

HERETAUNGA TRAMPING CLUB (Inc.)

" P O H O K U R A "

Bulletin No.102

April, 1966

President:

Mr. P. Bayens, St. Georges Road North, R.D.2, Hastings Ph. 84498

Hon. Secretary:

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

Hon. Treasurer:

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

Club Captain:

Mr. P. Lewis, c/- H.W. Baillie, 21 Gladstone Rd. Napier Ph.8224N  
At work - Phone Napier 8118

---

OUR 30th ANNIVERSARY REUNION

The response to the circulars announcing the reunion was heart-warming. Quite a few membes and ex-members had already made bookings for their Christmas holidays and so were unable to come, but ever so many took the trouble to write letters of regret and to send best wishes. The friendliness there has always been in the H.T.C. was very marked in their replies.

There were 89 present at the dinner including some from Auckland and some from Christchurch. Greetings were received from as far away as Chile (George Lowe), British Columbia (Pam Hansen), Massachusetts (Julia Isdale), and South Australia (Ronagh Black). Telograms arrived on the day from Betty and George Couper, Ailie and Cap Cooke, Jennifer Charleson, and June Budd.

We assembled at the Twyford Hall, had a spell of natter and drinks, then a welcome speech from Phil who invited us to imagine we were in the Kaweka Hut and to fall to! No stew that night! At the end of the meal John von Dadelszen called the roll of those present and read out the list of apologies. We had rounds of applause for our seven presidents (all present) and the seventeen foundation members who were there.

Alan had collected slides of tramping interest showing new huts in the ranges, flood damage to the Waikamaka and familiar peaks and places. After that the more active types danced while others nattered. Supper revived us.

The picnic scheduled for the following day was to have been held down at the Tukituki off Middle Road. Unfortunately with rain all Saturday night and though it wasn't actually raining at 8am on Sunday the prospect looked so doubtful that we officially cancelled the picnic. We had announced at the dinner that in the event of cancellation several homes would be "open" to visitors. So people circulated all day and pleased themselves what they did. Quite a few turned up at the river. (See Club Trips).

Resulting from the Reunion eight ex-members rejoined the club as associate members and donations were received to the amount of £15.17. 6. But the greatest things were the feeling of family continuity and the friendliness between old members and present members. Long may this continue!

Those present at the dinner:-

Irene and Jack Agnew, Bernie and Mrs. Andersen, Edna Ansell.  
 June and Bruce Baird, Ezra Bartle, Doc. and Mrs. Bathgate,  
 Phil and Els Bayens, Mrs. Kiss, Alan and Kath Berry, Pat Bolt,  
 Owen Brown, Elizabeth Buchanan, Ian and Pat Berry.  
 Rex Chaplin, Dave and Elsie Christie, Stan and Val Craven.  
 Jack Dempsey.  
 Norm Elder, Noel Evans.  
 John Feigler, Nora Finn.  
 Jim and Doreen Glass, Jim and Dorrie Gibbs, Mrs. Bruce, Geoff  
 Gilchrist.  
 Doris Haase, Graeme and Helen Hare, Helen Hill.  
 Betty and Lester Jeffrey, Brian Jobbins, Rita Joll, Roy and  
 Mrs. Joll.  
 Lesley and Peter Lettey, Pam Lewis, Peter Lewis, Mrs. Lewis,  
 Janet and Lin. Lloyd.  
 Mim Marcussen, Heather McKay, Chick Hill, Molly McLeay, Tui  
 Maxwell, Al and Lois Moffitt, John and Mrs. Mitchel.  
 Ethel and Reg. Nash.  
 Geoff and Mrs. Piesse, Elizabeth Pindar, Ian and Enid Powell.  
 Doug Reid, Angus Russell.  
 Joan Smith, Graham Snadden, Edna Steel, Ian Stirling, Judith  
 Gunderson.  
 Nanacy Tanner, Noeline Tomlinson, Joan Toop, Annette Tremewan,  
 Douglas Thompson, Dempster Thompson, Graham Thorp.  
 Jack and Wil van Bavel, John and Michael von Dadelszen.  
 Bob Woon, Stan Woon.

-----ooOoo-----

#### DONATIONS

Our thanks to the following for donations amounting to  
 £15.17. 6.:-

Mr. Frank Severinsen, Miss R. Macdonald, Ezra Bartle,  
 Geoff Gilchrist, Mr. J.J. Palmer.

-----ooOoo-----

3.  
CLUB TRIPS

No. 787.

MIDDLE CREEK - return via saddle with  
Smith's Creek.

21st Nov.

Sixteen hardy souls left Holt's soon after 6am. The weather was chilly but fine. Our seventeenth member joined us at Waipawa.

Our party split into two groups from the moment we left the Waipawa River, to cross over hills and paddocks, stopping at the old homestead site on the way.

We found the Middle Creek extremely cold and rather treacherous. Finally at the hut, we undid bootlaces with numbed fingers and sat outside basking in pale sunshine. A hot brew did much to restore our spirits.

Over lunch we discussed three possible routes back to the truck. The first we discarded, as the top of Three Johns was covered with mist etc., and didn't look at all inviting; the second, back the way we had come, viz. up Middle Creek, we gave up with a shiver, and finally decided on the scheduled route, out via the saddle with Smith's Creek.

But this was more easily discussed than carried out. We set off up a well defined track behind the hut, and thought we were doing famously until we came to a wee stream. Here we split up and explored several possible tracks, eventually making our way up a steep and dried-up water course. At last we heard the distant sound of Smith's Creek, and our progress was now much easier and faster.

One of our number fell foul of the Onge Onge stinging nettle. - Motto:- Keep well out of range of this deadly plant!!

Leaving the saddle we sidled round to the spur heading North which we followed and finally dropped down very steeply to a rather gorgy part of Middle Creek.

It was a rather slow and in some cases, a tired party which made its way back to the truck, arriving at about 6.30pm. But we all agreed that it had been a good day's tramp.

No. in Party: 17.

Leader: Annette Tremewan.

Diana Way, Elizabeth Pinder, Helen Lees, Elizabeth Buchanan, Peter Lewis, Graham Thorp, Warren Greer, Trevor Baldwin, Brian Smith, John Feigler, Paul Frude, Graham Lookman, Dennis Baldwin, Barry Ulyatt, Harry Stewart, Martin du Fresne.

No. 788.

RUAPEHU - TREE CUTTING AND CLIMBING.

4-5th Dec. 1965.

As a result of a slight mis-direction of effort on the first trip to Ruapehu in the Autumn, there still remained an unknown quantity of trees to cut out on our block above Kariori. Not to worry though, it did at least provide us with a reason for another trip to the mountain, with every chance of some climbing on the Sunday.

As on the first trip we took the truck over the Taihape Road on the Friday night, arriving at Kariori around 1.30am. Up with the birdies a little later the same morning and off up the mountain, where the remainder of the errant pines were soon dealt with. The party then divided, some heading for a higher camp site above the Wahianoa while the remainder set up their tents lower down.

A fine night gave way to a perfect morning, with the sun rising from its lair in the Kaimanawas to beam down on the mantle of mist that shrouded the country below us. We left our 6000 ft camp at 4.45 am., none too early as it turned out, for the sun soon began to soften the snow that still blanketed the upper slopes of the mountain. Time passed quickly and it was 9.45 before we gazed down on the crater lake from the eastern lip.

There seemed to be a sudden lack of enthusiasm for the rest of the climb to Tahurangi (9175') - perhaps a combination of late nights and the sight of the high peak's fairly rugged last few hundred feet - and we soon convinced ourselves that time would not permit any further progress toward the top. Just as well, for it was late enough by the time we arrived back at the truck. The larger party had spent the night further down the mountain but most of them still managed to reach the snow to gambol in the sunshine.

An uneventful trip home concluded a strenuous but worthwhile weekend.

No. in Party: 19

Leader: Alan Berry.

Annette Tremewan, Helen Lees, Christine Prebble, Elizabeth Pindar, Peter Lewis, Graham Thorp, John Feigler, Graham Lookman, Harry Stewart, Warren Greer, Jim Glass, Brian Smith, Bob Garnett, Anthony Daly, John Healey, Ian Telford, Dennis Baldwin, Robert Arthur.

-oOo-

No. 789.

RED ISLAND

Dec. 19th.

We left Hastings at 8.30 and arrived at the beach after a bumpy ride through Mr. Edgecombe's paddock. The walk down was very pleasant and it did not take us long to get into the water as the weather was lovely and warm. Soon some of us had a climb at Red Island, which was fairly bricky, and others started to have lunch. The rest lay quietly sunbathing, or did we? Then at about 2 o'clock, it was time for a few of us to return to the car and started our bumpy journey home. The rest left later in the afternoon and had afternoon tea at Mr. & Mrs. Thompson's.

No. in Party: 32.

Leader: Els Beyens.

Annette Tremewan, Elixabeth Pinder, Pam Lewis, Elizabeth Buchanan, Barbara Butler, Christine Prebble, Tui Maxwell, Pat Bolt, Lesley Fitzgerald, Noel Evans, Brian Smith, Peter Lewis, John Feigler, Dempster Thompson, Dale Prebble + 1, Douglas Thompson, Lynette Thompson, Graham Thorp, David Butcher, John Healey, Ian Telford, Warren Greer, Harry Stewart, Paul Frude, Barry Ulliyat, Mrs Kiss, Phil Beyens + 3.

-oOo-

No. 790.

POHANGINA HEADWATERS, NGAMOKO RANGE,  
HOWLETT'S.

New Year.

This trip started rather badly for one member when we arrived at the end of the Kashmir Road and it was discovered that one pair of boots had been left behind. Fortunately Graham's gym-boots were available. As we toiled over to the Moorcock, a thick trail of blood-spots on the farm road seemed to indicate some injury of heroic proportions, but the bod with the nosebleed did not seem at all worried.

After an early lunch at Pohangina Baddle hut (which seems now to be more often called "Silver City") there was a debate, whether to go down the stream bed, or to go south along the main divide and drop down to the river where the map showed the next hut, Leon Kinvig hut. We chose the ridge, and when we came to a good cut track, thought we must have been right. Unfortunately, about halfway along, our good track suddenly left the top of the ridge and headed down the Eastern side. This country is a real leatherwood stronghold, and further progress along the tops seemed hopeless, so we crashed down into the head of a tributary of the Pohangina, the first couple of hundred feet being rather painful. The gully was steep and full of rubbish, uprooted trees buried under mud and shingle. Two bods did a dramatic disappearance when some rotten branches broke and they dropped about eight feet into

a muddy cavity.

By 6pm, when we reached the river, we found it easy to convince ourselves that it was a bit late in the day to go on down and look for the hut, especially as the campsite was a good one, complete with a handy swimming pool; so a fire was lit, a shower of boulders thrown into the pool to chase away some quite sizable eels, and the energetic bods had a swim while the stew was cooking. Later, as we settled down to sleep, a gusty wind stirred the ashes of our fire, and the pessimists pointed out heavy black clouds drifting over from the west, but fortunately only a few spots of rain reached us.

In the morning we took off straight up a ridge towards the Ngamoko range. Before long we were in really thick leather-wood above our heads, and began to wonder if it would take us all day to reach the top, but we had struggled through the worst of it within a couple of hours, the mist was lifting from the tops, and the sight of mainly open tussock slopes encouraged us to reach the top of the range well before midday. The easier grades along the tops were no trouble; we were halfway along to Otumore when we stopped by a tarn to have lunch. After a chat with a group of people from Waipukurau on a day trip, just before Otumore, and shortly afterwards with two Forest Service men, who suggested it might take us four hours to Howlett's, we hurried on through the Oroua saddle and were floundering through the rather too luxuriant tussock on the ridge south of Howlett's when the rain set in; but even the slowest reached the hut within three hours. We were glad to find no more than two private shooters at the hut, as the bottom bunks are too low to permit anyone to sleep under them., and this makes the hut a bit small for 17. Three of our bods kindly offered to sleep out. However, less than an hour after bedtime, the chap who had wanted to try out his new sleeping-bag cover was banging on the door; he had not liked the streams of water trickling down his neck. Shortly after him, in came the one whose hastily prepared tent site had turned into a lake, so, in the end, only Tui spent the whole night outside.

On the Monday morning, rain and thick mist put us off our idea of going over Tiraha and Sawtooth to Hinerua Ridge Hut, so we decided to head for home. A wild rush down the slippery track to Daphne hut, which took one reckless type as little as 34 minutes, and a noticeably less rapid climb over Stag's Head ridge, brought us back to the truck quite early. What we had thought would make a fairly strenuous 4-day trip, we had done in 2½ days. Incidentally, we had cleaned up most of the food which I had thought would have been plenty for sixteen for four days!

No. in Party: 15. Leader: Peter Lewis.  
Graham Lookman, Paul Frude, Elizabeth Buchanan, Pam Lewis,  
Graham Thorp, Harry Stewart, Alan Culver, Alex Buchanan,  
Warren Greer, Brian Smith, Tui Maxwell, John Feigler, Trevor Baldwin, Dempster Thompson.

No. 791.

LAWRENCE HUT - GOLD CREEK .

Jan. 16th.

Once again it was a lovely fine day for a Sunday trip on the Blowhard. Twenty-two bods piled on to the truck in Hastings at 6.20am.

By 8.10 everyone was packed and heading along the track. It was rather a pleasant walk through the varying types of vegetation to Lawrence Hut. We got good views of the Kawekas from Black Whare and the top of the spur leading down to the hut which we reached right on morning tea time. Most of us ate on the side of the river and watched one or two keen types liloing down. It was here that we also met two Tauranga hunters who had tramped up the Tutaekuri river from River Road. Soon after this Pam Lewis and Tui Maxwell arrived from Puketitiri. They had left on Saturday afternoon and spent the night in Lotkow Hut.

Half a dozen others who were dying for a swim went on up the Tutaekuri river looking for a good swimming hole. They were soon back to say that they had had some success, so everyone packed bags and moved up the river to have a swim and, after that, lunch.

At 1.15 we set off again up the Tutaekuri river bound for Gold Creek. The Tutaekuri gets rather narrow in this area and at the Gold Creek forks the rivers look the same size although the Tutaekuri is in fact, carrying much more water.

The going up Gold Creek would not be called easy as there are a lot of obstacles to climb around. In one place we had a rather difficult climb over a bend in the river as there is an enormous deep hole with sheer sides and a waterfall at the other end. After plodding on up the creek for a short while we reached the forks which are just below Castle Rock. From here we climbed out on the North Eastern side of the creek and moved through a saddle and crossed the Kaweka - Lawrence Hut track. We then scrub-bashed round to Boar Hill and dropped down to Black Whare.

The arrival at Black Whare seemed to have a livening up effect and everyone moved quickly back to Blowhard bush which we reached at 6.30pm. A most enjoyable trip.

No. in Party: 22.

Leader: Elizabeth Buchanan.

David Butcher, Bob Garnett, John Feigler, Graham Thorp, Peter Lewis, Trevor Baldwin, Warren Greer, Harry Stewart, Paul Frude, Brian Smith, Dennis Baldwin, Pam Lewis, Tui Maxwell, Elizabeth Pinder, Christine Prebble, Lani Morris, Susan Tinker, Lesley Fitzgerald, Brenda Butcher.

No. 792.

UNOFFICIAL REUNION PICNIC

Jan. 23rd.

(Tukituki - off Middle Road.)

The Reunion picnic was no sooner officially cancelled than the weather began to clear and the sun came out. Several of the present members promptly left for the river with lilos. Others took their families to the beach where the ground was not so wet. Quite a few included the river in their round of social calls. There was a heavy downpour about lunchtime causing one carload which had just arrived to re-pack their picnic hamper in a hurry and retreat to the Lbyd's sitting room. The track across the paddocks got geasy in one or two places and several cars needed assistance. It was just as well the whole Reunion didn't try to get there.

Those who appeared at the river: No. about 34.

Maury & Barbara Taylor + 3, Mrs Lewis, Pam & Peter, Pat Bolt, Noel Evans, Warren Greer, Doug Thompson, Elizabeth Pinder, Brenda Butcher, David Bitcher, Christine Prebble, Annette Tremewan, Dempster Thompson, John Feigler, Graham Thorp, Elizabeth Buchanan, Paul Frude, Brian Smith, Noeline Tomlinson, Edna Steel, Ian & Enid Powell, Sam & Val Craven, & Mrs Costello, Nancy Tanner, Joan Smith, Mim Marcussen, Angus Russell.

-000-

No. 793.

KIWI MOUTH - NGARURORO LILO TRIP Jan 29-30th.

As it seemed as though this trip might be a little longer than usual we decided to leave earlier on Saturday morning. Eleven of us set off for Kuripapango at 5.15am. and at 7.30 we left the truck for the trudge up 4100. Once on the top some of the faster members moved on to Kiwi Saddle Hut to get a brew going.

It was a beautifully fine day with virtually no wind, but the atmosphere was very hazy making it difficult for the shutterbugs to get any views. Tramping was also slow and it wasn't until 10.45 that the first bods arrived at Kiwi Saddle Hut and the rest trickled in at odd times up to 11.30.

After some lunch and a brew the party was divided into two - a fast party of five and a slower party of six.

The fast party left at 12.45 for Rocks Ahead Hut while the others left a little later for the two and a half hour trip to Kiwi Mouth Hut. For the party going to Rocks Ahead Hut the going was rather hot. After leaving Kiwi Saddle Hut we moved North East on the ridge to Castle Camp until arriving at 4550 from which we scrub-bashed down to Kiwi Creek and then



up a reasonably clear spur onto Back Ridge.

It was now 4.30pm so we moved at a steady pace to Rocks Ahead Hut and arrived there at 7.30pm.

As it is another long trip down the river back to Kuripapango (17 miles in fact) getting away early was the order of the day, so at 4.00 am breakfast was under way and billies were cleaned. At 5.15 when it was light enough to see where we were going we set off down the river. This section of the river was by far the most difficult as the valley here is much narrower than below Kiwi Mouth. On some of the straight parts of the river the water was from side to side of the valley and we had to paddle through the rocks on the side. Crossing the river became rather interesting on some of the bends where we found ourselves out of depth and being whisked away downstream.

At 9.15 five waterlogged bobs splashed into Kiwi Mouth Hut. A quick snack was had and the log was filled in. We found here that the other party had left at 7.15am.

At 9.45 we moved off again and for the first 300 yards followed a cut track down the left bank which goes to a suspension bridge which the Forestry have erected for their cullers to get across to the Manson Country, this being one of the routes to Rocks Ahead Hut.

This section of the river is fairly easy going and there are a number of cut tracks which take short cuts across bends in the river. It is one of these tracks which makes most people miss Cameron Hut as the track by-passes it. When our party got on this track we stopped to empty some of the shingle out of our boots and who should catch up with us but Peter Lewis who had gone up to Kiwi Saddle Hut on Saturday night, and then was on his way back down the river. We then went round to Cameron hut where we spent three-quarters of an hour.

It had just turned 2.00pm when we left Cameron Hut and we sauntered down the last part of the river to the flood gauge where we met the truck.

The weather on Sunday was much the same as the previous day except for a local thunderstorm which hit us just before we got to the truck.

The trip was enjoyed by everyone and gave some invaluable practise in river crossing.

No. in Party: 11.

Leader: Graham Thorp.

Kiwi Mouth Party: Warren Greer, Harry Stewart, Trevor Baldwin, Alan Berry, Pam Lewis, Annette Tremewan.

Rocks Ahead Party: Dempster Thompson, John Feigler, Brian Smith, Elizabeth Buchanan, Graham Thorp.  
Saturday Night. Peter Lewis.

-000-

No. 794. RUAHINE HUT, LILOING DOWN NGARURORO. Feb 13th.

A vast crowd of 35 collected at Holt's at 6 and we were off in the truck and two private cars by 6.30. We arrived at Big Hill Station and the day looked as if it would be hot. The idea was originally to get to Ruahine Hut but this became modified somewhat in favour of a cool river. We started off up the hill and wound our way to the top along a very dusty track. The heat was very tiring and the cicadas were not exactly peaceful. After a few rests we finally saw the river below and dropped down over grassy flats.

Having forded the river and investigated a deep blue pool which was reputed to contain eels we had a leisurely lunch. Some members pumped up their lilos and reclined comfortably. Most of the party managed to board a lilo and some experimented with layers of inner tubes (the latter not found to be very successful, however). We drifted slowly down the river and had a few excitements over minor rapids and through the gorge. The cool water was a welcome change after the dusty track and everyone enjoyed themselves enormously especially the newcomers to this form of sport..

Having dragged ourselves and our vehicles out of the water a few miles downstream we clambered up the bank and meandered back to the truck by various routes. We arrived back in Hastings about 8pm feeling thoroughly tired but very satisfied with the day's trip.

No. in Party: 35.

Leaders: Diana Way &  
Dempster Thompson.

Peter Lewis, David Butcher, Graham Soppitt, Graham Thorp, Paul Frude, Brian Smith, Trevor Baldwin, Alan Culver, Bob Garnett, Harry Stewart, Antony Daly, Antony Mort, Ken & Rita Cox, Bertie & Madge McConnell, John Healey, Brenda Butcher, Annette Tremewan, Brenda Thomas, Helen Hill, Lesley Fitzgerald, Pat Bolt, Barry Ulyatt, Ian Telford, D. Webster, Brian Mote, Alison Black, Gwithe Hunt, Lisl Prendergast, M. VanSlobbe, Lynnaire Ensore.

-000-

No. 795.

WAIKAMAKA

Feb 26-27th.

Saturday morning rose bright and clear to find eleven "working bees" on their way to Waikamaka. As we approached Triplex creek crossing we came across Maury Taylor who told

us what timber was the most essential to take. Nine o'clock found all bods bundling a load on their backs and heading up the river. We arrived at the hut (2pm) to find somebody had filled in the big hole with large stones. After a brew we dug some holes for the piles and made a new track up to the new site.

Next morning we put the piles in the holes and dug a few more drains. Mid-morning found three energetic bods climbing up to MOKAI PATEA for photos.

At 12.30 pm (Sunday) two "day-trippers" arrived - Nancy and Helen. Soon after their arrival everybody packed up and headed for home.

No. in Week-end Party: 11. Leader: Trevor Baldwin.

Harry Stewart, Peter Lewis, Owen Brown, Graham Thorp, Dennis Baldwin, Graeme Soppit, Warren Greer, Annette Tremewan, Joan Steenson, Anne McHardy.

-oOo-

No. on Day Trip: 2. Nancy Tanner, Helen Hill.

N

-oOo-

No. 796. THREE FINGERS - HERRICK'S SPUR. March 13th.

On a beautiful fresh morning 23 of us set off for the Mangleton. To get to the Gull Block, which lies at the foot of the First Finger, you have to turn right after crossing the Ohara River, then turn left again up the hill and the road takes you to a house that lies about half a mile from the foot of the First Finger.

The two who had travelled by car had threequarters of an hour's start on the rest of us. By the time we set off, just after 8, they were emerging from the scrub that seems to guard the foot of all these spurs. It wasn't long before we were into it. The less said about that scrub, the better. We eventually got out of it and after that the spur wasn't too bad.

When you reach the tops the going is most pleasant with small patches of mountain beech interspersed with rocky bits and stretches of tussock and a small stream to quench your thirst. After lunch we had half an hour more of this pleasant going before we got on to the main divide. We went north along this for about an hour with good views of Ruapehu. At the top of Herrick's we came across Nancy and Helen lying in the sun drinking tea so we joined them. With the sun starting to drop we reluctantly left the tops. It

would have been so much nicer to have ducked along to No Man's and spent the night there. The spur was good going with plenty of discs and venetian blind strips. Some of the discs are coming off after being on there for over ten years.

After going down for what seemed hours we got into scrubby stuff at the bottom and out on to the farm land. I had horrid thoughts that some of us might get benighted the wrong side of the Gull Stream gorge which we still had to cross. In fact it was a good thing that it was nearly dark as we climbed out of the gorge because we couldn't see how far it was to fall.

We had a brew on reaching the truck after completing a long and rewarding trip.

No. in Party: 23.

Jim Glass.

Noel Evans, John Feigler, Antony Mort, Dennis Baldwin, Ian Telford, Brian Mote, Russell Deakin, Graham Thorp, Graham Soppitt, Trevor Baldwin, Peter Lewis, Helen Hill, Helen Lees, Sue Mort, Carol Sperling, Gwytha Hunt, Wanda Richardson, Lisl Prendergast, Helen McKay, Annette Tremewan, Nancy Tanner, Winston Oliver.

-000-

#### TRAMPERS' TORCHES

As autumn brings earlier darkness, it is not uncommon to discover that last year's batteries have played havoc with the innards of a torch. When looking for a new one, as reliability is so important, try to avoid gimmicks like swivel-heads, magnet-switches or colour signals. Best value in batteries these days seems to be the twin-cell cycle-lamp battery; it can be depended on for at least two or three hours' continuous use without dimming. If single cells are used, they should be size D, rather than the smaller ones; their greater life more than makes up for their extra size and weight. Unfortunately, present construction of these cells tends to give poor contact between the ends of the cell and its internal parts, so the spring which pushes on the cells needs to be a strong one. Lamps in which several cells are held in a battery-box, with spring clips making contact with the ends of the cells, are much more likely to give trouble. Torches with three or more cells are little better for our use than the standard 2-cell type; the extra light is seldom needed, and the batteries last no longer.

Large-head torches are awkward to fit in pack or pocket, and the glass is more easily broken. Replacing a glass with a disc of perspex is worthwhile. Avoid types in which the end of the front

cell rests against the metal tip of the bulb; if dropped head downwards, the weight of the cells will push the bulb out of focus or smash it altogether. If your torch has no place for keeping a spare bulb, include one in your first-aid kit or some other safe container, as a bulb can burn out at any time.

If possible the switch should be a type which does not have a long projecting button which can easily be moved to "on" by pressure against other articles in a pack. If there is any doubt, turn the front cell around so that the two cells meet nose to nose, or, in the case of other battery arrangements, put a pad of paper in between battery and lamp-contact, and then if the switch does get accidentally turned on, the battery will not be run down. A switch which allows the light to be "blinked" briefly is a help, because by sparing use of the torch, the eyes will not be handicapped in making best use of whatever dim natural light there may be.

Though it has only very short range and battery life, the little pen-type torch is well worth carrying by day-trippers; much better than striking matches!

P.L.

---ooOoo---

```

X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X
X
X      OVERDUE TRAMPERS                                X
X
X      IF a Club Party at any time becomes overdue, would parents X
X      or members please first contact one of the following:- X
X
X      Alan Berry           'phone 77-223                X
X      Norman Elder         "      77-924                X
X      Janet Lloyd          "      87-666                X
X      Maury Taylor         "      HMN 829                X
X      ALL active trampers please show this to your parents. X
X
X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X

```

#### ORNITHOLOGICAL

KIWI's FOOT PRINT. On 13th March Helen and Nancy came upon 4 or 5 fresh excellent Kiwi foot prints in the recently-set mud of a dried up tarnlet on the saddle campsite just beyond the junction of the southern and second fingers of Three Fingers, Northern Ruahines.

---ooOoo---

WAIPAWA FORKS

At the beginning and end of last winter, March and August 1965, two exceptional floods were reported to have made big changes in the Waipawa headwaters, taking away the fly camp at the Forks, removing the nearby rain-gauge and various flood marks downstream that had been put in not long ago by the Catchment Board.

Such floods happen, but not so very often - I can only recall in my time, one previous one in 1955 - and to have two in one winter is well over the odds.

So at the end of February I spent a day poking round as far up as the Forks to try and figure out what had happened. We'd been up and down the river for more than 30 years, long enough to see the deer come in and the cullers arrive and the changes that began to impress themselves on us when we were relaying materials for the Waikamaka Hut up the river in the winter of 1939.

Our interest in deer dates from Christmas 1935 when a Wellington party made a trip along the top of the range from the Pohangina Gorge (Whaingapuna) to Kereru (Matthew's Hut). Deer sign was scarce south of Tiraha, "The Wild Saw Tooth Ridge, Do Not Attempt", of the early surveys was barely tracked and quite hairy-looking; then deer tracks and animals became steadily more conspicuous till, about Piopio, deer just stood and looked at us. North of this again there weren't many animals; from Hut Ruin on the plateau was a hell of untracked, uneatable, dog-leg scrub, but the slopes eaten completely out to the edge of the cliffs and beyond - the animals had moved out.

So we seem to have passed the Waipawa just as the deer were moving in and before they had had time to do obvious damage; Buttercup Hollow for instance was knee high in flowering Ranunculus insignis.

The Internal Affairs cullers came up from the South Island towards the end of 1937 and made their highest tallies from the Waipawa Saddle north, so that the deer didn't have a long undisturbed run in the Central Ruahines, though of course these South Island cullers didn't go in for bush-shooting, nor did they need to. During the last war the deer had a break, but since that ended the pressure on them has been pretty steady and they're now so scattered and so shy that the problem is to find hunters to bring the numbers down further.

About midwinter 1939 when materials for the Waikamaka hut were being relayed up-river, a slip came down opposite the Forks within days of the shifting of a dump that would have been buried under it. This surprised us but it was the start of a series of slips that developed on the hillsides between the North Block ford and the Forks.

These were distinct from the big screes and rockfalls above Top Camp, off Sixty Six and in behind Shut Eye which were part

of the pattern described with horror by Colenso on Te Atua Mahuru in the 1840s and pretty certainly independent of recent changes.

The Ruahines are a queer range, apparently being squeezed up by earth movements, for gravity soundings can find no foundation, as in the neighbouring ranges, so it has abrupt fault scarps on either side and may even be rising faster than it is breaking down. The change in slope between the range and the Hawkes Bay plains is so sharp that the levelling process never really stops and the geologist had something when he first saw the Heretaunga Plain and said the real trouble was that human beings had settled here 10,000 years too soon. The Waipawa River is about the best example of this as it has the steepest and most direct course from Sixty Six out on to the Ruataniwha Plain.

This breaking down goes on non-stop and animals can only speed it up by browsing and trampling the vegetation that holds steep faces or makes a blanket against frost-shatter. How much they speed it up is the #64 question.

When Forestry began to take an interest in the ranges there came a chance to work methodically on a lot of casual information that we'd been collecting, so from 1954 onwards I've been taking note of the new slips that have been coming in on the valley walls up to the Forks, watching them start, develop and stabilize, so it was particularly important to see what these last cloud-burst type floods had done to them.

Oddly, it was practically nothing. The main riverbed had shingled up several feet on an even slope from McCullough's to at least 12 feet deep at the Forks, and two side creeks, Trout Creek off Three Johns and a rocky trickle on the Shut Eye side had spewed out enormous fans of shingle. (Oddly enough the creek that comes down past Shut Eye Shack, which had years ago piled up a similar fan, had this time done absolutely nothing and had moss still growing on former shingle ledges and even at present water level). Most of the side slips however showed no sign of anything unusual, and far from being undercut looked to have been protected by the feet of shingle piled up against them. Three out of 14 - 15 showed some surface guttering which had perhaps stripped off some grass, but that was the lot.

At the Forks it was pretty clear that the southern branch down from the saddle had not been greatly affected. The big screes off Sixty Seven still had vegetation creeping up them and the fresh shingle terraces were not a patch on those at the Forks that had come down from Sixty Six and the northern branch. Shingle had swept away the fly camp and gone a couple of chains into the bush, ending in a 10-12ft drop into the southern branch. The island the rain gauge used to sit on, looked to have been washed away and replaced by a larger shingle bank. Trees were barked and bruised for a foot or more above the present surface.

Looking up the Northern Waipawa a great bank of shingle opposite the mouth of the steep creek off Sixty Six was conspicuous. This stood about 20ft above the present stream level and the bruising and stripping of the few trees still standing reached about the same level at the stream confluence. The fall of the creek off Sixty Six was too steep for much shingle to have lodged, but the banks of shingle up the main northern arm had decreased to a depth of 12 feet or so a  $\frac{1}{4}$ -mile further up.

Even though all deer were killed out of the Waiapwa, recovery would be slow. In 1959 when hunting was being stepped up an enthusiastic field officer, Don Foote, lugged a reel of barbed wire up from the forks and wired a group of trees so tightly that neither deer nor human beings have since been able to get inside. Even with sign of deer so seldom visible up this ridge the difference is unmistakeable, and the enclosure has a complete cover of plants even though the growth is slow and most of it is a tender creeping Nertera.

Unfortunately one of the trees overhanging it has died, and equally unfortunately a lot of trees have been felled to make a helicopter landing, so close on the ridge that more light reaches the ground. The enclosure will probably come away much faster, but it will no longer show what happens under the windroof of mountain beech as was the original intention.

N.L.E.

---ooOoo---

#### S.A.R. OPERATION "BEACONQUEST"

Tararua, 24-27th March, 1966.

The purpose of this exercise was twofold, firstly, as an instructional and refresher course for the organisations most closely concerned with Search and Rescue, and secondly, to try to assess the value of a radio beacon in locating downed aircraft.

The exercise revolved around a Cessna with four on board, missing on a flight from Hastings to Paraparaumu. Although there is as yet no beacon available which will survive a crash and emit a signal automatically, small beacons are in use by the R.N.Z.A.F. for attracting attention to aircrew down in the sea. The beacon emits a radio signal, which can be homed upon by aircraft fitted with the necessary receiving equipment.

Just over 100 representatives from all parts of the country attended, 30 odd being Federated Mountain Clubs representatives and the balance Police, Radio, National Parks and others.

As the search and subsequent rescue progressed, the lectures to observers matched the operations in the field, with a running commentary on how the field operations were getting along.



Thursday. An R.N.Z.A.F. Hercules did a quick run down from Auckland during the early hours of the evening, picking up personnel on the way. This massive jet-prop transport cruises at over 300 m.p.h., and made short work of the trip to Wellington via Ohakea. In fact it was back in Auckland before we had reached Trentham Camp by truck from Rongotai.

Friday. The first day revolved around the air/radio search for the missing plane, following the progress of the S.A.R. Co-ordination Centre in narrowing down the area of probability to a manageable size. The radio beacon did prove effective in indicating the general position where the plane had come down, although the first signals were picked up by an N.A.C. flight and not by the specially equipped search planes. We spent the day in the Shell House theaterette, being lectured on various subjects related to the organisation of S.A.R. and the work of the Co-ordination Centre in a Class III search. At the same time we were kept posted on the actual exercise by periodic reports relayed by closed circuit TV from the S.A.R. Co-ordination Centre. Based upon the beacon reports, light aircraft were sent into the probability area but severe turbulence prevented any reliable sighting reports. Nine search teams were therefore organised, briefed at the Central Police Station and sent in to cover this area visually from the ground. The teams left Wellington about 8 o'clock on the Friday evening and in most cases moved well into their respective search areas during the night. Tough types in the Tararuas - the advance base team reached Alpha Hut at 5 am. Saturday, after an all night tramp!

Saturday. Field search headquarters was set up at Trentham so that operations could be followed by the observers and the day was devoted to lectures on subjects associated with field search.

One of the search teams picked up two "survivors" and by mid-afternoon the "wreckage" of the missing plane was reached. The other two occupants were seriously "injured" and so the exercise moved into a rescue phase.

Sunday. The last day dealt with the rescue aspects of the operation and the lectures followed suit. Talks on first aid, aerial drops and the use of helicopters were followed by a final resume of the whole exercise.

Home again by Bristol Freighter, arriving Napier 6.15pm.

Altogether a solid but worthwhile three days from which we gained a lot - not only from the lectures in matters of search organisation and technique, but also by contact with our opposite numbers around the country, especially our neighbours from the Manawatu and Rotorua.

Attending: Maury Taylor and Alan Berry; also Sgt. John McCormack (Hastings Police) and Jack Carrell (Hastings section Amateur Radio Emergency Corps.)

A.V.B.

---ooOoo---

PRIVATE TRIPSUrewera:

December 26th

Left Napier about 6.30 a.m. on Boxing Day and headed for Waikaremoana, arriving there about 10.30. Had to wait until about mid day for the ranger to appear so Harry could get a shooting licence.

Left the vehicle at Aniwaniwa and laden like pack horses we went up the track to Waikare-iti. An hour brought us to the lake where some of us had a swim.

We had intended to get to Manuoha on the first day, but we missed the track. (no longer in existence). Realising this, we continued on to Sandy Bay. Sandy Bay hut is very comfortable and spacious (18 bunks). More swimming, stew (with unusual additives) and Christine's pudding for tea. Weather was good - fine, sunny and hot, but during the night it rained heavily and was very windy.

Up late next day and away by 10 a.m. This time we followed the track to the Kaipo lagoon. This took about half an hour. It rained off and on so parkas went on and off most of the morning. The good disced track finished at the lagoon, so after a brief search for it, we went directly across the lagoon and headed north (roughly) making for the east-west ridge containing Pukepuke. On top of the ridge, still in the beech trees, the weather was colder and rain was more persistent, mingled with hail.

We followed the ridge along in a westerly direction passing over Pukepuke (3900 approx?) en route. Had a brief stop for lunch when Xmas pudding (again) and custard (laboriously carried by hand in a billy) went down very well.

Towards 3.00 p.m. we turned on to a side ridge which ran in the general direction of Manuoha. We followed this down then up and eventually reached the summit of Manuoha (4602') about 5.45. Going was quite easy through beech and ferns. The last  $\frac{3}{4}$  hour was on a track which leads off from Manuoha in an easterly direction. The Manuoha hut was a welcome sight. It lies on the western side of the summit in a small clearing about 50' below the top, but has a very smoky fireplace and only three bunks. We had only just put our packs down when it started to snow. Harry had ideas of sleeping in his tent (for our benefit), but he quickly moved into the hut when the tent collapsed with the snow. It was a cold night and everything was white next morning with 2-3" of snow. We wasted no time in getting underway down a long ridge to the road, reaching it about 3.30 p.m. at the bridge over the Wiotukupuna stream. It was an easy downhill tramp along a well marked track. It became warmer as we descended, but was still wet.

About a mile along the road towards Aniwaniwa brought us to Hopuaruahine landing where we spent a rough night in a 10 x 10 tent lent to us by the men occupying one of the huts.

Next morning (Wednesday) Harry went back for the car and we moved off about 11.30 a.m. Sick of the bad weather we decided to go to Morere which we did stopping at Wairoa for lunch.

Two swims were had at Morere - one in the murky hot (?) pools and one in the stream. We slept out as the weather was fine and warm. Next day we went across the "clay road" to a beach 5 miles north of Oputama and descended on some friends for lunch and a swim, this time in the sea. About 2.00 p.m. we headed for home - reaching Napier about 6.30. A very interesting trip in new country. Worth another trip some time.

Party: Harry Stewart, Christine Prebble, Elizabeth and Alex Buchanan Paul Frude, Brian Smith.

C.B.S.

#### Ruahapu:

November 26th

On Friday 26th November Dempster, Athol and myself were ready to leave at about 6 p.m. but at 5.40 Dempster got a ring to say Warren Greer was waiting at Holts for us. After some ringing, talking and waiting we got Elizabeth to come with us. I sped home and got the truck, rushed around, and picked up Elizabeth and finally left Napier about 7.45. We arrived in Taupo about 10.10 p.m. refueled and headed to Ruapehu. By this time I thought Athol would be well ahead of us. I made a wrong turning and ended up in Taurarunui. We finally arrived at the Chateau about 12.30 five minutes after the others. They left at 8.10 p.m.

Early next morning it was raining fairly hard. It had stopped by about 8.30 but it was misty at the top for most of the day. About 4 p.m. it cleared for a period. About midday twenty girls turned up. Gee, what a noise they make! We had a terrific stew prepared by Dempster.

Next morning it was raining steadily until we left at about 9.45. We travelled via National Park, Ohakune, Waipouru and finally arrived at Taupo about midday. We had a swim in the A.C. Baths and the last truck arrived home about 7.30

Party: Elizabeth Pinder, Dempster Thompson, Athol Mace (leader), Graham Griffiths

G.H.G.

Puketitiri to Blowhard:

January 15th-16th

Half the party couldn't get away from work until 3 p.m. so after hastily packing, we turned our backs on a waterlogged Puketitiri and took off from Baldy for the Lotkow Hut at 4p.m. in pouring rain with visibility at 100 yards.

Travelling down the valley was quite pleasant - we were soon thoroughly saturated, so paddling down Gorge Stream couldn't make us any wetter - except for one poor unfortunate who sat waist deep in a hole! The track leaves the Gorge Stream where the Lotkow creek joins, and sidles round above this creek and from there on is like a four lane (bush) highway - slightly up and down in places, but ideal for high gear. Arriving at Lotkow Hut at 6 p.m. we were greeted by numerous Tomtits, Warblers and Riflemen, even the roll of toilet paper was on its way down the track to meet us! The hut was in an immaculate condition, the last occupants having taken off before Xmas. After filling the woodbox we cooked our stew (delicious) read the log book, and hit the sack at 10 p.m. while the rain still ceaselessly poured down.

6 a.m. next morning we awoke to brilliant sunshine with birds singing everywhere. A leisurely breakfast a clean up, and we were away at 8 a.m. just as the sun reached the hut. Travelling conditions were perfect, spirits soared, and we tripped along over the saddle and on to a very distinct track, sidling above the creek, heading, we thought, for the Lawrence. The track abruptly ended in a greasy slip which we negotiated in the unorthodox way of using all fours and eventually ended up at the main creek which apparently we should have paddled down all the way. Finding occasional discs, we plodded on down the creek for some time, then followed a clearly defined track round the side before dropping down to Cable Creek where we met two Robins. Frequent arguments ensued as to who should lead as the hook grass was really ripe - and there seemed an unfair amount of it too!

Uphill, downhill, over a ridge and finally downhill to the Tutaekuri river where the Donald joins it. A quick scamper down stream along the riverbed to meet our fellow Heretaungas by 10 a.m. at the Lawrence Hut. From here we continued the rest of the trip with them up Gold Creek and out to Blowhard via Boar Hill, and finally home to Puketitiri by 1 a.m. Our thanks to Harry for transport to Bay View and to Rex Maxwell for taking us to Puketitiri.

Tui Maxwell, Pam Lewis

Lilting on the lower Ngaruroro 20th February

Three H.T.C. and one visitor strolled up to where the Mangatahi stream joins the Ngaruroro, a few miles above Maraekakaho, and expected to have a placid journey down river on lilos. Within a few hundred yards, two had been washed under a fallen willow tree by

a strong current, and being forced along the sloping branches, were dragged under. Luckily nothing worse than a two-foot tear in one lilo resulted. It seems as if these quiet looking lowland river stretches might be more dangerous than the high country ones.

P/L.

Ben Lomond 5747'

16th - 17th February

From the camping ground at Queenstown we took off at 7 p.m. to amble up Ben Lomond for the night. We toddled upwards til 9 p.m. when darkness overtook us, then selected a place among the snow grass to sleep at about 5,000 ft. As the slope wasn't horizontal we scratched about among the snow grass clumps for some time before getting settled. The first pillow I found turned out to be a very prickly Spaniard. It was one of those sparkling clear nights only the high country can produce, and the twinkling lights of Queenstown far below were strangely out of place. A thick band of fog had settled over Lake Wakatipu, the settling dew was like a light rain and soon the ground and sleeping bag covers were drenched. It was also rather cold! Teeth soon started to chatter like machine gun fire. Sometimes we slept, but most times we didn't. Dave didn't approve either, of waking up to find he had a face full of my feet as I gravitated downhill!

By 4.45 a.m. it was either die of exposure or get up so by 5 a.m. we were on the way upwards, in the grey half light. The little mountain flowers were still tightly closed, and 18 hoary old Merinos took off like mountain goats as we puffed on upwards. Finally we got there and sat among the rocks on top, taking in both food and the glorious views as the sun slipped up over the Remarkables and thousands upon thousands of acres of snow-capped hills and ranges changed from deep blue to pink. Slowly the mist thinned, then vanished, and we could look down into the green waters of Lake Wakatipu to the south east and Moke lake to the south west. Shadows in the gullies lessened, and as we had to break camp at Queenstown and head for Makarora that day, we reluctantly headed downhill just before 8 a.m. arriving at the camping ground about 9.30 a.m.

David and Pam Lewis

South Island trip: (extracts from letters from Rona Budgett)

Hitch-hiking from Lyttleton over to the West Coast was easier than I had expected. Had not liked the thought of thumbing a ride but fortunately did not once have to do this. Enjoyed a brilliantly fine morning at Arthur's Pass; was up above the bushline by 8 a.m. and climbed along the main ridge north of the valley, kicking steps in the snow in one or two places to Mt. Blimit. It wasn't safe to attempt any more on my own, and without an ice axe, so retreated

down the slopes into Temple Basin, where the deserted ski huts were littered with bottles, tins and broken glass, presumably from some Labour weekend parties.

Spent nights at motor camps at Hokitika, Franz Josef, and Fox, but it rained most of the time at the last two, with little visible but wet bush and slips along the roadside. Lake Paringa made up for this with perfect weather, and I spent a couple of days exploring. The old cattle trail is already becoming overgrown.

Road works were in full swing, with the official opening only two days away, and heavy machines were frequently getting stuck and having to haul each other out of boggy patches. One of the workers at Knight's point lent me his binoculars to watch the seals on the beach below. Was grateful for a lift along the last miles of dusty straight road to Haast, having walked 25 miles and thinking that I had been a bit optimistic in packing my pack, which was still over 40 lbs.

Stops of a couple of days in Wanaka, Cromwell and Queenstown, brought me to a pleasant family on a sheep station eight miles up the Routeburn road at the head of Lake Wakatipu. The situation was magnificent; the bracken-covered hill behind the house rises to over 6000 ft and across the Dart is Mt. Alfred and a short way upstream the turret head of Mt. Earnshaw. During my weeks with them I learned a great deal of the problems of country folk; making-do when you are a long way from the shops; correspondence school lessons; arranging meals for hungry workers. No wonder the children are so bright and resourceful.

Picked bad weather for the next stage, and was delayed three days in the Routeburn Hut by heavy rain. The river became a raging torrent halfway across the flats; for a while there was also a frothing stream along the side of the hut. At last the rain eased, though there were still heavy low clouds when I moved on. The track up through the bush and round the basin below Harris falls wasn't very well marked and it began to snow gently, big flakes drifting down into the dark lake below. From the saddle the track was excellent. The smart new hut at Lake Mackenzie was occupied by a deerstalker who was drying his clothes by the fire and warming himself with a bottle of whisky. The lake was a bright dark green, set in stunted beech at 3400 ft, and had risen to cover the track in one place. Between there and Howden the high altitude beech is festooned with moss and lichen, and very beautiful in the rain. The Earland Falls were impressive, seeming to pour straight down on to you from the cliff high above. Howden hut which had taken me 7 hours tramping time from Routeburn, contained some A.U.T.C. bods who had been rained out of their camp and had been waiting for better climbing weather for four days. The hut is a good one, with 12 bunks, but only a miserable free standing stove which doesn't like wet wood.

In the sunshine next morning the Hollyford valley looked glorious; lush and green with the bright contrast of patches of foxglove and mistletoe, the creeks still roaring down milky with foam and glinting everywhere.

I stayed at the camp run by Murray Gunn, and was fortunate to go on one of his trips to Martin's Bay. We took two riding horses and a pack horse for the first day's journey. The second day was spent manhandling a heavy dinghy over rapids and boulders, which cost us all a thorough soaking and some bruises. We rowed to Lake McKerrow, dried out round a huge fire, and set off down the lake in the moonlight at 10 p.m. The outboard motor went on strike and most of the night was spent tinkering with spark plugs etc., and rowing. At 2 a.m. the mist came down and for a while we seemed to row in circles. An hour later we found a beach, made a fire and waited for dawn, eating bacon and eggs fried in a billy, until the sandflies drove us off. Two hours rowing brought us to Jamestown where we were loaned another outboard, and this brought us to Martin's Bay before mid-day. The following day was spent sunbathing, swimming and procuring rabbits for tea, near the site of the old McKenzie homestead. On the return, the other outboard also packed up;—more hours of unsuccessful tinkering. Next day we rowed back to Jamestown and borrowed a canvas sheet instead. With this folded and roped to a Manuka mast and boom, we made use of a good stiff breeze to reach the head of the lake in only 2½ hours; a brisk walk brought us to Lower Pyke hut before dark and we had a welcome big feed of trout which had been given to us. The last day nearly ended in disaster when crossing a deep ford; the young pack horse played up and was swept on to a snag, another horse also got into difficulty, and some swimming had to be done at short notice! The others decided to walk the rest of the way while I took the horses out.

Another memorable day was when I was invited to join a family of three climbers on an easy ascent of Barrier Knob, above the famous Gertrude saddle. The knob is only about 6000 ft but the view is thought by many to be the best in Fiordland. For a while after unroping on the broad summit I felt completely overwhelmed by the panorama of glistening peaks, quite beyond description; the Darran, Humboldt, and other ranges, Milford Sound below, Aspiring in the distance, and near at hand, Crosscut, Talbot, Christina, Marian and Sabre; and not much farther, Tutoko and Magdalene. An experience like this is worth weeks of ordinary humdrum living. Besides the weather, the snow conditions were also perfect, soft enough to kick steps, but firm enough in places for standing glissades on the way down. We took 5 hours up but only 3 down including stops for photos and botanising. I certainly hope that many other H.T.C. boots can find an opportunity to pass that way. Mr. Gunn has a museum including many interesting articles from the pioneering days; it is a pity that it has not been publicised more.

---

DART & REES VALLEYS

The Dart and Rees Rivers flow into Lake Wakatipu. It was in these two valleys that we spent a two-week tramping holiday in January.

With 7-day packs, we left our transport at the end of the road from Glenorchy and tramped into Twenty-Five Mile Hut in the Rees. This would have been a stroll were it not for a blazing hot sun, heavy packs and our very unfit condition. Next day we crossed the river and spent a drizzly morning trying to find the track up through the beech forest to Earnslaw Hut. Eventually this was achieved more by accident than good track markings and Earnslaw Hut was reached just before the bush line.

Our objective was Earnslaw - the East Peak (9,000 feet) and so next day we continued up, past aptly-named Kea Basin, to the snow-line where we roped up for some experience. Traversing the Birley Glacier, under a clear sky without a breeze, we seemed to lose pounds before the saddle was reached. On our right Leary, to the left Earnslaw, and straight ahead was the welcome sight of Esquilant Bivvy, at 7,000 feet, belonging to the Alpine Club. Here we were exposed to quite a strong westerly which kept us company for the next 36 hours. The Bivvy had solidly frozen rubber mattresses stuck to the floor. These we unfroze and dried in the strong wind. A comfortable time was spent in the hut but I wouldn't like to be there with more than three companions - a bit crowded.

Earnslaw's East Peak proved impossible for our party - it was too icy and we were too inexperienced. Instead a pleasant day was spent on and circum-navigating Leary (8,000 feet). From here a magnificent panorama of the Southern Alps presented itself under a cloudless sky. From a sheltered spot we admired the view while having lunch and sunbathing on the warm rock.

Another day in the snow would have been most acceptable but the next day heralded rain clouds and reluctantly we made a fast descent past Earnslaw Hut into the shelter of the forest. Here the sun was shining and the walk through the beeches was the most beautiful I have ever made.

This successful week in the Rees was followed by a complete contrast - rain and flood in the Dart, a muddy glacial river. It certainly <sup>lived</sup> up to its name - the Dirty Dart.

Leaving the car near Paradise, our newly-filled packs seemed quite light as we spent the first afternoon reaching Chinaman's Flats. Here manuka bivvys were made and next morning we woke up to drizzle, not to mention the eternal sandfly.

The next day is firmly implanted on my memory. The river was rising and bluffs had to be climbed instead of rounded. A sturdy tributary had to be crossed, the final barrier proved to be Sandy



Bluff. We are still wondering where that track is! Looking for a track in pouring rain, with heavy packs and leaking parkas and with no prospect of shelter on the near side of the bluff was somewhat depressing. We got no further than that bluff but did achieve something else. Our party now belongs to that experienced group which, neglecting to use compasses, has gone round in a complete circle and ended up further back than ever!

At 4pm we set up house under a huge overhanging rock. This was a wonderful abode and afforded us quite good shelter for the next two nights. The tributary behind us had risen to a dangerous level. Hal enjoyed some river crossing here. He crossed safely on a rope but yelled back that it was unsafe for me, so we brought him back again.

We tried once more to find the elusive track but with little enthusiasm. The sandflies liked us too much and the hut over the bluff had a discouraging name - Sandfly Hut.

As we emerged from the Dart we felt that the valley had been somewhat inhospitable but we did get many good laughs. At any rate, with the Rees, it gave us an extremely varied holiday.

M.M'C.

Party: Hal Christian, Bill Hendry, Bert and Madge McConnell.

-----ooOoo-----

#### SOCIAL NEWS

Births: To Stan and Kathy Woon - a son.

To Gae and Earle Culver - a son.

Engagement: Christine Prebble to Alister Spain.

Marriage: Heather McKay to Chick Hill.

Bereavement: Our sympathy to Stan and Bob Woon on the death of their father.

Departures: Graham Lookman to Wellington.

Elizabeth Pindar overseas.

Elizabeth Buchanan to Ardmore.

Re-appearances: Alison Procter on her way back from England to Adelaide.

Dick Endt and his wife on a visit from Auckland.

ASSOCIATE MEMBERS: The following ex-members have rejoined the Club as Associate Members:-

Geoff Gilchrist, Edna Steel, Noeline Tomlinson, Doris Haase, Al Moffit, Brian Jobbins.

NEW MEMBERS: We welcome the following to the Club:- Martin du Fresne, Brian Smith (absentee), Graham Soppit (jr.), Ian Telford (jr.) Joan Steenson (jr.), Anne McHardy (jr.).

-----ooOoo-----

FIXTURE LIST.

Leaders to give a short description of trip - locality, fitness required, etc. at the meeting before the trip.

<u>1966</u>		<u>Leader</u>	<u>Fare</u>
APR.23-25	Remutupo Hut - Upper Makaroro - Trig K.	P. Lewis	10/-
" 24th	Centre Makaroro Hut - Trig K.		
MAY 8th	Te Iringa from Gentle Annie.	Madge McConnell	10/-
MAY 21-22	Waikamaka, or Studholmes Saddle Hut via Mackintosh track - Kiwi Hut.	John Feigler	10/-
JUNE 4-6	Waikamaka Hut.	Dempster Thompson	10/-
Queen's B'day			
JUNE 19th	Lake Opouahi.	Helen Lees	10/-
JULY 2-3	Galbraiths Hut - Taraponui (Maungaharuru)	Diana Way	10/-
JULY 17th	East Face 66 or Armstrong Saddle.	Alan Berry	10/-
JULY 30-31	Lotkow - Mackintosh - Makahu (Kawekas)	Peter Lewis	10/-
AUG. 14th	Kaweka Hut - snow trip.	Annette Tremewan	10/-
AUG.27-28	Ruahine Hut - No Mans Hut.	John Feigler	9/-
SEPT. 11	Pohatuhaha - Sentry Box.	Dennis Baldwin	9/-
SEP.24-25	Middle Hill - Ballard Hut - Makino Hut. (N. Kawekas)	Graham Thorp	10/-
OCT. 8-9	Trial Search (?)	Maury Taylor	?

Fares are reducible by 2/- for seniors, and  $\frac{1}{2}$  fares by 1/- for school pupils, if paid at the meeting before or on the trip.

List of Contents:

	<u>Page</u>		
Reunion	1	Waipawa Forks	14
Donations	2	SAR Operation "Beaconquest"	16
Club Trips	3	Private Trips	18
Trampers' Torches	12	Social News	25
Ornithology - Kiwi footprints	13	Associate Members	25
Overdue Trampers	13	New Members	25

ANZAC DAY POPPIES: Please hand to Annette your Poppies for the  
Cairn Wreath.