

Heels '65

COMMITTEE 1954-1955

President: Professor C.L. Bailey.

Vice Presidents: K.B. Popplewell, R.L. Moore, I.D. Cave, S. Moore  
H.G. Stephenson, M. Barry, G.R. Stephenson.

Chairman: Mick Bullock.

Vice Chairman: Les Molloy.

Chief Guide: Murray Ellis.

Secretary: Helen Henderson, (Val Putt from Feb. 4, '5.)

Treasurer: Vivien Jamieson.

Committee: John Rhodes.

Brian Stephenson.

Don. Tyler.

COMMITTEE 1955-1956

President: Professor C.L. Bailey.

Vice Presidents: K.B. Popplewell, I.D. Cave, S. Moore, G.R. Stephenson,  
G.L. Caddie, L.F. Molloy, M.F. Noonan,

Chairman: Mick Bullock.

Vice Chairman: John Rhodes.

Chief Guide: Peter Barry.

Secretary: Val Putt (Don Clarkson from May 1955)

Treasurer: Colin Smyth.

Committee: Andy Jackson.

Murray Ellis.

Don Clarkson (Val Putt from May 1955)

## Tararua Crossing - Easter 1964

Mike Heenan (leader), Chris Little, Alan Radcliffe, Tim Johns, John Wells and Ian Leask left Wellington by train on Friday morning for Otaki, thence by taxi to Otaki Forks and lunch. The weather was fine and hot and the climb to Kine promised to be a hot one.

In a patch of grass just past Roaring Meg we found a Steve Reid lying down. Apparently he was waiting for us because he got up and joined the party.

By this time it was early afternoon so we didn't get to Fields until 4 p.m. We stopped there for a drink and a rest. It was now cooler and we made good time up to Vossler, arriving there before six o'clock.

As we came over the brow of the hill we saw three people coming from the direction of Old Kime. We scrambled to the hut before them and claimed some bunk space which was just as well because there were 14 there already. Altogether there were 24 in the hut that night. Fairly crowded to say the least. The three we had just beaten said Old Kime was too overcrowded!!!

Saturday morning saw us off to a reasonably early start. Away from the hut by 9 a.m. (did he say early?! Ed.) leaving behind a bunch of peasants mostly still in the pit. As we passed Old Kime we saw it really was crowded and felt thankful that we hadn't had to sleep in it. Its now a leaky stinking, old hut with one wall partly kicked down.

The weather was fine with patches of mist which eventually cleared away when we got to Hector and some excellent views of the Manawatu, Wellington, Hutt Valley and Southern Wairarapa.

About 20 min. down the Neill-Winchcombe ridge we surprised two deer feeding just off the ridge. They ran off down the side and we watched them until they were just little brown-specks moving thru the snow-grass hundreds of feet below. Altogether we saw four deer on the Neill-Winchcombe and one about 10 min. from Totara Flats.

We stopped in the saddle between Winchcombe and Neill while someone went down and got two most welcome billies of water. Everybody was thirsty as there had been nothing to drink since Vossler. Lunch was eaten on Neill and it was so hot that some forewent the view for a little shade.

After lunch we headed off down the ridge to Neill Forks - reached the hut in a little over two hours, not bad going for an unmarked ridge. About five minutes from the bottom we came upon a blazed track which took us down to the forks.

Just across the river was the hut, a magnificent new Forest Service one with six bunks with sponge rubber mattresses, fully lined, t & g flooring etc., etc.. A great sight after a hard day. The only flies in the ointment were the 4 people already there! Steve and I were the lucky ( . . . ) ones who slept in luxury - the others slept on the floor.

An early start (really - don't these guys believe in sleep? Ed.) next morning got us to Hector Forks by 10 a.m. At one point Tim, John and Ian disdained to climb the bank and so got soaked swimming thru a large pool of freezing water.

Two more hours saw us to Totara Flats to find the hut besieged by screaming hordes of Girl Guides and Boy Scouts. We decided to lunch a little way up Totara Creek. From there it was out to the road end at Bannister where we were hoping for a lift.

There seemed a scarcity of cars so we started off down the road. At the first farm Mike rang for a taxi. Steve and I walked on (was that punishment for sleeping well? Ed.). We all met up again at Masterton Station and caught the railcar home together, a suitable end to an interesting trip in the Southern Tararua Ranges.

A.R.

RENATA -ALPHA CROSSING, April, 1964. (A weekend trip.)

Scene One: Wellington Railway Station.

Time: Friday evening, one minute before the train is due to leave.  
Enter at the run, greatly laden with pack etc., sweating profusely and gasping hoarsely, a trumper. No sign of other trampers.

Scene Two: Same as Scene One, ten Minutes After.

Enter two more trampers, one the leader, slowly, sedately, unhurried.

Leader: "Our train leaves in ten minutes".

Roar of rage from first trumper.

Scene Three: Cloustonville, about 12 miles from Upper Hutt on the Akatarawa Road. The noise of the taxi fades into the distance.

Three trampers stand cold, unsure. It happens that the first trumper is the only one who has been in the region before, so he immediately swaggers, confident, drunk with power!!! However torches are out and the trio set off up the Sawmill Road which leads to Frances Creek. Here there is a choice of route. You may either follow Frances Creek for about an hour till you come to a large red disc, whereupon you take off straight up the Maymorn Ridge to your right (there's a track of sorts). Or you can keep following the road which turns up the Ridge taking the left fork when you come to it. Follow this road to the top and the well disced track starts where the road stops. It sounds very confusing but really it's quite simple. As the way via Frances Creek was reputedly the quicker, away we went not wasting any time because Hughie threatened. "We'll be at Renata Hut in two hours" said Nick. An hour passed, ninety minutes. No sign of the disc which marked the turn off. Hughie materialized, on with parkas. Finally the leader said "There's no disc. To hell with it! Up we go!" Up we went, straight up the side of the Maymorn Ridge. Over logs through thickets of scrub, fighting all the way. It was raining hard now, after about an hour we reached the top but we were hardly any better off. Some years ago there was much logging activity on the Maymorn Ridge and besides the arterial road which passes along the top many and varied are the roads which run up and down the sides and it was into this town-planners nightmare that we stumbled. As it was raining and dark our efforts to decipher this maze were doomed, and after about an hour or so of trying to find the start of the discs we gave up and slung our sleeping bags under a log.

Saturday dawned glistening with damp cobwebs and cold. We breakfasted on banana and chocolate biscuits, rung out our clothes, shouldered packs and set off. Daylight, dismal as it was, threw an altogether encouraging light on the situation and we found the track skilfully hidden by two logs. Two hours easy tramping brought us to Renata Hut. We decided to spend Saturday drying ourselves and our gear rather than rushing to Alpha. So an immense fire was lit and set about satisfying the inner man.

On Sunday it was suggested that we make something out of the trip by going out over Kapakapanui. Little did we know what was in store for us. About half an hour from Renata Hut the Odilins & Co. logging road crosses the ridge on the way from Akatarawa to the Southern Waiatouru. This was new to us so we set off down it to see what it was all about.

"We'll only go to the next bend" said Nick but we soon found ourselves at the bottom which was a scene of dormant activity,

with bulldozers, logs and mud. Here we swung the billy and set off up the road again. It was 2.30 p.m. when we reached the top.

Now from this point on over Kapakapanui there is a track marked on the map but not on the ground. The going became increasingly difficult as we bush-bashed along the ridge. Our way often became blocked by large expanses of bush lawyer which necessitated our dropping right off the ridge to get round them, and we could see that we would be hard pressed to reach Waikanae before dark.

Then the climb up Kapakapanui started. The party was beginning to feel the strain and it was a hard slog to the top. At last we made it and our efforts were rewarded by a magnificent sunset.

But we still had more than 3,600 ft. to descend and no light apart from torches. Through the snow grass and into the bush, we searched in vain for the track but a few rusty discs were all we could find. We followed these as long as we could making our own track but by about 8 p.m. we were ready to give up. We were still on the ridge as far as we knew, but we weren't on anything like a track and in fact we had hardly made any progress down at all. Another night under the stars was called for, fortunately it had been fine all day. We ate the last of Helen's biscuits for dinner (three each) and turned in.

Monday dawned a beautiful day. We breakfasted on one barley sugar each and set off. The way was only slightly easier in daylight and it was nearly eleven a.m. before we reached the Ngatiawa Stream, the first water we had drunk for 22 hours. We stopped at a farm for Andy to send a 'phone call through to his folks to assure them of the safety of the party. We then took a taxi and bus to Wellington arriving about 2 p.m. An extremely eventful but also enjoyable week-end. A.J.

Party: Nick Bullock, Helen Henderson, Andy Jackson.

## NORTHERN CROSSING

Queen's Birthday weekend, 1964.

As an unofficial trip this scarcely warrants a mention in this august magazine. Those who disregarded the Chief Guide and Chairman were Andy Jackson, Alan Radcliffe, John Rhodes, Colin Smyth and Hugh Wilde. Ignoring dire warnings of impossible snow conditions and grave doubts of our ability not to get lost, we departed by the usual route, public transport to Levin and taxi to the Pipe Bridge over the Ohau. From there the route crosses a farm (farmer friendly) and goes through bush for an hour along the side of the Ohau Valley, to Ohau Hut. It's then easytravelling up the river (about an hour above Ohau take the true left fork) for about three hours to South Ohau Hut, whose elasticity was tested by us and a large party of W.T.&M.C., both arriving about 1a.m. The hut is easily seen in daylight but it is best to have precise directions for finding it at night if you don't know it.

Next morning we proceeded up the Yeates track, emerging into the mist after about three hours through the bush. The weather was a bit grim considering none of us had been there before, but by the time we got onto Arete it cleared and gave us a fine day to Dorset Ridge. There was no snow.

After the night in Dorset Ridge Hut, a foul old Forest Service hut which in summer attracts swarms of flies, we had intended to go along the ridge to Holdsworth, but in a cold southerly and a light snowfall made haste down the good track off Mitre to Mitre Flats hut, and so out to Masterton.

C.S.

\*Don't you believe it! (typist).

BLYTH HUT TRIP - Friday 17/7/64 to Sunday 19/7/64 - (So called)

ALPINE INSTRUCTION.

Present: John Rhodes, Andy Jackson, Colin Smyth, Alan Radcliffe, Tom Clarkson, Dougal Congleton, Val Putt, Wendy Cave.

Instructors: Peter Banning, Bill Stephenson, George Caddie, Ian Cave.

The party proceeded to Oakune on Friday night, by train, bus, car, or Stephenson-type vehicle and from there were relayed to the Blyth Hut turn-off in the two cars. The night was fine and clear and the snow soft but not too thick to obscure the track. The first arrivals at the hut spent some time in evicting a resident opossum and cleaning up after same before getting down to making a brew for the others.

After a fairly late night no-one felt particularly like an early start especially after our illustrious instructors, whose first lessons were in the noble art of staying in bed as long as possible and bludging. Eventually having industriously collected fire-wood we gathered our equipment together and set off up the sunny slopes of Ruapehu. Much difficulty was encountered in finding slopes sufficiently hard to practise suicide dives and other related climbing techniques, but finally a nice hill-side of solid ice was found and we proceeded to throw ourselves around and crawl over it in the approved fashion. By this time the sunny slopes of Ruapehu were sunny no longer and lunch time found us huddled miserably under an overhang in an effort to keep out as much falling snow as possible. In spite of the weather our lunch was a fairly lovely affair, but soon conditions became so unpleasant that everyone was pleased to return to the Hut and dray out. After a highly disorganised but very welcome meal, we sat huddled together round a tiny stove in an effort to keep warm while Bill Stephenson cut slices of his fingers while trying to cut wood small enough to feed the fire. His comments were picturesque, but unprintable.

Everyone returned to bed at a fairly early hour but there was no early start in the morning. The weather was so bad that it was decided that the only thing to do was to pack up and return to Wellington. The bright sunlight of Oakune was a particularly welcome sight, especially as the mountain was still shrouded in thick grey mist.



## EGMONT ALPINE COURSE

First week of August holidays 1964

Several taxis plus George Caddie's venerable Hillman van arrived at Dawson Falls on the Friday night, last day of the second term. Ten men and one woman sorted themselves out, and loading themselves up with enough equipment to set up a base camp for Sir Edmund, set off up the seemingly endless flight of steps to Kapuni Lodge.

Saturday dawned cool and cloudy with Hughie threatening. The night before a roster of chores had been pinned up, the meat was buried in the snow and a hundred and one other items were checked, like the generator and the water system. Breakfast was prepared by those to whose names were unfortunate enough to be first on the list, and while the four instructors argued whether or not to return to the sack in view of the dark clouds and mist which were already starting to envelope the mountain, the rest of us donned parkas and grasped ice-axes, eager to be away.

We spent the day in learning the techniques of arresting slides down slopes, should you be unfortunate enough to start sliding down the slopes. This can be an extremely hairraising venture to the uninitiated, but we had been taught the rudiments, at Ruapehu (see Blyth Weekend trips). So we spent our time in perfecting our technique, which included such tricks as going down headfirst on our backs (eeech).

About lunchtime the weather began to close in, so a quick poll of opinion was taken and it was unanimously decided to return to Kapuni, where lunch was eaten. The afternoon turned quite rough, so no more instructing was done - Colin, John and Andy went down to Dawson Falls for some loads of coke and diesel fuel.

The evening was spent in an extremely companionable manner. As honorary chief brewer, Bill had prepared an immense dixie of home brew, which went down extremely well,

ably assisted by a half-bottle of rum which Andy had brought. Pop entertained the gathering with an exhibition of Russian dancing and then a table-traverse marathon was staged which was a closely contended contest between Alan and Pop. At a late hour we staggered to bed.

On Sunday we learnt how to arrest a fall when roped up. The best way of doing this is for one man of a two man rope to suddenly hurl himself down the slope when the other is unprepared. We quickly grasped the idea that you must be constantly alert when on a mountain.

That evening Pop, Bill and Peter entertained the males (Val had gone to bed) with tales from their youth.

The following day we put on crampons for the first time and plodded up and down and around a near vertical face, revelling in the joy of not having to cut or kick steps as had been the case hitherto. However people who suddenly put on crampons get sore ankles, as we later discovered. This is because your body remains parallel to the slope. We practised trying to fall down slopes without spiking ourselves, no mean feat.

We climbed Fenthams Peak the next day, fully roped up, with crampons and all. Syme hut was snowed in, but a little spade work soon had the doorway cleared, although there was some snow inside the hut as well. We returned to Kapuni fairly early, for all, but six of the party were returning to Wellington.

The next day we made the ascent to the summit, Andy, Alan, Tom, John and George (Val was incapacitated and stayed at Kapuni). The weather was made to order and we completed the climb with no trouble. The view was unfortunately semi-obscured by cloud to the south and east, but north and out to sea was a magnificent panorama. We ran down from the crater to Fenthams, and completely cleared the entrance to Syme and then returned to Kapuni for some delicious scones Val had made. John packed, for he was leading a Rushmore trip starting the next day.

Thursday saw the four remaining instructors, under George's able guidance, imagining they were at the bottom of a crevasse and finding the best methods of extracting themselves. Then after a bit of glissading, just for fun, we returned to Kapuni and started to clean up the hut, ready for our departure on the morrow.

On Friday we all went home richer and wiser in experience (although by no means skilled mountaineers). A hearty and substantial note of thanks to the four instructors.

A.J.

Old hands: George Caddis, Peter Barry, Bruce Pepplewell,  
Bill Stevenson

Young Fry: Valerie Putt, Alan Radcliffe, Andy Jackson,  
Dougal Congalton, John Rhodes, Colin Sayth, Tom Clarkson

\* \* \* \* \*

It must be stressed that the Teraruas, especially in winter, are no trivial matter. For the sake of comfort as well as safety, people should ensure that they are capable of doing a particular trip before deciding to go on it. Tramping fitness is unique, and can only be evaluated by tramping. It is comforting for the trumper to know that he has emergency food, knife, compass and matches, as well as a reserve of endurance energy.

At all seasons it can snow on the tops, and unless a valley drop off is convenient, warm clothes including longs and gloves should be taken. While primus are convenient, they are frowned on below the bush. The day will come when the primus user needs a fire, but is unable to light it. Finally, it is the leader's responsibility to look after you, so before the trip make sure you are capable; if you are in doubt, ask the leader's advice. Worried leaders are nasty to deal with.

(September, 1964).

BUSH-WHACKED WITH STEVE REID

or, HOW A DAY TRIP NEARLY BECAME A WEEKEND TRIP.

We took the 9 o'clock train to Paekak. This was a mistake: trips in this area are likely to run over time, and later in the day the extra daylight provided by an earlier start would have been appreciated.

Permission to cross his land was refused by the first farmer, so we moved further north towards McKay's Crossing, scaled the bank above the road, and advanced in force towards the hills. On a Water Board road along the ridge-top, our band of felons was stopped by Water Board men in a Water Board Land-Rover; but after twenty minutes' negotiation we were allowed to continue. (Note: permits for this area are granted only for the months October - March inclusive). Our first sally into the bush (near Titi, 2011ft.) was short-lived, for five minutes' expert following of deer and pig trails brought us back to the Water Board road.

Our destination was some ill-defined point on the Hutt Valley side of the hills; and the rest of the day was spent pursuing it through the bush with great determination but little accuracy. Steve found a ridge which led east, and this we followed. The country is not high (mostly less than 2000 feet), but all the ridges are of much the same height and very heavily bushed, so that it's very hard to see where you are. One relatively open spot gave a view of the Rimutakas and Upper Hutt valley - in fact an ideal lunch place, which we came to five minutes after having lunched.

Before long our ridge stopped running east, and went north-south instead. Tom climbed a tree but could little, so with a couple of hours' daylight left we took to the nearest stream. The idea was now to keep going until we found either (a) a place to camp, or (b) the eastern side of this Wakatikei wilderness. By now (b) was thought an unlikely prospect for that night, so with (a) in mind, Ross and Alan pursued and killed a goat and relieved it of both hind legs, which were to provide supper for the party. However the stream soon ran into a sizeable river, which the inadequate maps of the area suggested might be the West Akatarawa. This was progress, but darkness was closing in, and prospective camping-spots were again in mind. The party split up, keeping some sort of contact by shouts and whistles, until Alan found a logging road. This led us out to Campbells' Mill, and so to the Akatarawa road. Some hitch-hiked; Mr. de Joux transported the rest to Upper Hutt, and most were home by eleven o'clock.

The party; Steve Reid (leader)  
Tom Clarkson Alan Radcliffe  
John de Joux John Rhodes  
Roger Lockwood Ross Shotton  
Kevin Pearce Don Treadwell

J.M.R.

## SEARCH AND RESCUE.

As members of a tramping club affiliated with the Federated Mountain Clubs of New Zealand we are all expected to make ourselves available, if possible, for Search and Rescue work should the need arise. In this modern age of helicopters and aeroplanes it looks as if the days of the old "carry-out", involving many teams of rescuers, are very numbered. However, occasionally weather or terrain conditions combine to necessitate a large force working on a very difficult rescue.

It was on such a search that I found myself as leader of a C.T.C. party (one of the four fast reconnaissance teams) in the search for the lost Wellington musician Mr. Peter Langer and his son Martin on the afternoon of Monday, September 14th of last year. The area was the extremely rugged head-waters of the Ngatiawa River, draining the western slopes of Kapakapanui in the Tararua Ranges.

It is not my prerogative, let alone intention, to pass judgement on the circumstances which led up to the search and it is only at the Editor's insistence that I try and give a few outlines for those who might find themselves in a similar position. The facts were well covered in the local papers - Martin Langer being found on the Tuesday morning and unfortunately Mr. Langer's death by accidental drowning, his body found at 11 a.m. on Wednesday. The weather throughout the search was atrocious, the Hutt River actually rising eight feet on the Monday. The terrain being no better - our party taking five hours to cover one mile of choked stream bed (including a 200 foot waterfall) in descending from the summit of Kapakapanui into the North-West branch of the Ngatiawa. Also, considerable inaccuracy in the standard Tararua map depiction of the area caused considerable confusion amongst the parties. The complete area was full of windfalls, no doubt a result of the 1936 gale which devastated large areas of the western Tararuas - indeed the area was the most rugged that any in our party had encountered in the Tararuas.

The following points should be borne in mind by all Club members:

1. The questionability of entering new, unfamiliar territory when the party only consists of two people (although we are all, including myself, guilty of this at some stage or other).
2. The necessity for proper equipment (especially a torch), clothing, and emergency food even when the excursion is meant to be only of a day's duration.
3. The danger of entering such territory at a late hour in the day with very bad weather fore-cast as imminent.

In the past, and even more recently, our Club has caused



## THE HEAPHY TRACK

The Heaphy Track. Leader, Chris Little. I added my name to the list John Rhodes, Mike Heenan, Kevin Pearce, Bea Tyler. I wondered what the trip would be like. Someone called it a 'peasants walk' and made comments about Bible Classes and Boy Scouts. Someone else said that the committee should check on who went. An 'elderly' member of the club was heard to ask 'Who is this Cris Little? A Fresher????? Has she done any tramping?' Someone talked about a vigorous training schedule to get fit. And a venerable Botanist gave a talk on the delights of the Heaphy Track. I didn't ~~expect~~ know whether to expect a leisurely flower-picking walk, or a guts-buster, helluva trip. What was it like? In retrospect, a great experience.

Three of us met in the N.A.C. townterminal and exchanged pleasantries while waiting for the Airways bus. The 'peasantry' stared at us taking in every detail of our outfit. I felt very conscious of Dad's shrunken paint-spotted button-popping shirt and my new £5.15.0 boots. So I bought a newspaper to hide behind.

We boarded the plane for Nelson. I took my seat beside a beautifully dressed girl, who looked me up and down and turned her attention away to look very intently at the asphalt of ~~the~~ the tarmac while frantically chewing gum. I buried myself in my newspaper once more. The air hostess came down the aisle giving passengers magazines. She seemed to know what elderly ladies going to weddings like, but she didn't seem to know what I would be likely to read. She talked very nicely with

the elderly ladies about weddings and very soon we were coming down to land in Sunny Nelson, tramping ground of our leader, Chris Little.

We dined at Chris's home. Chris gave us our carefully weighed rations which the boys received with dismay, 'Do you think this is enough?' Chris insisted that the average person eats too much, and pointed out the high calorie content of the food.

Chris's kind father spent an afternoon driving us over the Nelson Province to the Nelson end of the track. We walked a few hundred yards to a suspicious looking shelter, viewed it with distaste, discussed whether to sleep inside or outside, decided to clean it out and sleep in, ate and 'slept'

John was delegated to cook the breakfast next morning. The porridge was burnt. He declared that he preferred his porridge raw, 'It staved off the hunger pains longer' and looked at Chris. We looked at him and looked at our breakfast.

Goulam Downs was our next stopping place; the Blue Duck Hut to be exact. Chris assured us that it was a very pleasant hut, and described the beauty of the Goulam Downs, she was right. We stayed the night: it rained: we stayed the day. Under Chris's watchful eye we experimented with the carefully weighed flour and lovingly made delicious, slow-cooking, hunger-producing damper. We viewed by a curious but camera-shy Weka, and listened to the local inhabitants:



The grass was wet and long and the country rolling. We eventually arrived at the next hut, cooked our freeze-dry and dried our socks.

Ten o'clock the next day saw us camped on one side of the mighty Heaphy River sticking markers in at the river's edge every hour, toasting bread, washing cloths, sunbathing. Four markers afterwards we were across and mucking our way through mud and cowish to the Heaphy Hut, and the near West Coast.

One more days tramp along magnificent West Coast beaches, a taxi ride and we were showered in the local school showers and were installed in the Karamea Grandstand. We lit our fire and were cooking our sausages. Someone remarked on the possibility of the volunteer fire brigade arriving to put out our fire. There was the noise of a truck at the gates of the park and what should come through but one fire engine and the volunteer fire brigade! It made the whole trip for me, to see the looks on everyone's faces. We took some time to get over that, sat in the grandstand and waited for the fire brigade to finish their practice, and turn the floodlights out so that we could get bedded down.

A small bus to ~~Westport~~ Westport, a bigger bus to Nelson, a night at Chris's place, another bus to ~~Westport~~ Picton, the Aramoana to Wet Windy Wellington.

THE END.

CHAUCEUR WISE

Ther was a myngled thronge of TRAMPERS withe us ther,  
 and fromme their dirty clothes and matted hair  
 A casuallie observre wold likely saye  
 That theye had come from verre far awaie.  
 They stood, selfe conscuous, sayinge notte a word;  
 One colde but see their resemblance to a herde  
 Of cattle, staunch an stronge but dum,  
 Idly walkyng rounde and delvyng their paks summe  
 Food to fynd pirhaps, or who knows what  
 Amounts of funnye lyttle treasures theye have gotte,  
 Like toastyng forks or spinach or umbrellas.  
 One of their nomber, a grete toothless fellowe,  
 Broad-bosomed, balde and bearded, came at wunce  
 To set the billy boilyng. he was no dunce.  
 In fact, a cheerfulle chap, who, as anyone colde see,  
 Was gencrally moste at home when on a workyng party.  
 (If anyone can home a workyng party call,  
 Methinks such masoschists sholent tramp at al).  
 Just then a loude splash did startleth the crowd.  
 One of the trampers had fouled  
 A roote, and withe a paercyng sceele  
 Did cause grete havoc by disturbing the eeles  
 And other aquatic life, by crashyng in the river.  
 To our relief, hee floated, and another tramper  
 Pulled hym out, non the worse for hys experince,  
 Although to hear hym curse wold make a sailor wince.  
 Al in al, thees trampers wir a verrye curious crewe,  
 Methinks trampyng is somthinge I wiss will never do.

Anon. (Club Member)

o o o o o o o o o o o o o o o o o o o

HOW TO COOK A PUKEKO (or SWAMP HEN).

First, shoot or strangle your pukeko and then pluck it.  
 Fill a large kerosine tin with water; drop in one large stone  
 and the pukeko. Boil until the stone is soft.

Then throw away the pukeko and eat the stone. Extremely  
 delicious.

o o o o o o o o o o o o o o o o o o o

"Fain I would climb, yet fear I to fall." - line written  
 on a window pane by Sir Walter Raleigh. Queen Elizabeth  
 wrote under it:

"If thy heart fails thee, climb not at all."

o o o o o o o o o o o o o o o o o o o

CHRONICAL OF MATUKITUKI & DART - HOLLYFORD.

CHRISTMAS 1964.

Our plans were most ambitious. In sixteen days we hoped to travel the length of the Matukituki, Dart, Beans Burn, Olivine, Pyke, and Hollyford Valleys and climb peaks in the Matukituki area. However, for long before we left John had emphasised that this was the plan and not the trip which might be quite different.

Three of us left Wellington on Christmas day, met Colliq in Christchurch, and had a fast bus trip to Wanaka on 26th. From there, for the sum of five pounds, we were whisked up the Matukituki Valley about thirty miles in a ten-seater taxi. Our first night was spent in the open about twenty minutes above the end of the road. We moved on early the next morning and as the weights of our packs (John claimed his weighed 77 pounds) discouraged going upwards, we attempted to establish a low level route around a bluff near Cascade Hut. I found it most exhilarating carrying a 70 pound pack up a vertical bank 100 feet above a raging torrent, with only stunted bracken to hang on to. When we reached Aspiring Lodge, at that time occupied by hordes of Tongue & Meats, we cached about 11 days' food and set off for a few days' climbing in the Upper Matukituki. But such was not to be for on the west side of the river we decided that the weather was insufficiently perfect and on the East we heard stories of over-crowding in French Ridge Bivvy due to more hordes of T. & M.s waiting to climb Mount Aspiring. So all we did was climb to Liverpool Bivvy, just above the bush line (where we were warmly welcomed by four T. & Mas) and later made an assault on Hectors Col at the head of the river. This was the only time on the trip that we used our crampons. When we got back to Aspiring Lodge we found that the Hut Custodian had arrived and Hordes of T. & M.s were camped outside, possibly because it was 6 shillings per night cheaper.

The longest, hottest, hardest day of the trip was the 29th when we climbed up and up (and up) out of the Matukituki onto Cascade Saddle. It took us an exhausting, steep, but very scenic, 6 hours to reach the highest point (c. 5500 feet) from where we crossed a snowy basin to finish up scrambling down a lateral moraine of the Dart Glacier. We had hoped to reach Dart Hut but after twelve hours tramping we had all had enough so we slept about half an hour above the hut.

The journey down the Dart took up the next three days. On 2nd January we tried to cross the mighty river to get to the Beans Burn whence to the Olivine. The river was waist deep, very swift, very cold, and very wide, and we were freezingly obliged to accept defeat about half way across.



## THE THREE PASS TRIP - Jany. '65.

In mid-January we left Wellington on the Christchurch Ferry and the next day persuaded the guard to let us off the rail car at the Bealy Bridge, a couple of miles east of Arthur's Pass. We intended to reach the Anticrow Hut that night. After about one and a half hours tramping we found a hut, we congratulated ourselves on our fitness, but in the morning, we discovered Anticrow Hut about ten minutes further up the valley. We moved our gear from the six bunk Forestry Hut we were in and with Anticrow Hut as our base we climbed Mottram Peaks which afforded a fine view of the Upper Waimak' and the Arthur's Pass peaks in good weather. The weather was good, hot, cloudless and calm. Next day from the head of the Crow River we gained a closer view of Rolleston. That night we trudged up to Carrington. Barker Hut with its surrounding glaciers sounded more attractive than the Upper Waimak' and so having dumped unnecessary food, we went up the White River. There was no Hut to be seen. The maps were consulted, but the leader was convinced by bitter experience that Huts are always at the heads of rivers. She pointed to a lump of rock more than 1,000 ft. above and said "It's probably behind that." After much scrambling round the valley sides, we finally clambered up the rock and there behind it was the hut very well constructed and very close indeed to the summits of four or more peaks.

We camped the next night on Harman Pass and watched the clouds roll up from the west. Of course it rained - and, although Whitehorn Pass proved no difficulty it was a long slow trudge to Park Morpeth Hut on the Wilberforce. It rained, then it thundered, then it snowed! - we read, we played cards and guessing games, but mostly talked. The conflicting ideas of the party members and the differences in tastes made for interesting discussion. After two days we had exhausted even the penny dreadfuls and although Browning Pass was deep in snow we went on to a new hut on the Arahura at Harman Creek - a new hut with rubber mattresses. It had rained constantly all day and so we saw little, except a lone seagull, stranded on a tiny lake on the top of Browning Pass. We offered him a ride to the sea, but he didn't understand and disappeared into the mists squawking mournfully. Hughie was better behaved and the next morning we looked out at a fairy-tale drawing of Christmas, snow lying over the hills, and coating every tree. It wasn't quite so pleasant later in the bush when snow fell off down our necks.

The Styx, its swampy saddle deserves its name, is a pretty river and only one part of it we would want changed - the bastard grass which was very thick on some parts of the track. There are about three forestry huts in the valley but we found Pascoe's Guide Book, although generally reliable, completely out of date for this section of the trip.

We were sorry to leave Lake Kaniere, but Hokitika was also full of interest, and was one place where tramping clothes, even after a Christmas trip are scarcely noticed by the populace. And so the trip ended with the final show of feathers as Philip emerged from his burst sleeping bag for the last time. This trip was made especially enjoyable by the good relationships of its members. On a long trip it is perhaps essential to have good personal relationships within the party.

Vivien, Helen, Margaret, Stephan, Peter Jameson & Philip Thompson.

## REVERSE NORTHERN CROSSING.

26 - 23 MARCH, 1965.

On Friday night the taxis dumped us at the edge of the rain curtain bounding the fastnesses of the Taranaki. Our party consisted of eleven rather assorted trappers; our object, a Northern Crossing, starting from Barra Track. In the dark bush, dripping with rain, several boys found it rather hard to see without torches or the like, so it was rather a long time before we had all arrived at Mitre Flats Hut.

("Doesn't the road go to the hut?"  
"Where are the guide ropes?")

Saturday morning dawned fine! Eagerly we set off bright and early up Mitre at a pace befitting of a party intending to do a Northern Crossing. At the bush line a few had second thoughts, and we split into two groups, only the seven most stalwart going on. By the time we reached the top of Mitre Huey was sending voluminous clouds around all over the place from the west. In increasing mist and wind we trudged up and down over the various bumps lying along the route to Tarn Ridge. Much amusement was derived from Tom's altimeter, and we stopped often to compare altitudes with those on the map. At two o'clock or so we arrived at Tarn Ridge Hut rather wet and cold and very hungry. Our original plan to go on and camp on Arete Bench was reluctantly abandoned in favour of lying in warm pits and eating hot food.

During that night Huey hurled abuse at the hut, which crackled and whined under the strain. Next morning it was full storm gear, and with visions of a possible long walk out over Gable End Ridge we braved the weather at the early hour of eight. On the top of Arete Tom's altimeter indicated a sudden rise of the barometer, and, sure enough, five minutes later the rain stopped, and never came back again. With rising spirits we galloped along the track to South Ohau Hut and feasted on lunch. Some remarkable timing got us to the station at the same time as the train, ending our trip. The West Coast was bathed in brilliant sunshine, and we were amused to see that the tops were still hidden in thick cloud.

M.P.H.

Party: Terry Washorn (leader), Brian Scissons, Tom Clarkson, Mike Heenan, Andy Haines, Craig Rickat, Chris Murray, Peter Becket, Roger Davers, Wayne Anker, and John McKenzie.

### Was Shakespeare a mountaineer?

Aloft far from the ground  
And built so shelving that we cannot climb it.  
"Two Gentlemen of Verona"

To turn our stern upon a dreadful rock.  
"Henry VI, Part 2".







## Mt Mathews - Mukamuka Trip (Easter 1965)

Nine members of the party set off fairly early on Thursday afternoon, hoping to reach Baines Hutt before it was inundated by the flood of Easter trampers. In contrast the Five Mile was fairly dry and the Orongorongo River low and easy to cross.

We discovered the hut unoccupied, so we settled down to a scrumptious stew prepared by the girls. The males having lit the fire, had amused themselves swinging from the rafters, collecting wood, and watching our small supply of candles grow even smaller.

A report that nine scouts were on their way to the hut sent everyone scurrying to stake out sleeping space. The arrival of three scouts with mention of another three on the way falsified this report, but nevertheless the advance party was politely informed that Bain-iti was just on the other side of the Mathews stream, and would they like to . . . ? No sooner had they disappeared than a couple of outside bods clomped in, announced that they were college boys out goat shooting, and said that they had ensconced themselves in Bain-iti for the weekend. After extracting information as to the exact whereabouts of the beginning of the Mt Mathews track, we told them of the presence of the scouts, whereupon they beat a hasty retreat.

A little later Mike appeared, having come in via the Whakanui track. He said that there seemed to be some scouts in the Whakanui Hut . . . . .

The next morning we were still the only occupants of the hut. We set off up the right fork of the Mathews Stream and having picked up the track, climbed for two hours to the South Saddle. We dumped our packs and those still able climbed up to the summit. As soon as we had left the summit, the clouds disappeared and the sun came out. Still, we had taken in some good views of Wellington and the Wairarapa.

After a rapid descent from the South Saddle, lunch was munched and/or bludged by the Mukamuka Stream. We followed the stream to the sea, walked about a mile south round the coast, and pitched camp a few hundred yards up the Mukamuka-iti stream.

After dinner we went for a short stroll along the beach, ending at a cosy little bach where many hopeful eyes glanced wistfully at the empty Skol tins on the table, whilst a perfunctory palaver was carried on with the inhabitants of the bach.

Saturday was spent in ambling upstream to have a look at the waterfall, and rescuing a hare from the pool whence he had fallen. Must have been too busy watching us boulder-hopping up the stream! Chris and Mike left to return round the coast, followed a few hours later by Craig. Back to camp for a leisurely lunch, then another walk round the coast to our friends in the bach. Managed to bludge a whole loaf of bread, a pound of butter and a packet of sausages and left them to their packing to return to camp.

Next morning an easy stroll round the coast saw us at the Wainuiomata road, where we got a lift to Wellington, so ending a pleasant, if uneventful, trip.

Party: Tom Clarkson (leader), Janny Johnston, Jill Collins, Christine Fitzgerald, Chris Little, Ross Gooder, Mike Heenan, Craig Rickett, Peter Fehl, David Stonyer.

P.J.F.

### THE THREE VOLCANOES TRIP

Thursday 15th-Monday 19th April 1965

#### RUAPEHU - Thursday & Friday

We left Wellington Railway station in a truck hired by the Tararua tramping club on Thursday evening. The truck was slowed up by heavy Easter traffic and we arrived at Okahune after midnight.

By 6 a.m. the next morning we were off. It was a fine chill National Park dawn. After a stop for breakfast, porridge cooked in the inimitable John Rhodes manner, the party climbed Ruapehu from somewhere near the Blyth hut. It took 3 hours to reach the summit from where we had breakfast. Just for fun, the party roped up at one point crossing a snowy slope, but the climb needed fitness rather than skill.

The view at the top, clouds permitting, is quite good. We walked past The Dome shelter, which is on the Chateau side and ascended Te Hoo Hoo (9050'). The descent was accomplished by sliding on snow and rock, it being impossible to walk down. At the bottom we found ourselves in the sandy desert between Ruapehu and Eggarahoe and we camped near the Tama lakes for the night.

#### TAMA AND SUBURBS

So far on our travels we had met just four people, but our social life increased on Saturday. The Waiohohonu track was a fairly busy one and the Waiohohonu hut which is 5 miles in from the desert road, was booked out. We got there about 1 p.m. To get away from it all we decided to climb Mt. Tama (5000'), at the same time deciding not to visit The Chateau bar. We strolled to the top of Tama from which a fine view of the upper lakes may be had. John Rhodes was observed to actually run the last 100 yards to the summit, but the call of nature might have had something to do with this. Back at the hut Edlie and Jan had cooked dinner for us. The day finished with a sing song augmented by sundry boy scouts. Peter provided an inexhaustible supply of songs, ancient and modern, Kiwi and Canadian.

## WAIKARANGA

The weather had by Sunday convinced itself that it was fine. So the party tackled the middle mountain. Ngauruhoe is a Geologists paradise - all the rock you can carry and enough for the next billion geologists that come that way. What is more it is all loose. It took 2 hours to get to the north saddle from the hut. We then laboriously zig-zagged up the mountain. 50 minutes later we arrived at the top. This resembled a large hole with numerous people staring into it. There was practically no snow at the top, just lots of people. It took 10 minutes to get to the bottom although Philip did the descent in 7 as he had no ice-axe to break his fall. We then followed the track that leads to the Mangatepopo hut and Chateau Tongariro as far as the soda springs. Here we camped the night. The springs are 30 minutes walk from the Mangatepopo hut where numerous Auckland Varsity types were ensconced.

## TONGARIRO

Monday morning arrived to the tune of boots shaking the earth. These belonged to numbers of the Tararua Tramping Club. We were soon in hot pursuit, beating an individualistic way to the summit of Tongariro. This spot is very difficult to find. We feel that an A.A. sign (with monogram) is needed here. Peter was not to be persuaded to show off his mountaineering skill by climbing the pinnacles in the south crater.

Tongariro shows lots of interesting volcanic activity, complete with smells. We found the track at the red crater and followed it past the Emerald lakes to the Blue Lake. Here we caught up with the T.T.C. and had lunch. On the other side of the Blue Lake we were enveloped by dense clouds of steam. After an hour or so of trudging through this fog we arrived at the Keretahi hot springs. After a hot bath and a spruce-up we took tea with the T.T.C. and walked out to the Rotocira Road. Here the truck was waiting. The return trip enabled us to find out that Taihape's Central Cafe is not the best for a rapid meal but at least the Taihape Pub has beer. Late in the evening the party arrived back in Wellington.

Fantastically good weather made this trip very enjoyable to get the full benefit of the beauties of National Park, take a camera with you. The trip required only moderate fitness and no-one finished in a too exhausted state. We managed to achieve the climbing of one mountain a day, but there are plenty more for the fit.

P.B.

Members of Party:

John Rhodes (leader) chief cook  
Peter Turner on loan from Toronto University, Canada  
Eddie Simpson  
John Mosen chief advisory guide  
Philip Burgess  
Jan Hawkins  
Roger Lavers  
Lindsay Vaughan

\* \* \* \* \*

KAPA KAPANUI WORKING PARTY

3rd-4th April 1965

Two trampers, Kevin and Andy, splashed thru' the Ngatiawa stream to the foot of the Kapakapanui track. There was no sign of anyone else, so we collected firewood and sharpened our slashers.

Presently John and Tom arrived. We set up camp, then gathering tools under our arms, we sailed forth up the hill, taking indiscriminant swings at inoffensive ferns and tufts of grass, drunk with the power of destruction.

The worst part of the track was the top half. There the bush and undergrowth had grown so profusely that the original track had disappeared completely. It was in this region that Mr Langer, of the N.Z.B.C. Symphony Orchestra, died last September after becoming bushed. We could soon appreciate why and how. Mt. Kapakapanui is over 3,600 feet high and its sides are thick with bush. The Ngatiawa stream is a placid little creek, hardly more than one foot deep at its deepest. Yet a friendly farmer told us that during the Langer search the Ngatiawa was in such flood it could not be crossed even on horseback.

The weather was overcast and just cool enough to make you keep working. After a spill for lunch we carried on.

Tom and Kevin went down early to get dinner under way, and John and Andy kept working till it was almost dark. Going back down we could already see the vast improvements in the track.

Next morning we were away to an early start. The nuisance of working on Mt. Kapakapanui is that you have to climb so far before you can start working. We had cut to about 2,000' the day before and had to climb to this height before we could start.

Colin Smythe and Joe Walker came just before lunch and we managed to get a few discs nailed up. We kept chopping away, cutting not just scrub but whole trees until John called out it was 3pm. and we just had time to climb to the top if we wanted too. So we downed tools and set out for the top. We found to our gratification that we had cut within  $\frac{1}{4}$  hour of the bushline and the summit was  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour beyond that, through thick snowgrass. From the top we had a magnificent panorama of the entire coast, Kapiti, the South Island, Wellington, Renata Peaks, the Northern Tararuas, and Otaki Forks, unfortunately the "dress circle" and Hector were shrouded in mist.

After considerable contemplation and the taking of photos we went down, collecting the tools on the way. Tom did a fast trip and when the rest of us arrived we found he had built a cairn of stones at the foot of the track, folded up the tent, extinguished the fire, and packed his gear. Well done Tom.

We others packed up and tramped out to the road. Colin and Jo whizzed away on Colin's bike, Kevin went home with some deerstalkers who had come out at the same time we had, and the others went in John's car.

It had been a constructive weekend, but it was a pity there were not more beds present, as there were still several hundred of feet of track still to be cut and the whole track is still to be disked. This will necessitate another working party into this interesting and little known part of the Tararuas.

A. J.

Saves: John Rhodes, Jo Walker, Colin Smythe, Andy Jackson,  
Tom Clarksen, Kevin Pearce.

### TERAWHITI TRIP

27th-28th March 1965

The trip to Cape T. rowhiti, a trip which American tourists would find of great scenic interest (if they survived it) was held on the weekend of the 20th to 21st March. Its nucleus (about 7 members) set off from the Railway station and tramped as far as the bus stop at Bowen House - a mighty first lap. We then boarded a Kerori bus to the terminus and were joined there and en route by four others. While leader Nick Bullock was ordering taxis-a real boon to modern trampers - everyone exchanged names, and some who decided that their packs were too heavy transferred an apple to their own insides.

We set off from behind Makara about 10am., and tramped steadily up for half an hour stopping for frequent breathers. The view of the Sounds from the top was worth it any way. We passed the tail end of a "Sea and Air rescue practice", and after a hunt over the hillside found the entrance to a tunnel which hopeful gold miners had dug. We explored it but if there had ever been any gold in it, the lucky miner had certainly made a good job of it, and V.U.W.T.C. emerged with but none the richer. After a down hill climb we had lunch on the bank of a stream, and after an all too short siesta, followed the bed of the stream over to Oteranga Bay, where we saw the base for the Cook Strait cable. Four of the boys then decided to go along the ridge of the hills and the rest of us set off at a more leisurely pace towards Te Ikaemaru Bay, stopping frequently for rests and mushrooms, of which there was an abundance. Out came the plastic bags, and we had quite a collection by the time we reached Ohau Bay.

On the way we saw some of the old goldmining machinery.

We eventually arrived at Te Ikaemaru Bay about 6.30pm., after several of the party had walked through a bees nest, bearing the natural consequences of doing such a thing. We set up camp and prepared the traditional trampers stew, which tasted very good too by the time it was ready.

Sunday dawned fine and sunny, and two of the boys were cold blooded enough to take a dip in the sea. We all emerged from our sleeping-bags as we awoke, which made breakfast rather drawnout. After a walk round the coast we cleared up the camp site and set off about midday - up hill again. However, what goes up must come down, and we descended at various places to Makara Road. From there, some of the party returned via Makara, while most went over British Peak. It was certainly a worthwhile weekend for those who liked mushrooms, scenic views, and not too strenuous tramping.

B.H.

Party: Nick Bullock (leader), John de Jeux, Hugh Butcher, Steve Butcher, Kevin Pearce, Peter Redcliffe, Jenny Johnston, Jon Hawkins, Barbara Halliburton, Anne Booth, John Rhodes.

\* \* \* \* \*

A Pleasant Parlour Game or, a Game for Two with a difference

The game of Mariarty has become almost a tradition of our race; it seems appropriate that we should mention its general principles. The two knights are each blindfolded and provided with a knotted towel or similar weapon. Each must keep the elbow always in contact with the ground. One calls, "are you there, Mariarty?" and the other must reply. Denial is generally agreed to be useless. The first player then takes careful aim and attempts to dislodge his opponent's head with his weapon. It is then the turn of the 2nd player. Only direct hits to the head are scored. Players are required to refrain from striking the spectators.