

HERETAUNGA TRAMPING CLUB (Inc.)

"POHOKURA"

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Bulletin No. 24

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TRAMPING MANNERS

Even in tramping there is such a thing as etiquette and a little attention to tramping manners' can result in the whole party deriving more pleasure from the trip. The observations on this subject by Mr. Geoffrey Winthrop Young, the "grand old man" of climbing, are today just as appropriate as when they were first written over forty years ago:-

"Hill walking is learned as an art by practice: and hill walking in company has further modifications dictated by mannerly tradition. On hills we do not reckon by miles, but by hours: pace is of less importance than economy of effort, and hurry is nearly always discordant or unsocial. Every one thinks he can walk but most people walk badly by nature or acquired habit. An experienced walker starts out with almost aggravating deliberation: he is storing up his rush of morning enthusiasm as reserve for the long hours ahead. When his rhythm for the day is established, he will use the surplus steam to maintain a constant pace; and probably finish at the end more swiftly and smoothly than he started.

In company, the first point of manners for the man in control is that of pace. Most climbers suffer from the weakness of increasing the pace the moment they take the lead on a path, slope or glacier. This is trying to the party, consciously or not, and wasteful. The leader should either block the way himself, or, if he is behind, keep consistently to what he considers the right tempo. It is better he should be thought to be getting old or lazy than that the party should be rushed inopportunely.

A second and frequent failing is the 'half step' trick. Some fifty per cent of fast walkers, whenever they walk abreast on road or path or hill, persistently keep half a stride in front, their shoulder just clear of their companion. It may be due to some half-formed feeling of satisfaction in setting the pace and having a margin to turn round and talk from. Its effect is that the friend is perpetually straining to catch up, and the pace thus steadily accelerates till both are practically racing. Then one gives up, and both lag, until the game starts again. The habit is often unconscious, but it is extraordinarily irritating on a long tramp, or to a tired companion.

A third breach of manners, all too common, is passing ahead in the line of march. Over most broken country, glacier, snow or rough hillsides, men naturally fall into single file. There are few inexperienced walkers who do not take advantage of the slightest error in the choice of route on the first man's part, to break off and pass him on the shorter line. In doing so, they take the responsibility of taking all the rest who follow off the line also. On an ordinary hill walk, when the going is all free and easy, this is excusable, - no one is compelled to follow another longer than suits him; as also in the case when the first man is obviously mistaken, and to cut his line is a distinct saving of effort for those who follow. But, done as by one of a line of men either tired or with a big day before them, where another has been taking the extra burden of route-selection for the rest, it is a serious breach of mountain manners. The gain is probably only a yard or two, and the front man may justly resent having been left the labour of choosing the route at a hundred points, only to have advantage taken off his single doubtful choice in order to displace him.

The best rule of manners to remember is that, while every man is free to choose any line and pace he likes on such places, yet, if one man has been leading and choosing the line, the others ought to drop into their places in the line behind him again as soon as the single-file formation is resumed. It is more politic to be considered a well-mannered tramp than to assert one's powers as a limber hill-rusher."

- With Acknowledgements to "Mountain Craft".

CLUB TRIPSNo. 715.KIWI WORKING PARTYMarch 30-31st.

It was hoped to put the floor in the hut on this trip but rain setting in at 4 o'clock put paid to that idea. Five rolls of steel to close in the porch and cover the eastern end of the hut had been carried in and as each roll weighed 50lbs it was of necessity a slow trip. Sunday dawned with rain still falling but after breakfast relays of workers bashed, cut, bent and attached 19 gauge steel to the hut amid cries of anguish and pain through fingers and hands being cut and bruised in the wet conditions. None the less the job was eventually done and after a late lunch we set off back to the truck. At last, at least one party has stumbled over the correct route to the top of the shingle slide in mist and since then more poles have been added. Once again thanks are due to those who calmly (at the start, anyway) add the burden of working party gear to their packs and hump in loads often in excess of 90 pounds.

No. in Party: 12.

Leader: Maury Taylor.

Peter Lewis, Colin Hope, Bill Morison, Maury Taylor, Russell Berry, Ross Culver, Jim Price, Jim Glass, Margaret Mison, Diane Dawson, Barbara Butler, Annette Tremewan.

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No. 716.Mt. TARAWERA

Easter, April, 12-15th.

A more ambitious trip than usual was undertaken at Easter, with the help of good friends in Havelock North and Rotorua. The aim was to explore the neighbourhood of Mt. Tarawera, near Rotorua; the mountain which burst without warning into violent eruption in 1886, and has remained apparently dead ever since.

A party of 23 left Hastings in the truck on Good Friday morning. We called at the A.C. Baths in Taupo for a hot swim, and by 3pm. were at Waiotapu where we were most hospitably received by Mr. Berry at his new tea-rooms-cum-honey-house. After hot coffee and toasted sandwiches all round, we left again for a dairy-farm belonging to Mr. and Mrs. Lewer, near Lake Rerewhaka-aitu, where Rex Chaplin had arranged for us to stay. The woolshed was put at our disposal, and we soon had a fire going and a welcome hot meal cooked. Russell Berry and Annette arrived after dark, bringing with them a dozen large honey tins in which we planned to carry our water supply next day. Stories were being exchanged about the unexpected tragedy of the eruption when we were all silenced by a long and quite severe earthquake. We rushed to look at the dark shape of the mountain looming above us in the moonlight, but it was as dark and silent as ever.

Next morning we drove through large areas of newly brought-in land, reclaimed from manuka scrub, up the access roads approaching the south-east flanks of the mountain. At the road end we took off upwards on foot, all with fairly heavy packs, as we had enough water in the sealed honey tins to last our party 24 hours. The track up is through scrubby bush which has regenerated since the total destruction of the eruption. From the east a ridge leads easily to the summit of Tarawera, and we were up beside "the chasm" by mid-day.

During the eruption a series of craters blew out, forming a great rift about 8 miles long across the top of the mountain and down the southern side across Lake Rotomahana and about 2 miles beyond it. The top and sides of Tarawera were buried under the material ejected, and in many places are still almost bare of vegetation. On the east there is a good deal of moss and some small bushes of dracophyllum and olearia as well as a number of young pines, probably seed blown from Kaingaroa. We camped under one pine about 15 feet high, near the chasm, and spent the afternoon walking completely round the largest crater, which is about a mile long, $\frac{1}{4}$ mile wide, and 400 feet deep. Within the crater is a wonderful display of different coloured scoria, black, grey, every shade of brick, terra cotta and dark red, and dazzling white pumice. These colours occur in layers, and look like the Grand Canyon, the most impressive views being inside the crater which we got into by a steep scoria slide from the western rim. The only sign of any activity was an occasional smell of sulphur.

Next morning it was misty and drizzling; we set out southward along the chasm, crossed it lower down between two craters, and continued down to the narrow neck of land between Lake Rotomahana and Lake Tarawera. We arrived by mid-afternoon at the Rotorua Tramping Club's hut on Lake Tarawera, and spent the night there. There is a seepage of hot water along the lake edge here. The sand is too hot to stand in with bare feet in places, and you can bathe where the top two inches of water is beautifully warm and the rest cold. It was good to have hot water to wash ourselves and the dishes in all laid on at the lake edge.

It was raining next day as we returned to Lake Rotomahana, where the lower stretch of the jetty was 3 feet under water. A launch was waiting for us, and took us across the lake, past the site of the now-vanished Pink and White Terraces to the Waimangu valley, which is really the end of the Tarawera rift. Here too the abnormally high lake level has submerged the landing-place. We walked about 2 miles up the valley, past steam holes, boiling springs, the steaming hot lake where Frying Pan flat was until it blew up in 1917, and all the weird attractions of this area, until it ends at the Guest House.

The truck was waiting for us there, brought round by Mr. Berry from the farm where we had left it. We reached Hastings in pouring rain about 9pm having stopped to pull a car out of the ditch on the way.

A most interesting worthwhile trip, for which we thank Rex Chaplin, Mr. Berry and the Lewer family for making it possible.

No. in Party: 23

Leader: Alan Berry.

Alan and Kath Berry, Russell Berry, Norm and Kath Elder, Annette Tremewan, Nancy Tanner, Marg and Bert McConnell, Tui Maxwell, Helen Hill, Mifanwy Jones, Brenda Butcher, Gae Lobban, Winstone Oliver, Norrie Johnson, Jim Price, Martin Conway, Alex Buchanan, Jeff Lynn, Peter Lewis, Alan East, Dick Howell.

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No. 717.

CATTLE HILL

April 28th

A party of 13 trampers left Holts at 7.30 am. The usual drive up to the Blowhard was interrupted when the cab filled with smoke. After adjusting the rocker cover gasket, old faithful took us to our destination.

At 9.20am we started tramping, trying to follow a track that kept out of sight when we needed it most. We met up with some very impressive gorges, which we managed to cross by climbing to their upper reaches, and by 11.45 we were sitting on top of Cattle Hill. From this prominent point one is rewarded with a view over a very wide expanse of country.

The descent took us along the top of the limestone cliffs on the northern side of the hill, and as the trip was one of the less ambitious, from the point of view of hard tramping, we took time to practice rock climbing on an outcrop at a lower level. Here we were surprised to find a cave, which we had failed to notice on a previous trip to the same spot. After tramping over the Calf we arrived back at the truck at quite a reasonable hour, which enabled us to spend a little time at the waterfalls near Willow Ford.

No. in Party: 13.

Leader: Russell Berry.

Jim Wilshere, Norrie Johnson, Ross Culver, Colin Hope, Peter Lewis, Jim Price, Martin Conway, Jim Glass, Noel Evans, Patty Priest, Heather Wilshere, Kath Berry.

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No. 718.

TRIG I - IRON WHARE

May 11-12th.

After picking up five bods at Taredale, and stopping again on the top of Waipuna, about three miles before Puketitiri, to study the Kawekas and their foothills, we arrived at Lewis's in time to enjoy a cup of tea before taking up our packs and moving off at 9.40. Going up the Anawherua stream between the Middle Range and Ferny Ridge, three strayed from the proper track and found themselves surrounded by well-defended blackberry bushes. From the foot of the Birch it was very uphill and for most of the way, when we weren't bashing through thick scrub we were struggling up clay banks. A short rest at Trig I, and then off down the old pack-track, which is in remarkably good order for such an old track. We should have kept to the top of the ridge, but somehow went too far left and lost the track, having to crash through heavy scrub down a very steep face to the Makahu, where the first one to cross gave the others a demonstration of how to fall in. A leisurely boil-up on the riverbed was very welcome by this time. The track up the other side was mainly a series of steep slippery clay patches - well over a thousand feet of it. The old Iron Whare, which we reached about 4pm, is still standing. We nailed a couple of the slabs back on to the walls, but the main framework and the roof is still sound and should stand for many a year. We fixed up the old tin spout in the water supply, a tiny trickle around the slope to the S.W., and made such a big stew that nobody seemed interested in cooking anything for a dessert.

In the night the wind blew a metal plate and spoon off the roof beam; it landed on someone's head with a terrific clang.

Not too early next morning we headed S.W. towards Dick's Spur. Most of the way we were pushing through thick scrub. After crossing the stream which comes between Dick's Spur and North Kaweka we came to a patch of even thicker manuka, and began to wonder if we would reach Makahu hut before dark! In the odd patches of bush, bushlawyers were far too plentiful. At last we came to more open bush and made good progress, reaching the hut early in the afternoon, where we had a boil-up and lazed about for a couple of hours. We came back along the new Forestry track, and were amused by a notice "Warning! Mines!" at the edge of Little's Clearing where the new track from the Middle Range enters.

Back at Lewis's we were all invited in for tea, and the high-country potatoes, vegetables and venison were greatly appreciated.

No. in Party: 13.

Leader: Peter Lewis.

Annette Tremewan, Christine Prebble, Barbara Butler, Russell Berry, Bob Adams, Chris Johnson, Noel Evans, Jim Price, Peter

Linnell, Des Coote, Jim Wilshire.

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May 26th.

TE PATIKI

Cancelled on account of the weather.

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No. 719.

LOTKOW HUT

June 2nd.

Queen's Birthday W/E.

The proposed long-weekend trip being called off because there were only three names on the list, it was decided to run a Sunday trip instead. At a little after 6.30am, the five bods waiting at Taradale in the rain were a little surprised to see the lights of the truck arriving. We thought that the people from the smaller city might have had enough sense to cancel the trip right at the start. We looked at the black sky and talked ourselves into believing that the rain might be only coastal. The further inland we went the heavier and colder it became. When we left the truck, just before Baldy, it was cold enough for us to expect snowflakes in the rain at any moment. A newly-made tractor track led almost to the Green Flats, and we sloshed gaily on down the Gorge Stream and on to Lotkow.

The door of the hut bears a notice "Please place the flour-bin on the lid of the vent-hole in front of the fireplace before leaving the hut. This is to stop opossums from coming up underneath the hut", and added on to the notice in pencil was "But please make sure the fire is out, otherwise the butter in the flour bin will melt!".

We sat around the fire for a couple of hours, but the weather showed no signs of improving. Coming back there was a little confusion over the different tracks, but eventually we decided that there must be two tracks, more or less separate and parallel; perhaps two different track-cutters had different ideas! By the time we got back to the truck we were glad to get into warm dry clothes.

No. in Party: 10

Leader: Peter Lewis.

Annette Tremewan, Barbara Butler, Christine Prebble, Jim Price, Doug Gempton, Jim Glass, Jim Wilshire, Roy Pescock, George Prebble, Peter Lewis.

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No. 720.

GALBRAITH HUT VIA TITIOKURA

9th June.

Twenty-one set off on this trip, leaving Hastings soon after 7.00a.m. and picking up odd bods en route. Reaching Westshore via the new bridge, it was realised that someone was waiting on the embankment road. So back again that way, then off again on the other road feeling as though we were going round in ever-diminishing circles.

The weather at first was showery but fair enough on the way out. Titiohora was reached about 9.30a.m. and no sooner had we started tramping than the rain came down in earnest, making the going very slippery on eroded patches. After the initial climb the going was easy over rough pasture and occasional clumps of manuka and assorted scrub. An hour or so of cold and wet was enough to make us wonder if we were being more than usually clottish. Midday found us about 1½ hours from the hut, with rain (the wet variety) coming down harder than ever and nothing in view but mist shrouded slopes. We decided to call it a day (some had another word for it), and after a very uncomfortable halt for lunch straggled back to the road.

We begged the use of Olsen's woolshed to change in, and made our way back to reach Napier about 4.00p.m.

Not exactly a successful trip, but at least we made the effort, and felt immensely superior to those who remained skulking by the fireside!

No. in Party: 21.

Leader: Jim Wilshire.

Peter Lewis, Bert & Madge McConnell, Colin Hope, Noel Evans, Russell Sephton, Owen Brown, Russell Berry, Ross Culver, Helen Hill, Janet Moore, Maria Boone, Kath Berry, Brenda Butcher, Margaret Gorton, Beryl Hammond, Nancy Tanner, Alison Thomas, Helen Tustin, Helen Wilshire.

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No. 721.

GOLDEN CROWN - HUT RUIN

22-23rd June.

Who would have thought as we sat in Nancy's car listening to the 7.30am weather report, that the day would turn out fine! The wind at that moment was blowing a gale and the rain was pouring down. When the rain eased we could see the snow being blown between the ridges. The snow incidentally was down to 3000'.

We decided to go across to Master's Hut and make a brew and, if the weather did not improve, to stay the night there

and, have a one day trip on Sunday. However once we set out the weather didn't seem so bad and by the time we had reached the hut it actually looked as though it was improving. We stayed long enough to enter our names and then set off for Golden Crown. Time 9.15am.

Followed the cairns to the bush line and then the track through the bush reaching the turnoff at 1.15. There is now an excellent cut track along the ridge. The scenery was just like a Christmas Card, with fairly good views of the surrounding country. It was fairly slow going across the tops with so much snow around and it was 3pm before we reached the hut. With a lot of blowing the fire eventually got going but we lost its warmth by having to have both the door and window open as exits for the smoke. However our male cooks produced an excellent four course tea.

We spent a very cold night and the outlook on Sunday was not very bright. The snow was beginning to thaw, it was misty and there was still a very cold wind blowing outside. We had thought of going back down Bob's Spur but with the prevailing conditions in such country we decided it was far better to go back down Golden Crown where we had our footsteps to follow if necessary. We left the hut at 10.10am and making much better time along the tops than on the previous day we reached the turnoff in 1hr 20mins and another 2½ hrs saw us to the car (in pouring rain). We had a bite to eat and were back in Hastings by 3pm after a most enjoyable trip.

No. in Party: 5.

Nancy Tanner, Russell Berry, Peter Lewis, Jim Price, Kathleen Berry.

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No. 722.

SHUTEYE CHIMNEY

July 7th.

32 eager trampers left Holt's at 6.15am in the truck and 2 private cars - a rather large number if one remembers that this was a working trip! The party included 6 St. Matthew's Girl Guides and 8 Boys' High Tramping Club members.

We 'de-bussed' at approx. 8.30 and in fine weather loaded up with iron, hammers, screw-drivers, etc, and set off up Triplex Creek. On leaving the creek, a few old hands having succeeded in keeping their feet dry, we discovered that the track was well and truly cut and cleared to a width of almost 6 feet and so our slashers remained walking sticks for the rest of the trip.

We reached the hut in about 2 hours and several of the mules under Roy's direction started work on the chimney while the others had lunch and then set off for Buttercup Hollow to look for snow. This was found in a very icy crystalline state, but nevertheless provided much enjoyment.

After a 'boil-up' most of the party started down about 1.30pm while the remainder put the finishing touches to the chimney. This took the form of a few more nuts and bolts and a great deal of bright orange paint which was happily spread all over.

The rearguard left at approx. 3.15pm and reached the vehicles at 4.30 where the billy was boiling. The fire out, rubbish cleared up and gear packed in we set off home at 5pm, reaching Holt's just before 7pm. A stop in Waipawa proved unsatisfactory - no chips, no hot pies!

No. in Party: 32.

Leader: Bert McConnell.

Peter Lewis, Noel Evans, Russell Sephton, Peter Linnell, Nor~~the~~ Johnson, Roy Peacock, Norm Elder, Jim Wilshere, Christine Prebble, Tony Corbin, Phil Bayens and son Phillip, Helen Hill, Annette Tremewan, Nanvy Tanner, Margaret Venables, Marie Boon, Eila Deller, Ainslie McNair, Jillian Tremewan, Sue Simmonds, Doug Gempton, Alison Thomas, Dempster Thompson, Alan Bradley, Richard Howell, Noel Hadwin, Alan Black, Derek White, David Strickland.

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No. 723.

KAWEKA HUT - SNOWCRAFT

20-21st July.

This report comes hot from the trip. Usually my reports get written three or four weeks later and I am surprised that everything is a little vague, my memory being good but short. But this one, due to outside pressure, is different. My pack still packed stands in the corner, much to the annoyance of my better half; my sodden socks and puttees are still in my boots in the same place where I dropped them when I got home last night and to-night I am writing the report, while at the same time I try to listen to a rather saltless serial called "Party-line". Unbelievable but true.

The trip itself looked like a big washout (rain out) in the beginning, but as time wore on it proved different. On Saturday there were low clouds, rain, cold wind and the weather forecast was punk! All obvious reasons for staying home but not us! We knew better.

Kaweka Hut was a welcome sight. After some hot soup

we decided to have a look at the tops, struggled through some heavily snow laden scrub, which made conditions rather cold and unpleasant and reached the tops where conditions were not much better. It just gave us an idea what it was like on the tops in lousy weather, and what gear was essential to keep alive under those conditions. Instruction in snowcraft was not thought of. Our only thought was to get back to the hut, and presto, too!

Sunday was perfect in every way. A little mist in the morning kept us in suspense as to what the weather was going to do. We climbed straight up Cook's Horn basin. The snow was beautiful, just the right crispness. The mist cleared. Sunshine - no wind - perfect. Had a light lunch on top. While admiring the scenery I cannot describe the feeling you get, you have to be there to see it and to believe it. Practised some glissading and arresting falls with ice axe - very useful in emergency. Pass Cook's Horn, over the Tits, where we practised some rope work and back to the Hut. The day party, which was climbing another ridge contacted us with the aid of a little mirror while we were near Cook's Horn. They joined us later in the hut. Together we walked to the road head, where the truck was reluctant to start but after some persuasion we were away. The finish of a perfect day.

Joint Leaders: Allen Berry, Phil Bayens.

DAY PARTY

Another party of 10 in two cars set out on Sunday soon after 6am in hopes of a good day in the snow and sun. These were bountifully fulfilled, the special bonus being almost complete absence of wind. It was decided to try the ridge between the Tutaeuri and Hut creek - the map calls it "The Rogue". This proved very good going with only a minimum of scrub-bashing - we had followed the usual zig-zag track to the crest of the ridge, where the pack track takes off.

As we enjoyed lunch in the sun, the last shreds of mist lifted off Cook's Horn and the Tits, giving us a good view of the week-end party negotiating that stretch, and later doing snowcraft before descending to Kaweka Hut. After lunch, what looked like a cat and kitten, also here, tracks guided us up through the snow to the crest of the ridge looking into the head of the Tutaeuri. There was a good view of Ruapehu through Kiwi Saddle. A snow man was duly built by the younger members ably led by the American Field Scholar lassie. We then returned down a spur, crossed a stream bed and joined the boys at Kaweka Hut for a sip and a sup before a joint return to the road.

No. in Week-end Party: 10.

Peter Lewis, Norrie Johnson, Noel Evans, Allan Berry, Phil Bayens, Gordon Anderson, Peter Linnell, Lesley Beale, Dempster Thompson, Allan Bradley.

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No. in Day Party: 10.

Roy Peacock, Jim Glass, Helen Hill, Annette Tremewan, Sue Neufeld, Nancy Tanner, Marty Brown, Anna Hamilton, Helen Tustin and Marja Boon.

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No.724

TE IRINGA

August 4th.

The morning was very cold, but clear and fine. We left the truck at the summit of Gentle Annie and set off at 9.40am. for Te Iringa. We reached the new trig at 11.30, and after a light lunch we all moved on to the point overlooking the Ngaruroro. The snow, although not very thick, was firm with a soft powdery surface. Nearly everyone indulged in a good old-fashioned snow fight. Tobogganing on sleeping bag covers and parkas was also the order of the day.

The weather was beautiful. Not a breath of wind to mar a perfect day. We left at 2.45pm for the truck, snowballs still being thrown about. Hastings was reached at 7pm, everyone feeling rather exhausted but very happy.

No. in Party: 18

Leader: Annette Tremewan

Nancy Tanner, Madge McConnell, Sue Neufeld, Edna Ansell, Lorraine Hazell, Heather McKay, Peter Lewis, Roy Peacock, Bert McConnell, Russell Berry, Jim Price, Mr. Kemp, Allan Bradley, Ken Gousmett, Derek White, Dempster Thompson, Richard Howell.

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"TREES & SHRUBS OF NEW ZEALAND" by A.L. Poole & N.M. Adams.

We quote from the inside of the jacket cover:- "This book has been designed especially to assist the many people who lack a formal botanical training yet are deeply ^{interested} in New Zealand's trees and shrubs and want to be able to identify them and name them correctly..... The authors have avoided technical terms as much as possible; their system of identification is based primarily on leaf characteristics..... over 400 species have been illustrated."

We will just add that the illustrations are a marvellous help.

Price 25/-

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DIVARICATING SHRUBS

These interlaced shrubs with twigs coming off at wide angles are characteristic of New Zealand and to some degree Tasmania, but nowhere else in the world. The reasons for this continue to puzzle tidy-minded botanists. Some grow on the coast, some in subalpine scrub, but most on forest margins, forming a protective outer belt against dry air, cold air and wind generally.

They fall into two main groups, those that grow up into trees with much more normal branching and leafage, like pokaka and kaikomako, and those that remain dwarfed bushes. Most of these however have taller large-leaved relations, and more oddly still can often interbreed with them. This is particularly true of the Coprosma family which supplies a good half of the dwarfed shrubs. The 30-odd small-leaved Coprosmas with their tangle of hybrids are just a nightmare to the stamp-collector type of mind, but more frivolous people can get a lot of fun out of them, and in full fruit as they were this autumn they are like brilliant jewelry of all colours in places such as river-banks or what is left of the edge of Ball's Clearing.

There are big arguments as to why New Zealand has this peculiar form of plants. They can obviously stand tough conditions, cold, drought and particularly wind. Some say that they were the pioneers and that their bigger relatives have developed from them as the glaciers retreated and the climate got warmer, others say the opposite and that the climate is now getting worse.

The latest brainwave is that both are happening, that New Zealand and its climate are bobbing up and down at such a rate that plants have got to be able to play it both ways in order to survive either as a big broad-leaved form or a little stunted hardy bush. In fact changes of one sort or another come so fast that they never lose the ability to interbreed. One interesting line of argument supporting this is the claim that few high mountain plants interbreed but that a large proportion of lowland ones do. The idea is that when things get tough the high mountain plants can always move down, but that the lowland ones can only survive by changing to a hardier form or by moving north.

This sounds reasonable but it is difficult to prove. Experiment is difficult as so many of them, wineberry and Coprosma in particular, have male and female flowers on different plants, so that you've got to take elaborate precautions to be sure of the parentage of any plants you try to grow.

N.L.E.

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P R I V A T E T R I P SMANNGANUI - LITTLE AKATARAWA RIVER

6-7th April.

With Graeme Hare as Chief Guide for the trip, five H.V.T.C.'s climbed aboard the 9.05 Paekakariki unit on Saturday morning, arriving around 10.00. Picking up a stray (tramper) and catching a taxi, arrived near the Game Farm about $\frac{1}{2}$ way between Paekakariki and Paraparaumu.

After paying off the taxi, we continued along the road, then into the bush up a leading spur to Mt. Maunganui (2322') which was reached around 1.30. From here we continued towards Deadwood, but dropped off on the north side of the ridge, eventually finding ourselves on a logging road. Following this down, we came out to farm land about 5.30.

We pitched camp (a monstrous fly about 8' x 8' x 6') and cooked the usual meal. After tea, 3 others decided to go fishing, and caught 3 eels, which were cooked in the ashes of the fire. Sunday morning dawned bright and clear, so 9.00 saw us on our way. A short stop was made a few minutes later to catch a pig, then into the river we went.

The next 3 hours was spent circumnavigating waterfalls, bush-bashing and swimming through deep pools. Eventually we struck an old bush tramway which made the going easier and brought us out to the Akatarawa Road about 1.00. An hour was spent eating lunch, drying out clothes etc. We then hit the road at 2.00 and commenced our 13 miles walk to Upper Hutt. After walking about 1 hour, a milkman kindly gave us a lift to Birchville, where we caught a bus to Upper Hutt Railway Station.

A good trip in interesting country.

A. Corbin, G. Hare & 4 H.V.T.C.'s.

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MAIN RANGE - TARARUAS

11-14th April.

Cadged in on V.U.T.C. transport to Otaki Forks on Thursday 11th. Weather very wet. Arrived Otaki Cottage 9.00. Decided to push on to Field's Hut. Passed other shooters who were as wet as ourselves. Arrived 12.30am. Friday. Brew, then bed 1.30. Friday 12th - no rain but plenty of mist. Pushed on to Kime Hut. Several deer roaring - never saw any. Spent night at new Kime. Several shooters and 4 W.T. & M.C. types in occupation.

Saturday 13th. Left 6.45 with day packs and rifles and proceeded along main Range. Saw 1 stag near Vosseler (3980') about 400ft down off the Main Range. Crept down, shot it (8 points) and one more stag, 3 hinds and 2 goats. Loaded ourselves down with venison and staggered back up (1100ft) to Kime. 4.00. Gave away some surplus meat, and dined on venison steaks (scrumptious).

Sunday 14th. Left about 9.30 for Otaki with a school teacher (female) and arrived at Otaki Cottage 2.00. The school teacher (Shirley)

had transport waiting for us, so 4.00 saw us at her place at Otaki for tea. In return we mowed her lawn and weeded her garden. For a bit of venison, she drove us to the Railway station, where we caught the train to Wellington. A pleasant Easter.

Party: A. Corbin H.T.C., H.V.T.C. K. Yip W.T.& M.C. Q. Whitehouse HVTC.

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ARTHUR'S PASS NATIONAL PARK

Nov.30-Dec.8th 1962.

On Friday November 30th I caught the train to Wellington and the ferry to Lyttelton and was met there by two members of the Victoria University Tramping Club. The three of us plus all the gear necessary for a week's climbing piled into a 1929 Wolseley and headed for the West Coast road, but not before stopping at Christchurch for a feed at the Railway station.

Several hours later saw us in the foothills of the Southern Alps, the somewhat overloaded car chugging quite happily along, the somewhat anxious driver watching the temperature of the radiator water rise, and two other fellows quite happily reassuring him, "She'll be right! We can fill her up at Bealy." This is exactly what we did do, and afterwards piled in for the last lap to Klondike Corner, a sort of picnic spot on the river flats of the Waimakariri. Here we drove the car as far as possible up the river and there left it and travelled the remainder of the day on foot, right up to the C.M.C. Carrington Hut. Here we spent the night, and next morning, Sunday, we tramped up the White river, a glacial river flowing roughly north into the Waimakariri.

Four hours up the White river we negotiated a steep track up the right hand bank and made our way to the Neville Barker Memorial Hut (C.M.C.). This was to be our base, and accordingly we strewed the contents of our packs on to the remaining bunks and the bench, and proceeded to cook the evening meal. Next morning being Monday, we arose about 7 o'clock and having breakfasted we made our way up the White Glacier to White Col, and from here we climbed the ridge up to Mt. Murchison, a long rock scramble and then onto Murchison summit. We descended the way we had come, reaching the hut at 5pm. Not a particularly hard day.

On Tuesday the 6th it was disappointing to find, when we awoke, that a nor-wester had sprung up during the night and that any climbing that day was out of the question. We spent a rather boring day in the sack, with no promise of the next day being fine. However the Wednesday dawned clear, but as one of our number was due to leave for the Antarctic just before Christmas, he had to go down to Arthur's Pass township in order to make contact with his superiors regarding his Antarctic venture. This left two of us to spend the rest of the week climbing, so we started off again that day by making an assault on Mt. A.P. Harper. This was accomplished and we hit the sack that night hoping that the Thursday would be clear again. Alas, next morning was murky and cold, with a North Westerly storm in progress, so we packed up and set off down to Arthur's Pass where we spent the night in the Alpine Club Hut. Next morning we set off for Christchurch and the ferry.

On the whole this trip was a great experience, but climbing in a nor-wester is not much fun and in our case the fact that the weather closed in after only two climbs was very disappointing.

No. in party: 3 . Bruce Popplewell and Geoff Norris V.U.C.T.C.
Hugh Wilde

----- oOo -----

WATERFALL CREEK

18-19th May.

As there was no club trip coinciding with the middle weekend of the May holidays, I thought it would be a good idea if a private trip could be organised, as many of the boys at varsity find it difficult to attend a trip held on the first weekend of the holidays. The first place to enter my head, as an objective, was Waterfall Creek, and this was decided on as our goal.

We were lucky enough to get nine members interested and with two cars a starting time of 6am was planned, which would enable us to reach Waterfall Creek hut before dark. We managed eventually to depart from Holt's at 6.30am on Saturday morning and headed for the Waipawa river, which was reached about 8.30; not long afterwards we were slogging up the Waipawa. The saddle was reached at 11.15 and by 11.45 most of us were at Waikamaka.

At 1.15 we packed up and headed "through? over? beneath? around?" (you've heard it all before - Feb. 1962 -) the leatherwood etc. up to Rangi Saddle, which was reached after we had inadvertently made a small detour, and after another session of bashing our way through the scrub we dropped down into Rangi Stream. From Rangi Stream it was a pleasant anticlimax to wander down to the Kawhatau River and then up to Waterfall creek which was reached at 4.15.

some people Saturday night's meal consisted of the traditional 3 - 4 courses that/soon afterwards regret having participated in, rounded off by a brew of tea and coffee. Finally we hit the sack with candles out at 9 o'clock and awoken next morning at 7.30 to a clear day. (It had been snowing the day before, rather heavily as we were crossing the Waipawa Saddle.)

Well, up at 7.30 and away by 10.30 was the order of the morning, with six members returning to the Waipawa via Paemutu and the remaining three, the way we had come, i.e. up Rangi Creek and back up to Rangi Saddle and then up on to Rangi itself. If at all possible we were to all meet on top of Rangi, but it was not until we were just below Three Johns that the two parties met. Incident ally the conditions around Paemutu were not made any easier by the snowfalls of the previous day, the conditions underfoot somewhat hampering us. Still, better than bashing our way up to Rangi Saddle than that grind from the saddle right on to Rangi-teatua. From there we could see the other three making their way along the ridge towards Three Johns.

After a rest and a munch plus what goes with these two, the Paemutu six decided to negotiate the shingle slide down from Three Johns,

while the other three went directly down to the Waipawa saddle and down the river from there. In this case it was the longest way round via Three Johns, and it was the shingle slide which was the longest way home, but it was also the most exhilarating route. It takes a bit of practice to spot the right scree slope down Three Johns, and after the tramper has descended as far down the scree as he can go, he executes a sharp left turn through the scrub to a higher speed shingle slide, which enables him to go much faster and which takes him right down to the river. From this spot we walked down to the river, to where Nancy's group had overtaken Russ Lacey and a friend from the M.T.C. There a brew was manufactured and at 5.5 we departed some time after the M.T.C. blokes, reaching the cars at 6pm, the last 20 minutes or so of the river journey being spent in the dark.

We departed for Hastings at about 7 stopping at Waipawa for a bite to eat and eventually reaching Hastings at 9 o'clock. I feel I can say that a most enjoyable trip was experienced by all and our special thanks go to Nancy and Jim for the use of their cars, without which the trip would have fallen through.

No. in party: 9. Nancy Tanner, Christine Prebble, Jim Price, Graeme, David and Noel Evans, Peter Lewis, Peter Linnell, Hugh Wilde - Leader.

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FORESTRY TRIPS

23rd April. TARARUA - HAURANGI - RUAHINE

A wonderful outing by Dakota with the Manawatu Catchment Board to inspect the ranges. From Ohakea we flew down the coast as far as Waikanae, up one side of the range and down the other to Masterton where we picked up some of the Wairarapa Catchment Board and went down to Cape Palliser. Later we zigzagged our way up to Cape Turnagain then inland to about Takapau, flying either side of the Southern Ruahines before going in down the Oroua. Wonderful tramping - no boots at all.

26-30th April. PORONUI

Access is sticky even to Forestry hunters - passports and tax clearances are not yet insisted on though Lands seem to be heading that way. Mavis had us all documented and we went down to the hut at Hewa o te Puaha. The weather was perfect and we spent three very pleasant days poking up the Kaipo, Mangapapa and Oamaru valleys, going about an hour up the Otorehineiti tributary of the last but having to turn back before reaching the inner basin (thought to have been an old refuge). Eight robins and a pair of whio in an hour's travel. Quite a bit of deer sign (Jap territorial scrapes particularly) but saw few animals and apart from an occasional Jap stag up on Poronui Hill the roar seemed over.

A wonderful display of berries - I've never seen anything quite like it before.

The lower part of the Oamaru flats has scoured out badly and

there are traces of rabbits thereabouts.

The best access is no longer past the lower homestead. You don't take the old Taharua logging road before the river, but take a side road between the two homesteads, cross a bridge and rejoin the road about half-way down to the Red Hut. Just short of Poronui Hill a fine wire rope bridge crosses back only 20-30 minutes from Hewa o te Puaha.

8th May. ELLIS's HUT

A reconnaissance for a line Bob Jackson is planning where rimu is coming back inside the bush edge. Also the fern and wineberry has been bulldozed away on the logged slopes in hopes that it will come back in thickets of red beech.

14-17th May. ELLIS's HUT

Three of us bushwhacking from a start point near the bend at the head of the Ohara Stream through scrub and into the bush.

20-21st May. ELLIS's HUT

With a second student trainee we bashed on and reached the bulldozed area before we had to come out leaving the lads to press on. Kath and a cheeky opossum gave us a couple of broken nights - a shovel not the best weapon too noisy anyway. Could get a car within $\frac{1}{4}$ mile of Ellis's - in DRY weather.

14-18th June. KURIPAPANGO - BLOWHARD

We spent the first day at the base going over the results of the reconnaissance during the roar and working out from these possible observation points for Mavis's survey. The reconnaissance covered the whole of the Kawekas, the hunters working in pairs over a period of six weeks or so. Nearly 800 stags were plotted, 90-odd of them Jap; so there are plenty of deer still there. Morrie Robson has a tape with a mixture of bellbirds and roaring stags on it and a low-voiced commentary that has to be heard to be believed.

The second day we followed a track round the side of Bonny Mary that follows the old drove road by which the first stock were moved from central Hawkes Bay by way of the Ngaruroro, Whanawhana and the Omahaki to Kuripapango and the Inland Patea.

There was too much scrub for any good viewpoint, so after a bit of scrub bashing we came back, and next day went out to the new Castle Rock bivvy, which lies on the new track that runs east of the Lakes from the road just below the airstrip. This is an iron bivvy (locked) about a mile from the former fly camp and near an old whare and sheepyards.

We spent our time between the bivvy and Castle Rock itself but when the weather packed up came back ahead of it to Kuripapango where Mavis has taken over the old tin hut and as next morning was still miserable came back to civilization.

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N.L.E.

GEORGE SOUND
FIORDLAND NATIONAL PARK

20-25th May 1963.

We left the Te Anau jetty by launch and headed up Lake Te Anau, then up the Middle Fiord to the head of the N.W. Arm, where we left the launch and carried a light outboard motor through the bush to Lake Hankinson. The Fiordland National Park Board maintains two light boats on this lake, so with the outboard motor on one dinghy and the other towed by a length of nylon rope we made the head of the lake in one hour. Lake Hankinson Hut is situated at the head of the lake, but having had lunch in the dinghy coming up, we did not stop here long, much to the disappointment of a local inhabitant, a weka, who expected some scraps. From the hut the track followed up the east bank of the Rugged Burn to the wire crossing. It seemed hardly necessary to have a bridge over such a small stream, but Fiordland rivers can change from a trickle to a raging torrent with even a few hours rain. The track now continued up the opposite bank and through a gap in the trees we saw a Wapiti bull. He stood for a moment in mid-stream watching us, then turned and disappeared into the bush.

Further on, the valley floor was strewn with large morainic boulders. Finally they became piled upon one another, the track going between them, and over them. Then before us through the bush lay Lake Thomson, shining in the afternoon sun; the outlet of the lake is wholly underground, and the water could be heard gurgling down through the huge rocks.

The Fiordland National Park Board also maintains a light dinghy on this lake, but it was far too small for all our party, so most of us left our packs to be ferried up by boat, and scrambled round the northern shore. The last of the afternoon sun was still on the peaks behind us, and in the smooth waters of the lake, made a perfect reflection. At the head of the lake we picked up our packs and followed the Rugged Burn up to its confluence with the Wapiti River, to find the Lake Thomson hut, perched on a small rocky knob. We spent the first night here with the roar of the Wapiti River crashing into the gorge only 50 yards away.

Next morning we set out before daylight and climbed up into the headwaters of the Rugged Burn. Soon the going became fairly easy again and the track opened out onto some areas of swamp. Moir's Guide said:—"Some of the level stretches are very wet". We found this to be no overstatement. Some who missed their footing sank in to above the knees. Shortly we reached Deadwood Lagoon, so called because of the dead standing tree trunks in it. Beyond this the track really begins to climb and we could look back down the valley up which we had come.

On reaching the bush line it was a short distance to Henry Saddle, where we stopped for lunch, to be greeted by several keas whose antics kept photographers happy. From the southern side of the saddle the head of George Sound could be seen away down the valley and we hoped to get there by that evening. So we set off down the other side and back into the dense damp Fiordland bush (very different from our dry Hawkes Bay bush).

At length the valley began to level out and we passed a rock shelter, a handy bivvy. Lake Katherine soon came into view and we passed round the southern shore and onto the beach at the western end. There then remained an hour's walk through the bush and across another wire crossing to the George Sound Hut, most of the party arriving just on dark.

All next morning was spent at the Sound. Some went fishing but caught only a spottie. Others walked round the head of the Sound. After lunch we had to leave, and retraced our steps round Lake Katherine and reached the rock bivouac by late afternoon, where we camped the night.

Next morning dawned overcast with light rain, our first wet day. We set off just before day break, as daylight hours in May are all too few. There was a steep climb back up to the saddle, but we did not stop until we were down in the shelter of the bush on the other side. Lake Thomson Hut was reached about mid-afternoon. The following day we left the hut in dribs and drabs and the boat on Lake Thomson worked a shuttle service, the last group getting under way after lunch. By mid-afternoon everyone had arrived at Lake Hankinson Hut, and the main item on the menu was flap-jacks.

Next day we returned down Lake Hankinson then through the bush to Lake Te Anau, where the launch picked us up at 3pm. and landed us back at Te Anau later that afternoon.

Alex Buchanan and party of
Dunedin Kings High School Tramping Club

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FEDERATED MOUNTAIN CLUBS OF NEW ZEALAND

31st ANNUAL MEETING

CHRISTCHURCH 25th May 1963.

The prolongation of the Ski Association meeting into the afternoon delayed the F.M.C. meeting and in fact for a while both meetings appeared to be in session simultaneously. In consequence the attention of skiing delegates was distracted, and as a number of tramping clubs were unrepresented the meeting was dominated by deerstalkers and attention was focussed on their requirements.

At an early stage objection was taken to the F.M.C.'s nomination to Noxious Animals Advisory Committees of botanists as likely to be prejudiced against noxious animals. Later a motion was put forward that the F.M.C. press for an amendment to the National Parks Act. This was to allow "introduced animals to be maintained in controlled numbers (in National Parks) where their presence is a major recreational feature". This motion was eventually ruled out of order as no notice of it had been given and not all delegates were in a position to pronounce on the wapiti controversy. A recommendation to the incoming executive to consider supporting N.Z.D.A. representations was passed.

The new committee largely represents climbing and deerstalking interests, with few trampers or skiers.

N.L.E.

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MORE WORK ON SHUTEYE

July 13th.

Six a.m. on Saturday saw five willing tramps at Holt's setting out to complete the construction of the new chimney at Shuteye and to replace part of the roofing with a sheet of clear perspex. It was drizzling but some people had visions of a nice fine day with plenty of snow. However, this was not to be. When we arrived at the roadhead it was still raining (even more heavily).

Because the stream was high from the rain, it was decided to stick to the marked track along the bank as much as possible. It was still raining when we started to climb, so rests became shorter and fewer than usual. On the way up a small amount of snow was found. This increased as we ascended, until at the hut it lay about six inches deep.

After drying out and having a boil-up work on the roof began and a rather miserable job for the workers it was. Upon its completion we found that the sheet is correctly placed to wake one in the morning but not to let one see clearly what one is cooking. The door, which had been ripped off by strong winds was replaced and a latch fitted. As soon as this was completed five drenched water-rats made their way back to the truck, and Hastings, wet, but still content from a good day's tramp.

No. in party: 5

Christine Prebble, Peter Lewis, Hugh Wilde, Tony Corbin, Noel Evans.

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ORNITHOLOGICAL ODDITIES

One cock pheasant was put up fifty feet below Rangi Saddle (c.4,500') on 19th May, and glided down towards Rangi Creek. The light snowfall of the previous day was lying in patches.

N.T.

In Triplex Creek, on their way back from Shuteye on July 13th, the party "observed a solitary Blue Mountain Duck looking as miserable as us."

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NEW MEMBERS

We welcome the following to the club:-

Barbara Butler, and Noel Evans (junior), Richard Howell (junior), Derek White (junior).

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SOCIAL NEWS

Birth: To Jackie and Roy Peacock - a son.

Engagement: Margaret Mison to Brian Fannin.

Death: It is with deep regret that we record the passing of Kath Elder after a very brief illness.

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OBITUARY

Kath Elder was a foundation member of the H.T.C., a life member and a very active member. She was elected to the club's first executive committee but after several years in office refused to stand any longer as she felt that younger members should have their turn. In recent years she held the position of gear custodian and the gear has never been kept in such good order. All the time, of course, she was invaluable as Norm's offsider, whether out on forestry trips or taking over telephone communications in a search.

It was Kath who pointed out that the site where the Wai-kamaka Hut now stands would be a suitable position for a hut.

Kath was reticent, as are many of the Scots and it was only gradually, over the years, that we found out what interesting things she had done. Whiling away a wet morning in the old Pohangina Hut, she was frying rice in an unusual way. On enquiring we found that that was the way it was cooked in India. George Lowe, back from his first trip to the Himalayas, spoke of Ranikhet. A stray comment from Kath revealed that she, too, knew Ranikhet. Yet with this reticence she had a vivid personality and great charm.

The regard in which the club held her was proved when Kath was once suddenly taken ill up at Kiwi. A call for a possible carrying party came through to Hastings one Saturday afternoon when everyone had already made their social arrangements for the evening. But dances, 21st birthday parties, everything was dropped. Members, ex-members, non-members, all rolled up. The party snowballed en route and more arrived at Kuripapango than had been contacted here in the orthodox procedure. That was just the way everybody felt about Kath.

We extend our sympathy to Norm, to Hugh and Alison (both absentee members) and to Mark.

FIXTURE LIST

<u>1963</u>	<u>Trip</u>	<u>Leader</u>	<u>Fare</u>
Sept. 1st.	Hawkston - Mangatutu Stream.	Norm Elder	10/-
Sept. 14-15	Te Patiki - Maropea Hut - Maropea - Gold Creek Hut.	Nancy Tanner	10/-
Sept. 29th	Ruahine Hut - Desolation - Big Hill.	Phil Bayens	9/-
Oct. 13th	Lawrence Hut - Castle Rock - Blowhard.	Jim Glass	9/-
Oct. 26-28 Labour Weekend	Pohangina Saddle - Pohangina River Hut - Ngamoko Range.	Peter Lewis	10/-
Nov. 9-10	Cairn Trip, Kawekas.	Alan Berry	10/-
Nov. 24th	Te Aratipi via Maraetotara.	Annette Tremewan	7/-
Dec. 7-8	The Rogue - Upper Tutaekuri.	Russell Berry	10/-
Dec. 22nd	Picnic, Ohiti, Ngaruroro via Fernhill.	Maury Taylor	6/-
Christmas, Dec. 25-29 or New Year, Jan. 1-5	Cooks Cottage - Ballard Hut Venison Top - Harkness Hut. N. Kawekas.	To be arranged. (more if (return via different road)	10/-

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

ANNUAL MEETING

The 28th Annual General Meeting will be held following the fortnightly meeting in the Radiant Living Hall, Warren Street North, Hastings, on Wednesday 23rd October, 1963.

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