

MARITANICA TRAMPING CLUB (INC.)

" POHOKURA "

BULLETIN No. 108

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CLUB TRIPS

No. 844
Marathon:

December 3rd

This event, now run for the fourth time, proves very popular. Some people seem to come to find out how fit they really are, and others seem to enjoy watching them sweat, while they recline in the shade.

Whatever the reasons, 58 people, young and old, arrived at various times at the pine tree by swamp house at Kuripapongo. Peter firmly sorted the runners into teams, organized check points, cleared the non-runners out the way by sending them off to the lakes, weighed packs (minimum 15 lbs) and finally about 11 a.m. the first runner off.

Each of 4 members of the 5 teams had a different route, middling or gentle according to taste. The tough ones claw their way up 4100 through the scrub. The others allowed to use the Smith-Russell track. All came down

the shingle slide, and did some scrub-bashing out to the Kaweka track, and here the feeble were allowed to stop. The others were expected to make a circuit of the lakes, scrub, bog and all and return to the Kaweka track. The times for all members of the team were totalled to get the final result. Some incredibly fast times were recorded and Trevor Baldwin passed the winning post 1 hour 38 minutes away from base.

The winning team was: Graham Thorp, Noel Evans, John Staff, William Thompson.

Perhaps the toughest time was had by a group who set out to have just a little run; they could not locate the top of the shingle-slide, and forced their way down through thick scrub nearly parallel to it. This naturally took time and energy, and by the time they reached the rest of the party, who had spent some 3 hours swimming, drinking and eating at the lake edge, everyone was preparing to leave for home in order to get to Hastings early enough to see the All Blacks v France on T.V. so we were home by 5 p.m. - a marathon all the way.

Party: Neroli Wilton, Trevor Baldwin, Nora Hopcroft, Anne Wells Kelvin Walls, Sue Adcock, Pam Lewis, Noel Evans, Elizabeth Pindar, Margaret Culloty, Paul Frude, Brenda Butcher, Margaret Buchanan, David Butcher, Joan Mijnders, Helen Hill (leader), Bill Thompson, Pam Duncan, Bruce Lusher, Brian Turner, Gerald Edmunds, Raymond Cook, Warren Greer, Simon Easton, Bert McConnell, Tony Easton, Chan, Graham Griffiths, Harry Stewart, John Staff, Roy Swain, Brian Mote, David Bacon, Peter Lewis, Ray, Margaret and Peter Lycette, Graham Thorp, Jim Glass + 2, Brian Smith, Maury and Barbara Taylor + 3, Russell Millington, Alan and Kath Berry + 2 Alan Thurston, Phil and Els Bayens + 3.

No. 845

The Official opening of Waikamaka: December 16th-17th

We left Hastings about 6.15. Four members went in over "sixty-six". The rest of us, 18 in all, loaded up with paint, mattresses and other gear. We travelled up the Waipawa in overcast weather with some drizzle and arrived at the hut about 12.30. Jim Wilshire and Maury Taylor had been there since 11.30.

Because of the uncertain weather not much was done that day. Soon after lunch Harry Stewart and two others arrived. The "sixty-six" party arrived about mid afternoon. Maury put a hood on top of the chimney. After a good stew three bods left for Waterfall Creek hut where they stayed the night.

Next morning dawned bright and clear. The three from Waterfall arrived back at 7.30. As soon as breakfast was over work began. The roof was prepared for painting and firewood was cut. There was only a little painting done. The spare galvanised iron that was around the hut was stacked about 30ft up behind the hut by Maury.

The day party of seven arrived at 12.15 p.m. As there appeared to be no more coming in the hut was officially opened by our Club Captain, Peter Lewis at 12.30.

The last party left the hut at 1.30 and we arrived in Hastings at 6 p.m.

Total for weekend 27

Leader Graham Griffiths.

Neroli Wilton, Owen Brown, Harry Stewart, Alan Thurston, Elizabeth Pindar, Pam Lewis, Kelvin Walls, Annette and Russell Berry, Margaret Buchanan, Warren Greer, Brian Smith, Graham Thorp, Bruce Lusher, Russell Millington, Trevor Baldwin, Gerald Edmunds, Brian Mote, Russell Deakin, Neil Pulford, Stephen Lungley, John Feigler, Maury Taylor, Jim Wilshire, John Weldon + 1.

No. 846

Colenso Lake trip:

December 26th-29th 1967

Weather prospects were not good for the eight of us who drove off from Holt's at 6 a.m. on Boxing Day. Nevertheless we arrived in good shape at Hall's on the Makaroro river. There was one mishap on the way in when the muffler fell off the truck but it was soon wired back into place and we motored on.

After getting permission from Mr. Hall we headed up the Makaroro to where the Colenso track takes off. The river was up higher than usual due to the heavy rainfall over Christmas, but it didn't provide any problems.

On arriving at the Colenso track take-off (10.30 hrs) we had a short stop to drain out our boots, then headed up the track. At this stage a light drizzle was falling. The track at this point is not too wonderful as most people seem to use the new Barlow track which drops to the river further upstream. About a third of the way up we stopped for lunch.

After lunch we continued the long ascent of Te Atumahuru. This track is reasonably good until you move out of the beech trees into the leatherwood, where the track is very narrow and in wet conditions rather difficult. There

are also one or two places in the beech trees where you could lose the track coming down the spur. The first is near the top of the beech where the track dives off to the side of the spur. The second place is just below the first and here the track goes through both beech and tussock and is not clearly defined.

Once out of the leatherwood we climbed on to a knob in the mist which I mistook for Te Atuamahuru. However, on making a short reconnoitre, we found that there was still about 300 feet to go. On top all the ridges fell into place with the map for a change and after a short stop for a bite to eat we headed north for a few hundred yards to find the shingle slide which takes you down to the head of Mangatera stream above Remutupo hut. Due to the mist which was of its usual pea soup consistency, we couldn't find the slide that the others had found on a previous trip in the area, and we went down one just south of the correct one and had to sidle north on to the correct slide. I cannot be sure, but this may have been a better route than that used by the previous parties, as it seems to cut out a nasty piece of rock at the top of the scree.

By 15.30 hours we were all assembled at the bottom of the scree and another quarter hour's travel down the river brought us to Remutupo Hut. With the long summer days back again everyone had finished tea, replenished the firewood and cleaned all the pots before dark; and in fact, everyone was in bed before dark. This meant that next morning everyone was up bright and early, but as we only had to reach Colenso Lake Hut, we didn't leave Remutupo until about 8.20 a.m. From Remutupo you follow down the Mangatera Stream until you reach Colenso Lake Hut. The river goes through some quite narrow gorges in places and the odd log jam makes the job of keeping oneself reasonably dry rather difficult. About 10 minutes before the Colenso Lake hut the river bed opens out to between 100 and 200 yards, making the going rather pleasant when you have good weather as we did for this part of the day. The usual time down to Colenso Lake Hut from Remutupo seems to be around $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours and it took us about $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours with 2 stops on the way.

After a bite to eat at the hut we spent the rest of the day exploring the area around Colenso Lake. The lake itself is surrounded by a low ridge and has no outlet. The edges of the lake are very swampy and this makes it difficult to get near the water. Two of us spent most of the day searching up the northern branch of the Mangatera Stream for the best route up on to Potae for the next day. One thing that we did find was an almost impassable 50 foot waterfall in the

main stream about 1 hour's walk from the forks below Colenso Hut.

Next morning, as a rather hard day was expected, everyone was up and ready to leave by 6.20. From the hut we moved down stream to the forks in the river, then went up the other river for half an hour to a point where a fairly large side stream comes out on the true right bank. We found some old blazes on a tree here and we then climbed the ridge which eventually leads up to Potae. The going up the ridge was good until we got to the first main knob. From this point we met a solid wall of bush lawyer which extended right across the ridge for a distance of about 400 yards before it started to thin out. One hour later, after many scratches and a lot of cursing we got through the lawyer and continued on to Potae. It wasn't long, however, before we ran into our old friend the leatherwood which we had to crash through not only on the more gentle slopes but also on the last 300' climb on to Potae which is very near vertical. Two hours and a number of stops later found us on a track on the top of Potae (11,00) where a short stop was had for morning tea and photographs, but as the weather was deteriorating rather quickly we were off again along the track (which is good going) to Ruahine corner hut. This hut is very old and is getting to the falling apart stage. The roof has a number of leaks and is covered in tins which have been nailed in place to catch the drips. Nevertheless for some reason, there is an almost brand new wheelbarrow on hand and this met Harry on the edge of the bush to transport him to the hut. The last of us had arrived at the hut by 12.45 and by 16.00 Hours the thunderstorms which had been circulating around us finally hit.

Four of the party decided to make 2 bivvies outside with iron and other materials which were at the hut for repairs and they left for bed at 19.00 hours. By 21.00 hours two of them had 2' of water flowing through the bivvy and were more or less washed out so they ended up back in the hut. The two others who had piled tussock high on the floor of their bivvy were able to stick the night out but woke in the morning to find the barrow which formed part of the bivvy ready to overflow on to them. So a rather hurried exit was made and they too took refuge in the hut.

The weather being the way it was and one member of the party being plagued with flu, I decided to go out via the Poko Poko track, to the Taihape road. So at 06.55 we headed through the tussock. Navigating across the area proved quite a problem as there are very few landmarks once you are past the tarns. The whole area was really flooded out and creeks which were obviously very small usually were waist deep in some places.

An hour after half swimming through the centre of the Reporoa bog, while looking for the Sink Hole (which wasn't found due to the fact that it was full of water), we got on to the Poko Poko track. We then followed the track out to the Taihape Road and walked up to Otupae Station, where we rang through to home to see if someone could help us out with transport.

Things must have worked very efficiently at home because Russell Millington and Brian Mote arrived in Peter Lewis' Kombi at 17.30 hours. Three of the party had managed to get a lift back with some shearers who were working at Otupae Station, and they arrived home earlier than the rest of us but we were all home by about 20.30 hours.

The following morning Harry and I returned to Hall's to pick up the truck and found that the Makarora was running bank to bank and very dirty so I was very pleased that we did make the decision to go out to the Taihape Road. The truck was soaked and needed to be towed for about 300 yards to get it started. However, once mobile, we got home without trouble.

No. in party 8.

Leader Graham Thorp.

Harry Stewart, John Staff, John Weldon, Paul Frude, Brian Smith, John Feigler, Warren Greer.

No. 847(A)

South Island Tour Milford Track

January 4th - 15th

On January 4th we left for Wellington in Peter's Kombi and Pam's car. The trip down to Christchurch was very interesting as most of us hadn't been on a ship this size before. After the ferry berthed and vehicles were topped up with gas in Lyttleton we had breakfast on top of the Lyttleton hills. After lunch at Ashburton we continued via Geraldine and Fairlie and it was just out of Lake Tekapo we had the first of our two punctures. We had planned to stop for the night at Lake Pukaki but as there wasn't really anywhere suitable to camp we decided to move on. In the end we spent an excellent night on the bank of the Ohau river about 10-12 miles south of Lake Pukaki.

Next morning, Mount Cook could be seen towering above the hills, its sharp snow-covered peaks penetrating the crisp blue sky. The Ohau river which was carrying an enormous quantity of water, was deep blue in colour and looked very picturesque. We were on the road to Benmore Power Station by 8.45 a.m. An hour and a half was spent

looking around the dam. We had lunch on the Ahuriri stream just north of the Lindis pass then continued through to Roxburgh having turned off at Tarras and going through Alexandra on the way. Another stop was made to have a quick look at Roxburgh Power Station.

That night was spent in Derek Conway's car shed and back-yard. (Derek is an ex-member of the Club). The Conways were very kind and generous to us which made our stay in Roxburgh just that much more pleasant. Next day we were on the road again by 9.15 a.m. heading for Lake Te Anau. A stop was made to get supplies at Gore, and we had our second puncture just before Mossburn. We had lunch around 1 p.m. at a stream about 8 miles out of Mossburn then motored on to the Lake, where we booked in at the camping ground. As it was only 3.30 p.m. some of us went over to Lake Manapouri as this was the only chance we would have of seeing it.

The next morning we were due to start on the Milford Track. This meant that the Kombi had to be taken to Milford so that we would have transport back to Te Anau after coming off the track. The Tourist Corporation have been rather cunning here and have arranged that all transport back to Te Anau has gone by the time the track walkers arrive. This means that you have to spend a night at either the Milford Hotel or the camping ground hostel combined. Since we couldn't afford the time to stay a night in Milford the Kombi had to be left there for our return transport, so four of us were up at 4.15 a.m. and left for Milford in both vehicles. The view on the way up the Eglington and Hollyford valleys was terrific. It was a perfectly calm and fine day at Milford, the only problem being the sandflies. They were out in their millions. There was certainly no time wasted locking up the Kombi and changing vehicles and once in Pam's car the windows were wound up and the sandfly population in the car decreased rapidly.

Back at Te Anau (10.00a.m.) all rations and packs were organised for the trip which started at 3.30 p.m. when the launch (Tarawera) left Te Anau for the 40 mile trip to the jetty at the head of the lake. However, before catching the launch we had to go round to the National Park headquarters to get a briefing. The trip up the lake was terrific as the water was very calm and the clear blue sky made things just right for photographs.

At 6.30 p.m. the launch arrived at the jetty, unloading all the passengers and the stores for the tourists travelling on the track. We were known on the track as Freedom Walkers as we were independent of the Tourist Board and we were also given little red arm tags to distinguish us from the tourists. Tourists spend the night at Glade House which is a rather

luxurious group of buildings about $\frac{3}{4}$ of a mile up a bulldozed track from the jetty. Our party, however, had to walk on to Clinton Forks Hut about $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles up from the jetty also along a bulldozed track. This took us until 8.00p.m. but since they have very long twilight in this part of the country, we didn't have to worry about travelling at night at any stage of the trip.

The track itself travels west for 12 miles up the Clinton river valley, then climbs the Mackinnon Pass to a height of 3,500 feet. On the western side of the pass are the headwaters of the Arthur river which flows north into Milford Sound.

On Tuesday morning, after stacking some of the firewood that had already been cut by the Park Board, with a chain-saw, we made our way slowly towards Pampolona Huts. The track continues as a tractor track up to the 6 mile point where there is a lunch stop for the tourists. As each mile is clocked up there is a little sign marking the total mileage. After the six mile point the track becomes a packhorse track which is very obvious if you happen to go along the track after supplies have been taken in.

The bush on the valley floor is very much like that of the Ruahines and Kaweka forests. The vegetation is very remote up the sides of the valley since the rock has been scraped nearly vertical by glaciers in the ice age. There are literally millions of waterfalls cascading down from the ridges, the water coming from the constantly melting snow. It must be a terrific sight when it rains. The Clinton river itself is very pleasant to walk along with its short fast flowing rapids alternately with long stretches of clear deep slow moving water. It was after many stops along this part of the track that we arrived at Pampolona Huts (12.15p.m.) This is another set of very luxurious huts where the tourists spend their second night. We had lunch here and also reported to the hut manager so that they would know just where the Freedom Walkers were. It is around these huts that the avalanche fell blocking the track just after it was opened in November.

After lunch we moved on up the Clinton Canyon to our second hut, Lake Mintaro hut. This is situated along side Lake Mintaro just below the Mackinnon pass and about a mile short of the head of the Clinton Canyon. The lake doesn't look much from its banks but when you look down on it from the pass it is deep green around the sides and deep blue in the centre. The last of us arrived at Mintaro hut at 3.30 p.m. These huts are extremely comfortable. They have one central living room with four bunkrooms. The total number of bunks

available are 32 and you could quite easily double bunk on these if necessary. In the centre of the living room there is a large range which makes cooking somewhat easier.

Next morning we were wakened up by the usual noise of the Keas screeching around the hut. There are also quite a number of wekas to be found on both sides of the pass. The weather wasn't quite as good as it had been on the previous days and at 8.00 a.m. there was still thick mist on the tops and in the pass so we stayed in the hut for some time rather hoping the mist would clear from the pass because if there is anywhere on the trip you want fine weather it's on the pass. The track climbs about 1,500 feet more or less straight up from Lake Mintaro hut but zigzags up the side without getting any steeper than a 1 in 6 gradient.

By the time we reached the pass (11.30 a.m.) there was still quite a bit of mist around but our luck was still with us and within half an hour we could see some really tremendous views. On the eastern side of the pass could be seen almost the complete length of the Clinton Canyon with Lake Mintaro, Lake Mintaro hut and Pompolona hut showing up quite clearly. To either side of the pass could be seen Mt. Hart and Mt. Balloon towering majestically up into the dark blue sky. Below us on the western side of the pass were the headwaters of the Arthur river with the Quintin huts. The view down here is just on 2,000 feet over a sheer drop and this made the rather large expanse of the Quintin huts look like little specks on the valley floor below. Across the Arthur river stood Mt. Elliot and the Jervois Glacier. The sight of Mt. Elliot was almost indescribable as it rose from the valley floor to a point several thousand feet above us.

We had lunch near a rest hut where the tourists have their lunch stop and then moved on down towards Quintin huts. This part of the track is very rocky and gets rather hard on the knees. On arriving at Quintin Huts (1.30 p.m.) we dropped our packs and went down a side track to view the Sutherland Falls. These are very spectacular falls which descend in three leaps from the top, 1904 feet above the valley floor. Then we went on down to Diamond Hut. Here the sandflies were just as bad as they had been at Milford.

Thursday dawned another perfectly fine day and we wandered down the track beside the Arthur river to the boat shed. At the boat shed there is a chap who works for the Tourist Corporation and all he does is to make lunch for the tourists as they come past and then he rows everyone across the river as they arrive. There is also the Tourist Corporation's jet boat that comes and takes the packs for the tourists to within 2 miles of the end of the track. This is

one reason why the Freedom Walkers' huts are about 4 miles ahead of the Tourist Corporation huts, because the boat which picks us up at Milford Sound waits until the tourists have arrived and then leaves whether all the Freedom Walkers have arrived or not so we had to keep going to make sure that we were there before them. Any way we arrived in time and the boat took us across to Milford in $\frac{1}{2}$ of an hour after taking a short detour past the Bowen falls. Once in Milford we boarded the Kombi (the 12 of us fitting in just nicely) and headed back to Te Anau. There was a short side trip to see Dave Gunn's Museum up the Hollyford valley and this proved very interesting. We arrived back in Te Anau at 9.30 p.m. There was nowhere open that we could buy tea so all we had was a few pies that Pam managed to get at the camp shop.

Next day was Friday, the 21st January and this was when the party split into two. Five bods under Pam were staying behind while the rest of us were heading home via the west Coast. We retraced our steps as far as Mossburn, then branched off up through Lake Wakatipu, Queenstown and Arrowtown. We had lunch at the turn off to the Crown Range, then travelled via the Crown Range Road (which isn't as bad as the road signs indicate) to Lake Wanaka. We continued up past Lake Hawea to the Haast Pass road.

Since the weather was beginning to look very threatening we decided that the best place to camp was the Makaroro Motor camp. Being a party and since only the necessary facilities were there we managed to get in for \$1.50. That night the clouds opened up giving steady rain and so for the first time on the trip we got our parkas wet while running between tents and the cookhouse. Next morning dawned fine and warm again and since it was to be such a long day - 296 miles - we were up and away by 6.30 a.m. The road through the Haast Pass was really nothing to worry about. The pass itself is nothing and you cross it not long after leaving Makaroro. The western side, however, is really terrific with the large valley flats of the Haast river, which, near the sea is really enormous and so wide that the one-way bridge built there has two passing bays. We passed through Haast at 8.15 a.m. and continued up the West Coast. The road, though unsealed, has an excellent surface.

As time was limited, we went to see only one glacier, choosing the Fox as we had heard that this was the better of the two. We spent an hour here before moving on to the Franz turn-off for lunch. Making a short stop at Ross for afternoon tea we travelled non-stop to Otira. The best camp site we could find was just past Otira near the rail tunnel entrance and at the start of Arthur's Pass. Next morning being once again perfect (weatherwise) after sorting out our various funds and covering petrol costs etc., we set off

through Arthur's Pass for Christchurch. Arthur's pass is another very scenic spot and we spent some time looking around the Park headquarters. The road through the pass is very narrow and steep on the Otira side but is excellent on the Christchurch side. After leaving Arthur's pass you travel for some distance down the wide tussock valley of the Waimakariri river. We had lunch at Flock Hill then travelled on to Christchurch via the Craigieburn range. Some time was spent looking around New Brighton, Sumner and Lyttleton before boarding the ship for the return journey to Wellington.

We would like to thank the girls for the organisation of meals and especially Pam for all the hard but efficient organising she did for the whole trip. Thanks also to both Peter and Pam for providing transport. Without their vehicles the trip would not have been possible.

The complete trip of over 1700 miles cost us per person \$35.52c. This included food, ferry fees, track and camping ground fees and petrol.

G.T.

No. in party 12

Leader Pam Lewis

Peter Lewis, Graham Griffiths, Graham Thorp, Warren Greer, John Feigler, Trevor Baldwin, Gerald Edmunds, Russell Deakin, Margaret Buchanan, Sue Adcock, Margaret Culloty, Pam Lewis

No. 847 (B)

Extension to South Island trip

January 12th - 28th

Friday 12th:

We saw the Kombi off with very mixed feelings, then did a grand wash of piles of clothes, including 50 socks. After lunch we went over to Lake Manapouri where visibility was limited due to fog and deluges of rain. Returning to camp, the tents were almost awash and the boys did a grand job of hydrological surveying and digging and soon had our tents high and dry, but, unfortunately they had drained the water into the palacelike tent below ours! Being gentlemen, they set to, and draining this tent system kept them occupied till tea-time.

Saturday 13th

Was hot and sunny so we packed lunch and spent the day down the Lower Hollyford valley.

Sunday 14th

Away from Te Anau in sunshine at 9 a.m. we had good travelling to Queenstown via Mossburn, Five Rivers and Kingston. We had lunch in hot sun along the Glenorchy road in a grassy bay beside Lake Wakatipu. This metalled road has been greatly

improved in the last two years and is now easily negotiable. We drove up the Rees Valley to where the road became ~~an~~ ill-formed track, and cooked tea under a large Beech tree. Wandering up the river bed while tea cooked I found the most attractively coloured stones, surprised some dotterels and pied stilts, startled a deer, and returned in time to get fed, just as a thunderstorm was boiling up. We spent a very comfortable dry night in the boat shed at the Glenorchy landing.

Monday 15th

We awoke to more sunshine and a light powdering of snow over the hills around the lake, with Mt. Earnslaw looking most tempting. We were away to Queenstown by 9.30 and drove up to Coronet Peak for lunch. Then we drove over to the Mt. Aurum Station at the end of the Skippers Road. We enjoyed the view of the Skippers Canyon, looked around the old cemetery and made our way back, with just enough time to get a "flattie" changed and the tyre into the garage before it shut. We found a little creek to cook tea beside on the Arrowtown road and when it was dark, hopped into a hay barn half filled with sweet fresh hay for a luxurious night.

Tuesday 16th

We were down at Lake Wakatipu by 7 a.m. for a clean up and breakfast. We sat on the Lake edge until 9 a.m. when the Post Office opened, collected the repaired tyre and left for Dunedin at 9.30 a.m. The weather was beautiful up through Central and we detoured to Gabriell's Gully for lunch. Dunedin was cloudy when we arrived at 4 p.m. and Gerald called on his generous relatives who kindly offered us accommodation for the next two nights. That evening, we celebrated our return to civilization by having a tea of "shark and tatties" for a change. We hooped off across the Peninsula paddocks in drifting rain to revisit the colony of yellow crested penguins I'd found on Boulder Beach while in Dunedin previously. The chicks were quite large, moulting and suspicious, but it was good to see them again.

Wednesday 17th.

Damp and overcast so we had a late start, had lunch up on the Otago Peninsula took the car in for its 30,000 mile check and to fill in time went up to the Moana Olympic pool for a swim. A kind invitation to Karitane Hospital for tea that night saved another meal problem and afterwards dressed in frocks, white shirts and ties, we sampled one of Dunedin's picture theatres.

Thursday 18th

Was to be an early start but somehow we got tempted into staying for a scrumptuous morning tea of hot scones with Gerry's Aunt before heading off to Oamaru in mist and rain at 11 a.m. A stop off to inspect the Aviemore power project

and a wet trip found us at Mt. Cook at 5 p.m. in high spirits but low temperatures. Alex Buchanan had found us a two-roomed four-bunked little palace in the camping ground where we spent four very comfortable nights. By the time it was snowing heavily and by bedtime an inch of snow covered everything, with more still falling.

Friday 19th

Brilliantly fine and the area looked its best lightly mantled in melting snow with avalanches thundering down off Mt. Sefton and surrounding mountains. Alex took us up into the ice caves on the foot of the Mueller glacier in the morning and we wandered, or more truthfully, crawled, around the larger caves, spending half an hour in the deepest one and going in some 50 yards underground. It was cold, wet and a bit eerie in there, especially, when Alex shot round a side tunnel leaving us completely in darkness only to reappear behind us. It was a terrific experience. In places the water worn ice was treacherously slippery and in others, particularly where the roof was low enough to bump against, it was dangerously jagged with sharp spear heads jutting out.

The afternoon was spent in wandering up over the Tasman Glacier, to the foot of the ~~Hochstetter~~ ^{Hooker} icefall, from the Ball hut.

Saturday 20th

10.30 a.m. saw us heading up the Hooker river valley to the Hooker hut, temptingly placed at the foot of the Copeland pass route, with Mt. Cook towering just across the valley. We had a leisurely lunch at the hut, waited for a shower to blow over, and retraced our steps in hot sunshine.

Sunday 21st

Dawned bright and clear again and Alex took us on what proved to be the most spectacular day of our whole trip. We plodded up the Sealy range to the Sealy Lakes above the Hermitage for lunch and a rather cold swim in a deep tarn. Then Alex challenged us to go to the Mueller Hut at the top of the Sealy range (just over 5,000ft). Three of us went with him up through tussock followed by rocks and snow. We arrived at the hut about 3 p.m. and looked longingly over to Mt. Olivier, Mt. Sefton and even Mt. Annette, wishing we could spend more time in this superb place. We had a brew and left for the lowlands as a "hogsback" cloud drifted across Cook's face indicating rain was on the way. As usual after tea, we went over to the National Park Headquarters. Every night while at Mt. Cook we attended the excellent series of slides lectures and films put on by the National Parks Rangers and Alex ran his own private slide programme for us as well.

Monday 22nd

We reluctantly packed and left with rain hovering close by at 10.0 a.m. Over the Lindis pass the weather cleared and 5 p.m. found us heading for the Matukituki valley to Mt.

Aspiring Station where we camped for the next two nights.
Tuesday 23rd

Was washing day

Wednesday 24th

Again fine and we were off by 10 a.m. Had lunch at Lake Hawea and ended up at Jackson's Bay in late afternoon. We weren't very impressed with these parts, no suitable camp site and hoards of flies around crates of smelly fish on the wharf, so we headed north again and finally found a weecorner by the Okuru river to bed down. The dew was like light rain and soon everything was saturated. We tied ourselves into the tent to escape the man-eating mosquitoes while we ate tea and had an early night.

Thursday 25th

We made history and were packed and away by 8 a.m. but just up the road Trev shocked us out of complacency by saying he couldn't find any gears - all this on a one way bridge with a huge truck bearing down upon us! With the alternative of travelling in either low gear or reverse we suffered the indignity of a tow to the Haast garage. After several hours of poking around we found the rear engine mounting had broken, disconnecting the gear system in the tunnel - a minor matter soon fixed by rescrawing up a few nuts and a little bit of welding. We had lunch at Fox glacier then went out to Gillespie's beach for a glorious ninety minute trot northwards along the beach (flat and strewn with quartz and other lovely stones) to the fur seal colony at Gillespie's point. Away across the Westland forest the clouds rolled away revealing the Alps, glorious in their glistening white above the lush greenness of the bush. By 7 p.m. we were at Lake Matheson where the reflections were perfect. That night we bedded down in a picnic place beside Lake Mapourika. A Maori family graciously vacated a glowing fire when we arrived so we swung the billies over the coals and had tea at 10 p.m. It was such a mild and starlit night we didn't pitch the tent but regretted it afterwards. The sandflies gnawed relentlessly until dark, then millions of ravenous mosquitoes descended. Opossums also descended in hoards.

Friday 26th

We back-tracked in hot sunshine to the Franz Josef Glacier, then on to Greymouth for "munchies" and over Arthur's Pass to a National Park public shelter three miles on the Christchurch side of the Park headquarters. This was our last night together.

Saturday 27th

We were waked at 6 a.m. by "Thud, plop, plop, plop" on the roof. It was a kea with a perverted sense of humour amusing himself by rolling stones down the corrugations of the roof and watching them topple on to the ground. The boys tried every conceivable means of distracting him,

even to sending smoke up the chimney, but to no avail and at 10 a.m. when we left he was still doing it. We were in Christchurch for lunch and left on the ferry that night.

Sunday 28th

Was overcast and showery, fitting weather for our feeling of sadness that our trip had ended. The crossing had been moderately rough and two of us were still a bit green looking. There seemed a general reluctance to return to H.B. and work, and it took us twelve hours before we finally reached home haunts and then what a sorting out of gear there was !

The foregoing is but a brief and factual account of all we did and saw in the three weeks three days we were away. It would take a book to recount all the fun and experiences we had, and looking back now I realize how very lucky we were to have had such a happy and successful trip, blessed by such good weather and the kindness of contacts. We covered 3,205 miles at a total cost, including Milford track fees steamer fares, food etc., of \$46 each. The car averaged 33.65 miles per gallon. We had found space to take a sugar bag of potatoes with us but otherwise bought food as we went, cooking a hot meal of meat and veges daily except on two occasions when we "dined out". We had planned a rough itinerary but didn't keep to it exactly and fitted in an extra day here and there. The entire trip was a great success and to see the enjoyment the others got from it and to take a part in their wholehearted participation certainly made the planning, organising and arranging very worthwhile. To see them uncomplainingly meet and rise above the odd little inconveniences (such as lack of travelling space!) and the willingness with which they repeatedly packed and unpacked was really encouraging and any misgivings I'd had in the beginning were soon proved groundless. Having capable drivers who willingly shared the driving made travelling so much more pleasurable too.

South Island party No. in party 5 Leader Pam Lewis
Gerald Edmunds, Trevor Baldwin, Graham Griffiths,
Margaret Buchanan.

No. 848

Rosval's Track - Black Ridge:

13th January

Sixteen tramps left Mill Farm at about 9.30 and ambled down to the Tukituki. The day was hot and fine and the paddle up the river which was very low, was all too short. On a damp, overcast day I imagine that Rosval's track would be a quick and pleasant way of ascending but on a hot dry day it was a sweaty, slow slog. Most of the undergrowth was tinder dry, even the mosses having very little moisture. One point of interest is that the track has more variation in bird and tree life than much of the Ruahines.

From the top of Black Ridge where we had a dry lunch, we had very clear and close views to the south and west of Howletts Hut, Tiraha, Ohuinga and the notorious Sawtooth Ridge. We took off down the ridge and were soon at Daphne Hut where we cooled off in the river and had a brew. While coming out down the Tuki some found a few of the pools hard to resist. We were all back at our transport at 7pm and in Hastings by 9pm.

No. in party: 16

Leader: Noel Evans

Brenda Butcher, David Butcher, Brian Smith, Alan Berry, Jim Glass, Gavin Sharp, Mary Brigham, Roy Swain, Nora Hobcroft, Margaret Turner, Jackie Smith, Janet Ferguson, Neil Pulford, Paul Hollein, Alan Thurston.

No.849

Pakaututu - Mohaka - Hot Springs:

27-28th January

As we numbered only twelve, including the three bound for Lotkow Hut, transport was by VW, Russell taking the Lotkow party up to Bald Hill, and Mr. Lewis coming with us and bringing the Kombi round to Makahu, which saved us the long climb back up to Pakaututu at the end of the trip. From the end of the road, in the bush behind Pakaututu, where we must have already been close to a height of 3000ft, the track wanders in a general northwesterly direction along the ridge which forms the divide between the Ripia tributaries to the N.E., and those of the Mohaka to the S.W. The "ups" of this ridge exceed the "downs", so we gained still more height. Occasional gaps in the trees gave us glimpses southward to the country behind the Kawekas, and, behind us, to the grasslands on some of the hills around Puketitiri, which were beginning to seem a long way away.

On top of a larger rise, where the track makes a bend to the right, there was some discussion as to whether this was the place where we should turn off. We carried on but after another hour, when we came to the place where it looks as if the person who cut the track we were following had also gone wrong, our doubts swung the other way, and we turned back. After lunch, returning to the knob where the totara trees were, we left the track and headed roughly south for a short distance along a ridge where the trees are almost completely bare of lower branches, and then turned west along a small saddle and crashed through vines and undergrowth up on to a high knob. The far side of this drops away almost vertically, to give a view of the Mohaka so far below that it looks quite a small stream, with the Mangatainoka meandering to join it from the far side. We followed the bush edge to the left and eventually down a ridge to camp beside the Mohaka a few yards below the almost hidden junction of the comparatively small Mangatainoka. Even up here, near its headwaters, and reduced by weeks of dry weather, it was still a large and powerful river, with plenty of white water, and our two fishermen soon had their rods assembled, unfortunately without result.

The expression on the face of one of them was most amusing when an eel attacked his bare toe. Not long afterwards one of those who had thought it a great joke was rinsing some dishes when another eel had a go at his finger; somehow, that wasn't so funny. Someone's breakfast

As the night was fine, sleeping under the stars was pleasant. Setting off down river next morning, after allowing some time for the sun to take the chill out of the water, we provided ourselves with strong manuka sticks to help us in crossing. The boulders were rather slippery, so a prop to lean on was a great help. The river was mostly just deep enough to thoroughly wet our shorts, with a few crossings waist deep, and a few places in gorges where we floated down, relying on the buoyancy of our packs to hold us head and shoulders out of the water. One place was a bit awkward, with a nasty rapid at the beginning of a gorge, and we had to scramble around the rocks and lower ourselves into the pool. While doing this, one of our fishermen, who had tied his expensive rod to his stick, dropped it, and owing to the weight of the green manuka wood it sank to the depths of the pool and was not seen again.

After all those hours in and out of the cold river, a good soak in the Hot Springs was most enjoyable, while Russell sprinted out to Makahu and brought the Kombi back to meet us at the Mangatutu Stream. Though we could not claim to have had a long dry journey, we once again enjoyed a cup of tea with Mr. and Mrs. Lewis on our way back.

No. 850

A party of 36 assembled at the roadhead to begin the annual lilo trip. Six keen bods decided to wander over the intervening range and join the less keen of us on the river just below Cameron Hut.

We arrived home about 9.30pm. just in time for two of our number to begin work!

Total No.39 Leader: David Butcher
Peter Lewis, William Thompson, Brian Turner, Graeme Coutts, Roy Swain,
Noel Evans, Brian Smith. Jim, Chris & Susan Glass, Bob and Bev Garnett,
Raymond Cook, Graham Thorp, Michael Johnson, John Witten-Hannah, Neil
Pulford, Martin du Fresne, Liz Pindar, Gillian Simmons, Beverly Simmons,
Helen Smith, Helen Stuart, Joan Steenson, Margaret Buchanan, Janet Fer-

gusson, Sue Taylor, Doreene Searancke, Stephanie Norton, Madalene van Slobbe, Russell Deakin, Jim Wilshere, Toby & Debbie Easton, Russell Millington. Afternoon party: Pam Lewis, Margaret Culloty, Brian Mote.

No.851

Clifton - Kidnappers - Ocean Beach:

24-25th February

Apart from seeing several minor landslides at close quarters we had an uneventful if wet walk from Clifton to the Rest Hut, at which we refuelled, and filled our water containers, having been warned that there was no water available further on. The addition of an extra 5-10 lbs to our packs made the track up to the gannet plateau seem very steep. After about an hour there we followed sheep tracks along the cliff top to the bluff overlooking Rangaiika, where we intended to stay the night. A boiler from some forgotten wreck and two half-buried pots are the only remaining signs of the old whaling station.

After an afternoon of swimming the preparation of the meal led to wood collectors meeting katipo spiders. Water was not plentiful so the stew was made partly with sea water, and, despite being burnt and salty, was all eaten. An early start was made next morning, to meet dead low water at the bluff, which is knee-deep even then. All that was then necessary was the endurance to plod along the long flat beach to Ocean Beach. Sweetcorn and swimming filled a pleasant afternoon when we joined the others who came for the day, most of whom had picked sweetcorn earlier that morning. We were back in Hastings by 7pm.

No. in weekend party: 22 No. in day party: 18 Leader: Liz Pindar Margaret Culloty, Margaret Buchanan, Pam Lewis, Clyde Nicholls, Sue Adcock, Kath Berry, Ruth Baumann, Barry Foster, Graham Thorp, Brian Turner, David Bacon, Alan Thurston, Ray Cook, David Hall, David Butcher, Neil Pulford, Russell Deakin, Roy Swain, John Wright, Jim Wilshere & 1. Nora Hobercroft, Gillian Simmons, Neroli Wilton, Margaret Turner, Graham Griffiths, Alan Berry & 2, Graeme Coutts, Phil & Els Bayens & 3, Jim Glass & 2, Nancy Tanner.

No.852

Maratotara

March 10th

We left Hastings just after 7am picking up more bods in Havelock which brought the total to 19. Phil drove the truck out for us and dropped us off right at the stream. At approx 8.30 we set off downstream with farm country on both sides and scattered scrub. About 11.30 we emerged on to the Clifton road, so decided to go down to the beach towards Clifton and walk back to Te Awanga. At the beach we found the three front persons had gone straight to Te Awanga. We had lunch and a good swim, then made our way down to Te Awanga where we found our three missing bods. Phil hadn't arrived by then so there was more swimming and sun bathing. About 4pm we boarded the battle wagon for home. This trip was a hot, wet and easy tramp, yet enjoyable.

No. in party: 19

Leader: Trevor Baldwin

Peter Lewis, Russell Millington, Brian Turner, Roy Swain, Alan Thurston, Gavin Sharp, David Hall, John Wright, S. Taylor, Jim Glass & 2, Liz Pin-

dar, R. Mason, S. Mackie, R. Smith, R. Kupa, J. Findlain.

No.853

Hinerua - Mangaweka - Waterfall Creek.

23-24th March . . .

It was a small party of eight that boarded the truck at 6pm on Friday night. The night was fine and clear with the prospects of a good weekend, weatherwise. The trip down to Hinerua Road was uneventful, the truck running well. After whittling down the opossum population on the farm, and disconnecting the truck battery to prevent a repetition of what happened on the lilo trip, we prepared our gear for the trip into Hinerua Hut.

The two carbide lamps in the party were lit, and at 8.30pm we set off. The view of Napier and Hastings wasn't as good as usual as there was quite a bit of evening mist around. The party wasn't especially fast but good time was made as we arrived at the hut at 10pm. Since there was to be an early start next day everyone was quickly in bed and off to sleep. Less than two hours later, however, we woke to the sound of a transistor radio turned full on. This could only mean the arrival of one person. Yes, it was Trev. Russell Millington had brought three others up with him. They had made very good time having left Hastings after work at 9pm and arrived at the hut around 10 to 12, but as the hut was fairly full they decided to sleep outside.

At 0500 on Saturday morning we were awakened by the shrill of my travelling alarm clock. It has a very penetrating ring and had the desired effect. The anticipated time for leaving the hut was 0600 and, surprisingly, we were all set to go by 0550. By this time there was enough light to see where we were going up to the bush line. On getting out on to the open tussock of Hinerua ridge we found that there was a little layer of cloud blowing over Ohuinga from the west, but elsewhere the sky was clear. It was just past here that Russell's knee started playing up again and he decided to turn back. We continued on up to the top of Hinerua Ridge. About 20 minutes short of the top the wind started to blow very hard, making footing rather unstable. The wind around Hinerua Ridge seems to always be very turbulent and comes in gusts from all directions.

By this time the party had become rather spaced out but gradually each bod topped the ridge and joined the rest of us sheltering from the wind. Unfortunately two of the bods decided that it was too windy and cold on the Ridge and decided to go back to the hut. Had I known sooner that they were turning back I would have discouraged them, but they learnt a lesson here and I should think they will tell the leader that they are going back next time.

The first of the party arrived at the top at 8am and everyone was up by 0820. From here the nine of us that were left headed south through the saddle in the main divide and then on to Ohuinga. From the top of Ohuinga the small orange dot of Howlett's Hut could just be seen. At 10am we then headed west out along the Hawke's Bay Range. As we moved out along the ridge the wind dropped and it became quite hot in the sun. The Hawke's Bay Range is quite good going, except for one place referred

to as a chimney in Norm's "Route Guide", but this didn't give us any trouble.

We stopped for lunch on the highest knob above Waterfall Creek Hut (5330 on map). It was here that second lesson was learnt (I hope), and that is not to leave your pack close to a sheer drop. We had just about finished lunch when one boy tripped on his pack while stepping over it, and that was when it went. It must have gone down 200 feet or so, spilling the contents as it went. Fortunately his camera was alright and he managed to recover all his gear. The pack which had a metal frame, was more in the shape of a triangle than a square, and the brand new club first aid kit was certainly in need of some panel beating.

Well, this meant that three of the party would have to get the pack and then continue on down to the Kawhatau which they could then follow down to Waterfall Creek Hut. The six of us that were now left moved on along the range to where an easy creek flows straight out to the hut, and here four others went down leaving Phil Bayens and I to go on to Mangaweka. We left the others at 1345 and then slowly moved on to Mangaweka. We got to Iron Peg at 1445 and to Mangaweka at 1515, and then after a short snooze moved on down Trig Creek and back to the hut arriving there at 1800. Pam and the others had the stew well under way by this time and it wasn't long before we were eating happily.

On Sunday morning at six the alarm burst forth and we awoke to another perfect day. Once again only an hour was spent getting going and at 0710 we left the hut and headed up the Kawhatau to Tussock Creek. All the rivers in the area were very low and we all managed to get up the Kawhatau without getting our feet wet. After a short stop at the bottom of Tussock Creek we began the long slow plod to the top of Broken Ridge. Warren and David wasted no time and were up on the top of the ridge in fifty-two minutes. The rest of us weren't quite so quick but were still up on the top in the sun by 0930. One thing we were all glad of was the early start because the sun hadn't come over the top of Broken Ridge. Near the top, however, we were out in the sun and had it right in our eyes making it very difficult to see where to go.

We had a long rest on top and then packed up and went south east along Broken Ridge and Paemutu to Hinerua Ridge which we followed down to the hut. There were a few anxious moments when Len badly sprained his ankle, half way down the Ridge to the hut. However, he got along fairly well after we had bandaged it up. Another stop was made on the way down when we ran into the day party, who then returned to the hut with us. For some there wasn't much peace at the hut over lunch so at 1330 we headed back down the track to the truck. Once again four of the party, two who had been there before, went down Foot's Mistake. I don't know how far down they went but it took them half an hour to climb back up. A quick, uneventful drive home just rounded the trip off nicely and we were back in town again by 1900 hours.

No. in weekend party: 12

Leader: Graham Thorp

Pam Lewis, Alan Thurston, Warren Greer, Russell Millington, David Wall, John Wright, Phil Bayens, Len Hoogenburg, Barry Pats, Brian Mote, Trev. Baldwin. Day party: 10: Graham Griffiths, Helen Hill, Judy Smoker, Sue Adcock, Douglas Thompson, Roy Swain, Margaret Culloty, Margaret Turner, Steven McKay, Nora Hobcroft.

1967-68

QUEEN'S SCOUT EXPEDITION TO ANTARCTICA

At 7am on Sunday 24th of December, we boarded the "Pvt John R. Towle", a U.S. supply ship to McMurdo. We spent two days in Lyttleton and Christchurch, sailing at 8.30am on Boxing Day. This was the start of a four week trip as representatives of the N.Z. Scouts and guests of the Antarctic Division of the D.S.I.R.

The trip for the first three days proved to be very rough. We were not assigned to any duties so we occasionally went up to the wheelhouse where we had a few minutes at the wheel steering the ship.

On the fourth day we sighted our first iceberg, (position Latitude 64°59'S Longitude 176°12'E) and on the following day (Saturday) we were amongst the ice. At this stage, with over 400 miles still to travel, we were making extremely slow progress. At 12.30am on 1st January the icebreaker, "Westwind" arrived to escort us through the ice. Also holding us back now was the fact that there was a hole in the bow, causing number one hold to take in water. Owing to continual pumping it filled up to a maximum of only about six feet.

Finally, we arrived at McMurdo on Wednesday 3rd January, after eight days travelling. My first impression was that the place looked like a vast quarry, devoid of snow, with unattractive dark brown rock exposed. McMurdo is a huge place, with about 1500 men there at the time, and has several streets. Vehicles are running about all over the place.

At 8.30am on the day of arrival, the leader and deputy of Scott Base came and collected us and took us to the N.Z. base where we were to spend the next nine days. In contrast to McMurdo, Scott Base is small, compact, and tidy, and was occupied by about thirty men at the time. After introductions and a tour around the Base, we had the rest of the day free.

On the following day we were put to work carting soil for a new floor. Because of the shortness of our stay, we were not given many duties to do. Collecting ice at the pressure ridges for the ice-melter was a strenuous but interesting job. It is tackled with a chain-saw, pneumatic shovel several axes, and several able-bodied men. With this combination the gigantic sledge can be filled in an hour or so. Other work we did was sweeping snow off the roofs after a snow-fall, painting, and occasionally helping the mechanic, cook and carpenter.

We spent most of our time visiting places of interest and photographing. Perhaps, the highlight of the trip was a helicopter flight to Cape Royds. This is the site of the famous Shackleton's hut which was built in 1909 by the British Antarctic Expedition under his command. Cape Royds is also the site of the huge Adelie penguin colony.

After about forty-five minutes of frantic photographing we were again collected by the U.S. Navy helicopter and returned to Base.

Skiing is a favourite pastime for many of the Base personnel, who are well equipped with a good smooth ski-field (about four miles from the Base) and a fairly reliable ski-tow. Each of us Scouts qualified for membership in the Ski Club by sledging from the top of the tow to the bottom. Our visit to an ice-cave on our last night at the Base proved to be another highlight. At about 11pm (in bright sunshine) we set off equipped with a tilly lamp, ice axes, and photographic equipment. In order to have the beauty of it left unharmed, the whereabouts of this cave is kept secret amongst the New Zealanders. Entrance is made through a tiny crack in the side of a huge ice cliff. We spent about two hours here and would have spent longer if it had not been for the risk of the lamp failing.

Finally, our nine days of enjoyment came to an end, when at 10pm on Friday 12th January, we again pulled away from McMurdo on board the "Pvt John R. Towle" for the commencement of another gruelling seven days voyage back to N.Z.

We found the trip very enjoyable and a great experience. This is the second year in succession that an H.T.C. member has been selected for this trip, and I hope that more H.T.C. members will have the opportunity to visit Antarctica.

Kelvin Walls.

TOROPAPA SEARCH

On Sunday 31 December the police received word that a hunter was lost in the Toropapa Valley in the Southern Ahi-manawas and they alerted the Tramping Club and the Napier Deerstalkers Club about 2pm. They wanted a carload to go immediately to the area to carry out a preliminary reconnaissance, so we got hold of four D.A. men, who with two police left at 3pm.

A conference was held at the Police Station at 9pm, after the return of the above party and all arrangements for a full scale search were made for the next day. Most of the Tramping Club boys were away on trips but half a dozen were contacted and assembled at Police H.Q. at 4am, along with about 30 others (D.A. Police and radios) to be transported up the Taupo road about 30 Miles to just past the Te Haroto area, then by mill roads for another six miles in a southerly direction to the Toropapa stream. Base was set up at the end of the track and all personnel divided into teams, 6 field parties of about five men each and a base party. Team leaders

were appointed, radios issued, one to each team, and each team was shown maps on the area they had to search. Mr Trev Porter had been appointed Ground Controller at the meeting the night before, and his expert knowledge of the whole of that area was of immense benefit to all.

It was packs up and away by 8am to search our blocks of bush, and report back each hour (or sooner if necessary). The man lost, had wandered away from his two companions two days previously, had thrown away his boots (as they were useless anyway), and had turned upstream instead of down on his way back to camp from hunting. He had pushed on all next day upstream without food, pack, or dry clothing. The morning of the third day he decided to turn back and was struggling downstream when the party which had been allotted the task of following the river up to its source found him, (they had radioed in earlier that they had found stockinged footprints) Most of the parties knew what was going on and were ready for the recall on the radio (plus three shots repeated) so were back before the upriver party got back.

The lost one was still in quite good shape except for his feet, which of course were very cut and bruised. The base party had a good billy of soup on, plus two huge billies of tea, which were very welcome and all had a good feed. (We had taken food for several days). Then on to the Army trucks and away.

A well organised search with a happy conclusion.

Tramping Club Members: Graham Thorp. Paul Frude. Alan Culver. Warren Greer. John Feigler. Peter Lewis & Harry Stewart.

H.G.S.

CHRISTMAS PARTY

December 9-10th

The Christmas party was held at Havelock North and we are grateful to Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin for allowing us the use of their home again. Forty-six members attended for the usual swimming, games and masses of food. Most had left by 2.30am. Three retired to the top of Te Mata Peak for a sleep, and seven others, after cleaning up, bedded down, as daylight approached, at Waimarama Beach to await the day party's arrival. Rain chased us into the cars by 7am, but after several hours of driving about, during which we joined up with the Kombi, the skies gradually cleared and we spent the remainder of the day on the banks of the Tuki-tuki river, eating, sleeping and swimming. Thanks to all who helped so much; but where did all the girls go?? We can't let the boys have it all their own way, so come along next time, girls!

P.M.L.

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WAIKAMAKA

October 1967

We had promised to take some of the younger girls for a tramp somewhere, and finally chose to go up the Waipawa thinking that the weary and the footsore could turn back with comparative ease. We had two surprises: the first, when more than 30 fourth and fifth formers turned up at 6 a.m. at Holts; and the second when everyone in the party of 39 reached Waikamaka Hut.

The last ones back to the transport were slow, and pretty tired, but it seemed a very worthwhile trip to all.

H.C.H.

---ooOoo---

MINGINUI

16 February 1968

Minginui is one of the last of the big stands of rimu-matai forest being cut out. To reach the Forestry settlement you follow the Waikaremoana Road as far as Te Whaiti then strike south several miles up the Whirinaki River. From the settlements and the nearby sawmills the logging roads fan out over the rolling country which overlooks the Rangitaiki Valley.

We were showing a couple of visitors round, an Australian and an American, whose interests lay mainly in the planting and growing of trees, so we spent most of our time wandering through desolate areas of logs and ragwort with little pine trees popping their heads up, for attempts to start nurseries of rimu or totara seem to have failed. They now aim at clean burns, as hot as possible, and amongst the fuel on one area ready for the torch was one of the largest maire I have ever seen, with a clean trunk 36 inches or more across.

Our guide and myself were keener to get into a pocket of particularly heavy timber, rather like Ball's Clearing bush, in the head-basin of the Mangawiri stream, down which bulldozers are moving. Beyond the head of the logging road tall rimu and matai are being felled into the main gully from either side and are dragged out in turn.

We wriggled our way downstream through this - nearly mislaying the American at one stage, in spite of his experience in New Guinea - till we reached some huge totara, soon to be logged, for totara here and elsewhere in the Minginui is dying, all at once and for no clear reason.

N.L.E.

---ooOoo---

Ornithological Notes:

Minginui: Kingfishers stationed on telephone poles. Pigeons seemed common.

Mangawiri: One bush robin at close range.

Mokoia Id.: Heard wekas. The concessionaire says he liberated six pair from Gisborne and reckons there are now about 200. Saw one rat and some bark biting. He reckons they are building up again after a crash before Christmas, and that wekas can hold their own against rats.

N.L.E.

ACTIVE WEEK-END(a) Kaweka Hut - Saturday, 9th December.

We left Hastings at 6 a.m. and headed up the Taihape road. in a V.V. After a very pleasant two hour stroll in beautiful weather we reached Kaweka Hut.

When one and a half hours had passed we left for the return, via the unnamed bivvy. However, after discovering that my camera was missing, and realising that I had left it at the lakes, we returned there and collected it. After half an hour's back-tracking we turned on to the bull-dozer track. In order to be back for the Christmas party we went racing homeward via the bivvy, and hit the Taihape road a mile or two from the car.

(P.S. A new log book is needed at Kaweka Hut very soon.)

(b) Christmas Party.(c) Waikamaka Hut - Sunday, 10th December.

We were once again away at 6 a.m. but this time for an easy day to Waikamaka. The weather was fairly miserable and there was even a light fall of snow up near the Saddle. After lazing about at Waikamaka for about two and a half hours we were away soon after 1 p.m. and had an uneventful return trip until we were nearly down to the farmland, when we saw two deer quietly grazing on the river bed. What a disappointment, when it was only through laziness that we had left the rifle back at the car!

Kelvin Walls Randall Goldfinch

---oo0oo---

MOUNT COOK REGION

30th December -
15th January

The four of us joined forces at Christchurch and set off for the Hermitage in Rex's Holden. The night was spent in luxurious Unwin Hut, the Alpine Club's base hut near the Hermitage.

The weather next morning was not very promising, but we set off from Ball Hut regardless. After a couple of hours progress up the Tasman we stopped for lunch, and one shaneful bod discovered the absence of his parka. A general retreat was called for, and we were back at Unwin by 4. 30 p.m. This retreat turned out to be a blessing in disguise, since a nor'wester reigned for the next two days, and we were hut-bound in comfort. On Wednesday the 3rd, the journey to Malte Brun hut was completed in 6 hours in reasonable weather.

High cloud and wind next morning put paid to any serious climbing, but we enjoyed some rock-scrambling on the bluffs behind the hut and did a reconnaissance of the route to Aiguilles Rouges. We had read in the hut book that the moraine wall was subsiding beneath the hut, and that night as a gale buffeted the old walls and rain lubricated the soil beneath, none of us felt very secure.

By 11 o'clock next morning the sky had cleared, so we set off up the Tasman Glacier to try to locate Tasman Saddle hut, where we intended to spend the second week of our stay. Soft snow made the going difficult, and when Rex fell up to his waist into a small crevasse, we reckoned it was about time to rope up. Our tracks continued on up towards Mount Elie de Beaumont, crossing several rather exciting snow bridges, then veered right, towards the head of the Tasman. At last the hut appeared, looking only about 10 minutes away but after twenty minutes of steady slogging we seemed to be no closer, and it wasn't till 6 o'clock that we trudged through the doorway to be greeted by the occupants with four steaming mugs of tea. A short while later we were on the return journey, jumping over slots and hurrying under ice cliffs in a mad rush to be back at Malte before dark. We made it, but by a very narrow margin.

At 6.30 next morning, Hal, Rex and I left to climb Malte. The steep snow and ice of the Malte Brun Glacier was smooth and firm and made for fast progress on crampons. Although the rock itself was dry and solid there were still enough patches of soft snow about to make progress tricky on the climb up to the west ridge, where we were greeted by an annoying wind. A couple of hundred feet up the ridge we met two climbers returning from the summit, and since I was not enjoying the climb I joined their rope for the descent. Hal and Rex continued on up. On the way down we found a pack lying on a narrow rock ledge and carried it down to the hut. Apparently it belonged to one of two climbers killed on the mountain recently. The snow of the glacier had softened considerably but quick progress was made on the seat of one's pants.

We heard on the 7 o'clock radio sched. that a climber had been killed on the Minarets and all 13 in the hut volunteered to carry his injured rope-mate up the Tasman to Darwin Corner, from where a ski-plane could fly him out. At 8 o'clock Hal and Rex returned, victorious.

Our instructions were to be at de la Beche hut "at first light". At 4 o'clock we closed the hut door and began to pick our way down the gut in the steep moraine wall to the white ice of the Tasman. Crunching steadily across the glacier, following the glittering pools of light cast by trusty headlamps, we were able to gaze about at the sleeping giants of New Zealand, glowing palely in the first light of a cloudless day. Everything was silent, but for the sound of boots rhythmically crushing delicate ice crystals underfoot, and the occasional hollow thud of a rock loosening its frozen grip and tumbling into a shadowy crevasse. Just as the summit of Mount Cook burst into fiery life we topped the loose moraine wall and walked the last few yards to de la Beche hut.

It was not until 6 a.m. that the patient was ready to be carried and we could begin the slow and careful descent down the steep wall, across hilly black-ice, and over the many crevasses to easier going in mid-glacier. There were six men carrying at a time, and teams changed at 10 minute intervals. Even so, everyone was pretty tired by the time we loaded our charge on to the ski-plane at midday, despite

the fact that the body had been flown up from the Hermitage an hour previously. That afternoon Malte hut vibrated to the snores of the weary. We heard later that a party that had inspected the body high on the Minarets had deemed it too dangerous to extract it from the deep crevasse in which it lies.

At 2 o'clock next morning the hut was once again empty and the sky was a clear, stardotted pool of darkness. Two hours later we were heading upvalley with all our belongings, bound for Elie de Beaumont. Good progress was made in the tracks we had made previously, but the sun was already fierce when we deposited the bulk of our gear at the foot of the Anna Glacier and began to thread our way up among its wide slots and threatening ice-cliffs. The numerous avalanches and rock falls coming off Walter and the Minarets gave ideal excuses for rest as we cramponned steadily upward. Once on the main divide we split into two ropes and began to sidle up steep snow slopes towards the summit, meeting several ropes on their way down. After a further two and a half hours of enjoyable 'leading-through' we were there, 10,200' above sea level, and the view was tremendous. To the North, East and South a sea of jagged, snowy peaks was spread at our feet, with only Aorangi and her mighty companions looking down on our lofty viewpoint. To the west spread a billowing roof of cotton-wool clouds with here and there the summit of a craggy peak thrusting itself up into the sun. It is at moments such as these that one realises the answer to the age-old question, "Why do we climb?"

The gentlest of breezes cooled the summit as we sat and munched our crushed biscuits, studying the rugged Maximilian Range beneath our feet. By 2 o'clock, though, it was time to go and we began belaying down the softening snow. A quick dash through the Anna, and we shouldered our swags for the plod to Tasman Saddle hut. Heavy loads, a merciless sun and breakable snow crust combined to make the next hour of travelling a miserable one, and it was four very burnt and weary bods that finally plodded into the hut.

I think Tasman hut is worthy of a description. It is perched on a tiny rock platform near the head of the glacier, with a broken icefall to one side, vertical rock cliffs falling away from three of its walls and a steep snow bank behind, which serves jointly as water-supply and latrine. One can stand at one window and study the beautiful north faces of Darwin and Annan, and from another can be seen the whole sweep of the main divide from Elie down to Cook.

The morrow was again perfectly fine - too fine. We all felt like a rest, both from climbing and from the heat of the sun, so the only activity of the day consisted in walking 3 or 4 hundred feet down to the landing strip on the main glacier and collecting a supply of food that had been dropped for us two days previously.

Soon after dawn on the 10th we left to climb Hochstetter Dome, 9,258'. The snow was crusty enough to allow steady cramponning and by 6.30 we had found our way through and over the slots and were taking summit photographs. Once again the West Coast was hidden by low cloud, but the view, especially of the precipitous Whymper face of Elie, was most impressive. From here we balanced our way eastward along the sharp crest of the divide and plugged our way up to the

beautifully symmetrical summit of Aylmer, 8,819'. Being drained on three sides by the Whympere, Tasman and Murchison Glaciers, this peak offers a superb viewpoint, and we spent an enjoyable half hour identifying the forest of mountains surrounding us.

It was still only 8 o'clock, and the rocky bulk of Mt Annan was beckoning to us from the other side of Tasman saddle. And so down again, across a large 'schrund, and up to a snow col in the mountains north ridge. After some discussion we agreed to knock off the unnamed peak to the north and then return and go on to Annan. We thought it would not take more than half an hour but a few minutes later, we learnt the nature of the rocks that make up these few peaks; everywhere boulders of every size and shape, some of them weighing many hundredweight, are piled up loosely, waiting for the careless climber to pull them down on top of him. The cliffs on our right plunged down out of sight to emerge thousands of feet below as the rugged Mannering Glacier. We led through right to the top 9,144 ft. As a great silver DC3 thundered through the saddle below us and roared off down the Tasman, we agreed that we'd all had enough of this loose rock, and that Annan could wait till another day. Picking our way down to a snow-filled couloir, we slid down to the col again and plodded back to the hut for lunch.

At 2.30 next morning there is the promise of another fine day, and 2 hours later, with a handsome breakfast inside, we start off for Mount Green, 9,305'. As we trudge between the gaping black crevasses, a spectacle that has been taking place regularly for millions of years begins to unfold its wonderful beauty once again - sunrise in the alps.

Soon, we have to hurry beneath a threatening ice-fall, and then begins a long, steep climb up the east ridge of Green. The last 200 feet to Climber's Col is an exciting knife-edge of snow, and then we are gazing up at the final 100 foot north face. The bergschrund is wide but well bridged, and the snow-slope above, although very steep, offers fairly good footholds after a few kicks. By 8 a.m. we are on the corniced summit, quickly cooling in a strong westerly. The descent is tricky, with every second step collapsing underfoot, and a gusty wind to make the knife-edge even more exciting. Hurrying across the remains of a fallen serac, we begin once more the weary plod back to the hut.

Next morning, we weren't obliged to stir until 5 a.m. Two hours later, with a nor'wester brewing up behind us, we began the outward journey in the company of two other blokes from the hut. The glacier had changed considerably in 5 days, and packs weighing up to 70lbs did not make crevasse-hopping any easier. Eight weary hours later we were back at Unwin, where we met Madge and the Oldroyds.

Next morning they left for Christchurch with Bert, and Rex, Hal and I had a welcome rest day.

At 4 a.m. on Sunday the 14th we left Unwin with two friends to climb Annette, a 7,000' peak on the Sealy Range behind the Hermitage. Scrambling up the grassy Hoophorn Spur made a pleasant change, and further up, where the spur becomes an interesting rock ridge, we

enjoyed many a snooze on the leeward side. A short traverse between crevasses led us to the summit rocks and into the full force of a howling westerly. A brief stop at the top, then it was off down the other side as smartly as possible. The wind has carved out a huge semi-circular scoop in the snow around the summit, and it angrily flung stinging ice particles at our faces. We were soon down into a sheltered valley and strolling back to the hut.

Next day we drove to Christchurch and boarded the ferry for home.

For most of the trip the weather had been perfect, and the peaks in good condition; we were very pleased to have done so many climbs and to have seen so much of the high alps.

B.L.

Party: Bert McConnell, Hal Christian, Rex Vickers, Bruce Lusher.

---oo0oo---

WHITTLES - BLOWHARD

27-28th January

The main club party left us in low cloud at the track to Lotkow. We set off at 8.15 with our parkas on but soon shed them. We followed tracks, missed tracks and even went backwards along one until eventually we came to the junction with Jackson's Creek having missed the sideling track. Fortunately the streams were low so we had no difficulty in wading around the corner after lunch. By this time the sky was clear and it was quite warm. We decided to stay at Lotkow for the night.

During the night it began to rain and was still raining quite steadily when we left about 7.30am for Lawrence. Here again a lot of time was spent looking for tracks as we didn't want to miss the take off out of the creek. We reached Cable Creek about 9.30. It was still drizzling. An hour or so later we came to a T intersection with no indication of where either portion of the track went. We explored up and down until we found a place with a good view. Then, fortunately, the cloud lifted a little and we found the Kawekas were now on our left and we were heading north! Now where were we? Not on the track to Lawrence, that was for sure and according to our maps these well-cut tracks were non-existent!! Consultations with map and compass showed us we were looking back up the creek we had come down from Lotkow saddle and Cable Creek was just below us. Back down the track we headed watching carefully for side tracks until 20 minutes later the culprit was found.

There seemed to be no indication of a change of direction when coming from Lotkow, only when coming from Lawrence. The track we had taken went to Te Kowhai. We should have taken a hard right turn here but instead had just continued following the discs and cuts. Off we went, finding the new track to the swing bridge, and swinging our way over the river into the sunshine at Lawrence Hut at midday. Lunch here and then up, up and up, eventually meeting Alan, Jan and Ross Berry who

had come out to bring us back to Hastings. A very enjoyable trip.
Helen Hill, Sue Adcock, Kath Berry.

---oOo---

POUTAKI HUT

31st December

Leaving the Kombi on the edge of the Smedley Station grasslands, we had a tedious struggle through thick bracken, interspersed with patches of tangled scrub, the whole lot garnished with occasional gorse and blackberry. It was not until near the top of this eastern spur of the Wakararas that we came out on to bare rock and shingle. We went down over a steep little saddle, and then proceeded north along the main range, stopping for a boil-up at the edge of a patch of bush in the last saddle before Crag. On the north side of the saddle there is water not very far down but on the south side it is a long way down!

After lunch, we carried on to the top of Crag, which is one of the higher points of the range. Some hurried on to Poutaki Hut, which is in the scrub in the shallow head of a north-facing valley beyond the next high point. The wooden hut is rather dilapidated, with two old bunks, and holes in the walls. It looks as if some of the temporary residents must have had no intention of using the hut again, because most of the weatherboarding from the south wall has been used for firewood.

Our return was somewhat hastened by the gathering of black thunderclouds.

P.L.

Brenda Butcher, Toby Easton, Jacqueline Smith, Gerald Edmunds, Ruth Bauman, Bruce McGregor, Peter Lewis.

---oOo---

ELLIS'S HUT - PARK'S PEAK HUT

21st January

From Gwavas Forest Headquarters we took the road through the Wakararas, turned off at the other side on a road which goes past Ellis's hut, and left the Kombi at the old logging-skids at the end of this side road.

Setting off along an old logging track which angled up round the slope to the right, we took the left-hand branch at the first fork; this track took us over a knob and right up to the beginning of the main climb - a long and rather steep slope covered with a thick slippery growth of fern shaded by well-spaced, large trees. This broad face gathers in to a ridge higher up, joining the Trig K ridge, along which the cut track from Makororo Base to Pohatuhaha runs, about 20 - 30 minutes south of the hut. The hut is new, and should be quite a warm one, but it seems that, once again, shingle was not available to make a foundation for the fireplace, ^{through} which mice would not be able to burrow. They had upset a tin of tea off the mantelpiece, chewed at the fat in the camp-oven, and left their perfumological trademark

everywhere. Some deerstalkers had also advertised their success by leaving fragments of a deer in and around the hut, but in the absence of a log-book we could only guess at how long ago.

P.L.

Bill Horton, William Thompson, Warren Greer, Noel Evans, Mary Brigham, David Butcher, Brenda Butcher, Peter Lewis, Jeanie Brigham, John Brigham, Jacqueline Smith.

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SENTRY BOX HUT - PARK'S PEAK HUT

4th February

Going up the ridge from Sentry Box Hut, we had intended to make for Aranga ("Hut Ruin") but it was not the kind of day to be very energetic, and looking across from the top, we persuaded ourselves that it was a little late in the day to go over there. So we ambled along southward for a late lunch at Park's Peak Hut, spent a while tying up, temporarily, the pipes from the roof to water-tank, which we suspect may have been dislodged by 'possums climbing on them, cut some wood, and had a look at some areas where the wind appears to be destroying the bush by loosening the roots of the trees.

P.L.

David Butcher, Bruce McGregor, Anne McHardy, Bobby Garnett, Beverley Garnett, Liz Pindar, Peter Lewis, Graeme Coutts.

---oOo---

ENTRANCES TO THE NORTHERN KAI MANAWAS

31st March

We were looking for a convenient starting point for the Easter trip. After we had been to see the manager of Poronui Station, who said that, because of staff shortage and extra work which thoughtless strangers often gave his shepherds, he could see little chance of anyone being given permission to go through that property, we took the road which runs between the Poronui road on the left, and the road to the Wainui Trust on the right. Even before the bush edge, we came to a place where the soft pumice soil had been washed out and someone had bridged the channel with pieces of wood for each wheel. Unable to stop in time, it was a case of having to steer as accurately as possible and hope for the best. This was a foretaste of what the rest of the road was like: not bad on the flat parts, but very scoured out on the steep bits. The steering did feel a bit unusual at times; those who ran ahead to take photos in one awkward spot found the explanation: the surface was so uneven that even the VW suspension could not cope and at times one or other of the front wheels would be hanging up in the air.

About 4 miles from the bush edge, after passing two old logging huts about halfway, we came to a hut named Pirua Hut at a turnoff to the left, with a notice saying "DSA track to Te Iringa Hut and Kaipō Stream", so we charged up this side road to the point where the log-trucks had been loaded, and then on up the track where the tractors had hauled the logs out, until the Kombi refused to go up a steep curve on loose pumice.

After lunch we walked up a well-cut track to the top of the ridge, but turned back after climbing a tree on top of a knob not far from the main range, and having a look over the country which was heavily bushed except for ^{the} tussock of the edge of the Rangitaiki Plains away to the north, and drained by the various short rivers running west or north-west to Lake Taupo gleaming in the distance.

On the way out, we explored the road beyond our turnoff, and found that it passed the remains of a defunct sawmill at Clement's Camp another couple of miles in, and then carried on six miles or so, past some other huts, to Hinemaiaia Hut, near the headwaters of the river of that name. On our way out, darkness caught us; the headlights made all the rough places we had lurched over on the way in, and all the gullies and washouts at the sides of the road, look even worse than they had coming in.

P.L.

Russell Millington, Brian Mote, Ken Zombra, Liz Pindar, Peter Lewis.

---oOo---

NELSON LAKES

21st December

During our South Island visit we could afford only one day here, but in that time were very impressed with the tramping facilities of this Park which is so easily accessible from Picton. Perhaps the Club could consider the possibility of a January trip there. We stayed at the Trampers' Cottage at St. Arnaud and climbed to the top of the St. Arnaud Range, 6,000 feet - at the eastern side of the lower end of Lake Rotoiti. A very nice graded track to the bush line and then 20 minutes through tussock to a magnificent view of the Lake and most of the mountains in the Park.

Madge and Bert M'Connell.

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MT. COOK NATIONAL PARK

January

While Bertie was tackling the higher stuff, I spent a week with two friends in the Cook area, being content to stay below the snow line. On the way to the Hermitage we visited Mt. John Observatory at Tekapo and were shown round the huge telescopes and cameras they have there.

Just behind Unwin Hut (near the Hermitage) is a very good look out point - Mt. Sebastopol - from which we could see both the Hooker and Tasman Valleys. Next day the weather was as hot as ever. We started up the Hooker Valley, cooling off from time to time in the icy cold water, and reached the Hooker Hut where we spent the night. All the time we had magnificent views of Mt. Cook and the valley was beautiful with white buttercups. Again in brilliant sunshine, we set off next day to explore the Copland Pass track, but turned back on reaching the snow line as we had no ice axes.

That night the Youth Hostel was so crowded that we decided not to spend another day in the place. There are only two other huts accessible to trampers - Mueller and Ball. We visited the former first, necessitating a climb of 3,500 feet to the snow line; swam in a tarn on the way and got photographed by a climber-photographer-writer who is publishing a book later in the year about the Mt. Cook area. We climbed Mt. Ollivier that evening - 6,900 feet - and spent several hours watching the avalanches pouring off Mt. Sefton - and the Keas. Another interesting person at the hut was Mr. Hamilton who went up the Colorado in a jet-boat, and whose wife wrote "White Water".

A visit to Ball Hut was rather an anti-climax. The road is very good now and cars come in their dozens. The next day we met four very sun-burnt people as they dragged themselves up the moraine from the Tasman Glacier and we headed home; still in perfect weather.

M. M'C.

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SOCIAL NEWS

Births: To Ian and Judith Stirling - a daughter.

To Tony and Marion Corbin - a daughter.

To Madge and Bert McConnell - a chosen daughter.

Engagements: Graeme Evans to Ngaire Reid.

David Dawson to Kay Stewart.

Bereavement: Our sympathy to Maury Taylor in the loss of his father.

Departures: Bruce Lusher, Bob Garnett and Noel Evans to Canterbury.

William Thompson to Otago.

Joan Steenson to Massey.

Kelvin Walls to Wellington.

David Evans is in Canberra, studying under a New Zealand Forest Service Bursary.

David Dawson has been awarded a research fellowship and will leave for Oxford in August.

NEW MEMBERS: We welcome the following to the Club:-

Raymond Cook (jr.), Gavin Sharp (jr.), Margaret Turner,
Nora Hobcroft, Beryl Hammond, David Hall, Roy Swain.

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.

FIXTURE LIST

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

<u>May '68</u>	<u>Trip</u>	<u>Leader</u>	<u>Fare</u>
5th	"66" via Shuteye - Waipawa Saddle.	Graham Coutts	\$1.
18-19th	Makarero River - Bushcraft Weekend.	Graham Thorp	\$1.
<u>June</u>			
1-3rd	Mangatepopo Hut - Ngauruhoe.	Russell Millington	\$3.
(Queen's Birthday)			(Jun. \$2.50)
15-16th	Golden Crown - Aranga Hut - Parks Peak Hut.		
		Trevor Baldwin	\$0.90
30th	Parihaka.	Douglas Thompson	\$1.
<u>July</u>			
13-14th	Iron Whare - Middle Hill Hut - Kaweka Tops.	Brian Mote	\$1.
28th	Black Stag Hut &/or Otumore (easy trip).	Jim Glass	\$1.
<u>August</u>			
10-11th	Howletts Hut - Sawtooth Ridge.	Bert McConnell	\$1.
25th	Kaweka Hut (working party).	Warren Greer	\$1.
<u>September</u>			
7-8th	Castle Rock Bivy - Macintosh Hut - Lawrence Hut or Studholmes Saddle.	Brian Turner	\$1.

FARES (except Mangatepopo) are reducible by 20c for seniors, half fares for juniors by 10c, if paid at the meeting before or on the trip.

ANZAC DAY POPPIES. Please hand your poppies in to Graham Griffiths so that they can be used in the wreath for the Cairn.

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