

HERETAUNGA TRAMPING CLUB (INC.)

"P O H O K U R A"

BULLETIN NO. 107.

President:

Mr. P. Bayens, St. George's Road, Nth., R.D.2, Hastings. Phone 84-498

Hon Secretary:

Mr. G. Griffiths, Box 242, Hastings. Phone 81325.

Hon Treasurer:

Mrs. M. M'Connell, 306 McLean St., Hastings. Phone 69-655.

Club Captain:

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

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ANNUAL REPORT.

PRESIDENT'S REPORT.

Another year gone. This has been a rather quiet one with few big upheavals or shocking events. The biggest upheaval was when Annette and Russell got married and we lost our long-standing and honoured secretary. Graham Griffiths took over Annette's job, and I am sure that given a little time he will be just as hard to beat as Annette was. Thanks again, Annette, for all that you have done for us.

Another upheaval was the breakdown of the truck gearbox. No doubt you will hear more of this in the Truck Report. I would just like to mention that it was repaired in true trampers' style, and how the parts were obtained would make anybody jealous.

On one or two trips the members' endurance was taxed to the utmost, but in retrospect this must give the people concerned some sense of achievement, and an insight into how much the body can take before it packs up completely.

One pleasing thing is the good attendance at the Club's meetings. This is really encouraging for the Social Committee who organize guest speakers and other entertainment. In this we are really fortunate. Keep the Club spirit up and continue to come along.

Last year a small party of H.T.C. went down to the South Island. This year twelve decided to do the Milford Track. It seems that the old habit is coming back. Not so long ago it was an annual event for members to go south for a fortnight and climb some really tough stuff.

Waikamaka Hut is finished except for a coat of paint.

Once again, thanks to those trampers who take out various High School Tramping Clubs, and thus build up tramping interest for the future.

Membership is slowly creeping up year by year, the total number this year being 122, as compared with 120 last year.

P. B.

#### CLUB CAPTAIN'S REPORT.

The Club will be doing mighty well if it ever has a better year than this one has been. Some of the parties have been so large that it was hard to keep track of individuals, but it is most encouraging to find that although the veterans of many years' tramping are now only a very small proportion of those who make up the parties, some of those who have become members only within the last three years have formed a strong nucleus who seem determined to keep the old Club spirit going. New members have come along in better numbers (twenty-five compared with ten last year). The trend towards younger (and smaller) recruits continues, but this may not be altogether unfortunate, as they make up for this with extra keenness and energy.

In numbers, records have probably been made in both directions. One week-end trip in bad weather drew only five of the really keen types, while the Easter trip, at the other extreme, brought out nine times as many, and fifty or even sixty have been out on day trips. It is now not uncommon for the capacity of the truck to be exceeded, and the overflow taken in cars. If it had not been for a few of the winter trips when bad weather, exams, etc., caused such a reduction, the averages would have been well up. As it is, week-end trips are up by only one, from sixteen to seventeen, and day trips by five, from twenty-one to twenty-six.

Now that Annette is no longer here to give so much help and encouragement to the girls, there seems to be a distinct tendency for most week-end trips to be "boys only" and fairly energetic. If the predominance of a small but very fit group leads to more than just a few trips being too strenuous for many beginners, it will certainly not be to the long-term benefit of the Club.

However, this last year our members have done so well with quite ambitious trips, nobody seriously hurt or lost, and no trips called off even in the worst weather, that it has been a great pleasure to be out with them, and confidence in the future of the H.T.C. seems justified.

P. L.

#### FIXTURE, HUT AND TRACK REPORT.

##### FIXTURES.

The Club has a tremendous amount of country within reasonable distance, and it is therefore not too difficult to provide members with an interesting and varied series of trips during the year. The only limiting factors are the points of access to the ranges and the amount of ground that can be covered in two days. In an endeavour to gain some knowledge of the Ahimanawa Range we have again put trips into this country during the past year. This is the sort of country we are likely to be called upon to cover in search operations, and it is therefore necessary that Club members have a reasonable working knowledge of the area.

It is usually found that the picnic or "tourist" type trips prove popular with members, and this year was no exception. Sixty members and families

turned up on the marathon and picnic at Swamp Cottage last December, and there was also very good support for the Easter trip to Mount Tarawera.

#### HUTS.

After a sustained effort by members, the new Waikamaka Hut was completed during the year, as well as the lean-to. The high standard of comfort and convenience in the newer Forestry huts seems to have encouraged an acceptance of more gracious living as a matter of course, and there was a significant absence of objections when we decided to provide Dunlopillo mattresses for Waikamaka as well.

Kiwi Saddle Hut has received attention also during the year, the Maori bunk and floor having been completed. A certain amount of other tidying work has also been done.

Kaweka Hut received attention from Vandals during the year, two beech trees having been dropped across the roof. Fortunately, however, little damage was done. Apart from clearing this away, no work has been done on Kaweka Hut.

#### TRACKS.

The Club is definitely getting out of practice at track cutting these days, as we rely more and more on the Forest Service to provide tracks in the ranges. We do feel, however, that the Club should continue to do its bit in this field, and we intend to give some attention to the Kaweka track during the next year.

A.V.B.

#### GEAR CUSTODIAN'S REPORT.

The gear appears to be in reasonably good order, though the billies get more and more battered and bent. Tents are not often needed in these days of plentiful huts.

Eight foam rubber mattresses 6' x 2' x 2' have been bought, and, when covered with durable material, will be taken to the Waikamaka Hut and Kiwi Hut to soften some of the bare boards.

The main borrowers of gear have been High School members. Hire fees brought in:-

Ice-axes (15 hirings)	\$5.90
Packs (21 hirings)	5.50
Parkas (8 hirings)	2.30
Sleeping Bag Covers (3 hirings)	1.20
Tents (2 hirings)	.70
Boots (4 hirings)	.80
Billy (1 hiring)	.40
Rope (1 hiring)	.20
	<u>\$17.00</u>

I should be grateful for reports of any gear needing repair. Thank you to those who returned gear in good order after use.

N.T.

### TRUCK COMMITTEE REPORT.

Once again the truck has given another year of faithful service. Repairs have been rather higher than usual, but expenses do not show any appreciable increase.

The major work carried out this year was to the gear-box and brakes, and a small working-bee was held to re-paint and generally tidy up the vehicle. Our thanks go to Maury Taylor and George Prebble for their time spent repairing the gear-box at such low cost, and to Graham Griffiths for his assistance with the driving.

It looks as though another working party will be required in the near future, as the Transport Department has brought in some new regulations which require the truck to have windows in the canopy, shackle stops and several other items.

G.T.

### POHOKURA.

"Pohokura" will miss Annette. She always typed the Club trips (a substantial section of our Bulletin), seemed to know all changes of address, and brought along a giant-sized stapler whenever she could get to stapling parties.

Our thanks to all who contribute to the writing and the assembling of our magazine.

Is there another typist in the Club?

J.L.

### LIBRARY REPORT.

No books have been added to the Library this year, and only one taken out. People no longer seem to read mountain books; I suppose they watch T.V. instead: at least, that is the only reason I can think of. The post of librarian, therefore, seems superfluous, and a library report no longer called for.

H.C.H.

### SOCIAL COMMITTEE REPORT.

The Social Committee has had another active year, providing an assortment of entertainment at the fortnightly meetings and on other social occasions.

The year started with a well-attended barbecue at Clifton for Guy Fawkes, when M. Thompson gave a very generous donation of sausages, and Harry provided wild pork chops. A very successful Christmas party was held at Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin's, to whom we are indebted for the use of their home and swimming pool, which proved an ideal setting for a very happy evening. This was followed by an impromptu day trip to Waimarama Beach. Another evening worthy of mention was the celebration of Annette's and Russell's engagement, when everyone's response was really wonderful.

A variety of speakers has provided interesting and instructive talks and slide evenings, including overseas trips for pleasure or duty to England, Borneo, Cyprus, out-back Australia, Marineland and Raoul Island. Two PANAM films on Austria and Scandinavia were shown. More local subjects have included

decimal currency, aero clubs, motor-racing experiences, child welfare work, delinquency and Borstal work, reminiscences of tramping, National Parks, caving, geology, and the work of the Forest and Range Experiment Station in the Urewera.

Our Club members have given talks and shown excellent slides of trips and Club activities, and these evenings are greatly appreciated. In view of the large number of slides now being taken, it is proposed to have one meeting in every four devoted to members' slides, to enable us all to share the photographic talent among us.

Our thanks to all who have contributed to Club evenings, and for the good attendance and support you have all given to our activities.

P.M.L.

#### CLUB ALBUM REPORT.

This year there has been another album added to the Club's collection of photos, but, as has been the case in the past few years, the number of members taking slides has out-numbered the members who still keep to the black and white prints.

I would like to remind everyone taking photos (either slides or black and whites) to take an extra one for the Club collection, and not to forget that we also have a collection of slides.

Our thanks go to all those who have contributed, but I am afraid it is still left to the few keen types to keep things going.

G.T.

#### SEARCH REPORT.

Despite the fact that more and more people are seeking recreation in the ranges, this last year is the second in succession in which we have not had even an alert on the search and rescue front. This will doubtless hearten the National Mountain Safety Council, a local committee of which has just been formed to keep people out of the trouble from which the Search Committee might otherwise have to extricate them. The Club is represented on the Mountain Safety Committee and has offered every assistance in their work of promoting a greater public awareness of the hazards that do exist in the high country.

There is growing interest in search and rescue work right throughout Hawkes Bay, and organizations from Dannevirke to Napier took part in the recent trial exercise in the Northern Ruahines. Central and Southern Hawkes Bay now each have a set-up that can cope with local problems, and it is only for the more major operations that our Club members would be called into these areas. The over-all organization in Hawkes Bay is running very smoothly, and we are grateful for the active interest taken by Deerstalkers' Clubs, Amateur Radio Emergency Corps, St. John Ambulance, Venturer Scouts, Forest Service, and Marine Rescue Unit.

A.V.B.

ANNUAL MEETING

At the Annual General Meeting held on October 18th, 1967, the following officers were elected:-

Patron: Dr. D.A. Bathgate

President: Mr. P. Bayens

Vice-Presidents: Mrs. J. Lloyd, Messrs A.V. Berry and H. Stewart.

Club Captain: Mr. P. Lewis

Secretary: Mr. G. Griffiths

Treasurer: Mrs. M. M'Connell

Auditor: Miss C. Stirling

Executive Committee: Mrs. Kath Berry, Misses Nancy Tanner, Pam Lewis; Messrs Jim Glass, Maury Taylor, Bert M'Connell, Graham Thorp.

Social Committee: Misses Pam Lewis, Sue Adcock, Elizabeth Pindar; Messrs Doug Thompson, Trevor Baldwin, Russell Millington.

SUB-COMMITTEES

At a subsequent meeting of the Executive Committee the following sub-committees were appointed:-

Fixture, Hut & Track: Peter Lewis, Jim Glass, Graham Thorp, Harry Stewart.

Search Contacts: Alan Berry, Maury Taylor, Peter Lewis.

Search Committee: Phil Bayens, Peter Lewis, Graham Griffiths, Alan Berry, Maury Taylor.

Truck Committee: Graham Thorp, Graham Griffiths.

Editor: Janet Lloyd.

Publicity: Alan Berry, Bert M'Connell.

Gear Custodian: Nancy Tanner.

Scrap Album and Photo Album: Jim Glass.

Librarian: Kath Berry.

HERETAUNGA TRAMPING CLUB (INC.)INCOME & EXPENDITURE ACCOUNTFOR THE YEAR ENDED 30TH SEPTEMBER, 1967

<u>1966</u>	<u>INCOME:</u>	The Clubs Income comprised:	
227	Subscriptions		159.35
14	Gear Hire		17.00
34	Meeting Contributions		50.25
36	Donations		2.38
92	Net Proceeds from Broad Beans		115.23
32	Interest		47.22
2	Profit on Maps		.25
10	S.A.R. Administration Grant		10.00
-	Library Fees		.05
-	Surplus on Transport		72.63
<u>447</u>			<u>474.36</u>
	<u>Expenditure:</u>	The Expenses incurred in running the Club were:	
69	Rent of Meeting Room		66.35
5	Advertising		9.00
1	Supper and Social Expenses		6.25
-	Equipment Maintenance		6.78
36	Bulletin Expenses		54.92
6	Subscriptions		6.10
12	F.M.C. Capitation		14.09
3	Insurance		3.02
13	Stationery		1.58
17	Petty Cash and General Expenses		3.92
9	Presentation		- -
	Transport Costs	356.52	
	Truck Depreciation	80.00	
		<u>436.52</u>	
	Less Fares Received	<u>499.15</u>	
<u>84</u>	Surplus to Contra	<u>72.63</u>	
<u>255</u>			<u>172.01</u>
<u>192</u>	There was therefore a Surplus of Income over Expenditure of		<u>\$302.35</u>

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HERETAUNGA TRAMPING CLUB (INC.)

BALANCE SHEET

AS AT 30TH SEPTEMBER, 1967

1966	At Balance date the Club owned the following Assets:		
752	Bank of New South Wales	1186.78	
634	Post Office Savings Bank	732.90	
1	Sundry Debtors	-	
97	Equipment	96.60	
7	Cash on Hand	9.61	
	Stocks: Badges	23.75	
	Maps	55.60	
	Song Books	8.71	
	Route Guides	5.65	
	Bulletin Covers	2.50	
86		96.21	
	<u>Bedford Truck, as Cost</u>	921.71	
	Less Depreciation to date	720.00	
282		201.71	
	Huts valued in the books as follows:		
	Kaweka	10.00	
	Kiwi	50.00	
	Waikamaka	54.79	
114		114.79	
50	Projector	50.00	
2023	The Total value of Assets being		2488.60
	However of this amount there has been been set aside as:		
70	Reunion Funds	69.38	
24	Search Fund	23.94	
26	Maintenance of Rescue Kits	36.26	
109	Hut Maintenance	88.63	
-	Subscription received in Advance	7.00	
	and there were owing various accounts amounting to	11.35	
2			
231			236.56
1792			2252.04



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 as shown by the books of the Club, the Balance Sheet and Income and 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, 1967, and of the results of its activities, for the year ended on that date.

Catherine Stirling, A.P.A.N.Z.  
Hon. Auditor.

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PRIVATE TRIPS

RUAPEHU (Climbing Trip)

Aug. 26th - Sept. 1st.

Sat. 26th August: The weather prospects weren't very good as we left Hastings at 7.30am, and reports from Ruapehu were that snow was pretty scarce, which gave little promise of being able to snow-cave near the top as we had hoped. Matters became worse as we drove up from Ohakune at 4pm. The occupant of a large truck at the Blyth hut track informed us that 30 venturer scouts were in residence there. It was raining as we went on up, and then sleeting as we ensconced ourselves in the public shelter and Bert went down to Ohakune to meet Hal and his 'varsity friend John at the railway station. In spite of it all, a comfortable night was spent on lilos on the floor.

Sun. 27th. The alarm went off at 6am, but it was definitely not a climbing day - low cloud, rain and snow. We spent the morning eating, chatting, eating and packing. Down the road and along the 20-minute mudbath track to Blyth in the afternoon where there was now only a family of seven in residence. During the night a 'possum was relieved of its incessant worry for nourishment, not without a great deal of noise and nausea.

Mon. 28th. Up at 6 to greet a fantastic view of the mountain, a bank of clouds to the south and a lot of fur in the hut. After much eating we eventually got away, and left the car at the top of the road at 8.45. The snow was delightfully firm and crusty, and after about 45 minutes we stopped to put crampons on. Higher up there was fresh powder snow, but on topping the crater rim we were greeted by a magnificent view of the summit plateau, and the feel of firm ice underfoot. Another twenty or so feet of steep ice and we were on top, after only 4½ hours climbing. We downed a refreshing tin of grog, took numerous photos, roped up, got cold and set off down the ridge towards Girdlestone,

beckoning above its steep ridges and faces. A descent in soft snow brought us to a sheltered spot where we had lunch. Then on up to the north ridge of Girdlestone and into a southerly that was by now strong and cold enough to make life more than unpleasant. Several sidles, curses and blown-overs later, five factors were gradually becoming apparant:- the wind was very strong, the wind was very cold, the time was 4.15, one member was inexperienced in ice-work, and (not least of all) Bert was perched delicately on glazed rock of the near-vertical variety, directly above his rope-mates. We turned back.

The descent in soft snow was, for those who went à la back-side, exhilarating, but they paid the price, with several square inches of leggings material. Looking back, we saw we'd not been far from the top of Girdlestone, but there was consolation in the thought that the right decision had been made. And so a contented, if not unmuddied bunch of tramps slithered into Blyth at half past six.

Tues. 29th. An exhausting day of sleeping, eating and reading was enjoyed by all as Hughie misbehaved outside.

Wed. 30th. A cloudy morning at 10 o'clock found us walking towards the Wanganui T.C. hut in the Mangaturuturu valley. The clouds parted to give a wonderful view of Ruapehu framed between bluffs on either side of a picturesque waterfall, and for a couple of hours five merry mountaineers were to be seen clambering about on the steep, firm rock of these bluffs. The holds were many, the sun was warm and the setting hard to beat. However, hunger called us down to the hut, which we found to be a palace indeed, with large maori bunks, ample cooking and washing facilities, a large window that boasted a panorama of rock, bush and snow, a modest hut fee and even one or two "Pohokura"s. Naturally, when we returned to Blyth hut it wasn't quite so welcome as before.

Thurs. 31st. Hughie put paid to our intentions of knocking off Paretaitonga, but he relented for a bit in the afternoon to allow some of us to try out some bluffs upstream from the hut. One particular face is delightfully steep and abounds in small, solid holds, but a certain foolhardy bod found himself perched high in a chill wind for ten minutes, waiting for a top-rope. In the evening we all went down to Ohakune, found the picture theatre closed, and deposited Noel and Hal at the railway station. The torchlight slosh back to the hut dispelled any regrets at leaving it to the 'possums.

Fri. 1st Sept. Packed, cleaned up and away by 7.30, through the mud for (we hope) the last time. The drive home was uneventful, with only the occasional glimpse of Girdlestone jeering at us through the cloud. We dropped John off at Taupo, and pointed the radiator towards Hastings. At 2.31 it crossed the Mayfair boundary, and the tail-lights bade goodbye to a memorable seven days.

Party: Bert and Madge M'Connell, Noel Evans, Hal Christian, John Sylvester, Bruce Lusher.

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EGMONT

Labour Weekend.

Wed. 18th October. Four bods and four monstrous packs crammed into Bert's faithful car at 5.15pm and set off for Dawson Falls on the S.E. side of Egmont. The generator had different ideas, however, and decided to destroy itself somewhere before Bulls. Luckily a garage was open for a replacement, and we gratefully spent the night at the home of a friend of Bert's in Sanson.

Thurs. 19th. Up at first light (almost), and the new generator took us faithfully to Dawson Falls in time for breakfast (primus style). After some worrying moments and a good bit of waiting, we were finally given the Syme Hut key, and at 11am four huge packs began to move slowly up the well-worn track towards Fantham's Peak. The going was steep, the stops numerous and great was the amount of sweat lost into the humid air. Once out of the bush, though, there was quite an extensive view of Taranaki spread below. A short stop for lunch, cradled in clumps of tussock, and on up into the cloud. We burst out into the sun just near our objective, Syme Hut, which is situated just ten or so feet below Fantham's Peak, 6438 feet. We congratulated ourselves on having covered the 3,000 odd feet in just over three hours. The afternoon was spent scrambling about on big blocks of lava near the hut, Fantham's Peak being conquered many times by all.

Fri. 20th. We rose to find ourselves on an island in a sea of cloud, with the sun climbing out for air. At 8.50am two nylon ropes quit the hut, each with a bod tied on either end. They crossed Rangitoto Flat and headed up a strip of shingle on the slopes of Egmont itself. The snow was good and hard, so we donned crampons at once and crunched our way upwards. A cold westerly on the higher slopes made stepcutting in the ice rather welcome, and the occasional brief white-out made the climb even more interesting. Eventually we topped the crater rim and trudged across to the summit, which greeted us at 11.50 with a strong wind and very little view. Lunch was devoured in a sheltered spot, as we studied the impressive <sup>ice</sup> of the Sharks Tooth opposite. Although only about 100 feet high, Bert told us that it had taken one party 3 hours to climb its ice-glazed rock. Not till later did we appreciate this feat.

Well-nourished, we crossed to the foot of a wee ice-filled couloir next to this face, up which Bert cut a steep line of steps. This took us to the north ridge of the Sharks Tooth, and a few exposed rope lengths later we were on its summit, engulfed in cloud. A grand traverse was ruled out as we peered down into the murk on the other side, and a glance down the previously mentioned west face made us appreciate its difficulties. Without further delay, we moved back down the way we had come and abseiled down the couloir. Our footprints led us back to the correct exit from the crater, and a few hundred feet lower the slope was soft enough for glissading. Off with rope and crampons and down into the mist at an exhilarating speed. Once on Rangitoto Flat, however, the way up to Fantham's was not to be

seen. Walking around in circles with the wind strengthening, rain beginning to fall and visibility low to say the least, four hapless souls were beginning to contemplate a night out, when the puzzle suddenly sorted itself into place and we were climbing the right slopes, not back up to Egmont. That old hut never looked so welcome; we had been away for eight hours.

Sat. 21st. The next day dawned fine and warm, if one was sheltered from the cold sou-westerly. After some discussion it was decided to try our hand at a snow cave, and a hollow on the flat afforded an ideal site for its construction. With enthusiasm and three shovels, two without handles, we began to burrow, and to our delight the snow was perfect - firm, and of an even consistency. While construction was in progress, the Wellington Section's annual Alpine Course arrived for step-cutting and crampon practice. Later, one of our crew emerged from a hard bout of digging to find that the others had knocked off twenty minutes before for lunch! After ten man-hours of work, our spacious home was complete, and we moved in at 6.30, after tea at the hut. That night a cold wind swept the mountain, but we were snug in our glistening shelter.

Sun. 22nd. A cold, showery morning kept us inside the hut, where we were visited by the Alpine Course from Kapuni Lodge below. Further prospects for climbing were poor, so we packed up and headed down after lunch. Fifty minutes later we were back in "civvies", and soon heading for home, after an eventful weekend's climbing.

Party: Bert M'Connell, Noel Evans, Russell Millington, Bruce Lusher.

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#### MOATANGIARA STREAM

15th October.

At 3.30am we set off in the comfort of a private car for an early morning shoot, on the southern side of the Taihape Road, a few miles past Gentle Annie. We started out at 5.30 in beautiful weather, and after half an hour or so spotted a pig grazing on the side of a ridge. As we were creeping round to a more advantageous position a small mob of sheep became alarmed and ran, taking the pig with them.

Quickly retrieving packs, we hurried down to the Moatangiara Stream in the hope of seeing it. But this time luck was on the pig's side. After walking down the stream to where it flows into the Ngauroro River, we headed up a ridge to trig E (2940'). The scrub here was practically impenetrable and caused us to crawl in some parts.

We finally broke into the open, and returned empty-handed to the car at midday, after a very exhausting morning.

Kelvin Walls and Trevor Coker.

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WAIKAMAKA

August 17-18th.

8am saw us away from Napier in rising mists and the promise of a fine day. The navigator went to sleep and the driver overshot the road, so we didn't get to the road end until 11am. Lunch time lasted well over an hour up beyond the Forks, in glorious sunshine. Frost and ice were thick on the rocks down the Waikamaka and pools were iced over, making the going a bit slippery. Six to eight inch icicles hung down from the banks, and high up in the saddle the water was a mere silver trickle running between banks of ice; all very pretty, but the fords were cold.

Arriving at the Hut after 3pm we found the door wide open and very definite signs of opossum invasion. Nothing had been damaged but there were piles of dirt and stench everywhere; not even the table or fireplace had escaped. A general clean up, then the Ladies sunbathed in the setting sun while Paul did a great job of woodcutting. A three course meal followed and we built up a reluctant fire to try to combat the icy chill of a man sized frost settling outside. A near full moon sailed up in a clear sky and by 9pm thick white frost had settled over everything. It was so cold that bare feet stuck to the grass outside, and inside was little better. We huddled over the fire until midnight then braved cold sleeping bags on cold hard boards. (Is comfort in the ranges just a state of mind??) We shivered our way through the night.

Next morning dawned bright and clear so after the frost had thawed we broke the ice on the left-over fruit salad, breakfasted, sat in the sun, supped coffee, sunbathed, lunched, sunbathed, packed, sunbathed and finally left at 2pm. At the saddle by 2.30pm but mists were rolling over Three Johns so we didn't linger. The wind was really biting on the Waipawa side so we only stopped long enough to read the raingauge at the Forks, and were back at the car by late afternoon.

Elizabeth Buchanan, Paul Frude, Pam Lewis.

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SENTRY BOX - PARK'S PEAK HUT

11-12th November.

Sat. 11th Nov. The three of us left Hastings at 7.15am with the intention of a weekend trip to Shute's Hut on the Taruarau. Our hopes were dashed, however, when permission to enter the ranges at Big Hill was denied us, so an involved discussion followed. We eventually decided on the Upper Makaroro Hut via Sentry Box, and perhaps out via Aranga next day.

A fierce westerly and some rain made us reluctant to start, but we eventually left the car and were at Sentry Box Hut five minutes later. The ridge above made easy going, and we were surprised to find about 3 inches of wet snow on the tops. Heading south along the Pohatuhaha range we were fairly sheltered from the wind, which was throwing itself furiously at the trees overhead. About three

hours from the car, we had lunch at brand new Park's Peak Hut.

With a fire going, warm clothes on, and the gale and rain outside, it was eventually agreed to make this our home for the night, and Bert disappeared into the chimney to silence its fearful rattling. (See Queen's Birthday trip last Pohokura - this is getting to be a habit with him!)

Sun. 12th. With the weather still the same, we left at 8.30 and were at the car by 10. The snow had all melted, but we were thankful not to be on the exposed main divide. It was pleasant to be home good and early for a change, but with the sun shining warmly on the plains many people couldn't see the reason for it.

Party: Bert and Madge M'Connell, Bruce Lusher.

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#### WAIPAWA GORGE

12th November.

A westerly gale with heavy showers was likely to make the tops a bit uncomfortable so, having often wondered what would happen if any inexperienced members of a party coming down the upper Waipawa missed the turnoff to the roadhead and carried on down the riverbed, we went to have a look. The farmer told us of his efforts a few days before in rescuing five sheep. By the time he had lifted them, dripping wet, over boulders and up waterfalls, he was thinking that if he had known how much trouble they would be, and his knife had been sharper, he might not have bothered with them! Sure enough, the gorge is not to be recommended especially for anyone who is tired. It becomes deeper and narrower as you go downstream, the walls being either near-vertical clay and mudstone with flax and ferns growing out from them, or overhanging limestone. We had hoped to return via the road through the Wakararas, but were unable to get the key to unlock the gate.

Brian Smith, Rhonda Tomlinson, Neroli Wilton, Ruth Baumann & 2, Peter Lewis.

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#### PUKETITIRI HOT SPRINGS

25th November.

The ultimate in laziness; five "trampers" drove right out to the springs. It must be admitted, though, that slips and scouring along the bulldozed track are making it a bit doubtful even for a VW. Scouring and collapse of part of the bank have considerably reduced the size of the pool, though the springs are producing a good flow of very warm water.

Jim Wilshire, Brian Smith, Rhonda Tomlinson, Pam Lewis, Peter Lewis.

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CENTRAL WAKARARAS

September 3rd.

Having failed to reach Poutaki Hut from the Smedley side on an earlier trip, and having lost a good jersey, we decided to go in from the opposite direction in hopes of finding the hut and/or the jersey. The road from Gwavas Forest Headquarters, (after a ford on the shingly Poporangi Stream which can be a problem in wet weather) goes right over a low part of the range, through a series of saddles in the long ridges which run out to the N.E. and North. We left the Kombi at the most westerly of these and set off southwards, up a slope which felt like more than 45 degrees, covered in loose rock and bare clay, on to the ridge. For such a low range, the Wakararas are remarkably steep and rugged; also rather desolate. An old fence crossing the ridge was a reminder of the overstocking with sheep, and the burning to provide grazing for them, which many years ago caused much of this erosion. The air seemed very heavy, with black clouds gathering, and it soon became obvious that, with our late start, and all the ups and downs in the ridges, we were not going to get anywhere near the hut. Alan Culver had planned to fly over and see if he could see us, as part of his training for his pilot's licence, but the low cloud, almost touching the ridge-tops, forced him to stay over the plains. The rain started as we went down into a gully for our lunchtime boil-up. After lunch, three went back to bring the Kombi round, while the rest followed a side ridge out to the road where it runs southwards along the western side of the range.

Brenda Butcher, David Butcher, Paul Sulzberger, William Thompson, Anne McHardy, Liz Buchanan, Marg Buchanan, Russell Millington, Brian Mote, Peter Lewis, Paul Frude.

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RUAPEHUSki cum Tramping Holiday

This year we did more tramping and sightseeing than skiing owing to the chronic shortage of snow. Never have I seen the Mountain so bare of snow. At the 1st chairlift, no snow. At the 2nd chairlift there was snow only on the top and then you had to pick your way between the rocks. There was enough snow on the Whakapapa Glacier but that meant foot-slogging for 1 hour 45 mins from the 2nd chairlift to the Crater Lake - then down in no-time. Was it worth the energy? Yes! To have a whole skifield to yourself, not to have to dodge vast hordes of skiers, somehow always meeting the same handful of people, and get away from noisy tow motors made it all worth while. On the other hand it makes you appreciate the convenience of chairlifts and Pomas if you come solely for skiing.

The first week was terrible as far as the weather was concerned - warm rain and no snow. We went to see the Ketetahi Hot

Springs and carried on to the new hut recently built by the Park Board. When I say hut I had better put you in the picture. It is a Lockwood designed home. Sleeps 35. Coal range, kitchen sink and mattresses on wire bunks. The Park Board is intending to build a series of these glorified huts within easy walking distances around the mountain. An Auckland High School was in residence at this hut. This is a quick route to Tongariro.

Visited Turangi and spent a long time in the information centre, waiting for the rain to pass and studying the hydro schemes. Very interesting and certainly worth while. Had a swim in Tokaanu and visited the thermal area. A more casual place I have not met in N.Z. Tracks wander through scrub. No warnings, no arrows; Just please yourself. No concern to anybody if you disappear in a mud pool. Beside another hot pool a lot of wild pigs! hair - a very convenient place to scald a pig. A pleasant change from the commercialised thermal areas. On the way back we had a look at Lake Rotopounamu. A pretty lake surrounded by thick native bush and withing easy walking distance of the Pihanga saddle road along a well graded track. Also looked at the Matariki Falls approx 80' high. Could not get very close.

Still miserable weather so decided to go to the Ohakune side where they are opening up some ski fields. The road takes you through 11 miles of thick native bush. Where it leaves the bush is the take-off to Blyth hut, approx 20 minutes distance. From there on it becomes very much a mountain road and carries on to the learners rope. From there it is a further 20 minutes to the main tow, approx 1200 feet long. Had a good look round and had a temporary improvement in the weather. We were very impressed and are certainly going back to that area. From the end of the road you can see the Wanganui T.C. Hut.

This brings us into the middle of the second week and it has been snowing off and on. You can ski down the 2nd chairlift - the change in a couple of days is quite remarkable. So we walked up to the Crater Lake. By the time we got there the weather had got cold. The snow hardened up and for most of the way was not very pleasant to ski on. More snow. Walked up to the Crater Lake in perfect weather. While we were putting our skis on the mist came down and that was that. Trying to ski in thick mist is pretty frustrating. You cannot see any contours, bumps or hollows. You think you are going straight and the next minute you plough into a little ridge put there by the wind, and you are flat on your face, so you pick your way gingerly and there is not much of a thrill in that. What is more, on the eve before leaving it is snowing heavily. Better late than never, but it came too late for us. Back to the grindstone, though I must say that I have seen more of the Park than on any other holiday and I sure appreciate the work done by the Rangers and the people who donate or make possible the National Parks.

Phil Bayens

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Letter and Verses from Mrs. Lewis

Dear Janet,

In all humility I offer the enclosed lines to the H.T.C. in gratitude for the honour of laying the Wreath on the Cairn in November 1964. It was at the next Service, held at the Makahu Hut, that Norman Elder read my lines. A small party (my three children included) had gone to the Cairn to lay the wreath, in most atrocious weather.

As so many young members are now in the Club, I feel that a few sentiments expressed re the deep significance of Armistice Service may help them a little to understand. They certainly have the makings of fine men and women, and I give them full marks for their good conduct, especially their very good manners. It has been a very great pleasure to have all members of the club, coming here from time to time. The young are so bright and refreshing, and the "Oldsters" ? - well, I have become so fond of them, they seem just members of the family.

To one and all, we extend most hearty good wishes for every happiness this Christmas season. May God bless you all with good health, and the strength, to have many more happy tramps in hills and dales.

Yours very sincerely,

Mary Lewis

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To The H.T.C.

In Commemoration of Armistice Day, November 1964.

We gather here together,  
 To pay homage to the Men  
 Who died for us, that we might live  
 And climb the hills again.

The legacy they left us  
 Is richer far we know  
 Than humble words can tell us,  
 Or trumpets ever blow.

Each gallant Trumper's Spirit  
 Bids us strive for greater heights -  
 To climb, to love, to help the weak  
 E'en through the shades of night.

True comradeship is something  
 That nothing can destroy,  
 A chain of faith links everyone,  
 Pure gold - without alloy.

Hard though the climb to the summit  
 To lay the wreath on the Cairn,  
 There is Peace - God's Blessing -  
 As heads are bowed, on return.

M.L.

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## SOME SOUTH ISLAND RIVERS

Last summer Graeme and I were working on a survey of the Seaward Kaikouras and during that time our progress was influenced by some aspects of the rivers.

The coastal side of the Seawards has short, steep and very fast rivers. The short river course can go to extremes; one which drains land that is over 8000' is little more than 10 miles in length. This grade produces fast rivers and one was measured, while in flood, to be flowing at a rate of 13 feet per second. At normal rate of flow rivers are still considerably above the usual 3 - 4 feet per second for high country rivers. Speed was the cause of the first casualty when, on the first day, Graeme was knocked over in water little over ankle depth.

The concept of a river comes in for drastic revision in this region. Many small streams flow direct through farms from the hills, leaving shingle scattered over farms at the bush edge, whereas rivers with their headwaters in the snow and ice region of Manakau have a wide shingle bed with a narrow and shallow water channel, hardly wider than 20 feet, until the snowmelt arrives and then in the gorges the water level rises 6'. The surprising thing is that this rise lasts for little more than 2 hours in the late afternoon and by morning everything is back to normal. This limits travel in the riverbed to before 4pm or after 6pm. It can be tricky especially after a long day or when you are shifting camp. It was under these conditions, with a 50lb pack, that I got swept off my feet trying to cross water 8 feet wide and little more than knee deep. I found the force of the water there greater than that of the rivers that I was to meet later and enforced a rope crossing for the rest of the party.

The Kowhai seems to bubble and churn dirty grey snowmelt waters all summer and is best seen just below the Manakau Gorge. It was from one of the leading ridges above this deep cut gorge that Derek Winter was blown off to his death. The Kowhai flows through farmland and until last Christmas, appeared as little more than a trickle. From our base only half a mile away the tumbling boulders sounded as a continuous roar that was at first mistaken for thunder. In this same storm a normally dry farm creek ate back across a road to a depth of 4 feet. It was little wonder that we had a job in the area.

After Christmas my group was moved into the Wilberforce headwaters and we started from Browning's Pass. The first 10 days had most of the upper river covered but there was some delay before we could do much more. A Nor-Wester blew up good and strong with a sweltering heat. Not for long though; the next day heavy rain set in with the wind still at gale force. After 2 days the river began to rise till we could see the whole length from the hut door. At the bend in the river just below the hut shingle has banked up and spreads the river over the  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles of river bed. Still the rain fell, but with greater intensity and we must have been getting at least 10" a day. Along the valley wall there appeared a waterfall every 20 yards to cope with the deluge.

The shingle fan directed water towards our refuge, an old Miners hut. With 2 feet of water out the back and pools in front of the hut no action was called for until water started to sneak in. Then cutting grass around the hut allowed a quick runoff and kept our refuge dry.

When the rain stopped and the river went down somewhat our troubles were only just beginning. Now to get out and get some tucker! Enough of rice, macaroni and soup mix. I tested the river for a rope crossing but twice got washed ashore. Then we found that by island hopping we might get across. So looking for a possible course through the most abraded part we set off. We made it and got down to the rendezvous. After some waiting we found the Landrover and food was across the river. We met the others early next morning as they came back. We had work to do so we had to cross and go up a tributary. Our paddling around in the river almost brought disaster when one of the boys, whom I had only just given a rope, couldn't stand up to the force of the river when his legs went numb.

The river is rather deceptive and is able to rise and fall pretty rapidly. One day a couple of us crossed to collect some gear and as it was only raining lightly we were amazed to find 3 hours later that instead of being knee deep it was then waist deep. Later that day the river was 3 miles across, then, the next day, we were fortunate in being able to get out by Landrover, but only after getting it stuck.

D.E.

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Letter from Pam Hansen

Ladysmith, B.C.

The following is an extract from a letter written by Pam:-

"Since school has gone back and there are less boats around a bit of the wild life has come back to the bay. We had three killer whales in not long ago ----- two calves and an enormous pie-bald adult --- quite a sight. The seals, too, seem to have found their way back. I do hope someone doesn't get trigger-happy and shoot these for it's been about three years since we've seen any around. A week ago two of them had a real fight only a couple of feet off the dock. I heard the din and went over to the edge of the bank for a first-rate view. They were like a couple of dogs going for each other's throats and seemed to be able to manoeuvre just as easily out of the water as in it. ....

.... We're still having wonderful weather, although the air is full of smoke from slash fires. It's far worse now than a month ago when so many major fires were burning. Actually they are a bit early with the slash burning for things are still so dry and several larger fires have got away - but it's done every year at this time so no one thinks to change it. When I went over to Vancouver the water was barely visible from the deck of the ferry....."

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News from Norm:-

The following is an extract from a letter written by Norm:-

"No more tramping to report beyond a couple of botanizing trips, one up a water slide to close on 1200ft on the face of the G.Gatineau - lovely firm gritty granite; the other just up a metalled back road 20 - 30 miles south of Ottawa where we were bailed up by an elderly farmer to know whether we'd seen his two "hound-dawgs", because they'd chased off after a wolf and hadn't come in. I wondered if this might have been a leg-pull - but have learnt since that in that country they lost 60 head of sheep to wolves last winter and have a \$25 on a wolf."

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ST. JOHN AMBULANCE BUSHCRAFT COURSE

To give St. John's personnel a better appreciation of what they would encounter if called upon to go into the ranges on a rescue mission, the Association conducted a course in bush and mountain craft over Labour weekend. The course was held at the St. John's camp at Morere, and two members of the Club were invited to assist as instructors.

Our section of the course extended over a day and a half and covered a wide range of subjects - how to walk, pace, route finding, packs and packing, equipment, food, rope work, tent pitching, fire lighting and river crossing, with a few other odds and ends thrown in for good measure.

The St. John's people were keen to learn and I think they enjoyed the change from their normal type of work. We certainly had a very pleasant weekend with them, with the added luxury of Morere's hot pools as a bonus at the end of the day's labour.

Much of the instruction was of a practical nature in the field and I couldn't help but feel that our own Club could well devote more time to instruction along the same lines. Field training in bushcraft, tent pitching, fire lighting and so on can be entertaining as well as instructional and could possibly be worked in with one of the easier trips during the summer.

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OVERDUE TRAMPERS

IF a Club Party at any time becomes overdue, would parents or members please first contact one of the following:-

Alan Berry	'phone 77.223
Maury Taylor	" HMN.829
Janet Lloyd	" 87.666

All active trampers - please show this to your parents.

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CLUB TRIPS

No. 835

Te Iringa

August 13th

A large party of thirty was able to journey in comfort to the top of Gentle Annie by using the truck and Peter's Kombi. As we left the transport the weather had the making of another summer-in-winter day. However, as we wandered on a cool breeze from the west refreshed us.

We boiled the billy by the trig and, surprisingly, found water fairly close by. A siesta was then the order of the day, but a few carried on along the ridge. Some took advantage of very good pitches of rock nearby. After a second brew at three we headed back to the ratrace. We were back in Hastings at the pleasant hour of 7 p.m.

No. in party: 30

Leader Noel Evans

Bruce Lusher, Peter Lewis, Brian Turner, Graham Thorpe, Bob Garnett, Alan Thurston, Anne McHardy, Beverly Garnett, Judy Clark, Stephanie Norton, Bert and Madge McConnell, Stephen Lungley, Graham Griffiths, Grant Hundleby Graeme Wilkins, Trina Keys, Phillipa Stevens, Annetta Bacon, Brian Smith, Christine Pullock, Arthur Black, Geoffrey Drummond, John Weldon Dennis Brown, Harry Stewart, David Bacon, Russell Millington, Trever Baldwin.

No. 836

Upper Maropea Hut

August 26th - 27th

Heavy rain would have made it too risky to try to go up the Tukituki for the planned trip to Howlett's and the Sawtooth. It was decided that Maropea would offer less likelihood of being cut off by floods. The paddock beside Triplex Creek was thoroughly sodden after 5½ inches of rain, and by the time we reached the gate at the other side we realised we had made a mistake in driving across it, leaving deep muddy marks. We did apologise to the farmer the next day. Fortunately he let it pass, but we must remember in future that at many of these roadheads it is often better not to endeavour to take one's vehicle for the last possible half-mile, when there is a risk of cutting up farm roads or grass or otherwise offending people on whose permission we may be depending in future.

Some people must have known something when they stayed home. Five must be an all-time low in numbers for a club weekend trip. We sat in the Kombi and watched the rain, and soon became so cold that we had to make a move. Even the climb up to Shuteye didn't seem to warm us as much as usual. The hut was as cold and cheerless as ever, so we

didn't linger very long. Up above Buttercup Hollow the wind gave an interesting demonstration of the mathematical principle that a small body has a greater surface area in proportion to its weight than a larger one; the two small ones had to cling to rocks to avoid becoming airborne, while the three larger members of the party did not even have to get down on hands and knees except during the worst gusts!

Upper Maropea hut (as it now seems to be called to avoid confusion with Maropea Forks) was in a much better state of cleanliness than on some of our previous visits. Wire over the chimney seems to have kept out some of the furry visitors, because the layer of possum manure was so thin that most of the floor, table and bunks could be seen through it. While some cleaned up, others spent part of the afternoon cutting firewood. A few arguments in favour of trying to reach Maropea Forks were halfheartedly put forward but nobody was convinced, which was just as well, with showers becoming more frequent and sleety as time went by.

Sunday morning was even more like midwinter - snow swirling everywhere, leatherwood bushes along the track loaded down with it, the tarn up on the ridge overflowed to twice its usual size, and a few breaks in the murk giving glimpses of waterfalls streaming down into dark gullies. Certainly no hope of coming out over "66" or anything except going back down Shuteye ridge, the quicker the better. Still it was good experience of blizzard conditions. After all tramping in fine weather is not half as interesting!

No. in party 5

Leader: Peter Lewis

Russell Deakin, Graham Thorp, Alan Thurston, Gerald Edmunds

No. 837

Cattle Hill - Rock climbing September 10th

A party of twentytwo left Holts at 7.15 and the weather looked reasonably fine. We had thought of turning the day into a snow trip but it looked as if the snow was diminishing and might disappear altogether if the day were warm. The truck arrived near Cattle Hill at about 9.15 and we had a short walk up a good track to the rocks that are visible from the road. Someone managed to find some snow and used it up in the usual way. It is surprising how long a small polythene bag full of snow can last! Some practised rock climbing with and without ropes and others were quite satisfied to be spectators. By then a few very low rain clouds had come up over the Kawekas and we had a few cold wet showers. Lunch seemed a good idea so we found a sheltered hollow and brewed up. After lunch another climbing site was found and a few girls were courageous enough to lower themselves backwards over some steepish looking cliffs. We met Jim Glass. As the day progressed it seemed to be getting colder and wetter so we returned to the truck about 4 p.m. and were back in

Hastings about 6 p.m. having had a leisurely but pleasant day.

No, in party 22

Leader: Diana Way

Peter Lewis, Graham Griffiths, Russell Deakin, Alan Thurston, Geoff Drummond, Brian Turner, Bob Garrett, Russell Billington, Kelvin Walls, Warren Greer, Noel Evans, David Bacon, Bruce Lusher, Beverley Garrett, Tui Maxwell, Anne McHardy, Margaret Culloty, Margaret Buchanan, Philippa Stevens, Sue Henthorne, Denise Church, Jim Glass.

No. 838

Comet, or Kaikomata Range trip

Sept 23rd-24th

Thirteen left Hastings shortly after 6 a.m. We reached Timahanga Station by 8.30 and called on the manager to get permission to go through his place. Packs up and into the scrub by 9. The way led through thick scrub and fern to the foot of the Comet Range, then up a burned ridge on to the top and into more scrub which was very wet. The rain was very light, with a bit of fog, and since we didn't know just where on the range the hut was, we hoped we hadn't by-passed it in the scrub. By midday conditions were still the same, so we had lunch on a clear slope and discussed the prospects for the weekend, which at that stage, didn't look too promising. Afterwards we pushed on again with a small scouting party out in front and presently broke out on to a clear plateau of tussock and there half a mile away, at the foot of the Comet itself, was the hut.

The rest of the afternoon was spent listening to Hawke's Bay's sixth defence of the shield, tent pitching and wood gathering. The weather by now had cleared up. Three slept in tents and ten in the four bunk hut, which is a very cosy one, with a nice little stove.

It was a beautiful morning as we climbed to the trig, practising a little rock climbing on the way. The lower ridge, or Little Comet, as it is known locally, is about 2600ft then rising sharply from the hut to another big plateau at 3550ft stretching south about a mile to where it overlooks the junction of the Taruarau and Ngaruroro rivers. Two of us had memories of much trouble at that junction some years ago, owing to floods coming down in the night. We were fortunate in finding the only track leading from the southern end of the range down into the Pohokura valley which is about 1900 ft, and a lovely warm block of farming country protected as it is by the Otupae range to the west, and the other high country to the south and east. We had lunch by a stream and the advance guard had the billy boiling by the time the tail end arrived. About 1.30 we set out for the road along a farm track. This was a long slog of about five miles with two terraces, the one nearest the road being

about 900 feet above the southern one, and we reached the truck by 4 p.m. This is grand tramping country and we must do some further exploring here sometime, perhaps looking for the hot springs which are shown on the map as being across the Taruarau river and at the foot of the Otupae Range.

No. in party: 13

Leader Harry Stewart

Madge McConnell, Bert McConnell, Brian Turner, Graham Thorp, Graham Soppett, Bruce Lusher, Brian Mote, Trever Baldwin, Russell Millington, John Staff, Alan Thurston, Noel Evans.

No. 839

1967 S.A.R. Exercise

30th September - 1st October  
1967

"John Brown" a reasonably experienced hunter, went into the northern Ruahines on Wednesday for a two day shooting trip around the Aranga Hut (Hut Ruin) area. He did not return on Thursday night as planned and the police were alerted on Friday morning.

The weather had been wet on Wednesday but reasonable on Thursday, with a light south easterly wind. In view of the fact that John Brown had been into the area several times before, his failure to come out on time raised fears that he had met with an accident. A fast reconnaissance team left for Aranga Hut at 11 a.m. on Friday and in the evening reported back by phone from Mangleton that they had found the following entry in the Aranga Hut log - "27 Sept. Arrived 5 p.m. via Golden Crown. Dirty weather. Some game seen but no luck. 28 Sept. Leaving 7 a.m. for another look into the Makaroro or along towards Pohatuhaha and then out to Golden Crown - J. Brown". The recce party had found no other signs but recognised that they could have missed evidence as they had been in a hurry to get to the hut and back by nightfall.

Details of "John Brown" - age 24, average build, wearing rubber soled boots size 9, carrying usual gear and SMLE .303 rifle. Known to have taken chocolate and oranges with him but little else is known about pack contents.

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Thus was the stage set for this year's trial search and rescue exercise. The particular aspects of search and rescue to be dealt with this year were:

1. Familiarisation of all personnel with new TR3 radios.



## 2. Team leader training and assessment.

## 3. First aid and rescue work under difficult conditions.

The exercise had been preceded by two evening meetings to discuss arrangements and to give leaders instruction in first aid, radio operation and map reading. There was therefore little holdup on the Saturday morning and seven teams were soon in the field, heading for the tops to the west of Mangleton block at a brisk trot. All went according to plan and by virtue of prearranged clues the whereabouts of John Brown's "body" had been narrowed down by Saturday evening to an area on either side of the main divide, roughly north of Jumped Up but south of Golden Crown.

On Sunday morning the teams gradually converged on the headwaters of the Tarapiki Stream and in due course located the broken form of John Brown (Graham Thorp), in the creek bed, at the foot of a bluff. The symptoms (written) with which Graham had been provided were correctly interpreted by the St. John personnell at field headquarters as describing a broken leg, concussion and shock. Advice on basic treatment was relayed to the field teams and the "patient" was carried for a time on a stretcher made on the spot, to give those involved some appreciation of just what a tremendously difficult job this can be under rough conditions. All searchers were out by about 6 p.m.

As always there were one or two 'bugs' in the exercise, the major deficiency being that some teams became split up when they congregated at the rescue site and did not re-form when they came to move out of the area. The leaders of these teams could not therefore tell us just where all their men were in the final stages and if anyone had struck trouble, we may not have been aware of it until everyone else had been checked in individually.

The new radios proved themselves to be greatly superior to anything we have had in the past. Even from difficult locations in stream beds the teams had no trouble contacting headquarters, and this fact alone contributed a good deal to the smooth running of the operation.

Once again we had a particularly good turnout for the exercise, with many organisations taking part - Napier, Central Hawke's Bay and Ruahine Deerstalkers Clubs, Venturer Scouts, Marine Rescue Unit, St. John Ambulance, Central Hawke's Bay College, Amateur Radio Emergency Corps, Police and Heretaunga Tramping Club.

Club members (23) participating were: Helen Hill, Pam Lewis

Phil Bayens, Peter Pattullo, Owen Brown, Bruce Lusher, Warren Greer, Dempster Thompson, Douglas Thompson, Kelvin Walls, Noel Evans, Bert McConnell, Russell Millington, Brian Mote, Trevor Baldwin, Graham Griffiths, Graham Thorp, Bob Garnett, Graham Soppit, Peter Lewis, John Tichener, Maury Taylor (deputy controller) Alan Berry (field search controller).

No. 840

Gold Creek - Armstrong top October 8th

It was a damp miserable day when nineteen of us left Hastings for Gold Creek and Armstrong Top. On the way it was decided to go up to Shuteye, along Armstrong Top and down one of the shingle slides into Gold Creek, then out around the Flounder! The weather had been improving on the way down. The sun even shone as we left the truck at 8.30 to go up Triplex Creek. We arrived at Shuteye at 10.30 leaving again at 11.30 after a brew, the weather having made up its mind by now to be wet and windy. The trip along the top was very windy with some of the lighter members receiving quite a buffeting. It was with relief that we dropped down into Gold Creek although the going was a little tricky. We had a leisurely lunch-cum-afternoon tea and came out around the "Flounder". Finding it a fair walk, the last of us got out at 7.30, an interesting day.

No. in party: ;9

Leader: Brien Mote

Peter Lewis, Alan Thurston, Kelvin Walls, Jim Glass, Russell Millington, Bruce Lusher, Trevor Baldwin, Gavin Sharpe, Bert McConnell, Cordelia Webby, Graham Thorp, Ray Cook, Elizabeth Pindar, Madge McConnell, Meroli Wilton, Margaret Culloty, Robert Row, Ronda Tomlinson.

No. 841

Te Atua Mahuru - Hut Ruin - Trig K  
(Labour Weekend)

October 21, 22 - 23

The weather was up to (or down to) its usual holiday weekend tricks, with rain pouring down before we had even started, and while we were on our way out to Hall's by V", someone suggested that the truck did at least have the advantage that some of those on the back would not be able to see what the weather looked like where we were going! The Makaroro river was not running high, but it was mighty cold, so we were glad to begin the climb up Colenso Spur, even though the old track up the bottom of the spur is somewhat overgrown for a wet day. We had a boil-up and early lunch at Colenso's Spring and plodded on up the seemingly endless ridge. Higher up the track was particularly slippery, but late in the afternoon when we did finally reach the top of Te Atua Mahuru a brief break in the clouds gave us a glimpse along the range to the south and showed

us that we really had climbed a fair way.

Remutupo Hut is down in the deep valley to the west, between the main range on the east and Remutupo itself. Most of the western side of Te Atua Mahuru is heavily scarred, and many people have tried to go down one or other of the shingle slides, only to find that they end in high waterfalls etc., The alternative, bashing down through tangled stunted beech and leatherwood is not at all attractive. The solution to this problem is to go down the big shingle slide which forms the northern edge of the scarred area. It leads into a creek which is more or less a series of cascades, but has no real waterfalls, and comes out on to the bed of the Mangatera stream a few yards above the hut. We found three hunters and a dog already in residence, but there was room for all of us to squeeze in.

Sunday morning we had to climb back up this slide, which seemed to have doubled in height overnight. Conditions on the tops were rather uncomfortable, with a strong cold westerly driving heavy showers more or less horizontally. (The two bobs who had forgotten to bring long trousers with them were a bit regretful!) By the time we stopped for lunch, just past Tupari, it was beginning to appear very doubtful if we would reach Aranga Hut that night, but fortunately the clouds lifted and even some sunlight was able to struggle through, and in a more cheerful mood we were able to travel much faster. North of Piopio the main divide is somewhat similar to the main Tararua range behind Otaki, but fortunately the saddles are nowhere near as deep. We enjoyed a few hours of views over the Otupae range below us to the N.W. and Aorangi, to the west and across the tussock country of the Ngamatea Plateau towards where the base of Ruapehu could be seen rising up into the clouds. In the evening, as we were crossing the wide, boggy, flat-topped part of the range to reach Aranga Hut (the forestry hut at the old Hut Ruin site) some nasty weather blew over from the S.W. with fog and sleet.

During the night we woke at times to hear hail swishing against the wall of the hut. Monday morning was cold enough for snow, but the little that did fall amongst the rain was melting as it touched the ground. Visibility was around fifty yards as we splashed through another big swamp and turned off down the Trig K ridge. We didn't even see Pohatuhaha as we passed it. By the time lunchtime came round we were beginning to feel a bit cold, but a willing team of firelighters did a good job, and we all stood around in the rain and enjoyed a hot drink. When we moved on again, a few minutes along the track we came to a newly built Forestry hut! (This apparently is to be called "Park's Peak hut") A few yards further on, someone has put up a sign "free parking"; farther south again, where a rather

unattractive looking track, not cleared but marked by old blazes, sets off down the west side of the ridge towards Upper Makaroro Hut, another improvised sign says "owing to the state of the outfield play will be delayed 10 minutes". Along here, the rain turned to snow, but soon we descended one of the "steps" in the ridge, and were down to the level of the cold rain again; this gradually turned to snow, but by then we had come to another descent and were down in the rain once more. This happened several times and was rather depressing. Shortly before the track turns east and drops steeply off the south end of the ridge, we saw the start of what looks like a good cut track down to Centre Makaroro Hut; this could be reassuring if one was caught in the Makaroro valley by floods. The rest of our way out was along an old logging road around the foot of the ridge and out on to the river terrace near the Forestry Base. Here, there was a slight misunderstanding, some following the road round to Hall's, others taking the direct route across country and arriving in time to see our vehicles being driven away round the road to pick us up as they the drivers thought. With the plastering of snow down to 3500ft or lower, showing through the cloud, the sight of dry clothes disappearing brought indignant reactions.

No. in party: 12

Leader: Peter Lewis

Pam Lewis, Dellwyn Russell, Sue Adcock, Kelvin Walls, Trevor Baldwin, Madge McConnell, Brian Mote, Warren Greer, Alan Thurston, Stephen Lungley, Geoffrey Drummond.

No. 842      Prelude - Guy Fawkes - Clifton 4th November

Fire builders arrived at Clifton in cold squally conditions at 2 p.m. and aided by a truck load of beautifully dry wood from Phillip's and George's tyres, soon had a king-sized bonfire built. Some of us wandered along the beach picking up driftwood and arrived back to find our fire had been added to considerably with extra tyres from an unidentified contributor, making H.T.C.'s easily the biggest fire in the area.

The tent was pitched (with advice but no help from our former Secretary) and a brew of soup followed. The evening cleared but the wind was cold. The truck arrived at 7 p.m. private cars kept coming and soon 40 members and families were gathered round the blazing fire. A stranger donated a baby guy and a fine fat one arrived from Napier. There were crackers and rockets in all directions.

As the fire died down, sausages appeared and everyone feasted (mainly on cinders). Legs were drawn up, an accordion played softly and 20 sat around singing the old

favourites until near midnight. 8 camped the night there under the stars.

Pam Lewis

Black Birch Bivvy

5th November.

Fortunately, frosts at this time of the year are rare. However three degrees were recorded this particular morning, and from Heretaunga Street the sight of the snow covered Kawekas presented a very tempting scene.

After our Guy Fawkes celebrations at Clifton only a few hours previously, there were 20 members ready to leave Holts at the respectable hour of 7 a.m.

The journey to Black Birch was uneventful until we had almost reached the metal quarry, when the truck slowly ground to a halt. We were assured by a competent back seat driver that this was nothing more than a minor hitch during the changeover from one petrol tank to the other, and we were soon on our way again. Before long came our second stop - a twenty minute one this time and only about a mile short of where we were to park the truck for the day.

However, by 9.25 we were at last on the march heading up to the top of the Black Birch road. On this section of the road there were still small quantities of snow. Not far past the end of the road we turned on to the Lotknow track, pausing awhile at Little's Clearing to admire and photograph the view of the snowcapped Kawekas, and then on to Black Birch Bivvy where we arrived at 12.15 p.m. As none of us seemed to be great fans for the sight of five opossum carcasses lying around the bivvy - (or the perfume which came from them) we moved a few yards up the bank into the welcome shade of a large beech where we had lunch. For the benefit of anyone who doesn't know, this bivvy is now nothing more than a log framework of what may once have been a hut. At 2.30 we headed for the Spike, from where we dropped down a handy ridge and with a little bush-bashing effort at the bottom landed into Gorge Stream at about 5 o'clock. From here we had a very enjoyable and leisurely cruise upstream until meeting up with a bulldozed track which brought us right back to our truck by 6.15.

No. in party: 20

Leader Brian Turner

Neroli Wilton, Elizabeth Pindar, Ruth Baumahl, Rhonda Tomlinson, Graham Coutts, Peter Lewis, Warren Greer, Brian Mote, Brian Turner, Alan Thurston, Russell Millington, Bruce Lusher, Peter Nairn, David Bacon, Trevor Baldwin, Kelvin Walls  
Phil Bayens, Phil Bayens Jnr Raymond Cook

18th-19th November.

The Club's annual Cairn Trip nearly always seems to take place on a wet weekend. This one was no exception. We arrived at Little's clearing at 9 a.m. after a slow trip from Hastings. 24 bods with weekend packs makes rather a heavy load for the old truck. At Little's the party split up, Trevor and 5 went via Lotkow, Mackintosh, Studholme to the Cairn. Trevor had lost his camera at Black Birch bivvy on the previous trip. The less fit ones went straight to Makahu Hut and the rest struck north down the Makahu stream and up the other side to the Iron Whare where we arrived at 1 p.m. So did the rain in various degrees of intensity. Our intention was to go up Dick's Spur and spend the night at the tarn under Kaweka J. We got to the Kaweka Bivvy where the others who wanted to spend the night at the Makahu Hut left us, while we prepared to climb Dicks Spur. In the meantime the rain started to come down in buckets. With Dick's Spur on one side and the Bivvy on the other side, we made a dash for the bivvy and spent the night there in great comfort. Bruce and a small party who had gone ahead up Dick's Spur just struck the rain when coming out of the scrub. They thought the better of it and came down to the bivvy already filled to capacity by us. So they made for Makahu Hut.

Next morning we were away by 6.15 a.m. The weather was misty but seemed to be lifting (Ha Ha) Up Dick's Spur with three nasty bumps in it - mist and rain. It took us 2½ hours to get to the top. Along the top we got slightly astray, but a lift in the mist put us right. We got to the Cairn at 10.50 a.m. where there were already a dozen cold miserable bods waiting. At exactly 11 a.m. we had a short service and went down smartly to Makahu Hut. No sign of the party from Studholme. On the way down, we met Helen and Beryl who missed the service by 10 minutes. Bad luck! Got to the Makahu Hut by 12.30. We got warm,, dried out, and had something to eat. We left at 1 p.m. for the truck. The track was a quagmire. We were back at the truck by 2.45. Still no sign of the Studholme party. Leaving Jim at the road head, the truck went down to the Lewis's where we were received with open arms and hot scones and cups of tea which went down well. At 5.15 p.m. Jim arrived with the missing party. Five of them managed to sleep in on Sunday, had left from Mackintosh Hut at 9 a.m. and then decided to go to the Cairn. What a hope! A little bit of fore-thought and consideration for your fellow trampers goes a long way. If you want to make a long trip get up early.

Weekend party:

Bruce Lusher, Martin du Fresne, Phil Bayens, Peter Lewis, Brian Turner, Brian Mote, Russell Millington, Russell Deakin, Neil Pulford, Graham Griffiths, Alan Thurston, Graham Coutts, Trevor Baldwin, Kelvin Walls, Chan, David Butcher, Ng, Char, Elizabeth Pindar, Pam Lewis, Rhonda Tomlinson, Sue Adcock, Diana Way, Pat Smith, Neroli Wilton, Gerold Edmonds.

Saturday afternoon:

Jim Glass, Graham Thorp, Brenda Butcher, Margaret Turner, Bill Thompson.

Sunday

Helen Hill and four.

Leader: P. Bayens.

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SOCIAL NEWS

Birth: To Gae and Earle Culver - a son.

Norm Elder is back in New Zealand and has paid a fleeting visit to H.B.

Tony Mort is now in Wellington.

Kelvin Walls has been selected as one of the two scouts in N.Z. to go to Antarctica this summer as guests of the Antarctic Division of D.S.I.R.

NEW MEMBERS

We welcome the following to the Club:-

Margaret Buchanan (Jr.), Gillian Simmons (Jr.), Margaret Culloty, Arthur Black, Alison Black (Jr.), Stephanie Norton (Jr.), Stephen Lungley (Jr.), William Thompson (Abs.), Neil Pulford (Jr.).

HONORARY MEMBER

Cath Stirling has been made an honorary member of the Club in gratitude for her services to the club as honorary auditor for so many years.

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DRY-CLEANING OF SLEEPING BAGS

If you take your sleeping bag to be dry-cleaned be prepared to leave it for several days so that it can be thoroughly dried and aired. One Hastings firm keeps sleeping bags for a week to ensure this. Then air them when you get them home and again before you use them.

A newsletter to the Wairarapa Branch of the Youth Hostels' Association from the Association's National Office in Christchurch reports a fatality that occurred when a 16-year old boy received a bag from the cleaners in a roll which was put straight into the car boot. It was unrolled inside a hike tent. The boy slept in it for eight hours and did not regain consciousness.

The filling of sleeping bags is bulky, and removal of the final traces of solvent is a slow process. The unaired bag is particularly dangerous in the confines of a small hike tent.

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FIXTURE LIST

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

<u>December</u>	<u>Trip</u>	<u>Leader</u>	<u>Fare</u>
26-29th	Colenso Lake	Graham Thorp	\$1.
<u>January '68</u>			
14th	Rosvals Track; Black Ridge; Centre Tukituki Hut.	Russell Millington	\$1.
27-28th	Pakaututu; Mangatainoka River; Mohaka (Fit party only) Easy trip up Ripia River.	Peter Lewis	\$1.
<u>February</u>			
11th	Lilo - Kuripapango; Cameron Hut.	Brenda & David Butcher	\$1.
24-25th	Clifton; Cape Kidnappers; Ocean Beach.		
25th	Ocean Beach.	Elizabeth Pindar	80c
<u>March</u>			
10th	Maraetotara Stream.	Trevor Baldwin	80c
23-24th	Hinerua; Hawkes Bay Ridge; Water-fall Creek Hut. (Friday night start)	Graham Thorp	\$1.
<u>April</u>			
7th	Kaweka Hut.	Warren Greer	\$1.
12-15th	Kaimanawas.	Jim Glass	?
(Easter)			
20-21st	Otupae; Makirikiri Hut.	Harry Stewart	\$1.

Fares are reducible by 20c for seniors and half fares for juniors by 10c if paid at the meeting before or on the trip.

SUBSCRIPTIONS are now due. If paid by December 31st 1967, they are reduced to \$2 for single members and \$3 for married couples.

THE FIRST MEETING next year will be held on Wednesday, January 10th, 1968, in the Radiant Living Hall, Warren Street North, Hastings.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS to everyone and GOOD TRAMPING in 1968.

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