

HERETAUNGA TRAMPING CLUB (INC.)" P O H O K U R A "Bulletin No. 77

December 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 North, Hastings.

A N N U A L R E P O R TMEMBERSHIP:

This year closed with a financial membership of 77, made up as follows:-

Full members	58	(65)
Junior members	5	(3)
Absentee members	14	(14)
Honorary members	5	(5)
Associate member	1	(1)
Life member	1	(1)

PRESIDENT'S REPORT:

The year's activities are covered in the various sub-committee reports, so that there is little that I need say about them. The reunion festivities early in the year were most successful; tramping has been varied and interesting with two or three excitements which though not serious were useful experience and valuable tests of the rescue organization. I should like to pay a special tribute to Janet at this point. Not only has she edited Pohokura, which is in a class of its own, but as convenor of the reunion committee she has borne the brunt of the large-scale organization that was necessary, and beyond that has had to take charge in two emergencies when the other members of the search committee were absent (and contributing to the emergencies). This has definitely been Janet's year.

On the financial side we have broken square but this is a bit of a fluke. Truck receipts are £40 below last year's, a serious drop, partly due to bad weather cancellations, partly to the proportion of junior members who are carried at reduced fares. The transport deficit exceeds the total subscription revenue and we have only kept our heads above water by working parties, to whom the club's thanks are due.

We have been compelled to apply to the authorities for financial assistance which has been granted from art union funds. This is a major change in club policy and while I agree with the rest of the committee that this is necessary, and that the scope of our activities gives us a good claim, I personally regret it. Hitherto we have managed to carry our own responsibilities and self-reliance is one of the most important things about a tramping club. You can't help noticing that the more life becomes organised and arranged and safe, the more human beings miss excitement and risk and taking chances. They break out in different ways: there is the T.A.B. and the art union on one hand, the winter-traverse and the pole-crossing on the other - and I know which I prefer. In joining the queue for hand-outs we are trying to have it both ways and I feel that we are running the risk of losing something essential.

The club will have to start thinking about a new President. I had hoped to stand down this year, but I find I shall have to be prepared to carry on for another term. But that is the finish. It is not in the club's interest that one person should hold on to office too long. I am already finding myself getting too much involved in other people's jobs, and the longer this goes on the more difficult a change-over becomes. It is time I baled out.

CLUB CAPTAIN'S REPORT:

Trips: The average number on trips was 18. If we include the reunion trip the average is much higher. Day trips seem to be the most popular as far as numbers of people coming out goes.

Four trips were cancelled due to bad weather and one through poor support.

The working party to Colenso Spur was one of the shortest trips. About a mile past Paki Paki a puncture and consistent rain changed our minds. The weather this year has not been very kind. Most week-end trips were rather damp affairs especially on Sept. 21st-22nd when the party was 24 hours overdue.

One private trip needs mentioning: Howlett's Hut - Tiraha - Te Hekenga - Otumore and out via the Moorcock river. Round Te Hekenga they struck some tricky stuff, where utmost care was required.

On working parties, some work was done and some not. On Colenso Spur it seems that the work cannot be done. Always something seems to go wrong. I almost start to believe that dear old Colenso is haunting the place in a distant sort of a way.

Through the building of a hut in the Makahu Saddle we can add a little extra to our annual memorial service, namely a round trip via Kaweka Hut or via Makahu Saddle. We should all make a point of coming on this trip.

Meetings: Attendance at meetings was fair. The Social Committee did a good job in introducing speakers and showing numerous slides.

Search and Rescue: This year has not gone past without one or two incidents along the rescue line -

1. Sudden attack of apparent severe illness at Kiwi Hut. R.E.C. in the area, but outside contact took a long time. Prospect of a long night carry - advance party reached Kiwi Hut - in the meantime contact established and main party turned back at the roadhead.
2. Private party overdue, almost put SAR in operation.
3. Club party 24 hours overdue, flood-bound. Small rescue party rushed out.
4. Sprained ankle, who came out on crutches and his own steam.

One trial search was held in Big Hill basin. This was more a R.E.C. show, as club support was poor.

The SAR machine is no mean thing; once it starts rolling it is hard to stop. It is like a snowball starting at the top of a mountain and causing an avalanche down the valley. Therefore we should use it with commonsense and at the last possible moment. Still too many people think - "Ah - overdue - let us get out on it a holiday" (especially when the weather is fine) and leave base in a disorganised mess and hanging in mid-air. Another thing, the party in trouble is the best judge of the situation it is in. Let the leader decide what to do. A few hours' waiting makes a lot of difference to a river.

"One Lick": One more trip needs mentioning, the fire-fighting trip where we learned a new method of fire-fighting, the "one lick" method, which could be very handy for making tracks.

To finish, I would like to thank the R.E.C. for their co-operation, and other people concerned with the club, for allowing the use of their property and for hospitality when we are in trouble.

FIXTURES, HUT & TRACK:

Fixtures: The committee has maintained the club policy of alternating fortnightly trips between day and week-end outings. Towards the end of the year however rather more day trips are included as an incentive to younger members studying for exams. Particularly in the summer months more picnic excursions are desired, partly on behalf of less active members or friends.

Suggestions for trips are always welcome and can be handed to a committee member at any meeting.

Huts: The three huts under club control are discussed first.

Waikamaka: Last year the hut was repiled and the lower walls replaced. The lean-to has now been almost finished; a triangular piece of flat iron of 3 feet length and 18 inches width tapering to nothing is still required. Another attempt has been made to fix the smoky fire. As Waikamaka will probably remain our most popular hut for some time, it would be desirable to close off the remaining end of the lean-to with a porch, hanging room for parkas included.

Kiwi: This hut is in quite good order, Kath having repaired the bunks last November.

Kaweka: The piles along one wall have gone, the door posts need replacing and repairs are required to a few bunks. Old members may be concerned to learn however that the future of the hut must come under review as the result of bypassing to Kiwi on one side and the new Makahu hut on the other. On occasions however there may still be heard arising from the truck the melodious strains of "Our hut in the Kawekas!"

Makahu and Rocks Ahead: Our thanks are due to Forestry for permission to use these huts which give easy access to the high points of the Kaweka Range; and also for the use of the new aluminium Pohangina Hut at the site of the thatched relic on the saddle.

Hut Frame: The hut frame from Ohara Ford has been dismantled and brought in to town. Its future remains uncertain.

Howlett's Hut: Popular with the more active club members and those desiring a base for snowcraft. As the hut is on the main Ruahine divide at the upper bush level, (4400'), wood is a problem. Parties must be on guard that inexperienced trappers cut nothing within 100 yards of the hut. Beech takes months to dry out in winter, hence a good stock is essential. Wood-gathering is a major "deep-freeze" winter task. A six-foot length of galvaised pipe is available for the fire if some stalwart will carry it in. We wish to thank the Manawatu Tramping Club for the use of this hut.

Hut Note: Visitors to all huts should guard constantly against thoughtless people destroying forest protection in the vicinity of huts and on any exposed slopes. Similarly, though it is the leader's job to see that huts are left tidy, billies clean and upended, doors closed securely against animals, a plentiful supply of firewood to replace the amount used, etc., he obviously cannot do all these things himself.

Tracks: The tracks to the three club huts are in good order. On the Kaweka track a sidling has been cut to eliminate the climb over the spur to the Tutaekuri river.

Colenso spur: Remarks made last year are appropriate except that the fern shows a further year's growth. Two large scale attempts have been made to disc the track, two parties have gone astray and two discs have been added! Meantime will everyone note that two or more discs placed vertically means change of direction and it behoves all to make sure of the new line before allowing heads to drop once more!

Daphne Spur and Moorcock: A new route into the Moorcock up a straight clear spur to the top, needs an identifying disc at the foot. The opossum trapper's route down into a tributary of the Tukituki can be shortened further by prospecting and discing a direct route down to the main river itself. New discs are needed at the turn-off and the climb out of the river at the foot of Daphne. There is no definite track up the first 700ft climb but a definite blaze is obvious where the ridge starts. Discs are needed along here and a few more poled discs up across the exposed slopes to the hut.

Shut-Eye: Upper part of the track needs clearing and discing.

Makahu: The easier route from top of the Black Birch through the tongue of bush to Whittle's Clearing could be disced some time.

Not all these tracks of course are the sole responsibility of the club, but even so we make a valuable contribution towards providing accessibility to two ranges. It may be possible to get some payment from Forestry for work clearing tracks but nothing is finalised yet. Finally, the committee offers its grateful thanks to the many club members who have given time and energy so generously to these tasks.

TRUCK COMMITTEE REPORT: The Ford continues to give faithful, although somewhat expensive service to the club, a service which we cannot do without if fares are to be kept down to a reasonable level. Repair bills are unfortunately still high, as will be seen from the analysis of truck expenditure for the past year (excluding private transport):-

Petrol & oil	32.18.	3
Repairs & maintenance	49.13.	9
Licensing & Insurance	40.	1. 9
	<u>£122.13.</u>	<u>9</u>
	=====	

Efforts have been made to obtain a reduction in the heavy traffic license fees of £17 a year, but these have proved unsuccessful.

Our thanks are due to Lindsay Lloyd for the use of his packing shed as a garage during the winter months, to Les Holt for the donation of two tyres, and to the members who have shared the burden of driving.

SOCIAL COMMITTEE:

In last year's report, members were asked to contact the committee with ideas for suitable evening subjects, but little came forward and we were grateful to our camera enthusiasts who kept the Kaweka and Ruahine ranges in front of us, tracing out routes and familiar peaks. For young members and old, this is a grand opportunity to compare a map with reality.

We had one speaker, lectures and films by Forestry, and short discussions on different subjects by club members, the latter including an interesting one by Hal on the katipo spider. I suggest that those on trips collect such specimens (in a bottle), and then at the next meeting give a short description of them. It's not difficult to pass on your knowledge, others would be interested too. Mr. Hammond, who some time ago spent a year on Campbell Island, told us of the island itself and its sea life.

Owing to lack of labour at the week-ends we were not able to put in a float in the blossom procession. An early start must be made next year, as a float serves as good advertisement for the club.

REUNION COMMITTEE REPORT: The weather was good, the food was good, the company was good. Numerically (81 at the dinner and 160 at the picnic), financially by £1.17. 1 and socially/^{the reunion} was a success.

"POHOKURA":

We are fortunate in having among our members four typists who give unstintingly of their time for the typing of "Pohokura". Without their help we would never be able to produce the voluminous magazine that this seems to have become. Our aim is to record the doings of the club and club members, whether they happen to be at the South Pole or in Northern Canada. All helpful contributions are welcome.

PUBLICITY:

Short reports of the main club trips and of two private trips of especial interest have been supplied to the local papers; in addition two incipient rescue operations have given what may be termed unsolicited publicity - not that either was to the detriment of the club. On the other hand they served to demonstrate the way in which the rescue organization works in emergencies.

The Herald-Tribune also reported the 21st Annual Meeting very fully with the addition of an illustrated article on the history and activities of the club. The difficulty of securing adequate publicity for the club in the Napier area is being met as far as possible not only by newspaper articles but also by a notice board similar to the one in Jack Charters' window.

As has already been announced in Pohokura the Forest Service has taken over the publication of the route guide, which means that it will be on a less austere basis than we had contemplated. This should be available by Christmas and copies will be available to the club at a nominal cost. Our thanks are due to the generous offers of interest-free loans, which will not now be needed - also to those impetuous souls who sent cash.

CLUB ALBUM:

With more and more people taking coloured slides instead of black and white, the task of collecting photos for the album becomes increasingly difficult. But the few that are still taking black and white have made some good photographic records of the year's trips. I wish to thank all those who contributed by giving these photographs. As the older members will tell you, it is in the years to come that the albums will be more greatly appreciated as you look back through the pages to remind you of that trip you got soaked to the neck.

LIBRARY:

A depression seems to be setting in or not enough people have time to spare for reading. Only 25 books have been taken out this year by 20 members bringing in a total of 8/6. Three books have been donated during the year. Norm gave us "Mountains of N.Z." by Mavis Davidson and Rodney Hewitt; from Dick Clark a copy of "The Home of the Blizzard" by Douglas Mawson; and Ronagh Hoben sent us from Australia a copy of "Flynn's Flying Doctors" by Harry Hudson. Many thanks everybody.

GEAR CUSTODIAN'S REPORT: This has been a slightly more difficult year owing to my absence from a number of meetings, but members have been pretty good and prompt at returning gear, and my thanks are due to them for lightening my job.

New additions to gear have been four aluminium billies, which have been specially welcomed by those who remember the purple tea made in the old tin ones.

The newest week-end pack has been ripped - but I suspect this is due to Piper's failing to copy the design with due care and not attending to reinforcement at points of strain. I intend taking it up with them.

Income from borrowing is slightly lower at £6.15. 0 owing to fewer borrowings of tents and ice-axes, due no doubt to enthusiasts buying their own. Packs have been in demand, bringing in £2.12. 0. An appeal to members not to tie guy ropes to rocks has made it less necessary to renew the cords after week-end trips. May I suggest that when cleaning billies after stew, they should be soaked then scraped with a chip of wood in preference to a spoon, which is apt to scratch. And for the instruction of new members I will add my yearly request that those bringing back tents after a trip and holding them till the following club meeting should open them out and dry them to prevent rotting. Also any repairs needed should be reported at the first opportunity.

Hire of gear brought in £6.15. 0 as follows:- Parka 4/-, Goggles 3/-, Packs £2.12. 0, Billies 8/-, Boots 7/-, Tents £1.15.0, Ice Axes £1. Sale of gloves 6/-.

My thanks are due to Nancy Tanner and Alan Berry for acting for me in my absence.

APPRECIATION:

Once again we wish to record our thanks to all kindly property-owners who have allowed us to pass to and fro over their land.

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Presentation to Library.

Ronagh Black of S. Australia sent us a copy of "Flynn's Flying Doctors", written and illustrated by Harry Hudson. This book brings us right up to date with Australia's wonderful system of radio communication and medical air services for the outbacks. Our thanks to Ronagh for such an interesting addition to the Library.

ANNUAL MEETING

At the Annual Meeting held on October 16th the following officers were elected:-

<u>Patron:</u>	Dr. D.A. Bathgate
<u>President:</u>	Mr. N.L. Elder
<u>Vice-Presidents:</u>	Mrs. J. Lloyd, Messrs R.W. Chaplin, W.G. Lowe
<u>Club Captain:</u>	Philip Bayens
<u>Secretary:</u>	Ursula Greenwood
<u>Treasurer:</u>	Alan Berry
<u>Auditor:</u>	Cath. Stirling
<u>Executive Committee:</u>	Barbara Hare, Nancy Tanner, Helen Hill, Hal Christian, Graeme Hare, Jack Landman, Maurice Taylor.
<u>Social Committee:</u>	Edna Ansell, Els Bayens, Kath. Kemp, Margaret Townshend, Dick Endt, Graeme Hare.

SUB-COMMITTEES

At a subsequent meeting of the Executive Committee, the following sub-committees were appointed:-

<u>Fixture Committee:</u>	Hal Christian, Philip Bayens, Helen Hill
<u>Search Committee:</u>	President, Club Captain, Secretary.
<u>Truck Committee:</u>	Alan Berry, Maurice Taylor.
<u>Editor:</u>	Janet Lloyd.
<u>Gear Custodian:</u>	Kath Elder.
<u>Assistant Gear Custodian:</u>	Nancy Tanner.
<u>Press & Publicity:</u>	Norm Elder.
<u>Album Committee:</u>	Jim Glass, Dick Endt.
<u>Notice Boards:</u>	Napier: Edna Ansell. Hastings: Alan Berry.
<u>Librarian:</u>	Edna Ansell.

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HERETAUNGA TRAMPING CLUB (INC.)INCOME & EXPENDITURE ACCOUNT
for year ended 30th September, 1957.INCOME.

During the year, the Club received Income from:-

Subscriptions	68. 7. 6
Gear Hire	7. 3. 6
Library Fees	8. 6
Meeting Contributions	12. 8. 0
Donations	6.19. 0
Working Party Proceeds	50.15. 5
P.O.S.B. Interest	2. 7.11
Reunion Surplus	<u>1.17. 1</u>

TOTAL INCOME being

150. 6.11

EXPENDITURE.The following expenses were incurred
in running the Club's activities:

Rent of Meeting Room	27.13. 6
Advertising Meetings etc.	4. 2. 0
Supper Expenses	4. 2.10
Hut & Track Maintenance	2. 3. 7
Bulletin Expenses	14. 2. 6
Equipment Maintenance	5. 6. 5
Subscriptions	1.11. 6
Capitation to Federated Mountain Clubs	4. 8. 9
Stationery	2.14. 9
General Expenses	4. 0.11
Transport Costs	133. 1. 0
Truck Depreciation	29.11.10
	<u>162.12.10</u>
Fares received	87. 5. 0
Loss on Transport	<u>75. 7.10</u>

TOTAL EXPENDITURE being

145.14. 7

The Surplus of INCOME over EXPENDITURE
was therefore

\$4.12. 4

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Which sum has been transferred to
Accumulated Funds.

BALANCE SHEETas at 30th SEPTEMBER, 1957.

At Balance Date, the Club owned
the following Assets:

Bank of N.S.W. account	38. 2. 5	
Post Office Savings Bank	83. 8. 1	
Equipment	48. 6. 0	
Ford Truck at cost	170.14. 7	
less depreciation		
written off to date	<u>52. 7. 1</u>	118. 7. 6
Cash on Hand		1. 8.11
Stock of Maps		6. 8. 8
Stock of Badges		6.16. 0
Huts valued in the books as follows		
Kaweka	5. 0. 0	
Kiwi	25. 0. 0	
Waikamaka (including		
additions)	20.19. 6	
New hut frame	<u>1. 0. 0</u>	51.19. 6
Search & Rescue Booklets		<u>1. 7. 0</u>
The total value of ASSETS being		356. 4. 1
However, of this amount, some has been set aside for special purposes:		
Hut Fund		36.12. 6
Search Fund		14. 2. 7
and there was owed various accounts amounting to		<u>7. 6. 2</u>
a total of		<u>58. 1. 3</u>
The total of the Assets available for Club use was therefore		<u>298. 2.10</u> =====

ACCUMULATED FUNDS

Balance as at 1st October, 1956	293.10. 6
Plus Profit for the year	<u>4.12. 4</u>
Balance as at 30th September, 1957	<u>298. 2.10</u> =====

Accumulated Funds represent the total of all profits since the Club began.
These Accumulated Profits have been used to purchase the Assets set out above.

AUDITOR'S CERTIFICATE.

I report that I have examined the Books and Accounts of the Heretaunga Tramping Club (Incorporated) for the year ended 30th September, 1957.

I certify that I have obtained all the information and explanations I have required and that, in my opinion, the Balance Sheet is properly drawn up so as to give a true and fair view of the state of the affairs of the Club as at

30th September, 1957, and the Income and Expenditure Account is properly drawn up so as to give a true and fair view of the Income of the Club for the year ended 30th September, 1957. I have accepted a Certificate from the Secretary as to the number of Badges, Maps and Booklets on hand.

HASTINGS.

15th October, 1957.

Catherine Stirling,
HON. AUDITOR.

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CLUB TRIPS

27th - 28th July - Cancelled because of the gale.

Two carloads actually left Holt's before sunrise on the Saturday morning. They were somewhat startled to find power poles half blown over with power lines looping dangerously low over the main road. Further on they hacked their way through a tree that had come down, but when they found a whole line of trees blocking the road they gave it best and turned for home. It wasn't so simple getting back to Hastings either, as more trees had come down behind them. A memorable trip!. (Ed.)

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ARMSTRONG SADDLE - 66 - WAIPAWA SADDLE

No. 558

11th August.

With the sun shining brightly from a cloudless sky we left the truck on the road by Triplex Creek and made our way towards the bush-line. Everybody seemed to be in a great hurry to be on the tops before the weather broke, so we fairly ran up the creek. A short stop at the foot of the track where we grouped together again, then on up the well-marked track.

On reaching Shut-Eye at 11 o'clock we had a short stop for a bite to eat. We beat the mist on to the Saddle by about ten minutes and had just a glimpse of Ruapehu. An enjoyable half hour was spent seeing how small a piece of ice one could stand on, on the frozen tarn. Most of us wanted to make the round trip over "66" and down the Waipawa. Those who didn't went back the way we had come. On the way up to "65" it began to rain hard and was very cold, so we put on our longs and hurried on up to keep warm. At 2.30 we were on top of "65" and 15 minutes later we were on "66". The snow was fairly soft so it was safer up there than in the summer. The rain had stopped by now and we had a bit of a view. The cloud on the west was higher than we were, and that on the east lower.

A quick slide down on to "67", then much skill was needed on the long glissade down to the head of the Waipawa. As usual, it started to rain again going down to the river and we had to use extra care in the crossings. It was completely dark when a very tired and wet group of trampers arrived back at the truck.

No. in party : 17

Leader : Jim Glass
Graeme Hare, Dick Endt, Phil & Els Bayens, Nigel Thomson, Keith Garrett, Alan King, Hal Christian, Alan Berry, Brian Andrews, Ray Lowe, Roger Boshier, Pat Bolt, Helen Hill, Edna Ansell, Barbara Hare,

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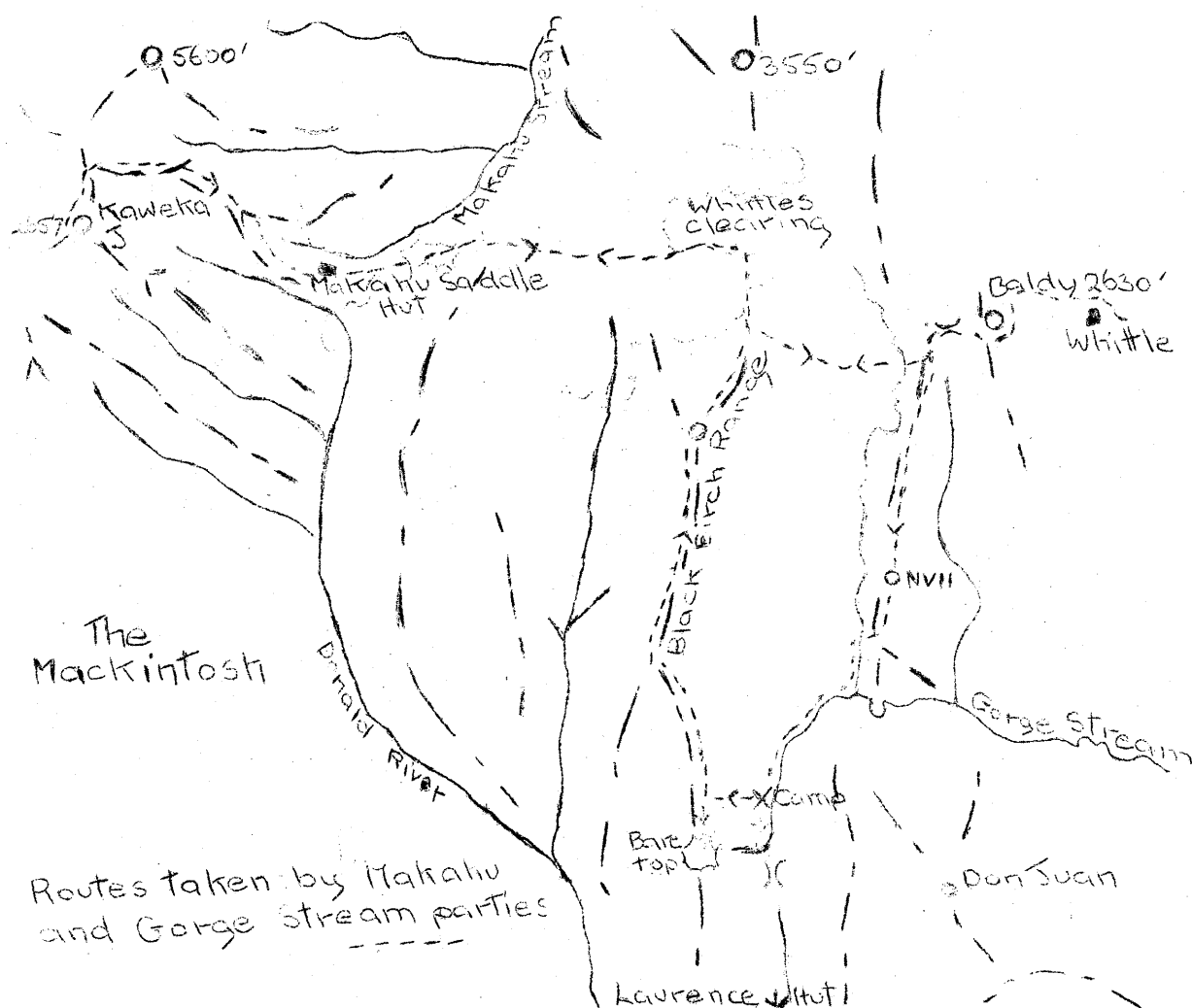
MAKAHU SADDLE - GORGE STREAM

No. 559

24-25th August.

Our scheduled six o'clock start was upset owing to trouble starting the truck. The combined Napier and Hastings starters finally left in two vehicles from Greenmeadows at 8.30 am. From the road-head, leaving at 20 to 11, we travelled as a single party to the ridge parallel with Gorge Stream. Here we divided into two parties. Twenty (the majority High School pupils) went to Makahu Saddle and four set off to explore a northern route to Lawrence Hut.

The four headed south for an hour reaching NVII at 20 past 12. The heat banished the idea of climbing Don Juan so we dropped down to the Gorge Stream for lunch. The stream had an open shingle bed, easy travelling, except near the junction of the northern and southern tributaries where it narrowed to a gorge. We set up camp in a grassy flat beside the stream before taking a twenty minute walk to the saddle. In the morning we bashed our way on to a ridge leading to the Black Birch and from here went south to a predominant bare top. The streams draining into the Donald seemed quite open and possibly good going to Lawrence Hut. We retraced our steps, picked up the packs and climbed steadily up to the southern end of the Black Birch Range. An excellent lunch, including steak, set us on our way to the plateau where we waited for the other party.



Some of the Makahu Saddle party had an enjoyable time keeping the resting ones awake by playing jazz on a portable radio! On the Sunday they hurtled up to the Cairn enjoying a misty view. Two attempted to reach North Kaweka but returned because of poor visibility.

We combined forces for a boil-up in the Gorge Stream and for the tramp out in the steadily deteriorating weather. A flat tyre had to be changed before we could leave on a merry trip home.

No. on Trip : 24

Leader Gorge Stream: Graeme Hare

Leader Makahu Saddle: Helen Hill

Graeme Hare, Nigel Thomson, Keith Garrett, Dick Clark.
Helen Hill + 5, Edna Ansell, Hal Christian, Raymond Lowe, Ross Fleming, Alan King, Peter Anderson, Bill Roberts, Arthur Frederickson, Bruce Downes, Ronnie Hall, Dennis Caves, Graeme Snaddon, Bruce Ross, Cyril Hargreaves.

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DISMANTLING O'HARA HUT

No. 560

8th September.

We left town in good time and it did not take long to get to the Mangleton camp. The river looked rather deep, but the old truck got through all right and a little after seven o'clock work began. While some were balancing on the top rafters, the others attacked the walls. Pieces of timber dropped everywhere and the old hut did a real rock-an'-roll, much to the alarm of the boys on the roof. But all went well and in a couple of hours it was time for morning tea, and most of the timber was ready to be stacked on the truck. Another hour of nail-pulling and loading and the job was done.

We then decided to go for a walk around. The place is changed beyond recognition. There is beautiful pasture where last year it was all scrub and the paddocks run right up to the foot of the ranges. After scrambling through a couple of rather steep gorges we had a boil-up and lunch and then circled back. In Hastings we unloaded the truck at Philip's place before going home. This should be a nice bit of useful timber, and we are grateful to the Deerstalkers for their offer.

No. in party : 8

Leader : Jack Landman

Kath & Norm Elder, Barbara & Graeme Hare, Nancy Tanner, Keith Garrett, Nigel Thompson.

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COLENSO SPUR & FLOODED RIVER

No. 561

21-22 September.

Following a mid-day start we were soon at the road-head. Paddling up the Makaroro in a slight drizzle we made good time to the foot of Colenso's Spur, and straight up through the bush

to Colenso's 1845 Camp, by which time it was raining steadily. In the gathering dusk we pitched a wet camp, perhaps somewhat carelessly for next morning there were a few wet sleeping bags. The rain had set in so we now decided to make a retreat for home with our slashers and discs unused. But on arriving at the Makaroro we found it flooded, foaming white with the speed of the water and murky with silt. After a determined attempt at forcing a crossing by a party led by Philip it was decided to pitch tents and retire to the sleeping bags while Norman used his skill to produce a fire in the steady rain, and others got in a supply of wood and built a shelter over the fire.

The rain eased with darkness and Monday morning saw a clearing sky and the river falling, but still too formidable for an attempt down its course. With the aid of poles we now made a successful crossing in three parties and took to the bush of the outer range, eventually finding ourselves forced up to the ridge at 3460'. This gave us a good view of Te Atua Mahuru which showed clearly why parties so easily go astray coming down from the peak. A pleasant run down the ridge brought us to the junction of Search Creek and the Makaroro by mid-day. Here we welcomed the appearance of Hal Christian and Alan Berry who had anticipated our needs and had come out from Hastings with ropes. With the aid of these we made three more crossings, not without a certain amount of misadventure and difficulty.

We hope our trip has at last lifted the hoodoo which appears to have reigned over Colenso's track in recent months. At least we have had some practical experience of river crossings and the party remained a very compact one throughout its two and a half days and was fortunate to include some very experienced trampers who maintained its comfort and entity under adverse conditions.

No. in party: 15

Leader: Rex Chaplin

Norm & Kath Elder, Els & Phil Bayens, Barbara & Graeme Hare, Nancy Tanner, Edna Ansell, Helen Hill, Dick Endt, Keith Garrett, Nigel Thompson, Jim Glass, Cyril Hargreaves,

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CATTLE HILL

No. 562

6th October.

We left Holt's soon after 7 o'clock on quite a fine spring morning and were soon winding our way along the Taihape Road. We left the truck by the roadside and started off on an old track through the bracken. To begin climbing Cattle Hill it was necessary to cross two heads of the Omahaki Stream, both of which flowed through steep gorges. After scrambling around we found a way across the first one, but the next was too steep so we continued on upstream and soon found ourselves back on the road only about a mile from where we left the truck. It was getting near lunch time so we had a boil-up at a pleasant grassy clearing near the roadside. After lunch we again set off for Cattle Hill, this time

taking a different route. It was an easy tramp through the scrub with only one small stream to cross, taking us only about one and a half hours to reach the top. It is a good view-point, having a fine view of the Kawekas, the Northern Ruahines and back home across the plains. We returned by climbing over the neighbouring hill, the Calf, and so back through the scrub to the truck.

No. in party : 20

Leader : Barbara Hare.

Dick Endt, Jack Landman, Philip Mardon, Keith Garrett, Nigel Thompson, Norm Elder, Helen Hill, Edna Ansell, Margaret Townshend, Kath Elder, Nancy Tanner, Pat Bolt, Eileen Banks and 6 Kiwis.

---ooOoo---

TARAPONUI

No. 563

21st October.

Twelve of us left Hastings on a foggy morning at 6.10. In Napier ten more of the party were picked up including 7 High School girls and one young boy. We were heading for Waikoau by 10 to 7. The weather didn't improve, for when the fog lifted it showed only a grey sky and a chill wind was blowing by the time we arrived at the Sutherlands homestead at 9 am. Mrs. Sutherland advised us to follow the road which takes one almost to the Trig, but, instead, we crossed the stream over the rise and followed a spur running up to the ridge. The mist came down while we were only half way up so we kept below the tops and soon had to don parkas as the mist changed to rain. After a bite to eat we were away again and soon came to some huge limestone blocks. Shortly after we found the girls with Angus and Rex had left the rest of the boys behind. We waited at a tiny stream some time, Rex adding his referee's whistle to our cooees but without any results. Deciding it was too wet at the stream for lunch we pressed on to find more suitable shelter. The track petered out in thick scrub, but eventually we came to the fence the other side of which is open grass land and by midday we had reached the tarn not far from the top. We decided against boiling up, - too wet, not enough firewood and not enough time - so ate a dry lunch in the shelter of a large rock. At 1245 we set off again for the truck. We couldn't see for drizzle so it wasn't much looking for the Trig in the cold and wet. We hadn't been walking long when Helen spotted two huts by the stream below for which we made with all speed. We found on arrival that one had a Dover stove and the other an open fireplace and some dry firing. It didn't take long to light up and have a billy on. It took us about half an hour walking through cold driving rain to reach the truck where we found the boys already waiting. We left at 4 o'clock and reached Napier at 6. A mixed day, but still quite pleasant.

No. in party 23

Leader : Edna Ansell

Dick Endt, Rex Chaplin, Bruce Ross, Graeme Hare, Angus Russell, Keith Garrett, Nigel Thompson, Peter Anderson, Philip Mardon, Jack Landman, Cyril Hargreaves, Helen Hill + 7, Nancy Tanner, Graeme Snaddon, Edna Ansell + 1.

---ooOoo---

LABOUR WEEKEND

No. 564

26-28th October.

The scheduled trip was Colenso Lake via Colenso Spur, but the weather forecast and a falling barometer caused us to head for the Waikamaka instead. It was just as well we did change our plans. This weekend we had everything: rain, mist, snow, wind and above all no sun - a typical Labour Weekend. To begin at the beginning: we left McCulloch's Mill at 4 pm. with the weather deteriorating rapidly. It began to rain just below the Forks and got pretty cold as well. While we were climbing up to the Waipawa Saddle the rain turned to snow and as we were still in shorts, it was mighty cold. We arrived at the Hut just before dark, where we met Mr. Campbell and Mr. Anderson from Dannevirke.

The Sunday did not bring any change in the weather. Some of us decided to have a look at the Kawhatau, whilst the rest remained in the Hut to recover from the previous day. We left the Hut about 9am. and followed a newly-cut track up the scree to the tops. From here we decided to take a strong spur down to the Kawhatau. It sure was a strong spur which led us into some nasty leatherwood. Later on we found out that this was the blind spur referred to on the map in the Hut. It landed us eventually in Rangi Creek and down to the Kawhatau where we made a comfortable camp. We strolled down the stream for half an hour sighting 3 stags grazing calmly on one of the many grassy flats.

On Monday there was no change in the weather except for the addition of a strong wind. We left the Kawhatau at 8.30am, and climbed up Rangi Saddle via Rangi spur and went down the stream on the other side to the Hut, where we arrived at 10.30 am. I noticed that the Spaniards had grown at least a foot and had become twice as vicious since my last trip there two years ago. Those who had stayed behind had made themselves useful. There is now enough timber in the lean-to to last us for a month. At 1pm we left for home and coming onto the Waipawa Saddle we saw Hawkes Bay in beautiful sunshine; even the Wakararas were clear, so we came to the conclusion that we had come to the right place for Labour Weekend!

No. in party : 8

Leader : Phil Bayens

Edna Ansell, Helen Hill, Barbara & Graeme Hare, Keith Garrett, Nigel Thompson, Jack van Bavel.

---ooOoo---

KAHURANAKI

No. 565

3rd November.

Eight of us reached Kahuranaki Station soon after 9 and after obtaining permission from the manager, drove in and parked the truck by an implement shed. When we left the truck at about 9.30 the weather was quite fine. Our main interest on this trip was the cave, which we knew was somewhere in the vicinity, and we

spent some time examining any promising holes in the ground. We finally reached the Trig at about 11.30. By this time the weather had deteriorated, bringing strong winds and driving rain. From the Trig we went down to a small macrocarpa plantation where we found the cave we had been looking for. We had some lunch and then explored it with the aid of a rope. Three of us went down some distance, but turned back when we came to the edge of a vertical drop which we thought might be too difficult to climb on the way back. By this time the weather had cleared and we had a pleasant walk back. We arrived in Hastings before 5.

No. in party : 8

Leader : Keith Garratt

Edna Ansell, Nancy Tanner, Barbara Hare, Kath Kemp, Alan Berry, Dick Endt, Nigel Thompson.

---ooOoo---

CAIRN TRIP

No. 566

16-17th November.

A special feature of this year's Cairn trip was the traverse of the Kawekas from Makahu to Swamp Cottage, accomplished by Graeme Hare, Peter Anderson and Graham Snaddon.

We left Hastings at 12.45pm and got to Whittle's farm covered in dust. The road as usual was corrugated all the way. The idea was to get to the Makahu Saddle Hut before dark, and the majority of us made it by about 7.30pm; a few stragglers made it by 8pm doing the last bit by torchlight which is quite a job. It is like playing hide and seek with the next orange disc. The weather that day was perfect.

On Sunday morning we got away to an early start (7.am.) and reached the Cairn in just under three hours. The service was relayed to Swamp Cottage, where some old members had gathered. The weather on top was absolutely perfect with a beautiful view of Ruapehu. The main party arrived back at the Hut at 1 pm. Some energetic types did it in 40 minutes, and it is quite a distance.

We left the Makahu Saddle Hut at 2 pm. The weather had got really hot and a slow, foot-sore party found its way back to the truck by approx. 6 pm. The last part out of Gorge stream up to Baldy seems to be the toughest part of the trip. The weather this weekend treated us very well and I hope to do more trips under the same conditions.

No. in party : 18

Leader : Philip Bayens

Peter Anderson, Nigel Thompson, Keith Garratt, Norm Elder, Jack van Bavel, Graeme Hare, Dick Endt, Edna Ansell, Pat Bolt, Barbara Hare, Helen Hill, Margaret Mison, Barbara Wallace, Graham Snaddon, Doc. Bathgate, Ron Morgan, Ross Bickerstaff.

OLD MEMBERS' PICNIC

17th November.

This year we again decided to hold the Old Members' picnic in conjunction with the Cairn Memorial Trip. The active trampers went in via the Makahu Hut, the Old Members being content to reach Swamp Cottage, Kuripapango. Three carloads arrived at the Pine tree on a perfect sunny morning soon after 10 o'clock. Two radio men were already at the cottage chatting to friends all round the countryside. The 11 o'clock service at the Cairn came through perfectly and we really felt we were participating.

Later on two more carloads arrived. After lunch the more energetic ones went down, by a very rough route, to have a look at the waterfall. This turned out to be most impressive and photogenic. We returned in comfort by the proper track, and after a cuppa, wandered along to the Lakes. Three boys from the Cairn party who had made the through trip arrived hot, tired and thirsty, their travelling time, including $\frac{1}{2}$ an hour at Kaweka Hut and other stops, was $4\frac{3}{4}$ hours approx. We had another boil-up and set off for home about 6 pm.

No. in party : 19

Leader : Nancy Tanner
Janet Lloyd, Joan and Brian Smith, Angus Russell, Bruce and June Baird and 3 daughters, Sandy and Muriel Lowe and one son, Harold and Hettie Bush and one son and a friend, Hilton Meyer, Stan White.

===ooOoo===

OBITUARY

On October 22nd there passed to her rest, full of years, Mrs. Alex Macdonald of Kuripapango.

Both she and her daughter Miss Rosie Macdonald, were elected honorary members of the H.T.C. in 1936. The sympathy of us all must go out to the members of her family.

Mrs. Macdonald was among the last of those gallant pioneer women who made their homes in the back country of Hawkes Bay. By her life of service to others, she created around her an atmosphere of kindness and unlimited hospitality to all wayfarers. Mrs. Macdonald came to Kuripapango as a young bride more than 50 years ago. Her husband's father at that time kept the Accommodation House, Post Office and General Store together with the Blacksmith's shop and Stables at the busy settlement, Kuripapango. There was also a coach service along this Inland Patea road from Napier to Moawhango.

The young couple lived for a time in what we know as the "Swamp House" and later on moved down to the hotel where they lived

for many years. After her husband's death Mrs. Macdonald lived on with her family at the Kuripapango station homestead. And what a privilege it was to be welcomed at that home in the hills. Here was no electric power for cooking or lighting but there always seemed to be a kettle boiling for a cup of tea, together with abundance of food for anyone who called. Be it tourist or tramper, hunter or casual visitor the hospitality at the Macdonalds seemed unlimited. How many times have our own Club members arrived there at all hours of the day or night to be welcomed by Mrs. Macdonald's radiant smile and her kindly invitation to come in for a cup of tea. The warmth of the welcome together with the natural grace and charm of Mrs. Macdonald will make these visits live on in our memories.

The fact that the nearest telephone was 12 miles away, and the nearest shop 40 miles away, did not seem ever to matter to Mrs. Macdonald and Rosie when visitors would arrive unexpectedly and sometimes in large numbers. There was always a kindly word and a welcome cup of tea. If there were times when these visits were an embarrassment - and there must have been many such occasions - the women folk never showed it.

And now Mrs. Macdonald has gone from Kuripapango. Her gentleness, her charm and the sweetness of her character made her beloved by everyone who had the privilege of knowing her. She will be greatly missed. But she will live on in the hearts of those who knew her as the dear little lady of Kuripapango - a friend to all wayfarers. One of this world's gentlefolk.

I would close this short and inadequate tribute to our late friend and fellow member with some lines from a writer which could easily have been her own heart's desire:-

"So be my passing,
My task accomplished, and the long day done,
My wages taken,
And in my heart, some late lark singing,
Let me be gathered to the quiet west."

D.A. Bathgate

===ooOoo===

HOLIDAYING IN QUEENSLAND.

Dear Edna,

I've been in queensland nearly three months now and have enjoyed it very much. We don't have the mountains here, but we do have wide open spaces. N.Z. farms seem very small in comparison.

I've been on a sheep station near Richmond in North Queensland that covers 33,000 acres and is at present divided into two main paddocks together with a holding paddock of 2,000 acres and a small house paddock of 400-500 acres. They are watered by sub-artesian bores that are about 2000 ft. deep and are operated by windmills. This is undulating downs country with a little scattered timber, mostly coolibah gums along the creek and the few waterholes. It seems very bare at first, but certainly grows on me. There is a lot of colour in the tall dry grass, shades of yellow and reddish brown with touches of misty blue from fluffy seed heads, and here and there the vivid red of a Mexican poppy or yellow of a pea plant. The paddocks stretch as far as the eye can see, apparently unbroken by fences, so that it would be easy to get lost.

On the other side of the Flinders River, that is, to the north, the country changes abruptly from bare plains to thick timber. It is rather beautiful with all sorts of trees and shrubs and alive with birds - white cockatoos, vivid green parakeets, tiny diamond finches, red-breasts, magpies, hawks and parrots, to mention just a few. The white-flowering gums are blossoming just now; so are the wattle and mimosa (or bush wattle) and several red-flowering trees I haven't been able to identify.

I have been lucky enough to do some riding, first down in New South Wales, where I was a governess near Forbes for three months, and lately up here. I'm no horsewoman of course, but I've been able to go mustering in these big paddocks for several hours at a stretch, trotting and cantering as well as walking. And now I have just had the great thrill of doing a week's droving. We did it the easy way, with a young jackaroo driving a truck loaded with food, water, swags (bedrolls), sheep brakes and feed for the horses, but we were up by five every morning rolling our swags in the starlight and moving off with the sheep as the sun rose.

There were three of us droving most of the time: the grazier himself, his small son, who gave up near the end and staved with friends, and myself. It's a leisurely life, riding behind a feeding mob that are allowed to spread for half a mile and occasionally cantering up the wings and pushing them off the road (black soil where the green pickings were after a little rain). Once we were in the timber we had to be more alert; it would be very easy to lose sheep in the tall grass and down the gullies. I should love to do it all again. You remember how we planned to sleep in the open and the weather prevented us? Well, I've done it now. It's a wonderful feeling looking up at the stars, the only sound the feeding of sheep and horses and the singing of the cicadas.

Now I'm on my way to Cairns and the Atherton Tableland for a week, then back to the rodeo at Richmond and on to Alice Springs. I'm in Innisfail just now. Its a pretty little sugar-cane town with so many Greek and Italian cane-cutters and shop-keepers that one feels in a strange land. But it is living up to its reputation for rain so well I doubt I'll get any photos. Better luck in Cairns, I hope.

Life among the Aussies is so much pleasanter than I expected that I am seriously contemplating staying out here a little longer, but I've made no decision yet.

JOYCE STANLEY.

MOTOR - SCOOTERING THROUGH EUROPE

Dear Edna,

First I want to thank you for your fine letter of 19th June and to thank whoever sent the "Pohukura". It was grand to read of your doings. I remember I was at the time rooming on a 4th floor above one of the city's busiest roads with the roar of traffic all day and night - and to read of the mountains, bush and tussocks was like something from another world. As indeed it is: and a much healthier world, believe me.

I think my last letter to the club was from Italy. so much has happened since then that it seems ages ago. I must be brief: I had a quick look at Yugoslavia, and then crossed into Austria. Austria is perhaps my 'favourite' country of continental Europe - partly because it is one of the cheapest(!) but mainly because of its magnificent mountains. Eastern Austria is not particularly steep - mainly wooded hills and green fields. I spent two very enjoyable days in Vienna and then headed west into the beautiful Tyrol. From Salzburg to Innsbruck was some of the finest mountain scenery with steep faces to challenge the best of mountaineers. Unfortunately the weather became very cold with rain and hail showers so I did not do any actual tramping. On the Arlberg Pass there was snow on both sides of the road - but you could barely see the far side of the road for thick fog. The weather in fact held me up for two days at Lake Constance before crossing into Southern Germany.

I followed the Rhine northwards through the Gorge to Cologne. All the cities in this area have been badly knocked about during the war and today ultra-modern office buildings and flats stand up amidst empty squares often used as car parks. The autobahn took me 200 miles to Hanover and north to Hamburg - both these sites have been rebuilt on very modern lines.

I left my motor-scooter in Denmark and travelled through Norway and Sweden by train or by "thumb". After a day in Oslo where I visited the Kon Tiki raft and Nansen's 'Fram', I was anxious to see the mountains again. I had always pictured the Norwegian mountains as something like our Alps so I was quite disappointed. The highest point on the railway between Oslo and Trondheim is 3000' but it is not a pass - just a vast grassy plateau, not unlike the Waiouru tussock lands, with a few snowy peaks in the background. I

was interested to see the sun still shining over the hills at 10 p.m. in Trondheim. I would have loved to have gone further north - to the land of the midnight sun - but funds were running out and hitch-hiking is not a great success in this land of narrow roads and little traffic. Across to Sweden and south into Stockholm, a beautiful city. I met some very friendly people here who showed me round the city, the modern suburbs, rivers, lakes, etc.

I spent a week in Holland before crossing back to London after 11 weeks and 9,000 miles. I found a nice big noisy "secondary modern" school in west London where I spent five weeks trying to teach elementary maths and spelling to big boys and girls with limited intelligence and dressed up in fancy bodgie and widge clothes. Actually the school is not too bad - or I wouldn't still be there. But after five weeks I wasn't sorry to make use of the 6½ weeks summer holidays to get out of London and see something of these islands.

I headed my scooter north into Scotland and was lucky to have 12 fine sunny days in which I saw Edinburgh, Aberdeen, and followed the coast to John o' Groats. After three days in the Orkneys - those interesting islands where there are fine tar-sealed roads linking up primitive stone cottages and where there are no trees but plenty of T.V. aerials - I followed the west coast around several large lochs south to Skye.

The western highlands are not unlike the tussock hills of Canterbury - at least, the wide open spaces are more similar to N.Z. hills than to the English countryside. The heather was in full bloom and the colouring was very fine indeed. My intention was to climb Ben Nevis while I was in that area but unfortunately my luck with weather ran out the very day I reached Fort William. Rain, wind and low cloud which set in for a week made me push on through Glasgow and even followed me across a very rough crossing to Northern Ireland.

You may have read about the border troubles between Eire and N.Ireland. I was interested to notice that N.I. policemen all carry revolvers on the hip and some actually had light machine-guns slung across their backs. However I managed to cross the border without being punctured so that was the main thing so far as I was concerned! Actually Eire or Southern Ireland has the friendliest people of any country I visited. You cannot stop to look at a map without someone offering his help and everywhere on the roads one is met with a wave and a cheery smile. I have very pleasant memories of my two-day stay in a Youth Hostel on the remote coast of rocky Connemara. Here I met a couple of Australian chaps and we had a long tramp along the coastline among small stone crofts, calling now and again at the curious little store-cum-bar which is the centre of social life in these parts. And at night we sat around a peat fire eating fresh mackerel caught that evening in the harbour 100 yards away.

Near Killarney is Ireland's highest mountain - Carrantual (3414 ft.). It is much more rugged than the height indicates but the view from the ridge was well worth getting my feet wet in the peat bog.

Dublin is a very handsome city and here I spent another two days. Not the least interesting (and perhaps the most rewarding!) was my visit to the Guinness brewery; a vast concern covering 66 acres and employing over 3000 men. The original fermenting vats, still in use, are made of N.Z. Kauri. To what better use could our timber be put?

After crossing back to Southern Scotland my next interest was the Lake District. I was fortunate in having another good day (they are very scarce in this country) and I saw Ullswater and Windermere at their best. I also had a look at the new atomic power plant at Calder Hall near the west coast.

What a contrast it was to travel the next day through the grimy industrial Lancashire cities. Manchester greeted me with smoke, fog and drizzly rain so, naturally, I was not greatly impressed. From Liverpool I went under the Mersey River through a long tunnel and so into North Wales.

Mt. Snowden at 3,700 ft. can be quite sticky in winter with snow and ice on it, and there are some lovely vertical rock faces for the climbers, but it took me just $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours to reach the top from the road at 500 feet. The route followed a well-marked path which rarely got as steep as Shakespeare Road. In fact on the western side a railway runs to the summit. Unfortunately low cloud restricted my view to about 20 feet so all I saw at the top was rock, some tussocky grass, and a few black-faced sheep.

Next day I called at the Pen-y-gwyr hotel at the northern base of Snowden which has many interesting mountaineering relics. In the "Everest Room" are the photos and signatures of Ed Hillary and George and the rest of the team.

And so back to this big, bad, boisterous city called London. I am back at school now and will probably remain here till December when I set sail for N.Z. I do not yet know whether I shall be returning to "the Bay" but, if not, I would like to wish you and the H.T.C. many, many more happy tramps.

Regards,

from

OWEN BROWN.

P R I V A T E T R I P S .

NATIONAL PARK

27th-29th Sept.

Six twenty on a Friday evening - two wee cars busting at the seams with bods and baggage turned their radiators to the Northwest and scuttled smartly off on the long drag to the Chateau.

First suspicions that the weatherman might just have been right in his rather gloomy predictions for the weekend came to us when we hit mist and rain above Te Pōhū; the rain to remain with us till we hit a rather damp and dismal Taupo at about 9.45. Earlier thoughts of camping by the lakeside gave way to a search for more salubrious accommodation, rewarded eventually by a very comfortable night dosed down on the local wharf. Not wishing to spend the weekend in the local cooler on a vagrancy charge, we took ourselves off at an early hour next morning and arrived at the Chateau about 8.15. Still it rained, so after a fruitless wait for signs of a

Clearance, we continued up the mountain and installed ourselves in the as yet incomplete H.B. Ski Club hut, then with a slight improvement in the weather, rushed down again for boots (lovely £13 Dolomites) and spent a rather murky afternoon floundering around in the snow.

The night life on Ruapehu really is something - a blaze of light from all the other huts until all hours of the morning, with young ladies (?) wandering around at 4 a.m. in attire totally unsuited to the climate, luring unsuspecting males from their sleeping bags and then shutting them out in the cold.....

Although it was snowing at 4 a.m., by 7 the sky was clear. Some had hopes of a climb to the summit, but these were soon dashed by the reappearance of mist on the tops. A very pleasant day was had by all nevertheless, with everyone trying their utmost to fathom the wandering ways of those two slippery boards. A hectic time was had with the T-bar lift, which succeeded in tipping us all onto the snow several times before we finally mastered its lurching take off. Muscles were wearying by 1 o'clock and the snow softening, ideal conditions for a prang, so reluctantly we made our way down the snow covered slopes to the hut.

Chateau 3 p.m., Napier 7.35, with rain most of the way. It did not however dampen our enthusiasm to return next winter for another go at this crazy mixed-up sport.

A.B.

Party: Kath Kemp, Walter Shaw, Graeme Eare, Dick Endt, John Pearson, Alan Berry.

HOWLETT'S HUT, TE HEKENGA, OTUMORE

31 Aug-2 Sept.

Fine weather had been promised by the Weather Bureau and an outing to Kaweka J the previous weekend had toughened the party for this trip into the Central Bushes. Little wonder then that after leaving Hastings at 5.30 a.m. with the Humber Hawk loaded down with bods, provisions and ice-axes, our spirits sank as we neared Mill Farm; for the clouds were closing in on us. After consultation with an Opossum Trapper we made a delayed (9 a.m.) start but headed for a straight clear spur leading out of the Moorcock to the ridge separating it from the Tukituki River. Rain set in and this dampened both our bodies and our ardour - so much so that we had a conference on top re turning back. All - including Dick's barometer - were in favour of this - so we decided to carry on to Howlett's and get wet! We proceeded and although it continued to rain we rather enjoyed it; further, subsequent events showed how unwise we would have been to have taken the weather at its face value.

We followed the clearing on top of the ridge south for its 200 yd. extent, then struck down the blazed ridge into the Tukituki, taking the alternative right, horizontal blazes half way down to avoid a descent into a tributary of the Tukituki. This brought us down onto the red rocks half an hour below the forks. A further 15 minutes found us at the foot of Daphne Spur - 12.15 p.m.

A primus was called into service to refute Barbara's allegation that we never stop for a boil-up when its really appreciated. So while the rain and wind lashed at us we huddled under the far bank and ate the very welcome cut lunches.

1.15 and away again zig-zagging up the first steep 600' or so looking for a track that doesn't exist, till we found ourselves atop the narrow ridge and automatically on the track. We hacked a few renewing blazes on the trees, higher up the tree, but left the fern for some other drier day. 45 minutes after leaving the bush, i.e. 4 p.m., we topped the final ridge and there was the hut! Frozen feet and colder fingers were reluctant to march out into the elements again but wood was essential. Dossing down 7 people in a 3-bunk hut was interesting. Three slept on the floor, though one - Cyril - started the night perched on three drums!

No one expected Sunday to clear but it did. The look-out functioned at 6 a.m. and the two-dayers did well to get away at 7.30. The rest followed an hour later, all meeting on Tiraha (5,472') before 10 a.m. Visibility extended from Rangī and the Hawke's Bay Range to beyond Te Hekenga and Otumore. Here we parted from Barbara and Graeme who retraced their steps and left Howlett's at noon. We continued towards our goal but the mist gradually closed in so that by the time we reached the summit of Te Hekenga (5562') visibility was a mere 50 yds. The main ridge was followed nearly all the way except where we dropped down the steep southern side partly because it seemed easier, partly to give the boys practice in step-cutting and belaying in steep snow (45°). The final climb led up steeply through snow which firmed the loose rock, across a hairy 100' long razor-back, round the corner and we were there. 12.40 - 1.10 allowed for lunch, the mist showed no signs of relenting so back we went. The hut again about 3.30 p.m. and more wood gathering and cutting.

Monday again was promising although at 8 a.m. when we started mist was still flying through the saddle east of Taumatataua, now N.W. We got, though, rather more than a thorough refrigerating from this half-gale, and topped Otumore (4966') just before 12. A stop for lunch was called for but the search for water led us on until we spied to our surprise the new aluminium hut (Tin Hut II) on the Pohangina Saddle.

From 1 to 3 was occupied by lunch by eating the remainder of cut lunches, bread butter and jam, drinking tea and trying to eat two custards, one cold one hot, prepared to dispose of a 2½ lb tin of milk powder and the culinary prowess of the preparers! A long but otherwise easy walk-out down the Moorcock Stream, and the moon was shining on us at 7 as we reached Mill Farm again. Here a welcome cup of tea and the chat that went with it delayed our departure till 9 p.m.

N.B. A new cross-bar for the fire at Howlett's will soon be needed. A 6' length of galvanized pipe would make a good walking stick! I have a suitable piece.

2-day party Barbara & Graeme Hare

3-day party Cyril Hargreaves, Peter Anderson, Graham Snaddon,

Dick Clark, Hal Christian (Leader).

No. in party - 7.

UPPER MAKARORO

31 Oct - 4 Nov.

The purpose of this trip was to find a site for an air-drop of a home from home in the Upper Makaroro, and incidentally it served to break the Makaroro-hoodoo.

31st Oct. An easy amble from the mill to the cullers' fly-camp below the Tupari Gorge. Flood a few weeks ago has destroyed a span of the mill bridge and this apparently is not being renewed. The bivvy at the foot of Colenso's Spur still stands and appears almost habitable.

1st Nov. The first gut in the Tupari Gorge has scoured out again with the complication of a large tree recently fallen across river. The water though low was discoloured, so after some blind stumbling among branches and into waist deep water, we left the river and found the razorback which by-passes the gorge. (Aerial photographs show that the gorge doubles right back nearly to a side creek). Once above the gorge we attempted to go up the side creek that comes in from the direction of Pohatuhaha but were almost immediately blocked by a sizeable waterfall and took a deer sidling which went pretty high before we could work back to the stream. This was blocked with log jams and finally another waterfall. This time we climbed out on the western side where aerial photographs showed a straight ridge running from the Tupari Gorge towards Pohatuhaha, but broken half-way by an upper gorge, invisible from most points and not shown on any map. This cross gorge picks up all three main heads of the Makaroro, and this ridge, which is beautiful going is the key to quick access. We found a good lead down to the Pohatuhaha head and camped.

2nd Nov. Spent the day looking for a hut site, or more urgently for an air-drop site, the difficulty being to find enough open riverbed to take a parachute. The cross gorge was all right to a little below the main head which comes down from Apias, but a beauty of a sheer waterfall drove us up onto the spur, and so to the foot of the Piopio Spur. No room here, so down the main stream to the H.T.C. April camp site, where we stopped.

3rd Nov. Rain in the night and the river up enough in the morning to make slow going. A slip had blocked the river, forming a lake not far above the gorge forcing us to a detour. The bypass of the gorge into a side creek proved practicable. Spent the night at the fly camp again and came out the following morning.

N.L.Elder

SEARCH ORGANISATION.

Nov. 1957.

A search is really a battle of wits. When a party runs into trouble it naturally tries to get out; if it doesn't show up within a reasonable time search parties try to go in to it, but of course it is never there. The result is a game of "Here we go round the mulberry bush", with the searchers looking for the missing party, and the overdue party (never 'lost' of course) looking for the way out. If they don't get out it is a reasonable bet that they have done something queer - so that a search organizer needs to be something of a psychiatrist. He will probably start by making the rational moves, but with the crazier alternatives at the back of his mind. In a prolonged search he will certainly have to fall back on them.

So a search nearly always starts with a quick reconnaissance over the most probable routes to look for clues; parties of the fittest available people with competent leaders. If possible these are 4-man teams and able to go hard (usually in bad weather) for up to 4 days.

Organizing a search isn't just a matter of pressing a button. Two years ago a shooter was reported missing and the police had a wonderful rummage through the underworld of Hastings before finding a deerstalker who knew someone on the H.T.C. social committee. The F.M.C. search rep. was in the Ruahines and the Club Captain away driving a sheep-truck. However the Club Captain's mother dug out his search list and assembled a magnificent search party, taking the first six names on the list, the whole of the experienced leadership available. Well, in the tramping world "where men are men and the women sing bass", her exploit was taken for granted, still the search committee thought it was only courteous to make things easier for her, and for the police in future. Our first step was to widen the police contacts with the H.T.C. by a list of experienced people as a one-man link was clearly inadequate.

Our next thought was for the unlucky bod. who is rung up and told "A plane is overdue, presumed crashed, between Gisborne and Taihape; find it!"

So the search committee hunted back through the records of previous searches, not only the final reports, but the logs and the frantic messages written on grubby bits of paper (some fascinating reading for the earnest student here), and tried to sort out the snarls and hold-ups. From this we worked out a simple drill that anyone could pick up to get a search started. This has been tried out on several alarms and trial searches and has shown that it has its uses. That is, it covers the routine side of a search and gives the organizer time to think.

The basis of H.T.C. organization is the search list and one of the main jobs of the search committee is to keep this up to date. Unlike most clubs which call for volunteers in a gentlemanly way, the H.T.C., with a small membership and a wide area to cover, has always claimed the services of its full membership in an emergency. If you're in the club you're on the list. This has four categories:-

- A. Fit and experienced leaders.
- B. Fit as bush rats.
- C. Garrison.
- D. Girls.

The first three categories explain themselves. Search teams not only travel light and travel hard, but they are driven on by a considerable nervous tension, and four days of searching will whack the toughest.

I can hear baritone growls from the club feminists when it comes to category D, but searching is at least on a par with carrying a 60-lb. pack and in a prolonged search there are a multitude of other jobs for which experience is invaluable; establishing advanced bases, guiding inexperienced but v tally important people such as R.E.C. teams in, and running messages.

A full-scale search has three, or perhaps four stages:-

1. Reconnaissance. If this does not producesome clues it will at least eliminate some possibilities and narrow down the main search.
2. Main search. This consists of concentrating as many parties as possible for a more intense search of the most likely areas.
3. Contact search. It may be necessary, particularly where a solitary person is missing, to narrow the search still further and sweep a limited area with searchers keeping in sight of each other and examining every possible piece of cover. This is slow, arduous and demands large numbers, so that it may be looked on as a last resort.
4. Recall. When a search ends all parties have to be recalled and checked out.

N.L. Elder.

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S O C I A L N E W S .

Births: To Peggy and Alan Proffitt at Mangakino - a son.
To Kath and Stan Woon - a son.

Marriage: Derek Conway to Joan Hargreaves in Melbourne.

Death: We very much regret the passing of Mrs. Macdonald of Kuripapango.
(See page 19).

Return: For once, instead of a list of departures, we are able to record the return of a member. We are very pleased indeed to welcome Derek and his bride back to Hastings.

News of George: George has set off in Dr. Fuchs's party in the Trans-Antarctic trek. They hope to be at the South Pole by Christmas Day.

NEW MEMBERS: We welcome the following members to the club:-
Jim Esson (absentee), Keith Garratt, Nigel Thompson.

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FIXTURE LIST.

<u>Date:</u>	<u>Trip:</u>	<u>Leader:</u>
Jan. 25-26th.	W.E. and day - Club picnic - Ocean Beach.	Pat Bolt & Els Bavens.
Feb. 9th.	Day. Big Hill - Ngaruroro. Practice river crossings.	Philip Bayens.
Feb. 22-23rd.	W.E. Kiwi Hut. Paint roof, return via Ngaruroro.	Hal Christian.
March 9th.	Day. Three Johns from south, Rangī, return via Waipawa River.	Kath Kemp.
March 23rd.	Day. Maungaharuru & Lake Opuahi.	Nigel Thompson.
April 4-8, <u>Easter</u> .	Kapiti Island <u>or</u> Colenso Lake.	Dr. Bathgate Norm Elder.
April 20th.	Day. Kaweka Hut w.p. Mend door & bunks. (Cook's Horn if time).	Dick Endt.
May 3-4th.	W.E. Apīas Creek via Golden Crown (find new Forestry hut if erected).	Dick Clark or Alan Berry.

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The first meeting for 1958 will be held on Wednesday January 22nd.

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

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