

HERETAUNGA TRAMPING CLUB (Inc.)

"P O H O K U R A"
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H U T S.

Or if chill blust'ring winds, or driving rain,
Prevent my willing feet, be mine the hut,
That from the mountain's side,
Views wilds, and swelling floods.

In 1935 only shooters, trampers and the odd prospector were interested in the high country. Surveyors had come and gone, musterers had come and gone, while geologists, foresters and rivers boards kept to levels where fossils, board-feet and stop banks were plentiful.

Many of the old musterers' and rabbiters' huts had rotted away or gone up in smoke. There were fragments of malthoid or levelled sites at Studholme's Saddle, the Macintosh, Castle Camp, Kiwi Saddle, Hut Ruin, Buttercup Hollow and Howletts. Still standing were huts many of which have been immortalized by Lester Masters; the Iron Whare on the Kawekas, the Black Whare on the Blowhard, and in the Ruahines Shutes, the Ruahine, No Mans, Te Koau Huts, Shut Eye Shack, the Stags Head and the Pohangina; also on the western side the Mokai Hut (soon to be unroofed) and two skiing huts at Purity and Rangiwahia. On Ngamatea in addition there were several musterers' huts, the Golden Hills, an earlier Boyd's and I expect the Manson.

The Kawekas were the worst off for huts so the club's first concern was for a hut that could be reached from Kuripapango in the Saturday half-day. Ian Powell took a reconnaissance party in as far as Studholme's Saddle, decided this was too far and on

the way back plunged off the ridge into a basin full of pig with 5 stags roaring their heads off. Here we built the Kaweka Hut. An overgenerous draughtsman specified 10ft. studs, hence the huge barn of a place that we know, popular with large parties, cursed by small parties and always a bit of a dead end. Charlie Higgs and Dave Williams built it in 10 strenuous days, erecting the rafters and Dave's 24ft adzed totara ridgepole in a snowstorm. The profits of an Easter trip were appropriated by Freddie Green for the purchase of iron to cover the original malthoid roof - the gap between the abode of generations of rats.

Lazy weekends at the hut did not appeal to our more strenuous members. Les Holt, Arch Toop and Doug Callow went up to the patch of bush below Studholme's Saddle, hacked a recess out of solid rock and inserted an 8-bunk bivvy, which was very cozy until an unforeseen watercourse found its way down the chimney.

Attention then shifted to the Ruahines, and with the coming of the two-day weekend huts could now be sited further in. When the Ruahine Tramping Club proposed to put up a third hut on the Howletts site, the H.T.C. was in with a small donation and a large contribution of energy, in carrying material up the unpredictable Tukituki and the worst of Daphne Spur. The conscription of the most glamorous section of the R.T.C. into chain-passing iron and timber up the latter was perhaps the highlight of the whole operation. Our attention was then diverted to the Waikamaka.

By now the Internal Affairs' deer cullers had reached the North Island and shared our interests in maps, tracks and huts. Their resources like ours were also limited, so that though projects for a comprehensive hut and track system were discussed (they make interesting reading today) the only result was the Waikamaka Hut. The cost of materials was to be shared on a 50-50 basis, the H.T.C. to do the carrying and the cullers the erection. The war puckerooed that - in fact the war began for one party in a snow-drift on the Waipawa Saddle (it was an exceptionally snowy winter) and in the finish the club had to complete the hut single handed. Doug Callow and Cap Cook set the pace and the club was unmercifully driven. In its final form the hut was planned to accommodate the maximum number of bodies in a limited space - the record stands at 24. How Forestry took the news that a hut stood in the middle of the Ruahines is a story in itself.

A third hut was projected after the war and several sites were discussed, with the Mohaka Hot Springs, Makahu Saddle and Te Atua Mahuru bushline as favourites, but a search for a missing party diverted the attention to Kiwi Saddle. A proposal to put up an emergency bivvy met with such enthusiastic support that it expanded into a full scale hut with a 50% subsidy from Physical Welfare. Under Arch Toop's direction and with Angus Russell's enthusiasm this was quickly erected. Unfortunately this opened up little new country and its use has only been intermittent.

The building of a fourth hut was discussed from 1953 onwards. By now several of the old huts had gone; the picturesque slab and thatch Ruahine Hut was at last collapsing, Shut Eye was (and is) derelict, a tree had fallen across Thomsen's slab hut at the foot of Daphne and the fire of 1946 had destroyed both Pohangina and Stag's Head huts. The question was whether to replace one of these or to build on a new site, the favourite being the Makahu Saddle which had been attracting attention as the most direct route to the Kaweka tops. Sites here had been examined and Jack Taylor's sidling route reconnoitred and part disced from Little's clearing but no further action had been taken when Forestry announced that they were proposing a hut in the Makahu Saddle and the new day dawned.

It would be a multiple-purpose hut, probably with an air-drop. Were we interested and what were our needs? Whacko! No carrying parties. We put in for a 12-man hut, fixed on the site, and sat back for the air-drop. It wasn't quite as simple as all that. The hut suddenly appeared by the Rangitikei at Bulls. Equally suddenly it was dismantled apparently en route to Kime in the Tararuas. Eventually it came down in the Makahu Saddle the first of a bewildering shower of air- and helicopter-dropped huts to descend on the ranges. Its glittering aluminium exterior and elegant interior panelling are a far cry from the gloomy cavern of the old Kaweka Hut. True it has shrunk to a 4-man hut and can't sleep 12 let alone 20, but there's always the helicopter landing pad - in fine weather.

So goodbye to carrying parties - future trampers will never realize what they've missed. Search parties to find rumoured huts was fun while it lasted, but we'll soon have the lot pinpointed - and there isn't a great deal of room for more. The age of pioneering is ending.

N.L.E.

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

WANGANUI RIVER - TO THE DROP SCENE

January, 1961

In a fitful summer, we struck five beautiful days. The boat trailer, however, collapsed just above Wanganui and forced us to enter the river at the city instead of at Pipiriki which we had almost reached on our previous trip.

The first few hours passed peacefully with the odd shot of explorations for the proposed dam and the tide with us this time for 15 miles. And then the fun started. Although the water was clear - we could see 3 feet into it! - it was lower and we had to carve out a passage between the logs. Still we managed to reach a spot slightly higher than our previous trip and slept out under

the willows and the stars.

The next day we reached Corinth by noon and pulled in to join a Maori Mission at service. We watched dedication of about 70 children and then sat down to a real Maori feed. A baptism followed and we left this to head upstream.

The second night out was spent with five canoeists on their way down from Taumaranui. Five or six groups of these were passed en route. Monday afternoon saw us into the jetty at Pipiriki where we gladly sat back in comfort for the jet-boat trip up 7 miles over spectacular rapids, past the Drop Scene and set foot off shore to see the emergence of an underground river. Six miles downstream, as shadows made the bottom difficult to see, we camped overnight with another party of canoe experts. The following day we walked up 1400ft, distance four miles, to pick cherries. The comfort of motoring on the river then had an added pleasure to rest aching feet.

A final evening at Corinth, a hot night in the Meeting House after a lam supper on raw shellfish. And the pleasures of being swept under willows, across snags and cruising down long still stretches of placid water was on the following day exchanged again for the orthodox method of road travel.

Party: Kalmer and Hal Christian

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CANOEING DOWN THE TUKI TUKI

We departed from Hastings on Friday afternoon carrying one canoe on the roof-carrier of the car and the other in the trailer. When we reached the Patangata bridge there was still an hour's daylight left so we loaded the canoes and went for a short spin down the river. A suitable camping site was found, the canoes tied up and tea was put on. As the night wore on the usual things happened; the tent fell down, but tempers really flamed up in the morning when it was found we had no watch. This brought us to the last resort of using the compass and the sun as a time-piece.

The canoes were reloaded and we pushed off, my canoe leading. As it was built of plywood we thought it would stand up to the hardy treatment better than Jim's canvas one. The first rapid came in sight and my fellow canoeman let out a cry of alarm when a rock appeared in the bottom of the canoe and water surged in. This was great. At 6am on a cold morning to have to try to patch a gaping hole with less material than a tramper usually has with him! As the day passed on we became experts at handling the canoes in rapids with waves up to three feet high, dodging jagged rocks and large snags. We nearly had a serious mishap with the snags but throwing the canoe into a broadside which half filled

it with water but saved it from bad damage.

A certain fisherman was very surprised in the afternoon when two canoes suddenly appeared and the occupants wanted to know where they were and what the time was.

Unfortunately as we approached the Red Bridge my canoe after traversing at high speed a very rough rapid ran itself aground. The momentum of the boat was so great that when it hit the river-bed it ripped the bottom out. So ended the trip. We carried the canoes to the road, rang for transport and were back in Hastings by 8.30 pm Saturday night.

Party: Julian R.B. Adams, James Beer, Mic Gardiner.

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WAIHOHONU - RUAPEHU

25-27th November

At 5pm on Friday we were headed out past Fernhill gathering the odd lilo. At the foot of Gentle Annie where earth was being moved in preparation for the new bridge we changed drivers and later on listened to find words of advice from three leaders of political parties. A snack at a roadside inn at Waiouru, a drive down the Desert Road and then off it a few yards and we were out in the cold dark night. It got colder as we trudged along an unfamiliar track, failed to locate a bridge till daylight showed it us on the return trip. Rain fell about midnight. Despite poles sticking up every hundred yards or so we had finally decided there was no Waihohonu Hut when, as usual, Bob shouted: "There it is!". No sooner were our packs off than one of the voices next door turned out to belong to Peter Napier, who with two school friends had come in for the weekend from Ohakune.

On Saturday the clouds were clearing and we were away on our ten mile trek up the long N.E. ridge leading to Te Heu Heu. We got off the track fairly soon and it cost us at least 30 minutes to work back onto it. Then we followed lots of stone cairns. Finally at 4pm we were nearly at 7,000ft. So in a steep snow face we did violent exercise with coal shovels, ice axes and our arms for 4 hours. Then with a snow cave almost habitable we turned in on the black sand adjoining.

When we thawed out in the morning we trotted up the slope to the final 1,000ft of snow, donned crampons and found the real ascent much more stimulating. It was stimulating too, to approach a new peak of the familiar mountain and to gaze down at the mountain village from a new vantage point. The walk down was pleasant, and so was the drive back to Hawkes Bay via Taupo.

Party: Hal Christian, Henry Kolff, Bob Adams, Tony Corbin.

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THE HOLE IN THE SNOW

"Shove over!". Short pause - .

"What's the time anyway?" -

"I've got a cold back".

"Two a.m."

"Oh Hell - let's get going!"

So we clamber reluctantly out of the sack, light the primus cook some sausages and eggs, and then poke our heads out into the cool night air. "Hey, Henry there's not a cloud in the sky. - Don't forget the rope".

Where are we? At about 7,000' on the roof of the North Island in a 12' x 8' snowcave. It is August 29th and this is our third night in the cave. We have already had three days of glorious weather with ample opportunities for climbing, skiing etc. In the Alpine Club hut a few minutes' walk from our cave is staying a friend from Taihape who has climbed in the Himalayas. He is accompanying us on a climb to Tahurangi, the top peak. Two and a half hours later we are on top of the peak, speculating on whether the renewed activity in the lake far below is significant. A quick trip down and we are soon back at the cave donning skis in an effort to master those two elusive boards that seem to jump out from under you all the time.

The rest of our five days were spent in trying to master the boards and careering madly down our own private ski run in a plastic bag. After about 4pm each day we had our valley, from the delta corner down, to ourselves, so we were able to ski in relative safety far from the screaming mobs. Everything on this hill is now highly commercialized, except snowcaving. - I must admit that we humped our 80lb each from the roadhead across to the lift, thence up. We prospected for a site on the pinnacles then encompassed the whole pinnacle slope, but our procrastination was getting us nowhere, so we caught the next lift up and finally decided on a site above the Alpine Club hut.

Isn't it amazing the way all these skiers sleep in till 11am then all "shoot through" at 3.30pm! A good trip, perfect weather (unusual for Soviet?) culminating in a swim at the A.C. baths in Taupo - glorious! Total cost of trip £2. 5. 0. (one week).

Roger Boshier and Mike (Henry) Bell.

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POHANGINA SADDLE HUT - OTUMORE

11th February.

Two vehicles set out on a lovely fine morning for the ranges. The former were abandoned at the end of Kashmir Road and we wandered up the Moorcock, then up a much-rooted ridge, disturbing a number of Captain Cookers on the way. Two Govt. hunters and a party of private stalkers were inhabiting the Pohangina Saddle hut. After lunch, those who had not before climbed Otumore did so and admired the view therefrom. We returned via the second spur of the

high ridge west of the Moorcock, sighting on the top a few struggling stunted survivors of the exotic trees planted about 6 years ago by the H.T.C. one blizzard-strewn winter.

Helen Hill, Annette Tremewan, Nancy Tanner, Rod Gallen & Friend, Ken Tustin, John Townshend, - Shakespeare.

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EASTER WITH THE WELLINGTON BOTANICAL SOCIETY

Kath and I met Mavis and Bill Davidson at Turangi and camped for the night on the banks of the Tongariro River. This stretch is infected with ex-trampers turned fishermen and we met Ian and Enid Powell (H.V.T.C.) and Gordon Mace (T.T.C.). Bert Mabin (H.V.T.C.) was reported in the vicinity and Mavis herself flicks a pretty fly - but no fish!

In the morning we met Tony Druce and tribe and struck up to the Pihanga bush edge where the full party (48) assembled, including Frank Bodley (H.T.C.). The whole safari then set off following a sporadic blaze on the contour through heavy bush to Roto Pounamu, a landlocked lake about a mile across in a basin above Roto Aira.

Nest day most of the party made a 2,000ft climb to Pihanga trig in indifferent weather, but we, being shrewdies, made a trip round the lake. Too shrewd! Nest day was a stinker, most of it spent in the sack. Monday was perfect and we half thought of making a dash up Pihanga, but as most had to get back to Wellington we headed back. As it turned out though scatty navigation took us nearly to the bushline before a combination of watch, compass and aneroid brought us to see reason. And so back to the bitumen.

N.L.E.

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KURIPAPANGO.

3rd February.

No tramping, but quite a party to see Rosie Macdonald cut the "ribbon" and drive the first car over the new bridge in gallant style. (The old bridge - kauri - has since been successfully blown up and the debris removed).

N.L.E.

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POHOKURA

4-5th March.

The Taihape Field Club met at the Tararua Bridge and proceeded in a convoy of four landrovers down to the Pohokura Ford, at which we baulked and pitched camp. The "Spiral" was in atrocious condition with horrifying chasms gouged out by water. The camp was gorgeous, marquees, camp beds, petrol stoves and bottled refreshments O at least the rest of the camp was - we were as usual. A

pannikin of claret went well with our evening meal though.

The objects of the party were archaeological (Maori sites), palaeontological (a legendary fossil whale), balnaeological (the hot spring), geological (Pohokura like Colenso's Lake is a dropped limestone block) and ecological (Inland Patea and coastal vegetation) - there was also trout fishing. The latter tended to gum everything up.

Having pitched camp we coaxed the landrovers across the ford and set off, cross country, for the hot spring till we were stopped by a bluff which you must climb over, or, if adventurous, scramble under. The spring is tucked away on the edge of a terrace beyond this and takes some finding. It is scummy but quite warm (100.6°) and the Harkers have left a cake of soap. Meantime there was a flutter at the outstation. We saw a panic-party tearing off up the road missing our wheel tracks and disregarding our camp. It seems we were expected there and on our non-arrival it was assumed we were lost over the bank. After searching for an elusive lagoon we headed back, stalling one landrover in the middle of the ford. That evening in a drizzle, after breaking up a beer-party in the bottom tent, we crowded into a marquee to hear learned papers on the geology, history, etc. of the basin.

Next morning we split. Half the party waded downstream (it is quite a river) to the tapu rock (Te Toka a Tamahautu) at the head of the gorge, then up the Ikawetea. The other half set off overland for the Whale Hole to search for an 1870 survey camp, reported in 1922 to be littered with large whale vertebrae used as stools. No luck! The weather was lousy, the tracks greasy, the overland party had to continue on foot from the outstation and reached the Whale Hole with no time left for searching out the old camp. Likewise the river party couldn't make the rendezvous so shot up a face which unexpectedly shrunk to a hairy papa razorback and made for the outstation to be most hospitably greeted by Leo McSweeny. (Fred was seen loping off into the murk with a rifle over his shoulder.)

The trip out was a hisser. Fortunately we were able to borrow a pair of front chains at the outstation and with them to manoeuvre each landrover in turn up the worst of the "Spiral", with nine bods keeping the wheels on the greasy camber, one driving and the two girls strewing manuka branches ahead. Three hours (9 miles) to Timihanga and the sight of a metalled road very welcome.

N.L.E.

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WITH GEORGE TO THE KAWEKAS.

We had talked vaguely of a pleasant, easy, summer week-end in the hills, and when George turned up from the Himalayas with the same idea, we put it into practice. We thought the Kiwi-Kaweka round trip would be hard enough, and having collected a party of takers and the Club truck, we set off. Unfortunately, you know the winter we've had this summer; it rained. We decided on Kaweka instead of Kiwi, and made probably a record time in, in both ways; the younger ones were there in $1\frac{3}{4}$ hours, the old ones in about $3\frac{1}{2}$. The manuka was in magnificent bloom, and we admired, photographed, then boiled up in the river and generally lazed along. Once at Kaweka, we decided against going further, as the rain was coming down steadily and all tops shrouded. So we talked, ate and slept in an even more leisurely way.

Next day was still doubtful, but the young ones set off on the round trip with admirable enthusiasm. We thought we would break virgin ground by seeing where a cut track led to; we had seen the take off just where you first strike the hut creek coming off the zig-zag. It led us towards the McIntosh hut, which none of us had yet seen. But boil-ups, photos and conversation again seemed more important than speed; so finally we only went far enough to be sure where the track led, and to see the patch of bush where the hut stands on the far side of the gorge. Then back to the road, a dead heat with the Kiwi party, and so home. The road through the Blowhard was as if snowed in with manuka bloom and daisies, and I have never seen it more attractive. Altogether a successful week-end.

Party: Kath Elder, Edna Ansell, Hugh Wilde, Bob Adams, George Lowe, Margaret Mison, Helen Hill.

FORESTRY TRIPS.

28 Nov.-4 Dec. Mangatainoka. The upper forest on Maungarahi is all silver beech; on Te Pukuohikarua on the other side of the Oamaru Valley it is all mountain beech, but silver beech straggles down the Mohaka and Ngaruroro Valleys on either side of the Kaweka Range. Several Forest Survey parties this summer are hunting along the belt between, where the two species meet, and on this occasion two parties were working on the Mangatainoka faces. We went in up the Mangapapa and crossed a low saddle to hit the Mangatainoka just downstream of the big loop where we dumped some tucker and arranged a rendezvous. One party went downstream, while ours struck up the long ridge that leads north from Te Pukuohikarua, but dropped off towards the head of this to look at a basin but struck no luck, except that we pitched camp before a drizzle started.

(In 1952 an H.T.C. party from Puketitiri, struck down a long

ridge from Te Pukuohikarua into the Mangatainoka. Our route lay up the leading ridge to the west of this round the top and on to the leading ridge between the Mangatainoka and Makino to the east of it).

Next day was luckily fine for the top of Te Pukuohikarua, particularly so as the weather was foul when I was there the previous fortnight, and we could pick up a lot of country. Something has been going on at Ahurua near Venison Top since we were there. It looked as though the hut was going up - if so its quick work. We camped on the ridge an hour and a half beyond the main top.

Here we left the main ridge and took off down a beautiful leading spur into the Mangaturutu in $1\frac{1}{4}$ hours, but to get out was a bit of a scramble among interminable rocky bluffs, climbing 800 feet in a distance of 1100 feet in aerial photos - definitely not a recommended route. However once over the ridge we sailed into a beautiful basin and here was a large stand of the silver beech we were looking for. We worked till dusk on a plot then camped.

The route home was now the problem. As sketched out for us it was up and down across the grain of the country with several high ridges, particularly our 1952 one to the ridge we had come in by. We gave it a go, but it was definitely too much of a good thing in the time available, so when we came to a large shingled creek we followed this down to the main Mangatainoka and roared up this along a series of flats for three hours. We were now off the aerial photos and the map let us down with an unmarked creek which baffled us so we camped for the night, actually only $\frac{3}{4}$ hour below the rendezvous - our only wet camp.

In the morning we picked up the tracks of the other party who had dropped into the river not far upstream and found them enjoying a late breakfast.

Most of the time the weather was bleak and the other party had run into a couple of hailstorms, but it was a surprise on coming out to see so much snow on the Kawekas. We saw Jap deer on several occasions in the Mangapapa and again in the Mangatainoka, but red deer (one of which was dispatched with a slasher) in the side streams - none on the tops under the conditions. We saw whio in the Mangatainoka and one batch of five ducklings in charge of their parents, with two other adults who acted as decoys gave us something to puzzle over. There were plenty of kakas and at one camp a small bell-bird chorus. This time we picked up no trace of kiwi.

16 - 20 Jan. Waikamaka - Rongotea - Piringa.

While Peter Wardle, who is in Botany Division and working on bush lines and scrub belts, was in Hawke's Bay the opportunity of re-examining some of the Central Ruahine bushlines was too good to be missed, so we jacked up a 4-man party and took off in the fond hope that the tropical disturbance that had been hanging about for

days was fizzling out. Well! We started up the Waipawa in a heavy drizzle with the river rising, and by the time we left the forks she was really coming up and dirty, but the fly camp was partly collapsed and opossum-raided, so we pushed on consoling ourselves that once over the saddle we'd be out of the nor'-easter and perhaps even some sun. What a hope! The Waikamaka was well up and further down un-negotiable. Our difficulties increased when Kath started to knock but we battled down, sidling the last stretch through thick scrub and reached the hut at dusk, all a bit whacked but much cheered by two cullers, Steve and Roger, who turned out to help us over the last stretch. The annex was ankle deep in stormwater and the hut floor puddled with seepage from the chimney lining.

That night the creek went on rising and about 1.30 a.m. we were awakened by boulders thudding down the bed. The weather eased slowly the next day and Peter went up into the bush for a pbke round, but apart from wood-cutting and draining the annex the rest of us kept pretty close to our sleeping bags.

The boys had two small pups with them who just couldn't grasp the official rule against dogs in huts.

The following morning was reasonable. The hunters took off for the Maropea Hut over Sixty Six and we left for the Rongotea Ridge. Soon after midday thunder started to rumble first on one side of us, then on the other. We climbed onto Rongotea in rain and mist then floundered across to the Waiwhio tarns from which we had a little trouble picking the ridge down to a previous camp site, (the map is misleading here.) Everything was soaking but there was no more rain and the morning was almost fine.

We spent most of the morning round the camp and on the long tussock spur, then floundered down the face to the Waikamaka which was still a bit up and discoloured, then up the opposite face to Piringa, the knob towards the end of the Sixty Six ridge. More thunderstorms and we had to pitch camp in heavy rain which kept up most of the night.

Piringa was the main objective of the trip. An H.T.C. party at Christmas 1954 had been up there and had found a sort of upside down bushline with mountain beech on top, snowgrass down the slope and another completely different kaikawaka bushline below that again, very like "the Top of Old Smoky" according to Bob who is just back from U.S.A.

The morning was fine, almost sunny and we spent most of it fossicking, photographing and measuring, before picking a route out. As we could see the Maropea was up and dirty we decided against the direct route by the stream to the Maropea Hut, we'd had rivers, and set off up the long ridge to Sixty Six, hoping for

views. More thunderstorms in the afternoon and this time we copped one far too close for comfort, consequently we didn't see a great deal, but the deer sidlings are in good condition and we made fair time. We reached the road at dusk and though Triplex had been well up the ford gave no trouble after we had removed a few stray boulders,

9-11 March. Kaweka Hut. In 1937 Kath and I had spent a week in the Cook's Horn Basin, mapping, taking panoramas and putting in plots. From 1954 onwards there has been some rechecking and rephotographing and the high country survey have put in a couple of plots, but March 1961 has been the first comprehensive recheck. Some of the panoramas had to be rephotographed as an official photographer in 1958 had failed to reach any of the photopoints which was making comparison with the earlier photographs maddeningly difficult.

Since the Kaweka Hut was built in 1936 the number of visitors (2872 to date) has meant considerable disturbance of animals and recovery of vegetation. There were always some about till recently; in the last 12-15 months apart from some hare-sign and occasional deer- and opossum-sign, animals have practically vanished from the whole basin.

Generally the upper-slopes show infinitesimal changes over 24 years, the same clumps and even individual plants are still much as they were. A good deal of rotten rock has eaten back under the West Tit and there are several fresh gutters beyond Pauline's Slide, but elsewhere rock guts are becoming choked with shingle and screes settling down with scree plants taking hold, even on the Cook's Horn scree. This however is being rapidly undercut by a new washout, so is likely to start off again.

From above the mountain beech looks sick, but in the quadrat is still putting on growth (1-3 inches girth in 7 years). Red beech looks much more healthy, probably on the way to taking over, but there is dense regeneration of both and the bare ground below Pauline's Slide is now a dense thicket of beech.

HUTS IN THE HIMALAYAS

(The following extracts are taken from a letter written to Norm Elder by Wally Romanes - Ed.)

Top Hut, 19,100 ft.
Mingbo Valley.
Dec. 19th, 1960.

"We had about one month in which to recce the Mingbo valley, establish a base camp at about 15,000 ft, build a hut at 18,000 ft. and choose a hut site on the col leading to the Hongu. With this in view, Barry and I spent three days in the Mingbo. A good deal of new snow made progress slow but we inspected the southern of the

two cols, decided that it was unsuitable, selected a hut site at 17,800 and were unable to reach the northern col due to snow conditions.

On Oct. 16th I went up to the lower hut site with four sherpas to commence work. Our first day was occupied with clearing away the snow and levelling a rock site and by the second day the loads of building materials were arriving. The timber had been pre-ordered at Thyangboche and on my arrival I spent some days in sawing this material from the 6" x 4" x 16' lengths into suitable sizes for the hut. It measures 10' x 15' internally and is timber framed, being covered with netting, sisalation and heavy canvas in that order. The three coverings are extended at ground level for about 2' and on this extension is built a 3' high rock wall both to hold down the whole structure and provide some relief from snow pressure. One door, one window and four bunks completed our home, the heating being supplied from a rock stove which I constructed after a good deal of experimentation and smoked eves. (The answer to Kaikamaka!) The firewood is carried up from the Imja valley."

"....."Following our reunion (with the other party) some nine of the total strength (sahibs) of fourteen moved up to the head of the Mingbo in order to erect this hut. (Top Hut). Due to difficulty of access to and unsuitability of hut sites on the col, Hillary decided to place the hut at 19,000 ft. on the Mingbo neve'. Being a pre-fabricated building the shell was completed very rapidly."

"....."Our residence measures some 22' x 10' by 9' high internally and is shaped rather like an aircraft fuselage in cross-section being pre-fabricated of plywood sections with foam plastic insulation infill. These sections are located by means of wooden pegs and the whole structure then bonded by means of circumferential and longitudinal steele cables. The hut sits on wooden bearers which are supported on adjustable steel jacks. At the entrance are the bunks, two sets of two high on either wall, providing sleeping for eight men. Between the bunks is a double doored entrance lobby, a small table and a kerosene stove. This all occupies some 14 ft. of the total length and the remainder contains laboratory and kitchen benches plus the only clear space in the hut measuring 6' x 6'. Adequate daylight is provided by double plastic windows at either end. Electricity for lab. equipment and lighting is supplied from a wind generator with a petrol generator as standby."

ADULT EDUCATION4-12 Jan. Ohakune.

Science is wonderful. 40-50 all-aged bodies, mainly female, largely newcomers, mostly schoolteachers invaded a large old-fashioned boardinghouse at Ohakune Junction for an intensive week, being put through the drill of investigation of plant, bird, insect and other animal populations.

Each day began with two hours of lectures, then we leapt into buses and took off for about 7 hours of field work, with two hours or more of lectures at night, sometimes followed by night operations on traplines etc., mostly in the bush on the road to Blyth Hut.

Science is mathematical these days - to ramble through the bush looking round and making notes is quite old-fashioned. As you must have figures and formulas and you can't possibly count or measure everything you see the boss word is "sampling" and we spent a lot of time on sampling techniques. These must be "statistically valid" and this is decided by the "mathematics of probability" - the sort of calculation that tells you when you've got a 90% chance of winning an art union.

For instance you take a line through rimu forest and measure up the first 25 trees. 25 is a "statistically valid" number, so that when you have done that you can pack up for you know what that patch of bush is like. Or you do the same thing noting birds seen or heard according to the formula $NT = \frac{C}{2L} \left(\frac{F1}{d1} + \frac{F2}{d2} + \frac{Fn}{dn} \right)$.

This will give you how many birds there are in 100 acres and is scientific. Whether or no, it's good clean fun.

The crowd were keen as mustard, crashing through wet fern most unsuitably clothed and taking copious notes. Apart from one elderly woman cast in a narrow pumice gully there were few mishaps, and nearly everyone got above the bushline at the Blyth Hut.

Nancy T., Peter Wardle of Botany Division and I travelled together over the Inland Patea, unfortunately fogbound most of the way as we intended showing Peter the country. At the Taruarau we met a forestry party going in to Otupae, and having turned down the offer of a meal at Moawhango did a big starve as Ohakune had shut down for the night.

An interesting week and an interesting mob and in spite of the earnest atmosphere quite a bit of fun - we even introduced them to singing in the bus towards the end of the course, though this was definitely a frivolous and unscientific activity.

N.L.E.

EXTRACTS FROM F.M.C. BULLETINReport on the death of V.J.Toomey on Mt.Barron

On 13th November, 1959, V.J.Toomey and E.E.Walker, both aged 18, of Christchurch, set out at about 9.30 from Otira to climb Mt.Barron. Shortly after 2 p.m. they reached a steep part consisting partly of soft soil covered with snow grass and partly of rocky bluffs. In some places they had to cross hard frozen snow. They were carrying packs and rifles. The terrain required reliance on hand holds, and Walker, who appears to have been ahead, heard Toomey call out "I can't hang on" and saw his hands slipping from the grip. He had no means of assisting his partner, who fell approximately 1,000 ft. in two stages.

Walker climbed down and found Toomey seriously injured so he returned as quickly as possible and reached Otira at 3.45 p.m. Toomey died before the arrival of two men of the rescue party at 6.50 p.m. The remainder of the rescue party had to carry Walker, who was struck by a falling rock on the way back to the scene of the accident.

COMMENTS:

(1) The difficulty of readily accessible deer-stalking country is easily underestimated.

(2) Steep snow grass slopes are always potentially dangerous and if they expose a party to the possibility of a 1,000 ft fall they should only be attempted by well-equipped climbers.

(3) While allowance must be made for the need for speed of a rescue party, the subsequent accident of E.Walker appears to underline the need for care when a large party crosses country where stones can be dislodged.

CONCLUSION:

The accident was chiefly due to the lack of appreciation of the danger involved in the climb.

The use of a rope might well have prevented this accident. Snow grass, especially if interspersed with frozed snow requires crampons. If such equipment is not available an alternative route should be looked for.

Report on the accident causing the death of John Whitcombe in the Rees River on 2nd January, 1960.

On 2nd January, 1960, Anthony Walpole Bowden and John Whitcombe attempted to cross the Rees River when it was flowing above normal. While using a rope and running belay round a small tree they crossed part of the river to an island of shingle. From this island to the opposite bank was 25-30 feet.

Whitcombe then attempted to cross this section of the river. He had tied the rope around himself, then by means of a running belay round the branch of the fallen tree, thence to Bowden who had

the rope tied round his waist. Whitcombe had almost reached the opposite bank, but was considerably down stream when he stumbled and lost his balance. The rope had become almost extended at this stage and as Whitcombe was swept downstream the strain came on the running belay round the tree and all the spare rope was taken up by the pull. Bowden was unable to untie the wet rope under tension and he was unsuccessful in all attempts to pull Whitcombe in before he drowned.

COMMENTS:

- (1) This is a glaring example of the misuse of a rope in crossing a river.
- (2) The selection of the downstream end of the island was unfortunate in that the belayer had no chance of bringing Whitcombe back to the island either by his action or the force of the current.
- (3) The belay arrangement used could result in only two eventualities in the case of a slip-
 - (a) The crosser would be swept on an arc down and across the stream to a point below the island leaving the belayer with the impossible task of pulling his companion (plus pack) against the current for 25 yards or more.
 - (b) If the belayer had been able to free himself from the rope the crosser would then have been swept downstream beyond range of assistance from the belayer.

CONCLUSION:

In this specific river crossing problem the ford selected was the incorrect one for rope technique and the river should not have been crossed at this point.

DEATH FROM COLD

(The F.M.C. Bulletin quotes the following from "Appalachia", the journal of the Appalachian Mountain Club.

METHODS OF MAINTAINING BODY TEMPERATURE

1. Heat production of the body increases by exercise or by shivering.
2. Rate of heat loss decreased by using insulation (clothing) or by a physiological response called peripheral vasoconstriction.

The amount of heat produced by exercise can be considerable. It is a common observation that before trappers have progressed far on the trail they must unbutton clothing or remove various articles. (However, some types of exercise produce a movement of air over the body which accelerates heat loss.) Very strenuous exercise can increase heat production as much as twenty times the resting level. It would follow then, that if one is physically

fit following a period of physical training he would be able to exercise more and, thus producing more heat, would survive longer.

Shivering is one of the body's physiological defences against the cold. This may vary from light imperceptible muscular contractions to uncontrollable spasm-like movements of the body. The maximum heat that can be derived from shivering is about equivalent of a man running slowly. A lower level of shivering can be maintained for long periods of time. In controlled laboratory studies, men dressed only in shorts lived day and night for two weeks at 60° F and showed no signs of fatigue from shivering, or a deteriorating thermal balance.

Another physiological defence against the cold is peripheral vasoconstriction. As the colder air touches the skin the peripheral blood vessels constrict. This involves blood vessels in the skin and in the tissues below. A decrease of blood flow to these areas results, allowing them to cool. With a cooler periphery the temperature gradient between the skin and the cold surroundings is reduced and less heat is lost from the body. The periphery or shall now acts partially as an insulating layer to reduce the heat transfer from the deeper areas or "core" of the body to the environment. Generally, the extremities of the body, the hands and feet, are most noticeably affected by the constriction and soon reflect the cold exposure. Once the extremities are cooled by this method it is difficult to rewarm them short of rewarming the whole of the body.

There is a great variation in the protective qualities of clothing. Clothing reduces the heat loss through all four major avenues. Numerous layers of clothing either containing air pockets themselves or enclosing layers of air, greatly increase the insulation. A layer of clothing of a tight weave with special chemical treatment gives added protection in wind and rain. Wet clothing affords considerably less protection than does dry clothing.

Movement of air over the body accelerates the loss of heat at temperatures below the critical temperature. The amount of heat loss may be increased three or four-fold by wind.

PHYSIOLOGICAL CHANGES DURING COLD EXPOSURE RESULTING IN DEATH

The first response to exposure to cold is vasoconstriction, which aids in maintaining the core temperature by allowing the the skin temperature to drop. Very shortly thereafter shivering begins. If these processes are adequate to offset the heat loss, core temperature will change little; if not it will soon drop. At a core temperature of 99° to 96° F shivering may become very intense and uncontrollable, which may decrease the ability to perform various tasks. General fatigue may follow several

hours of violent shivering. In many practical situations the period of cold exposure has been produced by many hours of strenuous exercise. It is conceivable that fatigue may be so great that sleep may take over during periods of rest and the body cool rapidly to the point of death. Associated with fatigue is a decrease in the amount of available food in the body. The intake of food, especially in the form of glucose, may stop the temperature drop for a while and increase the survival time.

As the body cools to temperatures of 96° to 91° F violent shivering and vasoconstriction persist and are accompanied by hyperreflexia (an increase in the sensitivity and response of the reflexes), dysarthria (difficulty in speaking), delayed cerebration and decreased sensitivity of some basal brain centres. Amnesia may follow.

In the range of core temperatures of 91° to 86° F shivering decreases and is replaced by strong muscle rigidity. Muscle co-ordination is affected, producing erratic or jerky and less dependable movements. Thinking is not so clear and the general comprehension of the situation is dulled and may be accompanied by amnesia. It is generally possible to maintain the posture and the appearance of psychological control with the environment. As the temperature reaches 86° F and below, periods of unconsciousness and stupor may be followed by hallucination and delirium. Irrationality develops and psychological contact with the environment is failing. The subject may do or say things detrimental to his own welfare. Muscle rigidity persists, but decreases as the temperature approaches 80° F. The subject gives the appearance of relaxation and indifference as he lies on the cold ground. Metabolic processes slow down along with the heart and respiratory rates and may be accompanied by cardiac arrhythmias (irregular heart beats) and hypotension (low blood pressure).

As the core temperature decreases below 80° F unconsciousness persists except for brief moments of arousal by some special stimulation, i.e. loud sounds, physical manipulation etc. Most of the reflexes cease to function. At any point the heart may begin irregular contractions called fibrillations, which are ineffective in circulating the blood. This is followed very shortly by a cessation of heart and respiratory action. It is possible for the heart to stop without the preceding fibrillations. Death probably occurs thus, from the functional failure of the nervous system, i.e. centres in the brain or the "pacemaker" in the heart. There is some evidence that pulmonary edema may also be involved. Death from cold exposure occurs generally within a few degrees of 78° F (rectal temperature). There is one recorded case of survival after a rectal temperature as low as 65° F had been reached.

(To be continued next issue)

CLUB TRIPS.

No. 650.

Mystery Trip.

27th November, 1961.

After weeding sweetcorn (see page 18, Bulletin No. 86) and giving the truck a tune up, twelve bods left on a mystery trip. For those who didn't go, the trip will remain a mystery.

No. in Party: 12.

Leader: Maurie Taylor.

Ken Tustin, Chris Johnson, Tony Corbin, Jim Beer, John Townshend, Hugh Wilde, Nancy Tanner, Annette Tremewan, Gae Lobban, Barbara and Robyn Taylor.

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KAIRAKAU.

10-11th December.

Cancelled on account of the weather.

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No. 651.

KOKOPUNUI - CHRISTMAS 1960.

24-27th December.

Ten bods took off from Holt's in three vehicles soon after 6am on a lovely sunny morning. Most of our packs weighed around the 38lb mark as we set off up the Makaroro river with four days provisions, etc. A partly cloudy sky shielded us from the worst of the heat and made conditions pleasant. We boiled up Waikongenge on Colenso's route up Te Atua Mahuru, and reached the latter's 5028' about 4pm. Saw four stags not far from the top.

A bit of milling around took place trying to locate the shingle slide route down to the Colenso branch of the Mangatera river. We eventually went down some running shingle just below Te Atua Mahuru to the north, and a strong deer track led us on to the shingle slide, thence down to the main stream. At 5.30pm we took off down the river, which provides good going but with interminable bends which eventually gave way to the shingle flat with the welcome sight of Colenso Lake (Kokopunui) hut. Shooters had obviously been in the river not long ago by the number of decomposing deer corpses that polluted the air. Not a fast trip, the last ones arriving just on dark at 8.30 after a twelve hour day. However, Christmas day was to be a day of rest. The hut - Forestry, corrugated aluminium, four bunk, air drop job - is very pleasantly situated on a terrace about 20 feet above the river and looks out east over the shingle

flats and upstram with a glimpse of the main divide a little north of Te Atua Mahuru. After a meal the weary bods were glad to park themselves on and under the bunks.

Christmas day was a very leisurely affair. Breakfast wasn't on till about nine o'clock. Some very nice smoked fish was enjoyed by connoisseurs - thanks to Bob. After putting the two Christmas puddings on to steam in the camp oven over a dying fire, we set off for the Lake. Five minutes saunter along the plateau track brings one to a view of the eastern end of the lake, not far away as the pigeon flies - but !!! A fair bit of plunging through scrub, then battling across boggy flats eventually leads one to the shore. Bob ventured in for a swim only to beat a hasty retreat when bitten by a large eel, to the enjoyment of the onlookers. Two more swam later without incident, and then splashed and bashed their way through bogs and thickets to circumnavigate the lake, returning on the track which runs above the lake on the southern side. There is only one outlet in the N.W. corner, and four streams running into Kokopunui, which is about $\frac{3}{4}$ mile long and $\frac{1}{4}$ mile wide. The rest of the party made their way across and down to the river returning upstream to the hut.

Christmas dinner was a scrumptuous affair under the circumstances - distance from civilisation, etc. There were two Christmas puds with a dollop of cream (ex tin), a pineapple tart, a large bowl of fruit salad, an instant jelly, an ordinary jelly (set in the river), Christmas cake, and all topped off with two boxes of chocolates ! The remainder of the afternoon was spent in or out of the sun. Norm and Kath explored the gorge track which runs past the lake and cuts out a boulder gorge in the Mangatera.

Boxing day dawned beautifully fine and we regretfully left the hut at 8.30 on the first stage of the return to Hawke's Bay. A few hundred yards upstream old blazes and a cut track led approx. due south straight up through the bush to the long ridge running off Trig T (4715'). We boiled up in a saddle between the many bush knobs on this lengthy ridge. Eventually we emerged through scratchy scrub and cutty grass into the open tussock just short of T, at about 3.30pm. The large tarn just below the top was adorned with a deer corpse a tasty shade of green, which deterred swimmers and drinkers. A great view is obtained from this top. At this hour of the day Remutopo loomed rather forbiddingly ahead of us, but about half way along from T a small tarn and an inviting tussock flat with wood for fire and tent poles lured us into camping at 4.30pm. Once again we were early to bed, some sleeping out, others in tents. A fine night, with scudding mist often obscuring the moon and stars.

The air on Tuesday morning was decidedly fresh at 4600', but warmed pleasantly as the sun strengthened and the wind dropped away to a light breeze. In the morning light Remutopo

looked quite mild and half an hour saw us sitting on top at 5050'. The rearguard was amused to watch six trappers stalking a stag which watched them with great interest as they toiled upwards to within perhaps twenty yards, when discretion won. We wandered up and down to the main divide, then turned south, with only a light breeze and the sun blazing down. For lunch some rather muddy water was boiled (the hoped-for tarn having vanished) and we rested under stunted beech in a saddle. In the hottest part of the day we toiled up onto Maropee - 4860'. Just south of this point a track takes off down a spur into a branch of Gold Creek. The Govt. hunters have cut and ~~dis~~aced this good but steep route. About twenty minutes down the stream lands you in Gold Creek proper and the hut is just upstream. A great number of trees have been felled to facilitate the helicopter landings and the area is littered with fallen giants. We boiled up at the hut and then headed home down Gold Creek. The stream is somewhat cluttered with log jams, but two hours or so saw one at the Makaroro and Kowhai Flat. The cars were reached between 8 and 8.30, and 10.30pm saw us back at Holt's after four days of glorious weather and good tramping in country new to most. And so ends 1960 on a most satisfactory note.

No. in Party: 10.

Leader: Nancy Tanner.

Norm & Kath Elder, Annette Tremewan, Margaret Mison, Gay MacDonald, Walter Shaw, Bob Adams, Hugh Wilde, Ken Tustin.

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No. 652.

WORKING PARTY - TONGOIO BEACH

" 22nd. January.

After a seven o'clock start from Holt's we were driven around the Thompson estate, where we picked sweetcorn until 12.30. About 170 cases were picked, and, at 12.45, the truck was piled high with banana cases full of sweetcorn, which we left with Phil at his place. We then continued on to Tongoio, picking up Edne on the way.

At Tongoio, we collected driftwood and made two fires, which soon had billies of sweetcorn boiling above them. 73 cobs of corn were consumed, and everyone, even the girls, forgot their figures.

After recovering from lunch we took a walk around the beach past Flat Rock, where some who had cast iron stomachs, found and ate sea-eggs. About 5pm we started back to the truck where most had a swim, and so home.

No. in Party: 10.

Leader: Ken Tustin.

Annette Tremewan, Peggy Robertson, Margaret Mison, Nanvy Tanner, Edna Ansell, Alan Berry, Bob Adams, Tony Corbin, Chris Johnson, Hugh Wilde.

(Cont.)

Next Day four went round to Phil's place and spent the morning packing the corn.

They Were:-

Nancy Tanner, Edna Ansell, Janet Lloyd, Bob Adams.

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No. 653. COOK'S COTTAGE - BALLARD HUT - DICK'S SPUR.

Feb. 4-5th.

Of the fifteen people scheduled to leave Holt's at 5 am, only nine arrived. With this depleted party we set off on the long drive to Puketitiri and the Makahu Stream. After picking up Peter Lewis at Ball's Clearing we arrived at the Makahu in time to change leisurely and be away by 9 o'clock.

We followed the formed road for some time and then struck to the left on the shortcut which dropped us into the Koaro Stream about $\frac{1}{4}$ of an hour above where it meets the road, whence we travelled up the disced track alongside the stream until we came to the foot of the spur.

It was a long, hot slog up the spur, but we eventually reached the fly camp under Trig A, where we boiled up. After following the track through the bush we climbed the bare ridge, which landed us on the tops between Dick's Spur and E, where we were met by a cold wind. From there, an hour's walk round the tops and down the face saw us in Ballard Hut, where after the usual stew, tea and chinwag, we settled down for the night.

We climbed back to the tops again in the morning, and after considerable searching in the thick mist which had developed overnight, set off down Dick's Spur. Towards the foot of the spur we dropped off of the mist and were able to plan our route across the Kaweka Flats. However, as usually happens, the route we picked from above was unrecognisable from the ground level, but after considerable floundering around and tree climbing, we bashed our way down a steep ridge and face into a small creek which we followed down to the Makahu.

Two hours walk down the Makahu saw us back at the truck, completing a trip which was rather more venturesome than most club trips, but which was, I think, thoroughly enjoyed by all concerned.

No in Party: 9

Leader: Keith Garratt.

Annette Tremewan, Nancy Tanner, Peter Lewis, Maurie Taylor, Bob Adams, Tony Corbin, John Townshend, Tony Collins.

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No, 654.

BUSHCRAFT !!!

Feb. 19th.

Twenty-seven keen bods came out on this bushcraft trip and some of them learned the hard way what to take on a day-trip, just in case it turns out to be day - and a night - trip. But let us not get ahead of our story.

Twenty-seven take some shifting and finally we were away up the Moorcock and up the ridge between the Moorcock and the Tuki Tuki. This "up" seems to trouble a few bods and soon the party was divided into fast, medium and slow. On the top the party was reorganised. The fast and medium ones took off on a set compass bearing and the slow ones took the official route down the Tuki Tuki. The fast ones took turns in leading the party and realised how easy it is to go off the compass bearing and down a small side ridge, consequently losing height and getting into trouble. We kept this up until 2pm in the afternoon, when we came out of the bush onto the open ridge, from where we could pick a ridge down to the S.Tuki Tuki. This proved a good one, and got us safely down to the river, where thirst was quenched. The S.Tuki is rather narrow, but it carries very little water and the going was good. At 4.30 we arrived at the junction of the Tuki and the S.Tuki, where we had our first boil-up of the day.

At 5 pm we set off on the way down the Tuki, up the Moorcock and home. But it was not to be. I completely missed the Moorcock junction and went down the Tuki as far as Khyber Pass - a narrow gorge. By then it was 8.30 and dark and we called it a day, lit a fire and made ourselves comfortable (state of mind). Here it was that bods learned the hard way what to take on a day trip. Next morning (which seemed a long time in coming) we were away early to the nearest farm and contacted Hastings. We were out and home by 12 noon, Monday. Special thanks to Mr. & Mrs Marra who did everything to make us feel at home, and to Mr. Marra who drove us all the way around to Mill Farm.

N. in Party: 27.

Leader: Phil Bayens.

Ken Tustin, Bob Adams, Derek Boshier, Lionel Rogers, Stuart Bercham, Cyril Hargreaves, Chris Johnson, Hugh Wilde, Peter Curnow, Jim Beer, Miles Robertson, Margaret Mison, Peggy Robertson, Nancy Tanner, Annette Tremewan, Elizabeth Wills, Fred Mace, Athol Mace, Barry Raxworthy, Bob Cooper, Gay McDonald, John Townshend, Dan Tribshaw, Mrs. Tribshaw, Ian Wallis, Rex Chaplin.

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No. 655.

GOLD CREEK

March 5th.

We were away from Holt's by 6.30am and were at Hall's Farm and ready to hit the ridge by about 8.30am. After sloshing through the paddocks for a quarter of an hour or so, we started climbing through wet dense bush and over slippery logs etc, till we came on to the top of the spur which branches off the ridge. Then some more climbing till we hit the top of the ridge, and headed along it, approx. S.W. We were supposed to come across the track from Gold Creek hut, to Triplex Hut, so we pushed on till we came across what looked like blazes. After a bit of scouting around which proved nothing, a pow-wow between the more experienced types, and consulting of maps, we decided that the track was half an hour or so further on. We eventually came to the track which, incidently, was in good order and which dropped down into Gold Creek. Twenty minutes or so later, found fourteen wet, cold, hungry types crowded round the fire trying to dry themselves. After a meal ... then another feed ... etc., eleven of us pushed off down the river, leaving three energetic types to stay behind and clean up the hut. However, they soon caught up - fit eh?

The truck was reached by 5 o'clock by all but two members who, (strange Types ??) walked right past the turnoff. Anyway they came out an hour later, and that is the main thing. We set off homeward and were back in Hastings by 8 o'clock approx. A very enjoyable, but wet trip.

No. in Party: 14.

Leader: Hugh Wilde.

Nancy Tanner, Barbara Taylor, Liz Wills, Kath Berry, Pat Berry, Bob Adams, Maurie Taylor, Chris Johnson, Ian Wallis, Ken Tustin, Tony Corbin, John Townshend.

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HUT and TRACK:

A flood track from the Waikamaka Hut, through the scrub, could be made without much difficulty to perhaps half-way upstream towards the waterfall. Under some circumstances this would be very welcome.

On the Waipawa side a better grade could be followed by keeping to the Three Johns side. Most of this could be through low scrub but to get the best grade it would probably be best to sidle up through taller scrub at the lower end.

The long saddle between Sixty Six and Armstrong Saddle is scrubby and it is not easy to pick a good track. Snow poles would be a big help.

The Shut Eye chimney has NOT been re-erected. The rumour was false.

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No. 656.

TRIAL SEARCH(a) Trail Laying - 18.3.61.

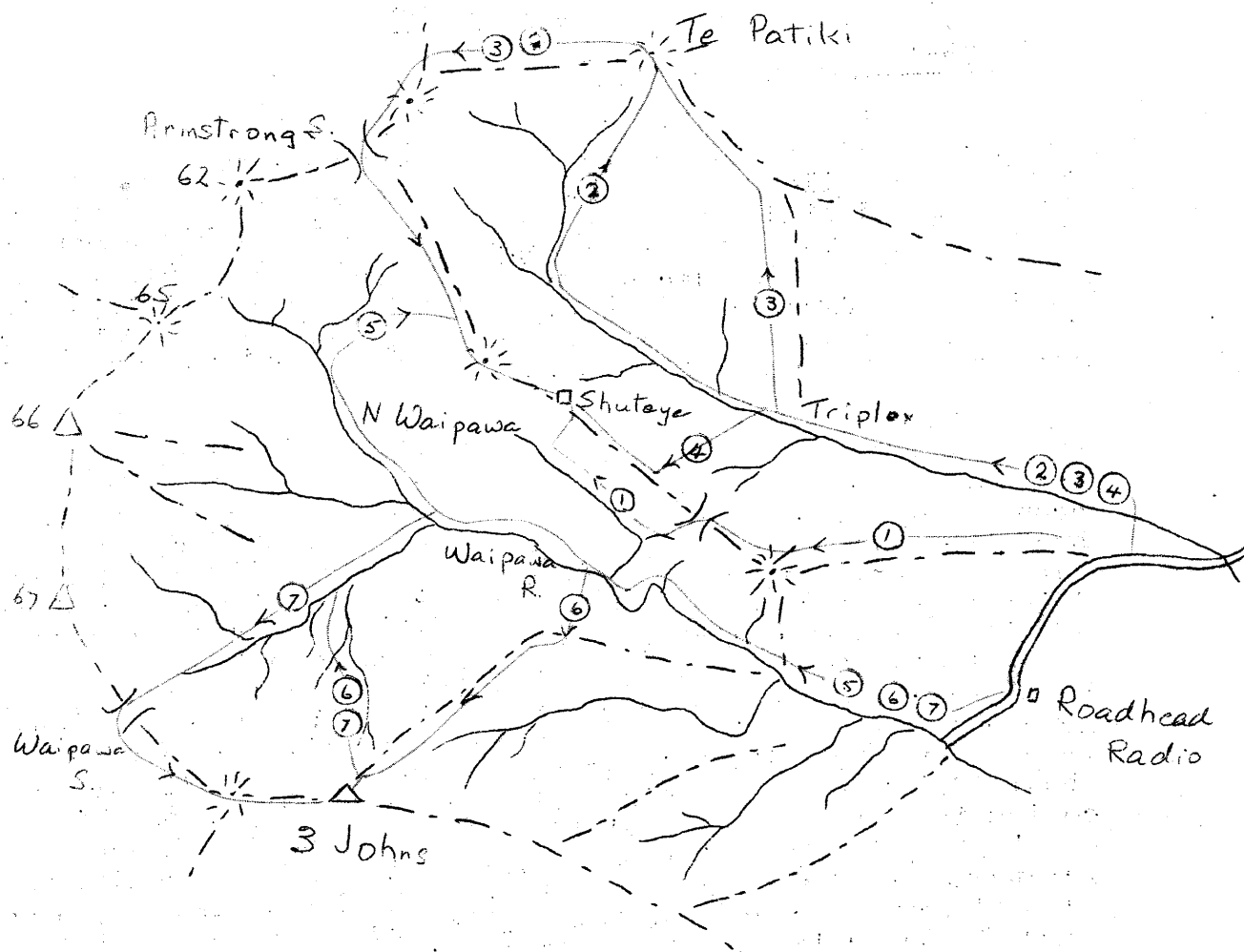
Four bods left Hastings soon after 6am on Saturday to lay trails, leave clues and plant a "Body" in two different areas as detailed by Alan, which it was hoped the searchers on Sunday would find. The areas were the Waipawa River and Saddle - 3 Johns back to Waipawa; and Triplex creek, Te Patiki, Armstrongs Shut-eye ridge. We decided to spend the (unoccupied) Govt. Hunters HQ. Camp, south of Triplex, and left our night gear there. Bob and Tony were deposited at the Waipawa and Nancy and Graham had the Triplex area.

Nancy and Graham left the car near Triplex creek at 9am and followed upstream about 20 minutes above the Shut-eye take-off. Scattered orange peel on true right bank below scoured rock face, then turned approx north up fern covered bush face. After an awkward climb we eventually reached the bush edge about 11.30am. Weather - thick mist and occasional drizzle, no wind, mild. Top of Te Patiki (approx 4600' to 4700') - appeared at 12.05. Left clues and note on toffee paper indicating we were leaving at 12.25 travelling west (we hoped as compass almost u/s. and visibility only a few yards) to Armstrong Top (4975'). Mercifully Govt. Shooters have cut track along this ridge in stunted beech etc. Saddle drops about 200' then up to main divide, reached at 13.05. Mist coming in from E to main divide, cloudy to West. Reached 4975' at 13.15, the mist came over again as we descended to Armstrong Saddle and down to Shut-eye at 1405. Left 1415 and dropped from S. corner of hut down to creek below. Quite a scramble to arrive 30 minutes later in creek and find 20' waterfall blocking us. Sidled and scrambled above S. side of creek hearing more waterfalls. Finally struggled in rain back down to creek at 3.30pm, 10 minutes above branch running off Shut-eye ridge saddle. Followed this up for about 15 minutes (past site of last years "Body") and planted our "Body" (orange crepe paper tied round large beech below uprooted tree) approx 100 yards above stream on true right bank. Left at 4.15 and up to old Shut-eye track, along bush ridge, then down at what we hoped was about right place to bring us out near Camp. Floundered around in bush basin in wet fern and deadfalls. Only view - beech trees, mist, fern. Eventually emerged above road a mile or so south of our objective at 5.45pm and squelched back into empty camp at 6.10. Were very relieved to hear and see other pair returning 40 minutes later from their 3 Johns jaunt.

Nancy Tanner, Graham Evans.

When Tony and Bob were deposited By Nancy and Graham at

TRIAL SEARCH AREA.



NATURE NOTES.

The big snail Paraphanta, of which shells were collected on the Christmas trip near Maropea, is also up the slope behind the Waikamaka Hut. The hunters say there are also two colonies in the Tukituki, one up Ranunculus Creek the other in the head stream below Tiraha.

They also saw a rabbit on Weka Flat in the Kawhatau. Two of us also caught a glimpse of perhaps a couple of very wet rabbits in the tussock just below Rongotea.

Deer were only seen on Piringa where they were very tame.

The corpse of an opossum was seen almost on top of 65.

---o0o---

the Waipawa river at about 8.15am the weather looked very bad indeed. However after donning packs at 8.30 we proceeded up the river, dropping pieces of orange peel and plenty of foot-prints.

About $\frac{3}{4}$ of an hour was spent at the forks, laying a false trail up the North Waipawa, the weather ?- Mist very thick with rain.

At midday the saddle was reached and it was decided to drop into the Waikamaka Hut for lunch, - the weather being clear as a bell. After a pleasant chat and lunch with two deer cullers, we pushed off (leaving a balaclava) for the saddle and 3 Johns, - the weather thick mist.

After 40 minutes of walking in the mist, trying to figure out the magnetic declination of our compasses, we considered ourselves on 3 Johns at 3.10pm. Visibility was down to about 10 yards.

The intention was to find the right spur down to just below the forks. But what with the mist, the leatherwood, and laying clues (now for our own preservation) we missed the spur, taking off a secondary one, finding ourselves climbing down steep bluffs covered with small scrub. Finally we found ourselves on a small shingle slide. We followed this till we reached Waipawa River, 10 minutes above the Cullers' Camp.

By the time we had reached the roadhead after depositing our "Boggy" on top of a bluff below the camp it was nightfall. With the rain, mist, and darkness, visibility was reduced to nothing. Luckily we had only another 30 minutes walking left and that was along the road to the Cullers' base which was reached at 7.30pm.

J.R. Adams, A. Corbin.

(b) THE SEARCH.

The wind was high and the cloud low on the Saturday, which boded ill for our annual trial search the following day. Sunday morning dawned calm and clear however and for this change of heart on Hughie's part quite a number of us were to be most grateful before the day was out.

Once again we had a good muster for the trip but although the party was long in numbers it was rather short in experience - a sign of the times unfortunately. Even the youngest members acquitted themselves well however and we are grateful to them for their support. The search plan was rather different from

that of the past two years in that it represented the first rather than the last stages of a search, involving the coverage of a wide area in the hope of picking up signs of the passage of two missing persons assumed to have come over from the Maropea. These clues have been diligently laid by two small parties in the atrocious conditions of the day before.

The accompanying sketch indicates the movement of the parties and the territory covered.

Summary of Operations:

Party 1: (Leader Jim Glass) and Party 5 (Maurie Taylor). Searched Lower Shut-eye Ridge, headwaters of Shut-eye creek and N. Waipawa scree without experiencing any difficulty.

Party 2: (Nancy Tanner). Made Te Patiki from Triplex after several hours tough going. Met up with party 3 and continued over Armstrong Top and back to Shut-eye. (4pm.)

Party 3: (Hal Christian). Reached Te Patiki via scree at head of Triplex.

Party 4: (Helen Hill). Accompanied Search Controller (Norman Elder) to Shut-eye by normal route and established field base. Continued up Shut-eye Ridge to Armstrong Saddle.

Party 6: (Alan Berry). The new track from the Waipawa River to 3 Johns, which this party was supposed to be taking, proved to be but a myth, the figment of some culler's fertile imagination. This meant 4 hours of bashing up through typical 3 Johns scrub-country fit only for pygmies. Met Party 7 on 3 Johns.

Party 7: (Jack Landman). Uneventful trip to Waipawa Saddle and 3 Johns, where they met party 6 and with them set off down a scree towards the Waipawa River. The stress soon petered out though and the parties found themselves in what must surely have been the roughest bit of country the Club has seen for many a long day. Bluffs, waterfalls, scrub, leatherwood, lawyer. The whole works. As a result they were delayed somewhat and arrived below just in time to see the aerial arrival of Gay McDonald by stretcher from the clifftop next to Shut-eye Creek.

Radio: In spite of a few hitches the value of radio in the field was again amply demonstrated. The field base set could only transmit morse during the morning as a result of a defective microphone and the Waipawa Saddle party could not raise much with their 38 set, until they reached 3 Johns. Contact with Hastings was difficult until the afternoon. Our thanks go to the R.E.C. operators, some of whom had a pretty hectic day.

St. John Ambulance: Our thanks go again to Mr. Snadden for coming out on the trip to demonstrate field first-aid. It was indeed unfortunate that many of the members were still in the field when the time came for this aspect of the trip, with the result that only the stretcher lowering was undertaken.

Conclusion: An enjoyable day-trip for a large party, more or less strenuous according to the territory covered..

On account of the parties' uncertain times of arrival from their reconnaissances, it appears to be unwise to combine other aspects of search and rescue work with a trial of this kind.

No. in Party: 35

Leader: Alan Berry.

Weekend: Nancy Tanner, Tony Corbin, Graham Evans, Bob Adams.

Day: Helen Hill, Gay McDonald, Joan Wards, Annette Tremewan, Jim Glass, David Evans, Geoff Lynn, Peter Curnow, Hal Christian, Athol Mace, Ian Wallis, Maurie Taylor, Hugh Wilde, Stuart Barcham, Ken Tustin, Jack Landman, Chris Johnson, Norman Elder, Alan Berry and Hastings High Club members Brown, Bousefield, Campbell, Rendle, Croucher..

R.E.C.: Brian Pickett, Bob Shepherd, Barry Donkin, Jack and Carroll, Mr. Townsend in Hastings and Mr. Donkin in Havelock North. St. John's Ambulance; Ian Snadden. Hastings Base relaying to Police Station, Janet Lloyd.

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No. 657.

NO MAN'S HUT - SHUTE'S - LESSONG'S
MONUMENT - RUAHINE HUT.

Easter: March 31st-Apr. 3rd.

31st March.

The day looked promising - no clouds, no wind and plenty of sunshine. Under those beautiful conditions we climbed Herrick's Spur. But with a 45lb pack on your back and no water those conditions become a curse, and you find yourself wishing for rain, wind, even snow. By the time we reached the main plateau we were all done and in a semi-dehydrated state. Finally at 4pm we stumbled into No Man's Hut where four deer cullers were in residence. We quenched our thirst, pitched camp and settled down for the night. In the meantime a cold Westerly wind got up, which made staying outside the tent pretty miserable.

1st April.

That cold westerly wind stayed with us all Friday night and Saturday. We left No Man's hut at 8am, sidled Ikawetea

and headed N.E. towards Trig K. Pretty good going. Reached Trig K by noon. Took a leading spur from K down to Shute's Hut. From the top of the spur you can see a Pine-tree plantation, planted near the hut, which gave us a distinct landmark. The previous night one of the deercullers gave us this information, so we had no trouble in pin pointing the hut, which we reached at 1.20pm. The hut walls are made out of boulders from the creek held together by concrete, and are approx. 4'6" high. There is also a concrete floor and a concrete chimney. The hut looks solid and above all very dry and appears to be pretty draught-proof. The open fire, with the aid of the pine-cones, gathered from the nearby plantation is capable of warming the hut without a whisp of smoke getting into the room. In the afternoon some of us went down Shute's Creek to the Taraorau. Others lazed around, gathering energy for the next day. For the record: The pines were planted in 1920.

2nd. April

Away by 6 am., a record for H.T.C., along the old pack track, which sidles high above the Taruarau, practically on top of the ridge, towards the first saddle, from where we took a fairly steep ridge down to the Te Koau. The bottom of this ridge proved a little too steep, but eventually we landed in the Te Koau, where a boil-up was required, to strengthen ourselves for the climb to Lessong's Monument. Here history repeats itself. The bottom of the ridge proved a little steep but after a hair-raising five minutes the ridge flattened out and turned out to be a good one. About 2 pm saw us at Lessong's Monument. By now the weather had turned pretty dirty with strong wind and rain, but as we approached Ruahine Hut things improved so that we were able to pitch camp in dry weather. Ruahine Hut has now completely fallen down and its only use is for firewood.

3rd. April

An easy day. Away by 10, and out over Big Hill by 1 pm, where we had to wait for Walter. Home 3.15 pm.

No. in Party: 12.

Leader: Phil Bayens.

Nancy Tanner, Annette Tremewan, Tont Corbin, Bob Adams, Hugh Wilde, Ken Tustin, John Townshend, Chris Johnson, Peter Curnow, Walter Shaw, Graham Evans.

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NEW MEMBERS:

We welcome to the club Gay McDonald and Chris Johnson.

APPOINTMENTS:

At a recent committee meeting Tony Corbin was appointed to the social committee in place of Cy.

Keith Garratt was re-appointed assistant Club Captain.

SWEETCORN PROFIT: Expenses £25/12/3: gross takings £74/1/10: profit £48/9/7.

A jolly good effort. Special thanks to Phil.

O U T W A R D B O U N D.

Outward Bound started during the war when Holt's Blue Funnel Line set up a survival school for their apprentices before sending them to sea. Since the war this has been continued and extended to cover safety in the mountains and there are now several schools in Britain and a few overseas. This is obviously up our alley.

The recent meeting in Hastings was concerned with the proposal to set up an Outward Bound school in N.Z. and its executive director, Mr. Lawson, showed a film of the Eskdale School - which some of our tourist members have seen in action.

They run ten 26-day courses a year, each with an intake of 90 boys between 16 and 19, mostly sent by industrial firms. It starts with intensive gym and assault courses and goes on to rock climbing and cross country travel, with some search and rescue work, which the schools have taken over in their area. Courses for girls cover homecraft, mothercraft and drama, with some hiking and a little climbing.

How this will fit into the N.Z. set up remains to be seen. If it can give young people, who would otherwise miss out, a start with tramping and mountaineering, it will be doing something really useful.

N.L.E.

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S O C I A L N O T E S.

Birth: To Doreen and Jim Glass -- a daughter.

Departures: Pam Lewis to Palmerston North.
Graye Shattky to Christchurch.
Barbara Wallace to Ardmore.
Cy Hargreaves to Auckland.

Return: Owen Brown to Napier.

Ga e Lobban and Margaret Mison are holidaying in Australia.
George Lowe has returned to England.
Wally Romanes was a member of the party that climbed Ama Dablam.

Deaths: Mabel Wyatt was a prominent and popular member in the early days of the H.T.C. We extend our sympathy to her family.
Mrs. Gilchrist was a member of the H.T.C. for many years. As a member of the R.E.C. she gave us marvellous help in search and rescue. Our sympathy goes out to her husband.

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

April 26th: Ten minute talk - slides.
May 10th: Ten minute talk - film.
May 24th: Talks on occupations.
June 7th: Readings from Lester Masters' book.
June 21st: Panel discussion on Matters of Interest.
July 5th: Variety Evening.
July 19th: Occupations. Slides.
August 2nd: Slides.
August 16th: Guest Speaker.
August 30th: Film.

FIXTURE LIST.

<u>Date:</u>	<u>Trip:</u>	<u>Leader:</u>	<u>Fare:</u>
May 14th:	Three Fingers.	Jack Landman.	9/-
May 27-28th:	Kiwi Saddle via Tutaekuri (Hut and Track maintenance).	Tony Corbin.	10/-
June 3-4-5:	Blyth Hut, Ohakune - Mount Ruapehu. Queen's (Fares reducible, seniors by 5/-, B'day. juniors by 10/-, if paid before or on trip).	(Keith Garratt & (Nigel Thompson.	30/-
June 11th:	Pohangina Saddle, Otumore.	John Townshend.	10/-
June 24-25th:	Waikamaka - hut & track maintenance.	Maurie Taylor.	10/-
July 9th:	Mill Farm - Hinerua Ridge Hut.	Hal Christian.	10/-
July 22-23rd:	Upper Makaroro Hut.	Hugh Wilde.	10/-
August 6th:	Rakautanu (Holt's) via Waikoau & Taraponui.	Nancy Tanner.	10/-
Aug. 19-20th:	Te Iringa - Log Cabin - Te Mahanga.	Rex Chaplin.	10/-

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

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