

HERETAUNGA TRAMPING CLUB (Inc)

" P O H O K U R A "

Bulletin No.85

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

TRIPLEX CREEK to HINERUA HUT

July 23-24th.

We left the car at Triplex creek and set off at 6.10am (still dark then, too). It was quite light when we changed at the Waipawa river and set off at 7.10am. There had been a cold wind coming down the river so we stopped in the sunshine just below the saddle for a meal and added some of our wardrobe to our persons. Up to the Waipawa saddle (9.45am) and up Three Johns and on to trig "69" from where we had an excellent view of Ruapehu. The weather report at this stage: cold westerly wind, clouds screaming over just above us but reasonably sunny. The Mangaweka range had patchy snow on it and was visible through breaks in the clouds.

Lunchtime, 11.15am, saw us halfway between "69" and North Rangī and weather report time (via transistor radio) saw us halfway between North Rangī and South Rangī. There was hardly any snow and what there was, was hard. We negotiated the tricky part of the ridge off South Rangī quite easily and wandered along to the low saddle. From there we climbed up to the rocky Gendarmes on the ridge. These were by-passed by skirting to the west, around the first one and then up the rocky gut between the two, climbing over the remainder of the second and down on to the ridge.

From this point we climbed onto the Paemutu ridge reaching it about 2.30pm, (having a view of the sea on both sides of the North Island). We proceeded to the Hinerua ridge end encountering ice and hard snow which necessitated some step cutting. At 3.15pm we left the tops (after putting a red flag 2'6" long on a pole on a cairn which was there) and made our way down Hinerua ridge. The three of us now discovered we were suffering from exhaustion and exposure so we stacked chocolate and oranges down the hatch, had a

much needed rest and then slowly descended to Hinerua hut and there ended an 11hour day trip.

We hit the bunks soon after tea and slept right through till about 8.0am. The weather was still doubtful on the tops so we worked out a low level route back to Triplex creek. We followed the Hinerua ridge right down to the end and dropped into Smith's creek which we followed a little way to the Waipawa river. After despatching a troublesome opossum with ice-axes we continued up the river, past Middle creek and then tackled the gorge. This took a full hour to navigate and was most interesting. After about 20 minutes walk to the road head from the gorge we had a rest and then ambled back to Triplex creek. Sunday's trip from Hinerua hut took about six hours.

A most enjoyable trip, most excellent and well worth the effort.

Navigator & Pilot - N. Thompson, Co-Pilot - C. Hargreaves
Rear-Gunner - Bob Adams.

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TWO EXCURSIONS ON THE WANGANUI RIVER

Easter &
Queen's Birthday 1960

A mountainous country, New Zealand, with few extensive plains. Rivers, like the Tukituki, which once took boats as far as Waipawa can now carry a canoe, 9" draft, and then not around the Waikamaka Bridge area. There are one or two rivers e.g. the Waikato, which will still bear a boat drawing 2 feet, I should say, as far as the Karapiro Dam, 100 miles. But no New Zealand navigable rivers flow continuously through such scenic country as does the Wanganui. The decay of our rivers is of course due to the cutting down of back country bush and overgrazing by introduced mammals. Erosion results in quick run-off of rain water and a subsequent uneven river flow with flooding and silting.

My brother owns a 12'6" dinghy with 7½ hp. outboard motor. It draws loaded about 15 to 18". Two days at Easter saw us boat up about 25 miles from Wanganui city past the willows colouring on the banks. For at least 15 miles the river is tidal and is at least 6 feet deep. Then came the first rapid and a succession of them at about mile intervals. The 6 m.p.h. the motor gave was reduced to 1 and we crawled past the foaming rocks. In one spot we got out and man-hauled the boat after snagging the propellor on the bottom. We learned later the water there at Te Rimu should have been at least three feet but the river at Easter was as low as it had been for 30 years.

On the second trip, three of us this time, launched the boat at the upper limit of our first two days trip - at the one launching site we found in the whole 50 miles explored. This time the river was three feet higher but the beautiful sunshine was substituted for a light (once not so light!) drizzle. An excellent

system of one man at the engine, one up forward steering, one testing the bottom with a paddle and rowing like mad in the worst rapids and you have a picture of our crew. Twice however two of the crew walked the bank while Kalmer rode the rapid in style.

We breezed into Jerusalem, a lovely spot on high banks, then up placid waters for several miles. At 1pm second day, within 3 miles of our first big goal, Pipiriki, we turned round and we chased down river at the tremendous speed of 8 m.p.h. (2 m.p.h. up) by a rain shower. We passed the blackberry and skin infested hut where we spent the previous night within a couple of hours and made the getting out spot at 5, leaving an hour to coax the boat on trailer up the slippery track to the road.

Altogether great fun for aquatic gymnasts. We're going back if I can persuade my brother to hang on to that boat!

Hal Cristian

---ooOoo---

ROCK CLIMBING - TITAHI BAY

16-17th July 1960

Six eager H.T.C. bods boarded the late Friday night railcar to Wellington for a weekend of rock climbing at Titahi Bay. Although our seats were booked only to Paekak. we managed to scrounge some extra miles out of the N.Z.R. and were put down at Porirua about 3am. Our aim had been to spend the remainder of the night at the Porirua station but finding it locked, decided to camp in a football field which we had been led to believe was situated close by. Eventually after two of us had stumbled into a piece of boggy reclamation land with a very stagnant smell, we reached the field only to find it too wet to camp in. As we walked down the road in the direction of Titahi a Wellington prowl car pulled up, and after explaining our position he kindly took our packs and 1 bod up to Titahi and later dropped him back with us to walk the 5 miles up to the Broadcasting Station where we camped for the night (what was left of it).

Next morning we wakened to the hideous row of a couple of earthmovers working on a hillside close by. As we were packing up a crowd of Hutt Valley's arrived and together we wandered down to the beach where we found some eager types already half way up the cliff. After a brew we were ready to start. For some of us it was our first go at rock climbing and we were enlightened on the basic principles, which we then practiced on a fairly easy face. It became apparent after a while who were born climbers and who weren't. Saturday afternoon the weather began to decline and about 4 o'clock it started raining. After some stew most bodies crawled into their sacks and people kept arriving at the cave at various intervals up till 9 pm. They were mostly Hutt V's one or two T.T.C's and even a couple of Varsity types made an appearance. There was a bit of a gale during the night and we were wakened once to the cries of bods chasing after billy lids!

Next morning was wet and windy (typical Wellington weather)

but later cleared to a reasonable sort of day. The morning was taken up with bods practising double roping and attempting to climb a formidable looking chimney, also Ian Powell (former H.T.C.) gave a couple of us some very valuable tuition in rock climbing.

We took off for Titahi about 1pm. getting there in time to catch the bus to Porirua where we caught the unit to Paekak. and then the railcar home. Titahi Bay provided a very large scope in rock climbing and everyone had a very interesting time.

No. in party : 6

Leader: John Fabian

Annette Tremewan, Margaret Nison, Gae Lobban, Joan Newey, John Blundell.

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TIMAHANGA - LOG CABIN - NGAMATEA

Queen's Birthday

Five of us in two cars made our leisurely way to Timahanga where, after a look at the old Boyd's homestead, we spent the night - made hideous by scuttling 'possums, rats, and snores. On Sunday the three younger members set off for Log Cabin in lowering weather. A pleasant trip at first through bush, then a haul up on to the Hogget and along to the trig (invisible), thence down to Log Cabin. This took us four hours including a short dry stop to stoke up the engines.

The intention was, weather permitting, to come out over Te Iringa next day where a car would be left for us. However, the weather was not promising with low cloud on Kaimanawas and Kawekas. Log Cabin was obviously occupied by 3 deerstalkers (absent at 1.30 pm.), a dog, transistor radio, and haunches of venison dangling from the rafters. Elsewhere seemed preferable - but where? After consulting the route guide we decided Ngamatea station to be our best bet. We boiled up at the Tararua and arrived at Ngamatea just on dark - four hours from Log Cabin including the hour-long boil up. The Roberts were in town, but the caretaker gave us a welcome hot meal and after ringing Timahanga to report our whereabouts, we spent a comfortable night in the shearers quarters.

Rex Chaplin had brought a carload out on Sunday to join the Timahanga party and they all spent a day exploring Boyd's bush.

Rain set in early on Monday making the 7 mile access road to Ngamatea impracticable for cars, so we set out on foot and slogged the 2 hours out to the road. A short walk further and we were met by our transport for a more comfortable and speedier mode of transport; and so home.

Doc Bathgate, Father Callaghan, Rod Gallen, Hugh Lattey, Nancy Tanner.

---OoOoo---

FORESTRY TRIPSDonald. 2-4th May

Two Mainlanders had come up to look at tussock and waterways, so I gate-crashed. The idea had been to go in by way of the Donald and come out over the tops to Swamp Cottage, but the weather was so discouraging that we made a closer acquaintance with waterways than with tussock. The Tutaekuri and Donald were up but manageable - except for one ford above the Lotkow turn-off where we all took a ducking. A recent cut follows up the next spur upstream on to the main Black Birch crest. After a night at the Makahu Saddle the weather was still so uninviting that we just did some poking about and came home via Puketitiri. One interesting find: what appear to be flakes of charcoal in the Taupo ash above the saddle are mainly blackened beech leaves.

N.L.E.

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ADELAIDE BUSHWALKERS

When I heard that there was a Bushwalkers' meeting on in town I got Ron to take me along. This was held in the National Fitness Council building which overlooks part of the belt of parkland which surrounds the original city, and appears to be a convenient centre for various outdoor organizations, but I didn't find out just what. The Bushwalkers hire a room about the size of ours for 15/- a meeting with much the same facilities. It was a breath of home. A mob milling round nattering and looking at snaps, the chairman arrives late and after a certain amount of bellowing the uproar subsides and the meeting officially starts.

There were about 40 bods present with a smaller proportion of girls and the men rather older compared with the H.T.C. My impression was that a 30-35 year old group was characteristic, and certainly there was nothing to correspond with our wriggling junior membership. From what I can gather the membership is largely made up of "foreigners" working in Adelaide, that is to say Tasmanians, Victorians, and at least one N.Zedder, Sue Greenwood, ex-Nelson and C.U.C.T.C. Adelaide is not surrounded by very good tramping country. The forested Mt. Lofty Range (3000') lies immediately above the city in much the same relation as the Waitakeres to Auckland, and there is the Flinders Range to the north running out into arid country and rising toward the 4000ft mark 300 miles out. Summer temperatures run pretty high and drinking water is quite a problem. From snaps, large plastic water containers are standard equipment at all times of the year.

The meeting started with an appeal from a nature-lover for volunteers for tree-planting. It seems that a number of small scenic reserves, picnic grounds really, of about 40 acres have been donated and the idea is partly to plant these up where regeneration is inadequate and also to beautify them with the more showy plants. It sounds rather like the sort of jobs that the H.T.C. did one time

planting in the gullies of Te Mata Park. Next came a talk on map-reading, corresponding to our 10 minute talks, but more detailed, with a good deal on the interpretation of contour lines - perhaps they run to better maps than we do, although their own maps as far as I saw are much like our own. Their relations with the Survey Department are much the same as ours, and like us they try to apply native names where these can be ascertained. A certain amount of natter going on in the back row. I found myself sitting next to a pot-holer (speleologist to you) whose comments were entertaining.

Then on to the arrangements for Queen's Birthday weekend which is held a week later than ours, a trip to Wilpena Pound, 300 road miles, 20 bods, private cars. Wilpena Pound is an elevated basin about 12 miles long and 4 wide well north in the Flinders Range and on the edge of pretty arid country. The rim rises to 3900ft and forms an outward-facing barrier of almost continuous cliff. There are some natural cleatings in it but from photos the interior is mostly in fairly open bush or scrub, perhaps fairly thick. There is one gap where the basin drains out and at the road-head a "chalet", which looks pretty posh by our standards. If I hadn't got myself tied up I would have liked to have tagged on to this trip. No boots - but boots said to be unnecessary. (We flew over it later on our return from Beltana but the plane was behind time and we could only see the vague outline in the dark. A bit like the surface of the moon).

Supper was rather grander than ours with quite a show of cakes and a bob in the same saucer. - then back to business. As there was no projector no slides could be shown. At this stage I got roped in to give a talk on the H.T.C. Tried to make it short but when I'd finished I had a lot of questions fired at me. These of course were mostly on the differences in our set-up. There was a good deal of interest in the way we aimed to keep fares down, the running of a truck, transport subsidies and money-raising working parties, also in the H.T.C. policy of carrying junior members at half-subs and half-fares. We also got on to search organization, mapping and track cutting. Search is not a feature in South Australia, but in the higher forested country of Victoria, and I expect in Tasmania the set up is much the same as here. Police support varies in the same way and the Army has only recently turned to jungle warfare at the bush-edge. Mapping sounds much the same, though perhaps their air-cover is more complete. They do a certain amount of track work, again like us, partly to keep their end up, but when I asked about discing I was told there weren't enough trees, so I suppose they are mostly in scrub.

That a city of nearly 600,000 should only support one club the size of the H.T.C. is a reflection on the limited tramping country around it, but it is a live club. There are also a couple of other groups, more hikers than trampers I should think, one of them run by the W.E.A., so probably more intellectual.

N.L. Elder.

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FEDERATED MOUNTAIN CLUBS29th Annual General Meeting

28th May '60.

Mrs. M.M. Davidson attended as the H.T.C. delegate and the following report is summarized from a letter received from her (30-5-60).

Authorization: The letter from H.T.C. containing instructions only arrived on the morning of the meeting and did not give formal authorization as delegate. Other delegates were in the same position. She recommends that H.T.C. requests F.M.C. to supply authority forms with notice of annual meeting.

Hillary/Lowe Fund: The trustees have closed this fund, handing the residue (some £450) over to the N.Z.A.C. Antarctic Expedition. That no nucleus had been kept in being was deplored by the outgoing executive and criticised as irresponsible from the floor of the meeting. (The history of this fund is that the idea originated with the F.M.C., that a considerable proportion of it was raised in the Hastings district but that there was opposition to it and something amounting to boycott in some quarters).

Deerstalkers: The N.Z.D.A. had announced that unless three conditions could be met they were withdrawing from the F.M.C. Two of these were unacceptable, but the third, a more equitable representation, was clearly desirable, so to meet this the executive introduced a motion by which N.Z.D.A. branches would rank as member bodies. This motion was passed, but not by the 2/3rds majority required for an alteration of the constitution. The position now is that N.Z.D.A. have left the F.M.C. though a majority of the members would support their admission with increased representation.

Executive: As N.Z.D.A. nominees were automatically out after failure of the motion the field was considerably reduced. The ballot gave a strong Wellington nucleus and preponderantly mountaineering representation.

Secretary: At the moment the executive is without a secretary. It has been obvious that the volume of work is becoming too great to be coped with by voluntary work, and part time payment must be made. At the same time the F.M.C. is now faced with a reduced income. The position however is not immediately urgent.

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In digresssion - from Norman Hardie -

The cantilever type bridge across the Inukhu Whola which had been washed away was rebuilt by twelve men with kukris in 24 hours working from both sides. Materials appear to have been six 25-30 foot poles, bamboo lashings and a sagging hand-rail.

CLUB TRIPS

No. 631

EASTER TRIP : KAIMANAWAS

April 15-18th

After a somewhat belated start we left Hastings on the morning of Good Friday and, picking up another bod in Napier, set off up the Taupo Road. At the Forestry settlement just past the Poronui turn-off we tried to get some information about the track we proposed to take. Taking the wrong turning landed us in a metal quarry but eventually we reached our destination, a place called Clement's Camp. We changed into our tramping gear and enjoyed the first of many boil-ups and then set off down a sort of bush highway. This area was opened up quite a bit a few years ago for the cutting of posts and battens and is criss-crossed by a number of good logging tracks. Most of these are getting a bit overgrown as work had been discontinued here, but the going was pretty good.

The general idea of this trip was to try and reach Ahipaepae via the Te Moana Tohohonu swamps. So we followed a track that led us roughly in a south-westerly direction, but this petered out after a while and we decided to make for the ridge in front of us, on which the Te Iringa trig is a prominent point. We climbed up a spur that led to this ridge, but we still don't know at what point we reached it. Heavy bush made orientation difficult and we did not have a clue whether we hit the ridge north or south of the point 3610. Anyway nobody was very worried as none of us had been in this part of the Kaimanawas before and we expected to get bushed a few times. We followed the ridge south for a while, but as it was getting late we decided to pitch camp on a nice sheltered flat part. Two parties went down each side to try and locate some water and we found some after a bit of searching about 200 feet down. We climbed back to get the billies and managed to get most of the water to the spot where a fire started to blaze. Five tents for the fourteen bods were soon set up and the stew cooked. Thanks to girl-guide training this turned out quite eatable in spite of being dehydrated and I can recommend the stuff for further long-weekend trips. The food in general was pretty well organized and saved a lot of extra weight.

Next morning, in contrast to a very pleasant sunny first day, we woke up to the steady patter of large raindrops on the tents. It was not really raining, but so close to it that it didn't matter. Heavy clouds and a strong wind and hardly any visibility. We were not in a great hurry to get going in these conditions and left camp fairly late in the morning, following the ridge south. As we did not know where we had reached the top of the ridge the day before, we searched on every point for the trig which is supposed to be on top of Te Iringa, and the low cloud did not make our orientation any easier. We finally reached a spot which we thought must be Te Iringa, but no trig! All we could find was a large number of

names carved on trees around the top. We could not see much point in carrying on and trying to locate the route to Ahipaepae in these weather conditions, so decided to scramble down the ridge, that runs south-east of Te Iringa, supposing we were on this point. So down we went and after some more bush-bashing, cursing the lawyer that grows quite well around here, dropped down in a dirty little creek, which later appeared to be the Mangatoatoa. We went down this for a while, scrambling over and under fallen tree trunks, through narrow gorges and sliding down muddy banks, some on their stomachs which did nothing to improve their looks, until we found a nice place to make camp. Plenty of water, both in the creek and from the sky, but we made a good camp and another brew was seen cooking. Again we had an early night, after consuming some home-cooking, standing around the fire in smoke and pouring rain.

Next morning it appeared that the weather had improved, and we made an early start, deciding to follow the creek out to the open country of Pōrenui station, which we reached about midday. We followed the bushline a little way north and stopped on a nice sunny spot beside a little creek. We made a fire for a boil-up and dried out tents and sleeping bags and all other gear which was still wet after the previous night's rain. A Maori couple arrived and wanted to know who we were, where we came from, etc. They had had a lot of trouble with shooters who had killed sheep and cattle and even had hit one another. But they were quite nice finding we were not shooters.

We followed the bushline a little further after lunch and then started to climb the same old ridge again, but now from the other side, hoping to travel roughly in the direction of the truck. In some parts of the Kaimanawas the bush is badly eaten out by deer and travelling is quite easy. But then suddenly there is no sign of deer and the undergrowth very vigorous with enough lawyer to make progress not quite so easy. But we made the top of the ridge and went down the other side. After a while we came upon some of those logging tracks again and we thought we were getting close to the spot where the truck was. But it got darker and we made camp on one of these tracks, where water was handy and also a heap of discarded battens, with which we soon built a blazing fire.

The sun was out again the next morning and after breakfast we went to look for the truck, which we thought was only a mile or so away. We met a party of deerstalkers going in for a fortnight. They had not seen our truck and we wondered about their powers of observation, but after coming out of the bush we could not see it either. In fact we were still miles away from it, too far north. Two of our party were quite a way behind having made a late start leaving camp. But we thought they would find out where we were and follow us, so we tramped off along the bush and then decided to cut through the bush again over a ridge towards Clement's Camp. We climbed a tree on top of the ridge and saw we had still quite

a way to go. Down we went and after a few more errors in navigation we reached the truck about 2 p.m. Another boil-up and some mixture called soup, was soon boiling. This mixture was made up out of anything that looked like food and contained potato powder, cheese, real soup, curried sauce, old bread, marmite etc. But it tasted surprisingly good. Our two missing members had not turned up yet so at about 4 p.m. we climbed in the truck and drove back down the road hoping to pick them up somewhere along the route. After a few miles we spotted a couple of tired figures, tramping down the road, which they had followed in the wrong direction for quite a few miles - the penalty for slow action when everyone else is ready to break camp! With everyone on board we left for Hastings. We stopped at Tarawera for a fill-up (petrol) and decided to soak off some of the grime of four days tramping. So we went down to the hot pool, and was that nice! The shed is a bit of a wreck, but the water was dead right.

Back in Hastings about 9 p.m. A nice trip and good training in route finding with compass and maps. My map was really worn out.

No. in party 14. Leader Jack Landman.
 Nancy Tanner, Margaret Mison, Annette Tremewan, Gae Lobban, John Blundell, Bob Adams, Peter Carnow, Ken Tustin, Tom Martin, Rex Chaplin, Grave Shattky, Jim Beere.

No. 632

KAWHATAU : ANZAC WEEKEND

April 23-25th.

Three-day weekends are infrequent and therefore valuable. The high points of the Hikurangi Range are at such a distance that a normal club trip needs this time. Further the vagaries of the weather are such that most of the senior members of this trip had not previously climbed 5687', highest point of this range and of the Ruahines.

The start from Holt's was shortly after 6 a.m. and 'brunch' was enjoyed about 11 a.m. at the top of the Waipawa stream while the stragglers straggled up. Mist swirled around Rangī and after a cold lunch on top at 2 p.m., we decided to drop to Rangī saddle and take the quick way down (shingle slides) to Rangī Creek and the junction with the Kawhatau. 5 p.m., tents up and tea went on in a picturesque spot under scattered mountain beech. A lovely valley the Kawhatau, worth a visit, winter or summer. The drizzle didn't daunt Bob, who slept out to leave 15 bods in 5 tents.

With mist obscuring the heights next morning we packed up leisurely and two groups made for good old Waikamaka Hut. The later party needed a little persuasion to don all winter clothing for the exposure of a mile or so along the Mokai Patea to a point above the hut. A fair amount of wood was cut and the newly

roofed roofed and walled lean-to extension was much appreciated.

Warning: Don't wait to put on protective clothing till you are so cold you won't take off your parka.

Anyway we still have not climbed Mangaweka. When is the next 3-day weekend?

No. in party: 16

Co-Leaders: Phil Bavens
Hal Christian

Bob Adams, Derek Boshier, John Blundell, John Luxton, Peter Napier, John Townsend, Jim Beere, Murray Harris, Dave Billings, Grave Shattky, Tony Collins, Nancy Tanner, Gae Lobban, Anette Tremewan.

No. 633

LOTKOW HUT

May 1st.

Tucked away on the saddle between the Donald and Gorge streams, Lotkow hut is in a corner of the Kawekas not visited by the club for many moons and as a result much of the territory to be covered was new to all of the party.

The route via Middle Range, Gorge Stream and Jackson Creek discards the personal comfort of dry feet for the proven maxim that a straight line is the shortest distance. The travelling down Gorge Stream is alternately wet and dry as one splashes across, follows the well defined track over a neck of land and then splashes once more through the stream coming back on the other tack. Jackson Creek, which leads almost to the hut door from a point near where Gorge Stream turns abruptly East, on the other hand does not even offer this variety - the track is pretty well straight up the middle.

Lotkow, unlike many of the other huts recently erected by Forestry in the Kawekas is wooden framed, but otherwise differs little.

After lunch we scrabbled our way up a rough scree face of one of the Black Birch offshoots and headed northwards again. Although marked and cut in places, the route provided a bit of acrobatic crushing, but in due course we all arrived on top of the Birch proper. The day was dismal and the hour late so we scurried along the tops to the Makahu track in next to no time, noting briefly as we passed, a fairly healthy looking plantation of young pines towards the lower end of the Birch.

Darkness was well and truly upon us by the time we reached the truck at 6.15 p.m.

No. in Party: 12.

Leader: Alan Berry

Joy Salt, Annette Tremewan, Hal Christian, Ken Tustin, Peter Napier, Peter Curnow, John Townsend, Jim Beere, Derek Boshier, David Evans,

No. 634

MAKARORO RIVER : COLENZO'S SPUR

May 29th

After one of the usual 6 o'clock starts which leave at 6.30 we headed for the Makaroro.

It was a cold morning, but the river was even colder, and agonized squeals announced that the girls had stepped into the water. We pushed on upstream to the foot of Colenso's Spur, and after a stop to wring out socks, and have a bite to eat we began the climb. After much groaning and grunting, all arrived at Colenso's Camp.

Fortified by a boil-up, the more energetic types went for a quick run further up, getting as far as the deer-wallow before turning back. We left the camp at three o'clock, headed back down the spur and down the river, arriving at the truck just as darkness was falling.

No. in Party: 20

Leader: Keith Garratt

Annette Tremewan, Margaret Mison, Glenis Pirie, Gae Lobban, Glenda Robb, Naida Robb, Peter Napier, John Townsend, Cy Hargreaves, Nigel Thompson, Peter Curnow, David Evans, Ken Tustin, Peanut Brace, Graham Evans, John Blundell, Derek Boshier, Des Coote, Ken Carmichael.

No 635.

MAKINO : QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY

June 4-6th.

Early Saturday morning the truck took us out to Cook's Cottage and arranged to pick us up at Kuripapango as the driver had to come back to town. We set off in excellent weather and after a stop at the Mangatutunui stream and on the saddle above we arrived at the Makino Hut at about 3.15 p.m. A large group discussion and a unanimous vote sent 5 fit types on to look for Ballard Hut with the rest of the party following at a slower pace.

The two parties met just on dark on a knob just above the bushline; the fit party couldn't find the hut and no one knew what its actual position was. The mist came down, the wind began to blow and the party was quite tired, so we retreated back along the ridge into the bush and camped in a saddle.

Next morning the weather was no better so we all retreated to the Makino Hut during which several bods caused some concern by taking off down the track which leads to the Makino River. Two deerstalkers who were in the hut took one look at the invasion and scrambled off to the roadhead. We thank them for giving Maurie Taylor the message to pick us up at Cook's Cottage.

On Monday morning the weather was still much the same so we all left for Cook's Cottage. We thank Jack Nicolls for accommodation and tea because we nearly took over his place until the truck arrived.

While the truck was in town some person with criminalistical tendencies must have removed the petrol because the truck stopped for lack of nourishment about 1 mile past Puketitiri. Mr Bill Hartree helped us to get back to the Puketitiri Hotel where we got warm and had a feed put on by the proprietor's wife for which we left a little token of our appreciation. We duly obtained petrol and arrived in Hastings after a most rare and wet trip, (evidence of this was that one of the tents which usually weighs about 3½ lbs, tipped the scales at 9 lbs).

No. in party: 19

Leader N. Thompson

Cyril Hargreaves, Margaret Mison, Annette Tremewan, Gae Lobban, Dick Endt, Ken Carmichael, Tony Corbin, John Townsend, Peter Curnow, Ken Lustin, John Blundell, Bob Adams, Lionel Rogers, Derek Boshier, Jim Beere, Peter Mayson, Colin Ridding, Henry Kolff.

No. 636.

RUAHINE HUT TRIP

June 12th.

The truck left Holt's corner at 7.30 a.m. on Sunday morning with a load of shivering trampers. A little over an hour's ride took us in to Big Hill Station.

By 9.30 some of the more energetic of the group were on top of Big Hill ridge while others were still mentally groaning at the physical effort required to get there. Down below was Big Hill Station with a multi-coloured truck parked alongside the deserted homestead and well beyond was the meandering expanse of the Ngaruroro River. The rugged Whakarara to the south and a unique view of the Ruahines in the morning sun to the west. We trudged up a cart track along the top of Big Hill Ridge and looked out to the north on the rather jumbled ridges of the dispersing Ruahines interwoven by the streams of the Ngaruroro.

The track we were following was still wide enough for a cart to negotiate and led off the side of Big Hill Ridge and down into the manuka-covered valley. The huts prominently marked on the map turned out to be old holding paddocks with a

small pond in the centre and amongst a few trees were the remains of an old bivvy camp. The track led straight on past the paddocks but finished in a dead end as the fast ones soon found. Another was found however that began from the paddocks and crossed the valley then leading northwards along Desolation Ridge on the fringe of the manuka scrub. We found a smaller track leading off and up, in the direction of Ruahine Hut. The track was of dimensions more common to trampers than the cart track and also typical of trampers' mountain "roads" in that its beginnings could be easily missed.

Time was getting on and after a couple of false stops a lunch spot was found that was bathed in sunshine, with running water nearby. The billy boiled quickly and a lunch was enjoyed by those who still had something to eat. (Reason: the twelve o'clock whistle had gone an hour beforehand).

After lunch the party sought to satisfy its individual tastes. Having gazed at Big Hill Ridge during lunch some decided on a reconnaissance of the northern end along a track they'd spied out. Others conscientiously ambled back "truck-wards" at the speed they came out at. Two more fit and experienced types decided they'd go after some more experience. Scorning tracks and leisure they headed off into the manuka scrub and were next seen heading trackwards along the top of Big Hill Ridge after an interval of about 3 hours. (Note: the manuka was spindly but tall and closely growing; a gorge with near vertical sides was another obstacle they overcame). The remaining fellows being true trampers promptly had forty winks.

At around 4.00 p.m. the different groups were all sighted and seen to be heading rapidly "truckwards". A short journey to Hastings ended a most pleasant trip, but in a postmortem it must be admitted that the Ruahine Hut survived an attempted H.T.C. invasion.

No. in party: 18

Leader: John Blundell

Alison Bee, Glenda Robb, Annette Tremewan, Gae Lobban, Barbara Jackson, Maire....., Ken Tustin, Peter Napier, Cw. Hargreaves, Nigel Thompson, George Bee, Kea Alcock, Brian Fleming, Des Coote, David Smith, Pam Lewis, Hal Christian.

No. 637

'67' SNOW TRIP

June 26th.

Twelve bodies left Holt's at 6.40 a.m. for the Waipawa River. We arrived safely and finally got away at 9.30. A very poor effort, but considering the fact that Saturday night was the first Test in South Africa it wasn't too bad.

We dragged off up-stream to the foot of the bush patch where we changed socks, donned longs, boiled the billy (on a primus)

and had lunch. Getting a bit soft these days so had a primus along instead of hunting for wood. Eventually 12 somewhat decrepit bodies crawled on to the saddle and thence up the slopes to '67', in the mist, visibility about $4/5$ of $5/8$ of not very much. Finally all assembled on top of '67' and tried to find a special spot we had picked out for glissading.

Some of the more daring types picked out a nice steep place and broke a run through the ice cap to the soft snow underneath. Then the fun began with bodies scattered all over various slopes doing all manner of odd glissades except the correct standing glissade. It was odd to see bodies doing handsprings, backward somersaults, tandem, double decker and trains of up to 9 bodies all gaily screaming down the slopes to end up in heaps of snow covered mangled humanity at the bottom. It was quite a spectacle, but one had to move quickly to avoid being bowled by the next madman when all bodies had migrated to one slope.

When it got about 3 o'clock and everyone was feeling somewhat subdued and wet we left the top and hurried off down to the saddle, down through the bush, off logs, up packs and headed for the truck which we reached at dark.

Out to Cullins it was slip, slide and bump as the track was really wet and greasy. Then home, arriving in Hastings at about 8 p.m. after a quite enjoyable trip. The first snow trip of the season.

No. in party: 12

Leader: Cy Hargreaves

Annette Tremewan, Gae Lobban, Margaret Mison, Nigel Thompson, Keith Garratt, Ken Carmichael, Tony Corbin, Henry Kolff, Bob Adams, John Phelps, John Blundell.

No. 638.

STUDHOLME'S SADDLE HUT

July 9-10th.

Hoping for some snow we left Hastings after Cy and I had slept Friday night in the truck at Holt's in an effort to get an hour's extra sleep. We met two Manawatu Tramping Club members on a reconnaissance trip to Kiwi Hut looking for a good Labour Week End trip. The trip stopped at the Tutaekuri River where we attempted building a bridge to combat wet feet, but most of the bridge builders got wet feet anyway. On to Kaweka Hut and after a feed and breather took off for the tops. A short trip along to Kaiarihi and then drop down to the dog box with the mist coming down fast.

Snow fell during the night and as it was falling at daybreak, Sunday, the idea of going up to the cairn was abandoned and at

10 a.m. the party left to retrace the previous day's steps. Two bods went on to Kaweka Hut to boil up while the remainder went along to have a look at Cook's Horn and then back down to the Hut. We left the hut at about 3.30 p.m. and had a fast trip out with a dry crossing of the Tutaekuri River, out to the road and home at a reasonable time. Comments: Patchy snow, good trip and excellent party.

No. in party 10

Leader: N. Thompson

C. Hargreaves, Annette Tremewan, Margaret Mison, Gae Lobban, Tony Corbin, Ken Tustin, Des. Coote, Bob Adams, Hugh Wilde.

S O C I A L N E W S

Birth: To Barbara and Maurie Taylor, a Daughter.

Engagement: Glenda Robb to David Smith.

Bereavement: Our sympathy goes out to Joan and Derek Conway in the loss of their 12 day old son.

We welcome back Helen Hill, who has been in England and on the continent for the last two years. We are looking forward to hearing all about it at future club evenings.

We were pleased to receive a letter from Pam Hansen (nee Dyson), an absentee member who lives in Narraino, Vancouver Island, B.C.

George Lowe is at present in Greenland. He hopes to be home for a short while at Christmas.

NEW MEMBERS:

We welcome the following to the club:-

Peter Curnow (junior), John Townshend (junior), Lionel Rogers (junior) Alison Bee (junior), Derek Boshier (junior), James Beere (junior), Ken Tustin (junior), George Prebble.

CLUB EVENINGS:

Written tests based on "Safety in the Mountains" have been a novel feature, revealing blanks in the minds of the "old hands" as well as the "young 'uns". Mr. Hammond gave a talk on Campbell Island. Wally Romanes showed us slides taken on his ascent of Tasman via the Balfour. We had a film on rock climbing, and Senior Sergeant Thyne spoke on police work in New Zealand.

NEW CLUB CAPTAIN:

In place of Graeme Hare who was moved to Wellington, the committee appointed Maurie Taylor as Club Captain with Keith Garratt as assistant Club Captain. John Fabian was appointed to the vacant position on the committee.

TRAMPERS BECOME GROWERS:

Mr. Thompson (Nigel's father) has very generously said the club may have the use of an acre of his land in Brookvale Road for cropping. We can now grow, harvest and market our own crop, instead of having so many working parties harvesting other people's crops. A sub-committee consisting of Phil Bayens, Jack Landman and Nigel Thompson has been set up and on their expert advice we are going to grow sweet corn. We hope to make quite a profit from the sale of this. So when your sub-committee gives the word, rally round!

S O C I A L P R O G R A M M E.

- Aug. 31st: Parents' Evening. Films. Ten Minute Talk on gear and food.
- Sept. 14th: Slides by Helen Hill.
- Sept. 28th: First Aid by Mr. Snadden.
- Oct. 12th: Annual General Meeting.
- Oct. 26th: Films. Ten Minute Talk.
- Nov. 9th: Variety Evening. Ten Minute Talk.
- Nov. 23rd: Slides by Helen Hill.
- Dec. 7th: Short Meeting. Then barbecue.
- Dec. 16th: Christmas Party.

F I X T U R E L I S T.

<u>Date:</u>	<u>Trip:</u>	<u>Leader:</u>	<u>Fare:</u>
Sept. 3-4th:	Howlett's - Otumore.	Hal Christian.	10/-
Sept. 18th:	Lawrence Hut (Blowhard Rocks off Taihape Road) -	Bob Adams.	10/-
Oct. 1-2nd:	Cook's Horn - Rock Climbing, based Kaweka Hut -	John Fabian.	10/-
Oct. 16th:	Smedley, Wakarara -	Gae Lobban.	9/-
Oct. 22-24th:	<u>Labour week-end: Mount Egmont.</u>	Hal Christian & Philip Bayens	(to be arranged.
Nov. 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ -6th:	Horseshoe Bend. Barbecue. Climb Kahuranaki.	Margaret Mison	6/-
Nov. 12-13th:	Cairn Trip, via Makahu Stream.	Helen Hill.	10/-
Nov. 27th:	Mystery Trip. <i>Weed Sweetcorn. Red Bridge, back over Te Mata.</i>	Mr. X. <i>Moore?</i>	4/6
Dec. 10-11th:	Kairakau Beach.	Edna Ansell.	9/-

N.B. These fares are reducible by 2/- if paid before or on the trip.

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A N N U A L M E E T I N G.

The 25th Annual General Meeting will be held following the fortnightly meeting in the Radiant Hall, Warren Street North, Hastings, on Wednesday October 12th 1960.

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