

HERETAUNGA TRAMPING CLUB (Inc.)

"P O H O K U R A"

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President:

Mr. A.V. Berry, 10 Nimon St., Havelock North. Phone 77.223

Hon. Secretary:

Miss A. Tremewan, 411 W St. Auburn St., Hastings. Phone 83.703

Hon. Treasurer:

Mrs K. Berry, 10 Nimon St., Havelock North. Phone 77.223

Club Captain:

Miss N. Tanner, 56 Te Mata Road, Havelock North. Phone 77619

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C L U B T R I P S

No. 704. MIDDLE CREEK-S. RANGI-WAIPAWA R. November 25.

We left Holt's at the usual time with a total of 8 bods on board, and the prospect of a fine day for tramping. We were away from the truck by 9.00 and headed up the Waipawa River. The river looked very nice, as mountain flowers were blooming in profusion (even Spaniards).

11 o'clock saw us at the top of Waipawa Saddle, where Jim continued on to visit Waikamaka Hut, as he hadn't been there before. After showing him the various landmarks and giving necessary directions, the rest of the party headed for Rangi, which we reached by midday.

Here a pleasant lunch hour was spent, just enjoying the view. At 1.00 we pushed off again, heading for South Rangi. Once at South Rangi our idea was to "drop" down to Middle Creek Hut. So saying, we found a suitable shingle slide, and scooted down.

As the old saying goes, the shortest way round is the longest way home. Huh! Our slide led into a stream, which dropped in steps down to Middle Creek. The last drop was a mere 20 feet over a bluff.

However, 2 members of the party got down (safely??) and gave

assistance to the rest of the party, who had to throw their packs down to those below, as handgrips were not very safe.

Middle Creek Hut was only a few minutes downstream, but owing to the mess in the hut due to 'possums, we had our boil-up in the stream, (4.00 p.m.)

From then on it was only a matter of going down the stream, and up and over to the Waipawa River and the truck, which we reached about 7.00. Jim had arrived back from Waikamaka and had the fire going, so after a brew, we set off home, arriving back at 9.30 p.m. - a very interesting trip.

No. in Party: 8

Leader: A. Corbin

David Evans, Peter Linnell, Peter Lewis, Roy Peacock, Colin Hope, Bill Morison, Jim Wilshere.

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No. 705.

KIWI

1-2 December

Away from Holt's with cloudy skies above but luckily no rain till the last downhill lap into the hut. Found the 'copter drop timber all in the hut, so, downing packs, speedily wrecked top bunks at western end of hut and installed new top bunk with 5 centre boards loose to allow for removal to let light in until another window is installed between bunks.

Sunday. Inclement weather again. Patched porch and also did more re-grading of porch floor and surround. We didn't finish all we set out to do but achieved a good deal notwithstanding. A dampish trip out after lunch and on to Hastings. One more trip should see completion (??) of our present plans for Kiwi and make it a better overnight stopping place for small and large parties alike. Good workers all.

No. in Party: 11

Leader: M. Tavlör

Nancy Tanner, Peter Lewis, Peter Linnell, Colin Hope, David Evans, Marshall Kerr, Peter Crowley, Tony Corbin, Norrie Johnson, Russell Berry.

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No. 706.

TRIG K

9th December

The planned two-day trip over Trig K to Upper Makaroro Hut, and then up to the tops and down Colenso Spur, was thought to be unwise, as the Makaroro was probably high after recent rain and there were few experienced members available for the full weekend. So an energetic trip became a Sunday stroll.

Tony's driving brought us safely to Makaroro Base. The Forestry

hunters told us that the army was in the area, but that they shouldn't worry us as they only had blanks. Half an hour later when we heard shots, and saw various tins, bottles and boxes which had been blasted to pieces for target practice, we were not so sure.

Along the old logging road were thousands of toi-toi, or "Prince of Wales Feather" seed-heads. The proper track up to the ridge is rather hard to find, so of course we were soon making our own track, up a steep slope where the ground between the trees is covered with hard fern, and very slippery. Every now and then, someone would suddenly disappear amongst the ferns, to emerge a yard or two below with muddy hands and knees. That hillside seemed endless.

A good cut track runs along the ridge in the direction of Pohatuhaha. In a swampy hollow just past what we assumed to be "K", we stopped for lunch. Enough water was squeezed from various pools and soakages. We continued along the ridge for nearly an hour, but the idea of returning via Ellis's Hut seemed likely to involve too much bush-bashing, so we retraced our steps, came down the proper track, and were back at the truck quite early. We stopped to look round Veoman's mill, possibly the only one of the old-time steam-powered sawmills still in workable condition in this district.

A stop for a milkshake in Waipawa, and back to Hastings about 7.30, - a trip which was most enjoyable, even if we did have to use the excuse that the day was too hot for vigorous tramping.

No. in Party: 12 Leader: Peter Lewis
Annette Tremewah, Kath Berry, Christine Prebble, Dave Evans,
Tony Corbin, John Corbin, Ross Neill, Roger Medcalfe, Jim Glass,
Alex Buchanan, Norrie Johnson, Peter Lewis.

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No. 607.

MANGAKURI BEACH

23rd December

The Mangakuri beach trip had a surprise beginning! - weeding the sweetcorn! At 8 o'clock a light drizzle made the weeding a rather unpleasant job, but by the time we had finished the sun was doing its best to shine.

The sunshine must have encouraged some more people to join the party, because it grew considerably before 11 o'clock which was the time we left Mr. Thompson's property.

On arrival at the beach, lunch was eaten, after which we played games of baseball and went for a walk. Just before leav-

ing for home some of the more hardy, or perhaps cold-blooded, people went for a cold short swim. We arrived back at Holt's at a very respectable hour.

No. in Party: 15. Leader: Russell Berrv.
 Peter Lewis; Tony Corbin, Keith Garratt, Hugh Wilde, Nigel Thompson, Graeme Hare, Nancy Tanner, Gae Lobban, Margaret Mison, Annette Tremewan Anna Clayton, Christine Prebble, Joan Newey, Carol Sands.

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No. 708.

COLENZO LAKE

29-12-62 - 2-1-63

This New Year trip provided a variety in everything except the weather - that mercifully remained fine throughout. An early start on Saturday picking up bods from east to west saw 9 of us away from Hastings before 6 a.m. bound for Hall's and the Makaroro in perfect weather. We took the usual route to Te Atua Mahuru - up the Makaroro and Colenso's Spur, lunching at Colenso's Camp. The weight of our 4-day packs was lightened by two transplanted notices; the first half-way up river warned "NO CYCLING"; the second about halfway up the steep pinch up to Colenso's Camp admonished us to "KEEP OFF THE GRASS"! After a slow grind upwards we reached Te Atua Mahuru at 5 p.m. to view Ruapehu, Ngaruhoe and even Egmont. $\frac{1}{4}$ hour later we set sail down hill and shingle slide to the Mangatera to arrive at 6.15 p.m. at the Remutupo Hut. This, like the new Ruahine Hut, is replendent with pale green walls and ceiling, a sheet of perspex in the roof, and six steel-framed bunks complete with sponge-rubber amttresses. The hut is on the left bank of the Mangatera a few hundred yards below the stream draining the shingleslides just north of Te Atua Mahuru. Had the bunks been attached to the wall instead of "floating" the comfort would have been superb. But as it was every move of one bod caused an earthquake for both.

Sunday dawned equally fine. A leisurely 3 hours down river took us to Colenso Lake hut in time for lunch. The afternoon was spent following the track past the lake to the foot of the gorge and returning up through it. Most impressive with house and factory size blocks of limestone scattered impartially around. Sidling without packs was easy. We met a family of 5 "Whio" - Blue mountain duck - at the little gorge where the north Mangatera flows in (this latter was discoloured for some obscure reason). The parents, having presumably hided the nearly full-grown ducklings, gave us an exhibition of how to swim against a very swift current and posed on a rock for the photographers. We cut across land - or should I say jungle - to the lake, leaving 2 keen but luckless eelers while we made for the hut via swamp, cutty grass, hook grass and fallen logs.

A pre-dawn chorus of "mossies" heralded Monday and yet another lovely day. The 7ish start took us down $\frac{1}{4}$ hour to the N. Mangatera and then 30 minutes upstream. Here a creek comes in running S.W. off Potae

and we climbed the ridge above it, following old blazes, to lunch in a saddle not far below Potae, as the crow flies. However, we had no wings alas so we had to slog and sidle through, over, under and round limestone blocks, leatherwood and other native "toughies". In due course we came on an old cut and fought our way upwards to emerge on the Potae ridge about 4 p.m. This ridge consists of slabs of upended limestone laced together with wind-stunted vegetation and leatherwood, cutty grass and lawver. A slab a few hundred yards west of us looked to be the highest point, but we left it undisturbed being satisfied with our present vantage point. The overgrown track led north to what we hoped was the take-off of the track to lead us via a saddle and bush knob up to the main divide at Trig U. The blazes were leading too far north and down to the Ikawetea, so we sidled towards the south and eventually camped on a spur. As it was dusk we didn't object to some darkish water from an uprooted tree hole. In the morning noble souls fetched clear water from a stream far below.

A lovely night in tents preceeded another perfect day. Reluctance to leave the sack this New Year's morn meant a late start. The old blaze line was nicely graded, but a heavy snowfall in the winter had deposited branches over it in many places. Getting out of the bush brought us again to our dear old friend leatherwood, nicely bedecked with flowers, but we eventually arrived near Trig U soon after midday and lunched by a series of tarns on the N.W. flank. The prominent ridge just south of Trig W leads (so long as you keep left) to a Forestry-cut track (totara track) with a sign "Hut 35 M" - we took a bit longer - down to the Upper Makaroro hut. A very good route that only takes about an hour from the tops. We boiled up to fortify ourselves against the run down river, and didn't leave the hut till 4.30 pm. By the time we had negotiated the detour to avoid the gorge it was apparent we would be lucky to make the Centre Makaroro Hut by dark and that it wouldn't be prudent to push on out. It had taken us 3 hours 40 minutes from the Upper to the Centre Makaroro hut, and bods were getting weary. Three fit members had a bight and then pushed on by torchlight down to Hall's in 2½ hours where they rang Alan at 11.45 pm to allay anxiety. The rest of us spent the night at Centre Makaroro and made a start at 5.30 am for the truck, reached 2½ hours later. We breakfasted in Waipawa and were home before 11 am.

No. in Party: 9. Leader: Nancy Tanner
 Jim Wilshire, Peter Lewis, Tony Corbin, Alex Buchanan, Colin Hope,
 John Taylor, Jim Price, Christine Prebble.

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No.709.

OCEAN BEACH

20th January

Left Hastings at 7.30 and on arrival at Ocean Beach proceeded to play some hectic ball games. Three members made a return journey to Thompson's where a huge sack of sweetcorn was filled and duly taken

back and finally cooked.

Walks along the beach, rides and spills on and from a surf board and energetic games were the order of the day.

No. in Party: 22 Leader: Jim Wilshere
Roy Peacock, Bob Adams, Jim Price, Jim Silshere, Chris Johnson, Alan Berry, Russell Berry, Jim Glass, Doreen Glass plus 2, Keith Garratt, Peter Lewis, Annette Tremewan, Sally Holt, Nancy Tanner, Kath Berry, Jackie Peacock, Anna Clayton, Heather Wilshere, Helen Wilshere, Mrs Wilshere.

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No. 710. SMITHS CREEK - HINERUA - PAEMUTU - WAIPAWA RIVER 2-3 Feb.

Most of us were losing a bit of sweat before we had even crossed the Waipawa River. As we skirted round the foot of Three Johns the sun beat down on us out of a cloudless sky. About half way across the Middle Creek we found Helen was missing. A bit of shouting around located her taking a short cut that didn't quite come off.

It wasn't long before we had dropped into Middle Creek where the shade and cool water were most welcome. Helen appeared just as we were about to leave so that gave us an excuse for another 10 minute respite from the sun. Still we had to get going sometime to tackle the exposed bushless track over to Smith's Creek. When we stopped even the smallest bit of shade was used up. Just as we entered the bush the sky clouded over.

After having lunch where we first entered the creek we pressed on to Smith's Creek Hut which we reached about 4 pm. after we had been there about 10 minutes it turned out that there were two of the party missing. They had headed up the spur onto South Rangī. This delayed us for about an hour so it was about 5 pm when we set out for Hinerua Ridge Hut. Most of the way was up a dirty little creek just above the gorge. About 6 pm saw us at the hut where we found 5 Government cullers in residence. So we commandeered the helicopter pad. We had no tents but spent a warm night out under the stars having first consumed a very good four course meal.

Up at 5 am and away by 6.30 am to try and get on the tops before the sun got too hot. But it was still very hot even at that hour of the morning plodding up the spur onto Paemutu. High on the ridge we met one of the cullers who seemed to be having quite a successful morning judging by the number of tails on his belt.

On upward we went working our way carefully along Broken Ridge till we reached Paemutu at 10 am. We had our first lunch here while we studied the route ahead. Getting off Paemutu was a bit steep and tricky, then came a large rock outcrop which we had to pass by dropping off the ridge on the east side. Upward we went over South Rangī, then

down and up onto Rangī where we had lunch No.2. sitting in the mist.

With care we dropped off Rangī making care we were on the right ridge. We were soon out of mist and onto 69 then on to Waipawa Saddle where the rain gauge was read. On reaching the Waipawa River we found it in a terrible state having not many weeks before received a flash flood which has brought down tons of fresh shingle. Whole stands of mountain beech have lost their bank for several feet up from the ground.

In due course we all arrived safely back at the truck after what we all thought was a good weekend.

No. in Party: 14.

Leader: Jim Glass

Peter Linnel, Jim Price, Norrie Johnson, Tony Corbin, Russell Berry, David Evans, John Corbin, Helen Hill, Nancy Tanner, Kath Berry, Annette Tremewan, Christine Prebble, Caryl Hutchinson.

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No. 711.

LILLO TRIP - KURIPAPANGO

17th February.

Left Holt's at 7 am. The weather was fine - to start off with. We boulder hopped, slipped, slid and sat down at varying intervals for $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours up the Ngaruroro. Lunch was eaten at noon in pouring rain. Lilos formed rain shelters, seats and wind barriers.

A few of the more hardy types pressed on with the intention of reaching Cameron Hut. But alas the Hut was bypassed.

3 pm. saw us all on our lilos on the river shivering with cold (and fright!!) A good trip was had by all - regardless of cold conditions.

No. in Party: 11

Leader: A. Tremewan.

Russell Berry, Bill Morison, Colin Hope, Ross Culver, Jim Price, Jim Wilshire, Alex Buchanan, Dempsted Thompson, Annette Tremewan, Nancy Tanner, Peter Lewis.

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No. 712.

MANGLETON TRIAL SEARCH

2-3 March

Body Laying

24.2.63

A small party, 3 only, set out 6ish for Mangleton and left the car as near the foot of the 3rd Finger as possible. A gloriously fine day saw us in the little saddle past the join of the 2nd & 3rd Fingers in $2\frac{1}{4}$ hours. As an early return was required no clues were left (intentionally) and the only feasible place for Willie Wander's "bod" appeared to be somewhere down the Second Finger. He needed to be easily located by searchers - but not by those setting out on the Saturday -

and the 2nd Finger is not readily accessible from below. We laid "him" out - a strip of orange material, well anchored by rocks, with a chit giving his name and suspected injuries pinned to his chest. His resting place was in the lee of a clump of beech below a loose rocky face, right on the ridge about 10 minutes below the join.

To round off the trip we wandered on down the 2nd Finger. Open at first, then distinctly closed, through, or rather under, 8' manuka. We worked round and crossed below a waterfall to the 3rd Finger. A fair track was mislaid in a clearing and we then struggled along pig and possum tracks above the Gull gorge and eventually emerged into daylight on the grassy paddock. And so home by 7, after a chat to Mr Drew, manager of Mangleton.

Party: Nancy Tanner, Russell Berry, Colin Hope.

Mangleton Trial Search : Narrative

Monday 25th February

The general plan was settled at a meeting called by H.T.C. Search Committee and attended by representatives of police, Radio Emergency Corps and Hawke's Bay and East Coast Aero Club. Forestry and Deerstalkers were not present, but some support was promised from the latter while plans had previously been discussed with the senior forest ranger.

The plan was a search for a hunter assumed to have gone astray coming out from No Mans in bad weather. Parties would go in from Big Hill Stream to Golden Crown Spur. A "body" had been planted but several sealed clues were lodged with leaders and "discovered" at pre-determined times and places.

This proved a successful way of giving coherence to the practice but gave searchers less inducement to seek clues.

This part of the range is a flat topped plateau partly in tussock rising 3000 feet in a series of spurs from the Mangleton flats with one break, the valley of the Big Hill Stream which has a wide head, all other streams coming down in waterfalls between bluffs.

Base was arranged at the manager's house on the Mangleton where power was available (not used) where Alan Berry was search controller under police authority. Town base in Havelock North in phone connection with R.E.C. base.

Friday 1st March 20.30 hrs. A message to Hastings police gave the practice formal existence.

Saturday 2nd March 6.00 hrs. Searchers assembled in Hastings, (Field parties H.T.C. 18, R.E.C. 4, N.Z.D.A. 4, Police 3, also Mangleton base 6, Hastings base 2, Aero Club 2, and day parties 6).

7.25. Base manned.

8.40. Six parties totalling 27 were in the field, 5 of them radio-

equipped, four searching the main spurs from the Golden Crown north, two in Big Hill Stream. The weather was sunny and calm, but later in the day a N.W. wind got up on the tops.

Communication with the Big Hill Stream parties was expected to be difficult and a link had been arranged through the Herrick's Spur operator who overlooked the head basin, but Big Hill was practically out all Saturday and the No Man's party all Sunday (faulty batteries). This eliminated all clues from No Man's Hut which would have given a basis for directing the main search in a southerly direction.

Towards midday on Saturday when some parties were getting up towards the crest of the plateau the search was falling into 3 sectors apart from the Big Hill Basin which the Dead Dog parties had looked at on their way in. One of these parties was on their way up to No Mans to sweep the northern sector, the tussock plateau, No Man's and Ohawai; the other Dead Dog party had turned south into the central sector to join up with the Herrick's Spur and 3 Fingers parties. The southern sector was formed by Bob's Spur, Golden Crown and the basin above the Matthew's Stream waterfalls which lie between them.

Shots were now reported from this vicinity by two parties and the three southernmost parties both into this basin and to cover the head of Bob's Spur which had been missed out earlier. It took a couple of hours to clear this up but meantime a radio operator had been sent with escort on to the top of the range and there was some delay in linking up with them again in the featureless scrub-forest of the plateau.

Meantime clues had been reported from both northern and central areas, the last giving a strong lead towards the central area and timed a little before sundown.

All parties bedded down for the night on or near the crest of the range and in the morning started to follow up clues in the central and southern areas, sending one party north to connect with the No Man's party.

Clues of increasing urgency came in during the morning concentrating the searchers towards the head of the Three Fingers Spurs with the addition of a day party coming up the First Finger and a first aid party up the Third Finger. An aero club Cessna made a supply drop to one party and received a message from one of the others.

By 2 pm. parties were reaching ground clues leading to the missing "hunter" and the plane made a second drop of "medical supplies" on the site. It also inspected an unscheduled smoke-signal and directed a ground party to it.

A southerly buster was now threatening and broke an hour and a half later with low cloud and heavy rain, so field parties were recalled and had been checked out soon after 4 pm.

When all cars were out the Mangleton Base was closed down and the operation ended at 5.15.

N.I.E.

Comment Generally speaking the exercise went off pretty much as planned, although lack of communication with the parties in the Big Hill Stream area on the Saturday posed some problems. The air-drop

worked well, although it was found that a Neil Robertson stretcher can not be dropped from a Cessna because of the difficulties involved in getting the stretcher out of the door opening. Radio communication with the plane by way of a ZCL rigged up inside the fuselage proved a bit patchy.

Our thanks go to the Lands & Survey for permitting the use of Mangletown as search base and to the R.E.C., St John Ambulance, Napier Deerstalkers, police and Aero Club for their cooperation.

No. in Party: 42

H.T.C.

Nancy Tanner, Jolene Ross, Maurie Taylor, Bill Morison, Peter Linnell, David Evans, Hugh Wilde, Derek Boshier, Tony Corbin, Norrie Johnson, Peter Lewis, Colin Hope, Ross Culver, Russell Berry, Ross Neill, Roger Medcalf, Jim Beer, Fred Prebble, Alan Berry.

R.E.C.

Bob Shepherd, Hilton Meyer, Phil Brook.

POLICE

Phil Schmidt, Peter Wood, Tony Scott, Des Coote.

DEERSTALKERS

Peter Reid, Ivan Porter, David Bicknell, Colin Porter.

FORESTRY

Vic Brosnan, Norm Gilmore

ST. JOHN

Laurie Tassell

AERO CLUB

Herb Maxwell & radio operator

HASTINGS BASE

Norm Elder

&

Jack Carroll (R.E.C.)

Sunday Party: Helen Hill, Annette Tremewan, Barbara Butler, Alison Thomas, Jim Wilshire, Hugh Elder.

A.V.B.

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No. 713.

TITAHU BAY - Rock Climbing

8-10th March.

For once everyone was waiting at Holt's ready to leave when the truck arrived late but all was well and we were away by 6.50pm. Half an hour out it started to rain and continued to do so during a break in Dannevirke and into the Manawatu Gorge, but on the other side of the range the moon was shining.

Just outside of Foxton Jackie felt sick and we all thought that it was travel sickness but by the time we reached Levin she was worse so we dropped all the lads off at a picnic ground and dashed Jackie back to a doctor, who called an ambulance and sent her to Palmerston North hospital. There was nothing further we could do so when Madge McConnell came back from seeing Jackie to the hospital we fed the youngest member of the party, Kim Peacock with his bottle and picked up the others.

We arrived at Titahi Bay about 9 am with a high wind blowing, typically Wellington weather I was told. Most of the party went down to a cave where Tony Corbin and Graeme Hare took over and soon parties were

climbing up and down the rocks.

The night was fine and the following morning I felt a little better and assisted in rappelling and balance instruction. We packed up and left soon after noon. Stopped to visit Jackie in hospital on the way back and learned that we had both had food poisoning, so we did not stop at Dannevirke but at Waipawa for a break then arrived in Hastings at 8 pm.

No in Party: 20

Leader: Roy Peacock

A.Bradley, C.Hawley, Colin Hope, D.Thompson, Ian Hargreaves,
G.O'Connell, Peter Innell, R.Howell, N.Hadwin, A Earl, R.Rosval,
E White, Bert & Madge McConnell, Peter Intveen, Gae Lobban,
Jim Gregary, Jackie & Kim Peacock.

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No. 714.

RUAHINE HUT TRIP

17th March.

With a party of 20 aboard the truck left Holt's at about 7 o'clock and arrived at Big Hill Station at 8.15. At 8.35 we were away to a poetic start with quotation "And out again I curve and flow To join the brimming river", etc.

We followed an easy track to the base of the second spur (The next one in from Hollowback) where we had a bite to eat and out come the lemons. Ugh!

After crossing a fence there is a good track all the way up the spur to the top. Just below the top we stopped for a short spell.

The party arrived at the Ruahine Hut just on midday. There were four track cutters at the hut who were cutting a track from the hut out to Big Hall. We learned from them that the spur we came up was called Grassv Knob Spur.

After much extended lunch break and siesta we left at twenty to two, following the old track. We ran amok somewhere along the way and had to cut back through trees scrub and cross many streams. It would be much better to follow the new track which starts off just above the hut and is more easily followed to the edge of the plateau. We descended from the plateau and reached the tractor track which leads off over Big Hill, without any difficulty. The billy was boiled up here after some trouble in finding water.

The part then made its way over Big Hill Saddle and arrived at the truck by 5.30. The round trip was made in good weather and took just over eight hours. The truck left at 6.15 and arrived at Holt's at 7.30 pm., after a very pleasant day trip.

No. in Party: 20

Leader: Bill Morison.

Nancy Tanner, Annette Tremewan, Peter Lewis, Russell Berry, Colin Hope, Ross Smith, Nancy Oliver, Morie Boon, Ken Tustin, Helen Tustin, Noel Evans, Murray Lobbin, Kevin Coombs, Peter Marshall, John Birch, Brian Bee, Tony Rassmussen, Selwyn Lowe, Ian Robson.

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THE BLOWHARD BUSH

29th March, 1963.

Some people call everything the Blowhard once you pass Willowford till you drop down to the Swamp Cottage; others are more fussy and call the Blowhard the bare scar across the road from Comrie's house, or the trig station east of the Lizard, or sometimes the gap the road goes through at the Fluted Rocks.

One sure thing is that the patch of bush just behind the Fluted Rocks is the Blowhard Bush and has been called that since 1873 at the latest when Balfour came on Waiwhare as manager. At that time the station diary mentions several islands of bush, Blindman's Bush, Matai Bush and so on, but most of these were cut out early in the piece, not only for timber and fenceposts, but (before the manuka came in) for firewood (Glenross cut $157\frac{1}{4}$ cords from 1881 - 1883), and even the whereabouts of most of these clumps is not now known. Most were described as matai and the big trees in the Blowhard Bush are mostly matai though there is some rimu and a little kahikatea and miro. There is also some big maire but I have seen no totara. Along the creek there is a little beech - a mongrel black-mountain form.

A lot of the bush has gone; you pass some of the stumps on the track to the Lawrence and there was a splitters' camp at the top end not so many years ago, but the difficulty of getting the timber out through all that maze of limestone blocks seems to have saved some of the big trees at the top end. Most of the bush is second growth of a sort and in the absence of the big trees such smaller trees as lace-bark, broadleaf, fuchsia, tarata, mahoe, five finger and milk tree have swollen to an enormous size, very like the trees in the reserve behind Tutira homestead, where there are no bigger trees coming along to take over. What makes the Blowhard Bush so interesting is that there is quite a lot of matai and some kahikatea coming along under this and though most of it is still under 6ft. high it should come away fast when the oversized canopy begins to break up and let light in. There is also some young maire but very little small rimu or miro.

That matai should be coming on like this is unusual and is perhaps due to the presence of limestone and for this reason the bush is particularly interesting. The limestone blocks, some of them as big as houses, have always been a refuge for forest plants - when I was last there 10 years ago pigs had uprooted everything they could reach on the ground, but now there is hardly any sign of rootings and the undergrowth is beginning to look quite thick.

Dr. Kingma in his paper on the Kohurau Fault Block (1957) describes the Fluted Rocks as a layer of coquina limestone 10-20 ft. thick lying on top of fine-grained sands and dipping about S.E. at an angle of 22° . It is the weakness of these underlying sands that has allowed some of the blocks to tilt at different angles, making the inside of the bush such an uncanny place. Lester Masters speaks of one block, apparently just beyond the Bush, known as the Devil's Pulpit. Anyone know it?.

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N.L.E.

PRIVATE TRIPSRUAPEHU

11-17th August, 1962.

- Sat.11. Left Wellington 7.15pm. - 2.00am arrived at Ohakune.
Met at railway station by John Nation - a friend of Hugh's.
Spent the rest of the night at Mr. Nation's.
- Sun.12. Left Ohakune 11.00. Cadged a ride to end of road in a Govt. vehicle. At 12.30 we headed for mountain - weather clear and windy - spent some time practising snowcraft etc.
4.45 Arrived at Blyth Hut - got fire going etc, cards after tea. 9.30 - Bed. Snow during night.
- Mon.13. Awoke 8.30 - weather windy + snow. 1.45 - Up mountain.
Looked at ski tow and hut - weather very misty. 5.30 back at hut (Blyth). 9.30 - Bed.
- Tues.14. 5.30am. Alarm went. 9.00am Got up - conditions very misty and icy (2" of ice on billy of water). 12.00 Up mountain. Very thick ice. 5.45 Back at hut. 9.00 Bed
Good solid frost at night.
- Wed.15. Rose 6.00am. Intended going to Chateau side via Tahurangi with overnight gear. 9.00 Left hut. 3.00pm - still 1,500ft below summit, as the ice was like concrete. Turned back and arrived at Hut at 6.00. Bed - 9.30.
- Thurs.16. Rose 11.00. Mountain misty. Prospect of rain or snow. Got firewood. 9.30 Back in sack.
- Frid.17. Rose 9.30. Weather bright and clear. Cut remainder of firewood, lunched, cleaned up hut etc, leaving at 1.50pm.
2.10 At top of road. Walked down road about 3 miles, and picked up again by the Govt. vehicle around 3.00. 3.30 - Ohakune. 8.00pm at local bughouse. 11.50 Managed to get two seats among holiday travellers.
- Sat. 18. 7.00. Arrived in Wellington.
P.S. Nothing much accomplished, but gained plenty in experience.

Party: H.Wilde, A.Corbin.

-ooOoo-

TARARUAS. June 1st-4th, 1962.

(OHAU - TE MATAWAI - WAIIOPEHU)

I decided to go tramping in the Tararuas, so, dragging myself away from my studies (couldn't work things out), I met a party of 6 H.V.T Cs (INcluding Bunny Hare), at the Wellington Railway Station at 5.30 on the Friday night.

We piled into the north-bound express and arrived at Levin at 8.05pm. Here we collared 2 taxis and set off for the start of the Ohau track. By then it was dark, so donning packs (mine was

my usual 50-60 lbs) we set off for the Ohau Hut. As there had been a lot of rain, the river was up, so we used the track, which, incidentally was ankle-deep in mud for about its entire length. However, we duly arrived at the Ohau Hut at 10.15pm, just before it started to rain.

Next morning it was still raining, so we left at a leisurely hour of 9.00, and proceeded up the Ohau River. The river was dirty, swift, and in flood. Consequently, by the time we arrived at the South Ohau Hut at 12.45 for lunch, we were positively soaking. After lunch we ^{climbed} directly up behind the hut, and thence to Te Metawai Hut which was reached at 4.40.

Sunday was spent peacefully in the sack, as it was still blowing and pouring with rain. We just played cards and got digs about the stewed apricots and rice Bunny and I cooked.

Monday brought no change in the weather, so after cleaning up, we pushed ourselves out into the cruel, cold world. We followed the track around Richard's Knob, and Twin Peaks and arrived at the cold, draughty hut called Waiopahu Hut at 1.00. As time was running short, we left at 2.15 after a bite to eat, and headed out to civilisation via Edward's Shelter.

We arrived at the Farmhouse at 4.50 and rang for 2 taxis. By the time we reached the roadhead one taxi had arrived, so four went off in it. However, Bunny, Lloyd and I were shrewder, as by the time the other taxi arrived, we had changed, and had a bite to eat. We were all re-united at the Railway Station at Levin by 5.40, and after a bit of fossicking, caught an N.Z.R. bus at 6.30 to Wellington, which was reached by 8.00pm - a wet trip.

N.B. Transport, including taxis, was about 30/-. (Very different from H.T.C. fares.)

Tony Corbin.

-ooOoo-

WAIPAWA RIVER - FLORISM

(Concise Oxford:- Florist = One who studies Flowers)

16th December, 1962.

The main object of this outing was to enjoy and if possible photograph the native flowers at present beautifying the upper reaches of the Waipawa River. 25 hopefuls set out in the club truck soon after 7 and headed for the mist-shrouded ranges. It was rather dull for photography, but good tramping weather, not too hot or cold or windy, and only a few drops of rain.

A small fast party hopped over to visit Waikamaka Hut.

The rest just strolled up to the Forks enjoying the floral offerings. A brew enriched our leisurely lunch, and we then wandered on up to the bush line. Most prominent of the plants in flower were:- Parahebe (2 sp.), "Green Dragon" orchids, Long-leaved cabbage (Cordyline Banksii), Flax, Pratia, Euphrasia, Libertia and Oryzobactron (N Z hyacinth). (The foxgloves were also at their best).

Everyone was comfortably back at the truck by 5 for another brew, then home.

No. in Party: 25

Norm & Kath Elder, Maury & Barbara Taylor, Janet Lloyd, Edna Ansell, Helen Hill, Kath Todd, Pam Adie, Nancy Tanner, Annette Tremewan, Gae Lobban, Christine Prebble, Sally Holt, Anna Clayton, Jill Motley, Alison Thomas, Keith Gerratt, Peter Lewis, Tony & John Corbin, Hugh Wilde, Russell Berry, & Tasmanian Scouters Peter Crawshaw and Graeme Brooks.

-ooOoo-

MAKARORO

New Year's Day, 1963.

We took off with a handful of discs and a tomahawk as one project was to mark the turnoff to Ellis's Hut from the top of the Pohatuhaha Range. However the new route to the hut turns off across Dutch Creek wanders aimlessly across Duff's Flat and peters out at a culvert under the Wakarara Range. So we doubled back to the cullers' base hut, meeting an old-timer Mr. Baker, who had worked at the mill in the 1930s touring the flats.

We toddled over to Gold Creek for a boil-up, left a note for Nancy's party - how were we to know that Hal & Co were up-river - then went up the Park's Peak track for some gentle botanizing. We gave the rimu-planting in the wineberry a miss. Later on the bulldozing of the wineberry under the red beech should be worth a visit.

Norm & Kath Elder.

-ooOoo-

UREWERA NATIONAL PARK - MAUNGAPOHATU & RAGWORT

6th-12th Jan, 1963.

Three of us left Hastings early on Sunday for Waikaremoana and the Urewera, the weather fine and very hot. At Aniwhaniwa the Park Ranger told us that the 8 miles of the newly formed milling access road would take us to within about a mile of Maungapohatu pa. The road was good, as far as it went and

gives better views than the main road; fortunately the logging trucks had not resumed after the holiday period. We made camp beside the road and gleaned what little information we could from the roadmakers. Much height is lost descending the track to cross a couple of streams and then up to the pa. Photographs were being taken on the Marae at the conclusion of a 4-day "Hui" of the tribe owning the area, visitors having come from far and near. The Rev. Laughton Presbyterian Missioner and member of the Urewera National Park Board, made us welcome and the Maoris made us an appreciated cuppa served in the Meeting House. In earlier days the Maoris resented intruders on the burial grounds on Maungapohatu mountain, but that feeling appears to have died out. Rev. Laughton gave us directions on the track to follow. He had in fact ridden up to a "tarn" with some of the Maoris a few days earlier and the horses' hoof-prints were a useful guide. The thirstily-awaited tarn failed to materialize instead there was a grassy open patch in the bush. A little farther on we found a water hole cut in a bog in the bush and refilled our bottle. The track then seemed to be going away from the Summit so we lunched on a grassy plot and then struck diagonally upwards towards a slip mentioned by Bernard Teague. This was reached fairly easily and we got to within about $\frac{1}{4}$ mile of the Obelisk when the Spirit of the Mountain sent down a blanket. Stunted dead or dying fuchsia and leatherwood were not very welcoming and the top, 4483ft, was still some 500ft above us with a limestone chimney to negotiate. A late start and the hour's delay for hospitality at the Pa had brought the hour to 4pm, so we reluctantly turned back, reaching the car a little before 8. The logging was due to start the next morning and this, combined with lowering mist, decided us to waste no time setting off for Ruatahuna, 18 miles away. The higher parts of the logging road (i.e. most of it) were mist encased with visibility down to a yard or two at the worst. Numerous opossums later we reached Ruatahuna 9 o'clockish to learn we would have to camp out as the Hunters were still at base. A handy deserted shed on the road saved us pitching the tent in intermittent drizzle.

In the morning a band of wandering horses disturbed our slumbers, a grey gelding was most intrigued and after much thoughtful contemplation of our recumbent forms advanced to lick the dust on the car to mud. Soon after, at 6.30am Miss Rucroft and her offsider arrived with thermoses and we reluctantly broke our fast. The object of our Urewera excursion, besides having a look at Maungapohatu, was the destruction of noxious weeds, in particular ragwort, following up last year's efforts in that direction. The ragwort was distressingly prominent even in areas we thought every last seedling had been eradicated from. However the camping area by the Whakatane River bridge from which we had hewed stacks

of flourishing scotch thistle was conspicuously free of this pest. In the hopes that perhaps ragwort has a two or three year cycle, we set to once again with hoes to redo a section of roadside and part of the campsite. Time will show - but the conviction grew that the only real hope would be spray. Next year, perhaps?

Tuesday was another still, hot day though cloudy, and we wilted somewhat. Brunch and dinner were partaken of by the river and some much needed ablutions dhobbing took place. Returning to Ruatahuna at dusk we were met with the welcome news that beds were now available at the Forestry base so we thankfully moved in, sponge rubber mattresses, hot showers, wood range, electricity till 10pm being among the luxuries.

Rain curtailed our labours after a couple of hours' pulling on Wednesday and we retired to the sack to catch up on lost slumber and reading, till conscience urged us back to the scene in mid-afternoon. This was rewarded by the diversion of watching the unravelling of a collision at a sharp bend between a laden timber truck and a laden cattle truck with trailer. The former was left with the cab on terra firma and the two rear wheels of his trailer precariously suspended over a 40 foot drop to the river. Two heavy tractors roared along in due course and neatly accomplished the salvage - we didn't get much work done and torrential rain then set in which rounded off the day. Thursday was muggily wet; we sallied forth for a couple of hours in the drizzle in the afternoon to destroy ragwort and fennel between our base and Te Kooti's Springs, half a mile along the road. Towards evening the weather cleared and Friday was again fine and warm, so back to work. Helen's friend arrived during the morning and after lunch they set off for Hastings. We worked on till 4pm when an old man southerly suddenly descended upon us and we beat a hasty retreat, not having accomplished quite as much as we had hoped.

Pat and I packed up and were away on Saturday morning before ten and drove through intermittent heavy showers and cold southerly to Wairoa, then on home. We were much disappointed that the rata was only flowering very patchily here and there instead of the blaze we had hoped for. However the toetoe was impressive in its masses round Waikaremoana and the riverbeds.

Helen Hill, Pat Bolt, Nancy Tanner.

-ooOoo-

LILLO-ING DOWN THE HUTT GORGE.

Happening to be in Wellington, I contacted the Hutt Valley Tramping Club, and was made most welcome. Their next trip was to be a lilo trip, so, as I had been thinking of purchasing a lilo for some time, I did so, naturally choosing the most

unstable type available, a narrow one with four equal-sized ribs. As I soon discovered, the ones with larger outside ribs are much better for river work, and the wider the better.

We travelled by electric unit to Upper Hutt, then by taxi to the waterworks at Kaitokē. (Makes one appreciate our old truck more.) Being forbidden to camp anywhere within the reserve area, we set off tramping down the riverbed, eventually coming to a deep pool where we had to start using our lilos. You blow it up nice and tight with warm air, lay it on the water, and it goes quite limp, and has to be blown up some more. The others, well experienced, just sat on theirs, with their feet hanging over the end and their packs resting on the pillow, paddled a few times with their hands beside them, and went gliding down river as easily as swans. Like many beginners, I went to climb on from one side, and fell over the other side. Next I tried to sit on it as they had done, but sat too far back; the foot rose high in the air, the pillow sank, and so did I. Then tried lying on it, but out in the middle of the pool it suddenly bucked me off, and I sank again with a nice splash. Came to the surface and tried to take a breath, just as the big waves I had caused returned from the sides of the pool and sloshed over me. It is reassuring to discover that your pack will float you with your face well out of the water, but not very nice to hear all the bubblings and gurglings as the water flows into it. Managed to get hold of the lilo again, and made slow progress by the undignified method of lying on my back, holding tightly to the lilo and kicking frantically. The others thought it was funny.

Farther down we found a good campsite. I had put all my clothing inside the waterproof sleepingbag cover, but the cover has many little holes where the sewing-machine needle went round the seam. Spread my things out to dry, but about an hour later found that they had blown off the rock and were busy trying to absorb the water from a small pool. Rather discouraging, but there's nothing like a good stew to cheer you up.

Next morning I found that if I stood astride the lilo and then leaned forward on it, it would remain stable as long as I left my heavy boots hanging down to act as ballast. The others seemed to have no difficulty in remaining upright, even in the rapids. They even went over a waterfall where a log had dammed part of the riverbed.

Later we of the weekend party met the two halves of the Sunday party, who had somehow become divided. (Did they learn that from us?) My newly acquired confidence and balance were horribly upset by someone grabbing the back of my lilo and shaking it.

Where the gorge widens into the valley, we made our way to the road, just in time to see the bus depart from the stop. So we had to go by taxi back to Upper Hutt.

Peter Lewis.

DAPHNE HUT.

27th Jan., 1963.

An easy trip and prospects of a river trip for a hot summer's day appealed to 16 trampers who duly arrived at Holt's around 6ish. A pleasant run to Mill Farm, where 16 trampers commenced walking at 9.00.

Upon reaching the Tuki Tuki, Norm, Kath, Nancy and Co decided to poke around on their own, so the remaining bunch of 11 even pushed upstream to Daphne. The river was rather low, which made the going easier, as the Hut was reached at 11.30.

After lunching and splashing around in the river for two hours, we left the hut and headed out via the overland route. It was a pleasant walk out, with humorous aspects, as members did the Limbo Rock under the electric fence along by the Moorcock.

Norm's party found us sitting in the Moorcock at 5.45, so the last haul up to Mill Farm was spent swapping news and swotting sandflies. A pleasant break at Waipawa and home by 9.00 pm.

Leader: A. Corbin.

No. in Party: 16

J. Corbin, J. Price, N. Elder, K. Elder, H. Wilde, A. Tremewan, A. Thomas, B. Anderson, D. Coote, P. Linnell, R. Neill, R. Medcalfe, N. Tanner, M. Jones, A. Lattey.

-ooOoo-

FORESTRY TRIPS14-17 Feb. DONALD and LAKES.

Mavis Davidson was visiting as many places as possible where Jap stags had been heard during last year's roar. We poked down Happy Valley on the way in to the Lawrence and next day went up the Donald as far as a cairn $\frac{3}{4}$ hour upstream of the toe of the Matauria Ridge. Put up a couple of red stags one in velvet but saw or heard no Japs. A grilling hot day.

We next came out to have a look at another area round the Kuripapango Lakes but cut this short when a drizzle came on and turned to heavy rain. A very wet lilo party were sighted coming up from the Ngaruroro and help was given to a horsebreaker with a broken-down jalopy, heading for Ngamatea.

19-21 Feb. LOTKOW - MAKAHU.

This was a continuation of the previous trip to visit four more Jap areas, the party now including Kath, released from child minding. As a Forestry gang were in at the Makahu we

planned to doss for our last night at Little's Clearing, making a quick trip into the hut before coming out.

After two perfect days spent poking round we arrived at the clearing as the sky turned black and the aneroid readings began to climb. It appears that we had been caught by an unannounced fast-moving tropical depression. Fortunately we had taken a fly, but it was a rough sort of a night.

There is a sizeable slip on the new sidling track.

5-15 March. RAI VALLEY - DIPFLAT.

After getting the straight dope at Rongotai about smoke signals on 3 Fingers we had a perfect flight over Port Underwood and Havelock to Nelson, where I was met and rushed off to the Rai Valley camp and on into a patch of bush where the senior rangers were scrabbling about in the undergrowth. Very much like Wellington bush and the mob were already hurling Greek and Latin names around in good style. - they had to, with a 2-hour test every evening and a refresher test next morning. Next day over a 1600ft saddle at the head of the Rai Valley and down a steep bush toll (10/-) road down to Tennyson Inlet out near the head of the Pelorus, mostly bush running up to 3000ft from kohekohe to mountain beech (saw neither).

Then down to Blenheim and up the Wairau after dark nearly to Top House then turning South to Dip Flat under the St Arnaud Range. I was supposed to be the subalpine scrub expert but there was no proper scrub here, but a lot of queer -looking shrubs scattered about in the snowgrass. It was only when I got to Botany Division I found that this was one of the earliest high-country collecting grounds and that a lot of it hadn't been seen anywhere else. Interesting for me but quite useless for the rest of the mob.

We then got on to tussock but the weather turned crook so after scrabbling round in the snow in a 4500ft saddle we gave it best. I hitched a ride south with the Christchurch contingent over a State Hydro road that follows a Transmission line across to the Clarence and down into Canterbury. Rangiora - Lincoln - Wellington and home.

N. L. E.

-ooOoo-

TARARUAS March 15-17th.
(Totara Flats - Cone - Tauherenikau)

I decided to try for a Southern Crossing last weekend, so I met a few H V T C's at the Wellington Railway Station at 7.15pm on Friday night. I also met David Evans, who was off to do a

Southern Crossing with the Varsity Tramping Club.

As the weather forecast for the weekend wasn't the best, we picked the rest of the members up at Waterloo, and headed for Bannister Hut. We arrived at the hut, amid the rain at 10 o'clock and in bed by 11pm.

Saturday morning was windy with the weather indifferent, so up and away by 8.00 along the lovely muddy track to Totara Flats. It was quite an experience crossing the bridge over the Weichine River just before the Totara Flats Hut. This Swing Bridge was built by the R.N.Z.A.F. several years ago. I found there was an art in crossing one of these things. You step onto it and hang on for dear life as the wind coming upstream whistles past. As the wind decreases, you make your way across until the wind hits you again, tilting the deck of the bridge to an angle of about 45 deg., leaving you looking at the flooded river roaring past about 30ft below. It was fun.

Totara Flats Hut (T.T.C.), was reached at 11.00, where a party of Deerstalker trainees were in residence, so after lunch, we set out at 12.10 for Cone Hut (T.T.C.). Instead of doing the low-level route, we followed Hector Track a little way and then pushed up Cone Ridge. Once on Cone Ridge the whole Appearance of the bush was changed. Instead of Beech amongst fern etc., there was Beech, with green, damp, spongy moss everywhere from the ground to the top of the trees. It was certainly different from the bush back home.

We reached Cone (3547') at 4.00 after fighting against a gale which was blowing on the tops, and waited for 20 minutes before the mist cleared to make sure of the right route. About 15 minutes down the ridge, a sign was found indicating that Cone Saddle was only 20 minutes away. The blazes on the track were rather old, and the track a bit indistinct in places, but after 40 minutes, no saddle was reached. After this, it was deduced we were on the Blk XIX track. However, by 6.25 we were at the bottom of the track by the Tauherenikau River, only 2 minutes from Cone Hut.

After the usual stew, etc, we hit the hay by 10 o'clock, only to be woken up about midnight by a H.V.T.C. L.W.T.C. type who decided to chop wood. The comments passed unfortunately cannot be repeated.

Next morning we were away by 9.00 and at Allaway Dickson Hut (V.U.T.C.) by 10.30 and found a lone trumper who had got separated from a friend of his. Our party hadn't seen anyone else, so we pushed off down river, with the lone trumper pushing on ahead to report the missing trumper.

Lunch was on the banks of the Tauherenikau River at mid-day, only a few minutes from the Tauherenikau Hut (T.T.C.).

After a chat with a Tararua Tramping Club personality, Joe Gibbs, we were away by 2.05 up Smith's Creek track, and down the Puffer Track to the Roadhead and Shelter Hut (H.V.T.C. and N.Z.F.S.) which was reached by 3.45 pm. Then things started to go haywire. Our truck was supposed to meet us at 4.30. At 5.30 it hadn't arrived, so we sat around, with everyone getting fed up, and being asked by several people if we had seen the missing tramper. At 7.00, we upped packs and walked out to the main road, where several managed to hitch-hike home, while the die-hards waited.

Eventually the truck arrived at 7.45, and Wellington was reached by 9.00 where the last bod (myself) was dropped off.

A very interesting trip. Incidentally the the missing tramper was located by Search parties safe and sound on Wednesday morning.

Tony Corbin.

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SOCIAL NEWS

Birth: To Hal and Heather Christian - a son.

Engagements:

Keith Garratt to Anna Clayton

Nigel Thompson to Carrol Sands

Departures:

Christine Prebble to Auckland.

Barbara Wallace to Christchurch.

David Evans to Wellington.

Hal Christian to Orewa.

Jeff Lynn and Alex Buchanan are National Park ranger trainees, Jeff at Arthurs Pass and Alex at Te Anau.

Return:

Sue Neufeld after two years of travel.

George Lowe is on the Council of the Royal Geographical Society.

He has also been appointed assistant headmaster of an English school in Santiago. Sue and he sail for Chile in August.

New Members:

We welcome the following to the club:-

Madge and Bertie McConnell, Jim Price, and Ross Culver (Junior) and John Sephton (Junior).

New Club Captain: Maurie Taylor handed in his resignation as he feels he is not able to get out on enough trips. The committee accepted his resignation with regret. Nancy Tanner was appointed in his stead.

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Cyanide Pellets:

Cyanide Pellets, resembling dabs of grey toothpaste, have been laid for opossums along the edge of the bush in the Ruahines. Beware of touching these or sniffing them as they are highly poisonous.

Projector:

The club has purchased a second-hand projector for £25.

Sweetcorn:

For a weeding party on December 15th ten turned up. A few extra would have made the job much easier.

On Jan. 26th twelve of us picked and packed.

Jan. 30th was in the middle of the week. This was just a small order for a definite number of cases. The 5 of us who were able to turn out managed to cope.

Feb. 3rd saw 8 of us on the job. Unfortunately there was a club trip on this week-end. We could have done with a lot more manpower.

All accounts for sweetcorn expenses have not yet come in, but we think that the profit on the crop will be about £40. This money helps to keep down the cost of trip fares.

Dec. 15th: Norm and Kath Elder, Nancy Tanner, Helen Hill, Pat Bolt, Janet Lloyd, Russell Berry, Peter Lewis, Tony Corbin, Keith Garratt.

Jan. 26th: Kath and Alan Berry, Kath and Norm Elder, Nancy Tanner, Janet Lloyd, Tony Corbin, Jim Glass, Bob Anderson, Russell Berry, Hugh Wilde, Peter Linnell.

Jan. 30th: Kath Berry, Nancy Tanner, Janet Lloyd, Kath and Norm Elder.

Feb. 3rd: Alan Berry, Norm Elder, Rex Chaplin, Gae Lobban, Margaret Mison, Janet Lloyd, Maurie and Barbara Taylor.

News from Vancouver Island. (Extracts from a letter written by Pam Hansen (nee Dyson) to Kath and Norm Elder).

"Summer didn't seem to come north of the Equator this year and as a result winter has run into winter. Gardens all over showed the lack of warmth and excess of moisture. At no time was I able to pick enough flowers for a vase full for the house"

This weather situation was pushed into the background recently by the tension re Cuba. News broadcasts from New York were so high pitched and hysterical the whole situation was doubly frightening..... Some milk company in New York was selling sterilised water in various quantities for fantastic prices - to sustain life in shelters if the worst came to the worst."

"VEGETATION OF THE KAIMANAWA RANGES" by N.L. ELDER

Not many botanists do the mapping as well as the botanical survey of a region, but that is what Norman Elder has done in the case of the Kaimanawa Ranges.

Beginning on the first day of 1931 with 3 members of the Tararua Tramping Club and a map which was blank except for a few Survey trigs, he made his first crossing, and his notes on that trip and further explorations in the succeeding years with club parties and with other botanists, form the basis of the paper. These notes have included many changes over the years and the paper has been published through the Forest Service as a preliminary outline to the detailed plotting of the present day.

The paper divides the country into 4 areas:- silver beech of the Hinemaia country, mountain beech of the middle ranges, the southern area of red tussock with mountain beech islands from the Ngaruroro to the Moawhango and the kaikawaka (cedar) of the S.W. corner. There are lists of the characteristic plants to be found in various sites but these lists are not exhaustive, and club members may be interested to know that one of our absentee members, Tony Druce (of Botany Division and the Wellington Botanical Society), has been compiling a much more complete list.

There is a copy of Norm's paper in the Club library.

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Makaroro: There is now a locked gate across the bridge at the Makaroro Mill.

No Mans: A new six-bunk hut has been built beside the old hut.

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| X | <u>O V E R D U E T R A M P E R S</u> | X |
| X | | X |
| X | If a club party at any time becomes overdue, would parents | X |
| X | or members <u>please first contact</u> one of the following:- | X |
| X | | X |
| X | Norman Elder 'phone 77.924 | X |
| X | Alan Berry 'phone 77223 | X |
| X | Mrs. Janet Lloyd 'phone 87.666 | X |
| X | | X |
| X | <u>All Active Trampers - please show this to your parents!</u> | X |
| X | | X |
| X | | X |
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FIXTURE LIST

| <u>1963</u> | <u>Trip</u> | <u>Leader</u> | <u>Fare</u> |
|------------------|------------------------------------|---------------------------|-------------|
| May 11-12th | Trig I - Iron Whare, Kaweka Flat | Maury Taylor | 10/- |
| May 26th | Te Patiki - Armstrong's Saddle | Norrie Johnson | 10/- |
| June 1-2-3 | Pohangina Saddle - Pohangina River | Peter Lewis | 10/- |
| Queen's B'day | Hut - Ngamoko Range | | |
| June 9th | Galbraith Hut via Titikura | Jim Wilshire | 10/- |
| June 22-23rd | Golden Crown - Hut Ruin | Roy Peacock | 10/- |
| July 7th | Shuteye, chimney | Bert McConnell | 10/- |
| July 20-21st | Waterfall Creek Hut - Mangaweka | Jim Price | 10/- |
| Aug. 4th | Te Iringa | Annette Tremewan | 10/- |
| Aug. 17-18th | Snowcraft - Kaweka Hut | Alan Berry Phil Bayens | 10/- |
| Sept. 1st | Hawkston - Mangatutu Stream | Norm Elder | 10/- |

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| Page 23 | - Cyanide Pellets. Projector. Sweetcorn. News from Vancouver Island. |
| Page 24 | - Vegetation of the Kaimanawa Ranges. Makaroro bridge locked. New NoMan's. |

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