

HERETAUNGA TRAMPING CLUB (INC.)

" P O H O K U R A "

Bulletin No. 98.

December, 1964.

President:

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

Hon. Secretary:

Miss A. Tremewan, 411 W St Aubyn St, Hastings. 'Phone 83.703.

Hon. Treasurer:

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

Club Captain:

Mr. P Lewis, 35 Milton Rd., Napier. 'Phone 4042 N.

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ANNUAL REPORT.

President's Report:

I have pleasure in presenting, on behalf of your executive, the report on the activities of the Club for the year ended 30th September 1964.

Once again we are able to report a small increase in membership, the total of 107 comprising 48 full members, 19 junior, 27 absentee, 10 associate and 3 life. During this year a number of members have taken advantage of the opportunity given them to transfer from active to associate membership.

The Club did not fare so well financially during the year although the result gives us no cause for alarm. Unfavourable weather conditions resulted in the net proceeds from our cropping operations being considerably less than those of the past two years and in addition the deficit on transport increased by \$35. We must remember however that it has been a long established policy that we should provide for truck depreciation by way of income from working parties and we must therefore all make a greater effort to see that this objective is achieved during the coming year.

So far as our main object of tramping is concerned, the Club has had a good year. We have had some excellent trips and seen some country that the Club has not traversed for many years. There have been no panics caused by club parties and we may in part attribute this to our education programme under the guidance of the club captain and to the supervision and assistance of the more experienced members. To all who have contributed towards a most enjoyable year's tramping we extend

our grateful thanks.

The major feature of the club's year was probably the search, unfortunately unsuccessful, for Peter Neverman in the Tatera-a-kins area. I feel that the club acquitted itself well and we do hope that as a result of the lessons which we all learned from this operation, the S A R. organisation will be better equipped to handle any future emergency.

A club such as ours, dependent for its functioning upon the voluntary services of its members, cannot operate without the assistance of many people. I do feel however that I should make particular mention and record our appreciation of the work of Nancy Tanner, our Club Captain and Gear Custodian, Annette Tremewan and Kath Berry our Secretary and Treasurer respectively, and to Philip Bayens for shouldering so much of the burden of our cropping operations.

A. V. B.

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Club Captain's Report:

Club Trips this year have been well patronised and some new or not recently visited country has been covered. Only one trip was cancelled due to lack of support - Labour Weekend, which was fortunate as the weather was appalling. Most active members have been out on at least one trip, with a hard core of 17 regulars. The average number of starters on 15 day trips were 17.7 and on 12 weekend trips 13. This does not include the Cairn Trip where 29 including friends from South Australia, Auckland, Wellington & Christchurch took part. The Tatera-a-kins search saw 35 members and ex-members in the field for varying periods during this testing 8 day period - a very good effort.

Overnight stays were made in 9 NZFS Huts and 2 Club Huts, with 8 in tents. The 5 day trip to the N. Kawekas was new country to all 10 starters. Twenty-three were attracted to the Ngaruroro above Kuripapango to lilo down in a thunderstorm, soaked from above as well as below. A visit to the Urewera at Easter included the interesting climb up Maungapohatu. The snowcraft weekend was notable for a surplus of soft, falling snow and gale force wind, making instruction impossible. However, it was good to see 5 x 2man ropes, including a number of younger members, make a snow ascent of the East Face of "66". The inaugural club marathon drew 12 starters over a predominantly uphill bush course. This year it has been very gratifying to find a good number of "over 21's" on most trips, giving well-balanced parties.

Private Trips:

Possibly due to variety in club trips with sometimes a day contingent joining week-enders, there seem to have been fewer private parties. The most notable was from the Makaroro River, largely along the main divide and ending up at Puketitiri. The same party later found the leatherwood-clad tops of the Rushines above Woodville to be definitely "not negotiable". Mangatepopo and Ruapehu were visited one weekend and an absentee member made trips in the Tararuas and the South Island.

Thanks:

Once again we are grateful to the farmers who have allowed us to cross their land; to the NZFS for the use of their huts and for track-cutting and marking; and to all those kind people who have extended hospitality to us.

N.T.

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HUT, FIXTURE & TRACK COMMITTEE REPORT:

Waikamaka: The chimney still smokes. A wooden floor would not do any harm.

Kaweka: Quite a lot of maintenance work has been done, and the hut should be allright for a few years to come, although a wooden floor would be no luxury. (See trip report).

Kiwi Hut: Not much has been done to the hut recently. I believe all the gear is up there to promote the hut to xxx level. All we have to do is organise a working party.

Shut-Eye: Last working party I attended, the chimney was $\frac{3}{4}$ completed. Somebody suggested that we have the chimney as the hut and the hut as the chimney. Peter did a great job on the roof so that suggestion fell by the boards. A great artist has a go at painting the chimney. Bunks have been fixed.

Fixture:

The fixture committee duly compose the trip-list for each "Pohokura". So far we have had no complaints and what is more, very few suggestions. From what I have heard a few hard trips, which require an early rising in the morning, would not do any harm.

Tracks:

Forestry put in so many new tracks that we start taking them for granted, but we should not forget to do our share, or at least make an attempt to clear the ones we most frequently use.

P.B.

SEARCH COMMITTEE REPORT:

For several years now it has been a matter of policy to have the search and rescue organisation tuned up before the winter starts, and a practice held if possible before Easter when parties so often strike trouble, and before the start of the roar, in the hope of attracting deerstalkers to take part. It is not always possible to do this as we have to choose a week-end when radio emergency wave bands are available.

This year we were anticipating a late fixture, but it never came off, for a shooter went missing at Easter and we were faced with the real thing. The search began using large numbers of "experienced bushmen". It was not until the shooter had been missing a week that the local mountain search and rescue organisation was brought in, but in spite of two days' methodical searching of areas to which the clues pointed, no fresh evidence was found and the search had to be closed. A number of H.T.C. members and ex-members has answered the first call for volunteers but had not been fully utilized; a number of them came out again when the search resumed, and a Gisborne Canoe & Tramping Club party were a welcome addition in this second search.

Special mention should be made of the girls who took up a car load of provisions, and established a road head, both in the first and second stages of the search.

Bill Bridge, the mountain search representative on SAR was sent up from Wellington in the second stage of the search and later came up with other members of the central committee to a meeting called by the police, at which the visitors explained the organisation of SAR. From their point of view only a handful of searches ever fall outside Class 11; they could give no guidance to the local search organisation on their particular problem of mountain and particularly bush searches. For the moment we should be alright; as we've agreed that early discussion between police and search organisation is advisable in a case where any rough country operations are likely, but the problem is bound to crop up again.

One clear gain from this search has been that it has demonstrated to a number of people how few competent bushmen and mapreaders there are when it comes to a show-down. In Hawke's Bay with such a stretch of back-country this is particularly obvious. A proposal has been made that the various organisations concerned with the ranges should nominate prospective leaders for search parties, who could be trained more fully.

N.L.E.

Truck Committee Report:

With the passage of years most trampers seem to slow up a bit but the truck shows its age by one part and then another quietly falling to pieces. In the interests of safety in particular we do however endeavour to keep the truck in first class running order but the expenses this year on maintenance have been rather higher than in the past. On the revenue side, we rather missed the well patronised long distance holiday trips that have helped to boost our receipts in other years, with the result that our net cost of transport has been greater.

We appreciate the advice and assistance that has been received from the Transport Department vehicle inspectors in the interests of providing safe transport. There are very few clubs of our size who have their own truck available and we are fortunate that transport is no major problem.

R. B.

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Publicity Sub-Committee Report:

Once again, reports of the more interesting trips have been supplied to the local Press. In addition the Club received some indirect publicity by reason of the part which it played in the Nevermen search. One of the complaints which we occasionally hear is that it is difficult for a newcomer to the area to find the Club, so to assist with this problem we now have a listing in the Hastings Telephone directory. In addition, contact names and addresses are available at the local City Council and Public Relations Offices.

One of our best forms of publicity continues to be the personal recommendation of those who already know the Club and its activities. If the Club is to continue to prosper and to attract new members it is also necessary from a public relations point of view that we should maintain a good public image by keeping our own house in order and avoiding the type of publicity that could damage our reputation as a responsible organisation.

A. V. B.

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Gear Custodian:

The gear remains in quite good order, not much use being made of tents now there are so many huts in the ranges. Ice axes have been hired to club members for Ruapehu and other private trips, and to outsiders in the May holidays.

Hire fees brought in:-

Ice axes	(16 hired)	£4. 7. 6
Packs	8	1. 6. 6
Parkas	2	8. 0
Billies	12	1. 8. 6
Rope	3	18. 0
Tents	8	2. 2. 6
Boots	1	2. 0
Slashers	5	12. 6
		<hr/>
		£ 11.5. 6

Thank you to all who have taken care of gear and returned it cleaned and in good order after club or private use.

N.T.

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Social Committee Report:

One of the major attractions in the social side of the club was the Christmas party held in the Scout Hall Havelock North.

We would like to thank the guest speakers for coming along to our meetings and informing us on such things as automation, Trophy hunting on the West Coast and Outward Bound.

Also members made many a meeting very enjoyable with occupational talks and slides.

Our thanks to Annette for doing so much of our work.

R.B.

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"Pohokura"

The usual three copies have been published this year but the contributors seem to have dwindled in numbers. "Pohokura" aims at recording the tramping activities of all members.

We appreciate the accounts received of private trips and would be glad to hear from more of you. Members now living in Australia, Canada and Chile, how about it?

J.L.

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H.T.C. Album:

The continuing trend towards colour film has meant another lean year for our album. We thank our few loyal black-and-whites for their contribution and hope that any others who have suitable prints may be able to help us here.

Colour slide Collection. The Club is building up a collection of colour slides and would be grateful for copies of photos of especial interest.

O. B.

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ANNUAL MEETING

At the Annual General Meeting held on October 21st, 1964 the following officers were elected:-

<u>Patron:</u>	Dr. D. A. Bathgate.
<u>President:</u>	Mr. A. V. Berry.
<u>Vice-Presidents:</u>	Mrs. J. Lloyd, Messrs. N. L. Elder, P. Bayens.
<u>Club Captain:</u>	Mr. P. Lewis.
<u>Secretary:</u>	Miss A. Tremewan.
<u>Treasurer:</u>	Mrs. K. Berry.
<u>Auditor:</u>	Miss C. Stirling.

Executive Committee.

Misses H. Hill, N. Tenner, H. McKay,
Messrs. R. Berry, O. Brown, J. Glass, M. Taylor.

Social Committee:

Misses. B. Butler, H. McKay, Messrs.
N. Evans, J. Fiegler, G. McColl, G. Thorpe.

SUB-COMMITTEES

The new Executive has appointed the following sub-committees:-

Hut, Fixture & Track: Phil Bayens (Convenor), Peter Lewis,
Nancy Tenner, Maury Taylor.

Search: N. L. Elder (Convenor), A. Berry, P. Lewis,
A. Tremewan, J. Lloyd.

Editor: J. Lloyd.

Track: R. Berry (Convenor), M. Taylor.

Publicity: A. Berry, N. Elder, O. Brown.

Gear Custodian: N. Tenner.

Album: O. Brown, J. Glass.

Librarian: H. Hill.

Map Custodian: H. McKay.

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OUR BROAD BEAN CROP

This year we are having a change from sweetcorn. Phil, Els and Jim Glass sowed the Broad Bean seed. The land had been rotary hoed and was sprayed with a weed killer by a contractor. Kath and Alan Berry, Nancy Tanner, Jim Glass and Phil Bayens set up and supervised irrigation one week-end.

There were two picking parties:-

November 14th. No. in party : 12.

Peter Lewis, Dempster & Douglas Thompson, Alan Berry, Graham Thorp, Jim Glass, Phil Bayens, John Feigler, Alan Bradley, Graeme McColl, Noel Evans, Pat Bolt.

November 22nd. No. in party : 19.

Peter Lewis, Nancy Tanner, Heather McKay, Rona Budgett, Owen Brown, Jim Glass, Annette Tremewan, Diana Way, Jeanie & Brian Erikson, Alan Brown, Noel Evans, Graeme Evans, Christine Prebble, Russell Berry, Dick Howell, John Feigler, Graham Thorp, Janet Lloyd.

The total weight picked was 3,033 lbs. The gross return was £46. 7. 9³/₄. Costs came to £11, which leaves us with a net return of £35. 7. 9³/₄.

We may now follow on with Dwarf Beans.

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AUDITOR'S REPORT

I have examined the Books, Accounts and Vouchers of the Here-taunga Tramping Club, and have obtained all the information and explanations that I have required. I have accepted the certificate of the Secretary as to the value of badges, maps and books on hand. In my opinion, according to the best of my information and the explanations given me and shown by the Books of the Club, the Balance Sheet and Income & Expenditure Account are properly drawn up so as to give respectively a true and fair view of the state of the Club's affairs at 30th September, 1964, and of the results of its activities for the year ended on that date.

HASTINGS.

CATHERINE STIRLING, ARANZ.

Hon. Auditor

21st October, 1964.

HERETAUNGA TRAMPING CLUB

INCOME & EXPENDITURE ACCOUNT

FOR YEAR ENDED 30th SEPTEMBER, 1964

1963 INCOME: The Club's Income comprised:

75	Subscriptions	76	17	6
11	Gear Hire	11	5	6
14	Meeting Contributions	14	19	11
2	Donations	7	2	-
44	Net Proceeds from Sweetcorn	14	14	1
4	Trial Search Allowance, less expenses	-	-	-
5	S.A.R. Administration Grant	-	-	-
8	Interest	10	17	9
2	Profit on Maps	6	15	2

165

142 11 11

EXPENDITURE: The Expenses incurred in running the Club were:

34	Rent of Meeting Room	34	7	6
4	Advertising Meetings	1	12	6
2	Supper & Social Expenses	2	-	-
-	Donations	5	-	-
14	Equipment Maintenance	1	9	6
20	Bulletin Expenses	21	2	6
2	Subscriptions	5	-	6
4	F.M.C. Capitation	3	17	9
1	Insurance	1	10	2
8	General Expenses	4	2	8
1	Stationery	2	9	6
	Hut & Track Maintenance	8	10	5
	Less paid from Forestry allowance	8	10	5
		-	-	-
	Transport Costs	168	9	8
	Truck Depreciation	40	-	-
		208	9	8
	Less Fares Received	157	-	9

16

51 8 11

106

Total Expenditure

134 1 6

59

There was there a surplus of Income over Expenditure of

£

8 10 5

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HERETAUNGA TRAMPING CLUB

BALANCE SHEET

AS AT 30th SEPTEMBER, 1964

1963	At Balance Date the Club owned the following Assets:			
211	Bank of New South Wales Account		208	6 9
	P.O.S.B. for Truck Replacement	200 - -		
	for General Purposes	22 14 3		
178			222	14 3
48	Equipment		48	6 -
1	Cash on Hand		1	19 5
	Stocks: Badges	18 6 -		
	Maps	18 1 -		
	Bulletin Covers	3 3 -		
	Kaimanawa Booklets	2 6 3		
	Song Books	7 18 -		
26			49	14 3
	Bedford Truck at Cost	460 17 1		
	Less Depreciation written off			
	to date	240 - -		
261			220	17 1
	Huts valued in the books as follows:			
	Kaweka	5 - -		
	Kiwi	25 - -		
	Waikamaka	27 7 11		
57			57	7 11
25	Projector		25	- -
807	The Total value of Assets being		834	5 8
	However, of this amount, there has been set			
12	aside as a Search Fund		11	19 5
8	as a Fund for the Maintenance of Rescue			
	kits		8	2 7
23	and for Hut Maintenance		14	19 -
3	Subscriptions received in Advance			
	amounted to		10	-
11	and there were owing various accounts			
	amounting to		39	18 10
			75	9 10
750	The Total of Assets available for the Club's	£	758	15 10
	use was therefore			

This figure represents the balance in Accumulated Funds, which is made up as follows:

Balance 1st October, 1963	750	5	5
Plus Surplus of Income over Expenditure for year	8	10	5
Balance 30th September, 1964	£	758	15 10

CLUB TRIPS

No. .752. (a) Weekend Party.

15-16th August, 1964.

HOWLETT'S

A winter crossing of the Sawtooth has appeared on the fixture list several times over the past ten years but on each occasion typical Howlett's weather prevailed and the struggle up Daphne Spur went largely for nought. Forever hopeful, we set sail from Mill Farm about 8.50 with the fond hope that perhaps this would be the time.

An uneventful trip over the top saw us at Daphne Hut for lunch. Daphne Spur seemed much the same as always, all up. Although there had been a good fall of snow during the previous week, there was not as much around Howlett's as had been expected, the drifts being approximately 18 inches. The weather was pretty dismal and as a matter of interest a thermometer was hung out in the breeze. As I was saying, the weather was pretty dismal, and 29° F.

The hut was found in good condition, a credit to the Manawatu Club who now maintain it. Profiting by the lesson of last year we had brought up some kindling, and with the aid of this and a galvanised iron base plate salvaged from a dog kennel outside, soon had a roaring fire going.

An early look outside on Sunday dashed any hopes of a sawtooth crossing for this year, with a high westerly wind blowing the usual sago snow and assorted rubbish over from Tiraha way. Although there was not a great deal of snow down, there was sufficient to make progress pretty slow, and with the weather as it was, an attempt on the Otumore route out did not seem advisable.

The shining hour was improved by replenishing the firewood stocks, before we set off at mid-day on the way out.

After a quick trip down to lower levels and the usual hour and a half splashing down the Tuki Tuki, a brew turned on by the Moorcock day party was most welcome.

No. in Party: 12.

Leader: Alan Berry.

Peter Lewis, Dempster Thompson, John Fiegler, Graeme Mccoll, Graeme Thorpe, Colin Hope, John Titchener, Roy Peacock, Douglas Thompson, David Evans, Hugh Wilde.

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(b) Day Party.

16th August.

POHANGINA HUT

Our plans for the day had been to meet the weekend "sawtooth" party after their crossing. However as we arrived in the area it seemed to us that there would be no crossing.

We decided to keep our feet dry and struck out along the bulldozed track towards Pohangina Hut. The rain was very persistent and patches of snow were seen well down the ridge. Further up the wind began to batter us and the snow to deepen. At the top we sat in the lee to wait for a lull in the wind and sago snow before making a dash for the hut.

After a lot of blowing, the billy was boiled but by that time every one was nearly frozen so we quickly finished our lunches and took off for the cars. Packed up and then went in the cars to meet the weekend party at Mill Farm, and boil a brew for them.

No. in Party: 9.

Leader: Kath Berry.

Graeme Griffiths, Russell Berry, Dale Prebble, Jim Glass, Rona Budgett, Heather McKay, Christine Prebble, Annette Tremewan.

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No. 752.

30th August.

EAST FACE "66" RUAHINE RANGE.

Away from Hastings by 6.25am, we were ready to depart from the truck by 09.00 hrs and headed up the Waipawa River under clear skies with a wonderful view of our intended climb.

Our climbing party of ten separated from the others at the junction where we changed into longes and headed up the north branch. The bed of the main stream climbed rapidly with increasing snow cover yet fairly easy going, until by 11.30 hrs we reached a three way junction in the stream. The southern fork looked like fair going, the centre one was out be reason of two rather tricky looking waterfalls, while the north fork held deep snow but at least it headed in the right direction.

After a break and a snack, Russell led off only to find that the snow was very soft and just over knee deep. After ploughing for some way we all managed to walk on the crust without breaking through too often. A break in the south wall of the gully led up on to a fair ridge, with better snow but broken in places. Here we roped in pairs, checked on belays, then pushed on traversing around tight spots but keeping to the ridge as far as possible. Three ropes tried the gully and

and found the going a bit tough while our two ropes picked a route just in from the cornice and were on the tops just thirty minutes before the others.

With the other two ropes just below us we moved on to the summit of "66" for lunch, arriving at 15.00 hrs, the other three ropes at 15.20hrs.

From the summit we dropped down to "67" and joined up with the rest of the party who had come up through the Waipawa saddle and were now returning. A fast snow slide down a gully and we were in the bed of the Waipawa and back at the truck by 18.00hrs after a day of really fine weather.

No. in Party: 19.

Leader: Roy Peacock.

Peter Lewis, Graeme McColl, Dempster Thompson, John Fiegler, Alan Berry, Russell Berry, Graeme Thorpe, Graeme Evans, Hugh Wilde, Bruce Harison, Garrett White, Antony Mort, Brenda Butcher, Rona Budgett, Heather McKay, Annette Tremewan, Bob Anderson, Graeme Soppitt.

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No. 754.

Sept. 12-13th.

DON JUAN - LOTKOW HUT, via HAWKSTON.

This was one trip which started in an unusual fashion:- right on time ! The bods from Hastings seaside suburb were told to meet the truck at 6.30, and at precisely 6.30 we were on our way. The winding road to Patoka caused some stops on account of travel-sickness, but we still had boots on and packs up by 8.30/. The old road from the Hawkston Station paddocks to the Te Kowhai homestead site has been taken over by blackberries, and they were worse when we crossed the Gorge stream. The only easy way to get away from them was to follow up the small stream below the homestead flat. This was such good going that we stayed with it, taking the Northern branch at the forks, and keeping to the main stream. One 30' waterfall got in our way, but was not too hard to scramble round. We had lunch in a patch of bush at the head of the stream, under a tree in which hung combs of an unsuccessful hive of wild bees.

After lunch, a short steep climb through thick scrub and then up a shingle face brought us right to the top of Don Juan. The sun was warm, and the view of the Kawekas good, so we found a sheltered face and sat down. Packs made good pillows, and soon the whole party were dozing. After over an hour of this, someone roused himself enough to start throwing snow down our necks. We wandered down to Lotkow hut, which we reached by 4pm, and prepared a super-de-luxe meal. A couple who were beginning a week's deerstalking came along and joined us; quite a novelty,

to be sharing a hut with anyone else, but no doubt as the ranges become more popular we will see more of other parties.

Three slept outside, and found their sleeping-bag covers white with frost next morning. Another early start was made, down the track towards Puketitiri, to the Gorge Stream, then eastward over the end of Middle Range, down into the stream, and then up over Trig "P", where we had hoped to have lunch by a tarn. The top of this hill is rather barren, the tarn had been ruined by cattle, and we went on and on without finding water. A late lunch, still waterless, and then back to Hawkston and the truck, quite early in the afternoon. People in town do stare, when trappers arrive home in daylight !

No. in Party: 9.

Leader: Peter Lewis.

Annette Tremewan, Heather McKay, Rona Budgett, Graeme Thorpe, Alan Culver, Phil Bayens, Graeme McColl, John Fiegler.

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No. 755.

September 27th.

SHUT-EYE - MARATHON

It seemed about time the H.T.C. got "with it" and staged a marathon - so this was to be it. Two carloads of "checkers" etc. left soon after 6.30am from town to be followed half an hour later by the "starters" and the rest on the truck. The course was from Forestry Triplex Base, up over the knob on the old route up to Shut-Eye Shack, through the saddle where a check point was established, and up to join the new track and so to the finishing tape, erected by the "receiver" at the hut.

At the roadhead the 12 starters were divided as evenly as possible into teams (Alpha, Beta, Gamma and Delta) of three, to go as individuals but with placings to decide the top team. Minimum pack weight was checked at 15lbs, ordinary tramping gear and boots were worn. At 10am the word "Go" was given and the marathon was on. None of the participants had been over the knob before and a variety of routes were taken. Route-finding ability had a definite bearing on the results. One who was ahead early finished a poor last, having missed the checkpoint, and arrived at the finish from above instead of below !

First man "home" was Graeme McColl at 11.24am - giving him a time of 1 hour 24 minutes. Peter arrived 2½ minutes later with Russell breathing down his neck only half a minute behind. After that they were rather strung out, and the last man arrived in after digressing via the Waipawa River, at 1.04pm. Beta team of Graeme McColl, Douglas Thompson and John Fiegler won the event with 1st, 5th and 8th placings for 14 points with an average of time of 1hr 59 minutes. The first nine finishers

averaged 1 hour 36 minutes for the journey; the 10th and 11th stopped en route for a coffee break and the 12th digressed rather. So ended the first organised H.T.C. marathon !

After a meal most of the bods wandered to the snow in Buttercup Hollow and on up to Armstrong Saddle. A bit more work was done on Shut-Eye - a sheet of tin nailed across the top of the fireplace may deter the lung cancer, and the bunk on the long wall was repaired. Greatest need now is a new water container to replace the rotting wreck that only holds a few rusty pints. The return was made by some via Armstrong and the shingle slide into Triplex, and by the majority down the track. The weather improved from very dubious with low mist to a pleasant sunny day with only a light breeze. Three family carloads made a picnic outing to Triplex.

No. in Party: 28.

Leader: Nancy Tanner.

starters: Graeme McColl, Peter Lewis, Russell Berry, Noel Evans, Douglas Thompson, Dempster Thompson, Graeme Thorpe, John Fiegler, Paul Frude, Heather McKay, Rona Budgett, Graham Griffiths. Checkers: Norm Elder, Helen Hill, Diana Way, Brenda & David Butcher, Russell Sephton, Gavin Scott, Joyce Wilson, Heather Moran. The Rest: Jim & Heather Wilshere, Diana Linyard, Lesley Yeoman, Marja Boon, Susan Cowlrick. Plus Picnicers: The Taylor, Glass and remains of the Wilshere families.

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No. 756.

23.11.64.

BURNS RANGE

We first called on the manager of Omahaki Station, Mr. Neill, who assisted us with directions about the track through the farm, and about the easiest route to the top of the Burns Range.

We left the truck at 9am about a quarter of a mile from a group of pine trees. At 20 to 10 we had a boilup and then proceeded to the top. The Lands & Survey boys had really been busy on top, where they had cut a beautiful survey line for us to tramp along. We followed this pathway to the southern end of the range, stopping at times to admire the views of the Ngaruroro river, and the surrounding country. After having lunch at the end of the range we dropped steeply down to a stream hundreds of feet below. We followed down the stream a short distance before climbing out on to the Omahaki grasslands..

An early arrival home was appreciated by television

viewers , who wanted to see the last episode of a very exciting serial.

No. in Party: 19

Leader: Russell Berry.

Peter Lewis, John Fiegler, Noel Evans, Graeme Thorpe, Russell Berry, Dempster Thompson, Douglas Thompson, Gavin Scott, David Butcher, Nancy Tanner, Annette Tremewan, Heather McKay, Keith Perry, Barbara Butler, Rona Budgett, Diana Kay, Brenda Butcher.

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No. 757.

RUAPEHU (EAST FACE) from WAIHOHONU HUT,
DESERT ROAD.

Oct. 24, 25, 26th.

Labour Weekend, and the weather really lived up to its Labour weekend reputation, although instead of spending 3 days in the sack, we only had two, the Monday being almost perfect. To begin at the beginning:- On Friday night at 7pm sixteen keen bods climbed on board the truck and after seven uneventful hours reached the Waihohonu roadhead. The oncoming traffic was quite heavy especially on the Desert Rd and that at 2am.

Some of us slept on the truck others bedded down in a patch of bush for the remainder of the night. A fairly strong S.W. wind blowing, but dry. Up at 5am and away by 5.30 for the hut, an easy 90 minutes' walk over tussock flats. Ten minutes from the hut it started to drizzle and from then on the weather deteriorated rapidly until it came down horizontally and in buckets. During the day eighteen boy scouts arrived, which made the hut rather overcrowded. Bruce and Graeme decided to make a 3 hour dash for the overnight shelter at the Chateau to relieve the pressure in the hut, a most heroic effort considering the weather conditions. Saturday was spent in recovering from Friday night's shock.

Sunday was a different matter with everybody feeling terribly fit and no-where to go. Somehow steam and energy were let off. The eighteen boy scouts went home thoroughly brassed off with the weather. In the afternoon we went to see some springs. A terrific amount of clear crystal cold water was oozing out of the rocks from nowhere - a most delightful spot provided the sun is shining.

Sunday night it got cold and on Monday morning we got quite a surprise to find snow around the hut and the sky clearing. Away by 6.45am in an effort to see a little of the country. Off to Tama Lakes. These are two sizable lakes tucked away behind some ridges and peaks underneath Ngaurahoe. I believe they are two extinct volcano craters. One lies quite a bit higher than

the other. In the meantime the weather cleared completely and we had some magnificent views of Ruapehu and Ngauruhoe. The latter always holds something sinister for me. This perfect conical shaped mountain, covered with gleaming snow and ice, beckoning climbers, but outside and inside as treacherous as they come - a contrast to Ruapehu, with its gentle rounded peaks, apart from Pinnacle Ridge.

Monday was the day for going home. We were back at the hut by 12 noon. A general tidying up and away by 1pm. We had a swim and clean-up at the A.C. baths in Taupo. Some reinforcing in the way of fish & chips (greasies) and arrived in H Hastings at 11pm.

No. in Party: 16

Leader: Phil Bayens.

Annette Tremewan, Pat Bolt, Heather McKay, John Fiegler, Noel Evans, Graeme Thorpe, Graeme McColl, Russell Berry, Paul Frude, Dempster & Douglas Thompson, Bruce Harison, Alan Culver, Harry Stewart, Phil Bayens (Sr).

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No. 758.

CAIRN TRIP

Nov. 7-8th.

This year the Cairn Trip was rather complex. The first party, from Puketitiri, set out on the Friday afternoon, and spent the night at Makahu Hut. The main party left the truck in the saddle between Middle Range and the Black Birch on Saturday morning, followed the old pack-track to Trig I, and then let some of the younger members try out their skill at bush navigation. They found Little's Clearing easily enough, and reached Makahu just in time to see the first party disappear over the skyline on their way to Back Hut. We thought it would be nice to camp on top, and see the sun rise next morning, so after a boil-up at Makahu we set off up the spur, each carrying a big walking-stick plus a few other pieces of firewood. Two bods had decided to stay behind at Makahu (they were later joined by two others who had set out on Saturday afternoon), & as we toiled higher, and the clouds came lower, we began to think they had known something. Sure enough, as we reached the top just before dark, down came the sleet, and we hurried to pitch the tents before the ground got too wet. The fire took a great deal of persuading, but eventually a good stew and a brew were prepared. A few bods huddled around the rapidly-dying embers, but they soon retired to wet, flapping tents.

The wind increased in the night, and Sunday morning was cold and wet, with visibility about 50 yards at best. Three went down to meet the Back Hut party, and as we returned to the top the rain eased.

Meanwhile another party had left town before daylight to make a one day trip of it, but unfortunately three of them, who had not been there before, were misled by some footprints leading in the wrong direction from the top of the spur, and failed to arrive at the Cairn. After some delay, while a quick reconnaissance revealed that they had probably headed North, the Memorial Service was held, and then a party went along to North Kaweka, finding, much to our relief, no sign of their having gone down the back, or on towards Dick's Spur. Then their tracks were found heading down the Eastern side, which cheered us considerably. The weather had been threatening to turn beally nasty, but as we headed for home the mist lifted and the sun tried to shine. We were grateful to the messengers who came back up the spur with the news that the missing bods, having caught a glimpse of the hut through a lucky opening in the mist, had found their way back to it after much scrambling and bush-bashing.

After lunch at Makahu we ambled out to the truck, leaving behind three lucky people who didn't have to start work Monday morning. They said that it snowed overnight, but they had a nice leisurely trip out next day.

One feature of this trip was the wide range in ages - $2\frac{1}{2}$ up to 60 +.

No. in Parties: 32.

Those who spent Saturday night in Back Hut were: Norm Elder, Maury Taylor, Susan Taylor, Mrs. Lewis, Pam Lewis, Dave Lewis, and Murray Reid.

Those who camped on top were: Antony Daly, Brian Bee, John Fiegler, Owen Brown, Noel Evans, Russell Berry, Peter Lewis, Rona Budgett, Brenda Butcher, Heather McKay, Nancy Tanner.

Those who spent a comfortable night at Makahu: Graeme McColl, Helen Hill, Pat Bolt, and Christine Prebble.

Those who made the trip on Sunday: Brian and Jeanie Erikson, Annette Tremewan, Graeme Thorpe, Diana Way, Jim Wilshire, George Bee, Joan and Brian Smith, and Ian Larrington.

Leader: Peter Lewis.

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No. 759.

ARAPAWANUI

Nov. 22nd.

Battle commenced on the Havelock North bean field at 6am on a hot, sunny morning. By 8am the number of combatants had increased from three to more than twenty. Two hours later

victory was declared and three crates of beans were driven from the field.

Having picked up four not-so-early risers in Napier the truck arrived at Arapawanui at 12.30, in nice time for lunch and a brew. Some hardy types went for a swim in the river which was, "really, quite warm". The sun was conducive to sunbathing but the wind and sandflies were not, so a start was made Northwards. An hour and a quarter's pleasant stroll along a track below the cliffs, combined with some boulder hopping, brought us to Rigemount Bay. This track was once the main access route to the station, but now that there is a landrover track from the main road it has fallen into disuse.

A half-hour stop was made here and the swimmers headed for the sea this time. This sandy cove between sheer cliffs is a gem.

Having walked up the river and passed the homestead, the party fuffed up the steep track winding to the cliff tops. The inland route to Arapawanui is some two miles further than the beach route and entails crossing one valley and heading another. The party soon strung out, enjoying the novelty of walking on grass instead of shingle, scrub or tussock. The return took about an hour and three quarters and there was plenty of daylight left for another brew.

It was an enjoyable 'out-of-the-ordinary' day and probably provided most of the party with reminders for a day or two. Aching back? Peeling sunburn? Stretched hamstrings? Stiff swimming muscles? And we're supposed to be fit!

No. in Party: 19.

Leader: Rona Budgett.

Annette Tremewan, Heather McKey, Christine Prebble, Maureen Miers, Diana Bay, Jeanie Erikson, Russell Berry, Pater Lewis, Harry Stewart, Graeme Thorpe, Noel Evans, John Fiegler, Douglas Thompson, Dick Howell, Alan Brown, Gerry Holdsworth, Graeme Sabiston, Brian Erikson.

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MOUNTAINCRAFT COURSE

The following attended the Basic Mountaincraft Course at Ruapehu at the end of November:-

Russell Berry, John Feigler, Noel Evans, Graham Griffiths.

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A NATIVE GARDEN

The trouble about Havelock is that there's no bush handy. Well, grow some; but if you haven't green fingers and intend to keep on tramping come hell, drought or high water this is not so easy.

Our first few years when we were living down in Chambers Road we learned a certain amount of horticulture the hard way, but it was when we built in an open paddock up McHardy Street that we were really brought face to face with serious plant growing.

We had four problems to solve as things worked out. First was protection from southerlies. It is hard to realize, now that the air flow is broken by houses and trees, how the southerlies used to howl down the valley across the open paddocks. We slapped in a row of lacebark seedlings along the southern boundary for quick shelter. Everyone told us blight would wipe them, so we interplanted with a mixture of broadleaf, five finger, tawa, kawa-kawa and kamahi, but the lacebark has swamped most of them. The most likely reason seems to be that having found that lacebark makes a wonderful backlog the main trunks have been periodically cut out and the shelter maintained by coppicing and topping with no time for dieback.

The second problem was that feeling like goldfish we wanted a screen along the road face. As this dried out badly in summer, when I had every intention of being in the ranges I tried tough plants that could look after themselves, alternate tarata and manuka. This was interesting. Manuka proved most difficult to transplant and had to be coaxed along in sand to get it to develop a fibrous root system. Both species hung fire for several years, then the tarata took off, quickly pinched out all but one miserable manuka, and stopped everything else growing under it while it reached for the telephone lines. Topping then let light in, when grass and various seedlings came away underneath.

A beautiful manuka hedge out Crownthorpe way had given me the idea of growing one on the northern fence line, the driest site of all. This was successful, though it needed a lot of clipping, for it takes more than a mere Hawkes Bay drought to stop manuka growing; but after manuka blight had hit it, though most plants survived, they had become too leggy by the time they had recovered enough to stand clipping, and like the vestiges of the Crownthorpe one it is now a bit of a mess.

The third problem, or rather brainwave, was the bright idea of seeing how quickly the gully at the back of the section could be brought into coastal forest, like that up Chambers Walk, which was presumably the original vegetation of the gullies round Havelock. This was not so easy. We were coming to realize that the section lay on a cold slope away from the afternoon sun and that winter frosts in the gully were much more damaging than up the slope. We wanted a cover crop both drought and frost resistant. Manuka was too difficult and tarata too greedy, so we used koromike and karamu, both surprisingly

drought-resistant and fairly frost-resistant. Koromiko strikes easily from cuttings and karamu seed is broadcast by birds. One clay bank facing the sun beat us. At the end of a dry summer it was just bare clay with scattered tussocks of Chilian rat's-tail. As we could find no native plant to take it we fell back on Californian yellow lupin for a start. We also did a certain amount of contour-terracing leaving baulks of grass which were later smothered out. It was years before some of the ordinary trees you get up the Peak, titoki, ngaio, kawakawa and karaka, could be persuaded to grow as they proved very frost-tender, even under canopy. Once some condition became right, perhaps soil texture or depth of litter, they came away fast, and once taller than six feet or so were no longer hit by frost. Once away ngaio was by far the fastest and greediest tree and needs knocking back even more than tarata. Kowhai was all right, but slow-growing to the flowering stage, after which a lot of seedlings come up but most of them die off when a few inches high.

At this stage seedlings of the local matipo (Pittosporum ralphii) began to bob up, the sticky seeds carried by birds, for you'll often see blackbirds having a job wiping them off their beaks. Matipos could evidently have been made use of at an earlier stage, though one trouble might be slow germination of seed up to 9 months. Five finger came away a year or two later scattered in bird droppings.

Meantime things had become a bit complicated. In the first two years the Eskdale flood brought slips down on both sides of the gully leaving awkward clay faces. An attempt to stabilize the worst of these by pegging down cabbage tree logs in a zigzag to hinder scouring was only partly successful. A few koromiko cuttings pushed into clay survived and later came away well.

A worse complication was that as the gully began to come away it became far too attractive a planting out place for plants brought in from the ranges in mid-summer so that thin-bark totara, mountain horopito and the Kaimanawa matipo are now well established in what should have been H.B. coastal forest. Mr. Purchas having sold us the section kindly presented us with some genuine Auckland lacebarks which we were anxious to have for comparison with the local one - this perhaps is excusable though.

As the gully became more like bush the practice developed of scattering into it seed of plants that were missing - a bit of an argument over seed of stinging nettle I seem to remember - and also odd scraps of moss used for packing plants brought down from the ranges.

There seemed to be little result from this, until during a damp cool summer a year or two back, no less than 8 kinds of fern suddenly appeared, most of them out of place anywhere on the Hawkes Bay flats. Their spores had presumably been carried from the ranges in this packing moss.

The fourth problem is the straight-forward one of growing plants from seed, comparing different strains, sorting out hybrids and unravelling botanical problems generally. A slap-happy amateurish approach is not the way to solve breeding problems, but it is interesting, and occasionally gives some clues worth passing on to some more serious and specialized worker.

If you want a community of native plants that will run itself you have to get your eye in for the conditions that suit each plant and supply the plant to suit the conditions, rather than the other way round. Any "expert" can make a plant grow in a sort of way. The object of this particular exercise is not to show how clever you are, but to find out what goes on to make a forest.

N.L.E.

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

SOUTHERN RUAHINES

19-24th August

The object of this trip was to have a look at the land from Ashhurst north to Otumore, and, if possible, travel along the main range to Howlett's, then across the Sawtooth Ridge to Waipawa Saddle.

David Evans and I hitch-hiked to Ashhurst on Wednesday 19th August. We had a rendez-vous there with a chap from Wellington, who was coming along with us.

We left Ashhurst at 1pm, walking northwards until we came to the bridge across the Pohangina river, which leads on to the Saddle road. Fifteen minutes later we struck up on to the farmlands, as this was the shortest route to Wharite road, from where there was a track up to the peak. After several hours of climbing into and out of gullies we came across two shepherds who offered us a ride on their truck up to the landrover track, which leads up to Wharite Peak. This track was put in by the television workers. From here we walked for $\frac{3}{4}$ of an hour or so and made camp in the bush.

Although Wednesday was on the whole a good clear day, later in the afternoon storm clouds blew up on to Wharite and it was very cold. We eventually got a fire going and a meal cooked and got into the sack fairly early. By this time a heavy damp mist had closed down, and the wind howled through the power lines.

Next morning 9.30 saw us up at the T.V. translator, in fairly thick mist. We found a four foot wide track leading down from the trig, which according to the map and compass seemed to lead in the right direction. Ten minutes later the track ended as suddenly as it had begun, and all that was ahead was thick bush. We couldn't find a track that was marked on the map. Presumably this was overgrown. The short length of cut track was probably the work of some keen type with some idea of cutting along and down to Hopkirk.

Anyhow, in the absence of a cut track we ploughed on through the bush for another hour. The mist cleared in patches allowing us to see where we were going without using the compass. The going was very rough. Apart from the eight foot high leatherwood, there was a lot of tangled undergrowth and fallen rotted trees, which made the going pretty well impossible, especially with a 40-50 lb pack. Well, we kept this up for an hour and made approx. 150 yards from the trig. Pretty discouraging! As far as we could see it was the same going, up to the knobs just north of Wharite and probably right up to Pretender and so on right up beyond Apiti Saddle.

The Manawatu Tramping Club chap who said it would take a week to reach Pohangina Saddle was, I think optimistic. I reckon it would take a month. Anyway we achieved one of our aims, viz.; to see what the country is like. Thick, impenetrable undergrowth.

We retraced our steps to the trig, which took another hour, and walked down to Wharite Road. A couple of hours later a shepherd came along in his truck and gave us a lift almost to Woodville. We walked the rest of the way into Woodville and after a feed of fish and chips began hitch-hiking up to Takapau. We reached Takapau at 5pm and took a taxi into Farm Mill. Forty-five minutes later and 30/- poorer we were at the Cullers' base - Shearers' quarters at the mill. This was Thursday night. It blew hard up there and was fairly cold. Next morning we were away by 10.15 and at the foot of Daphne Spur at 12.35. We left Daphne creek at 12.45 and were at Howletts at 5pm after several hailstorms and showers of sago snow further up the spur. Needless to say, the track was slimy and slippery. (We had decided against going via Otumore, as we thought that if we reached Howlett's as quickly as possible, we could cross the Sawtooth next day if conditions permitted. We did not want to get holed up at Pohangina Saddle Hut due to foul weather on the tops.

Friday night was very cold with a heavy frost and we were all cold, even though we had "longjohns", woollen trousers, woollen singlets, jerseys plus a "20 below" sleeping bag. Even our boots and socks froze solid. The next morning, Saturday, was fine and clear, with a light breeze round the hut and a little mist over the Sawtooth. It certainly looked a good day for the crossing. We were away by 8.30. Three hours later we were still 15 minutes below the saddle on Tiraha after two hours of stepcutting. The snow was very hard, and in places had a thin loose layer over the top. This necessitated cutting right down through the hard layer. In the meantime, a strong wind had sprung up and this together with the blown snow made going rather tough. We turned back at 11.30. At this rate we would never get across the Sawtooth, as even the lee slopes of Tiraha were hard. The Sawtooth would probably be covered with hard snow. We reached Howlett's at about 12.30 and spent the rest of Saturday and all of Sunday in the sack. Saturday night was cold and it snowed, but it wasn't as cold as Friday night. Also Sunday and Sunday night. Out towards Tiraha the mist was down, also south to Otumore. The visibility was no better on Monday morning either, so we decided to beat

a quick retreat down Daphne Spur. We left at 8.55 and reached the bottom of the spur an hour later. The river was up, after all the rain we had on Sunday night and this made crossing difficult. However we made it down to the forks without too many mishaps. Only two swims out of four crossings. When we reached the forks we struck up into the bush and up a spur that ran roughly southwest, parallel to the main divide, coming down a spur one spur north of the Pohangina-Otumore spur.

At 2.40 we were at the top end of Cashmir Road and started walking. Half an hour later we met a C.H.B. Rabbit Board landrover coming along to get a load of firewood. In return for twenty minutes' firewood cutting we got a ride out to Waipukurau, and from there we hitched a ride to Hastings, our colleague hitching a ride to Wellington.

On the whole the trip was a disappointment, in the weather conditions especially. We were very lucky in getting rides along roads however, especially the ride to Waipukurau. I don't suppose you can have it all ways.

David Evans, John Rhodes (VUWTC), Hugh Wilde.

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FORESTRY TRIP

KAWEKA HUT

27-30th Oct., '64.

Our intentions were to check up on the chain-square quadrat in the bush near the hut, look at the high altitude bushline near Kaiarahi and generally have a prowling round the basin and see what is going on. Four days of pleasant calm weather helped us to get a lot of work done.

The hut was tidy and in good order, though inexperienced visitors persist in felling trees near the hut and spoiling the look of the place, overlooking the abundance of better dry firewood a couple of chains along the edge of the bush. There are 72 names in the new book already. Can anyone bring the tally in the previous book up to date?

Two absurd misflips had to be corrected. A linen tape that I've carried in my pack for years was proved to have shrunk, and the patch of bush that you pass as you come off Kaiarahi is further below the trig than I had reckoned. Bellbirds, moreporks and a couple of kakas near the hut; a harrier cruising in thick mist over Kaiarahi was unexpected.

The widening of the track past the lakes is having the expected effect of giving room for young manuka which is now knee to waist high in places and is going to mean a lot of hard work for somebody.

N.L.E.

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RUAPEHU

My parents offered to look after the children for a week. This was gratefully accepted and we were off to Ruapehu for some skiing. And what a week! Four glorious days out of six, that is a pretty good average up there. We usually reckon on 50%. This winter has been appallingly bad. Snow came very late and when it came, it came with a bang. There has not been so much snow for a long time. Under the T-bar you had to duck, otherwise you would have lost your ears. There is enough snow to ski until the end of November.

The first day we skied at the National Downhill. This has a long rope-tow which gives you a great variety of slopes to come down and, above all, is the best value for your money. 15/- gives you a belt and you can ski all day. Pretty good value. If there is one place to get rid of your money it is up there, and they think they do you a favour. The slogan "Service with a smile" is not their strongest point.

On the second day we took the snowcat up to the Crater Lake and skied down. This was the highlight of the week. The snow was perfect, the view magnificent and the weather glorious. We skied past the N.Z. Alpine Club Hut down to the National Downhill where we spent the rest of the day. That day we knocked off at 6pm and were absolutely exhausted.

The third day was lousy. This was a blessing in disguise as it meant an enforced rest. The fourth day was also lousy. By that time we were getting fit again. The fifth day was perfect, but because of the rain, the snow was very wet and soft. However, we skied. The sixth day was like the first day. The snow had hardened up and the skiing was good. Only, being a Saturday, it was quite crowded and there were long queues waiting for the various lifts. We took part in the Club races - an exciting experience. Altogether a most enjoyable and invigorating weekend.

Els and Philip Bayens.

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HINERUA RIDGE, WATERFALL CREEK HUT, WAIKAMAKA

Oct. 24-26th

Our plans were to use the Hinerua Ridge route to get quickly over the Main Divide and into the Kawhatau; to go up on to Mangaweka (5687' Highest point in the Ruahines), do a traverse of the Hawke's Bay Ridge along over Ohuinga, and return back down Hinerua, all in two days.

Labour weekend seemed a good time to try it out as we would have a day up our sleeve in case anything went wrong. The three girls thought they would make a start on Friday afternoon and spend the night in Hinerua Hut.

Next morning we left the car at 7.25am and made our way in the very strong wind up the ridge. One and a half hours later we were at the Hut and found the girls still having breakfast. They hadn't gone on as the wind wasn't dropping and they thought the tops would be impossible. They were just about right, too. After a bite to eat we thought we would go up the ridge just to see what it was like. Not far above the bush line Nancy and Helen said they couldn't keep their feet on the ground and decided to turn back.

The three mugs went on with the wind roaring over us and sometimes full in our faces. First we would try one side of the ridge then the other in an effort to get a bit of shelter, and it wasn't long before the rain started.

Just beyond the cairn that marks where the ridge joins the main divide the wind hit us even harder. We hugged the ground and put our heads together to decide what to do. One thing was certain, we couldn't go along on to Paemutu, so we dropped off there and then into the head of the Kawhatau. This place is now on our list of places not to go. For the next three hours we crashed our way round one waterfall after another, trying to make up our minds whether to go under, over or through the leatherwood.

At long last we passed the end of Tussock Creek where we should have come down hours before. By the time we were at Water-Fall Creek it was just about dark, so out with torches in an attempt to find the hut which we thought was on the right bank going up the creek. We were wrong again. It's on the true right bank.

Next morning after spending a wet night in a tent that didn't seem to want to stay up, we had breakfast in the nice dry hut which we found just a few minutes away. Any thought of going out over the tops was out of the question in the strong, heavy rain that was now falling; so we decided to go out via Rangi and Waipawa Saddles. After making our way up rain-swollen Rangi Creek we struggled over Rangi Saddle and down into the creek that runs down to Waikamaka. What is normally quite an easy trip down the creek proved to be quite the opposite this time, as instead of being able to travel down the stream we had to crash our way down the side. More leatherwood and spaniards too. What a welcome sight that hut was at long last.

Not wanting to spend a night out half way down the Waipawa we decided to stay over at Waikamaka. Most of Sunday afternoon was spent drying out and in the evening the rain turned to snow. Next morning there was about an inch of fresh snow on the ground as we made our way over the Waipawa Saddle and down the river which had now dropped. We had an enjoyable tramp out in warm sunshine as far as Cullen's farm. We were very grateful for their hospitality. They even gave us a lift round to our car which was 21 miles away by road. And so ended a trip not easy to forget.

Nancy Tanner, Helen Hill, Barbara Butler, Alan Berry, Jim Glass.

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TONGARIRO RIVER

14-15th November

Inspired by slides at a recent Forest and Bird meeting showing the fascinating grandeur of the middle reaches of the Tongariro, probably soon to be altered for hydroelectric purposes, we set out by car for Taupo on Friday evening. Saturday morning, with a vague idea of where to turn off, saw us driving along the Desert Road with great views of the volcanoes - Ruapehu pure white, the other two streaked with snow. The Waihohonu turn-off confirmed our idea that we had gone too far south, so we returned to the most likely looking track with a Parks Board sign at its entrance.

Where the track (pumice road) forked, a tossed coin guided us to the right, and correct, destination. Here, directly below us was the awesome rock trench 100 or more yards long but only about 8 feet wide through which this large and turbulent green and white river passes. A footbridge, mercifully very solid, spans the trench about 20 feet above the water, but the approaches are distinctly awkward and not for the faint-hearted. The near 100 foot descent is rather perpendicular, aided by trees and roots in the sandy soil, but with an awful end should one miss one's footing, especially when negotiating the far side. At some time there must have been a high-level bridge across as bulldozed tracks end abruptly at each edge of the gorge.

Once up the far (eastern) side we had a very pleasant stroll along the bush track on the fairly level ridge. The bush was very mixed with huge red beech, also silver and black or mountain, all the podocarps and kamahi. Keeping left at the first fork and then left again took us back to the river and a second footbridge a mile or more downstream from the first and more accessible, too, fortunately, with a road in on the western side. Here the river runs through a rock cutting for about half a mile, varying from perhaps 10 feet wide to 20 or 30 feet. It has cut amazing zigs and zags in the rock and worn out pools and caves. Two flights of sheer wooden ladders 15 to 20 feet long leading down the cliff to the river opposite us looked horrifying.

The cutting ends in a fall 10 or 15 feet high into a large and seething pool, and the bed opens out again. We scrambled down and had a boil up, but couldn't see the fall as a rock bluff obscured it from our side of the river. A track led down the other side to give access to the huge pool below the fall - but how to get there? The river is unfordable, very swift, deep and with large boulders. So we wandered back ($\frac{1}{4}$ hour) to the second bridge, crossed over and continued down on that side. An off-shoot track brought us to a point above the mouth of a side stream, also deeply cut down in a very narrow gorge. A log bridge with unsubstantial-looking wire handrails 50 or more feet below us and leading to the wooden ladders was, I felt thankful, inaccessible down a sheer sandy face. The main track on the ridge swung roughly a mile up the side creek to where it opened out and here crossed. This looked an inviting camping spot, so we

did. Fried beef and venison steaks enriched our evening meal. Two native robins treated us to a concert in the evening and again next morning.

After a leisurely breakfast we followed the track on and soon arrived down at the Tongariro below the waterfall and its pool. Pauses for photography and scenery admiration, including downstream a fine waterfall where a side creek dropped into the river, then back to camp for lunch. It then took about an hour's steady tramp back to the bridge below the car. The big white clematis garlanded many manuka bushes and the smaller greenish yellow one was also much in evidence, especially along the roads.

The fine weather now gave way to showers and we were glad to get the three miles over pumice road behind us and to be on our way home on a main road.

Elizabeth Wills, Annette Tremewan, Rona Budgett, Nancy Tanner.

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TO DUSKY SOUND

Feb/March '64.

Party:- Neil Shepherd and Alex Buchanan (Park staff).

We took off from Te Anau by float-plane at 8am and little more than half an hour's flying brought us to the head of L. Hauroko, near the mouth of the Hauroko Burn. Lake Hauroko is the second lake south of L. Manapouri in the chain of Southern Lakes. It lies between lakes Monowai and Poteriteri.

The purpose of the trip was to investigate the route of an intended tramping track, and hut positions. Having cached some food at the head of the Lake, we pushed on up the Hauroko Burn, and at the forks took the west branch. Deer trails were few and we found the river gorged in many places with short flats above each. Our first camp was made on one of these flats not far above the forks.

The following day saw us into the head waters by lunch time and we cleared the bush by mid-afternoon. The Roa Saddle lay straight ahead and on reaching the top we were able to view the next day's tramp down the other side. We set up camp just at the bushline on the western side of the saddle on the only piece of flat dry ground available. Fifteen Keas took up residence in the trees near our tent and continued a noisy conversation well into the night.

Next day we cached more food by the camp site, as well as the tent, rifle and other odds and ends as we were to reach the Supper Cove Hut for the next night. We set off down through the bush towards the Roa Stream, but found our progress somewhat hampered by a maze of small bluffs which had been obscured from our view by the bush. We eventually reached the stream bed and followed it down to the point where it cataracts steeply down to join the Seaforth flats just below the Roa confluence. We crossed the Seaforth

and found the old overgrown track which was built by forced labour at the end of last century. We followed the remains of the track as best we could and arrived at the Supper Cove Hut in good time that afternoon. This little hut was built sixty years ago, the materials being brought in by boat. Supper Cove was named by Captain Cook. He spent an evening there when exploring Dusky Sound.

The following day was spent in the area around the hut. Some of the most overgrown parts of the track near the hut were cleared, and a pair of Brown Duck were seen on one of the estuaries down from the hut. This is also the area where Moose were released and later hunted, but no sign of them is to be seen today.

Next morning we packed up early and retraced our steps to the mouth of the Roa Stream, but instead of going up the stream bed we followed up the spur on the true right bank of the Roa and lunched just above the bushline. Continuing up the spur we joined the main ridge which we followed south to the saddle and then dropped down to our camp site. Up till then the weather had been fine and mild, but soon after we had re-erected camp at the old site, the dark clouds which had been gathering all afternoon, let flow in true Fiordland style. It rained all night. However by dawn the clouds were rolling away and there was promise of a fine day, so we decided to spend it on the tops. We set off with as little as possible - lunch, cameras, parkas and rifle - up the ridge to the south of the saddle and on to one of the lower peaks in the area, Kathryn, 4684 ft. There was hardly a cloud in the sky and the view was superb. To the S.E. was the Hauroko valley, up which we had come four days previously, to the S. was Lake Poteriteri, to the S.W. was the Long Burn which flows into Preservation Inlet on the south coast, and to the N. and N.W. was the whole of the Seaforth Valley, up which, away to the N. were the Black Giants. These are three huge unclimbed towers of rock, reaching to 5377 ft.

We then descended to two small lakes below us, in the Roa - Long Burn saddle, and knocked over several deer on the way, taking the livers from the younger ones. We had lunch at the lakes, fresh liver fried in butter making a tasty supplement to bread and jam. We returned to our camp by the Roa saddle for our third and last night there. The following day dawned overcast so we packed up and hurried over the saddle and down to the shelter of the bush in the head of the Hauroko Burn. Light rain forced us to don parkas, and we clambered around all the gorges again to finally make camp at the forks. We pushed on next day and reached the head of Lake Hauroko by 2pm where our cached fresh vegetables made a welcome meal.

Next morning, our ninth day, despite a partly cloudy sky, brought the drone of an approaching aircraft. It circled once and came ashore at the little beach where we waited, our gear was all bundled in and we set off back to Te Anau.

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DUSKY SOUND AGAIN

Party: Ray Willett, Murray Cardno and Alex Buchanan (park staff).

This time we were bound for the sea-ward end of Dusky Sd. We left Te Anau in the amphibian and sat back as the majestic Fiordland scenery drifted past below us. We set down in Cascade Cove near the entrance to Dusky Sound and on the south side. There is a small hut here, built originally as an emergency depot for fishermen etc. This hut provided a base for our "explorations" during the seven days of our enjoyable stay in the area. Only this time we did our trips the easy way (and by far the most convenient way), not on foot, but by boat. We used a 12 ft. clinker built dingy with a 10 h.p. outboard motor.

We made our first visit in the area, that afternoon, to Pickersgill Harbour. This is where Captain Cook in his "Resolution" moored for six weeks in 1773. Last year a bronze plaque was placed on the rocky shore there in commemoration of Cook's stay. Captain Cook named the sound on an earlier voyage in 1770, calling it Dusky Bay as it was just on dusk and he did not enter. During the close of that century Dusky Sound became the first European populated area in N.Z. with about 250 people, mainly engaged in sealing. In 1792 one of N.Z.'s first buildings was erected here by the sealers; they also constructed the "Providence", the first ship to be made in either N.Z. or Australia out of local timber. This area can also claim N.Z.'s first ship wreck. The East India Company's vessel "Endeavour" was wrecked here in Facile Harbour when condemned as unseaworthy.

On our second day we went further afield, out to the open sea at the entrance to the Sound and around the seaward end of Anchor Island, where our little boat "surfed" down each big swell that rolled in from the Tasman Sea and sent up a shower of spray as it crashed along the rocky coast. We made our next landfall at Duck Cove on Resolution Island. Here we found the remains of an old camp and an old steel survey peg, probably used by the survey ship "Acheron" when she mapped the whole S.W. coast in 1850. Evening saw us chugging back to Cascade Cove for the night.

The following day dawned fairly windy so we did not venture beyond the Cove, but spent the day fishing. Blue cod proved to be the most common type while an assortment of other variously coloured fish of rather diverse shape and size made their somewhat undignified appearance whenever the line was pulled up. We also set a crayfish pot, but it seemed that the crayfish were less interested than a 4 ft. eel and a 3 ft. "carpet shark" which respectively slimed and threshed about inside on one occasion. A young family of Black Oystercatchers frequented an island nearby, but unfortunately stoats were seen on the mainland near the hut.

Next day we visited one of the historic sites of which some evidence still remains. Once again we headed for Resolution Island, and this time we cruised into Facile Harbour, where the

"Endeavour" was wrecked, and a school of porpoises came to greet us. But we continued on to a small beach on the north side of Pigeon Id. where we found the remains of Richard Henry's home. Henry was caretaker of Resolution Id from 1895 to 1909 when he was shifted to Kapiti Id. All that now remains of his home we found scattered through the bush and on the beach. Such things as bottles, earthenware, rotting timbers and piles, old fireplaces, carriage wheels from his boat's slipway, the decaying keel and stem of his dingy, wire and various pieces of steel are all that remain. A good account of R. Henry's life here is given in John Pascoe's book on "N.Z. Exploration", Chapter 16.

Once again we returned to Cascade Cove for the night. Next day we decided to take a look farther up the sound and try to find the camp of Docherty and Rheisheck, which we were told was on the north side opposite Cooper Id. These two men lived in this part of Fiordland for several years, exploring and mining. After several hours' motoring up the sound we went through Paget Passage and made our way along near the coast on the north side opposite Cooper Id. We pulled in at the most likely looking place where there was a stream and beach. Then to our surprise we found, about twenty yards back in the bush the old camp site, complete with earthenware jar, bottles, remains of a spade and a bucket, and the old fireplace. It was in a cold wet situation and we wondered how they managed to live there. On the return trip we called in at Sportsman's Cove on Cooper Id and were impressed by its narrow entrance and large area of sheltered water inside. In his diary Capt. Cook states that here the Sportsmen went ashore to catch birds, hence the name.

The following morning dawned overcast with showers, so we stayed around Cascade Cove and fished most of the day as there were too many sandflies about to stay on shore.

Next day the amphibian came in; we packed up our gear and loaded it in, then with the roar of engines and flying spray we were off, and this beautiful and remote part of New Zealand faded behind us.

A.B.

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MOA CROP STONES

Norm was one of an ornithological party in the Blowhard region. While tracking down an elusive fern bird he came upon a neat collection of small, smoothly rounded stones of light yellow quartz lying on a small patch of pumice. Moa crop stones?.

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CONGRATULATIONS TO MANAWATU TRAMPING CLUB

We congratulate the M.T.C. on their 35th anniversary. Stan Craven represented us at their celebrations.

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NEW MEMBERS

We welcome the following to the Club:-

Graeme McColl, Paul Frude (Jr.), Graham Thorp, Elizabeth Buchanan (Jr.), Janice Griffin, Graham Griffiths (Jr.), Douglas Thompson (Jr.), John Titchener, Harry Stewart.

HONORARY MEMBERS

The Club has made Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Honorary Members in appreciation of their marvellous hospitality whenever a Club Trip gets within cooee of Puketitiri.

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SOCIAL NEWSBirths:

To Barbara and Maury Taylor, a son.

To Keith and Anna Garratt, a son.

Engagements:

Gae Lobban to Earle Culver.

Jim Price to Leigh Dumble.

Marriage:

Wally Romanes to Janet Rose Ryder.

Return and Departure:

Pam Lewis was back with us for a while but is now taking a course in Auckland. Elizabeth Wills, back from overseas, is also in Auckland doing the same course.

Death:

It is with deep regret that we record the passing of Molly Molineux.

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MOLLY MOLINEUX

We have just heard of Molly's death in the Wellington Public Hospital after a couple of operations and a long, losing battle, met with her characteristic fortitude. This can only be a hasty and inadequate recall of one of the stalwarts of the club in its early days.

Why she was not at the meeting at which the club was formed I cannot think, because she had been going on quite tough trips to the ranges for two or three years before then. She had the use of a car and cars weren't so common in those days. The fact that she could always be talked into going out on a trip made her much sought after in tramping circles.

She was one of the club's first casualties too - at any rate its first serious casualty - when a stone came bowling on edge down a scree on the Omahaki face of Cattle Hill and inflicted a gash

like a shell wound just below the knee. She was brought out on a packhorse which providentially appeared on the scene, and spent six weeks in Royston before the leg healed.

From a quick glance through club records, though Molly was always one of the back stage workers, if my memory holds, she doesn't show up until after the start of the last war when she took over the H.T.C. secretaryship from Ron Craig. Come to think of it, the H.T.C. has always been a club where men are men and the women sing base. The war years with Molly in a key position and the girls running the club are a bright chapter in our history. Her clearheadedness and thoroughness were behind all our activities at that time.

By the end of the war her work, (she was a professional gardener) was obviously getting too solid for her. Running a large garden for twenty odd years involved increasing hard manual labour. With the death of my parents she felt free to take off for some less strenuous job, but old hands may remember that her farewell gift from the club was an inscribed ice-axe, and it was no great surprise when we learned on the grape vine that, finding Banks Peninsula tramping clubs a little unadventurous, she was taking steps to join the Canterbury branch of the N.Z. Alpine Club.

The next we heard of her was in Wellington as one of the founders of the Mollyanner Tramping Club. I don't suppose this club ever had a constitution or subscription, or ever applied for affiliation with the F.M.C., but it was not to be sneezed at by superior types. It started with expatriate Heretaungas, but it certainly didn't stop there. Kath and I were members for one trip. There were also in the party an Italian couple, a Czech, a Dutch boy, and, among the Hawkes Bay expatriates, one of our own sons.

Molly by then had got bored with her typing job so, being Molly, had to start studying Italian. She passed Stage III at Vic. and was awarded a twelve month scholarship at Perugia. On her return to N.Z. she made a start with learning Japanese, but we never heard how far she got with this.

Looking back, she was always a solitary and always utterly dependable.

Her cremation service at Karori took place in wind and mist that would not have been out of place on the tops.

N.L.E.

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FIXTURE LIST

<u>1965</u>	<u>Trip</u>	<u>Leader</u>	<u>Fare</u>
New Year	Puketitiri - Back Hut - Rocks Ahead -	?	10/-
Jan. 1-4th	Manson - Kiwi Mouth - Back Range.		plus food
Jan. 17th	Tangoio Beach.	Jim Wilshere	7/-
Jan. 30-31	Big Hill - Ngaruroro - Taruarau, Lilo?	Peter Lewis	9/-
Sunday 31	Big Hill - Ngaruroro.		
Feb. 14th	Puketitiri Hot Springs - lilo down Mohaka	Heather McKay	10/-
Feb. 27-28	Otupae Range (Taihape Road).	Nancy Tanner	10/-
Mar. 13-14	Trial Search ?		
Mar. 27-28	Stoney Creek, Ahimanawas (Taupo Rd.)	Dempster	10/-
Apr. 11th	Gold Creek via bush ridge, Makaroro Central Ruahines.	Thompson Jim Glass	10/-
Easter	Tararuas	Tony Corbin	£2 & 35/-
Apr. 16-19		(no reduction) plus food	
Apr. 25th	Golden Crown - Three Fingers Spur - Bobs Spur (Northern Ruahines).	Russell Berry	9/-
May 8-9	Kiwi Hut, Kawekas.	G, D, Or N. Evans	10/-

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

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SUBSCRIPTIONS

Subscriptions are now due. If paid before December 31st, 1964, married couples' subs are reduced to 30/-, single trampers to £1.

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A MERRY CHRISTMAS TO EVERYONE AND GOOD TRAMPING IN 1965.

THE FIRST MEETING next year will be held on WEDNESDAY JANUARY 13th in the Radiant Living Hall, Warren Street North, Hastings.

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HERETAUNGA TRAMPING CLUB.

CLOTHING & EQUIPMENT LIST - WEEKEND TRIP.

CLOTHING:

- Wear - Long sleeved woollen shirt.
Shorts.
2 pairs socks.
Puttees.
Boots - rubber or nailed. No heel or toe plates.
- Carry - Parka.
Spare shirt.
Jersey.
Ski-cap or sou'wester.
Woollen mitts (not gloves with individual fingers).
3 pairs socks.
Handkerchiefs.
Woollen longs.
Towel.
Underwear.

EQUIPMENT:

- Sleeping bag and cover.
Goloshes or tennis shoes.
Map and compass.
Personal first aid (see day trip list for details)
Matches, including some waterproofed.
Candle, 2" long for lighting fires.
Torch.
Paper and pencil.
Sheath knife.
Mug, spoon and fork.
Bootlaces.
Deep plate or similar (unbreakable) for meals.
Snow goggles (winter)
Balaclava for night wear.
"Safety in the Mountains".

FOOD:

- Sandwiches for first day.
1 lb loaf of bread, butter, jam, honey etc. for second day.
 $\frac{1}{3}$ lb steak or mince (well sealed).
Peeled potatoes, carrots, onions, sufficient for one.
Dried apples or apricots etc., sufficient for one.
Breakfast to own taste (easily prepared, not too much cooking).
Suggested are bacon, eggs, sweetcorn, baked beans.
Biscuits, fruit, sweets.
Sugar, salt, milk if desired.
Coffee or cocoa if desired (tea provided)
Rice, peanuts or other emergency rations.

SPARE CLOTHING: Leave in truck change of clothing, woollen longs, tennis shoes or slippers.

HERETAUNGA TRAMPING CLUB.

CLOTHING & EQUIPMENT LIST - DAY TRIP

CLOTHING:

Wear - Long sleeved woollen shirt (cotton if desired in hot weather)
Shorts.
2 pairs socks.
Puttees.
Boots - rubber or nailed. No heel or toe plates.

Carry - Parka.
Spare shirt.
Jersey.
Ski-cap or sou'wester.
Woollen mitts (not gloves with individual fingers).
2 pairs socks.
Handkerchiefs.
Woollen longs.

EQUIPMENT:

Sleeping bag cover.
Map and compass.
Personal first aid (Plaster strips, bandages, antiseptic ointment, aspirins)
Matches, including some waterproofed.
Candle, 2" for lighting fires.
Torch.
Paper and pencil.
Knife.
Bootlaces.
Mug.
Snow goggles (winter)
"Safety in the Mountains".

FOOD:

Sandwiches, biscuits, fruit, sweets.
Coffee if desired (tea provided)
Sugar.
Milk if desired.
Rice, peanuts or other emergency rations.