basins. In the lower one are the huts. Another hour's climb brings you up to the top basin, which is really a magnificent sight and goes up as high as 5600'. Here we did most of the skiing.

The second week we still had perfect weather. On Monday we recovered from our skiing exertions. On Tuesday we did some more skiing. On Wednesday we walked through the Otira Gorge (pffff what a country!) and got a lift back. On Thursday we climbed Mt. Blimit, but the soft powdery snow made the climbing unpleasant. Friday saw us back in Christchurch where we did some ice skating and on Saturday we arrived back home, which was the end of a perfect holiday.

Party: Els & Philip Bavens, Jack Landman.

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SNOW IN THE KAWEKAS

15.

7th July

We rather ambitiously decided to go to Kiwi Hut and back in a day. Left Hastings at 5.5 a.m. and arrived at pine tree at daybreak, 7.5. As there had been a heavy fall of snow within the last few days, we decided to take two ice axes and Kevin took his rifle. We were soon climbing up 4,100 and came to the snow in the bush below Clem's rock, which slowed up our progress. The bushes were bowed down under the weight of it and we received a wetting scrambling under and over the branches. The snow was fairly deep and soft and it took us quite some time to reach the top of 4,100 - 3 hours. The rest of the Kiwi Ridge was covered by a large black cloud - snow covered tops all round - a little snow still lying on the Blowhard. Decided to scrap Kiwi and descend by way of the shingle slide and go to Kaweka Hut instead as two of us hadn't been there. The scree was covered in soft snow the full length and we were soon on the track heading for the hut. No deer around for Kevin. Met Mauri Robson who was heading for a camp in the McIntosh. We reluctantly got our feet wet in the icy water of the Tutaekuri, then up over the ridge and down to the stream on the other side. On the last ridge to the hut the track was obliterated by snow and we weren't sure of the way and as it was getting late returned to the stream, had a boil-up and back to the car at 5 o'clock and so home.

Party: Barbara & Graeme Hare and Kevin Simmons.

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ARMSTRONG SADDLE

7th July.

The Ruahines looked so inviting under fresh snow and bright sunshine on the Saturday that hasty preparations were made to take advantage of the conditions prevailing.

We started the day off right with a decadent 7 o'clock start, a comfortable car trip to the Triplex bush line and dry boots right to the foot of the spur. In spite of rumours to the contrary, the track is still in good shape, making for ropes progress as far as Shuteye. Once on the main ridge we encountered a fair amount of powder snow on the scrub and bush, but conditions were nevertheless very pleasant.

A brew and lunch at Shuteye Shack, and off again for Armstrong Saddle. The usual chill draught was racing madly across the tops, so we wasted no time in turning for home once we had reached our objective.

The usual exhilarating careering downwards over snow-covered slopes was followed by a more sedate amble down through the bush, to the end of what must surely be one of the most pleasant and rewarding trips in the Hawke's Bay Ranges.

Party: Kathleen Kemp, Alan & Russell Berry.

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THE GALE OF FEBRUARY 1936

(Summary of a talk given at the clubroom on 29th May 1957)

A tropical cyclone struck the North Island unexpectedly, having deepened and speeded up (its centre shifting 300 miles in an hour) on its way from the New Hebrides. The Tararua Range received the brunt of it with S.E. winds of terrific velocity which destroyed large areas of forest as they struck down on the lee side of the Range behind Levin and Otaki. Four parties were in the range at the time; an M.T.C. party at Te Matawai, a T.T.C. party working on the Waitaewaewae Track a T.T.C.-H.V.T.C. party in the Otaki Gorge and a shooting party on the Wairarapa side. Two huts were destroyed and two lives lost.

When the aneroid dropped an inch at Te Matawai the M.T.C. did not believe it, but started for home by the Ohau. As the river was already in high flood they doubled back though trees were beginning to come down, and took the track to the Waiopahu Hut. Two of the party collapsed and though one was dragged over the exposed Waiopahu summit and down to the hut site, the other, Ralph Wood, died of exhaustion or exposure near Twin Peak.

The Waiopahu Hut had vanished, so Tom Arlidge, the leader, went out for help, but only reached the road-head 17 hours later. Meantime the other victim was kept alive by his mate, who got a fire going and was joined at dawn by the two who had been with Ralph Wood; all four of them followed Arlidge out. Ralph Wood was later buried on Twin Peak by a Levin-Waiopahu T.C. party who took 13 hours to get in.

Meantime the Waitawaewae party had been track cutting on the Plateau where they were comparatively sheltered.

Jim Butcher wrote:- "I have a good recollection of the first tree that fell There was a crack, Wilson - in front - stopped and locked up, the top half of a beech came down ten yards in front of him ... W. walked up to it, blazed it, walked under it, and on with the job without a word."

It was not until they came out from the Plateau that they fully realized what was happening.

"At times whole spurs would be swept clean of trees, and as we watched we saw trunks of standing trees twisted off half way up, while the tops were carried off in the wind, leaving shattered stumps stripped of bark" (Wally Neill).

The Otaki party were caught down the Gorge with the rivers running a banker and had to sidle their way back to the Plateau coming out a day late. Meanwhile a shooting party had got lost on the Wairarapa side, and one of them died.

The damage in the Tararuas is still visible, but no corresponding damage occurred in the ranges further north, Ian Powell and I were at Mill Farm intending to explore up the Tukituki, but the aneroid dropped $\frac{3}{4}$ inch in an hour, with heavy rain and in the morning the river was running a banker. We got out a day late because of slips on the road, but the first evidence of wind that we saw

was out on the plains at Ongaonga.

Nothing like this has happened in the ranges for a long time - at least for 100 years, perhaps as long as 300 years, but from the tramping point of view, this catastrophe shows that even in our ranges in summer an experienced party can run into impossible conditions, and this lesson should never be forgotten.

N. I. E.

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LETTER FROM VANCOUVER.

June 19th, 1957.

Hello Norman,

I suppose the Ruahines are by now snowcovered and those frosts are creeping around the Havelock Hills. On this side of the world it is the reverse - warm, sunny days and long evenings that tempt one outside so that most of my time, since returning to Vancouver, has been divided between stretching out on the beach and walking through the local park. Ho-hum!

I flew down from Kitimat by amphibian aircraft on May 15th. The 450 mile trip took just on 2½ hours at an altitude of about 2000' just high enough to have an embracing view yet low enough to take in the ground detail. This coastal strip of British Columbia is extremely mountainous with long, deep fjords which break up the land into islands and long ribbons of water.

Have been away every weekend since; in the hills, that is. Last Saturday we drove down to Mount Baker in the States to attend a Mountain Rescue Meet organized by the Yanks in an effort to co-ordinate all the rescue groups on the Pacific coast. It was quite well run. The Saturday afternoon was spent in avalanche probing instruction, handling stretchers on steep rock and raising stretchers from crevasses. Found myself hanging in all sorts of impossible places. In the evening we were given a run through on the organization of rescue. The U.S. Coastguards flew up their Sikorsky Helicopter on Sunday and demonstrated its limits and capabilities. Then followed a talk on jet aircraft crashes; dangers of ejection seats etc. On the whole, an instructive weekend which showed me just how similar our N.Z. Search & Rescue is to that which is operating here. Of course conditions and equipment are slightly different but the basics are identical. Only wish we had a few helicopters available in the country.

Climbing, over here is also much the same. Take the South Island mountain area up to about 8000', raise it a thousand feet and you have a rough idea of conditions in B.C. There are many peaks over 10,000' of course; the highest in B.C. being Mount Waddington (13,000' odd). There is no leatherwood, but don't cheer yet for it has a substitute in a vicious spiky shrub known as 'Devil's Club'. So you see instead of tramping in the weekends folk get in some climbing. Most peaks are rock summits and loose rock at that.

The first trip I had down here commenced on a Friday night when we climbed aboard a small motor dinghy and set off up Stave Lake. Different to the back of a truck but the sentiments are

the same. It grew dark at 9.30 p.m., after we had covered some eight of the twelve miles necessary and things became interesting what with a wind making and these whacking big cedar logs floating all over the place. We hurdled one, missed the remainder and arrived at a shingle cabin about 12 p.m. Saturday saw us away to an early start, bound for the lake head and Stave River. Really miserable weather. We made a mile up stream then our wee boat just refused to go any further; it churned away and I rowed like mad but we moved slowly downstream. Retreated to the cabin, dried out and got in a climb on Sunday.

I read that the Makahu Saddle hut is now in existence so that should open up quite an area. Is there any mention of huts in the Ruahines? How did Alan, Jim & Co. make out last Christmas?

Well, Norman, being still a poor bachelor I must away now and do my chores so all the best until next time.

Yours sincerely

(sgd) Wally.

P.S. Regards to all H.T.C. members.

LETTER FROM THE CONTINENT

Naples, 9th May.

Dear Janet & Lindsay,

Today I climbed my first mountain in Europe so I feel justified in writing a few lines to you and all friends in the H.T.C. Even if I went most of the way up Vesuvius on my motor scooted I still had a sharp climb and the mountain air and view brought back pleasant memories of the H.Bav mountains. I have found the Italian scenery, with steep bushy slopes and mountains in the background, more like N.Z. than any other country I have seen so far.

Perhaps I had better give an account of my travels. I had 10 days in Australia between boats, so I hitch-hiked from Sydney via Canberra and the Murray Valley to Melbourne so as to see as much of the country as time would allow. In Melbourne I looked up Derek Conway at Kodak and he was glad to hear something of the club.

The boat trip to London was rather uneventful. Only two ports of call: Cape Town and Las Palmas. After a week of London weather I decided I'd head for Southern Europe. Not that the weather was bad - the sun shone almost every day - the trouble was that I couldn't feel it. The rays couldn't penetrate the fog dust and smoke of the Big City.

I bought a secondhand motor scooter in London and made the necessary arrangements and took a night ferry to Dunkirk - just four weeks ago. Since then I have covered 3200 Miles. I headed north through Belgium to Holland as it was tulip time there. And it was well worth the trip. The tulips and hyacinths made a wonderful show and it was difficult not to take too many photographs. It was very cold - showers of rain and hail with sunny interludes. At Arnhem I awoke to find 6 inches of snow on the ground. I have made good use of Youth Hostels of which there is a good network on the continent. For the equivalent of about 2/- there is a bed, cooking and washing facilities and often full meals are provided for little extra

cost. Most of all there are other travellers there to talk to, especially Australians and it is interesting to compare experiences.

I spent only two days in Paris. Paris in the Spring is a wonderful place - it is also very expensive as is all of France. My only mountaineering in France was up the Eiffel tower (halfway - the rest by lift!)

I travelled via the Loire Valley and saw some of the famous chateaux, and down to Bordeaux and across to Spain. I spent nine days in Spain and covered 1000 miles. Along the northern coast as far as Santander then south to Madrid across the bleak Castilian table-land. The villages in Spain are fascinating places. It takes one back several hundred years. Mule carts, or mules carrying large baskets are the main form of transport and ploughing is done by bullocks yoked together by their large horns. Women are seen carrying great baskets of laundry on their heads - down to the nearby stream where the washing is done and spread on the grass to dry. At the same time large deisel lorries roar along the highways and down the village streets - no brakes are used only a loud blast on the horn.

From Madrid I went east to Valencia and saw oranges being picked. Along the Mediterranean coast from there to Italy the road passes through either vineyards, orange groves or patches of almonds and other unusual crops. I have not seen a paddock full of ryegrass and sheep since I left N.Z. (or should I say Australia).

I spent two days in Barcelona and was very impressed with that city. On the Sunday afternoon I saw a bull-fight. An interesting spectacle but rather gory. My time spent at Whakatu has hardened me to slaughter but the bull-fight is too one-sided to be called a sport. Six bulls were "fought" and killed within two hours. The arena seated 23000 and all seats were full - families with babes in arms complete with lunch packs and wine flasks sat on the concrete benches and shouted and whistled as their favourite matador did his showy movements. I was glad I went but would not bother to cross the street to see another.

I spent five days in the south of France and spent a day at the old Roman city of Avignon on the Rhone River. The town is completely within the original walls and everything is steeped in history. I did not spend much time in Nice or Monaco (Grace was not at home!) but crossed into Italy. The road along the Italian Riviera to Genoa is very picturesque, winding around the coastal bays and cliffs. But the part I enjoyed most was from Florence to Rome - an inland road which climbed over ranges of low hills and followed down river valleys - in part similar to the South Island West Coast. Some snow on the Appenines completed the picture. From Rome to Naples I followed the via Appia, famous historical route, and I made a detour to see the town of Cassino. I had heard about the siege of the manastery there during the war and was interested to see it for myself. The town which was completely destroyed is now largely rebuilt - modern buildings quite unlike the other small towns. A very large military cemetery there is a grim reminder of recent history. Lindsay will know the area well.

Today I visited the ruins of Pompeii and saw the crater of Vesuvius. This mountain is very similar to Ngaruhoe though not so steep nor so symmetrical. The last eruption of 1944 has left black

scars on the countryside all round. Inside the crater are many steam vents.

Tomorrow I head north again - to Rome, thence to Venice then Austria, where I hope to see some real mountains, Germany and Scandinavia - and back to G.B.

I thought of the H.T.C. on Easter Sunday as I was scootering through Spain and wondered where the tramping was this year. Perhaps someone could drop me a line, c/o Bank of N.Z., 1 Queen Victoria St. London E.C.4.

Regards to all,
(Sgd) OWEN BROWN.

ROUTE GUIDE

7:August.

The appeal circulated with the last number of Pbhokura to enable publication of the route guide, has resulted in offers of interest-free loans totalling £203, with offers of further amounts if necessary. In addition cash and cheques have been received to the amount of £18.1.0. and placed in a trust fund for the time being.

The committee wish to express their appreciation of the support given to the project.

Since the appeal was launched discussions with the N.Z. Forest Service have reached a further stage. The suggestion has been made and approved by our committee that their publicity section should take over the whole job of publication. This not only solves the problems of finance, but will simplify the work of publication, and it will also enable to scope of the guide book to be expanded. This has been discussed and further descriptive material has been drafted.

Once the club has received confirmation of this proposal the appeal will be unscrambled and monies repaid to the senders.

POTATO PARTIES:

We needed money for truck maintenance. Helen said there were good potatoes lying wasting in their paddocks after the crop had been harvested. So we collected sugar bags and sallied forth at odd times. Mrs. Hill provided marvellous smokes and we sold our gleanings for just over £31.

CLUB EVELINGS.

At various evenings we have had slides of local trips and private trips in the South Island. Alan Berry gave a talk on the use of crampons, rope and ice axe in snowcraft. Rex Chaplin told us about the East Coast north of Gisborne. He spoke of the men who had developed it and of its mountains. Mr. Peter Hammond gave a most entertaining account of life on Campbell Island in the 1940s.

S O C I A L N E W S .

Births: To Pat and Ian Berry - twin sons.
To Hugh and Marian Elder - a daughter.

Engagement: Alan Berry to Kath Kemp.

Marriage: Al Moffitt to Lois Bartle.

Departures: Marie Valler to Canada.
Jim Esson to Nelson.

Death: It is with deep regret that we record the passing of Dick Burton. Dick had not been out much with the club in recent years, but formerly, before we owned a truck, his Commer helped us out in the transport of many a trip. We extend our sympathy to his family.

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NEW MEMBERS.

We welcome the following to the Club:-

Mavis Davidson (absentee), Percy Anderson (absentee), Kath Kemp, Margaret Townshend.

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FIXTURE LIST.

<u>Date:</u>	<u>Trip:</u>	<u>Leader:</u>
Sept. 8th.	Dismantling hut Ohara Ford via Mt. Mary.	To be arranged.
Sept. 14th.	Blossom Procession.	
Sept. 21-22nd.)	Colenso Spur: cut and disc.	Rex Chaplin.
22nd.)	" " : cut top of track.	Graeme Hare.
Oct. 6th.	Kohinga (3313'), or Cattle Hill (Taihape Rd.)	Barbara Hare.
Oct. 20th.	Taraponui.	Edna Ansell.
Oct. 26-28th.)	Labour): Tararua Crossing, Eketahuna-Levin.	Norm Elder.
24-28th.)	Week-End): Ruapehu, ski-ing. By arrangement.	
Nov. 3rd.	Ngaruroro River.	To be arranged.
Nov. 16-17th.)	Cairn) Kaweka J via Puketitiri & Makahu Hut, Philip Bayens	
	Trip) through trip to Kuripapango: sub-leader, Kevin Simmons.	
Nov. 17th.)	Day trip, old members, pick up)	
	through tramps:)	Nancy Tanner.
Nov. 30-Dec.1st:	Kiwi Hut: return via either Tutaekuri or Ngaruroro:	Hal Christian.
Dec. 15th.	Kahuranaki.	To be arranged.
<u>New Year Week-End:</u>	Colenso Lake via Colenso Spur (if 3 days).	T.B.A.

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ANNUAL MEETING:

The Twenty-Second Annual General Meeting of the Heretaunga Tramping Club (Inc.) will be held in the Radiant Hall on October 16th 1957.

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