

HERETAUNGA TRAMPING CLUB (INC.)

" POHOKURA "

BULLETIN NO. 109

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ALPINE INSTRUCTION COURSE 1968

conducted by the Wellington section of the N.Z.A.C.

Four of us H.T.C. were able to attend this course which was held on three weekends. There were only four other pupils (from Palmerston North), so we received personal tuition and covered a wealth of material both in lectures and practical experience. What one derived from the course was directly in proportion to the effort one put into it, and we feel we have gained a tremendous amount. The Instructors met us more than half way, answering questions, guiding and leading us, and patiently correcting our fumbleings. Course fees amounted to only \$6-30 each, this including most of the food, and we split the transport costs among us, the gains certainly outweighed the material costs.

What particularly impressed us throughout the course was the organisation and close liaison between the instructors, working with us as a team and the continuity of their lectures made it so much easier for us. We were challenged but not pushed, and each of us advanced at our own pace. We were given a good grounding in basic mountain craft and this will be of great benefit to us personally and, we hope, to the H.T.C.

as a whole. We hope other members will attend the course next year.

April 6-7th. Titahi Bay

Leaving Hastings at 5-30am on the Saturday, we met the Instructors at the Porirua Railway Station and were out at the coast by 11am. Bob McKegg lectured us on climbing techniques, equipment including ropes, slings, waist loops, clothing, Karabiners, boots, and commonly used knots, demonstrating as he talked. Then followed limbering up exercises of boulder hopping along the shore front and simple free climbing up smaller rock faces. We were given instruction in the care, use and handling of ropes, followed by practice where we ambled round the cliff faces roped to our instructors, leading and being led, getting experience in carrying loops of rope and keeping the right distance apart as we traversed uneven ground. Demonstration and practice then followed of anchors for fixed belays and arresting falls. Perhaps the climax of the day was the ascent of the "slab" which looked to be a vertically smooth slab of rock from the bottom, even steeper and smoother when you were half way up, and a mere footstool to greater things when you eventually hauled yourself on to the top.

We were extremely fortunate in being billeted with Mavis and Bill Davidson that night and after a tremendous dinner we all gathered at David Brown's for a National Mountain Safety Film on "Rockclimbing", recently filmed in Wellington. Then followed tape recordings of a re-enactment of a double fatal accident in the Alps. The recording was stopped at crucial points and we were each challenged to point out mistakes made and to say how they could have been prevented, rectified once made, and how we would have overcome similar difficulties. After the unaccustomed exercise, the hot sun and the quality of our dinner, not even the boys could do justice to the ten course supper provided by Mrs Brown. By 2am Mavis and I had caught up on H.T.C. gossip and what luxury it was to sink into a soft bed after expecting to spend the night out in the old sack on the rocks.

9am Sunday saw us out at the Bay again where artificial climbing aids were demonstrated and we had the opportunity of practising climb using pitons, the more adventurous going on to use Nut-Runners. Finally, the principles of abseiling were explained and we practised the various methods of this down the slab. We spent the evening in Wellington socializing with absentee H.T.C.'s and were back in Hastings by midnight.

4th - 5th May.

This the first of the two snow craft weekends and we all met at the Massey University Alpine Club hut above Blythe Hut on Mt Ruapehu at Midnight on Friday.

The cooks were up by 5am on Saturday and we were away by 7am, taking 1½ hours of climbing to reach the firm snow. Instruction with ice-axes followed and we practised self-arrests, pigeon-holing and step-cutting. Roped up, we were shown the different types of belays and how to handle the rope while traversing. The weather closed in with thick fog, freezing wind and sleet so we were back in the comfort of the heated hut by 2pm.

Following a brew and warm up, the instructors lectured us on topics ranging from clothing and equipment to first aid, Search and Rescue, weather forecasting, planning trips and artificial climbing aids. Bob McKegg and Brian Ahern proved versatile on the hut guitar, and Alpine Club ditties kept us entertained over tea time. Then followed more discussions and instruction before an early night with the promise of a 4am start on Sunday.

Sunday

Storms lashed the hut throughout the night and the win's were still screaming next morning with downpours of rain turning the freshly fallen snow to mush. In spite of the relentless efforts of some, most of us stayed snuggled up in the warm until the cooks turned on breakfast at 9am. Practical work was out because of "Hughies" bad mood so we devoted all morning to rope practice in the hut, the pupils demonstrating techniques we had learnt, with the other pupils and instructors looking on and criticizing. Crevasse rescue was explained and we practised climbing up to the rafters using prussic loops. A quiz proved most enlightening, each of the pupils answering questions such as "when to rope up" and their answers being criticised by the rest of the group.

Early afternoon saw us on a wet road heading for Waiotapu hospitality. Two H.T.C.'s met hitchiking on the road at Mission Bay were stuffed into an already overfull V.W. and duly delivered to Raurimu and we were back in Hastings soon after 1am.

May 25 - 26th

This was also spent on Ruapehu. A rather cold Friday night was spent in the Desert Alpine Club hut at the Tukino Alpine Village. By 9am Saturday we were trudging on our way to the Auckland Alpine Club's hut, below the Whangaehu Glacier at about 6500ft, which we reached in 1½ hours. This is a neat little hut, perched precariously on the very edge of a sheer several hundred feet high bluff. It has one sleeping come sitting bench, and supposedly holds eight. With six instructors and 7 pupils there wasn't much room left to move but at least it was warm.

After a bite to eat we divided up, two of us sharing one instructor, and went our separate ways. Snow conditions were ideal and soon we were driving our crampons along, practising the rope techniques which had been shown us. A few places led to step cutting and on an easy face with a good run off we practised self arrests on crampons (resulting in a few cart-wheels) and then moved on to iced snow for further experience. It was reassuring to feel the crampons bite into the ice but gusts of strong wind proved a bit disconcerting. We then made our way up the Whangaehu Glacier to Cathedral Rocks, from where we could look over the fumming crater lake, while the others continued self - arrests, belays and step-cutting in ice. We were all back at the Hut by 5pm as the snow was icing over. Evening lectures continued until 10pm and covered such topics as climbing conditions in relation to time of day and weather, rescue and revision of previous lectures.

Sunday morning was wet so the first two hours were spent on instruction in avalanche conditions, survival and rescue; snow carving, snow and ice experience and finally equipment. By 11.30am the weather was clearing so we went up to the Mangatoetoeuui Glacier below Te Heu Heu to where several crevasses yawned invitingly. Here we practised crevasse rescue and found just how difficult it was to climb prussic-loops beside an ice wall. Ways of crevasse extraction were demonstrated and we practised using ice screws and pitons for fixed belays. Roped up we then went our different ways with our instructors, some climbing to Cathedral Rocks, others going up the Clock Tower. This gave us good opportunity to practise climbing on iced Rock. We were back down at the cars by 4.30pm. After a clean up in the De Brett baths, an excellent meal and socialization with Annette and Russell, we were back in Hastings by 2.10am, sorry to have finished such an excellent course and wishing there had been more than three weekends in it.

P.M.L.

H.T.C. Members:

Russell Millington, Trevor Baldwin, Warren Greer, Pam Lewis.

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Extracts from F.M.C. Bulletin, Jan; 1968.

REPORT ON THE DEATH OF DAVID THOMSON ON MITRE PEAK

The deceased and four friends, all young university students, entered the Tararua Range from the Masterton Road head on 21st August, 1966, with the intention of tramping to

Dorset Ridge Hut. As they did not, however, reach the bush line until 3 p.m. they made camp there and decided to use the afternoon for a climb of Mitre Peak. All were equipped with ice axes and crampons, Thomson having borrowed a pair from a party member who stayed behind. The weather was fine and the snow hard, excellent for crampon work. Moving in two ropes of two they climbed the peak and when descending the ridge towards Peggy's Peak, Thomson, who was last man, stumbled and pulled his companion from his footing. They could not arrest the fall, lost their axes and fell 500-600 feet down a steep slope interspersed with bluffs. They were found, still roped, at 11.30 p.m., Thomson dead from chest injuries, his partner merely dazed and bruised, and were evacuated by helicopter next morning.

CONCLUSION

Thomson's stumble was fortuitously observed by a member of the first rope and was almost certainly due to some mishap with his crampons. The deceased who had never worn crampons before, was handicapped not only by lack of techniques and experience, but also by the fact that he wore 12 pointers which are harder to manage for beginners, that they were borrowed and therefore not fitted to his boots and had straps which were inclined to dangle. It was also noticed that his trouser legs were hanging loose around his boots instead of being tucked into socks or puttees. In spite of these handicaps he was descending last, an extremely responsible position, especially if both rope partners move simultaneously. It appears that when they fell, his surprised partner was unable to take any effective action.

Crampons are an invaluable aid to safe and exhilarating snow and ice climbing but their use must be learned patiently and painstakingly or they may become the very reason for serious accidents. The risk of ill-fitting crampons is a very real one, and may not have been sufficiently appreciated. Concentration and vigilance must not be relaxed after the summit has been reached. The particular responsibility of the last man in a descending party has already been mentioned, his mistake can easily spell disaster for the whole rope. There is no doubt that under the circumstances the climbers should have belayed and moved one at a time. Tragic as the loss of a young life is, it was fortunate that this accident did not result in a double fatality.

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REPORT ON THE DEATH OF
A. W. A. CHAPMAN AND C.A. SMYTH
ON MT MALTE BRUN, ON OR ABOUT 14th FEBRUARY, 1967

Chapman and Smyth, two university students, left the Malte Brun Hut at about 5am. on the 14th February, 1967, to climb Malte Brun by the normal west ridge route. Although the previous evening's weather forecast warranted the planning of a climb, in the morning one party in the hut decided not to start because of an impending change in weather conditions. In a photograph taken by one of the deceased, at about 6.30am and from an altitude of about 7,000ft. an obvious nor'west wind build up is shown. By 10am there was a very strong nor'west wind blowing and about mid-day it began to rain. That night, the weather worsened to an electrical storm followed by snow. A search was mounted on the night of the 14th and was finally called off on the 17th, as persistent bad weather gave the climbers no chance of survival. On the 25th of February two climbers discovered the bodies on the usual route on the west ridge just above the slopes leading to it. They had built two low rock walls to help with the shelter. Chapman was in a sitting position with Smyth face down across his lower body. Both wore Parkas and long woollen trousers.

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CONCLUSION

From the medical findings and the position of the bodies, it appears that Chapman died of exposure and Smyth was struck down by lightning sometime after Chapman's death. We can be certain by their photographs and the route they were following that they would have clearly seen the approaching storm. They must have underestimated its speed of approach and its severity and left it too late to descend to a safe level, by attempting to continue the climb in spite of the threatening storm.

The accident appears to be due to a serious error of judgement probably influenced by an urge not to abandon the climb reasonably close to the summit. While climbing techniques can be learned in a short time, judgement and discretion only come after a lengthy apprenticeship in the mountains. If the unnecessary loss of young lives is to be avoided, we must redouble our efforts to impress on all climbers the need to heed weather signs and to learn the wisdom of abandoning a climb in time so that a safe retreat is possible.

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CLUB TRIPS

No. 854

Apple picking trip

April 7th

Instead of going to Kaweka it was decided to go apple picking at Mr. Pindar's Orchard, Hills Rd., Hastings.

Soon after arriving twenty trampers began picking apples where Phil and Els Payens had finished the day before.

By about 4 p.m. we had filled all Mr. Pindar's trailer and had made just over 9/50 for the Club.

Despite the hard work everybody enjoyed themselves.

No. in party 22

Saturday: Phil and Els Bayens.

Sunday: Peter Lewis, Alan Thurston, George Prebble, Elizabeth Pindar, Margaret Turner, Margaret Culloty, David Hall, Graham Griffiths, Brian Turner, John Wright, Jim Glass + 1 Sue Adcock, Pat Roberts, Margaret Buchanan, Sue Taylor, Kath and Allan Berry + 2.

No. 855

N.W. Kaimanawas

Easter, 12th - 15th April 1968

Leaving the Taupo Road at the Poronui turnoff beyond Rangitaiki, we drove several miles in to where the roads divide. Two go south, one of which goes in to Poronui and the other up the hill. Another road heads west, and the old Clement's camp mill road between them leads into the bush to the south west. Our transport was left at the bush edge.

A couple of miles along the road, at one of the old huts, we talked to a deerstalker who had travelled all the way from Wellington for some shooting, only to break off a pull-through in the barrel of his rifle as he was cleaning the oil out of it! After another couple of miles, we came to our turnoff at Pirua Hut and stopped for early lunch. Some other hunters waved cheerfully as they roared past in an old car with a deer on the back, but just around the corner the car broke down and for the next few minutes there was a remarkable assortment of bangs and splutterings as they tried to restart it.

From Pirua hut the track to Te Iringa hut is quite uphill, but well marked, and did not take more than a couple of hours. Next morning brought rain and 50 yard visibility. The track continued along the ridge for some time, then descended steeply to the S.E. to a tributary of the Kaipo stream, one of the headwaters of the Mohaka. On the way down we met two hunters who told us of some venison they had left in the fire-

place of an old camp-site beside the stream, so Warren put a leg of it in his pack. The track follows the stream down for a while and then goes south overland a short distance to a tent camp on the Kaipo itself. As the rain had eased, we stopped here for lunch, and then carried on up the Kaipo towards Dunkirk hut. We soon began to make guesses about the person who cut that part of the track. He must have been no more than 4ft tall judging by the number of places the track went under logs; have normally taken 5ft strides, from the spacing of the steps cut in various places; and have loved crossing streams on logs, seeming to have made as many opportunities as possible to do so.

Well on towards evening, when we were nearing the head of the Kaipo and it was becoming obvious that we wouldn't reach the hut that night and would have to make camp at the first suitable site, disaster struck. On the edge of a small side gully perhaps 15 or 20ft deep, Warren stumbled. Usually the result of something like this is just a matter of picking oneself up and perhaps putting up with some laughter from the rest of the party, but this was the unlucky time. He fell outwards toward the gully and happened to land on an upright piece of wood about a yard high, the remains of a small tree-stump. It was not sharp enough to spear him, but neither was it rotten enough to crumble. On the principle of a pole-vaulter's pole, it pivoted at its base and catapulted him to the bottom of the gully, where he landed with a crack which left little doubt that bones were broken. It was here that Pam's qualifications were particularly appreciated. His injured right shoulder was quickly diagnosed as possible dislocated shoulder, probable broken collar-bone and ribs. First-aid was given. Everyone forgot any tiredness of his own and worked marvellously, looking after the patient, finding a place for a tent on the only level patch available, a swampy corner of the stream-bed; clearing the site; gathering fern for bedding; pitching a tent for him; and preparing a hot drink on a Primus. After he had been moved to his tent came the job of pitching the other tents in the rainy darkness, and finding enough unsaturated wood to make a fire for ourselves. Our old carbide lamps really proved their worth that night. So did the venison; it was marvellous how much we cheered up after we had eaten most of a large billyful of good hot venison stew.

After all too few hours of sleep we were up before daylight, finishing off the stew, and four set out to find Dunkirk hut. For Warren to be able to walk out the way we had come in was unthinkable. We had to find out if there was any chance of getting him over to the hut in case the weather worsened, and hoped that there was a good cut track from the hut to one of the roads extending inland from the eastern shores of Lake Taupo. As it proved, the track was pretty

terrible for about twenty minutes from our camp, then climbed out of the stream, went up on to a ridge and the main watershed, and, by now, a normal excellent forestry track, descended into the Tauranga-Taupo valley, down a side-stream, to the hut. Study of the hut log-book gave no indication of any cut track out, but as the going could hardly be worse than that Kaipō stream track, the hut was not much more than an hour away, and there was no future in staying in our camp with the weather as it was, Brian and Dave went out to get help while the other two left their packs and went back to bring Warren over.

Back at the camp, the others, with the waiting perhaps harder than anything else had done marvellously well, making a huge fire, cooking the rest of the venison and preparing to strike camp.

In a short time the patient was on the move, slowly and painfully, his right arm in a sling under his "swannie" and a good stout stick for leaning on in his left hand. Unknown to us, down the Tauranga-Taupo our two messengers had met two chaps connected with a family who, during many holidays over the last fourteen years, have enjoyed the seclusion of this valley, and constructed with much work a very nice log cabin. They gave our boys full directions to the nearest accessible road, and came to help us. Our first knowledge of them was when Bongoola, walking in front as we came round a corner, using his extra deep voice to amuse our patient, and not knowing that they knew we were in the area, suddenly put up his hands and said "Don't shoot!" Apparently their rifles wouldn't have taken long to get ready if he had been a real stag! They improved the track greatly, rolling logs and boulders out of the way and breaking branches. Without them that difficult part of the stream might have taken so long that we wouldn't have reached the hut before dark.

Next morning, Monday, shortly after daylight, a helicopter came in and landed on the riverbed. The policeman and the pilot had already been on a rescue mission earlier in the weekend, when they picked up a hunter paralysed by the stings of giant nettle. Warren was duly loaded in. Unfortunately the door was shut against his injured shoulder. They had a rough flight out, almost brushing treetops to keep under the fog and at one stage actually going backwards when wind gusts exceeded the machine's maximum speed. It was a good thing that Brian had brought his V.W. to Taupo after all, because after the doctor had had a look at Warren, he was able to take him straight back to Hastings hospital.

The rest of us, walking out, were grateful for a billy of tea which some hunters camped down the river shared with us. Eventually we left the river and crossed over to an old logging track. Without the directions we had been given, we might

well have taken two days to get out, as patches of bush are thick and full of vines. Crossing the last stream we met Dave, who had brought the Kombi as close as he could, and it was here, less than half a mile from our transport, that Liz crashed through a jumble of rotten logs which gave way under her feet. She probably narrowly missed breaking a leg, and as it was, gouged a big piece out from under the kneecap and damaged a nerve so that the foot was hard to control. She wasn't very comfortable being carried, but with help now and then managed to stagger most of the way out.

It was now the Kombi's turn to prove its worth; in the dark for miles over a disused track scoured into great channels, bumping, sometimes scraping the bottom, and in places with a front wheel off the ground.

A hot drink and toast at the Berry's caravan in the Taupo motor-camp fortified us for our drive home. Special thanks to Alan for his organising and help, to Brian and Dave for their dash out, and to Martin for taking so much extra gear in his pack, as well as to those already mentioned. Everyone else in the party did very well too, proving that the Club can not only undertake long trips into new country but can cope with unexpected misfortunes as they come.

Leader: Peter Lewis

Pam Lewis, Liz Pindar, Martin Dufresne, Dave Hall, Brian Mote, Alan Thurston, Ken Zambra, Warren Greer.

No. 856

Makirikiri Hut - Ikawetea Forks

20-21st April 1968

The weather seemed certain to be bad; some of our gear was hardly dry from the Easter trip a few days before; no one knew just how long this trip might be; none of us had ever succeeded in finding Makirikiri hut on previous attempts; and the only fact on which people who gave us directions seemed to be unanimous was that it was not easy to find, so perhaps it was understandable that on our way over the Taihape road the Kombi seemed rather loosely packed. Leaving it near the place where the now non-existent roadman's cottage is marked on the map, we walked along the road to Otupae Station, asked permission, and set off up a farm road which extends to the east and south for about eight miles or so. A newly-built hut well up the road provided some shelter from the southwesterly gale while we ate some of our lunch, but a particularly heavy sleet shower overflowed the tank, chasing out those who were sheltering under the tankstand, so we moved on. Conditions were even more bleak up on the high open tussock plateau, where we paused only briefly to talk to some hunters and look at their transport:- a remarkable homemade go-almost-anywhere vehicle incorporating bits from a wide selection of old cars and

trucks, multiple gearboxes and massive chains on specially made tyres;- before heading down into the comparatively sheltered Makirikiri valley. A recently cut track made finding the hut almost too easy. It is a three-bunk, earth floored old hut covered with flat galvanised iron sheets, standing on a tiny patch of flat ground beside the stream in the bottom of a narrow, almost vertical-sided little gorge. The hut is actually on the western, not the eastern side of the stream where the map shows it. You wouldn't be likely to see it until almost on top of it.

A hot drink and thaw out in front of a good Manuka fire, together with the assurances of the friendly hunter in residence, that it wouldn't take us long, induced us to set out for Ikawetea Forks Hut. A cut track leads from the bank across the stream below the hut, up through heavy scrub into the two sizeable clearings upstream on the far bank. We then crashed down through tangled bush into a tributary of the Ikawetea full of fallen logs, bushlawyer, wet overgrown fern, and waterfalls, following this down until it plunged over a 50 ft waterfall into the main river, where, fortunately, the cliff on one side wasn't quite vertical. Once on the bottom of the gorge, which is mostly good going on flat shingle and boulder beds, we reached Ikawetea Forks hut sooner than expected because it is on the next fork downstream from where the map shows it.

That evening's stew was a deadloss, full of dried peas and lentils which seemed to remain hard as bullets despite hours of cooking, but as compensation there was the luxury of a bunk with a foam mattress for everyone. Down in that narrow gorge, well below the level of even the Makirikiri, Baldy's transistor radio was having a difficult struggle to make much noise, so we slept well.

Next morning we found that flurries of snow during the evening had not come to anything, nor had the river risen much. One bod had some anxious minutes when he tried a different route up the cliff! After a boil-up at Makirikiri all prospects of going over the Otupae range being spoiled by the weather, we dashed back the way we had come, Russell again running on ahead to bring back our transport to meet us. Back at Otupae, there was considerable amusement in the antics of two young pigs, obviously captured wild ones, which were running around, cheekier and more active than most puppies, annoying the dogs, stirring up the hens, and generally getting into as much mischief as possible.

Leader: Peter Lewis.
Graham Thorp, Trevor Baldwin, Alan Thurston, Brian Mote,
Russell Millington

No. 27
Shuteye - Maropea - Waipawa

5th May

Nineteen trampers left Hastings at 6.10 and another was picked up at Te Aute.

We were on our way by 8.15 approx and arrived at Shuteye at about 10.30. An hour later we left for the tops. We decided not to go over Sixty-six as it was covered in mist. We headed for Maropea instead.

We left Maropea at 2.30 approx and headed for the shingle slide into the North Waipawa. The final group reached the bottom of the shingle slide at 4.00. The north Waipawa was very rocky and slow going.

Soon after leaving the bottom of the shingle slide Gavin Sharp fell and sprained his ankle. Sue Adcock also fell knocking her knee about.

It appeared that we would be home after 10.00 so I went out to Cullen's and rang up Alan and told him that we would be late.

After this I headed back up river to see if I could help in any way. Shortly before 9.00 the last arrived at the truck. We got back to Hastings about 10.45.

Leader: Graham Griffiths

No. in party 20. Elizabeth Pinder, Kay Johnstone, Sue Adcock, Dorothy Bownar, Sue Confort, Jackie Smith, Wendy Leves, Glenys Richdale, Pat Roberts, Peter Lewis, Roy Swain, Brian Turner, Alan Thurston, Richard Milne, Graham Thorp, John Titchener, Gavin Sharp, Ken Zembra, Brian Smith.

No. 858

Bushcraft weekend

May 18th - 19th

The Makaroro river was the venue for our bushcraft weekend, the purpose of which was to give some of the more inexperienced members of the club a chance to gain some experience.

There were fifteen on the main trip which left Holt's at 6.00 on Saturday morning in fine weather. After getting permission at Yeoman's we took the truck down to the old Makaroro Mill, where packs were organised and we set off up the track to the forestry base. From there we followed the road down to the Makaroro. After deciding that the best place to camp would be on some little shelf up Gold Creek, we went up it for about three quarters of an hour when we found just the right spot. Three of the party continued up to Gold

Creek hut for a look up there. By this time the weather had packed up somewhat and was a little drizzly so most of the rest of the day was spent in putting up camp, tent pitching fire lighting and bivvy building.

At 4.30 p.m. three of us went back down to the truck to meet a party that was coming in after work on Saturday. On the way down we ran into a duck shooter who gave us a demonstration on how to shoot a pair of paradise ducks in full flight.

There was a big party of ten that came in at 6.30 p.m. and made their way by carbide lamp back to our camp site in Gold Creek. Tents were then erected and stew made for the Saturday night party. A good night was had by all and it wasn't until about 8.30 a.m. that everyone was up and partaking of breakfast.

After breakfast we went on with some first aid instruction that proved very helpful for those in the party who hadn't done much before. Actually the standard of first aid in the club is not very high. As we are generally well away from help when accidents happen it is the duty of everyone who comes out to have a good knowledge of first aid, so that they can render the best possible help to anyone who may need it. After the first aid we wandered back down to the Makaroro to have lunch in the sun.

The rest of the afternoon was used up practising river crossing and some of the rock climbers tried their luck on a clay face. We then returned to the truck and home after an easy weekend.

No. in party 25

Leader: Graham Thorp.

Russell Deakin, Noel Pulford, Alan Thurston, Kay Johnstone, Warren Greer, Peter Lewis, Brian Turner, John Titchener, Anne Calder, Gavin Sharp, Elizabeth Pindar, Wendy Leeves, Glen Richdale, Raymond Cook

Saturday night party: Pam Lewis, Anne McHardy, Pat Roberts, Trevor Baldwin, Russell Millington, Sue Greer, Brian Mote, Ken Zambra, Clyde Nichols.

No. 859

Mangatepopo Ngauruhoe

June 1 - 4th

After some transport difficulties, the main party left Hastings in the truck at 6.15 p.m. on Friday night. Three others followed later after waiting for one member to finish work. It had been decided that we should go all the way on Friday night and after a short stop in Taupo we were on the road again. The truck was running exceptionally well and thanks also to Graham's expert driving we all reached the

Mangatepopo hut at 12.30 a.m. It did not take long for everyone to bed down and by 1 a.m. the hut was silent.

Saturday morning was wet and misty but we thought we might be able to go across Tongariro to Ketetahi so everyone was away from the hut by 9 a.m. We headed up towards the saddle between Ngauruhoe and Tongariro but as we got higher the weather deteriorated, and as we neared the saddle it began to snow. As some of the party were not feeling too good we decided to turn back. All were back at the hut by 1 p.m. and after having some lunch, some bods went to visit the lava flows while others went rock climbing on some bluffs, but they did not have much luck as the rock was too wet. Some of the party decided to sleep out, so tents were pitched in various places, but early in the night two bods who had got washed out of their tent came back inside.

Sunday dawned just the same as Saturday. Some of the party walked to the Chateau while others practised roping up. Everyone was in bed early as we had decided to get up at 4 a.m. feeling sure that the next day would be fine.

At 4 a.m. on Monday it was still raining. After waiting till daylight we decided to head for home. After cleaning up the hut we left at 9 a.m. stopping at Lake Rotopounamu and at the Tongariro power project information centre at Turangi. After a stop for fish and chips we had a swim at the De Brett baths and it was there we had our first injury. One member hit his head on a bridge across the pool and he was taken to a Doctor with suspected concussion. The truck then headed for Hastings arriving at 6.30 p.m.

No. in party: 18

Leader Russell Millington

Graham Thorp, Kay Johnstone, Elizabeth Pindar, Sue Adcock, Alan Thurston, Russell Deakin, Peter Lewis, Trevor Baldwin, Gavin Sharp, Bert McConnell, Warren Greer, Susan Greer, Neil Pulford, Jane Harper, Glenys Richdale, Wendy Leeves, Raymond Cook.

No. 860 (A)

Golden Crown - Aranga Hut - Parks Peak hut June 15th-16th

It was still dark when we left Hastings so we were away pretty well on time. Before we left we picked up a bicycle which would save us a walk of about four miles. After asking permission at the manager's house we put the bike at the end of the road and went back to the bottom of Golden Crown where we left the truck. It was still raining as we took off for the tops. We slid up the very muddy and wet track for just on three hours to have a lunch snack on top. Here a fast party went ahead to Aranga Hut to put on a brew. About 1.30 p.m.

a low saddle that takes you into a large basin out of which the Makaretu river flows. The club hadn't had a trip into this area for a number of years. Well twentysix of us intended to remedy this when we set out from Hastings on a cold frosty winter's morning. The first half of the ride was very cold but things improved once the sun was up. At the end of Kashmir Rd we split up into two parties, the fast lot going up on to the snow on Otumore, the rest of us going over into the North branch Makaretu. With the fast party disappearing over the horizon the slow party set a leisurely pace up the Moorcock over the saddle where there was a bit of snow and down into thick second growth bush. Half an hour or so down stream on the left side, but hidden from view, lies what we thought was Black Stag hut but which we found out later from a hunter was Hidden Hut which is marked on the map as Saddle Hut, Black Stag Hut being further down stream.

After lunch we climbed eastward out of the valley on to a ridge which gave us a good view further down stream where the river opens up to run in a wide shingle bed. A talk to a hunter with half a deer on his back put us right re the huts.

By this time the sun was starting to drop so we headed for home keeping to the high grassy ridge which lies to the east of the Moorcock till it overlooks the Forestry Base. From this ridge we obtained some fine views of Tiraha and the Sawtooth.

The fast party had a good day, going up on to Otumore, where they had some good views and plenty of snow. They arrived back at the hut at the same time as we did.

No. in part 26.

Leader Jim Glass

Roy Swain, Brian Turner, David White, Peter Lewis, Ray Cook
Graham Griffiths, Graham Thorp, Jim Patterson, David Mason,
Alan Thurston, Brian Mote, Warren Greer, Tony Rule, Ken
Zambra, Clyde Nichols, Peter Framer, George Prebble,
Alan Culver, Jackie Smith, Pam Lewis, Elizabeth Pindar,
Wendy Leeves, Glenys Richdale, Glenys McAdam, Elaine Isdale

----- SOCIAL NEWS

Engagement: Graham Griffiths to Margaret Turner.

Marriage: Graeme Evans to Ngaire Reid.

Bereavements: Our sympathy to Jim Glass in the loss of his father;
And to Stephanie Norton in the loss of her father.

Death: We regret to have to record the passing of Angus Russell. He would have been 90 this month.

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

Glenys Richdale, Wendy Leaves, Jacqueline Smith, Dorothy Bowmar, Richard Milne (absentee).

PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPETITION

A six-monthly photographic competition is now open for interested H.T.C. members.

Rules: Slides, or postcard-sized prints, accepted (coloured or black and white).

These must have been taken on club trips or include club activities.

The first three winning entries (or copies of same) are to be donated at entrants expense to the Club Album.

Entries are limited to four per person, and must be clearly named.

All entries are to be handed to the Social Committee before the end of September.

Mr. Baldwin has kindly consented to act as Judge and will review the entries at a club meeting during October.

WORKING PARTY - MAIZE PICKING

13th May, '68

The request for a team from the club to pick up maize that had been flattened by the storm and was irrecoverable by mechanical means was not received until the Saturday evening. It says a good deal for the enthusiasm of members that more than twenty were on the job the next day.

We were favoured with a perfect day and working conditions could not have been better. After scavenging with great industry from 8.00 until 4.30 we had amassed a fairly substantial heap of corn cobs on the barn floor, to be threshed later. 180 bushels of maize saved for the farmer and \$70 in cash earned for the Club.

Pam Lewis, Sue Adcock, Pat Roberts, Jackie Smith, Kay Johnstone, Kath and Alan Berry (plus 2), Jim and Doreen Glass (plus 4), Maury and Barbara Taylor (plus 3), Owen and Janet Brown (plus 1), Johann Henry, Liz Pindar, Simon Easton, Tony Hammond, Brian Smith, Brian Turner, Peter Lewis, David Hall, Trevor Baldwin, Graham Thorp, Alan Thurston.

THANKS TO MR. THOMPSON

For seven years we have had the use of a piece of Mr. K. Thompson's land in Brookvale Road. Crops from that have materially benefited our finances. We are very grateful to Mr. Thompson for this help to the club. Now that we no longer have this source of supply we have to raise cash by other means. Hence the apple-picking party mentioned in club trips and the above maize-picking working party.

CHANGE OF CLUB CAPTAIN

At the last Executive meeting Peter Lewis's resignation as Club Captain was accepted with regret. Graham Thorp was appointed in his place and Peter takes Graham's place on the Committee.

S.A.R. ALERTS

CENTRAL RUAHINES - 3rd & 4th JUNE, 1968.

The first indication of trouble was a phone call from an anxious parent late on the Monday night, Queen's Birthday. A party of members of the Junior Bushmen's Club had been due to return from a trip to the Waipawa Saddle area by about 4pm on the Monday but they had not turned up. After contacting the Police and making arrangements for the field radios to be obtained from Civil Aviation, further action was left until the morning.

The weather in the area was a bit mixed over the weekend but a report from the roadhead on Tuesday morning indicated that a party should have no difficulty in making its way out, should they have been previously held up by the weather. Some concern was therefore felt when there was no sign of the party by midday. A number of members had previously been alerted and they were now called upon to assemble at the Police Stations at Napier and Hastings, from where we made our way to Wakarara. Just before reaching the school we met several vehicles and members of the missing party, who had arrived back at the roadhead in mid-afternoon.

The reasons for the party being overdue were a bit mystifying. The leader had left most of the party in Waikamaka Hut while he and a few others went out hunting but were delayed and did not arrive back until late on Monday afternoon. In the meantime some or all of the rest had left for the road but had been turned back by mist in the Waipawa Saddle area. The use of a compass and map should have enabled this party to find its way across the Saddle without any difficulty but apparently such "artificial" aids are not viewed favourably by this group. The whole party eventually left Waikamaka at about 11 o'clock on Tuesday morning.

NORTHERN RUAHINES - 17th JUNE 1968.

A party of hunters travelled by jet boat up the Ngaruroro to its junction with the Taruarau on Sunday and two members were dropped off at the junction to do a bit of shooting, the arrangement being that the boat would pick them up again at 3pm. One of the hunters was waiting for the boat at that time but the other was not, nor had he been sighted by the next morning. On this occasion the reconnaissance teams were on their way home from work to prepare for action when word was received that the hunter had been located. He had missed his route the previous afternoon and ended up in a dirty creek. It took him a considerable time to find his way down this creek to the main river again.

A.V.B.

P R I V A T E T R I P SKAWERA - KAIMANAWA

February 17-27th

On Saturday, February 17th eight of us left Napier railway station in the kombi, eventually getting to Makahu after a somewhat exciting ride.

Sunday saw us up at 5.30am and away by 7am, amid mutterings about lumpy porridge. The mist had cleared by the time we reached the top and five made a quick (?) side trip to Kaiarahi and back via Studholme's Saddle hut and bivvy. Soon after we said good-bye to Milly and Motey, Milly's knee having got rather sore, making him decide to turn back. The rest of us then continued on to Ballard.

Monday promised a bush bash to Venison Top, however we soon ran into a track and got there in just over two hours. Another two hours saw us at Mangaturutu Hut along a good track. It took only another hour to get on to the saddle on the far side of the clearing near Ahurua trig, where we camped.

On Tuesday we aimed at getting to Harkness Hut, which according to Norm Elder would take $7\frac{1}{2}$ hours. En route we called in at the comparatively new hut below Te Pukuohikarua trig, and thereby became the first trampers to visit it. (The hut can be seen to your left as you climb up near the clear top.) Two hours later we dropped down to Harkness Hut where a couple of cullers were in residence. After a swim, a chat with the cullers and having temporarily lost one of the party, we continued up the Ngaawapurua valley and reached Tussock Creek Hut. It had by now become evident that the times given in Norm Elder's guidebook could often be cut by up to half - probably due to tracks having been put in the area since the guidebook was published. However, from now on it was to prove more accurate.

Next morning we ascended the ridge behind the hut which joined the main ridge. After a while it looks out over Purungetungetu Stream where a half-clear ridge can be followed down to the Ngaruroro. Most of the day was spent sunbathing and swimming in the river, after which we moved up to a campsite just beyond the Mangamingi - Te Wai o Tapuritia stream confluence (after having met some inquisitive wild horses).

We called in at Mangamingi hut next day - a quaint hut covered with malthoid and with large holes in the roof. We then ascended Parawerawera Ridge and descended to the Mangamaire. After another swim we spent the afternoon traversing Makorako - the highest point in the Kaimanawas, after which we hastened back to the Mangamaire for another swim and to camp. Unfortunately haze over Lake Taupo spoiled an otherwise perfect view of the area.

Friday was still very hot and we proceeded up the Mangamaire often stopping to have a swim. Near the river's head we clambered up a ridge onto a knob which overlooks the sources of four rivers,

which flow in four different directions:- The Rangitikei, the Ngaruroro, the Mohaka and the Waipakihi (which flows into the Waikato). We then continued over Prominent Cone and, overcome by the heat, just managed to raise enough energy to drop down to the Rangitikei River where we camped.

Thankfully Saturday was cloudy (the first and only cloudy day on the trip) so we decided to declare it a rest day. Laziness made us decide against climbing Ngapuketurua. On Sunday we were up at 4.30am and away by 6am, finding Ignimbrite Saddle after having taken the wrong ridge and floundering around in the mist. Such methods of navigation as climbing trees were used to find the saddle - reminiscent of certain people in the club marathon last year! We had to wait below High Cone for half an hour until the mist cleared a bit, but the intended day long side trip to Umukarikari and Sharp Cone was cancelled because of the mist. (An enquiry has shown this was the reason for the trip ending one day early.) From then on we trundled along Middle Range for two days. On Sunday we crossed 5300', 5460', Thunderbolt and ended up top of Karikaringa near dark, having been through some sizeable saddles. The sunset on Ruapehu and Ngauruhoe was beautiful, the mist surrounding them becoming a glowing red colour. The view in the morning was also superb. A 6.30am start saw us on top of Patutu (the second highest "peak" in the Kaimanawas at 9am. One thing noticeable was that the "peaks" looked far more like "poaks" than such peaks as Kaweka J, Mangaweka etc., being virtual "knobs". From Patutu we could look back with satisfaction at the Kawekas now a long way away. After Patutu Middle Range peters out to a lower area of uninteresting brown tussock, reminding one of Hawke's Bay farmland in summer. Once we reached Waipahihi "Trig" (which doesn't exist) we followed a faint track until we reached the famed Kaimanawa bush lawyer belt and blundered straight down to what promised to be a gorgeous stream; however, the gorge soon ran out. That night we camped at the Waikato - Waipakihi confluence and strolled out to the Desert Road on Tuesday, one day early.

One disadvantage of coming out of the bush early is that all of a sudden you have to finish off two days food instead of one days for the last meals. Thus you are forced to eat (or otherwise dispose of) such quantities of food as 2 pints of porridge, a double helping of dehydrated meat and vegetables and the like. Unfortunately porridge and dehydrated food have many similarities to prunes.

As noted above in many areas tracks seem to have been cut since Elder's guide book was published and often the times mentioned in it can be drastically cut - thus for example the recommended time from Ballard to Venison Top can now be halved - and if this track is completed the distance could be covered even quicker still. The above described trip is a very worthwhile and enjoyable one.

The party to begin with consisted of 5 V.U.W.T.C's and 3 H.T.C's - Brian Mote, Russell Millington, Gerald Edmunds (leader). Brian and Russell had to turn back on the second day. G.E.

BACK RIDGE - VENISON TOP - BALLARD

22 - 24th March

Venison Top is just about out of reach for a weekend trip - but not sufficiently far out of reach for us to ignore its challenge. Our first attempt to reach this country blew away on Makahu Spur last spring, but the weather promised to be kinder when we arrived at Makahu Saddle Hut at about 10pm on Friday night.

While the Club party was being battered by cold southerlies above Hinerua, we were sweating our way up Makahu Spur on a perfect Saturday morning. Over the top of the Kawekas at 9am and off at a brisk trot in the direction of Back Ridge. Two Government hunters in Back Hut dissuaded us from following down the creek that passes outside the hut but we couldn't help but get the impression that it was a case of the blind leading the blind. Incidentally, if you cannot see Back Hut around when you next visit the site, it is because the blowflies have carried it off somewhere.

Up over trig C (Maminga) we steamed and then lit out into what was virgin country for us. The map shows a long spur leading from C northwest into Rocks Ahead Creek and this proved to be quite a reasonable route, apart from the bluffs at the bottom, - keep to the right for the last few hundred feet to avoid these). After an instant swim - partial immersion would perhaps be more correct - we splashed off up Rocks Ahead Creek for an hour and a quarter looking for the right spur to Venison Top. All we found was a waterfall, thus precipitating the decision to climb out of the stream and head westwards up the slopes of Venison Top. The route we chose was not the best, definitely not the best. To add insult to injury it even took us in the wrong direction and after ninety minutes of bashing through a near vertical miscellany of lawyer, supplejack, p. rigidum and assorted scrub we ended up on a broad flat area to the northeast of the Top itself. After casting about for a while we picked up the Venison Top - Ballard track. Only the odd disc marked the line of the track for a while but a track cutting gang is working on this route and after a short distance things improved. At 5.50pm, eleven hours from Makahu, we arrived at the saddle and gratefully heaved off our packs.

There is good water fifty yards to the north of the saddle, even though there had been no rain for some time and the whole range was tinder dry. There is a good track between the saddle and Ballard now and we made the hut in two hours. Thence to E, Dick's Spur and the North Kaweka tarn for lunch, a leisurely 4½ hours travelling from Venison Top saddle. The weather was again perfect, very conducive to frequent stops to admire the magnificent panoramas laid out before us both to the east and west.

Over the top again, down to Makahu and out to the road. An interesting and satisfying trip.

Jim Glass and Alan Berry

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RAUKUMARA

Went down to Arowhana at southern end of Raukumara recently. Had a wet, windy day on a rock staircase and saw little. Only three hours up from Arowhana Station and well worth it. Could use a rope for a party for a short distance but did not have to. Good road from Gisborne.

G.W.

KAITMANAWA

Had a week-end trip from Waikato Falls Bridge off the Desert Road to the head of the Waipakihi and back over Umukarikari. Eight hours each way on well-marked, new N.Z.F.S. tracks.

G.W.

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HUKANUI

Sunday 14th July 1968

Weather prospects seemed poor for a stroll along Hukanui, a limestone range which rises to a little over 3000ft, between Puke-titiri and the Mohaka River. But the threatening clouds over the Kawekas to the west of us gradually dispersed, and by the time we reached the top the sunlight struggling through had left hardly enough remnants of snow to make a few snowballs. Views spanned from Wakararas and Ruahines in the south to the Urewera country and even the ranges around Waikaremoana in the other direction.

On the sheltered northern slope, facing the Ahimanawas, we spent an hour or two boiling the billy and relaxing in the sunshine, afterwards visiting a cave (complete with wetas!) on the western end of the range, and then wandering down to look at a waterfall beside the Anawhenua Stream; and a bank where water containing dissolved lime, flowing over leaves and ferns in bygone times, has formed the shapes of them in stone.

A walk through the magnificent forest of the Balls Clearing reserve, and a cup of tea with Mrs. Lewis, completed a most pleasant day.

Jim Wilshere, Liz Pindar, Peter Lewis, Judith Mercer, David Hall, Gavin Sharp.

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NELSON LAKES

Easter

To make proper use of the Easter break I managed to get into a trip to the Nelson Lakes. Seven of us left Christchurch's storms early on Good Friday morning and after a lot of confusion arrived at Lake Rotoroa at about 4pm. We luckily caught a boat trip to the Sabine Hut at the head of the lake. This gave us a good start for a fairly big day on Saturday. We left Sabine hut at 8 and took off up the Sabine Valley. The first hour through bush was very pleasant with the native birds around.

We crossed the Sabine on a footbridge over a gorge about 20 feet across and about 100 feet deep. Further upstream the track comes back to the flat valley floor making the going pretty easy. But we could not waste any time and arrived at the Sabine Forks hut at 1.30. From here we intended to go over the Travers Saddle into the Travers Valley to Upper Travers hut. By the log book for the reverse journey many parties had taken about six hours and most of that was downhill. However we madly set out at 2.30.

About an hour further on the party involuntarily split up when half of us took a left turn and did not realise there was a track straight ahead while the others did go straight ahead. Fortunately the party split into the two subgroups which had travelled together and arranged food and tentage together. We were in front and in the right direction so we left a note with the time we passed through and carried on up the couple of thousand feet or so to the saddle. When the others found the note they realised it was a bit late in the day and camped at a convenient spot. Meanwhile we arrived at the Travers saddle just after dusk but a welcome full moon came out and we were able to carry on without torches to the Upper Travers Hut arriving at a quarter to nine. We had a good sleep in and just after we had finished lunch the others arrived.

For the sake of something to do (this was supposed to have been a climbing day but the weather was too foul) we climbed a smaller peak at the back of the hut. Next day (Monday) we set out for St. Arnaud. When we were almost to Lake Rotoiti we had had enough of foot bridges and did not cross over to the eastern bank of the Travers River. We consequently had some fun trying to cross at the mouth of the river where it was flowing very deep and swift. We were very thankful that there had been a storm to blow a big tree over a convenient part of the river.

It was an easy walk round Rotoiti to St. Arnaud, and then for the first time in the weekend rain poured down. After a bite to eat we left St. Arnaud at 7.30 and arrived at Christchurch some time between 3 and 4am on Tuesday.

Party: Noel Evans and 6 other C.U.T.C.

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NOT QUITE THE OLIVINES

May 1968

The Olivines are a rugged and remote range of mountains situated north of Lake Wakatipu and the Dart Barrier Peaks, and west of Mount Aspiring. They contain the extensive Olivine Ice Plateau, a climber's paradise of glacier, rock and snow. The region is without tracks or huts, and has one of the highest rainfalls in the country. - a challenging prospect for a climbing trip in May.

On Friday May 3rd Chris Matthews and I hitch-hiked to Dunedin to rendez-vous with Richard Tilley. The next day we drove west through Otago, whose hillsides were ablaze with the golds of autumn,

and made a detour to visit Queenstown. 2 o'clock next morning found us prowling round the township of Haast in search of the fourth member of the party, Ian Langford, but since he was not to be found we slept in the car till dawn. We eventually located him ten miles south, camping on the roadside at Carters. The morning was spent sorting out and dividing a great pile of food and gear, and after lunch we drove to Jackson's Bay for a looksee before leaving the car at the Arawhata Bridge.

The Arawhata is a long, large river, having its headwaters in the Olivines and being the only means of access to them that does not involve the crossing of high passes, which are often out of condition at this time of the year. At about 2pm we set off up its true left bank in a typically West Coast downpour, with packs of 70 to 80 pounds for ballast. Progress was soon halted by the Jackson, a large tributary very much in flood. Dusk found us with one swimmer on the far bank, a rope of 150 feet strung across the intervening waters, and no safe means of transporting the remaining 3 bobs and four packs across. Food and clothing was sent across to the lone hero, and a miserable camp made in the rain.

The weather cleared completely next morning, and by the end of the day the river had dropped enough to be safely fordable. A frosty night was followed by warm sunshine - and once more we set off up the Arawhata. The going is through fairly open bush, sometimes along an old pack track, and the occasional shingly flats. The following day was very similar, although at times thick bush made progress slow. We were trudging along a shingle beach, envying the ease with which a plane and helicopter were shuttling up and down the valley, when a jet boat came roaring up the river and ground to a halt beside us. The pilot offered to take our packs and one of us up the river for as far as the remaining three could walk before dark. Yours truly drew the long straw, and enjoyed a pleasant 10 minutes ride. I set up camp and cooked tea, while the others enjoyed their walk without burdens, and the magnificent north wall of Mt. Eros blazed above in the sunset.

It and its neighbour Ionia were so tempting that we decided to snatch a climb while the fine weather lasted, and so, after moving up valley and crossing the river next morning, we pitched the tent, left unwanted food and gear, and started climbing the lower slopes of Ionia. A line of bluffs presented an immediate problem, but were overcome by some exciting climbing on moss and bush-covered rock. Darkness forced us to bivouac in a damp but comfortable hollow. Daylight revealed a second fearsome line of bluffs above, and we were forced to sidle well to the left before finding a way through. Much bashing later we finally reached the bushline, and made good progress up a steep spur, which turned out to be the west ridge of Eros. This steepened into a series of interesting bluffs and ledges, which offered delightful climbing on clean, solid rock. About 500 ft of unpleasant scree and snowgrass separated this from the snowline, above which a steady plod brought us to the final 100 ft of snow-covered rock, which, exposed on one side by that

dizzy north wall, and on the other by a fierce ice-fall, required the use of a rope and fixed belays.

I shall never forget the view that appeared as we stepped on to the summit. To the west the sun lay poised above the Tasman horizon, silhouetting with a sky of crimson the jagged rock and snow of the Olivines. Southwards, a rugged complex of peaks and valleys stretched away to the brooding bulk of Earnslaw. But one's gaze was drawn irresistibly to the east, to a fantastic soaring tower of ice flaming in the sunset - Mount Aspiring. How we longed to linger; but night was rapidly falling, and the snow already becoming crusty. After the top pitch the rope was coiled up, and a welcome full moon lit our way down the bluffs. There followed a frosty bivouac in a tussock hollow near the bushline.

Next day we wearily forced our way down through thick bush, ugly bluffs and frightening rock chasms back to the tent. The afternoon was sunny and lazy. Next morning found us across the Arawhata and entering the infamous ten-hour gorge, with ominous clouds banking up from the west. For a start the gorge was interesting - the huge boulders that had to be climbed over, round or sometimes under, with the occasional pitch necessitating the passing of packs, or a tough bush bash; powerful waterfalls and rapids presented an ever-changing spectacle of foam. The going became more difficult and tedious though, with numerous exposed pitches presenting tough obstacles for us with our heavy packs. Daylight left us in a particularly rugged spot, and we were forced to bivouac on a small, exposed ledge. Steady rain all night soaked our sleeping bags, which were to stay wet for the next four days.

A further two hour's travelling in rain next day brought us to the welcome sight of McArthur's Flats, at the junction of the William River; after crossing the latter, a search for a bivvy rock proved fruitless, and camp was set up, complete with a cooking shelter of sleeping bag covers. Steady rain on the morrow kept us in the sack. Our plans had been to head up the Williamson and on to the ice plateau, where we would camp or snow-cave, and "climb everything in sight". The crossing of the Jackson, the climb of Eros, lack of daylight, had combined to upset our schedule, however, and we had to renounce our climbing plans and head for civilisation, preferably by a different route from that used to date.

The following morning it was still raining as we bashed up the next gorge in the Arawhata, though progress was sometimes aided by deer trails. Five hours going found us on Williamson's Flats, where the Joe River joins the Arawhata. This tributary was in spate and uncrossable, but a cosy bivvy rock gave us a dry shelter for the night. The morning promised a clearance, and the Joe had dropped enough to be fordable, though it was still mighty swift and cold. Crossing the Arawhata was no problem, and the luxury of a cut track led up the true right bank to Middle Flats, which offered a beautiful spot for lunch, ringed by bluffs and waterfalls. The next stage was not such easy going, being a three hour sidle through fairly tough

bush, but the prospect of the legendary Arawhata bivvy rock urged us on. This is a huge boulder sitting in the river near its head, with one side overhanging a good 20 feet, and offering sleeping space for about 20 men. It gives a view down valley of one of the Twin Falls, the most beautiful I have ever seen.

Naturally, a little cloud and rain next day gave us sufficient excuse to enjoy a sack-day in this roomy shelter; furthermore, we wanted fine weather for the crossing into the Matukituki. Away at first light (7am) next morning, we clawed upward through sub-alpine scrub, then up easy snowgrass and moraine, accompanied by several chamois, to Arawhata Saddle at 11 o'clock. Swirling cloud and a chill nor'wester spoiled our hopes of climbing Mount Barff, and we began the exacting descent eastward. Steep, exposed snow preceeded a 220 ft cliff down which the packs had to be lowered, and a zig-zag among further bluffs led to easier going on moraine and snowgrass. we stopped a while at Liverpool Biv., with an impressive view of Mts Avalanche and Rob Roy, and hurried down to the valley floor. Darkness found us still picking a route down though open bush; a moonless night and failure of the party's carbides made progress even on the flats of the Matukituki tiringly slow, so we camped on Shovel Flat, just one hour's daylight travelling from luxurious Aspiring Hut.

After a wet, windy night we moved on down to the hut for breakfast, followed by a final three hours plod to the road-end. A Hakanui Tramping Club party from Gore gave us a lift to Wanaka. Richard and I were to stay here the night and pick up the car next day, while Chris and I hitch-hiked to Dunedin and back to Christchurch next day.

Our 15 days in the hills had been enjoyable ones although we were naturally disappointed at not being able to do more climbing. The motto of the trip:- "Next time, we fly in".

Bruce Lusher

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THE ARROWSMITHS

Easter 1968

The storm that hit Canterbury following the Wahine disaster, brought snow to low levels in the Alps, and put the Arrowsmiths, whose peaks are mainly rock climbs, well out of condition. Nevertheless, I left Christchurch at midday on Good Friday with 5 other fanatical climbing types, and drove to Lake Heron.

The weather next morning was still foul, but a clearance at noon encouraged us to set off for Banfield Hut at the junction of Jagged Stream with the Rakaia. The six hour walk in was a bit of a drag with big packs, and the last hour or so was by the light of a beaut full moon. Rain on Sunday morning put paid to any climbing plans, but four of us went for a walk up Jagged Stream. To avoid the reported rough going in the stream bed, we sidled high on the true

right, across boulder slides and slopes of thick, healthy Spaniard.. Some Victoria blokes camping at the bivvy rock near the head of the stream offered us a brew, and we studied the surrounding peaks between breaks in the cloud. All were well plastered and looked quite fearsome, although North Peak's virgin south ridge was deceptively inviting. To avoid further puncturing by Spaniard spikes we returned in the stream bed and had a merry time clambering over huge boulders and minor waterfalls.

A frost that night promised good snow conditions, and we were away by 5am, my rope-mate and I for a traverse of Prop Peak, two others heading for Reischek Col, and perhaps North Peak, and the remaining two up the North ridge of Bastion, just opposite the hut. Spaniard slopes by moonlight aren't funny, and we were glad to receive the first warming rays of the sun. As we climbed higher though, the snow became softer and deeper. Most of the time we were ploughing upwards through knee-deep powder, and things got a bit diccy in places where it was lying on steep ice. Our route led up the true right edge of Jagged Glacier, and then up typical (rotten) Arrowsmith rock towards Jagged Col. Plastered rock and ominous storm clouds turned us back about 150 feet from the Col, however, and we were back at the hut by 2pm. The Reischek Col pair fared no better, but the Bastion boys were still absent when we hit the sack. They turned up at some ungodly hour of the night wet and cold, but pleased at having made the second complete ascent of the north ridge, and having descended by a couloir on the east face.

Naturally the day we had to come out was brilliantly fine, but we were consoled by a magnificent view of the towering peaks at the head of the Rakaia, a promise of things to come.

Bruce Lusher

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PHIPPS - TEMPLE TRAVERSE

March 1968

The annual meet of the Alpine Club's Canterbury-Westland Section at Arthur's Pass was an opportunity too good to miss; so it was that Bob and I were picked up early on the morning of a Saturday in March, and driven to the Pass. Leaving most of our gear at the A.C. Hut in the township, we continued on to the Pass itself and headed up the west ridge of Mt. Phipps with the three occupants of the car. Fine weather gave us good views, especially of nearby Mt. Rolleston, and the interesting Otira face of Philistine, as we trudged up easy snowgrass slopes. Higher up, the ridge becomes narrow and exposed, but ropes can move together, apart from the sidling of a single squat gendarme.

We enjoyed a leisurely lunch on the summit, then began the traverse to Temple. This ridge was something of a disappointment, for from Temple Basin it looks exposed and jagged, yet is easily negotiated on the far side when free of snow. And so over Temple we scrambled, and down the ski tows back to the car. Rain next morning dissolved our hopes of doing the Rome Ridge of Rolleston.

We were further exasperated when the weather cleared later, but too late for us to start. Still, a lazy day in the sun wasn't to be scorned.

Bob Garnett and Bruce Lusher

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HEAPHY TRACK

May 1968

The Bainham end of the Heaphy Track is 100 miles from Nelson so we left Nelson about 5am. To reach Bainham we first had to travel around the coast to Collingwood in Golden Bay and then head south east. The road continues for about 6 miles past Bainham but deteriorates rapidly passing through four ford's only two of which are negotiable by car. Soon after leaving the car we passed a small hut, which could be used by someone arriving at night intending to start the track the following day, and a sign saying 57 miles to Karamea. This was our destination. Immediately after seeing this sign we had to cross a sizeable stream - a fitting beginning - the Heaphy Track is very wet. The track then climbs gently through beech forest to the Rahu saddle then opens out into tussock country (the Goulard Downs). At the Bainham end of the downs is the first hut, Downs hut, which is an easy day from the end of the road.

We had planned to meet another party coming from the Karamea end so as to exchange transport. They started a day after us so we planned to spend two nights in Downs Hut and explore the area during our second day. We couldn't have planned it better for the second day was a shocker. Despite the rain we did manage to explore some caves we had seen marked on the map and cut some firewood (plenty of kanuka available). Two other parties arrived that day and we had a great evening of yarns and cards. We thought we heard a kiwi during the night although it may have been a weka - we saw plenty of these.

The Goulard Downs are on limestone country, which explains the numerous caves and many small streams cross the area. These streams are particularly dangerous after rain since they come up rapidly soon becoming swift and deep. We thought we might not be able to continue after the heavy rain on the second day but the third day turned out fine and the streams went down as rapidly as they had risen and so we continued, in the company of the other two parties.

We passed across the Downs and back into beech forest rising to the main ridge dividing the East and West Coast. Here we noticed the transition from beech forest to typical West Coast native bush with plenty of podocarps and ferns. Mackay Hut is situated on this ridge and from this hut we could see the mouth of the Heaphy river. The hut is a new one and a beauty. It has two bunk rooms sleeping 24 on foam rubber and two common rooms. Water tanks outside are filled automatically from a stream. The hut is named after one of the pioneers of the track. We spent the night at Mackay hoping, expecting our second party to arrive, and the other two parties went on together to the next hut.

We descended rapidly on the fourth day, had lunch at Lewis Hut, crossed the Heaphy on a wire bridge, and sped on toward Heaphy Hut on the coast. Just before we reached Lewis Hut a party going the opposite way told us of the sad fate of our other party. We knew something was wrong as they should have reached Mackay Hut the previous night. But the rain on our second day had proved too much for them. They had got soaked trying to cross a stream, spent a miserable night in a flax bush, then headed back the following day to find a slip on the road had blocked their car. Two of them had hitched home and the other two were waiting for the slip to be cleared. But later we met the other two. The slip would take a while to clear and since the weather was good they decided to come on. We were mighty glad to see them because it meant we had transport back to Nelson.

We were not very well received at Heaphy since our arrival made a total of 11 and it was only a 6 bunk hut. The other parties we had met earlier had left a note for us at Lewis Hut saying not to come on but we had disregarded this as we wanted to get out the next day. There was a forestry chap in the hut who had come in by horse to do some work on the track and to help build a new Heaphy Hut. (Lewis Hut and the proposed Heaphy Hut are of similar design to the Mackay Hut so accommodation on the track is first class). It turned out to be a great night - our last on the track. A three course meal was turned on by the best cook the company could provide. Bunks and sleeping partners were decided by a game of cards.

The last day we walked out along the coast. The landscape was terrific with nikau palms, rushes, coloured rocks, round boulders and the sea. It was a tiring walk, however, and is best done at low tide. We were glad to reach Kohaihai bluff which is the end of the road and 12 miles from Karamea. We drove back to Nelson that night.

Transport is a big problem when doing this trip. If it can't be arranged as we did it, with two parties, one starting from each end, then it is probably better to start at Bainham because there are regular air and bus services from Karamea but not from Bainham. There are no steep climbs and the track is easy to follow although it is very slushy and can be dangerous after heavy rain or snow. It has been proposed that the track should be graded up to Milford track standard and even that a road should be put through. The usual time for the trip is three days. We took three walking days and one chap we heard of got right through from Kohaihai to Downs Hut in one day and could have got right through to Bainham if he had wanted to. The Forest Service put much work into maintenance and good maps and information sheets are available.

Brenda Butcher, Paul Frude, & 2

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FI X T U R E L I S T

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

<u>1968</u>	<u>Trip</u>	<u>Leader</u>	<u>Fare</u>
<u>September</u>			
7-8th	Castle Rock Bivy - Macintosh Hut - Lawrence Hut or Studholmes Saddle.	Brian Turner	\$1.
22nd	Centre Makaroro Hut - Trig K.	Kath Berry	\$1.
<u>October</u>			
5-6th	Trial Search.	Alan Berry	
20th	Three Johns - Middle Creek.	Dem. Thompson	\$1.
26-28th	Urewera National Park: Lake Waikareiti (Labour Weekend) - Manuoha - Cascade Falls.	Graham Griffiths (Jun.	\$3. \$2.50)
<u>November</u>			
2-3rd	Cairn Trip, Kawekas.	Phil. Bayens	\$1.
17th	Waikamaka Hut Working Party.	Alan Thurston	\$1.
30-1 Dec.	Glenfalls - Mangakara Stream.	Trev. Baldwin	\$1.
<u>December</u>			
15th	Marathon	Maury Taylor	\$1.
27-10 Jan.	Mt. Cook and Westland National Parks, Copland Pass.	Pam Lewis	

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

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

The 33rd Annual General Meeting will be held following the usual club meeting in the Radiant Living Hall, Warren Street North, Hastings, on Wednesday, 30th October, 1968.

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