

HERETAUNGA TRAMPING CLUB (Inc.)

" P O H O K U R A "

Bulletin no.78

April 1958

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PRIVATE TRIPS

CLIMBING IN THE SOUTHERN ALPS.

14th Dec. '57 - 3rd Jan. '58.

As there was no-one in Hastings to accompany me, I appealed to Mavis Davidson and through her was able to join a party of three members of the Wellington Catholic Tramping Club. Many thanks Mavis. We sailed south on Saturday night with a Willys van belonging to Paul. After breakfast at Don's Uncle's in Sumner - 11 am - we headed for the West Coast. About 1 pm between Porter's and Arthur's Passes we made a roadside halt for lunch. Then on through drizzle and down to the coast past scores of bee hives whose busy inhabitants thrived on the bush honeysuckle.

It was over 100 miles down the coast road and we made use of a roadman's hut south of Ross. The dimp and the mosquito netting may have repelled the mosquitoes, but it did not lessen the menace of their approach and at 3 am we staggered out and drove on. Some hours later the car was garaged at Fox Hotel and our backs were bending to the unwilling load of 50 lbs.

The foot of the glacier is 800' and Chancellor Hut 4800'. At least 1000 feet of that was out of the "Fox" up a steep rock face towards the hut - no wonder the creek has been renamed "Purgatory" instead of "Alf" - it has no ending! Fortunately the next day it was snowing so we rested. On Wednesday we were off again about 7.30, heading for Pioneer Hut on the upper glacier at 8000'. When mist reduced visibility to a mere 100 yards, the barometer should have been useful, but it chose this one day - we discovered later! - to fall 7 points, equivalent to 700'. An hour or two of steering by compass, followed by a half-mile down to the bottom of the Pioneer Ridge, then a long overdue boil-up in the snow during which we got a temporary view of our surroundings and confirmation of our position. After a long plod up the soft surface we came to

a weary halt on a snow face dipping down towards a rock face at 9 pm. Then followed two hours of hard work scraping out a snow cave with enamel plates and ice axes. At 7 am next morning we bundled ourselves out at the drone of a plane, actually landing our main food supplies (150 lbs for £10). Instead of making air drops planes equipped with skis now land on the glacier. Four climbers came in this way. An hour's walking brought us to the hut and we spent the rest of the day collecting our food and making the hut habitable. The N.Z. Alpine Club Pioneer Hut at 8000' is admirably placed as it is within easy access of six of the 17 surveyed 10,000-footers of the Southern Alps; but it gets the West Coast bad weather. We felt too lethargic to climb the next day, then two days of "confined to hut" weather followed.

So it was 4.30 am Monday Dec. 23rd before we set out for Lendenfeld (10,503'). Fifth highest peak in the Southern Alps it stands as the northern sentinel of Tasman, our ultimate goal for the trip. Cramponing up hard snow we were on Marcel Col (9,800') at 7 and atop Lendenfeld at 7.45 am. We had a glorious view, photographed round the compass, gazed wistfully across the mile of ridge climbing up to Tasman and reluctantly turned back as we were not ready as a party for this major climb. 11 am back in the hut brewing tea and then to odd jobs or into the bunks for a snooze, a read, or a game of cards.

Mattresses, blankets, primuses and kerosene, plates and eating utensils are provided in all mountain huts. For this members pay 4/- a night and non-members 12/-. The charges at the two tourist huts on this trip was 8/-. Of the ten days we had at Pioneer, only three were fine enough for climbing. On Christmas day we were away at 4.30 again with four others but were turned back off an exposed ridge on Haidinger by strong wind. We traversed Grey (9,400') for snaps before returning to our Christmas stew and pudding etc. The stew was excellent as we were using D.S.I.R. dehyd. meat prepared for the Antarctic Expedition.

On Boxing day a storm howled round the hut and hurled one of our tins down 200' to the glacier. Water was collected in this from snow thrown onto the roof at regular intervals. Haidinger (10,059') fell to us on Saturday but the cold wind gave Paul a mild dose of frostbite in his toes while Don cut cautiously up the final 100'. We decided to risk staying on an extra day and so climbed Glacier Peak (9,865') on Sunday (4.30 - 8 am.) Douglas looked difficult with all the snow plastering the summit rocks so we returned and headed for Almer Hut (5,700') with full packs again. We made a wide sweep through West Ho pass and under Mackay Rocks (more mist and compass work!) to avoid the heavy crevassed area of the Franz. This took from 9 am to 3 pm.

Fortunately again, the next day was wet so we lazed and climbed down on Tuesday 31st. Various methods of getting the 12 miles from Franz Josef township to Fox Glacier were discussed but the novel one of flying (£1 each) was settled on. After two nights in the comfortable Franz motor camp, during one of which the Youth Travel Assn. group - about 30 of them - rocked and revelled and an earthquake just rocked at 2 am, while we slept on, we headed north

through a rain-drenched Greymouth over three new Bailey bridges. These were necessary because of the Boxing Day storm when the approaches to eight bridges in the Hermitage area were washed away and 12 inches of rain closed the Arthur's Pass route. We drove over Lewis Pass, spent a night out in our sleeping bags and covers, and drove into Christchurch about midday.

This trip is my fourth into the high area of the Alps and completes what I feel is a preliminary survey of the region. I have been lucky to have traversed all the main glaciers, Tasman, Mueller, Murchison, Franz Josef and Fox. However I have yet to set foot in the three huts that face Cook - Haast (King Memorial), Gardner and Princess. I hope that this will come about and also that soon the club will be strong enough to have its own four-member party in this exhilarating country.

HAL CHRISTIAN.

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THE MILFORD TRACK IN FLOOD.

During January of this year Ian (Spud) Dudding and I travelled by motor-bike to Te Anau hoping for a trip along the Milford Track. We were told there were no vacancies on the tours arranged, but in the midst of our sodden dejection (motor-bikes are lousy in wet weather) two Australians, alarmed at the threat of continued wet weather, sold us their tickets. Our amazing luck continued and after a night at Glade House we meandered off to Pompallona Huts in perfect weather. The scenery was terrific, and cameras were kept busy. That night it rained, and in a grey penetrating drizzle we left the next morning, clad only in togs, jersey and parka. Fording swollen streams provided a spice of danger, but loud were the groans when on reaching the McKinnon Pass we were told we would have to return to the huts we had left that morning. Now the still swiftly rising streams lay between us and our destination, and a few of the party were trampers that return journey was a terrifying experience for some. Spud and I lent a hand where we could, until the whole party, drenched yet safe arrived at Pompallona.

From these huts we could go neither forward nor backward and so spent another two nights "comfortably marooned". We spent the time in games, sing-songs, and just chatting. Spud and I thoroughly enjoyed getting to know better some of the party and revelled in the sight of cliffs 1,000' high covered with innumerable sheets of water and spray.

When the weather broke we climbed to the Pass and descended in beautiful sunshine to Quentin Huts. The surroundings are magnificent, high snow-capped peaks towering up on either side of the track, so that "scenery stops" were frequent. A piano at Quentin encouraged songs and dancing and a wonderful evening was spent there. The rest of the trip was uneventful, except that there was no accommodation for us when we reached Milford, and a bus took us to Te Anau, arriving at midnight.

The track, although commercialised, is well worth doing, and to perpetually hard-up members like myself, I can recommend a lurk I tried:- select a reasonably unfit and prosperous woman (they give in more easily than men) and tactfully suggest that you lighten her burden. I reduced my holiday cost £1 by this method.

GRAHAM SNADDON

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KAPITI ISLAND (Trip organised by Adult Education)

28th Dec. '57 - 6th Jan. '58

Over 40 people assembled by Mana railway station near Paremata on 28th December, to go aboard a fishing boat waiting off-shore. It was a lovely day, after wind and heavy surf the previous two days. An assorted collection of bods and luggage got aboard in various ways dinghy, ladder, etc. - and we were soon heaving on the swell. No one suffered ill effects, except for sunburn, and after two hours we off-loaded on a shingle beach opposite the Webbers house.

Two-thirds of Kapiti is a Bird Sanctuary, the other third is privately owned and farmed. As it is prohibited even to smoke in the Sanctuary, we camped on the farm with the owners permission, in a little valley with scrub-covered slopes on three sides and the sea on the fourth. This was a luxury trip: a party of Rover Scouts had already pitched a very competent camp, and they cooked all meals and did nearly all camp duties.

Life for the next 10 days became a routine. Some people got up as early as 7 to wash or swim. Cleaner ones got up just in time to seize cutlery, plates, mug, tea-towel and parka as "Chop! Chop!" rang out at 8. The tea-towel was to wash up your own things, the parka to sit on. After breakfast we could relax till 9.30, when in clumps of 7 under a leader, we went off to watch birds somewhere. We returned in time for lunch at 12.30, relaxed till 2.30, then went off on another bird expedition under a new leader. Returned in time for a rest and a wash before dinner at 6. Leisure time then until 7.30 when we assembled in the big tent for a lecture until 9, when supper arrived and we could go to bed exhausted.

Our bird activities were varied and interesting. Our group at first did a bird census of several localities. This means that at stated intervals we listened for five minutes and recorded all birds heard or seen. With a knowledgeable leader to identify them, we learned a good deal. Another day the whole party of 40 or so made a bird count over the lagoon area by advancing in a line and recording all birds seen and heard. We spent one day looking for gulls nests along the shore, and were shown the technique of ringing the gull chicks. Another day we walked along the shore, by a reasonable track to the caretaker's house where we saw, as well as other birds, the kakas which come down to be fed when Mrs. Fox calls them. They have an insatiable appetite for dates. Finally, we made an expedition through the bush up to the summit, 1725 feet, which gives a lovely view of island, sea and mainland and of the South Island.

Some of the most interesting things we saw were the parakeets, brilliant green and red, "Charlie", Mrs. Webber's tame kaka

sampling her products as she baked cakes, the constant feuds between marauding wekas who prowled about the camp, bell birds and tuis feeding busily in the flowering pohutukawas, the petrel burrows up in the bush near the summit, the grey kiwi which was brought into camp for us to see, the moulting penguins we found in burrows along the shore, and the long-tailed cuckoos which shrieked continually all day and, it seemed, all night too. There were besides, opportunities to scramble along rocky shores, up through scrub and bush to summits with lovely views. There was also fishing, swimming and botanizing. We found it a memorable and enjoyable place.

HELEN HILL

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FORESTRY TRIPS

Makahu Saddle - 16th-17th November.

A straight working party in the nursery, grubbing roots and setting scree-binding plants.

Pararaki - 25th-27th November.

An elusive opossum-control party were run to earth at night-fall after an all-day hunt across the Wairarapa in a gale, down the Cape Palliser road and up an unknown stream. Spent a day being shown round the Haurangi Range, but thunderstorms and rising streams brought us out in hurry.

Apias - 28th-30th December.

Collecting samples from a buried forest to work out the history of Northern Ruahine forests.

Delaware - Komako- Opawe - 3rd-6th January.

Found Delaware track newly cut well up into the leatherwood and could see over the range into Hawkes Bay, but had to turn back and even so were nearly benighted among trappers blazes. Spent the night at Sky Farm with a couple of Palmerston shooters and in the morning went down to Komako and into a big basin of rimu bush. However rain and mist settled in, so came out. On our way home went up the Opawe Road and reconnoitred routes to Maharahara Trig.

Maharahara - 16th-18th January.

Found a newly cut track led through the supplejack and thereafter blazes. Made a wet camp in a hollow which heavy rain in the night proved to be a bog. Didn't get much done but followed the blazes on to a spur junction at the start of the leatherwood, where everything stopped. Came out soaked and spent the night at the palatial shearers quarters at the road head.

Pohokura - 23rd-27th January.

Joined a geological party at Kuripapango and the following day took two cars in as far as the Taruarau Ford. Hair-raising and not recommended for tourist traffic. As the Te Roau huts are now derelict, camped on the Ikawetea. In the morning feeling apprehen-

sive about getting the cars up "The Spiral" (not really but nearly) sent a party of geologists back to do this and follow a fault-line back; another party went 3 hours up the Ikawetea gorge, and as we had no tents the odd bods stayed on the river flats and constructed a brushwood bivvy. Next day the geologists went up the Ikawetea again, while a non-fossiliferous party explored the "Whale Hole" and a patch of matai bush. A thunderstorm just missed us in the afternoon after which a party went down to Te Toka a Tamahautu, the tapu rock at the entrance of the Taruarau gorge. The last day some cut overland to the ford, others revisited Te Toka and went upstream to the road.

Oruakeretaki and Coppermine - 6th-9th February.

From Papatawa spent a day in the Oruakeretahi, then two days in the Coppermine, finding the hut partly derelict and looking like a disused hen-house but reasonably dry.

Raparapawai - 11th February.

On the way up from Wellington fine weather tempted us up the Raparapawai. Two hours good going with long grassy flats before we had to turn back.

Titikura - 15th February.

Collecting seed of a rare forgetmenot for the Otari Native Plant Museum. It seems to be dying out, only three plants seen.

Balls Clearing - 21st February.

Showing Mr. St. Barbe Baker, of "Men of the Trees" fame round.

Upper Makaroro - 4th-7th March.

Another geological outing. Ellis' Hut has a new roof and chimney. Spent two nights at the new hut, climbed Piopio and Trig U and returned downriver. Still blocked by slip but managed (just) to scramble round the side of the lake.

Moawhango - 11th-15th March.

Chasing bush remnants by landrover - a very easy form of tramping - from Te Rei to Hotuiti.

Raparapawai - 24th-27th March.

Following a happy suggestion of Kath's that this would be a good route in for an examination of the leatherwood scrub belt, we camped at the head fork after 3 hours good going. A good leading spur from here took us to the crest of the range two miles south of Maharahara. Floundered around till mist came down, then returned to camp. Rain set in at dawn and the stream came up fast, so we spent most of the day in our sleeping bags. Fortunately we had taken the club fly in making a comfortable annexe and cookhouse after the floodwaters had swamped our fireplace. The rain stopped overnight but the mist hung on, so after giving it till mid-morning to clear and the creek to drop, packed up and came down into bright sunshine.

N.L. ELDER

"67 - 66 - 65"

8th December, 1957.

A party was standing by ready to go out and bring back parachutes from an airdrop. The airdrop did not eventuate, but six of us decided to go tramping anyway and left at 4.30am in the Humber Hawk for "66". At the road-end we bumped through Triplex creek and slithered up to the top overlooking the Waipawa River. (It is not advisable to take a car past the end of the road unless the country is really dry.)

About 6.45 we dropped into the river and soon abandoned hopes of keeping our feet dry. Breakfast somewhat below the commencement of the climb to the saddle fortified us for the gale on the tops. Mists clearing gave clear tops, but rain started at 2.30 pm. Gusts of probably up to 90 mph. necessitated all six being tied on the rope and we literally crawled up the scree slopes to "66" (5450'). A sheltered spot past "65" provided a stopping place for a rich and varied lunch; then we dropped off the ridge taking the quick and easy way down a shingle slide into the creek between "65" and "62". By 3.20pm we had clambered pleasantly down the creek to the Waipawa forks and by 4 were back at the car.

No. in party 6

Leader : EAL CHRISTIAN

Peter Anderson, Graham Snaddon, Cyril Hargreaves, Nigel Thompson, Keith Garrett.

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NEW MEMBERS.

The following have been elected members of the Club:

Active members: Jack Van Bavel, Richard Brace, David Brandon, Barry Kirk.

Absentee member: J.D. Bathgate.

Junior members: Graham Snaddon, Colin Ridding, Sylvia Lee, Helen Williams, Pat Buchanan, Gayel Hulford, Elsa Swann, Peter Arthur, Roger Boshier.

"NO PICNIC" - on the TRANS-ANTARCTIC.

Food parcels are a "must" for the next Trans-Antarctic expedition. Our feelings were harrowed by the austerity of the menu of Dr. Fuchs's party:- porridge & cocoa for breakfast; hard biscuits and butter for lunch; pemmican, a little dehydrated onion and a little pea flour made into a sort of porridge for dinner late at night. What! No Stew? No boil-ups?

- ---oOo---

LETTER FROM WALLY

Dear Norman,

On Oct 12th the job at McLeod Lake came to a conclusion and we were flown out to Vancouver where I arrived about the 20th having visited some friends up north in between times. After nearly three months in the bush working every day but two the city lights sure looked attractive and it took me well over a week to reach normal once more. Then began the job hunting. I was trying for a position in Vancouver but with the employment position an all time critical I thought it advisable to take this one up here some 200 mile north again from McLeod Lake and 800 mile from Vancouver.

The transit from city to bush life certainly is a rapid process, rather like a plunge into cold water and I think I broke water when we landed at Grand Prairie to change planes for Fort At. John. I stepped down from the plane that night and an icy wind swept me the twentyfive yards or so across to the waiting room where a comfortable central heating atmosphere reached out to greet one. There was quite a crowd. A young Presley type with six inch trouser cuffs and shirt outside stood sucking a coke and syncoating to the music of "Do-aant ever leave me Honee". Robert Service's words flashed to mind; 'The kid that handled the music box was hitting a rag time tune'.

I moved over and sat down. All about were people clad in makinaws, parkas and rubber overboots, some obviously just in from the bush and other businessmen. A very young R.C.M.P. recruit stood glaring about trying to retain his self respect despite a pimply face and a pair of nuns sat quietly in one corner carrying on a murmured conversation in French. From a back room emerged a wedding group cascading confetti and drawing upon themselves a good deal of benign attention. The speaker system gave forth a metallic message which quietened, then half emptied the room as passengers moved out to their flight. Exit the newlyweds and enter the stewardess dressed in a very practicable ski garb which is standard dress for these northern flights. She vanished through the door marked Flight Room.

The juke box was now playing something soothing and thoughts drifted from my immediate surroundings until a flight call snapped me back and it became my turn to face a snow-clad passage out to the plane. A stewardess took my coat, I settled in the seat, buckled up my safety belt then quietly dozed off with the feeling that, like it or not, I had decidedly returned to the north Country.

Here at Taylor Flats some 11 mile from Fort St John lies the vast deposit of natural gas and it is here also that the gas is 'scrubbed' or cleansed of impurities which would be detrimental to the equipment in which it is used. Sulphur will be a by-product of this process. Just to digress for a minute; the sun has this moment set - time 4 p.m. The immediate country is, as the name implies, quite an extensive river flat on the Peace R.

At present we have about six inches of snow overall and the temperatures down around the 5 degree mark but with plenty of bottom left in the 'glass' Thirty or forty below is as low as it ever gets.

I feel in a jovial mood having just re-read your bit about the wet weekend in the Makaroro. It sounds real funny when happening to someone else but the humour is for my part somewhat •tempered for I recently spent an extremely wet, cold weekend in the local hills near Vancouver. Being thoroughly experienced types no-one had a map so we spent quite a strenuous day taking the long way home, just arriving out with a few minutes daylight left. Its surprising how river conscious people become after being caught on the wrong side.

Well, Old Father Christmas is making his appearance in the shops these days so it must be time to go climbing. The time slips by so quickly these days that it seems no time since I was last in the South Island. I can only wish you all over there a very merry Christmas and the gift of a brand new year stretching ahead with the hope that I will be able to drink your health in person in 1958.

'bye for now,

WALLY.

1255 West 13th Av.,
Vancouver B.C.
April 10th 1958

Dear Norman,

The cold, hard fact must be faced - your last letter is dated Jan. 9th and here it is now April 10th. Holy Mackerel! Where does the time go?

The Taylor Flats job came to a close with the last day of January and I flew down to Vancouver to once again become unbushed. Have not worked since (not from choice, I assure you) and do not look as if I will in the very near future. As you probably know this is a world wide recession and although the majority of Canadians will not admit it, the fact that Canada's economy is so closely tied to that of the U.S. makes me feel that any considerable easing of unemployment will not take place until at least 1959. Its pleasing to see the Conservative Government re-elected here in Canada. Since leaving home I have had my eyes opened regarding British Imperialism but despite this and taking a broad view still feel that the Commonwealth offers us security and respect that we could not possibly obtain alone. The fact that I share this suite with an Australian, an Englishman and a South African probably has some bearing on this rather serious chapter.

Ran into Marie Valler at a Youth Hostel meeting a few weeks back and we had quite a chat about people and places in Hastings. Thanks to your letters I found myself up with and sometimes even ahead of her information.

This year, being exactly 100 years since British Columbia attained Provincial status is a year of celebration and as a result the Centennial Committee have set aside \$2,000 to finance an eight man trip to Mount Fairweather 15,300 the highest point in B.C. If you look at a map of North America it will be seen that the Alaska, Yukon and B.C. borders all meet at one point. Just below this junction the B.C. Alaska boundary takes a sharp right angle swing and the pivot for this deviation is Mt Fairweather - now you are on location. We commence

training for this in April and the party leave Vancouver about June 15th for a month's paid holiday. The Air Force will fly people and equipment the 800 mile north using a Consair seaplane in order to land at Lituya Bay, the nearest jumping off place and some 90 mile from the nearest settlement of Yucatat. They will also, conditions permitting, airdrop some 400lb at the base camp site 5,000ft. It looks quite an interesting trip and while to date the final party has not been chosen 'yours truly' has high hopes. The peak itself has been climbed once before in 1931 and I might add that the 15,300 ft starts from sea level.

So much for Fairweather. The Spring season is with us once again; fully a month too soon, and a profusion of blossoms takes me back to the orchards of Hastings. Vancouver is really a beautiful city at this time and with the sun shining - the only thing wrong is that it is not in New Zealand.

Your mention of the Mountain Year 1956-57 on the Swiss ascent of Everest, 'first time by Europeans' reminds me; as we four representatives of the Empire's far-flung outposts sat at the dinner table the other night someone made a remark about all these Displaced Persons or as they are commonly known D.P.s. There was a moments silence then we simultaneously burst out laughing - we are the ones to talk about being displaced. And so I guess it all depends upon the side of the fence from which we look at these definitions.

Well, Norman and Kath, I hear the soffee pot percolating with a steady bloop - bloop and feel that it is now time for me to join the rest of North America in the national pastime and stimulant. 'bye for now from this cellophane wrapped, t.v. existence.

Regards to all,

WALLY.

THE BALLARD HUT.

Ballard Hut, on the bushline at the head of the Makino, has been named after the pilot who did most of the air-drops for Forestry. This hut was the last air-drop he did before he was killed.

There's something about the ranges grand,
A something that none may define;
It's known to you, and it's known to me,
And known to the whispering pine.

Song of the winds and the waters wild,
And rune of the bellbird's chime;
'Twas known to man in the ages dim,
'Twill last till the ending of time.

So what matters it for jewels or gold,
For fashion, styles or degrees,
While we've the freedom of ranges grand
And secret of whispering trees!

Lester Masters.

KAWEKA - RUAHINE HUTS

Trig Points Δ
 Huts (mapped) \square
 New Huts (1957-58) \blacksquare
 (Also Pohangina saddle hut)

0 1 2 3

With the exception of Makahu and Back Huts which are larger aluminium-framed huts the new huts are wooden framed, sheet metal covered and have 4 bunks.

Ballard \blacksquare Δ 5384'

Back Hut \blacksquare
 C Δ 4812'
 Kaweka Δ 5657'
 Makahu \blacksquare
 Studholmes \blacksquare
 Kaiarahi Δ 4915'
 Manson \square
 Log Cabin \square
 Kiwi Saddle \square
 Kaweka hut \square
 F 4594'
 Lawrence \square
 Kuripapango \circ

K A W E K A

R U A H I N E

Makirikiri \square
 U.S. Tourist Lodge \blacksquare
 Aorangi Δ 4056'
 Ruahine corner \square
 Potae Δ 4334'
 Piopio Δ 4690'
 Pohatuhaha Δ 4466'
 Upper Makaroro \blacksquare
 Tupari Δ 5006'
 Ellis's \square
 Te Atua Mahuru Δ 5028'
 Maropea Δ
 Upper Maropea \blacksquare
 Shut Eye \square
 Waikamaka \square
 Shutes \square
 No. Mans \square
 Ohawai Δ 4485'
 Hut Ruin \blacksquare
 Colenso's Lake \blacksquare
 Mokai Patea Δ 3969'

CLUB TRIPSDISCING COLENZO SPUR

No. 567

1st December

With a party which threatened to be 23 but got whittled down to 15, the club truck took off for the third determined attempt to remove the hoodoo on this area.

We left the road end about 7.30 and ran into cold drizzle before reaching the foot of Colenzo spur. It seemed as though the weather might foil the attempts of this party too. However, Dick Endt and four stalwarts pushed on at high speed pausing at the deer wallow for a bite. Then they bit into the scrub and dense mountain heath with slashers, leaving behind them about 100 orange and yellow discs. The club will be very relieved to know that this gang opened up the route as far as the shingle slide. There remains to be done only a few hundred feet to the tussock.

After lunch the main party had worked up above Colenzo camp in the bleak wind and rain. Two pushed on while the remainder returned to base. The upper party then worked down so that in all about 300 discs were left to guide the weary or mist-bewildered trumper. After clearing the foot of Colenzo where the remains of the bivouac of the flood bound party still stand, we reached the truck shortly after 5.

No. in party: 15

Leader: Hal Christian

Graeme Hare, Nigel Thompson, Keith Garratt, Cyril Hargreaves, Jack Landman, Roger Boshier, George Rowlands, John Bixley, Ivan Linnell, Ivan Cash, Stuart Hall, Walter Letford, Ross Fippard, Dick Endt (sub-leader)

PARACHUTE TRIPS

No. 568

14th - 15th December

(A) Golden Crown - Pio Pio saddle

Six tramping club members left Hastings at 9 a.m. and split into two parties at Kereru, three going to Makaroro and three to Masters Hut. The latter party left Master's hut at 11.45 and arrived at the fly camp in Pio Pio saddle at 4 p.m. It was raining as per usual. There was plenty of tucker provided by Forestry and we lived well. Went to bed early and slept late using parachutes for foot rests and pillows. Next day we cut dry wood from a dead tree and after packing up and having a light meal we left the camp arriving at Masters at 3 p.m. - a fast trip considering each of us had three parachutes plus our sleeping gear, about 55 lbs.

There is little difficulty with the track except up near the top of the bush line. The Hut Ruin track is in good order, but in misty conditions you could get into difficulties in the tussock on top, with only tins on stumps and snow poles to mark the way.

(B) Makaroro party

On our arrival at the Makaroro Mill the Forestry provided a hot meal before we piled on to the truck. We left there at about 11 a.m. on the Saturday with two cullers, crossed the river, and bounced for five windy miles up a logging track through the bush. We were to the west of the Ellis hut now and headed north west up a ridge along which the cullers had blazed a track the week before. This track brought us on to the ridge between Trig K and R. We followed up the ridge towards R and then headed westward dropping 300 ft into one of the tributaries of the Makaroro.

From this point we climbed over a small ridge and then descended rapidly, still following the blazed track, to the main Makaroro river. About 100 ft above the river we spotted the hut frame work and the cullers' tent below.

There were the two who were building the hut, and therefore seven of us squeezed into the tent and had a snack of camp-made bread. Tea consisted of venison stew and peaches and cream after which we spent the night on a mattress of about eight parachutes. The weather had turned miserable and was still that way next morning. We enjoyed a meal of trout for breakfast and then the three of us spent the morning trying to keep dry. We had a bit of a look around but the weather conditions weren't favourable.

About 1 p.m. the parachutes were packed and shared around, two each. Packs were quite heavy so some staggering took place before we took off and returned via the track we had used the previous day. The trip is about three hours both ways, but another one and a half hours could be added if the party had to walk from the Mill.

We arrived back at the river to find it unfordable. This necessitated a crawl across the remains of the bridge with top-heavy packs. Back at the Mill about 5 p.m., a meal and back at Hastings at 8 p.m.

Pio Pio saddle party: Cyril Hargreaves, Dick Endt, Neil Anstis
Makaroro party: Graeme Hare, Graham Snadden, Nigel Thompson

WAIPATIKI BEACH PICNIC

No. 569

22nd December

18 Picnicers left Holts at 7.40 for Waipatiki and two more were picked up in Napier. We arrived at Waipatiki at 9.45 and parked on the beach front. It was decided to go around the beach

to Awapuanui. There is a cave there and a party of enthusiasts went ahead to explore, fully equipped, as they came primarily for this purpose. The rest came on in various straggling groups. It became too hot so it was decided to go back to Waipatiki for a swim.

After this the party and truck moved back into a clearing in the bush to take advantage of the shade. After a very languid lunch, we had another swim and some played tennequoits. We left for home at about 5.15. About 2 miles from the beach we had to change a tyre and at Bay View the petrol tank ran dry. It took some time to get the petrol feeding into the carburettor again. Apart from this the trip was enjoyed immensely by all.

No. in party: 20

Leader: Cyril Hargreaves

Graham Snadden, Graeme Hare, Jim Glass, Derek Conway, Hans Alsleben, Keith Garratt, Raymond Lowe, Bruce Down, Norm Elder, Janet Knight, Elsa Swann, Barbara Hare, Doreen Fletcher, Joan Conway, Johanna Alsleben, Jack Landman, Allan King, Paul O'Brien, Nancy Tanner

OCEAN BEACH PICNIC

No. 570

26th January 1958

Seven of us left Hastings at 9.20 a.m. for a lazy day on the beach. Just before we got to the first gate the weather began to look a bit doubtful, but we just hoped for the best as usual. Somewhere here we picked up Maury who left us again at noon. We were the first arrivals at the beach (10 a.m.) While we made ourselves at home Hal arrived with his family. Then all of us hopped into the sea. When we came back Dick Clark arrived on his motor cycle. Soon it was lunchtime and we cooked some pipis. By that time the sun had come out and this made it rather warm for the cooks. All of us tried to get hold of as many pipis as we could eat. In the afternoon we had another swim. There were plenty of lilos and a tube which made it good fun in the high surf. We were back home again at about 4.30 p.m.

No. in party: 10

Leader: Els Bayens

Nancy Tanner, Joan and Derek Conway, Jack Landman, Cyril Hargreaves, Dick Clark, Hal Christian, Maury Taylor Els and Philip Bayens.

MANGATAHI RIVER CROSSING

No. 571

9th February

After a spell of beautiful weather, the Sunday we chose for our river crossing practice turned out doubtful with rain and heavy clouds. The leader considered that no-one would be silly

enough to want to go on the trip, but thought he had better go down to Holts to make sure. To his great surprise the party was complete. Not prepared for this, he took the truck load home while he got himself some breakfast and lunch. By this time the weather was improving slightly. After gaining some local information from the farmers we landed eventually in the river via Wakaroa Station. The Ngararoro is fairly wide here, and has some lovely picnic spots. The rain had completely stopped but it was still overcast. Although the river was not very high, we found a spot which was about thigh deep and swift enough to make one appreciate the comfort of the pole and rope.

We went through all the various ways of crossing a river, correcting the things we did wrong in the Makaroro flood. An important thing I would like to mention here is this. When crossing with the rope, make sure the rope is tied under the armpits. If you are dragged off your feet, your head will then stay above the water.

On the way back we broke the back axle of the truck. Our thanks are due to the owner of Wakaroa Station who towed us out of his paddock and gave us permission to pass over his property and to Ian Berry who towed us home.

Note: River crossing and bush craft trips are run for everybody whether experienced or inexperienced. It is up to the experienced ones to teach the inexperienced. Just take note of the list below. Everybody else in the club seems to know all about it.

No. in party: 11

Leader: Philip Bayens

Nancy Tanner, Barbara Hare, Graeme Hare, Cyril Hargreaves, Jim Glass, Jack Landman, Els Bayens, Kath Berry, Edna Ansell Kerry Reidy.

You see my point.

WORKING PARTY TO KIWI HUT

No. 572

22nd - 23rd February

A mixed party of 19 old and tried members and new and eager trampers set off in the Ford from Holts shortly after 6 a.m. on Saturday morning. About 9 the final sandwich was being hastily wolfed as we hit the trail. The long climb round the side of 4,100 was interrupted by gusts of violent wind and we took to the bush where possible for shelter. The advance gang dropped down off 4594 to the hut just a minute before a shower hit those immediately behind - 1.15 p.m.

Painting the roof in the light drizzle was abandoned after a trial strip, but a ladder was constructed, uprights in the porch replaced and malthoid nailed over the torn pieces. Mean-

while the women repaired the bunks and looked to the stew. The stew! There was so much of it that it served the old hands for breakfast before the remains were tossed out. Sixteen slept in the hut and three reposed in a tent. In the morning another strip of orange paint was added to the roof and the main paint supply ($1\frac{1}{2}$ gallons) was left in the hut without paint brushes.

Four tried a deviation down 4594 to the Ngaruroro on the way out but the olive green waters swollen from rain in the Kaimanawas turned the daring river exploit into an intriguing tree-boring foray. (conclusion: The beech trees on the middle Kiwi ridge appears to be about 80 years old and the after product of a fire)

Some swam below the waterfall back near the truck while others ate, but all were safely back in town at 6.45.

No. in party 19

Leader: Hal Christian

Helen Williams, Pat Buchanan, Sylvia Lee, Nancy Tanner, Barbara Hare, Kath Berry, Allan King, Graeme Hare, Alan Berry, Lawrence and Raymond Lowe, Cyril Hargreaves, Norm Elder, Roger Boshier, Colin Ridding, David Brändon, Peter Burdon, Rex Chaplin.

RANGI-o-te- ATUA - THREE JOHNS - WAIPAWA SADDLE

No. 573

9th March

We left Holts at 6 a.m. and had an uneventful trip out to the old mill site on the Waipawa river. Leaving the truck at 8.30 we divided into two groups.

The smaller group of eight climbed the ridge on to Three Johns and the larger party of twelve climbed a ridge on to South Rangi.

The Three Johns party was slowed up considerably by a very overgrown track. They reached their destination about 1 p.m. and descended on to the Waipawa saddle. Here three decided to go down to Waikamaka hut and the others took a leisurely trip down the river to the truck.

The Rengi party, too, were slowed up by thick scrub at times and found the sun extremely hot in the open. Before leaving the bush and at about 1 p.m. water was found so a halt was made for lunch. We pushed on and up again to make South Rangi at 3 p.m. Unfortunately the mist had descended so our view was limited. Our pace increased along the tops and we reached North Rangi 20 minutes later. Some of the party then decided to take a "short cut" down a shingle slide on Three Johns. The rest with one of the original Three Johns party found a shingle slide just south of the Waipawa saddle and went down that to the river. The last of this party arrived at the truck at 6.45 to be

followed about 15 minutes later by the "short cut" boys.

No. in part: 20

Leader: Kath Berry

Hal Christian, Cyril Hargreaves, Graeme Hare, Bob Cooper, Barry Kirk, Raymond Lowe, Alan Berry, Keith Garratt, Philip Bayens, Ian Dudding, Jim Glass, Pat Bolt, Nancy Tanner, Else Bayens, Barbara Hare and 4 Napier High School girls

LAKE OPUAHI

No. 574

23rd March

It was about 8.30 a.m. when we turned past the Tutira Store and headed towards the Maungaharuru Range via the Pohokura-Tutira Road. After travelling further than we should have we retraced our steps and found Opuahi Lake just off the road set in a basin of bush and fern covered hills.

The less energetic bods preferred to spend the day at the lake while twelve others decided on a little walk. We went to the other end of the lake, climbed a high piece of ground whence we had a clear view of the Main Maungaharuru Range to the west and the Tutira country to the east.

From that vantage point we dropped into an open valley. There for some reason the party seemed to split and met about an hour later on a rocky ridge running in a north westerly direction which had been our objective. We were not keen on pushing any further along it because of dense Manuka. The going had not been as open as we had expected.

We weren't beaten but seemed to lose interest, so the party headed back to the lake gathering mushrooms en route. A plunge in the lake for all except those who had been swimming all day, a boil-up and we were off, stopping at Lake Tutira for blackberries. On to the truck again, which stopped at Napier and arrived at Hastings at 8 p.m. after an enjoyable picnic trip.

No. in party: 21

Leader: Nigel Thompson

Keith Garratt, Jack von Bavel, Colin Ridding, David Brandon, Graeme Hare, Allan King, Raymond Lowe, Cyril Hargreaves, Jack Landman, Richard Brace, Nancy Tanner, Patricia Buchanan, Elsa Swann, Catherine Mortiboy, Beverley Avery and 5 Napier High School girls.

TWO FINANCIAL WORKING PARTIES

There were also two groups of bighearted types who sallied forth to earn some cash, to help defray our ever-present truck expenses. Between them they earned just on £27 for which the Club is grateful.

No. in tomato party: 12

Raymond Lowe, Roger Boshier, Laurence Lowe, Rex Chaplin, Nancy Tanner, Barbara Hare, Graeme Hare, Graham Snadden, Allan Berry, George Rowlands, Colin Ridding, Hal Christian.

No. in bean party: 9

Nancy Tanner, Helen Hill, Barbara Hare, Graeme Hare, Cyril Hargreaves, Keith Garratt, Joan Conway, Jim Glass, Hal Christian.

Leader of both parties Hal Christian.

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S O C I A L N E W S .

Birth: To Judy and Frank McBride - a son.

Marriage: Kath Kemp to Alan Berry.

Departures: Dick Endt has gone to Auckland but hopes to come back nearer the H.T.C. in a year or two.

Molly Molineux was awarded a bursary in Italian at Victoria University College and is now in Italy doing further study.

Owen Brown Has returned from Europe and is now teaching in Pahiatua. We were pleased to see him on the Easter Kapiti trip.

Wally Romanes is still in Canadian regions. There are letters from him elsewhere in this issue.

Helen Hill is on the point of departing for England and the Continent.

George Lowe has been in Hastings off and on for a few weeks, but London calls.

C L U B E V E N I N G S .

These have included an address by Mr. Grant of the Catchment Board; slides of the Mackintosh and Kawekas by Mr. Robson; climbing at the head of the Fox by Hal Christian; the upper reaches of the Ngaruroro by Mr. McNutt; and views of Melbourne and other parts of Australia by Derek Conway.

Then George Lowe and Geoff Pratt came along to one meeting and for a solid hour answered questions about the Trans-Antarctic Expedition.

FIXTURE LIST.

<u>Date:</u>	<u>Trip:</u>	<u>Leader:</u>
May 18th:	Khyber Pass (Blowhard Bush), Lawrence Hut.	Edna Ansell.
May 31-June 2nd:	Shawman's Track, Northern Tararuas.	Phil Bayens.
	(Queen's Birthday)	
June 15th:	Tangoio Bush: round trip via Te Ngaru Stream.	Hal Christian.
June 28-29th:	Log Cabin via Te Iringa.	Graham Snadden.
July 13th:	Smedley, Wakarara.	Nancy Tanner.
July 26-27th:	Armstrong Saddle - Upper Maropea - '66'	Derek Conway.
August 10th:	Opapa, Poukawa Lake, Old Maori Pa.	Elsa Swann.
Aug. 23-24th:	Waikamaka Working Party - rebuild Chimney.	Keith Garratt.
School Holidays:	3 or 4 days' trip.	
Sept. 7th:	Titiohura Saddle, Te Waka, Caves.	Helen Williams.

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LIST OF CONTENTS.Page:

1. Private Trips.
7. New Members: Antarctic Food.
8. Letters.
10. Ballard Hut.
11. Sketch Map of Huts.
12. Club Trips.
18. Social News, Club Evenings.
19. Fixture List.

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