

HERETAUNGA TRAMPING CLUB (INC.)"P O H O K U R A"Bulletin No. 112August, 1969.President;

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

Hon. Secretary:

Mr. G. Griffiths, Box 854, Hastings. Phone, Clive
623.

Hon. Treasurer:

Mrs. M. M'Connell, 306 McLean St; Hastings. Phone 69655.

Club Captain:

Mr. G. Thorp, 133 Vigor Brown St; Napier. Phone 5260 N.

NGAURUHOE. N. 112.

The club is indebted to the Wellington District Survey Office for a complimentary copy of this map which is just out; about 2/3rds of its area showing the Volcanic Plateau and 1/3rd the western side of the Kaimanawa Range.

The "Iwikau Alpine Village" is tucked into the extreme south western corner and a reach of the Waimarino River crosses the diagonally opposite NE corner so that the whole of the Waipakihi River and the Umukarikari Range are shown with most of the Middle Range come into the picture, the whole being covered by serial photographs and contoured impressively at 100ft intervals, which puts it away ahead of the majority of high country maps.

As the Kaimanawa part of the map has been so much connected with the early exploits of the H.T.C. it is tempting to reminisce. On the Middle Range, Ignimbrite Saddle and High Cone are just off the map, Sandel (Trig 5460') is no longer shown, but at the end of the long ridge off it Stob (Stob an Aonich Mhor, a similar feature overlooking Loch Ericht in the heart of the Highlands of Scotland, is its full moniker) remains, as does Tunderbolt, named from a strange freshly-formed hole in solid greywacke, seen on the same 1939 trip. Here the new track crosses the Middle Range, approaches "Beginning" (5400') to circle Trick Creek, wrongly mapped in one of our wartime

trips and later giving a lot of trouble to a Forestry party coming the opposite way and trusting our map too confidently. Going westward along the new track it passes a peak marked 5400 before dropping to the Waipakihi. From this point on a clear dawn Egmont appears like a foresight between Ruapehu and Ngauruhoe in the Tama Saddle. We have more than once camped in the little creek beside the dog-leg saddle that leads to Karikaringa, level with one of the most elevated clumps of mountain beech in the North Island.

There are one or two omissions; the Forestry Hut at the head of the Waipakihi for instance and the track across the Middle Range actually starts in the Waihaha from the bridge across the Tongariro at the Pillars of Hercules. The contours are not always in register with the features marked, as for example the way Patutu has slipped down the hillside and conversely the saddle coming off the Karikaringa Pinnacles has crawled up the ridge. These and one or two others are however minor blemishes.

N.L.E.

CLUB TRIPS.

No. 882

TARARUA MAIN RANGE.

Easter, April 4-7th.

Friday: 0720. The last member arrived straight off night duty and we departed from Hastings. Picked up three hitch-hikers; poor lot, no conversation, seemed very tired. Stopped in Palmerston North to see Mr. Turner Snr. Overcast, Drizzle. Onto Otaki, 1115. Food poor, hot pies not hot, filled rolls not filled; heavy rain, cold southerly. On Gorea Road, a large slip blocked the way, but a party of YMCA bods we had picked up helped to roll the larger rocks aside. Next obstacle a deep rocky ford; sudden wetting of driver's feet from jets of water coming up through clutch and brake pedal holes. Left Komba at "Tararua Forest Park" Notice, 1305. Reached top of steep, grassy slope and started on muddy track up through bush to the accompaniment of Haydn concerto and Mozart symphony, welcome change from the usual inappropriate racket of transistor radios. Arrived Field Hut 1600; wind stronger, showers heavier 20 minutes for rest and a feed, then on up above the bushline. Near dark and 5 minutes from the top, met a freezing Easterly gale with fog and sleet. Put our leggings on in a hurry. Visibility 20-50 yards. Arrived at Vosseler Hut 1900. Party already in hut were three bods short, but didn't seem unduly worried about them.

Saturday: Wind round to south but conditions just as bad.

Pools in gully below hut frozen over. 10.00, went to have a look at old Kime Hut; derelict, holes in walls, wet floors, shaking in the wind. Missing three of other party had spent shivering night in upstairs part. 11.00, signs of openings in fog, so set off North along main range. Mostly narrow, almost razorback in places, mainly a series of peaks and quite deep saddles. Lunch on top of Vossler, clouds clearing away, brilliant warm sunshine, delightful views as we enjoyed a leisurely afternoon walk along to Tararua Peaks, where there used to be a chain to assist in negotiating a near vertical 50-70ft rock face. Now there is a less impressive but much safer chain ladder. From the bank beside the west wall of Maungahuka Hut, we watched a glorious sunset; valleys between the foothills filled with pink fog, water between the coast and Kapiti Island a cold light green; another dark mass, probably D'urville Island, standing above the fog, and the outline of the peaks of the N.W. corner of the South Island sharp against a brilliant yellow sky, with the sun a huge red ball sinking behind the sea, lighting up the snow of Egmont and Ruapehu with some of its own colour. The hut now has a little stove which goes very well on leatherwood sticks. We watched a successful deerstalker cook and eat a delicious-smelling meal of Venison.

Sunday: Weather westerly, rapidly deteriorating; we should have been away a lot earlier than 0800. Visibility 50 yards or less; some uncertainty, not far from hut, and, sure enough, a compass check saved us from heading further down a ridge into a tributary of a river on the Wairarapa side. From a deep saddle, the "ups" of the range are greater than the "downs" until Aokaparangi where we stopped for a snack. Then the "downs" exceeded the "ups" to another deep saddle before the "ups" to Kahiwi-roa. Another snack, then along and down to the bush-line before the rise to Anderson Memorial Hut. After a brew, away at 16.00, up through the tussock, the temporary improvement in the weather not having lasted long; past the tarns showing dimly through the fog, with a fine but soaking rain swirling almost horizontally in the gale; up to the deer-antlers on the cairn marking the turnoff on Shoulder Knob. Now we were heading West, straight into the wind. Down at the bush-edge, 1845, a bite to eat as we got out torches and carbide lamps. Down, down, down; a stop to listen hopefully for the sound of the river; down endless-seeming hundreds of feet, we listened again hearing nothing but rain splattering down through the leaves. On and On, slippery clay banks and slippery tree roots; pools of mud and wet rocks; torches going dim after a while; carbide lamps playing up through neglect of proper cleaning; down to the river at last. River rising and discolouring rapidly; unhappy thoughts of hitchhiking home next day if Kombi blocked in by ford or slip. Reached Waitewaewae Hut 2045. Beds in residence asleep, wood wet, fire so miserable we cooked our meal over primus.

Monday; Sunshine through dripping trees. Good breakfast, firewood cutting, leisurely walk along good track, crossing saddle in foothill range and down a stream to the end of an old tram-line which leads out to Otaki Forks. One rather chilly crossing of the Otaki river, and we were back on the road at 1600. Ford and slip O.K., picked up some cheerful hitch-hikers, headed back to Palmerston North and delicious hot soup, sandwiches, apples from the tree, and tea, with Brian Turner's family. On the last stage of the journey home, we encountered strong gales, and were glad to be down from the exposed tops. The next day tornadoes wrecked buildings and caravans in that area, so the black clouds we saw were not threatening for nothing.

No. in party: 5

Leader Peter Lewis, Pam Lewis, Brian Turner, Alan Thurston, Brian Mote.

No. 883

HERRICKS HUT.

April 20th.

27 bods left Holt's in wet weather. We turned up a side road off the Mangleton Road, left the truck at 9.15 and had an easy walk across Gull Stream and over to Herricks Hut. We then took to the bush and followed the track till we hit Big Hill Stream. Following this up for some distance we decided that we would have lunch (time being 1.15) and return by the same route. Climbing up from Big Hill Stream there were one or two near accidents from falling rocks. After this we had an uneventful but wet walk back to the truck, arriving there at 5.55.

Fun started on the return journey. A sheep truck was stuck in very deep mud and made passing impossible for us. After waiting $\frac{3}{4}$ hr, we were finally pulled through by a tractor and had a good trip back to Hastings, arriving there at approx 9.30.

Leader: Warren Greer

No. in Party. 27

Peter Lewis, Brian Turner, Barry Clayton, Jeff Richards, Kelvin Walls, Peter Hubscher, Richard Moran, Grant Spackman, Chris O'Kane, Toby Easton, Doug Reed, Karenne Sparling, Marion Howard, Pam Lewis, Marilyn Challice, Allison Gillespie, Jackie Smith, Sue Adcock, Pat Roberts, Pam Squires, Sue Greer, Elizabeth Pindar, Kath Berry, Debbie Easton, Owen Martin, Robin Heath.

No. 884MAROPEA FORKS = REMUTUPO.Anzac Weekend. April 25-27th

Friday: We left the Kombi at Cullen's in case we had to come out down the Makaroro and wald round to fetch it. Shuteye shack was as cold and miserable as usual, but a good brew put us in^a better mood to go over the bleak and thinly snow-covered tops, under an overcast sky, to Upper Maropea Hut for lunch. Then we headed straight down from the hut, towards the stream. This may have been a mistake as the bush was very thick and full of fallen logs. We found the remains of a Forestry air-drop which they must have lost: rusty tins, rotted packets, and a whole lot of candles which had turned black.

The stream wasn't wonderfully good, very bouldery and a series of cascades. We soon came to the inevitable waterfall, quite a nasty one, but were able to clamber round after climbing up on the true left bank. Although there are several other places where the stream bed narrows as if threatening waterfalls around the corner, though these threats didn't come to much and as more side streams joined in on the way down the trend was to a gentler gradient with more wide shingly places and less narrow, rocky ones. But there are places even down near the forks where a good heavy rain could easily bring the stream up enough to stop you getting through.

Maropea Forks Hut was quite luxurious - six bunks with foam mattresses, and there were only six of us. Arriving nearly an hour before dark, we had plenty of time to cut more than enough firewood to do our cooking, and so saved ourselves the chore next morning of replacing firewood used.

Saturday: A heavy frost made the pleasant river flat on which the hut is built not quite so pleasant, and to reach the beginning of the track on the other side of the North Branch of the Maropea, the only alternative to wading through the horribly cold water was to slide ourselves across on a small tree trunk which had fallen across the stream, and this proved most painful to hands and behinds, coated with frost as it was. The track led us on a long climb northwards on⁹ the ridge which heads westwards off the main divide between the Maropea and the next stream North, but this track then seems to go westwards along the ridge, so we left it and started to scrub-bash eastwards towards the divide, through bush with a thick undergrowth of coprosma and clumps of slippery, wet cutting grass. Out on the tussock at the top we found a sheltered spot to have an early lunch, and besides admiring Ruapehu in the distance, also looked at Remutape close at hand, with icy sno plastered against its S.W. face and the summit appearing quite impressive. Why not climb it? So we went round and did so, the bad weather holding off long enough for us to have a good look around from

the top. Perhaps we didn't look hard enough before setting off straight down the N.E. face towards Remutupo Hut, thinking the leatherwood surely couldn't be all that bad. It was. If it had been a little thicker we might have been able to walk on top of it. Our slow progress wasn't exactly joyful for the next couple of thousand feet, but at least we were looking forward to drying our wet clothes in front of a good fire in another 6-bunk hut - only to arrive and find that a party of 15 Hutt Valley Tramping Club bods were coming back to spend the night there. However, they were a typical H.V.T.C. crowd, friendly and quite unworried by minor problems, convinced of the value of plenty of good food and a good singsong. Some of them slept in tents, amongst the snow and sleet.

Sunday: Fine and frosty. Going up the big shingle slide on Te Atuanahuru, we found that the night's snow had been driven into the spaces between the rock fragments and frozen solid, making the shingle as hard as concrete with all the sharp points of the stones sticking out. The thought of stumbling and sliding off down to the bottom of that slope was enough to make us mighty careful. Leaving the H.V.T.C's to return down Colenso Spur, we wandered back southwards along the divide, through the icy tussock. Each time we went down along a saddle and then up on to the next hump, Maroparea, Cross Ridge, Maropea, and Trig 50 in turn, we were a stage closer to our objective, Armstrong Top, which in the morning had seemed an impossibly long way away. Some thick growing patches of beech in the last saddle were a bit of a nuisance, and then from the top we shot down the big shingle slide into the head of Triplex Creek as the clouds gathered again. This didn't take long, and we were out at the bush edge for a boil-up and away well before dark.

Some new country for the club, as far as recent years are concerned, and a good, energetic trip. Particularly encouraging was the adequacy of clothing and equipment, and the interest shown in map reading and navigation.

No. in Party 6

Leader: Peter Lewis, Trevor Baldwin, Alan Thurston, Chris O'Kane, John Titchener, Randall Goldfinch.

No. 885 MAKINO HUT - PUKETITIRI HOT SPRINGS.

4th May.

We left Holt's at about 6.15 picking up bods here and there as we made our way slowly our past Puketitiri.

We reached the barn at about 8.30 and started down the bulldozed track at about 9.00. When we reached the top of the big climb, thirteen bods decided to have an easy day down at the Hot Springs while the rest of us plodded through

the fern and bush along the track to Makino Hut. After a long drawn out lunch, we started off back along the track, arriving at the truck about 5.30.

All in all, a good day's tramping considering the size of the party.

No. in party 37

Leader: Alan Thurston, Peter Lewis, Peter O'Kane, Richard Moran, Grant Spackman, Chris Persen, Barry Clayton, Stephen Lungley, Brian Turner, Graham Thorp, Warren Greer, Ken Zambra, Geoff Richards, Pam Lewis plus 2, Elizabeth Pindar, Sue Greer, Glenys Richdale, Sue Adcock, Marilyn Challice, Kath Berry, Jackie Smith, Sandra Smith, Wendy Smith, Brian Hall, M. Boagey A. Crocket, P. Garland, J. Murley, R. Scott, F. Johnstone, T. Barns, Doug Reid plus 2, Colin Flood.

No. 886

SENTRY BOX - UPPER M'KARORO TRIP.

May 17-18th

The usual 6 o'clock start saw the eleven of us on time for once and after a short stop for fuel we were on our way.

Permission to cross Mangleton Station was given by the manager and at 8.30am we left for Sentry Box Hut. This is only about ten minutes from where you leave the vehicles, so we only stopped long enough to make an entry in the log book and to adjust packs.

From here the track leads steeply up through manuka scrub on to open rock and then into open bush that continues to the top of Sentry Box Ridge. The going seemed to be very slow but according to Brian Smith's altimeter we were actually climbing at just over 1,000 feet an hour, with stops included, so we weren't doing so badly.

Up till now the weather had been perfect but as we climbed higher the wind got stronger and slowly the sky covered with high cloud, so on nearing the top of Sentry Box Ridge we stopped for a bite to eat so that it wouldn't be necessary to stop in the wind on the open tops.

It was 11.20am when we finally reached Pohatuhaha Ridge. We moved quickly along to Pohatuhaha where we stopped for a while to have a look at the view. By this time low cloud was covering Three Johns and Trig 66 to the south but the weather didn't show any sign of deteriorating in our area - not for the rest of day anyway. I was a little perturbed at the way time seemed to be passing but this didn't seem very serious at this stage either so we had the usual

hour for lunch at Aranga Hut. Forestry had given us two log books to take in with us, one for Aranga Hut and one for Park Peak Hut which we dropped off on the way through.

At 2.20pm. we moved off again and climbed out onto the flat tussock plateau to the west of the hut. Once on the Plateau the route lies to the south-west to where a long bush covered ridge drops off into the Makaroro river about three quarters of a mile above the hut. We followed this ridge down and ran into an unfinished track a short way down from the top and followed it right down to the river.

By the time the complete party reached the river it was 5.30pm and the light was fading. This slowed things up quite considerably because the river is very narrow here and all the rocks, as usual, were very slippery. It wasn't long before the carbide lamps of which we had quite a few were brought into use but even with this added help we still had to back track now and again to get round the bigger pools.

As progress was made further down towards the hut the toll of people that fell into the river to a greater or lesser degree mounted. At 7.00pm we rounded a bend in the river to see several trees which had been cut down and sure enough the hut was found a short distance down stream.

The stew that night must have been one of the best that has ever been made on a club trip. There was just about everything you could think of in it and just about everyone had a hand in making it. The hut was a real shambles during the cooking and one look at the floor made you wonder just where the meal was coming from. During the night the weather packed up and there were a few heavy showers. There was still the odd shower hanging around in the morning. However this didn't prevent us from giving the hut a good clean up and an enormous pile of firewood was cut as there had been very little there when we arrived.

Fortunately there is a bridge across the river from the hut which gives you a good start on a track which leads up onto Trig "R" on the Pohatuhaha ridge about 100 yards short of Park Peak Hut. We left the bridge at 9.40am and it was 12.20pm when we reached Park Peak Hut having climbed roughly 2,120 feet up from the river. We had lunch here replaced the log book and then set off north to the top of Sentry Box Ridge to complete the round trip. Another hour and a half was spent dropping down sentry box ridge to Mangleton Station where we found the car with a flat battery (the lights were left on). Anyway there were eleven of us to push the vehicle and we soon had it going again. By 4.45pm we were all packed up and on our way home after a rather long but well worth while trip.

No. in Party 11.

Leader: Graham Thorp, Judith Mercer, Brian Smith, David White, John Titchener, Peter and Chris O'Kane, Peter Lewis, Chris Harmer, David Peirse, Alan Thurston.

No. 887

KETETAHI HUT, MT. TONGARIRO.

(Queen's Birthday) 30th May, 2nd June.

Friday: At 6.30pm, seventeen set off for Tongariro National Park.

The drive to Taupo was virtually uneventful. We stopped at the Kiosk on the Summit for a breather, and on the hills on the Taupo side of this, the truck protested at their steepness and blew a gasket. It was a nasty few minutes but we made Taupo at 11.30pm. Here we filled up with petrol, bought a can of oil, changed drivers, and moved on to the turn-off to the Ketetahi Hut, arriving at 1.30am.

After draining the engine, the general idea was a good sleep- until three others of our bods arrived and the peace was shattered; so we grabbed our Packs and hiked it then and there to the hut, leaving the truck at 2.10am.

The track is well cut and in the moonlight, quite clear, but the steps cut in the track unfortunately fell on the same leg, thus one got one extremely sore leg after a few yards tramping. As we climbed out of the bush a cold, biting wind whipped down from the tops and there was a quick dive into our packs for parkas. The first bods arrived at the hut at 5.10am., the last at 5.30am.

The hut was already occupied by four Wellington Tramping Club boys and two of our boys who had tramped in earlier that night.

Saturday: The two bods who had arrived earlier rose at 6.30 and set out for Mt. Ngauruhoe, but as the weather was not the best and visibility was less than 100 yards, they turned backed, arriving at the hut at 9.30am.

The rest of us staggered out of the bunks after a few hours sleep about 10am. The weather at the hut was beautiful and clear with a cold wind coming down from the tops. After lunch, two small parties set off. One for the Blue Lakes, Mt. Tongariro and the other for the Springs. Some stayed at the hut to try and catch up on some sleep.

Both parties returned by 4.30pm. and the report from the Blue Lake, was that the visibility was poor.

At 9pm., we all turned in to sleep, or so we thought. Half an hour later, eight Lower Hutt Tramping Club members arrived followed ten minutes later by six more of our bods.

Sunday: After a quick breakfast, some of us set out at 8.30am. for the summit of Mt. Tongariro; the others set off at the same time and went on to the lakes.

The climb was easy and very enjoyable; the day was fine and cloudy. We tramped to the North ridge and climbed down into the North crater. Here the leader sent four bods back to the hut because they did not have any snow glasses. Two climbed out over the south ridge, using a rope to manoeuvre round rocks, where we climbed down on to a plateau. The tramp across this flat plateau was easy and after another climb we reached the summit of Tongariro, at 11.30am. It had taken approximately three hours. We had a quick snack here and then descended again onto the saddle. The wind on Tops was very cold and icy.

On this saddle one of the party was taken ill with exposure, exhaustion and the effects of the higher altitude.

When she was capable of walking again, we descended very slowly into the central crater. On the way down, another member slipped on a hidden rock and sprained her ankle.

By this time, four fast bods had returned to the hut for hot glucose fluid and help. One of these bods did the trip in half an hour.

We split into two parties: Nine moved off almost immediately with the sprain, leaving the rest with the exposure case. The extra fast boy returned to the top back to the exposure case then caught up with the sprain case and helped her to the hut, then returned to help with the exposure case.

By 3.30pm. the sprain case was back at the hut, but slower progress was made with the exposure case and it was 4.30pm. before they arrived at the hut.

A late tea was on the menu that night and we all had turned in by 8.00pm.

Monday: We breakfasted, packed our gear, tidied the hut and moved out. Four bods had set out at 9.00am., reaching the truck at 11pm. One of these had turned it into a marathon, reaching the truck at 10.30am. Dumping his pack, he returned to help with the injured. The main group set out at 10.00am.

We left the turn off at 12.30pm. arriving at Taupo at 2.00pm. We left Taupo at 4pm. after a snack of cold drink

and ice creams. The trip home was uneventful except for losing the rear vision mirror at the Mohaka Bridge. We reached Napier at 7.30pm. and carried on to Hastings arriving at 8.15pm.

The trip was successful but it was unfortunate that we had two casualties. The effects of exposure, high altitude and exhaustion, were driven home to all in one memorable lesson.

M.C.

No. in Party 27

Leader: Trevor Baldwin.

Pam Lewis, Sue Green, Elizabeth Pindar, Marilyn Challice, Judith Mercer, Jackie Smith, Sandra Smith, Janet Mac Donald, Allison Gillespie, John Titchener, Peter O'Kane, Chris O'Kane, Brian Turner, David White, Geoff Richards, Barry Clayton, Duncan Patterson, Geoff Persen, Chris Persen, John Feigler, Randall Goldfinch, Peter Lewis, Alan Thurston, Graham Thorp, Warren Greer, Tom Whittle.

THE TREATMENT GIVEN FOR EXPOSURE.

Prevention is better than cure and the sudden collapse of one of our party on the comparatively easy descent, 300ft from the top of Mt. Tongariro, forcefully drove home to us the need to recognise, before it is too late, the first signs of the onset of exhaustion and exposure which can occur even in reasonable conditions when they are least expected. It also showed us the value and vital importance of tramping together as a united party, and the moral and physical strength each can give the others when emergency arises.

The first symptom of this near casualty was cold hands, though the patient was wearing gloves. This was unrelieved by putting on warmed, wind protected, mitts. A little food in the form of biscuits had been eaten a short while earlier and general moral was high. Sudden total collapse occurred some ten minutes later with slurring of speech, semi-consciousness and an overwhelming desire to sleep. The patient did not experience sensation of cold at any stage after this.

The first necessity in such an emergency is to prevent further loss of valuable body heat, so within seconds we had her sitting on end completely wrapped in extra woollen clothing including an extra balaclava and over the lot a windproof sleeping bag cover. Two of us gradually warmed her hands by bodily contact under our shirts while others supplied gentle skin stimulation with rubbing. We were fortunate that water brought from the hut had been hot when we left and this was not yet completely cold, so, with glucose added to it, sips of this sweetened solution was given along with glucose tablets. Care was taken with the rest of the water to keep it as warm

as possible. Chewing up the glucose tablets took a tremendous effort, but this in itself was stimulating her facial circulation and therefore beneficial. With breathing up to 80 gasps per minute, (normal 20 p.m.), and a pulse rate of 120 (normal 70-80) the prospects were not bright, so at this stage we sent four fit bods back to the hut for sleeping bag and primus.

Her condition did not deteriorate further, nor did it really improve in about half an hour, and so we decided to try moving, if only to get to a lower altitude as it was obvious she was getting hypoventilated and suffering from the effects of altitude, this in turn aggravating a medical condition. And so with, two human crutches for her to lean on and we bundled her up in extra woollens and overtrousers and made slow, painful progress to a lower plateau. It was a tremendous help having competent people to pick out a track in front, leaving us free to concentration guiding our patients footsteps. At this stage we sent off two more to meet and re-direct the relief team coming up.

At the edge of the lower plateau we had a rest and within seconds, our patient's condition was as bad, if not worse, than before in spite of shrouding her in extra clothing immediately we stopped. Others tended to our second casualty here - a sprained ankle.

After more glucose fluids and sheer bullying into munching some light food, with the rest of the party stamping a path through the soft snow, we struggled on across the plateau to where the others had a primus going and water heating. Being careful to insulate her well from the snow, we laid our patient down and getting under the extra covers with her, two of us provided body heat beside her while others removed wet boots and socks and warmed her feet which at this stage were causing pain. After several mugs full of warm bouril laced with glucose she was feeling better speaking more coherently, and her condition improved as colour returned to her face. Before this there had been a complete loss of memory. Her only recollection now is having been made to chew, and being prevented from going to sleep.

Progress was slow back to the hut and the track was narrow and steep in places, making the going with three abreast difficult at times. Once at the hut an already warmed sleeping bag was available and with fresh clothing on and after more warm fluids she slept fitfully for an hour or two.

Her heat-regulating mechanism must have been affected and for a further three to four hours we fought the way through delirium with an estimated temperature of 102°F, pulse rate of 140, and respirations of 80 per minute. With profuse sweating one minute followed by rigors and teeth-

shattering, shivering cold the next, close supervision was very necessary and exhausting work until she dropped into a fitful, deep sleep for the remainder of the night.

P.M.L.

No.888

MANGLETON - ROCK CLIMBING

15th June, 1969

The pleasures of an eight o'clock start were tempered rather by the steady rain that was falling by the time we gathered at Holt's. After a short diversion for a working party however the gloom was starting to lift over the ranges and when we reached Mangleton the wind and sun were doing their best to dispel the clouds.

The trip was allegedly a rock climbing exercise but most of the party found it quite exciting enough just watching some of the more experienced members climbing up and rappelling down some of the limestone bluffs near the Sentry Box trig. A group also wandered off to Sentry Box and up the spur beyond the hut while still others went over the ridge for a look at the fluming being built as part of the Ministry of Works water flow measuring setup in the Kaumatua Stream.

In general, everyone spent the day just pottering around the many interesting features in the Mangleton area and as the evening drew in we climbed on board the truck again and headed for home.

No. on trip: 28.

Leader: Alan Berry

Jackie Smith, Pat Roberts, Helen Hill, Sue Adcock, Sue Greer, Marion Howard, Deborah Easton, Wendy Smith, Lynda Young / 1, Nigel Lemmon, Colin Tibbenham, Doug Reid, Peter Lewis, Roy Swain, Graham Griffiths, Geoff Richards, Jim Wilshere, David White, Barry Clayton, Warren Greer, Geoff Persen, Chris Persen, Trevor Baldwin, Chris O'Kane, Douglas Abraham, Graham Thorp.

No.889

MACKINTOSH - STUDHOLME'S SADDLE

June 28-29th

No. in party: 8

Leader: Brian Mote

Geoff Persen, Peter Lewis, Tom Whittle, Brian Turner, David White, Geoff Richards, Pam Lewis.

No.890

TE WAKA, PUKETITIRI

13th July, 1969

Day trips seem to be increasing in popularity and this easy stroll over the Te Waka Range was no exception. We left Holt's at 7.15. Numerous extras were picked up along the way. By the time we reached the Waipuna Hill the truck fumes were rather overpowering, so a stop was called for. By then the sun was well up and the Kaweka Range to the west was a glorious sight, thickly covered in snow. Most of us ran the next mile or so to the Potters Road turn-off where we met 8 more bods, some local plus 4 H.T.C's who had come through from the Blowhard. Somehow we all fitted onto the truck again and continued down this road for

about three miles to the farm woolshed. Trevor was there waiting for us, having travelled up separately in his new car (a very lucky thing, we were to find out later!)

9.30am and a long trail of trappers slowly plugged their way upwards on to the crest of the range, fairly steep, but not too far! At the first available water the Blowhard characters detached themselves for a meal stop. As they somehow failed to catch up with us, or looked for us the wrong ridge, we didn't see them again until back at the transport in the late afternoon! A light dusting of snow mantled the more sheltered slopes, and icicles, some up to 18 inches long hung from wet banks and off the huge limestone rock formations. After slowly sauntering over the farmlands along the range we arrived at a good vantage point about a mile off the Te Waka trig and overlooking the Mohaka bridge on the Taupo Road. Perched up on limestone bluffs we prepared for a leisurely lunch.

Abruptly at 1pm our gaiety was shattered when one of the lads took a tumble in the grass which resulted in a broken elbow. Using what available bandages, slings and scarves there were and improvising a splint from a piece of fence wood, four of us set out with him to return home by the easiest, shortest route possible. Meanwhile the remainder of the party continued over to the Trig which they reached by mid-afternoon, arriving back at the truck just on dusk. They were back in Hastings by 8pm.

Our trip out, down a ridge to the Inangatahi river valley, then southwards along a greasy farm track was slow and painful and we didn't reach the vehicles until after 4pm. Our patient had endured the journey well, having fallen once in the slippery clay on the track, and though some of the pain had subsided the swelling was still increasing. This called for readjustment of the bandages. His chief complaint at this stage was thirst, but, fearing he might require an immediate anaesthetic on reaching hospital, we callously refused to give him anything. With the patient well supported, and made as comfortable as possible in a sleeping bag, we settled ourselves for a quick trip back to Napier in Trevor's car. By 6pm we were in the Hospital Casualty where I was left to officiate while the others contacted his parents. X-rays confirmed a fractured elbow and sometime after 8pm we returned a somewhat subdued lad to his home, terminating what would otherwise have been a very happy and successful trip.

No. in party: 35

Leader: Pam Lewis

Roy Swain, Chris O'Kane, Grant Spackman, Richard & Marion Moran, Sue Greer, Chris Persen, Barry Clayton, Geoff Richards, Geoff Persen, Peter Lewis, Clyde Nicholls, Phillip Snr., Phillip Jnr., Debbie & Michael Bayens, Trevor Baldwin, Tom Whittle, Jim and Susan Glass, Sue Adcock, Jackie Smith, Glenys Richdale, Elizabeth Pindar, Irene Watt, Margaret Fannin, Lee-ann Kelly, Stephanie Norton, John Preece, Brian Turner, David White, Denise Sims, Sandra Smith, Kareene Sparling.

No.891POHANGINA SADDLE26-27th July 1969

Ten H.T.C. left Holt's at 6.15am with stars above which disappeared behind clouds soon after. We arrived at the Moorcock Base at 8.10am where we encountered bad weather, with cloud covering the tops. After parking the truck in a suitable place in case of bad weather on our return, we headed along a muddy track that took us down to the Moorcock Stream. We followed up the stream, over a new fence, then started up the northeast side of the ridge that would take us to the Pohangina Saddle and hut. About half way up one of the girls started to get dizzy so we lightened her pack and moved on. Going up the last rise that was covered with snow, the wind was cold with the odd shower. At the top we met a forestry bod returning to base after removing two feet of snow from inside the hut. "Some bod left the door open!" We had started down to the hut when our patient's dizziness somewhat overcame her. Taking her pack and supporting her we made our way to the hut. A fire was soon burning and Alan soon had a billy of soup on which went down well and did wonders for the patient. Peter collected some wood in hail, snow, rain and sleet with a strong wind from the south-west. Going to Leon Kinvig Hut was out of the question so we made ourselves comfortable and played cards the rest of the afternoon. Two collected more wood in bitter weather for the stew with plenty to spare for the morning. During the night we were wakened by a possum trying to get in.

Next morning the weather had eased a little but it was still cold out, and after a late breakfast we packed up our gear to head out. About six inches of snow had fallen overnight, cloud was still low over the ranges and visibility was reduced to the Pohangina Valley. After putting more wood in the hut and cleaning it out we moved out after closing the door. It was cold at first but as we descended it became warmer. The hike out was good going with the track drier than the day before. Reaching the truck at 12.30pm in sunshine we headed home, arriving in Hastings by 3.30pm.

No. in party: 10Leader: David White

Sandra Smith, Irene Watt, John Titchener, John Preece, Peter Lewis, Peter June, Peter & Chris O'Kane, Alan Thurston.

-----oOo-----

PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPETITION

Again we are grateful to Mr. Baldwin for judging our second photographic competition and we thank him for the very constructive comments he made to guide us in the future. He dealt with each entry separately, keeping us all in suspense until the last before we knew the place winners. The overall standard of entries was considered higher this time, with a very thin margin separating the first twelve places, making judging even more difficult. The monochromatic section attracted only two entries, from Peter Lewis, so these were not judged. There were 37 coloured slide entries as compared with 27 last year.

It was disappointing to find that the few entry rules had not been adhered to in some cases. This lost points for the entrants concerned. It is hoped that at the next competitions rules will be carefully studied as these are drawn up to help the judge in his task.

Congratulations to Warren for his well-earned first placing. We thank all contributors for their support and interest.

Placings were:

- 1st - Warren Greer, "Ohau River".
- 2nd - David White, "Mountains and Men".
- 3rd equal - (Jim Glass, "Upper Tasman Glacier"
Pam Lewis, "Storm - Lake Tekapo".
- Highly Commended - Pam Lewis, "At Harmony"
David White, "Lake Wanaka".

-----oOo-----

EXTRACTS from F.M.C. BULLETIN (June, 1969)

(This number of the F.M.C. Bulletin contained three accident reports, death in each case being due to exposure. We reprint here one of the reports and the article which followed them. - Ed.)

REPORT ON THE DEATH OF TUI SOLOMANA - MAKARORA

A party of four shooters, under the leadership of Cyril Stevens, planned to go into the Makarora Valley for Labour Weekend, 28th October 1968. They were approached by the Oamaru Venturer Scout Leader to take three Samoan schoolboys from Waitaki Boys' High School, but it was decided to take only Tui Solomana - the deceased.

They motored through to a hut at Sawmill Flat at Makarora where they spent the night, and as it had been raining heavily overnight they waited for the weather to ease and did not leave until 10am with only scattered showers and occasional temporary sunlight showing through. They started off in comparatively easygoing as the leader considered that they had nine hours of daylight to cover the six-hour journey. The weather appeared to be improving and there was still a cold wind blowing. Solomana (aged 20) Watson (aged 25) and Mills (aged 20) moved ahead of the two older men, Stevens and Probyn, but lost contact when the leaders lost the track and were passed by the latter without realising it. About 3pm when they had covered the worst part of the journey Solomana found it was necessary to stop frequently so Mills and Watson helped him to carry his gear and pack. Although it started to rain steadily with increasing wind Solomana did not complain, but had difficulty in negotiating any rise in the track even without the pack. To enable him to assist Mills to support Solomana, Watson abandoned the latter's pack. Mills then pressed on to the hut and brought back a plastic tent-fly of Stevens. The young trio were still hopeful that they would still reach the hut and warmth and eventually abandoned the tent-fly to save weight. A river confronting them proved too difficult to cross about dusk, so they unrolled the only remaining sleepingbag on a ledge and they removed some of Solomana's wet clothing.

Mills climbed into the sleepingbag to keep Solomana warm. They ate biscuits and other food but did not have any hot drinks. Mills suffered from severe cramp in the legs overnight but Solomana slept through the night while Watson kept watch over them.

After daylight they re-dressed Solomana who appeared to have improved. Mills set off for the hut for help and Watson followed assisting Solomana through some bush and over the bluffs and they only had a flat stretch to the hut left to cover when Solomana collapsed again. Watson carried the sick lad on his back for 100 yards until he too became too fatigued. Stevens arrived shortly afterwards and they both supported Solomana on their way to the hut. They had crossed the second of three creeks when they all collapsed into it. They dragged him out and all three were exhausted and Solomana did not appear to be aware of his surroundings. It started to snow so Watson ran to the hut for help while Stevens lay on Solomana for warmth and gave mouth-to-mouth resuscitation for approximately half an hour until he was also on the point of collapse. Stevens estimated that Solomana died at approximately 9am. Mills and Watson were pretty exhausted so Stevens and Probyn walked out to the road without packs for help. The storm overnight had been responsible for several large slips, one of them being 300 yards wide and according to Stevens was as severe as the storm that had wrecked the Wahine the previous Easter.

CONCLUSIONS

The party had waited for the rain to clear and had nine hours of daylight to cover a six-hour journey to the Makapara hut which was their objective.

If the party had not separated and the two senior people had not gone ahead to the hut there would have been more experienced people present to give practical assistance when Solomana had slowed down. In fairness to the older men they had gone ahead to prepare a hot meal for the others although they also became progressively more tired and had abandoned a pack and two rifles as the storm buffeted them. It would also appear that the party were overladen or were unfit. It is unfortunate that the two senior members were unable to return from the hut to render assistance.

The trio - Watson, Mills and Solomana had not used the tent-fly that night. They had still hoped to reach the hut so they had only Watson's sleepingbag to keep both Mills and Solomana warm.

The afternoon and evening storm had affected members of the party to a varying degree. Both Watson and Mills had failed to recognise the symptoms early enough, probably because Solomana had not complained. They are to be commended in their efforts in assisting him. Although all three of them had been subjected to the same conditions it was significant that Solomana was not wearing woollen underclothes similar to his companions. His lightweight trousers were torn at the crutch.

CAUSE OF DEATH - HYPOTHERMIA
(Commonly called EXPOSURE)

P.T.O.

HYPOTHERMIA IS A KILLER

A general summary of these accident reports is as follows:

1. Survivors in each case were more warmly clad than those who succumbed.
2. Lack of shelter and being subject to cold winds were contributing factors in exposure in each case.
3. Both the Nelson boys and the Samoan had been benighted in extremely bad weather before they had deteriorated.
4. In all three cases the marching rations consumed were inadequate.
5. All parties had spent a considerable time without hot food or drinks.
6. In the Nelson incident, the sleepingbags of the deceased were inadequate for the prevailing conditions and there appears to be no reference to waterproof sleepingbag covers.
7. In every case the onset of fatigue followed by exhaustion, and subsequent exposure, was not recognised, and adequate steps were not taken early enough to prevent deterioration.

The short space of time between the collapse and death should be noted.

The dangers of exposure cannot be too greatly emphasised - Bulletin issue number 7 (January 1960) - has as its introduction on the subject, "An analysis of fatal mountain accidents shows a high proportion of deaths from exposure. This is not peculiar to New Zealand as accidents in mountains overseas follow the same pattern - "One of the most impressive features brought out from these investigations in cases of death from exposure has been the startling suddenness with which the victim has passed from consciousness to unconsciousness and death."

Successive Bulletin issues have dealt with various aspects of the subject and issue 26 summarised research by Dr. L.G.C.E. Pugh in the British Medical Journal on January 1966. A conclusion reached by Pugh was that "Casualties could be prevented and lives saved by wider use of (1) emergency dry clothing and waterproof garments and (2) lightweight emergency camping equipment.

Death by Hypothermia is NOT an accident. People have died of exposure without once complaining of the cold. Indeed, the real danger lies in the lack of recognition by either the victim or his friends, since frequently the whole party is more or less affected.

The Bushcraft Manual published by the National Mountain Safety Council, with acknowledgement to Federated Mountain Clubs, states: "Exposure is due to severe chilling of the body surface leading to a progressive fall of body temperature which can lead, with startling suddenness, to unconsciousness and death".

Accident reports published by F.M.C. record the facts leading to death and draw conclusions so that lessons may be learnt from the results. The three reports contained in this issue were such clear cases of Hypothermia that full details of the facts were assembled in each case.

If the danger conditions are studied in relation to the three cases the first point to be made is clothing. Cotton shirts and jeans were commonly worn by the victims compared with the woollen clothing of the survivors, especially in the two southern cases. "Wool is warmest

to wear in wet conditions and it does not cling to the skin like cotton. Woollen clothing therefore protects the body in adverse conditions, heat loss being reduced, and the importance of wearing it at all times cannot be overemphasised."

"For winter trips on exposed tops add windproof overtrousers of nylon or japara, scarf and extra socks, balaclava and woollen singlet." This is in addition to the normal pair of woollen mitts carried but "where conditions are extreme, mitts of windproof material may be worn over them".

"Clothing must be windproof, waterproof, or warm as appropriate!"

These are all relevant extracts from the Bushcraft Manual and can be read in conjunction with the second and third conditions of danger - strong cold winds and getting wet. It was noted that although the victims did not carry mitts (gloves) or hat (balaclava) the survivor on the Wangapeka Saddle case carried both as well as a scarf. In all three cases the members of the parties were wet through from the prevailing conditions of wind, cold and water.

"Eat frequently such foods as sweets, barley sugar, raisins and biscuits, which are easily digested, have high energy value and can be carried conveniently in the pocket." A simple precaution listed in the Bushcraft Manual which can be correlated to the fourth condition of danger.

The essential points to remember are:

Hypothermia is a killer.

Guard against hypothermia by preparation.

Recognise the symptoms of oncoming hypothermia and take precautions.

Death by hypothermia is NOT an accident.

Beware of the evil combination of wet, wind and cold.

----- 000 -----

LIBRARY NOTES

When Judith Mercer and Dorothy Bowmar left they presented the H.T.C. with a copy of "Men Aspiring" by Paul Powell. This is a very human account of climbs in the Mt. Aspiring area. The author was also in charge of search and rescue work in Otago for some time. A book well worth reading.

MISSING from the library - "On Rock and Snow". - a new book bought last year, especially recommended for those taking Alpine Course instruction.

W H O H A S I T ? Contact Kath Berry, Librarian.

X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X

X
CHURCH TRAILERS X

X OVERDUE TRAMPERS X

X IF a Club party at any time becomes overdue, would parents X

X or members please first contact one of the following:- X

X

X	Alan Berry	phone Has. 77.223	X
	Maurice Taylor	" 800	

X	Maury Taylor	"	HMN 829	X
	James H. Taylor	"	HMN 836	X

X	Janet Lloyd	"	Has. 87.666	X
---	-------------	---	-------------	---

X All active trampers - please show this to your parents. X

X V V V V V V V V V V V V V V V V V V V V V V V V V V V X

[illegible]

"EQUIPMENT HINTS FOR SAFE TRAMPING"

(The following is an extract from the above which is a booklet of notes prepared by Peter Lewis and issued by the Hawke's Bay Mountain Safety Committee.)

It is advisable for all trampers, hunters and others making trips into mountain and bush country to draw up a list of all the clothing and equipment which might be needed. At the planning stage this list will help you to decide on the requirements for a particular trip, and what can safely be left behind. Most important, you can use it to make a last-minute check to be sure that nothing essential has been forgotten. And after a trip it can be a handy reminder of repairs needed.

If you have not yet made your first trip, do not think because their suggestions and advice may seem over concerned with safety precautions that experienced people are trying to discourage you. The pleasures of mountain and bushland travel are there to be shared, and in fact are probably less dangerous than many other forms of recreation.

There is, however, always the possibility that some small mishap, which could happen to anyone - a sprained ankle; a sudden change to very bad weather; a mistaken turning; or becoming separated from the rest of the party might leave you in a situation beyond reach of help for some time. Whether you overcome the problem and carry on to enjoy the trip, or whether the situation develops into one of danger from exposure or accident, will depend on your own good sense and what you have brought with you.

SEVEN ESSENTIALS

The following are essential for safety. In some circumstances a trip leader may refuse to take anyone who does not have with them:-

1. A JACKET of some kind which will be reasonably windproof, waterproof and not easily torn. (First preference, an oil-ed japara parka with hood; if no hood, a hat or balaclava which will protect the ears will also be essential. Second best, a raincoat, but avoid thin plastic, or any thin material which tears easily.)
2. WOOLLEN SHIRT or at least one woollen garment which could keep a wet parka from chilling the skin. (Experienced people usually wear a woollen singlet, wear or carry a warm shirt and take along a light woollen jersey as a precaution.)
3. LONG TROUSERS OR SLACKS to protect the legs from excessive chilling by wind or rain. (Shorts are better for most tramping, but it may become vital to have longs available if the weather turns cold. An old pair fitted with zips or velcro on the bottom part of the legs is recommended as these can be pulled on quickly without the need to remove boots.)

4. SUITABLE AND COMFORTABLE FOOTWEAR. (First preference, strong well broken-in boots with heavy "commando" soles and strong nylon cord for laces. Second-best, lighter leather boots, but not smooth-soled. Third choice, rubber boots, basketball or gym boots. To be avoided if possible - shoes or sandals. Dangerous on anything but easy picnic trips - sandals or jandals.) It is sensible to "break in" boots on a few short walks near home before attempting a big trip. Many people prefer to wear two pairs of thick woollen socks, so don't buy boots that are tight fitting. A good soaking with unrefined castor oil, or if that is not obtainable, neatsfoot or whale oil, greatly improves the lasting qualities of leather boots, helps to shed water and moulds them to your feet more readily.

5. A DEPENDABLE PACK in which you can carry your food, spare clothing and other gear as easily and conveniently as possible. This could be merely a sugar sack with the ends of a six foot length of rope or stout cord tied securely to its bottom corners (into which a small ball of paper has first been jammed) and the middle of the rope looped round the top of the sack like a clove hitch. Or it may range from a similar setup using canvas bag and leather straps, to an expensive and elaborate frame pack. Whichever sort it is, try it out near home in time to make changes or repairs before going out on a big trip. This can save discomfort later! Check rivets and fastenings. If the pack is old search for signs of weakness in the canvas, stitching or straps; if something gives way suddenly your balance may be upset at an awkward moment or repairs to your pack may delay the whole party when you have little time to spare.

Not recommended - satchel-type packs with only one strap. Sharing one pack - two or more people putting their gear into it and perhaps taking turns carrying it can be dangerous if they are not careful to avoid being separated.

6. FOOD. If you make sure to have a good breakfast before setting out, a normal cut lunch or its equivalent with perhaps a little extra in case you are delayed, should be enough for a one day trip. In addition always carry with you a small quantity, $\frac{1}{4}$ lb or $\frac{1}{2}$ lb of something which, if needed, can be carried in a handy pocket and chewed as you go along. Dates, raisins, barley-sugar or mixtures of these and similar things are generally used. When you are cold and tired it may not be convenient to stop, and the need for food is not always recognised. Under these conditions judgement may be affected and thus increase the chance of becoming lost or injured.

7. FIRST AID, TORCH ETC. You should always have with you some material for minor first aid. At the very least some sticking plaster. And remember to attend to sore feet before painful blisters develop. A small tube of antiseptic cream and a bandage or two should also be carried.

Your torch should be of a reliable but not too heavy type. First preference is a cycle lamp; next best a standard two cell (size D) torch. (Reverse one battery for carrying to avoid accidental switching on.) Batteries should be good for at least a couple of hours continuous use.

IMPORTANT ITEMS

The above are only the basic essentials. After them come several items which are only slightly less important. A compass can become very important in dense bush, in darkness or when surrounded by cloud, and a map will also help you to discover a mistake while there is still time to turn back and regain your intended route. Practice using map, compass and bushcraft so that you get to know the country and prepare yourself for trips into new areas.

Several lots of matches, with spare strikers should be scattered amongst your equipment. Some of these should be in separate plastic wrapped parcels in a small waterproof container.

A waterproof sleeping bag cover or a six foot by six foot sheet of thin plastic, adds little to the size or weight of your pack, but can serve as emergency shelter.

Hands exposed to cold and wet become stiff and lose their strength. A pair of woollen gloves or at least a pair of spare socks, can be of value here.

There are a few other things which are often well worth the weight they add. Puttees help to keep out small stones and grit and when there is snow, reduce the discomfort and risk of frostbite from snow packing down into the tops of your boots. Small things like a piece of nylon cord for bootlace or pack repairs, a strong pocket knife and a couple of safety pins could be very handy.

Travelling all day without access to water is not usual in this country, but if you expect to lose a great deal of sweat up on the snow, or on a hot summer day, you might want to take a cupful or two of water in a light plastic bottle.

-----oOo-----

PRIVATE TRIPSALPINE HOLIDAY

February 9th-26th

On Monday afternoon I arrived at Mt. Cook. Here I stayed at the Youth Hostel, and that night met Chris. Eden, Don Finch and Doone Wyhorn, the two latter from Aussie. On Tuesday afternoon the four of us hired a plane and landed at the top of the Tasman Glacier with the hut 500ft above us sitting out on a rocky point. Here we stayed the next two nights. At 4.30 a.m. the next morning we set out to climb Mt. Green 9,305ft, Walter 9,507ft and Elie de Beaumont 10,200ft. With the Anne Glacier broken up we went up Diver Col to Elie. It was a long walk, before we started to climb up to Diver Col. and there were ^{two} tricky crevasse crossings as we started to climb. Then, just under half way up we had to walk on a sharp ridge only 20 inches wide, but once on the col it flattened out. Here we went up to Walter which was quite easy, but going down the other side wasn't with a 500ft wall of rock which we descended with no mishap. Looking across a small col about 100 yds Elie looked quite steep and the two Aussies weren't too keen on going up, so Chris and I went and found once we started to climb that it had looked worse than it was. Even so, there was no room for mistakes as the slope was icy and there were two steep patches before the top. At 11.15 a.m. Chris and I stood on the summit with the Aussies below. The view was wonderful - not a cloud; and after taking photos we descended to find the other two half way up Walter. Here we had lunch. As time was running out and the snow was becoming soft we didn't climb Green. Instead we headed for the hut. Almost at the bottom I slipped stopping before crashing into Chris and not long after I held Chris from slipping into a crevasse he was crossing. About half way across the flat, Chris decided to take a short cut around a steep snow face and here I slipped twice. Back at the hut every one rested after 13 hours of walking. It was some time before a meal was ready after which we hit the sack for a good night's sleep.

8.30 a.m. next morning, we headed down to Ball hut where I had left the car. The hike down was tiresome with jumping crevasses up and down the ice field over the moraine and up the moraine walk to the car. Here a time of mixed fruit went down well and we had a swim at the Blue Lakes. That night I stayed at Unwin Hut and met Bruce Lusher who had done some climbing up Malte Brun with Bob Garnett and had been following us down. Bruce and I got talking about Copland Pass and as Bob was going home and Bruce had a few spare days we decided to do the trip. Friday afternoon we headed for Hooker hut and arrived three hours later to find no water. Since there were others going over the Pass as well, six went 400 yds up to a small glacier with pots and tins

and collected a supply for the hut. That night we had little sleep with bodsarriving all night. One lot left to go over at 3.30 a.m.. We left at 5 a.m. Going up wasn't as bad as it looked and following the others' tracks made it easier. By 7.20 a.m. we were at the top. Here we climbed Madonna (no height marked on the map) and Pu Faur 7,800ft. We reached Douglas Rock Hut just after 3.15 p.m. and stayed the night. Next morning, just as we were leaving one of a party of two came in to say that his mate had slipped into a crevasse at the Pass and spent the night out. Bruce and I went to help and found the other fellow walking painfully along the track not far from the hut. When his boots were taken off at the hut he had a badly bruised ankle and had skinned the inside of his knee. We left for the road at 9.30 a.m. for help. We reached Welcome Flat Hut and after a soak in the hot pools had lunch and left for the road at 1.00 p.m. The walk out was easy going except that it took so long and the hook grass was getting at our legs, but in the end we got out at 5.30 p.m. and hitched a ride an hour later to Fox, where we informed the ranger of the mishap. We stayed at the motor camp that night and next morning split up. Bruce went up the coast and since heavy cloud had stopped all plane flights to Cook, I took a bus to Wanaka with three others who also had come over the Pass and were going to fly back. It rained all the time until we were over Haast Pass. The sun was shining at Wanaka. One of the three had transport back to Cook and invited me to come along and we arrived at Cook at 8.15 p.m. to find it raining cats and dogs.

David White

THREE PASS TRIP

Jan 1969

On Saturday 18th Jan our party took the railcar from Christchurch to Bealey Bridge. We spent two days exploring the Waimakariri valley. One night we slept in a forestry hut about 15 minutes from the Anti-crow but were forced out by sandflies and spent the second night at Carrington (an empty 15 bunk C.M.C. hut).

On Tuesday morning we were away about 7.30, crossed several streams before entering the Taipo-iti which leads up to the Harman Pass. The heavy 1968 snowfall had filled practically the whole of the Taipo-iti with avalanche snow. Harman Pass was crossed at 4,500ft followed by a long slog up a permanent snowfield in deteriorating weather to Whitehorn 5700 ft. At the top it was extremely cold with high winds but fortunately the snow was relatively soft and icing up was not the problem we had expected. Our view was quickly being covered, but the Cronin Icefall was spectacular perched on its high bluff opposite us. We scrambled over rock and scree, then glistaded down to the middle of the Cronin valley. Off the snow we boulder-hopped

down the Cronin river in heavy rain for nearly five hours and had difficulty in finding Park Morpeth Hut.

Wednesday was a "dry-out" day. We wandered up the Wilberforce and replenished firewood before a downpour in the late afternoon. That night Keas overturned our water and pinched our white spirits bottle (thought it was funny to see a white bottle zooming over the woodheap and around the front of the hut). Thursday morning they woke us early by running over the corrugated iron roof until, after being abused and attacked with homemade mortars, they got the message. A ration of porridge, yukk. Tidied the hut and set off for Browning Pass.

In the Gold-rush era, the miners had attempted to build a mule track over the pass but had encountered bluffs two-thirds of the way up. We followed an easy zig-zag path up to the scree and bluffs and climbed up rather sticky pieces to avoid icy snow and cornices.

From the top the view was indescribable. Harmon, Sebastapol, Rolleston are only a few of the mountains making you feel superbly isolated in alpine country. In a basin at the top was Lake Browning which had great masses of floating snow and ice jutting out from its shoreline. We dropped rather steeply into the Arahura crossed a zone of avalanche debris and stony streams, 2 hours to N.Z.F.S. Harman Hut where we shared a brew with a real, shy loner.

By the time we moved on heavy rain was falling. We sidled high above Arahura, lost the track once, then climbed over the Styx saddle and down to the Styx river. In typical Westland rain we almost swam our way down the track, as it had become more or less a minor tributary of the river. Squelched into Grassy Flats at dusk to find the new Forestry Hut occupied so we made use of an ancient C.M.C. hut next door.

On Friday the problem was how to make a four hour trip into a day dawdle. We followed the track down the Styx towards the roadhead encountering miles and miles of hook-grass and stinging nettle. For two hours we panned for gold (fruitless). Had a morning brew which lasted till lunch. Another three hours took us to the road where an old man and his dogs came rolling up in a 1926 Dodge truck, taking our packs and the oldest and youngest of the tribe to the nearest farmhouse to phone for our transport while the rest of us strolled the few miles without packs to complete a thoroughly enjoyable trip.

K. J.

MAKAHU SPUR IN WINTER

June 8th

We left the Kombi at Little's Clearing because of the mud. With those in the other two cars, there were 27 mainly H.T.C. members and their friends from Colenso High School.

The Forestry have been making a track up the ridge north of the hut and using a little Japanese motorbike to haul trailer loads of trees and material quite a way up Makahu spur, but this track ends in the middle of a slope planted with trees, so it is better to use the old track up behind the hut to avoid disturbing them.

The thin coating of snow was icy and the Dominie Rain gauge at 4800ft was quite high enough for the main party to go in reasonable safety. After lunch in the sheltered spot around the little hut there, six adventurous ones attempted the rest of the climb. The top of the spur was a bit deadly on the shady side, clear, glassy ice, too shallow to cut steps in, filling the spaces between rocks, so it was more or less one long rock climb along the bare rocks on the northern edge of the ridge. During the few minutes spent at Kaweka J trig, fog started to blow in from the East, and in an amazingly short time the snow softened, making the descent easy, except for some stubborn patches of ice.

Nobody felt ^{like} hurrying over a brew back at the hut, so the last mile of the muddy track back to the clearing was sloshed along in darkness.

K. J.

KAWEKA FOOTHILL

May 25th

Six of us left our vehicle on the South-east corner of Bill Whittle's farm and wandered up the limestone hill to the south which has trig points J and P on it. Halfway up, a topdressing plane roared out from behind a ridge over our heads and down into the gully beside us - a very neat bit of flying.

The top is high enough above the plains to give a good feeling of superiority, but far enough below the Kawekas for them to look impressive. Searches for water on top produced only a few tiny pockets of rain water trapped in erosion gutters in the clay. In one billyful you could dimly see the bottom in the other not, but they both made a good brew.

Allan Thurston, Randall Goldfinch, Ruth Baumann, Peter Lewis, John McHardy, Anne McHardy.

16th March

My grand-daughter Heather had over-heard me talking about some pits made by prospectors after manganese ore in the early days on Waimahoe. When she rang me up and put the hard word on me to go in search of them she put me on the spot.

We struck up through the corner of the water reserve to the cairn my brother and I had initiated on the highest point of Waimahoe, which I had last visited in midwinter 1919 before leaving for England, to remove the family record.

We reached the site of the pits without difficulty, but they could no longer be identified - bulldozed in I imagine, as earlier they had been roofed with logs, being a danger to stock. Back to the cars by a remembered sheep track, a beautiful sidling. An easy stroll - the country has shrunk ridiculously since our first exploring days (1905?)

No. in party 7

Leader: N.L.E.

A BOTANICAL DAY TRIP ROUND PORIRUA

4th May

The leader was Ian Powell, a foundation member of the H.T.C. with his boots still oiled. There was also Frank Bodley H.T.C. and Mollyanner T.C. who is not only botanically minded but is the new editor of the Journal of Botany, so has to be regarded with even more than the usual quota of respect, and myself. Of the rest of the party Arthur Meads, now in his 80's has done a lot in the National Park and Upper Wanganui, while both Enid Powell and Mary Wilson are acquainted with the Kaweka and Ruahine ranges, so that it was a bit more than a local ramble. We spent the day in the Elsdon bush alongside the hospital, mostly Kohekohe with some huge pukatea, and a variety of undergrowth. Apart from the Pukatea there was no big timber, but in the afternoon we found ourselves in a small side creek choked with dozens of big stumps of totara, rimu and perhaps Kahikatea which had been uprooted and dragged into the gully bottom for some mysterious reason. Some opossum and tomahawk damage, but a clump of good pole podocarps on a dry ridge, only one felled.

N.L.E.

VEHICLE RESCUE OPERATIONS

This Club, in the past, has on many occasions taken pride in the way its members (and not only the older or more experienced ones) have overcome unexpected difficulties. Two recent expeditions, in particular, have carried on this tradition.

Returning from taking a load of building materials into the new M.O.W. Hydrological Research hut near Makahu Saddle, a 4 wheel-drive truck belonging to Sandra Smith's father became stuck. By the time he went back after the weather had improved, the engine was so damp that it refused to start. With winter only beginning, the track through the bush was already knee-deep in mud. One Saturday, in the Kombi and Millington's Beetle, 14 bods went in to make a determined effort to get the truck out. They carried in spare batteries, chains, ropes, shovels, block and tackle, coil of fencing wire and wire strainer. A fire was lit, and the spark plugs their wires and the distributor cap warmed over it; the coil dried, water heated for the radiator, a spare battery connected to provide a supply of ignition current independently of the starter, and a drop of white spirits put into each cylinder; the engine didn't argue after all that, but sprang into life on about the first turn-over. Chains, augmented with bits of rope and wire, were fitted, and then with the mob hauling mightily on ropes, like a big team of horses, on the third attempt the truck came unstuck.

For the rest of the way back to Little's Clearing it was unwise to stop for fear of sinking in the mud, so the trip was rather a headlong rush, wheels spinning mud everywhere; bumping, lurching sideways, sending aside waves of clayey water from the pools; bods getting their eyes and parka pockets and gumboots full. What a mess!

One of the boys had brought a rifle in case we happened to see a deer. He and two others decided to come back through the bush, some distance away from the road but parallel to it. He did see one hind, but a sure shot was not possible so he did not risk it. The other two had been following 50 yds behind him. When he stopped to let them catch up, they thought he was stalking something. When they didn't come along he thought they must have gone out to the road, so he abandoned his hunting and came out. When the others didn't arrive by the time we had boiled the billy, parties were organised to go to various likely spots to call out, but heard no reply. It soon became obvious that that bit of country is surprisingly deceptive, and that they had probably veered off to the right when they came to a gully and gone down Matauria way. This was correct. They emerged from the bush to find themselves facing south instead of north with a thick fog closing down and not much idea of where they were, but fortunately they had the sense not to try to follow a stream down, which would have landed them in the Donald gorge! They found the track leading to Makahu saddle, and came out, well after dark the long way round.

The second incident started on another Saturday morning on a skiing trip with 11 bods from Colenso High School, when a couple of miles from the top of the road on Ruapehu the Kombi engine began an ominous clatter. Returning to the Chateau, the garage man quoted three hours at \$6 an hour just to remove the engine for a look, so it was decided to try an alternative. As the weather had become hopeless for skiing Russell Millington ferried everybody back the 12 miles to Taurewa where we were staying in three trips with his fiat 500, and then he and Kay came back to Hawke's Bay in an incredible three hours despite snow on the Taupo road. Brian Mote brought back the engine out of his father's VW and the appropriate tools. Despite the total of over 240 miles travelling, and the atrocious weather, and the time needed to organise the gear, they were back at Taurewa exactly eight hours after Russell had left!

Sunday morning when the sun came out and the wind dropped, they had the crippled engine out of the Kombi and the replacement installed and started up to try it out, in an hour and 35 minutes. We went on up to the top of the road and most of the party enjoyed hours of skiing after all. The snow was icy but the weather was the best that most of us had ever seen on Ruapehu.

An interesting lesson on exposure danger was demonstrated on the Saturday; then the driver, in shorts and thin jersey climbed out of the warm vehicle into the freezing gale to investigate the trouble. Within a couple of minutes he had almost collapsed, and after belatedly putting on warm clothing took ten minutes or more to stop shivering.

P.L.

WAIKAMAKA WORKING PARTY:

5th and 6th April

9 H.T.C. left the end of North block Rd at 9.30 a.m. and headed up the Waipawa river at an easy pace, arriving at the saddle at 11.30 a.m. The weather was fine with a moderate wind for the saddle. Two bods went on to boil up and start painting the roof. At 12 noon the main party reached the hut and had lunch. After this we settled down to work with two on the painting and two cleaning up the hut while the rest set about getting wood and all had turns at swinging the axe. About 4 p.m. the weather deteriorated with some cold showers and a strong wind so into the hut for shelter. That night four deer hunters dropped in and around meal time, it was quite crowded but everybody somehow got everything cooked and we were in the sack by 8 p.m. but the wind blew and most didn't get to sleep until midnight.

In the morning it was still blowing and raining and the two deer hunters packed up and left. We couldn't do much in the morning but around noon the weather cleared and more wood was cut. Then we had lunch, after which the hut was cleaned out again. At 3 p.m. we headed for the road and encountered strong winds on the saddle but once down the other side it was calm and we had an easy hike out.

Leaving for Hastings after 5 p.m. all was well until just before Bridge Pa when one car broke down and had to be towed into Hastings.

No. in party 9 Leader David White.

Susan Greer, Gleny Richdale, Dean Page, Barry Clayton, Colin Flood, Geoff Richards, Chris Person and Trevor Baldwin.

APPLE PICKING WORKINGPARTY

13th April

Every year we try to have one or two working parties to raise funds to subsidise our transport. This year we again turned our hands to apple picking at the orchard of Liz Pindar's father.

One member turned out on Saturday afternoon and the remainder early Sunday morning. The crop was good and the pickers willing and by shortly after lunch time we had the equivalent of five trailers full of sturmers. We are grateful to those who turned out, their efforts bringing in \$40 for the Club.

A further working party the following weekend was unfortunately washed out by rain.

A.B.

Workers: Kareen Sparling, Sandra Smith, Elizabeth Pindar Janet McDonald, Sue Greer, Jackie Smith, Pat Roberts, Marilyn Challice, Pam Lewis, Glenys Richdale, Margaret Culloty Alan & Kath Berry, Jim Glass, Peter Lewis, Toby Easton

-----oOo-----

PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPETITION

- 1) Contest is open to all financial members including absentee and juniors.
- 2) Entries limited to SIX per entrant, with a maximum of FOUR in any one section:-
Section A - Slides
Section B - Coloured or monochromatic prints.
- 3) Entries will be judged on photographic skill and appeal.
- 4) Subject must pertain to some aspect of tramping.

- 5) Entries must bear competitor's name, have been taken by the entrant, and must not have been placed in previous club competitions. A good title could be an advantage.
- 6) Spotting: A coloured spot (red) to be placed on one corner of each slide! When slide is held right way up and viewed from the correct side, spot must be in bottom left corner.
- 7) All entries must be handed to social committee by December 10th. Special consideration may be given to a few late entries from absentees, at the judge's discretion.
- 8) Judge: Mrs. N. Frazer.
- 9) Review and assessment of entries and presentation of prizes will take place at the first club meeting in January, 1970.
- 10) First Prize: Silver cup to be retained for six months.

-----oOo-----

SOCIAL NEWS

Engagement: Gerald Edmunds to Anne Scothern.

Move: Graham and Helen Hare have been transferred to Nelson.

Departures: Judith Mercer and Dorothy Bowmar have returned to the South Island.

Roy Swain has gone to Wellington on a training course preparatory to taking up meteorological work on Raoul Is.

Els Bayens has been back to Holland and returned since last "Pohokura".

Madge McConnell is on a trip to Ireland.

NEW MEMBERS

We welcome the following to the club:-

Grant Spackman (Jr.), Richard Moran (Jr.), Barry Clayton (Jr.), Geoff Persen, Marilyn Challice, Tom Whittle.

-----oOo-----

"AORANGI" by Jim Wilson

(The Story of Mt. Cook)

Where the road now runs to Ball Hut pioneer mountaineers had to battle through "giant unstable boulders and spiky scrub". The "spiky scrub" was a combination of matagouri and spaniard. To-day's mountaineers are able, if they wish, to fly onto the Tasman Glacier.

Jim Wilson gives the history of the climbs on Mt. Cook and the story of the men who made them. It is a grand book.

-----oOo-----

FIXTURE LIST

Date	Trip	Fare	Leader, Phone
<u>AUGUST</u>			
23-24	<u>MAKAHU SADDLE - BALLARD HUT.</u> A more ambitious snow trip up Makahu Spur to Kaweka "J" where the route turns north along the main Kaweka Divide to Ballard Hut, which is about 600ft down the western side. The return will be via Dicks Spur or the Ihaka Track.	\$1.	Peter Lewis Napier 8224
<u>SEPTEMBER</u>			
7	<u>TE IRINGA.</u> We follow a tussock-covered ridge from the top of Gentle Annie on the Napier-Taihape Road, to Te Iri-nga (Mt. Cameron). Rock climbers can get some more practice on the small bluffs near the trig.	\$1.	Russell Millington Taradale 7586
20-21	<u>KIWI SADDLE HUT (Working Party).</u> The object of this trip is to take in the necessary materials and carry out repairs to the rear wall.	\$1.	Alan Thurston Hastings 78.333
<u>OCTOBER</u>			
5	<u>WAKARARA RANGE.</u> A pleasant day trip in the Wakarara Range to the west of Smedley Station.	\$1.	Sandra Smith Napier 8529
18-19	<u>WAIKAMAKA HUT.</u> This is a 2½ hour trip up the Waipawa River to the Waipawa Saddle at 4,400 ft on the Main Divide of the Ruahine Range. A further ½ hour down the Wai-kamaka stream brings you to the hut.	\$1.	Brian Turner Hastings 83.501
25-27 Labour W/end	<u>MT. EGMONT,</u> The weather on Egmont can deteriorate very quickly so bring plenty of food, warm woollen clothes and, if possible, ice axes and crampons.	\$4. Sen. - \$3. Jun.	Bert McConnell Hastings 69.655
<u>NOVEMBER</u>			
2	<u>DON JUAN.</u> Don Juan lies between Lotkow hut and Hawkston Station. Access to this area is via Baldy and the Gorge stream. It should prove an easy, interesting day.	\$1.	Tom Whittle Patoka 850
15-16	<u>CAIRN TRIP.</u> Each year a short service in memory of those members of the club who died during the Second World War is held at the Cairn on Kaweka J, the highest point in Hawke's Bay.	\$1.	Phil Bayens Hastings 84.498

NOVEMBER

29-30

TRIAL SEARCH.

\$1.

A weekend in which the local Search and Rescue organisation practices in the field. A number of club members will be required to make up search parties.

Alan Berry
Has. 77.223
Maury Taylor
HMN 829

DECEMBER

13

CHRISTMAS PARTY at Tukituki river.

Sue Adcock

&

Has. 78.285

14

PICNIC at FERNY RIDGE, Puketitiri. \$1.

Kay Johnstone

Nap. 35.147

1970

JANUARY

1 to 4

MAROPEA HUT - COLENZO LAKE.

\$1.

This trip has been designed for everyone. The four days have been spaced so that the speed of the party can dictate where each night is spent.

John
Titchener
Otane 35R

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

CHRISTMAS PARTY, December 13th.

- 1) Transport leaving Holt's 6.30pm.
- 2) Place: Bible Class Camp Hall. Turn right after Black Bridge at Haumoana into Tukituki Road. Proceed south for three miles and turn down Moore Road (second on right). Hall is at bottom of road.
- 3) Bring: A mug; Song books; Swimming togs; Male Beauty Contest items. A plate with some Goodies on it.
- 4) Dress: Casual - Trampers style.

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

The 34th Annual General Meeting will be held following the usual fortnightly meeting in the Radiant Living Hall, Warren Street North, Hastings, on Wednesday October 29th, 1969.

<u>List of Contents:</u>	<u>Page</u>		<u>Page</u>
Ngauruhoe Map N.112	1	Private Trips	23
Club Trips	2	Next Photographic Comp.	30
Photographic Comp. - Results	15	Social News	31
Extracts from F.M.C. Bulletin	16	New Members	31
Library Notes	19	"Aorangi"	31
Equipment Hints for Safety	20	Fixture List	32-33
Overdue Trampers	19		

-----oOo-----

