

HERETAUNGA TRAMPING CLUB (Inc.)

" P O H O K U R A "

Bulletin No. 91.

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CLUB TRIPS

No. 686

KAWEKA HUT WORKING PARTY

March 31st - April 1st.

As so often happens with weekend working parties a magnificent crowd turned up at Holts on Saturday morning - a grand total of 6!

We arrived at Kuripapango faced with the prospect of carrying all the gear in ourselves, but were lucky to meet a Colenso High School party who were just leaving on a day trip to the hut. They kindly offered to carry some for us, and were given no chance to take the offer back. They took all the sacks which were to be used for the bunks. We headed off with lighter packs than we had anticipated, although some of us still had loads of over fifty pounds. Two of us went ahead to get some patches on the malthoid before the rain started, but Hughie beat us by half-an-hour.

Everyone arrived in good time and we spent the afternoon re-sacking bunks, cleaning the hut, measuring the hut etc. The Colenso party went part way to the tops before heading back to the road. On Sunday morning we finished off the bunks and the malthoid patching and dug a new rubbish hole. In the afternoon we made a very wet trip back to the truck and thence home.

No. in party: 6

Leader: Keith Garratt

Jim Wilshire, Peter Lewis, Annette Tremewan, Christine Prebble, Stewart Barcham.

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No. 687

MILL FARM - HINERUA HUT

April 15th.

This trip was unusual in that it was an all male party. An easy trip deserved a 7am start. At mill Farm we drove down to the new Forestry base and were in tramping gear by 9.30.

On the ridge opposite the confluence of the Moorcock with the Tukituki we split into two parties, the slower arriving at Hinerua Hut by 1pm. Quite a good track led up through the bush and the birds were pleasant to listen to - a tui which turned out to be a bellbird, fantails, tomtits and riflemen. The gale which hit the province that day with 65mph gusts started fitfully down the bush-clad slopes before we left. The second group got away at 2.20 after donning warmer clothing. We had to haul back two boys who headed off down Hinerua Ridge at Foote's Mistake and were left in doubt about a third for two hours. This person found himself finally 3 miles too far down stream. We erected a two-disc sign at the mouth of the Moorcock in an endeavour to dissuade further parties from wandering too far down the Tukituki, and passed through Ashley Clinton in time to gather mushrooms before dark.

No. in party: 12

Leader: Hal Christian

Jim Wilshere, Chris Johnson, Peter Lewis, Keith Garratt, Trevor Rendle, Stuart and Hamish Barcham, David Evans, Neville Brown, Terry Baker, Robert Anderson.

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No. 688

NGARURORO

29th-April

Pohokura said the Comet, the forecast was crook and the support for the trip indifferent; the decision at the meeting was to take the truck to Kuripapango and make a choice there. The Kakakino dives into a crack through the Comet range downstream from the road (cliff botany); the old pack-track to Timihanga heads off from the bridge (history); Nancy put in a more ambitious outing, over Te Iringa and down the Kakakino from Hoodoo Saddle (many famous last words have been uttered in that vicinity!)

However, the party built up, the weather was fair and Keith had a nylon rope. It was inevitable that we found ourselves committed to locating the new N.Z.F.S. Cameron Hut and practising river crossings on the way. Though the Ngaruroro was quite low the crossings were swift enough to give beginners a seemly respect for fast water: the hut unluckily was just too far, though but for Hal's social commitments some of the party would probably have made it.

No. in party: 22

Leader: Norm Elder

Kath Berry, Helen Hill, Annette Tremewan, Madge Cooper, Glenda Smith (Robb), Angela Smith, Christine Prebble, Susan Cornforth, Gilliam Kemp, David Evans, Peter Lewis, Roy Peacock, Jim Wilshere, Bert McConnell, Keith Garratt, Owen Brown, Jim Beer, Hal Christian, Jeff Boyd, George Prebble, Trevor Ruffell.

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No. 689

KIWI HUT MAINTENANCE

12-13th May

Luckily for one or two late arrivals, one of the storemen at Holt's had left our nails ready for us but unfortunately behind locked doors. Fortunately, the late arrivals and a storeman arrived almost simultaneously, so, tossing timber and bods aboard we departed at 6.30. On

arrival at the Pine Tree, heavy frost greeted us together with a beautiful windless sunny sky. Sorting out loads we staggered off very overlaid and stopped for lunch at Clem's Rock. Off once again with our approx 200lb load we sidled 4,100, but then began dropping timber here and there along the track and finally arrived at Kiwi at 5.30 - 6pm. Soup, stew and an excellent dessert set most of us on our feet again and after a somewhat hilarious evening - the sack.

All were away from the hut by 10am and back again by 12.5 with a total of twenty 6x1x7'6", six 3x2x7'6" and three 3x2x9', the 3 x 2 all being just out of the treatment tank and very wet. All the timber is tan-alized radiata pine to combat rot. We had lunch, measured the hut, fitted a handle to the new water tin and were away by 2.5pm. reaching the truck by 4.35. No messing around and Hastings was reached at 6.45 and nine weary trampers separated conscious of a job well started. There are still four 6 x 1's nestling in the konini trees at the foot of 4,100. Also later a similar quantity in 6'6" lengths needs to be taken in for the top bunk. Many thanks, willing workers, but next time instead of nine slaves how about nineteen?

No. in party: 9

Leader: Maury Taylor

Jim Wilshire, Jim Beer, Annette Tremewan, Christine Prebble, Geoff Boyd, David Evans, Norrie Johnson, Peter Lewis.

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No. 690

POHATUHAHA

27th May.

After a six o'clock start from Holt's we finally arrived as far as Alan could take the truck along the bulldozed road not far north east of the foot of Jumped Up (Spur). Instead of following the road we tried one of the Tramping Club type shortcuts and ended up with the usual result, getting bushed in the fairly heavy scrub-cum-bush, but finally found our way up the spur that leads directly to Pohatuhaha. However, the going was not too bad and it was about 11 o'clock when we finally reached the top of the initial grind that most spurs are blessed with.

After a stop for a blow, seventeen of us carried on, leaving six to botanise and make their way down to Sentry Box Hut. The going wasn't too bad for a start but as one approached Pohatuhaha the deer tracks rather petered out. Where the deer went is anybody's guess. Eventually, however, at about 12.30, after crawling under, over, and finally, in desperation, through the confounded scrub, and up sheer rock faces, tarzan-style, the top (4466') was reached. There was a cold wind on top, so as soon as photographers had done their dirty work, we made our way through the stunted beech where we lit a fire and borrowed and boiled a piece of deer-wallow.

After a longish lunch hour, we decided we had better stir our stumps, and get under way again. The going was pretty rugged until we came across a cut track on the spur immediately south of the one we had come up. Not long after we were all having a breather on a knob almost directly above Sentry Box when a faint yell told us someone had been left behind. While four of us stayed where we were to wait for them the others went on

down to the hut and not long after we followed. Back at the hut we had a boilup and then followed the stream out for a few minutes before cutting up to the right out into the paddocks and to the bulldozed track. This was followed back to the truck, which was reached just on dark by most and just after by a few. An interesting and enjoyable trip.

No. in party: 24

Leader: Ken Tustin

Alan Berry, Peter Lewis, Norm Elder, Bob Anderson, Jim Wilshire, Roy Peacock, David Evans, Robert Neilson, Trevor Rendle, Barry Donkin, Stuart Barcham, Norrie Johnson, Trevor Ruffell, Gillian Kemp, Nancy Tanner, Christine Prebble, Kath Elder, Angela Smith, Keith Garratt, Alan Salt, George and Alison Bee.

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No. 691

MANGAHOANE SHEEP STATION, REPOROA BOG,
RUAHINE CORNER HUT, AND BACK

Queen's Birthday
June 2nd, 3rd, 4th.

Official starting time 4am. By the time we had waked and rounded up a few bods we got away from Hastings at 5am, in very bleak and wet weather conditions. We slithered and slipped over the Blowhard while it rained continuously, over Gentle Annie, over Taruarau Hill and down to Mangaohane station. By that time Hughie had decided that this was enough for the time being and dried up, although his blanket stayed with us all day.

After we left the truck the track followed Norm's Routeguide to the letter for a while, but then thought better of it and followed the Pokopoko valley on the northern side, crossed it when we were past the gorge, over a low ridge and sidled the Reporoa Bog on the north-eastern side. We were now in the middle of open tussock country, with practically no bush, plenty of little streams and gullies and terraces, and here and there for no reason at all, limestone rocks poking out of the tussock. One peculiar feature was the sink hole - a craterlike hole in the tussock with a stream at the bottom coming from nowhere and disappearing to nowhere. From the sink hole we headed towards the saddle where we had a good view over the Makirikiri plateau and what lay ahead of us. From the saddle we dropped into quite a deep stream, climbed out onto the Makirikiri plateau and made for the Ruahine Corner Hut, where the bush joins the tussock, a welcome contrast. Ruahine Corner Hut:- 4 bunks and a wooden floor - a flat iron walled hut overrun by mice (phfff what a smell!)

3rd June. "Hughie" let us have it full blast. Blanket right down, pouring with rain and to top it off a strong, cold, miserable wind. Best place in a case like this is the sack. It cleared a little in the afternoon and 6 decided to climb Potae, which proved fairly tricky towards the top. A good track takes you just short of the top, which consists of sawtooth-like slabs of limestone rock sticking up almost vertically, with stunted growth on the west but smooth on the east. In the meantime those staying in the hut played havoc with the mice.

4th June: Weather dry, blanket low. Left Hut at 8am across Makirikiri Plateau, sidled Ohutu 1 and 2, passed the southern end of the bog and followed the southern side of the Reporoa stream, which we crossed between two sets of gorges. Had lunch at an abandoned fly camp; tables, chair, sink and fireplace were still there. Climbed out of the Reporoa Stream and followed a landrover track out to where the truck was. Looking back over the map, we must have covered a good bit of country.

No. in party: 9

Leader: Phil Bayens

Nancy Tanner, Helen Hill, Peter Lewis, David Evans, Stuart Barcham, Jim Beer, Bob Anderson, Peter Curnow.

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No. 692

TE WAKA via POTTER's ROAD

10th June

At first, prospects for this trip were rather uncertain, with only four names on the list. However, Owen said that a few Napier Boys High School pupils might like to come with us, so we hoped to have the truck at least half full. As it happened, most of the bods who turned up at Holt's brought friends with them, so 13 set out from Hastings. Stopped at Napier to pick up 14 N.B.H.S. plus 1 H.T.C., then to Marewa where we expected 2 and found 3 (groans from those on the truck), then out to Taradale, and again, 3 instead of 2 bods were added to the "sardines" (louder groans). An hour later, when the driver asked if they would like to stretch their legs, he was promptly told to get moving and get the agony over.

After leaving the truck, we had an easy stroll along a bulldozed track, a pause to look round an old hut built of split wooden slabs, and then a steeper climb to a limestone plateau dotted with tarns, sink-holes and rock outcrops. A perfect day with clear views from Mahia to the Urewera, the upper Mohaka valley, Kawekas, Ruahines, and Cape Kidnappers, deserved more cameras than the few which were taken on the trip.

After a boil-up, rock-climbing and cave-exploring enthusiasts found many interesting spots. One cave was easily passable for well over a hundred feet, and the walls were covered by ribbed lime deposits resembling curtain folds. But winter days are not long enough, so we had to leave the sunlit hill and scramble down into the frosty valley, to reach the truck just before dark.

No. in party: 34

Leader: Peter Lewis

Kath Berry, Madge Cooper, Gae Lobban, Angela Smith, Christine & Anne Prebble, Alex & Margaret Buchanan, Owen Brown, David Evans, Noel Evans, Jim Gregory, Doug Henderson, Bruce Tasker, Ian Strachan, Bert McConnell, Jeff Lynn, Roy Peacock, Jim Wilshire, 14 N.B.H.S boys.

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No. 693

HERRICKS, DEAD DOG & RUAHINE HUTS - BIG HILL

23-24th June

Away from Holt's at 6.15am in two cars, we were ready to leave from Big Hill Station in blustery conditions. We said goodbye to Norm at 7.45am as he took his car back to Hastings, then we dropped down into the Big Hill

Stream valley out of the wind, and headed for Herrick's Hut. Several showers later saw us brewing up in the hut where we were misled by a forestry map marked with a track to Dead Dog Hut. Looking for the track we arrived on top of the toe of Herrick's spur by the trig and continued to the next knoll for lunch.

Just out of the main blasts of wind our 1.15pm lunch tasted good but we were glad to be moving again, dropping down a northern ridge through scrub and trees back into Big Hill Stream. We paddled up stream to arrive at Dead Dog Hut by 4pm. The hut was lined with plywood and very well appointed with six bunks to fit the six bodies supplied by us. That night we retired at 7.30 after filling the six bodies with really good food and were ready to leave again by 8.30 Sunday morning. Going up the spur behind the hut we were forced to seek cover from the wind on the open patches and then make a dash for the forest cover on the crest of the Hollowback Ridge.

From there we kept out of the wind around to Rakautanga and picked up the track to Ruahine Hut. For the first part the track was easy to follow but towards the last section it faded out into manuka but Nancy must have smelt the tea brewing for she was off like a rocket and in a few minutes we were met by a dog who took us the rest of the way. The new hut has been built alongside the old one and what a hut! We had thought that Dead Dog was good but this one was not only lined but painted pale green inside too. The beds, six of them, steel with dunlopillo mattresses; what comfort! It's no wonder that it was full of Govt. hunters. We accepted tea from them and had lunch at 12.30pm. Farewelling the Hut and its occupants we crossed the plateau and dropped down to the tractor track leading over Big Hill.

"Big Hill". Now there is a name that we six want to change to "Big Wind Hill!" We went up it wind assisted but too much so. We were carried across the track and forced to take cover on the lee side. From there on we fought our way back onto the road and when cover ran out we crawled while being peppered with small stones. I brought up the rear after two of us were partly buried by a small wind blown slide; we crawled out of this to see the other four swept off the road, luckily into low bush. It took seventy minutes to fight and crawl 180 yards from the saddle to some cover. Then we went on down the hill to where Rex waited with his car and best of all a flask of hot soup.

Hastings received us about 7.30pm.

No. in party: 6 Leader: Roy Peacock
Christine Prebble, Nancy Tanner, Alan Berry, Jim Wilshire, Bill Morison.

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No. 694

TE WAKA via TITIOKURA SADDLE

8th July

Sunday morning dawned rather cold and showery, but nevertheless 10 keen, hardy trampers were gathered together at Holt's by 8 o'clock. After having a look at the weather towards Maraetotara we decided that it seemed rather bleak in that direction and cancelled our scheduled trip to Te Aratipi thinking that it would be better to make a

short trip to Te Waka instead. With Phil driving the truck we finally got under way shortly after 9 o'clock and reached Titikura Saddle about 11 after a pleasant drive.

Quite a bit of snow was in sight and we lost no time getting into our gear and setting off from the road. We were soon tramping through soft snow and after numerous snow fights reached the top of the range after about an hour and a half. As the view was spoilt by low cloud and mist, we didn't linger there long, but returned to a sheltered spot where we had lunch. We then made our way back to the truck and so returned to Hastings.

No. in party: 10

Leader: George Bee

Phil and Els Bayens, Jim Wilshere, Christine Prebble, David Evans, Jeff Lynn, Peter Lewis, Jim Glass, Norrie Johnson.

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No. 695

LAWRENCE, MACKINTOSH AND TUTAEKURI

21-22 July

We left Holt's at 6.20 on a frosty morning with a cloudless sky. The wind got up later as did the heavy clouds which started rolling in from the west. At the turnoff, in terribly cold conditions we struck off for the Lawrence. Half an hour gone and Black Whare was reached. Then down and up the other side of Happy Valley. From there the 1200' drop into Lawrence. So far it had taken $1\frac{3}{4}$ hours. A sign of a humorous nature was found "Emergency food for anybody caught out (including George Wilder)."

After lunch and reading the raingauge we trotted off to the river which was cold!! With four on a pole this was no problem, and then up the Donald and crossing again. Around the next corner we found a or the? fence of the route guide. Wasting time here we finally decided to go up the spur. As usual it was the wrong one. So following this fence line through thick and thin we reached the plateau in an hour and a half. The slip marked on the map is actually very inconspicuous and overgrown. Striking the track in notime we arrived at Mackintosh after seeing a large waterfall in the head of the Donald.

A comfortable night was had by all as we listened to the noise of the rain on the roof, except maybe for some on the floor. We didn't realise it was a perfectly clear morning until a late breakfast was started. Then after forcing feet into frozen socks and cleaning out the hut we left at the ripe hour of 9 o'clock. The tops stood up spectacularly with their new coat of snow. Following the track towards the road we reached the Tutaeakuri in about 3 hours, not bothering to call into Kaweka.

After our lunch there we took off towards the lakes and the track back to Lawrence. Here Phil, Peter and I proceeded to Lawrence while the others returned to the cars via the road. 2 hours later after relatively flat going we dropped down into Gold Creek, seeing it was almost impossible to get up Boar Hill as we had hoped. Up and down and up and down for an hour saw us at Lawrence in the fading light. After a short snack we took off up the hill which can be tiring. Six o'clock saw

the bringing out of torches which we used for the next $1\frac{3}{4}$ hours. Getting fouled up in the track into the Happy Valley is easy especially in the dark. Losing yourself in the fern and grass below Black Whare is also easy. From there back to the road we heard the regular coo-ee which was answered and luckily too, for we got a little bushed in the ruts just by the road. Nancy had foreseen this and a few came to meet us.

A quick trip home followed this tramp, which was pleasant except for the cold wind and rivers, thick scrub and the sun going down too soon.

No. in party: 8

Leader: David Evans

Nancy Tanner, Els and Phil Bayens, Des Coote, Peter Lewis, Norrie Johnson, John Taylor.

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EXTRACTS from F.M.C. BULLETIN.

Non-Fatal Accident on Ruapehu: 5th June 1961.

The party of six was descending on a steep, hard snow slope unroped but wearing crampons. When stepping on a broken piece of crust one climber slipped but arrested himself quickly.

While his abrasions were attended to by another member of the party this climber lost his balance and he and another man who tried to stop his fall slid down a steep slope. Yet a third man, while hurrying to assist them, tripped and fell. The first two were fortunate to come to rest comparatively unharmed but the last one hit a rock and fractured his thigh, falling subsequently over a 15-foot bluff.

After making the injured comfortable, one man set out for the Wanganui T.C. Hut from where rescue operations were initiated.

- COMMENTS:
1. The party consisted of climbers fully equipped for the trip but of limited experience.
 2. They committed an error of judgement when, after discussing the matter, they rejected the use of the rope. The fact that four members of the party of six fell independently on the same slope within a few minutes supports the contention that there was not a sufficient margin of safety.
 3. The accident could easily have been a fatal one had the impact been received on a different part of the body.
 4. The wisdom of sending one man alone for assistance is open to doubt.
 5. Rescue operations were difficult but were carried out in a very efficient manner.

CONCLUSION: Steep, hard snow slopes, especially if ending in a series of bluffs, require the utmost care. A rope, if properly used, and the cutting of steps, would have given the required protection.

Report on the Death of D.F. Young on Mt. Ragan.

The deceased was a member of a Tramping Club party of six who set up camp in the north branch of the Wilkin Valley. While the three more experienced members had gone on another climb, Young and two companions left at 5.20 a.m. with the intention of reaching a vantage point on the ridge of Mt. Ragan.

After negotiating a rather difficult bluff Young's companions missed him and on investigation found him lying about 300 feet below on a rock ledge. He had severe multiple injuries which had caused his death.

COMMENTS: 1. The party was composed of inexperienced climbers.

2. The climbers became separated at a point where difficulties were encountered.

3. Although satisfactory equipment, including a 120 ft. nylon rope, was available, no use was made of it.

CONCLUSION: A trip which started as a carefree scramble was continued in terrain beyond the resources of the party. The failure to keep contact with each other was undoubtedly a serious error. If a rope had been used this would, of course, not have been possible and it is very probable that had a fall occurred it could have been checked by the other two climbers.

SURVIVAL: (Contd.). Extracts reprinted from the Scottish Mountaineering Club Journal:-

"Every winter route should try to avoid exposure to wind. The hazard of gale force head winds driving and drifting sleet or snow has already been mentioned. Its cumulative effect in weakening morale cannot be over-stressed. When such conditions are met far from the first shelter on the proposed line of advance one must immediately consider the expediency of turning back or aside, so as to go with the wind towards a known attainable place of shelter. If terrain or weather is too bad and supplies too low to guarantee reaching normal shelter before the party becomes completely chilled, hungry and exhausted, then the proper course is to bivouac early. If the party goes on too long it will suffer rapidly accelerating loss of heat and energy and may soon be incapable of looking after itself at all. Whilst still reasonably fit and warm it should consider whether the navigational data are adequate to take it to some very near topographical feature suitable as a safe sheltered bivouac site. If they are not, the party must make the best of whatever turns up at hand, and not continue against the wind. More than ever, at this stage they must avoid separation (roping up in poor visibility) and keep out of deep snow unless to use it for shelter. A snow tunnel with a dip or turn for extra protection will involve effort but would prove more windproof than a natural cave or overhanging rock. Excavation is easier into a snow bank or cornice than vertically down into the icy snow of a level plateau; there, the best chance may be the construction of a windslab igloo, failing which a simple trench with excavated snow piled to windward may have to suffice. Powder snow may cover and insulate a party sheltering in such a lee.

Shortly, then, for safety in winter:-

1. Go out only with a wholly fit party, and keep together.
2. Take plenty of the right food and eat well at the time.
3. Wear proper windproof clothing and carry some form of emergency shelter.
4. Watch the weather and heed its signs.
5. Do not be ashamed to retreat with the wind. (cont. bottom next page..)..

PARIAX STAND - TO

2nd April 1962

This did not reach the stage where the H.T.C. was concerned partly because the Pariax is a sort of a dead-end and though well known to shooters, not visited by trampers, and partly too that the missing man was picked up while it could still be assumed that he had been night-bound. One interesting and unusual feature is that he did not attempt to get out in the fog, but lay snug until he heard the searchers' shots.

A ring from Napier police at 1 a.m. on a dark Monday morning to say that a lone shooter has not come out is the beginning. Suggest giving him till midday to walk out, set the alarm for 6 a.m. and go back to sleep.

It took about an hour of ringing round deerstalkers and R.E.C. both Hastings and Napier to work out a reconnaissance plan based on a midday start.

In the course of the morning we learnt that a police party and two Te H. roto parties had already gone in and wouldn't be reporting out till 5 p.m. The police proposed to run it as a class I search till then, when, if unsuccessful it would become a class II (mountain) search.

So we stood our people down till dawn on Tuesday and during the afternoon revised our search plan to give a southern (Hastings) and northern (Napier) sweep, with two R.E.C. road-heads at the Toropapa ford and at Pakaututu Station. (Though the weather was thick it was no worse and the Ripia seemed unlikely to be a serious obstacle. In any case Pakaututu Station could quickly report on it)

As the missing man was met soon after midday there was no more to it. In the latter stages of the stand down the local Commercial radio beat the official notice.

The police party was of considerable interest to the club as three of its four members have been associated with club parties on practices or on actual searches. In addition there is Des Coote a club member so that in any future emergency we can be assured that a number of fit and competent members of the police force will be able to play a full part.

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6. Give up early when fit, rather than later when cold and tired.
 7. Find or make a windproof shelter.
 8. Help each other and especially an injured man.
 9. Do not despair: survival is certain."

S.A.R. "EXERCISE ONLOOKER".

About a hundred representatives of mountain clubs and the Amateur Radio Emergency Corps assembled at the Stout Street Government buildings at 9 a.m. on Saturday 7th April for the first phase of a high pressure search and rescue refresher course. As this building houses numerous offices of the armed services it is security controlled but our three representatives apparently couldn't have looked intelligent enough to be capable of espionage for we passed the scrutiny of the uniformed guard without question.

For an hour or so in the S.A.R. control room on the 7th floor those in charge of various aspects of search and rescue operations outlined the part they play and generally put us into the picture regarding the day's exercise. This control room is a wonderful place - walls are lined with charts and blackboards, and air force, navy, army, police, radio and mountain club men sit at desks around a central map table, a teleprinter cackling in the background.

The exercise was a class III search, run by the central S.A.R. organisation. They come into the picture for large scale emergencies such as a search for a missing plane or where extensive air cover is required for a search for a person. It was assumed that a plane coming from Nelson to Wellington had gone missing and was presumed to have come down in the hills to the west of the city.

After being brought up to date we piled into Army trucks and were taken out to the settlement of Makara, where search H.Q. complete with radio, had been set up on the stage of the local hall. Fourteen parties were already in the field and we were able to follow the course of the search by means of a blackboard set up on the stage and frequent commentaries. There was a series of lectures, each timed to coincide with the appropriate phase of operations in the field. Everything worked like clockwork and the wreckage of the missing plane was duly found and rescue teams dispatched. The day wound up at about 5.30 p.m.

This was a very worthwhile exercise, well organised and conducted and we all learned quite a bit that will prove helpful in the next operation in our own area.

Those attending: Norman Elder, Kath and Alan Berry.

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H.T.C. & ROYALTY.

While the King and Queen of Thailand flew from Wellington to Tauranga, 12 of the H.T.C. were "at the alert" and another 12 "stood by".

PRIVATE TRIPSTamaki - Fairbrothers base - Kumeti1st - 2nd July

There is still some interesting poking round to be done in the southern Ruahines; it was a request from a chemist at Auckland University for some stinging nettle material that finally stirred us into action and while we were about it cleaned up one or two other jobs.

First to unravel some of the astilias as we had a tip that one of them was unmistakeable when in fruit. Astilias are those flax-like clumps that flourish high up in the forks of tall trees. After a lot of fossicking round windfalls and a bit of climbing we gave the fruit best and settled for some seedlings to be grown at home.

Then to Fairbrothers base to look up the goat hunting team who have at last returned from Egmont and who with their usual hospitality offered us a doss for the night after an evening of comparing notes, looking at photos and general natter. They could put us on to stinging nettles all right, two of the boys having nearly got night bound in it coming out of the Kumeti. They've also had trouble with dogs getting poisoned by it.

So off in the morning to the Kumeti and across a squelchy cow paddock to the bush edge on a river flat. It is queer bush almost solid mahoe with solid nettle and cattle tracks underneath it and a few big ratas dotted about. We were told the frosts would have knocked the nettle back and we didn't find much leaf left on them, making collecting a slow business, especially as we were wearing gloves, skiing mitts and protective clothing generally. The dry weight of a pack full won't come to the pound they asked for - however we got plenty of seed.

N.L.E.

HERRICK'S - TRIPLEX - WAIPAWAForestry trip26th - 30th March

The good keen man can no longer be read as a serious text book on deer control. For the last 3 - 4 years Government shooters in Hawke's Bay have been concentrating on shooting out the most dangerous areas in a methodical way. They have had considerable success and have learnt a lot; but the deer have

learnt a lot too and nobody is yet competent to say what is a safe level of control. Someday this will come, meantime this wasra head office and conservancy tour to get a quick eyeful of the present situation.

After a quick run in to Sentry Box to look at some cedar (the new hut is a good $\frac{1}{2}$ mile further upstream on the edge of the bush) we joined the main party at Herrick's hut. Eleven large bods taxed the accommodation in a familiar way.

We spent the first day part way up Herricks spur, testing out a new portable radio then down to Dead Dog hut just below the main fork. On the way in the scrub on Herrick's and across the Gull was in a horrible state. As on the Blowhard a lot of it is Kanuka which is dying on a wide scale (could be opossums) Goats seem to be shot right out but too lately for much recovery, a lot of bare ground and shingle.

After that we went down to the Triplex base and made two trips, one up the Patiki face about on Hal's route on the trial search and the other in the Waipawa where we split, a fast party heading for the tussock at the saddle then back over Three Johns and down the untracked spur. The more decrepit contented themselves with a visit to Don Foote's enclosure which is beginning to come away.

Five perfect days and the party sampled the best as well as the worst of this side of the Ruahines.

N.L.E.

DEERSTALKING AT COLENZO LAKE

The three of us left Hastings at about 8 a.m. and arrived at Hall's at 10. Another $\frac{1}{2}$ hour saw us at the Makaroro, and by 11.30 we were at the foot of Colenso's spur. We were all pretty heavily laden (we reckon we were carrying 50lbs at the foot of Colenso's Spur and 120lbs at the top! (?) so it took us 5 hours to reach the tops where we intended to spend the night. However, there was a bitterly cold gale on the tops and no deer in sight so after a conference we left the tarns, went over the top of Te Atua Mahuru, and took the shingle slide down to the newly built Remutupo hut. It was dark by the time we got there. Altogether about an eight hour day. We were stonkered.

The morning showed dirty weather on the tops so instead of

going up there for the morning shoot we took off down the Mangatera arriving at Colenso Lake hut after about $3\frac{1}{2}$ hours, including the time taken to shoot and peel one hind, collected on the way. It was raining quite hard at Colenso Lake hut so we dried out and made ourselves at home, but the weather cleared about 4 o'clock and we all went out for a look around until dark.

On Sunday morning we were up out of bed early and went for a shoot up the Mangatera for an hour. Still no deer, so we returned to the hut, had breakfast, thawed out and buzzed off over to the lake in all its boggy splendour as Kev found out!

That evening we went off up the north Mangatera for about $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours, again with the intention of adding to our tally of one deer - still no luck so once again back to the hut for a great feed of venison steaks.

Monday morning we headed back for Remutupo hut, having replenished all firewood, plus some, the day before. We shot a stag from the river-bed about $\frac{1}{2}$ hour up from the hut. Further up the river we took a shot at another stag who calmly trotted off unscathed. On reaching Remutupo hut again as packs were now really heavy, we left only a few essentials in the hut such as sleeping bags and food, and took two of the packs up the long grind to the tops taking 2 hours instead of the normal one. We were back in the hut just after dark.

The next morning saw us up well before daylight, and slogging our way up the shingle slide. That slide sure had some curses thrown at it! Up on the tops we saw several deer through the binoculars, all a long way away, and after a bit of very fancy shooting, downed a stage at 800 yards.

Time was short, so we wasted no time in heading back down Colenso's spur and had the good fortune to shoot a spiker in the Makaroro; bringing our tally to four. During the trip we called ourselves the "Royal Boulder-hoppers' Assoc Inc", so if you see that name in any hut logbooks, don't be alarmed its only us!

Another hour and a half saw us at Halls and after a short yarn to Mr. and Mrs. Hall, the Royal Boulderhoppers Assoc Inc took off back to the old home town, stopping at Waipawa for the usual. The R.B.A. Inc consist of Kev Monk, John Townshend, Ken Tustin.

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Care of Forestry Huts:

Always see that the cover is replaced over the draught hole in the fireplace, preferably with a weight on top, to keep out 'possums.

New Maps:

of the Kawekas and the Urewera are available from the Secretary.

FAMOUS LAST WORDS::

"...One more step, and I'll have you all in focus"
 "Nothing to this rock-climbing lark. Watch this....."
 "I tell you, any rifle will fire, even if there is water in the barrel..."
 "Nothing like white spirits for starting the old fire, eh?....."
 "...Then watch me arrest my fall with the ice-axe"
 "It's not loaded"
 "Look, an old 'possum trap....."
 "Go on! It's not as deep as it looks..."
 "Who needs crampons on this stuff? Gym boots are just as....."
 "If you look over this cliff, you can just see"
 "I'll show you how to glissade...."
 "You say you can't split that log? Give me the axe, man...."
 "It may look swampy, but it's only wet on the surface....."
 "What, me? Use a map and compass"
 "You can't kid me that branch is rotten"
 "Ever seen this done before"
 "Don't worry - I'll eat anything"
 "It doesn't look slippery to me ..."
 "Who says the river can't be crossed"?

.... Ken Tustin.

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SOCIAL NEWS:

Births: To Ian and Pat Berry, a daughter.
 To Joan and Derek Conway, a son.
 To Jacky and Roy Peacock, a son.

Engagement: Bob Adams to Cathryn Blake.

Bereavement: Our sympathy to Edan Ansell on the death of her mother.

Departures: Kerry Reidy has gone to America, to study for her PhD at the University of Chicago.
 Russell Berry has just returned from a business trip to Mexico.

SOCIAL FIXTURES:

August 29th: Film, Wild Life in the Mountains.
 Sept. 12th: Orphans' Club (?).
 Sept. 26th: Alcoholics Anonymous.
 Oct. 10th: Miss Tennent.
 Oct. 24th: Annual General Meeting.
 Nov. 7th: Films.
 Nov. 21st: Gemology (?).
 Dec. 5th: Christmas Party.

CHANGE OF TREASURER: We are grateful to Barbara Taylor for all the hard work she put in during the four years she was treasurer.
 Kath Berry has now taken over.

 * OVERDUE TRAMPERS: See Page 23 of our April number. *
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FIXTURE LIST

<u>Date</u>	<u>Trip</u>	<u>Leader</u>	<u>Fare</u>
Sept. 15-16th	(Howletts Hut - Saw Tooth (Howletts - Tiraha	Alan Berry Rex Chaplin	10/-
Sept. 30th	Hot Springs, Mohaka River	Christine Prebble	10/-
Oct. 13-14th	Kiwi Hut Improvements	Maury Taylor	10/-
Oct. 20-22nd	Ketetahi Springs, Mt. Tongariro	Jim Wilshere	£1.10. 0
Labour W/E	(To Taupo Friday night)	(juniors)	1. 5. 0
		(not reducible)	
Oct. 28th	Te Kooti's Lookout via Tutira	Doc Bathgate	12/-
Nov. 10-11th	Cairn on Kaweka J via Makahu Hut	Helen Hill	10/-
Remembrance Day			
Nov. 25th	Middle Creek, S. Rangi, Waipawa R.	Dick Clark	10/-
Dec. 8-9th	Trig K, Upper Makaroro Hut, Trig U, Te Atuamahuru	Peter Lewis	10/-
Dec. 22-26th	Colenso Lake via Colenso Spur, Christmas Remutupo	Ken Tustin	10/-

N.B.: These fares (except Labour Weekend) are reducible by 2/-
if paid at meeting before or on the trip.

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ANNUAL MEETING:

The 27th Annual General Meeting of the Heretaunga Tramping Club will be held in the Radiant Living Hall, Warren St. Hastings, at the conclusion of the fortnightly meeting on Wednesday October 24th, 1962.

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NEW MEMBERS:

Jim Wilshere, Barry Donkin, Christine Prebble (jr.),
Bob Anderson (jr.).