

HERETAUNGA TRAMPING CLUB (Inc.)

" P O H O K U R A "

Bulletin No.79

August, 1958.

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Club Captain:

Mr. Philip Bayens, St. Georges Road North, Hastings.

CLUB TRIPS

KAPITI

No.575

Easter, 4th-8th April.

Kapiti was on the fixture list and we got there. Now a Bird Sanctuary and in the early days a whaling station and a Maori stronghold, it holds many things of interest.

To begin at the beginning: we left Hastings at 9.30pm on the Thursday night in the truck and Nancy's car. The car took 5 and that left 19 in the truck plus 24 four-day packs. This took some stowing. The old sardine in the tin had more room than the bobs on the back. The truck just ambled along and did not seem to worry about the load. We struck rain just past Woodville. It simply poured down in the Manawatu Gorge but at Shannon we could admire the stars again. Eventually we arrived at Paremata at 4am Friday morning.

After a bit of sleep, at 8am we boarded the launch "Mary Anne II" which proved a sturdy craft (just as well). All our gear got relayed into a little dinghy and thence into the holds of the big launch. By about 9am we were away. The weather was overcast with a strong southerly wind which caused quite a swell as soon as we got out to the open sea. The trip on the launch takes about two hours. By that time the weather had not improved much so that the usual landing place was out due to the heavy swell. Another place round the point was found, and we proceeded to unload. All our gear was put in the dinghy and rowed ashore; there the fun began. The dinghy was too full of gear and had only two men to handle it, consequently the breakers began to play with it and threw it broadside on to the boulders. The next breaker swamped the dinghy and the following one carried off a few packs and tents. The next trip was a little better organised but most of our gear got pretty wet. The weather in the meantime had improved quite a

bit, the wind was still there but the sun had come out. The rest of that day was spent pitching camp, drying out our gear and getting the stew ready. We finally turned into the sack pretty well done in.

On Saturday the weather was perfect. Wekas were already busy round the camp before we even gave a thought to getting up. They are a very curious hen-like bird, always on the move a peck here, a peck there, hollowing out loaves of bread and cleaning up the camp. The kakas were also pretty active. These birds, used to being fed by the Webbers were a little hungry as the Webbers were away on the mainland for three days. That is probably why they visited our camp frequently and not in vain either. They soon got a fair share of what was going around, in fact they got so tame that they sat on our heads and took the bread out of our hands.

This day we decided to have a look at the bird sanctuary proper and climb to the highest peak. You follow a cut track on the eastern side of the island, sometimes at sea level, sometimes high up over a cliff, all the time having a fine view of the mainland and the sea below. It was here, while we were admiring the view, that all our hearts stopped for a couple of beats - Angus decided to push on and in the process of doing this, his foot got hooked in a pack strap on the track and over the edge went Angus. He started to roll down a sixty foot drop, but with remarkable speed and presence of mind he got hold of bits of grass and a bush and managed to stop himself. And I tell you there was not much to hold on to. While I am writing this, something cold and shivery runs down my back.

Having admired the view (??!) we landed up at the caretaker's house where we admired some old whaling pots and wood pigeons drinking out of a trough. From the caretaker's place a well cut track leads to the highest point, about 1700'. On this track you can observe numerous native birds, but as we were a big party and made lots of noise, the birds were gone before we saw them. From the highest point you have a good view over the Island, the mainland and the Marlborough Sounds. Towards three pm we went back to camp along various routes. At night we had our usual stew and sing-song by the camp fire.

Sunday was another perfect day. All of us spent this day as we pleased. Some stayed in the camp to do bird watching, others went along the northern coast and climbed a shingle slide. Others did some under water swimming and fishing. Rock cod were willing to bite, but were only small in size. Pawas were numerous and quite big. Some hollows were absolutely covered with sea-eggs, but there were no crayfish. This day came to an end too soon.

Monday, another perfect day, was spent in packing up, breaking camp and putting all the gear ready on the beach where we were duly picked up. This time the sea treated us much better and the trip was quite pleasant. Back on the mainland we found everything as we had left it, though the truck had a puncture. Gear was considerably lighter and the holiday came too soon to an end.

You could easily spend ten days on the Island exploring the coastline, fishing, bird watching and sun bathing.

Leader: Philio Bayens

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KAWERAHUT - WORKING PARTY

No. 576

20th April.

A party of 24 left Holt's in the club truck at 6.20am; 3 nurses were picked up at the hospital making a total of 27. We arrived at the pine tree at 8.30 and encountered a very cold wind, so the leader and some of the not so tough elected to tramp in longs. The party split up into 3 or 4 groups travelling independently. The last party and biggest stopped for a boil-up in the Tutaekuri riverbed. A party of scouts had gone into the hut the day before and had repaired nearly all the bunks by the time we arrived. That left only the chimney to fix (or so we thought). The gang got stuck right in after lunch, but there were many angry comments as those in the hut had built up the fire, almost suffocating those working on the chimney. It was put out smartly. It was whilst this was going on that it was discovered that a new "whare iti" was required, so forthwith a new whare iti came into being after some energy had been expended in digging the most essential part. After another boil-up we left at 4pm and arrived at the truck in gale force winds at 6pm. We had a pleasant if somewhat cramped trip home.

No. in party : 27 Leader: Cy Hargreaves
Graeme Hare, Barbara Hare, Keith Garrett, Nigel Thompson, Allan King, Rex Chaplin, Jack Landman, Jack van Bavel, Martin Wiessman, David Brandon, Norm Elder, Dorothy Eccles, Katherine Mortiboy, Beverley Avis, Nancy Tanner, Edna Ansell, Helen Hill, Elsa Swann, Sylvia Lee, Pat Buchanan, Gayel Hulford, Helga Jenkins, Barbara Andrews, Peter MacAlpine, Sheila Stevenson, Richard Brace.

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UPPER MAKARORO HUT

No. 577

Anzac Weekend 25-27 April.

Eight trampers left on Thursday evening for Hall's woolshed, our overnight stop before leaving for Colenso Lake. Rain and wind thrashed the shed during the night deterring us from travelling on the tops, so we decided to visit the upper Makaroro instead. After breakfast at the Cullers' base we left at ten past nine to walk up the logging road which is the beginning of the route to the upper Makaroro hut via the Pohatuhaha ridge. An hour and a half on the road and then half an hour in a soupy snig track brought us to the foot of the take-off spur. Up we went and over the main ridge

slightly south of Trig K, not stopping long in the places exposed to the icy westerly. It was a steep drop to a little stream, a short climb, then another ridge led down, and finally the hut was right opposite us. A seven-hour trip in.

One culler was in residence and two others came down from Hut Ruin later, so the overflow slept in tents. The next day squalls confined us to the vicinity of the hut, except for a short trip to explore the river upstream. The firewood supply increased, as one way to keep warm is to cut wood. As the river would be cold and wet we decided to return over the ridge. Three missed the turn-off into the stream keeping going on another blazed track until they realized their mistake. We spent a considerable time trying to find the blazed track off the main ridge as the ground was covered in snow. At Ellis' Hut we stopped for refreshments before slogging out to the Mill.

No. in party: 8 Leader: Graeme Hare
Norm Elder, Keith Garratt, Barbara Hare, Ian Dudding, Dick Brace,
David Brandon, Colin Ridding.

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APIAS CREEK - NEAR FOREST SERVICE HUT AT HUT RUIN (PIO PIO HUT)

No. 578

3rd-4th May.

We found the Ohara almost bridged, and it was no trouble at all to take our truck almost to Masters Hut. From here the party generally sorted itself into two groups. The steamers made the new hut in 5 hours whilst the puffers took 6½. Conditions higher up were rather cold and windy when out of the bush - with up in the clouds conditions for view.

Proteins and calories were now built up. Surpluses being disposed of in wood-chopping and trials of strength before retiring. All fitted in by two sleeping over the door. Sunday brought better conditions. Three of the party came back to Masters hut direct - $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours to the top of Golden Crown and 2 hours down the Crown. The remainder of the party took 2 hours to the turn off and then continued $\frac{1}{2}$ hour to 3 Fingers spur and followed it down to the head of the fingers and then descended to Masters Hut via Bobs Spur in $3\frac{1}{4}$ hours. The view from the Three Fingers was excellent considering the scattered high cloud about.

No. in party: 11 Leader: Dick Clark
Nancy Tanner, Keith Garratt, Nigel Thompson, Graeme Hare, Allan King, Raymond Lowe, Jim Glass, David Brandon, Richard Brace,
Mr. Brace.

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(The name Apias is derived from the first letters of the words Any Port In A Storm and was bestowed on this creek in the early days of the Club's history. - Ed.)

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BLOWHARD - LAWRENCE HUT

No. 579

18th May

Seventeen of us left Holts at 7.30am. in quite good weather. At Waikonini we picked up Peter Arthur. Before we reached the Blowhard turnoff it was drizzling with rain. There were two cars ahead of us when we arrived at 9.20. We set off along a good track which led up to open grassland making soft walking for a while, then down through the bush till we came to a small clearing where there is a small musterers hut. Autumn must be the time for basket fungus as we saw some fine specimens on the track down to Lawrence hut which we reached in 2 hours from the truck. We were met at the door of the hut with a greeting from Cyril and the offer of a nice hot cup of tea which went well. Lawrence is a very well appointed hut, with a large coconut matting covering the concrete floor, a mirror hanging on the wall, a meat mincer, besides numerous other kitchen utensils. There are 6 bunks with wire mattresses, a splendid fireplace, a radio, and a ladder to the top bunks, in fact most cosy and comfortable. We had a long and leisurely lunch, found the hut book shut away in a flat tin box, also a notice which reads: "1 Toilet for All Ranks".

After lunch we went exploring the Donald river for a track leading to the Black Birch. We followed the river up for 1 hour 20 mins. On the way we paused to watch a Tomtit and were followed by a number of Fantails. We found the track which takes off from the junction of the first stream on the right. We followed this for a short distance then found it was time to return to the hut, which we did in 50 minutes. We were so chilly from river crossing that we decided to boil up and so it was an hour later that we left for home. It took only $\frac{1}{2}$ hour longer to go out, and the last 20 minutes were in the dark, but in the end we lighted it with torches. We left on the last lap at 6.45 and arrived in Hastings at 8.15.

No. in party: 19

Leader: Edna Ansell

David Brandon, Nigel Thompson, Keith Garratt, Graeme Hare, Dick Brace, Peter Arthur, Colin Ridding, Dick Clark, Nancy Tanner, Sylvia Lee, Helen Williams, Pat Buchanan, Gayel Hulford, Elsa Swann, Barbara Hare, Barbara Drummond, Kerry Reidy, Jeremy Nash.

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NORTHERN TARARUA CROSSING

No. 580

31st May - 2nd June

Queen's Birthday:- Schormann Track - Harris Creek Hut - Tawhirikohukohu - out. It does not sound much but it involves quite a few hours tramping. This was our first visit to the Northern Tararuas - I would not like to say it will be our last, but it will take a lot of sunshine to make us forget the mist, wind and wet bush (mainly leatherwood and lawyer).

We left Hastings at 7pm. on Friday night in wind and cold and the weather forecast not encouraging. We got to Pahiatua about midnight and contacted Owen Brown, who was sensible enough not to come. From here Maury took us to the end of the Mangatainoka valley road where we made ourselves comfortable in the woolshed, while Maury drove back to Palmerston. By that time it was 2 am on Saturday morning. By 8 am we were away - no boil-up, no nothing. We left that for Putara hut, which we found after $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours tramp along a good track. Looking back we had a good view over the Mangatainoka valley. After a good boil-up we went on up to the tops where a strong wind and an approaching mist met us, making travelling along the tops very uncomfortable. After 1 hour we got to Ngapuketuru where we found the take-off to the Mangahao river. This is apparently an old track which took us a fair way down, but after a while we lost it and landed in Dicks creek, which brought us via a few waterfalls to the Mangahao river. By that time it was 6 pm and dark so there was no time to look around for Harris Creek hut. Camp was made, stew prepared and by 9 pm, horribly tired bods crawled into the sack. We had only had four hours sleep the previous night.

Sunday morning we got our bearings and realized we had come out of Dicks creek, found Harris creek and came to the conclusion that the Hut must be almost opposite our camp. So Cyril plunged into the river, waded across, disappeared in the bush and found the hut. We shifted camp and made ourselves at home. The boys decided to go downstream and have a look at the cage over the river, but the girls stayed in the hut recovering from the day before. The river is quite gorgy in places but the water is fairly slow running. Going down we followed a neglected sidling track. About 10 minutes above the cage we met 4 members of the Manawatu Tramping Club who were cutting the track. We asked them about Tawiri and they told us to go up Johnsons creek. We had a look at the cage, but it was no longer workable. Going back to the hut again we decided to do it the hard way. No sidling, just right through. On coming to the first gorge we took our clothes off, put them in our packs and in we went. I cannot describe on paper what happened, but everything inside seemed to double up. In one part I got in so deep that I felt my pack floating behind me. We got through all the gorges safely, put on our dry clothes and were back at the hut by 4 pm, where the girls had the stew going. The weather that day had been very kind - occasional sunshine and no wind. That night we turned in very early in preparation for a big day the next day.

On Monday there were low clouds and a strong wind. We left Harris hut at 8 am, down the Mangahao and up Johnsons creek, which was clear going up to the first waterfall. We had to sidle this which wasted much valuable time. Ten minutes later the same thing again and more time wasted. From here onwards it was a hard slog on to the Tawiri ridge. The last part was a killer. On top we were welcomed by a strong wind and thick mist. Behind us Johnsons creek, in front thick mist and a ridge which was supposed to bring us down to Waiti stream - but where?! After some

arguing, a little map reading and trying to peer through the mist and leather wood, we found the turn off, some blazes and old discs. From there on we took a compass bearing N.W. and followed the ridge down to the stream striking old blazes most of the way. The ridge was horribly overgrown with lawyer and bad wind-falls, but we made surprisingly good time, landing in the stream at 5 pm. It was now a race against fading light. Unfortunately we lost the trail and had to do the last part in the dark with torches. By 6.20 pm we got out on the road where Maury was waiting, and what a welcome sight it was too, having been on our feet since 8 am - with only a 20 minutes break. But we got across.

No. in party: 9

Leader: Philip Bayens

Edna Ansell, Barbara Hare, Graeme Hare, Nigel Thompson, Keith Garratt, Peter Anderson, Raymond Lowe, Cyril Hargreaves.

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TANGOIO - TE NGARU STREAM

No. 581

15th June

The day was indifferent with cloud and occasional drizzle but a fair party left Holts at 7.15 and gathered strength at Mangateretere and Georges Drive, Napier (both ends) until at Westshore we numbered 27. We headed into the Tangoio Reserve (White Pine Bush) about 9 and were soon out of the forest above it and heading more or less north. It was getting on for 11am when the party hit its first objective - the upper waters of the Te Ngaru stream. Here it was pointed out that some people had had no breakfast, so the wizards brought out pieces of rubber and candle. The wood was wet but soon two blazing fires were going and no paper had been used! This stop was made lunchtime and we set off down stream at noon.

All went well for an hour or so, but then we found ourselves in a rocky limestone gorge. By the time we had found our way through the rocks or sidled the gorge it was 5pm when we came out on the road, at a spot about 3 miles below the truck. Three harrier types ahead of the main group, had the truck back before the last two were out, and unloading operations were completed in Hastings at 7.15. Although the tramp turned out to be considerably more strenuous than had been anticipated, it was unanimously voted a most successful outing and an accessible spot which will probably be visited for a summer swimming and picnic party.

No. in party: 27

Leader: Hal Christian

Barbara Wallace, Susanne Neufeld, Nancy Tanner, Edna Ansell, Barbara Hare, Helen Williams, Pat Buchanan, Elsa Swann, Gayel Hulford, Sylvia Lee, Pat Bolt, Barbara Drummond, Helen Clark, Lillian & Jill Oswell, Raymond Lowe, Graeme Hare, Keith Garratt, Nigel Thompson, Rex Chaplin, Cyril Hargreaves, Norm Elder, Colin Ridding, Doc. McPherson, Jack Landman, Angus Russell.

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WAIPAWA SADDLE

No. 582

29th June

The Log Cabin via Te Iringa weekend trip fell through due to lack of support and transport. Instead two cars with six people went out to the Waipawa River. It was a perfect day with a very hard frost. The shingle on the river bed was frozen solid all day from above the Forks down to the Mill site as it gets no sun in mid-winter. We had lunch below the bush scramble and then continued up to the saddle. There was some snow and all the tussock and leatherwood etc. were encased in frozen snow, making good going. We hoped to get up to "67", but the shingle was set in ice and after about a hundred feet of so of step cutting by the ice-axed member of the party, we gave up and returned home.

Five keen climbing types spent the same day practising rope work on Te Mata Peak and got in some useful training.

Waipawa Saddle: Alan & Kath Berry, Barbara Hare, Elsa Swann, Suzanne Neufeld, Nancy Tanner.

Te Mata Peak: Phil Bayens, Graeme Hare, Cyril Hargreaves, Nigel Thompson, Keith Garratt.

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No. 583(A)

SLEDLEY
(Armstrong Saddle or "66")

13th July.

As there were good prospects for snow in the Ruahines it was decided to leave Smedley and the Wakararas for another day and to seek adventure elsewhere. The 26 probable starters dwindled to 19 - fortunately for the sake of comfort(?) on the truck no doubt. It was a cold and frosty morning with mist hanging about the tops of the Ruahines - not seen till later as we left Holts at 6.20 am. We compromised with the truck and left it about half way between Triplex creek and the Waipawa river. Five keen mountaineers set out with rope, ice axes, etc., to climb "66" via the eastern face. The other 14 cut across to Triplex creek and up to Shut-eye shack. The mist came down part of the way to meet us in the form of a light snowfall; but as there was no wind, conditions were pleasant. Early lunch at Shut-eye where there was about 4" of snow on the ground, then we donned longs and parkas and continued the ascent to Armstrong Saddle. It was good going on the ridge, but rather stumbly in the more sheltered parts. We continued to "62" and looked at the route leading down to the new hut in the upper Maropea, but didn't feel like tackling it under the conditions.

The intention was to return via the shingle slide beyond Buttercup Hollow, into the North Waipawa, and down the river. The four members of the party with ice axes probed the conditions and found a little snow on top of ice - very treacherous. Three continued on down and came out as planned, but the rest of us came

No. in party : 19 Leader: Nancy Tanner
Mountaineers: Alan Berry, Phil Bayens, Jack Landman, Jack van Bavel, Cyril Hargreaves. The Rest: Norm & Kath Elder, Alan King, David Brandon, Colin Ridding, John Millett, Russell Berry, Pat Bolt, Barbara Hare, Pat Buchanan, Gayel Hulford, Sylvia Lee, Helen Williams.

13th July.

The east face of Te Atuaoparapara has thrown out a challenge each one of the many times that I have passed up or down the Waipawa River beneath its shattered and forbidding battlements. This time however, we did not pass it by but turned up the first branch of the North Waipawa, pressing upwards through gathering mists and eddying snow flakes.

The stream bed, although bouldery and rather treacherous on account of ice, provided a perfect approach to the upper slopes. Our progress slowed abruptly however as we reached the bushline, the conditions we could look forward to meeting higher up becoming apparent as one after another we slithered and struggled on the ice which lay beneath powder snow, trying vainly to grip the surface with our rubbers. Never before have I struck similar conditions in the local ranges, the entire surface of the mountain being sheathed with ice, indicating that we were due for some interesting climbing before the day was out.

After a quick stand up lunch we roped and set off once more into the mists above, alternately plugging through crusting powder snow and hacking steps in the icy surface. A few hundred feet below the top the weather lifted and we were able to make out the parties on both Three Johns and Shuteye Ridge as rows of slowly moving dots - heading downwards while we had yet to reach our objective. A more liberal coating of snow made progress a little easier now and 3.30 saw us atop the snowy pyramid of "66" (5450'). The steep pitch down to "67" was unexpectedly hard, so the axes were soon singing their rhythmic song as they bit into the ice and snow. This three or four hundred feet step required continuous belaying and took all of an hour - an hour that we could ill afford so late in the day.

The long gully which usually affords an exhilarating glissade from near the top of "67" to below Waipawa Saddle was also iced up and provided plenty of thrills and spills before we made the bottom. Night closed in while we were still well up the River and the only torch in the party was but a dim glim by the time we reached the truck about 8 pm.

Net result - a first class climb that would give anyone a good workout for the Southern Alps; one member with his ribs

pierced by his ice axe (one stitch); another with his feet, sufficiently frostbitten to lose the nails - a fine trip!

Alan Berry, Jack Landman, Cyril Hargreaves, Jack van Bavel, Philip Bayens.

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SHUT-HYE - ARMSTRONG SADDLE

No. 584

27th July.

Advancing our starting time from the usual 6 o'clock to 5 o'clock got us out to Triplex Creek shortly after day-break. One brief glimpse of the top of "66" when we left the truck was the only time we saw it all day. Up the ridge was just the same old plod especially for those who had been up it only a fortnight before. It wasn't till we were just below the hut that we encountered the first of the wet snow hanging on every branch and falling off at the slightest touch. One thoughtful member of the party had carried a little dry wood, so we had a fire going in next to no time when we reached the hut. We were in the middle of lunch when a deerstalker arrived. We fortified him with cocoa in return for which he plugged steps for us in the soft snow up on to the top of "62". Once there we decided we just had time to try and find the new hut in the upper Maropea. Under the guidance of our deerstalker friend who had been to the hut before, 12 of the party set off down the spur which leads west of "62". The other three stayed behind and played around on the scree slopes on the east face. After half an hour, the last part bashing through snow covered scrub and stunted beech, the main party caught a glimpse of the new hut about a hundred feet below. As time was pressing they turned round and beat a retreat up on to the tops again. The track down the spur was very greasy by now, but after much slipping and sliding we got down to Triplex creek. It was just turning dark as the last of the party arrived back at the truck after another long and enjoyable day in the hills.

No. in party: 15

Leader: Jim Glass

Dick Clark, Keith Garratt, Nigel Thompson, Richard Brace, David Brandon, Rex Chaplin, Elsa Swann, Graeme & Barbara Hare, Helen Williams, Pat Buchanan, Sylvia Lee, Nancy Tanner, Isabel Plummer.

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POTATO WORKING PARTY

No. in party : 15. Alan Berry, Graeme & Barbara Hare, Pat Bolt, Janet Lloyd, Nancy Tanner, Roger Boshier, Alan King, Keith Garratt, Nigel Thompson, Richard Brace, Dick Clark, Graham Snaddon, Raymond Lowe.

Resulting financial gain:- £14. 0. 0

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P R I V A T E T R I P SALPINE INSTRUCTION COURSE ON RUAPEHU

Easter

During our Easter holiday two of us attended the course of alpine instruction which was held on Mount Ruapehu. After a journey to Foxton on a small motor-bike with a mountain of gear, we were picked up by Paul Wheeler and John Matthews from Lower Hutt in their Willys van and arrived at the motor camp near the Chateau at 3.30 on Friday. Next morning found us again in the van, winding our way up to the road end, where we took to 'Shanks pony' and proceeded up to the hut of the Tararua Tramping Club, where we installed ourselves. A walk in the afternoon brought us to a bunch of hardy enthusiastic rock climbers. On a steep face, exposed to the bitter, sleet laden wind, hung a solitary climber supported by a series of rock pitons, carabinas and a nylon rope. Unfortunately the cold, and the fact that one of his pitons was slowly going through a state of binary fission, forced our frozen specimen to call it a day. Hal and I got stiff necks, frozen arms and legs, and decided it had been an enjoyable afternoon - perverted pleasure.

The following day the party of fifty trekked up the mountain, selected a handy crevasse and received instruction in the use of the prussic sling to extricate bodies from crevasses. Amid much slow, confusing gyrating calls of "up one - up two - up one etc.," each one was thankfully dragged over the lip of the crevasse like a puffing monster from the deep sea world.

At about two o'clock Hal and I set out for the summit, Tahurangi 9175 ft but were beaten to it by a huge bank of mist. A high wind loaded the dice further, and a discreet decision to retreat followed.

The next morning, rock climbing was the order of the day and selecting the beginners' course, we spent a profitable morning gaily leaping off into space screaming "Hold it" or often merely a noise, and hoping that the fellow up top would do his stuff. That we are both still around suggests the success of our belaying prowess.

Following this instruction Hal and I started the long grind up Paratetaitonga 9025 ft. A pause to don clothing on the summit and we were on our way, cutting steps down into the crater basin, from which we could make our second bid for the summit. This time the weather was fine and in the solitude of the evening we reached 9175 ft, the top. As the setting sun turned the snow crimson we trudged down the glacier to a welcome meal.

The next day we spent an easy morning then packed and left the Chateau by 2.30 p.m. We arrived in Hastings at 2.30 a.m. and crawled thankfully into bed, after an instructive and really enjoyable trip.

G. Snadden

MANGAHOANE (WELLINGTON BOT. SOC.)

Easter

The Reporoa Bog and the tarns below Rakaunui a Kura are of special interest to botanists as they carry an unusual variety of plants (Tony Druce has listed 550 for the whole area) and quite a number of these were previously only known to occur on "the mainland". The party, 30 strong, was a pot-pourri of children, varsity students, trampers and botanists, better described perhaps as a horde.

However, half the varsity mob took off smartly for Ruahine corner Hut and appear to have confined their biology to the study of roaring stags. The rest of us spent the night on a cramped flat up the Otorene stream and between children getting underfoot, students nattering, and occasional bods falling into an under-runner it was a lively evening.

Next morning, we spent round the tarns, mostly on all fours, then went over to the bush edge and followed it to the Ruahine Corner Hut which has been rebuilt and resited.

Sunday started rather before dawn with a riotous Easter egg hunt. Another day on all fours across the Reporoa Bog was scheduled, but four of us took off up Rakaunui a Kura to take photographs and have a look at the Otorere valley. As we were to meet at a hut site below Aorangi for the night, we made a bee line for it across the Titapu Range, rather than go round by the bog. Where the mustering track sidles the cliffs of the Reporoa stream there was no sign of the horde having passed. (actually they had camped short of the rendezvous within a few hundred yards of our position) We decided to push on ourselves and found a well-used track but this suddenly turned sharply down to the main stream with a dirty-looking gully between us and our destination. So we followed the track and came to a fly-camp on the Reporoa stream. But what a fly-camp! I hesitate to describe it. Camp beds, a dressing table and a carpet on the floor, easy chairs, and a sink and a wireless in the front room. Even a shower room and chromium fittings in the whare-iti. We decided unanimously to stop for the night. At nightfall three Wellington shooters came in and we got the whole story. This is one of a chain of shooting camps organised for the benefit of American tourists who are prepared to rough it. Guides and bottlewashers are supplied by the management and there is of course a landrover track, not quite to the door,

but within 50 yards. After a night of luxury we followed this track out to the homestead, thereby gaining a couple of hours on the main party who had followed the old route out.

N.I.E.

MANGATUATOU

11th - 14th April

This was a call at short notice to join a party investigating a valley in the Southern Ruahines for opossum poisoning trials. Unfortunately the opossums having eaten the valley out had vanished, which spoilt it for trials, but made it interesting from the point of view of regeneration. Spent a couple of interesting days going up test trap-lines and poking about, part of the time in supplejack. We were based in the new shearers whare at the head of the Opawe Road, the last word in back blocks luxury.

N. Elder

A SPOT OF SPELEOLOGY

22nd May

While staying with a friend at Huntly I had a rather unexpected opportunity to visit some limestone caves in the vicinity. Gordon and I set off from his home at 4 p.m. for the 12 mile drive towards the west where at an indeterminate place called Nieke the cave is situated. In the brief half hour before we left home we made the usual dozen or so return trips to the house to pick up various essential items such as spare clothing, torch, biscuits etc.,. Not being an expert caver I wanted to take string or chalk to be sure of meeting the daylight again. However the bit of string I did get was handy for attaching my torch to my strides. Gordon, in true cave exploring style, had borrowed a carbide lamp and miner's helmet outfit. The lamp gives a much better light than the bicycle torch but is used to detect foul air, actually.

4 p.m. was really rather late to start out on an expedition but we figured that once inside the cave, the gloom outside would be of no consequence. We descended ^{into the} depths at 5.30 and appeared again after one or two semi-anxious moments, an hour later. About 4 chains was the distance we climbed inwards and upwards, a tributary flowing in from the right being followed two chains in. These caves are not, as will be gathered, exploited for commercial use. Consequently it may be possible for people to lose themselves under ground as some have done in the caves near Hamilton. However, we had quite a strong stream to follow and this should enable a party to flounder out even in total darkness. We were able to see up to 50 feet ahead at a time. The depth of the cavern was as much as 20 feet or so and as little as 3 or 4 feet, above water anyway. However, the stream had

usually left limestone ledges at convenient distances apart for easy climbing. There were a few clusters of tiny stalactites about 6 inches long where the ceiling was moist, although we didn't get as far as one of the major show places. I did have time to examine several of the many glow worms which glistened in spasmodic clusters above us. The "worm" is the larval form of one of the flying insects and has about 50 "fishing lines" up to 6 inches long hanging down below its "nest". These lines glisten with sticky drops which trap flying insects, possibly the "worms" own parents! Huntly has a club in process of formation and the prerequisite for borrowing gear like carbide lights is 100 hours underground. The carbide gave trouble and when two thirds of a box of matches had been expended in relighting it I judged that it was time to escape from this restrictive environment. Gordon was reluctant to retrace our steps - there being of course better sights ahead, the Mud Pool, for instance, but his boots and his sandshoes on my feet, were soaked with climbing through a final stretch of water. At that moment however the carbide finally gave out, and we got out in double quick time using the light from a new battery which we had fortunately obtained - on credit - as we passed through Huntly township. In all an unusual experience even for a trumper, but one which I hope to repeat.

Hal Christian

WE DIDN'T CLIMB TE HEKENG

May

The first Saturday of the May school holidays saw a party of three heading for Tin Hut II in the Pohangina saddle. This tremendous trio comprised Roger Boshier, Hugh McPherson, Graham Snadden. We had just thankfully dragged ourselves into the hut when the weather broke and heavy rain set in. During the night this turned to snow and we fell asleep to the gentle hiss of snow on the roof. I might add we were the first H.T.C. members to sleep in the new hut. The next day, on Sunday, it was impossible to leave the hut. Temperatures were low, snow and rain obscured vision, in one word it was lousy. The day was spent in sleeping bags. The chimney wasn't percolating, so we had the happy alternative of warmth and smoke or cold and the ability to breathe. We chose the latter. The next day showed promise and we set out for Howlett's Hut. By the time we reached Otumore visibility was about fifty yards and after we had descended into the saddle to find that it wasn't the saddle, a game of hide-and-seek between us and the saddle ensued. I don't know if the saddle enjoyed the game but we couldn't quite see where the fun lay. Eventually, having crossed the elusive saddle, we proceeded along the ridge towards Howlett's. Tramping happily along "towards Howletts" we found a set of foot prints apparently returning from Howlett's - ours. With map and compass we soon found that at the time of finding the prints we were blithely returning

the way we had come. We put this minor fault right by doing an about turn and continuing by compass bearing 45° North. We reached Howlett's safe, sound, wet, and very glad to see that hideous orange colour loom up out of the "soup". We had allowed two days for bad weather but in May we recommend that you count on being three or four days hutbound for every one tramping. To tell the truth what we're going to do next time is - not go up in May. For those who do we have included a list of tried pastimes to while away three days of misty weather:-

Wood chopping - very handy for the next party; discing of hut approaches if deceptive - we did the top of daphne - also very handy for the next party; singing - rock-n-roll only; run your own "Its in the bag contest, but we couldn't answer our own questions so gave that up; a few hours were spent in "knotting sessions" and all present learned some new knots; cooking competitions are recommended as long as an impartial judge is appointed. Yarn sessions, drying socks, and speculating how to spend the day just in case it cleared, all had a place in the days activities. So came Thursday, our last day, the time, 2 a.m. the temperature in the hut -2° (there's a thermometer in Howlett's) and it's a starlit night. After a brew and packing of packs, we started for Tiraha. When dawn broke we reached the top, but with the sun's arrival, down came the mist so we didn't even see Te Hekenga, which had been our main objective. On the descent, we experienced success, lack of success, thrills and spills, and a couple of frights during some belaying practice. The weather was cracking up so we hastened down Daphne, down the Tukituki to Farm Mill where we were greeted by soup, snailers, and scones - also Hugh's brother and his wife. So ended six days in the Ruahines. The same gang hope to crack Te Hekenga next time. The weather throughout was disgusting and we have never been on such a lousy trip that we have enjoyed so thoroughly.

G. Snadden

KAWHATAU AND HIKURANGI RANGE

25th - 27th May

Early on Sunday we set off from Triplex Creek hoping to reach the Kawhatau Valley by nightfall. Forty minutes walk took us to the Waipawa river, and after another three and a half hours we reached Waikamaka Hut. The weather was deteriorating and after a quick lunch we rather unwillingly left the hut and pushed on up the side creek which took us to Rangi saddle. We did not stay here long as the weather was rather unpleasant, with a strong wind driving hail across the saddle. We dropped down to Rangi creek and followed down this to the Kawhatau river. We located the cullers' fly camp in Waterfall creek and spent a comfortable night there. Next morning we started up the ridge which takes off almost opposite Waterfall creek and after three hours hard climb got on to the main Hikurangi Range at a height of 5,335ft.

We travelled along the tops to Mangaweka where we had an excellent view, the weather on this day being very clear. We carried on to Hikurangi and then back to the camp via the creek which takes off from the saddle to the south of Hikurangi. On the following day we set off on the trip out in bad weather. We had lunch at Waikamaka Hut and then had a fast trip down to the mill.

Graeme Hare, Nigel Thompson, Keith Garratt

MAKAHU HUT - CAIRN

14th - 15th June

At 8.15 a.m. on Saturday a party of five set out for Makahu Hut. We reached Puketitiri at 10 a.m. and changed course for Whittle's farm, arriving there at 10.15 a.m. 15 minutes later the party was ready to go. The three club members and two others reached the hut 3½ hours later where they spent the night with two deer cullers. 10 a.m. Sunday found two club members making for the Cairn which we reached after a non-stop hour and a quarter. Here snow balls went flying through the air. At noon we took a rain gauge reading and set out for the van in rain. We arrived home at 6.30. We did some discing in the bush around Whittle's clearing.

No. in party 5

Allan King, David Brandon, Richard Brace, Trevor Brace, Brian Heffernan.

KAWKA HUT - CAIRN

21st - 22nd June

We reached the pine tree on the Taihape Road at about 10.15 and we 5 H.T.C. members + 11 Boys' Brigade and Zig Ratuszny (Napier) took off for Kaweka Hut. 2½ hours saw the last of the party safely there after two of the smaller boys had assistance with their packs up out of the Tutaekuri river. At 2.30 p.m. 6 of us went up to the Tits, had a good view from above the mist and cloud, made several attempts to climb Cook's Horn and were back within 2 hours.

The next morning we were away at 6.30 a.m. and arrived at the Tits at dawn. At Kaiarahi the 4 Boys' Brigade who had come with us turned back to the hut. We continued on through Studholmes saddle arriving at the Cairn at 10 a.m. We stayed there for a while out of the strong cold wind that had persisted since dawn and then headed back after collecting the piece of rag that had been left there for us by a party of the previous week. We by-passed Studholmes saddle on our return and dropped down to the new Forestry bivvy below the saddle for lunch. After an hours break we climbed straight up on to Kaiarahi and then on to the Tits. Four of us continued on down to the hut followed by

Dick and Cyril who climbed Cook's Horn in their socks on the way. The Boys' Brigade had departed for the road after having spent a happy day exploring the Cook's Horn basin. We followed them out and the party arrived back home at the respectable hour of 7 p.m. after a very enjoyable trip.

No. in party 17.

Nigel Thompson, Dick Clarke, Graeme Hare, Cyril Hargreaves, Keith Garratt, Zigmund Ratuszny (Napier) and 11 members of the Taradale Boys' Brigade

EAST FACE OF 66

Leaving town at 4 a.m. we were ready to start up the Waipawa river at dawn. On reaching the forks we decided to take the right hand fork instead of the left branch. After following the river for a time we took to a densely covered leatherwood spur but lunchtime found us directly under 66. During lunch we surveyed the mass of forbidding rock and snow, planning possible routes up. After donning crampons and roping up we started up the face at 1.30 and after some careful rock climbing we found ourselves on some steep snow. After pulling ourselves over a small cornice a few steps took us to the summit where we were greeted by superb views of Ruapehu, Egmont and the Hawke's Bay range. A quick trip into the saddle, too quick for Pete who went for a slide on some ice and a rapid journey down the river brought us back to the car by 7.00 after an excellent trip.

It is interesting to find that in the Ruahines there is an area approaching alpine standard within the scope of an early starting day party.

Roger Boshier, Pete Anderson, Graham Snadden

KAWEKA HUT AND COOK'S HORN

After a punctual 3 o'clock start the party of seven arrived at Swamp Cottage an hour and a half later. At 7.50 a.m. we arrived at Kaweka Hut after a moonlight trip. A quick snack and we were heading for the tops where we found a good glissading spot on the southern slopes of one of the "Tits". A steep gully of hard snow provided plenty of practice in stopping a slide for those with axes. On another slope we spent 2½ hours in glissading competitions, admiring the views and conducting experiments with orange cordial in snow.

The sun appeared as we headed for Cook's Horn where we found the side opposite the Kaweka Hut a mass of thick hard ice.

We later reached the top by a nice rock climb up the rock wall directly facing the ridge by which one approaches the Horn. This climb was made by three of the party. It would be much appreciated by three hard up members if someone who is in the vicinity in the near future would recover a nylon rope left on the top of Cock's Horn and return same to its owner.

After a short snow fall we cut steps down the scree and thence back to the hut. During this descent we saw a magnificent iced up waterfall.

Dusk saw us back at the car after a thoroughly enjoyable trip. The long day above the snow line was achieved by a punctual early start.

H.T.C. members: Pete Anderson, Roger Boshier, Graham Snadden
High School Boys: Mike Stewart, John Bixley, John Thompson, Brian Andrews.

(The rope has been retrieved - Ed.)

FORESTRY TRIPS

6th May Makahut Hut: Visitors to the Forestry Conference in Napier were to be shown some of the Kaweka problems, but a leisurely itinerary was impossible with a high wind and showers of rain and hail. Made the hut in the remarkable time of 3 hours dead with a not very fit party of 14. Some rude remarks about rough trampers' tracks.

7th May Wharite: A quick dash up the track to give one of the departing visitors an eyeful of opossum damage.

20th-22nd June Makahu Hut: Three days of fine weather mapping a couple of deer-proof enclosures in the bush, also some track straightening. Saw a sparrow hawk and heard (more doubtfully) Kiwi, and (equally doubtfully) a jap deer.

24th July Opawe: A short run up the track to a little short of our previous camp, looking, without much success, for sites for deer and goat-proof enclosures.

27th July Waikanae: A perfect day looking down on the Horowhenua coast, Kapiti and across the straits to the South Island. Sealed road to bush edge then 7 hours of supplejack, kohekohe, rata etc. on to ridge and knob at 1700ft then down another spur. Navigation complicated but successful.

N.L.E.

WANTED:

A spare coloured slide of the Club's float "Antarctica" or one for a copy. Please contact Pat Bolt.

FROSTBITE

FROSTBITE: "The inflamed or gangrenous condition of the skin and adjacent parts produced by exposure to severe cold." - Oxford Dictionary.

The recent misfortune of a member who was sufficiently affected to be in danger of losing his toenails has brought home to us the fact that the danger of frostbite is always present in winter tramping. It is therefore as well that we should all make ourselves aware of the causes of this extremely painful and at times crippling affliction that can creep so insidiously upon the climber or tardy trampler in the snow.

CAUSES: The body tissues are of course composed largely of water, which will freeze in the same way as any other liquid when exposed to severe cold. To prevent such freezing, warmth must be supplied to the parts exposed to the snow or wind from within the body and it is therefore essential that the circulation of the warmth-bearing blood to these parts must at all times be maintained.

DETECTION: Never having been smitten, I cannot explain just what it is like to be frostbitten, and the descriptions of its onset in others are rather vague and contradictory. However, the first effect of cold is upon the nerve endings rather than the flesh itself - your foot goes numb, merely because the nerves are frozen and no longer capable of transmitting sensations. No matter that your foot aches from the cold - it is a sure sign that it is not frostbitten. Just when the flesh starts to freeze is very difficult to judge, but if you are unable to feel at all the pressure of the ice-axe spike pressed heavily on your boot it is a sign that all is not well. If you even suspect that you are becoming frostbitten, tell the leader, as so often he does not appreciate the problems of those behind him as he plugs trail or cuts steps.

PREVENTION: Clothing. The feet are the most likely part of the body to be affected and at least two pairs of woollen socks should be worn. If preliminary river wading is necessary, socks should be changed when this is completed. Some prefer to do their river work in sandshoes in order that the boots may be kept dry, but when boots are worn in the river, they should be thoroughly waterproofed to prevent saturation and later freezing. Good quality woollen gloves are essential, and if possible a waterproof pair of mittens for use over the gloves in snow should be carried. Puttees should be worn to keep snow out of the boots, but not so tightly as to restrict the circulation.

Exercise. Once any part of the body does become cold, however, the only practicable way of restoring the circulation when in the field is by exercise. Any exercise, not necessarily involving the movements of the parts affected, will stir up the circulation. If possible, the lead should be alternated between

the first and last men on the rope, as the effort involved in step cutting or plugging steps is an effective way of chasing out the cold. While forced to stand in one place for a time, try wriggling your toes, shaking your legs vigorously (one at a time) and slapping your arms around the body. Keeping warm requires a tremendous effort of will power, particularly when tired - it is so easy to just not bother.

Commonsense. In conditions of severe cold, stay in the hut. Bad weather will particularly affect the hands, while heavy winds soon also freeze exposed parts of the face. If bad weather threatens, don extra clothing before it strikes and make every effort to find a sheltered spot out of the wind.

Another form of mild frostbite results in the deadening of the nerves in the parts affected. It is not unusual to lose the sensation of a finger or toe for some weeks after exposure to severe cold, but time seems to heal any damage that may have been done.

A.V.B.

ACCIDENT REPORTS

from F.M.C. Bulletin

Non-fatal Accident, Mt. Egmont, January 1957.

An inexperienced party of nine set out to climb the Shark's Tooth, leaving the Stratford Mountain House late in the morning. They were advised of the extensive areas of hard snow higher on the mountain and warned that skill in snowcraft was essential for safe climbing in the conditions prevailing. The leader claimed that he was possessed of this skill. Late in the afternoon, some of the party slipped near the summit of the Shark's Tooth, and sustained lacerations and bruises. The information available suggests that they were glissading on hard snow at the time of the fall.

COMMENTS:

1. This inexperienced party ignored the advice given to them, and the accident was the direct result of their failure to take proper precautions.

2. "Above all the leader should have a profound respect for the mountains and their dangers". (Safety in the Mountains, 1954, page 8.)

3. A party should always be roped on a snow slope as a slip could result in an injury.

4. Although no serious injuries were actually sustained in this case, a serious accident could easily have occurred. Rescue parties were called out because of circumstances which should not have been allowed to occur.

Disappearance of Egon Lehner on Mt. Ruapehu, Easter 1957.

On April 20. 1957, two parties, each of four immigrants from Austria, set out from Salt Hut to climb Mt Ruapehu. They

followed the tractor track to Hut Flat and then went up the western ridge above Tararua Hut towards the Delta. On the crest of the ridge below Alpine Hut, about 7 am., Egon Lehner, one of the less experienced climbers, said he was tired and would return to Salt Hut. He was left resting by the others and was not seen again. The weather deteriorated later and the rest of the party turned back from the col above the glacier about 8.30am, returning to Salt Hut by 11 am.

Despite extensive searching, a body was not found and it is not known if Lehner did in fact attempt to return or after a rest he set out to overtake the rest of the party.

COMMENTS:

1. It is unwise to tramp or climb alone. (Safety in the Mountains, 1954, page 9.)
2. In bad weather above the bush line keep together at all costs. (Safety in the Mountains, 1954, page 20.)
3. If a mountain traveller must move alone, he should adhere to his prearranged plans. Failure to do so intensifies the difficulties of the search if he has an accident.

Accident on the Sealy Range, December 1957.

On December 31, 1957, two parties set out from the Mueller Hut to attempt Mt Sealy. When traversing the western slopes below Mt Kitchener, toward the Annette Plateau, the party comprising two Australians without previous alpine experience, had worked too high and about 6.30 am., decided to come down and follow the better line of the other party. The snow was frozen hard and in good condition for crampons, but the Australian party were not wearing crampons and were unroped. They lay on their stomachs head down, and slid on the snow toward the other party 300 feet below. One of them, David John Hodgeson, lost his ice axe half-way and continued to slide till he disappeared over a bluff. When his body was found just above the Mueller Glacier later in the day, the injuries indicated that he was killed in the fall.

COMMENTS:

1. It is highly dangerous to glissade on hard frozen snow. Glissading is a useful and delightful technique for descending rapidly but only on snow superficially softened by thaw.
 2. "Novices should not ... glissade except in the safest places. Always be certain that a slope has not ice or bluffs on it before beginning to glissade ... If in doubt as to the speed at which the glissade will be made, securely anchor one man while he tries out the snow." (Safety in the Mountains, 1954, page 42.)
 3. In checking a slide on frozen snow, a gradual rotation of the pick of the ice axe into the snow with the head of the axe held tightly in both hands minimises the risk of the axe being torn from the grasp.
 4. This accident is basically due to lack of alpine knowledge and experience.
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CLUB EVENINGS

Kapiti has been a topic of great interest to us recently as the club went there for its Easter trip. Before we went Dr. Bathgate gave us a talk on its history and after our return Norm entertained us with personal reminiscences of local characters, etc. Dr. Bathgate also showed us slides of N.Z. birds.

Mr. Brace showed us a film he had taken during a caravan tour of the South Island.

There have been various slides of local tramps and Mr. McLellan recently showed us some striking pictures he had taken on his trip to England.

ORANGE BREAD

This recipe is published by request as someone had some orange bread out on a tramp the other day and everybody liked it. It was sent to Hastings in the first place by a member of the H.T.C. who got it from an American Tea Shop on Waikiki Island:-

1 cup fresh orange peel cut into strips or grated.

1 cup sugar.

Put orange peel into suitable saucepan. Cover with water and boil until tender. Add sugar, boil to medium syrup.

Sift together: 4 cups flour

6 level teaspoons double acting baking powder

$\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon salt.

Cream together: 1 tablespoonful butter

2 eggs

$\frac{3}{4}$ cup sugar

2 cups milk

Add milk and sifted dry ingredients to creamed mixture. Beat in electric mixer, medium speed, for four minutes. Remove from mixer, add cooked and cooled orange peel. Finish beating by hand with spoon for one minute more. Turn into two buttered pound cake pans. Bake at 350 degrees 40 - 50 minutes.

This bread can be made with lemons instead of oranges; currants and sultanas can be added if desired.

SOCIAL NEWS

Birth: To Audrey and John Groome a daughter.

GEAR

The Committee consider that in view of wear and tear, people borrowing gear from club members should pay regular hire rates to the owners, i.e. 2/6 per item per day
4/- per item per weekend.

CENTENNIAL ASCENT OF MT. FAIRWEATHER.

Vancouver, B.C.
15th June 1958.

Hello Norm,

The time is now 11.30 pm, I have to be up at 5 am. and I have not had more than about four hours' sleep each night for the last week or so. Sure will be glad to get away on this trip to Fairweather. We leave tomorrow from Vancouver in an Airforce Canso which will fly us the 875 miles north to Juneau and Lituya Bay. It is expected that the pack in to Base camp will take about three days, providing the weather is reasonable. Base is at 5,000 ft. where we will receive an airdrop of about 700 lb, mainly food with some equipment. From there two camps should see us to the summit, which has been reached once before by an American party in 1931. The sooner this Centennial peak is climbed the sooner we can look at two very nice unclimbed peaks of the 13,000 ft. order, in the same area. Technically I feel sure that we can climb this Mt. Fairweather (15,300') but the deciding factor will be the weather which is notoriously bad, being right on the Pacific coast.

Our equipment is mostly standard type but, of course, first quality. Boots have been the worrying item and I made a trip to Seattle last Thursday to pick them up only to find that the Italian type on which we were decided, out of stock. Panic stations! However I took it on myself to purchase five pair of Rieker climbing boots at half as much again as the Italians. Nobody had a leg to stand on when I presented the bill because we just had to have boots and these were the only suitable ones available. Beautiful boots! (\$ 27.50). Incidentally the trip is financed by the Centennial Committee to the extent of \$2,000.

Prize possession to date is a warm parka of nylon with Terylene filling - really wonderful. Tents are worth mentioning being high altitude type and made of Element cloth which is the U.S. equivalent of Ventile. They are of A frame tent pole type, with funnel entrance and sewn in floor.

We now have two T.V. photographers going along on the trip, one of whom is a New Zealander, Kelly Duncan from Chch and it has been my task during the week to put them through a rapid get-fit course. They survived and I felt exhausted but pleased to see some results for it. Most of us will be more than glad to get away tomorrow for things have moved at a terrific pace due to a typical North American publicity campaign which is rapidly producing an Everest atmosphere. Being unemployed, it has been my lot to do most of the radio and T.V. interviews and when I said to Paddy, "I suppose someone has to make a fool of themselves!" he replied, "Yes, but do it with dignity"...

Did not meet George Lowe as I guess he was sunning himself on the beach while I worked my feet off delivering soap samples. Don't think I told you about that deal. Anyway it was good training and I now have a comprehensive knowledge of both Vancouver's streets and its canine population.

Very pleased to learn that the club is extending activities and rushing madly about the hills. It is a wonderful N.Z. custom which is rapidly becoming part of our heritage.

Regards to all,

WALLY.

July 16th 1958.

Dear Norman,

Well, the climbing is all over and the last T.V. interview completed; we have had our brief moment of publicity which is soon forgotten and we still have our memories of those days in the hills which will never be lost.

Personally, the trip was a success. We seemed to have unlimited fine weather, plenty of food and for the first time (speaking for myself) a comfortable feeling of security with radio, doctor and ski-plane available.

The R.C.A.F. Canso flew us to Juneau and Gustavus on June 16th and set us down in Lituya Bay the following morning. A radio station was established and manned there by two members of the Radio Amateurs Association. From Lituya we commenced our three day pack in to a Base Camp airdrop at 3,500 ft. on the Fairweather Glacier. Due to an unusually light snowfall in Alaska the Glacier was excessively broken with numerous hidden crevasses in the upper portion.

On the morning of the 23rd, Fips Broda, Paul Binkert, Joe Hutton and myself left from Base to put in a camp on the upper glacier and prospect a route up the rock bluffs leading to our climbing ridge on Fairweather. This camp was at an altitude of approximately 5,000' and the following morning we packed up to a high camp at 9,400'; quite the most dramatic campsite I have had. It commenced snowing at about 9 pm. so we spent some three hours building a site on a tiny rock ledge by cutting into the snow slope and fashioning a rock wall to prevent everything from taking off for glacier slopes below. The 25th found us a foot deep in new snow and other than nature calls little activity was noted. Joe's copy of Four Shakespearian Tragedies was dismantled and re-erected in four separate books. The Battlement scene from Macbeth fairly dripped with atmosphere under these conditions. Up at 5.30 am. on 26th to a beautiful day and away by 8.30 to commence our climb literally from the back door on to a 50-degree slope. To this camp had been mainly rock work, but above, the crampons were never off. At 5.30 pm. we were on the shoulder of the mountain at an altitude of 14,200' having made this height on exposed but not too technically difficult snow and ice. At this stage a local blizzard developed, but expecting to be on top around 7.30 pm. we continued along a relatively level half mile (in actual fact we lost some 300 ft.).

It was then that we rubbed our noses on a 150 ft. ice wall but with the aid of a piton or two and quite a bit of damned hard work we surmounted this to reach the summit at 9.45 pm. Don't worry about the lateness of this hour because on the snow, Alaska's night is but a twilight lasting from about midnight to 2 am. It was miserably cold on top. I ran off the required movie footage, a round of 35 mm. and we departed with frozen boots for more habitable surroundings. Back in camp at 3.15 am. on the 27th to find the second party of four in residence. They departed for their climb, we climbed into the sack for a few hours then descended to Base and all its glorious, idle luxuries.

A few days during which we did all the things that one does after a long climb and having seen the Movie boys off by way of a tiny ski-plane that landed on the lower glacier, we moved to climbing camp at 5,500' on the upper glacier. At 5 am. on the 3rd July Fips and I were away to commence our climb of a 10,400 ft. unclimbed peak while the others headed for Lituya (11,700') also unclimbed. Our peak was a magnificent 5,000 ft. of arête ridge, exposure and ice walls which maintained a continual physical and mental interest for the 12 hours that it required. Due to deteriorating snow conditions we traversed the mountain to arrive back at camp at 3 am. after 22 hours of exciting climbing. Fips, by the way, is an ex-German mountain Regiment officer and a competent climber. We decided to name the peak Sabine after his little girl but of course this is subject to confirmation by the Geographic Board.

Joe Hutton and myself later had time to climb a 7,000 ft. peak - an interesting little climb - before going out. The scale of this country leaves me breathless and to attempt to describe it would take more space than I have available. On the Pacific coast lies an extent of terribly broken glaciers that descend right down and into the sea from peaks ranging up to an average of 13,000'

just a panorama of unclimbed mountains as far north, south and east as one can see. The Ganso arrived at Lituya unexpectedly on the evening of the 9th which saved us getting more than our feet wet. One hour and forty-five minutes after our departure a severe earthquake tumbled hundreds of tons of ice into the bay to create a 50-ft. wall of water which swept its length and hurled two fishing boats out over the reef into open sea.

Best of luck to all.

WALLY.

Mt. Fairweather, British Columbia's highest peak, is a coastal mountain, so that you have to climb every one of its 15,300 feet. Also, being situated on the B.C. - Alaska border, it is ice-clad from sea level to summit. Two Americans climbed it in 1931, but no Canadians had been successful. The B.C. Centennial Committee sponsored an expedition as one of their celebration projects. The party of eight, led by Paddy Sherman, were chosen from the Vancouver section of the Alpine Club of Canada and from the B.C. mountaineering Club.

After their success on Mt. Fairweather the party were settling down nicely to a few first ascents as Wally relates. Pam Hansen (née Dyson), an I.T.C. member now living on Vancouver Island, supplies us with a few more details of the party's fortunate escape from the terrific earthquake that had its centre in the Mt. Fairweather region:-

.... "It seems their plans for further exploration were cut due to bad weather although they had not intended coming back quite so soon. The plane that went up to get them touched down just as they were beginning to tuck into lunch and reported a storm coming and refused to stay - either they leave statim or wait until the weather changed for the better, and another plane. After a hurried debate lunch was left and they all took off in the plane. About an hour later the 'quake vent its feelings far and wide and a tidal wave swept the area they had just quitted. I imagine they all blessed the storm that had ruined their plans to continue for if they hadn't had that they would surely not be with us now."...

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P E R U G I A.

7th May 1958.

.... Had a lovely tramp on May 1st (holiday in Italy) with a German and we went up Mt. Tezco, about 3,000'. A four mile road walk to begin with and then up a very well graded zig-zag to the top - wonderful view - but of special interest for the fossilised remains of animals of Dinosaur age, everywhere on the mountain. This mountain is unique in Italy I understand.

Came back another way - across country, which means through vineyards and olive groves (public paths) past farm houses and all their paraphernalia of ducklings and chickens and goslings and puppies and turkeys and kittens - you never saw such a mixup, but all the contadini so friendly and such a lovely day. But my German friend leaves at the end of the week alas, and no one else seems interested.

Every Sunday we go on a trip by bus, sightseeing to one or more of the many famous places around. The Professor of Art comes too and gives talks on all pictures, frescoes, architecture etc. which we meet on our travels. The 'Varsity treats the students very well, always giving every opportunity to see Festas, Processions etc. that may be taking place in and around Perugia. We have been into Tuscany twice already, Cortona one Sunday and last Sunday to Arezzo. I am seeing all I can see this term so that perhaps I can get some walking in these wonderful hills later on. The extent of leg stretching that anyone likes to do apparently here, is to take the evening stroll along Corso Vanucci - the main

street of Perugia - back and forth in hundreds. The street is closed to traffic for this purpose, but as for walking in the country - they nearly faint at the idea!

MOLLY.

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N O R W A Y.

Oslo, 13/7/58.

Norway is a lovely country, and most expensive in film. We crossed from Newcastle to Bergen on Monday 7th, arriving at Bergen 4 pm. 8th. It's an interesting city, sprawled all along the various arms of a fjord. We took a bus trip to various points of interest, and would have liked to stay longer than our 24 hours. From there we went by motor coach (Cook's Tours) inland, first through rough country; ridges, rocks, precipices, gorges. In one place the road used to run on a ledge hacked out of the cliff; but they found it too dangerous, and have now driven a tunnel through the rock for it. Narrow twisting roads - traffic stops and then inches past our bus. Later we came to a little village on the Hardanger fjord, a simply idyllic place, all little farms, green literally to the door, because every yard and patch of ground is scythed for hay, which is at present drying on little fences on every field. The places these people can perch houses and cultivate! Every yard that can be used, is.

The hotel we stayed at looked across the fjord to mountains, still with patches of snow. I took some photos, but alas, it rained. Then we went along the fjord, and across it by ferry. It reminded me of Milford, but less steep and high; little houses and green patches all along the slopes, in absurdly impossible places. Then we turned up a deep valley away from the fjord, and the road just hairpinned its way up appalling grades until it got out on the plateau at the top, 3000 ft. higher, just where a large stream took a most spectacular leap into the abyss. Voringfoss, it is called. Across a plateau then just like the lower slopes of Ruapehu - stunted scrub, tarns, drifts of snow still, in July. It is a famous skiing place in spring, buried in snow in winter. Then down a lovely green, cultivated valley to Oslo.

The houses and barns are typically Norwegian, pine, often logs, often with slate roofs. Beautiful green fields, full of freshly scythed hay, usually running down to a lake or stream, and backed by ridges covered with pine and birch. Oslo is a lovely city with a situation on a fjord with the usual multiplicity of arms; wooded bays peninsulas and islands everywhere. We've inspected the shops - they have lovely glassware and enamel, very cheap, but alas we can't buy or carry them. We've seen the City Hall, a wonderfully decorated new building, the Vigeland sculptures (I think they're magnificent, though they rouse strong feeling I'm told) and been on a boat trip round the fjord. We've also seen several real Viking ships, the Kon-Tiki raft, and Nansen's Fram. Last night Mum and I took a special plane flight north to Bodø. We took off at 9.15 pm, when it was getting a little dusk, and at about 10.45 pm. the sun rose on us - I hastened to photograph him before he hid himself in cloud. At Bodø it was broad daylight all night, though cold and raining. We had a 3-course dinner at 2 am., watched some folk dancing, I took some photos, and we took off again at 4 am. We were back in Oslo by 7 am. and I still haven't realized we lost a night.

Regards to all the Club,

HELEN.

FIXTURE LIST.

<u>Date:</u>	<u>Trip.</u>	<u>Leader:</u>
Sept. 20-21:	Makino via Puketitiri - Track cutting	Maurie Taylor
October 5th:	Govt. Spur, Black Ridge, Ohuinga - Central Ruahines. (Very early start)	Nigel Thompson
Oct. 18-19:	Te Iringa, Log Cabin, Gentle Annie.	Cyril Hargreaves
Oct. 25-27: Labour Weekend	Ruahine, No Mans, Hut Ruin, Masters Hut - N. Ruahines	Graeme Hare
November 2nd:	Tutira Waterfalls	Pat Buchanan
Nov. 15-16:	Cairn Trip via Makahu Stream	Nancy Tanner
November 30th:	Hinerua Ridge (exploring) - Central Ruahines	Peter Anderson
Dec. 13-14:	Kiwi Hut - Search & Rescue	Rex Chaplin
Dec. 24-28:	To be arranged	
Jan. 1-4 1959:	To be arranged	

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ANNUAL MEETING

The 23rd Annual General Meeting will be held following the fortnightly meeting in the Radiant Hall, Warren St. N., Hastings, on Wednesday, October 15th, 1958.

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