

HERETAUTGA TRAMPING CLUB (INC.)

" P O H O K U R A "

Bulletin No. 103

August 1966

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CREATION OF RUAHINE AND KATEKA STATE FOREST PARKS

"For the purpose of facilitating public recreation and the enjoyment by the public of any area or areas of State forest land in conjunction with the other purposes for which it is managed, the Governor-General may from time to time, by Proclamation,-

Set apart any area or areas of permanent State forest land as a State Forest park or part of a State forest park."

So reads the Forests Amendment Act 1965.

This is an important piece of legislation so far as we and all forest users are concerned. The advent of State Forest Parks indicates an increasing awareness in the Forest Service of the vast potential of the back country for recreational purposes. It is to the Department's credit that they are taking the initiative in actively promoting the formation of State Forest Parks and the opening up of State Forests to the public for increased recreational use.

Meetings of representatives from all interested organisations have recently been held in Napier under the auspices of the Royal Forest and Bird Protection Society. These meetings have confirmed the

desirability of applying for the Ruahine and Kaweka Ranges to be created State Forest Parks and the Forest Service are now following the matter up.

The principal features of a State Forest Park are:

1. While first consideration must still be given to the maintenance of State Forest areas for the protection of the high country from erosion, the recreational use of Forests is to also receive high priority.
2. Particular attention will be given to the provision of facilities around the Forest fringes so that family groups and less fit people in general can get into the bush. This could include the erection of shelters and the cutting of tracks in suitable locations, something along the lines of what the Forest and Bird have provided at Blowhard Bush.
3. A permanent committee representing forest users is set up to make recommendations to the Minister on the management of the State Forest Park for recreational purposes.

A.V.B.

STATE FOREST PARKS

Proposals are now coming up to declare the Ruahine and Kaweka (also most of the Kaimanawa) ranges State Forest parks. As these are our main stamping grounds the H.T.C. is naturally deeply concerned to ensure so far as it can that changes in administration should benefit the ranges themselves and their users.

The Royal Forest and Bird Society have taken the initiative in Hawke's Bay, and towards the end of May they called a meeting in Napier to clinch the general opinions expressed at an earlier meeting by the acceptance of two motions, the first approving of the setting up of State Forest Parks (the Ruahine and Kaweka were the only two mentioned), the second appointing a committee to meet the outgoing conservator (Mr. Wells) and his successor (Mr. McKelvey) at a later date.

The May meeting was chaired by Mr. Harrison the M.P. for Hawke's Bay, who has done quite a bit of tramping in the Ruahines, and was attended by about 60 people, representing a fairly complete range of local body and more specialized interests. The meeting was business-like and the two resolutions were passed without discussion; the selection of the committee to meet the Forestry representatives however caught us and several of the other organisations flat footed. After some hasty muttering Philip and I put Alan forward to represent the H.T.C. while at the end of the meeting I found myself a ring-in for the Royal Society who were short of man-power

The June meeting came to no further decisions and only details of administration and operation were brought up. There is general agreement for the formation of State Forest Parks to go ahead with probably the one advisory committee for both areas. It must be recognised however that Rangitikei and Taupo are interested in these areas, and not only Hawke's Bay users.

An article in the latest F.M.C. Bulletin (April 1966) gives a useful outline of the main administrative set-ups. First there are the National Parks which have developed under the Lands Department and are still in some aspects under their wing. Their responsibilities are in general to save as much as possible in its near original state and to make it available to the public. The same objectives apply to Scenic Reserves on a smaller scale.

At the other extremity are State Forests controlled by the Forest Service, whose interests are graduating from timber production to soil conservation and flood control. Fresh from the creation of enormous exotic plantations their professional concern with native forests has a flavour of ownership.

The idea of State Forest Parks is to recognize the interest of the public as one of the objects of forest management. Control remains in the hands of the Department but the interests of users are represented by the appointment (by the Minister) of an advisory committee selected from nominations made by tramping clubs, deerstalkers and similar organisations. Naturally there is a wide variety of opinions between tramping, shooting and tourist interests, and one advantage of such a committee is that it can sort these out before involving the Department.

Although the Tararua State Forest Park (the only one so far in the North Island) has been in existence for 10-12 years not much has come out about the way it works. Its advisory committee is on the large side, there appears to be widely different opinions between tourist exploitation and wilderness areas, while search and rescue collaboration is still less than satisfactory. However the easing of permit restrictions and removal of obstacles to access should be immediate benefits and probably the development of walking tracks and accommodation through the easier country for less strenuous visitors on the lines of the Milford track.

Tramping clubs have a tradition of co-operation, and not only in emergencies. The H.T.C. should be prepared to pull its weight in a local State Forest Park set-up and use its knowledge of the country and of the people and organizations involved to make a success of it.

N.L.E.

PRIVATE TRIPS

Urewera

May 9th - 17th

Three of us left Hastings at about 2 p.m. on Monday for Waikaremoana. Spent a rather restless night at the Wairoa Municipal Camping ground. The next day we caught the bus to Waikaremoana, and on arrival there, we made our way up the tourist track to Waikare-iti Hut. The weather as it was now remained so for the next couple of days - misty and damp with occasional rain, and the hills blanketed in a thick sheet of fog.

At about noon we arrived at the lake edge (Waikare-iti) where we had lunch and met up with two students from Napier. About four hours later we arrived at the hut, which within the next two hours was to be filled to a maximum.

The next day (th 11th) due to bad weather, we spent all our time in the hut. Wednesday (12th) was the first fine day we had in the Park so we made the most of it. We went around the lake edge, to have a look at a shipwrecked canoe. We then went up to the Kaipo Lagoons for a looksee - a very beautiful spot indeed. The next day, Thursday, we decided to leave the hut at about 8 a.m. for Aniwanui, and at 13.30 we staggered out to the Park headquarters where we were given a cuppa by some of the parkboard employees. After a little chat we hit the road for Onepoto and the Armed Constabulary Redoubt. At 3.00 we arrived at the constabulary parade ground in steady drizzle and gale force winds. We misread the signpost and started looking for the constabulary caves whereas in actual fact we were meant to be looking for the constabulary graves. We finally gave up in disgust after about two hours and pitched our tent near Lake Kiriopukae where we spent a wet miserable night.

Next morning we headed for Panekiri Bluff hut via the track, but owing to very strong winds and exposure conditions we were forced to turn back and head for the Lake House. Three hours later, after having stopped at a friend's place for a cuppa, we arrived at the Waikaremoana Jetty, where we managed to secure a bach free of charge for the next two nights.

We stayed at the jetty until noon on Monday when we were to catch the bus back to Wairoa. While we were at the jetty we visited many scenic spots e.g. the Papakoriko falls, Tawa track, Ngamoko track, the big Rata tree and the Aniwanui falls. On Monday 16th we were faced with our third fine day, the second one being on Sunday, so we made the most of it and did some more exploring. We caught the bus to Wairoa at 1.30 p.m. and arrived there two hours later.

Next day we caught the bus back to Hastings, after having spent a slightly cold but enjoyable week at the Urewera National Park.

Part V: Warren Greer, Graham Soppitt, Anthony Mort

A.G.M.

Trouble in the Ruahines:

12th - 17th May

A varsity cobbler and I arrived at Triplex base at 7.30p.m. on Wednesday. We had intended going on a trip up to the Waipawa Saddle along the main divide, through Ngamatea and the Kawekas ending at Makahu after 6 days. As some will remember this is similar to a trip Graeme and I did three years ago.

Thursday: We wandered up the Waipawa doing a bit of botanizing and not over exerting ourselves under our sizeable load. After a brief lunch at the saddle we took off up "66". It was a fine day with Ruapehu in the west covered in cloud and on the east side of the divide there were patches of mist clinging to the peaks producing an almost continuous display of the spectre of the brocken. We arrived at Maropea Hut just before dark after an easy day.

Friday 13th: After a not too early rise we left the hut and headed for Armstrong in mist in which one could see 25 and at times 50 yards. From "66" the day before, we had a good view of where we were going with two peaks and an inclined tussock ridge before reaching Te Atuahuru where we would go down the scree to Remutupo. Knowing the trouble produced by the ridge leading to Patiki I got out the compass and we stuck to a course approx. magnetic N. The saddle before trig 50 eventuated and we were surprised to see it covered in beech which we couldn't see from "66". After climbing trig 50 I was feeling pretty fit and found it hard to distinguish between peaks and saddles.

During mid-morning a bitterly cold easterly sprang up which gave us a very good idea that we were on the Main Divide and hadn't turned east or west. Moving at a fairly brisk pace I began to think we should be near Marorarea at about 1.30 p.m. but on seeing a solid steel spike my thoughts changed to the idea that it must have been Maropeka as we hadn't seen any pegs since Armstrong (50, Maropea, Orupu ??). Then with lunch under our belt we continued on our compass bearing with only slight deviations which could be accounted for by the compass being affected by the rifle we had with us. Time began to drag and with still poor visibility and no prominent ridges, peaks, saddles etc., we carried on until we came to a rather large tarn with two ridges leading from it but we kept to the northern one again. By 4 p.m. ("apparently" extensive screes eating into the ridge from the east became unsettling and with a sharp rise in front of us (Tupari?) I decided it was time to look for somewhere to sleep. The easterly was bitterly cold and if the mist had cleared by the morning it would be just a case of crossing a ridge north or south

to get into the Remutapo Creek (Mangatera) and continuing to Colenso Lake if we went west, so west we went. The object was to get down to the pretty scattered bush so we could light a fire and get something warm inside us.

The leatherwood on the slope held us up, as did the waterfall in the creek at the bottom, but with some delicate rock climbing with large packs we finally got into the creek. Darkness was soon upon us so a ledge at a fork in the creek produced our bed for the night. The rain drifting up the creek made all the vegetation sodden and trying to light a fire with the aid of candles, dry grass and paper yielded no success. The consumption of a jelly and some sugar was "tea" then into the pit. Half an hour saw us completely wet even with a sleeping bag cover. A cold wet night had set in. My cobber's greasy wool jersey proved invaluable.

Saturday: We got going at 7.30 a.m. after no sleep (snow covered the sleeping bag) and no breakfast. The mist had not lifted and the river looked rather gorgy and had waterfalls so we decided to return to Maropea. Up the creek and through the leatherwood covered with snow by an easier route than the one we came down. I was wearing a bush singlet, shirt jersey, swannie, socks on the hands and japara leggings but at no time did I feel better than warm.

It took 2 hours to climb up to the ridge into the bitter easterly which had dropped snow over everything, and the tussock and shrubs had icicles 2" wide on one side of the leaves. The icicles on the tussock had to be broken before any progress could be made. On top of this the added weight of a wet sleeping bag slowed us down and it was just a matter of keeping going. Soon hunger called so dried apples and prunes were opened. We found we had to make progressively shorter spells of tramping as the time wore on and we felt an increasing call for food.

We passed many familiar features seen on Friday and found we were heading west towards Mokai Patea at the Remutapo turnoff. Backtracking saw us on the divide again and the mist was clearing as the wind had died down. As time revealed there were about 3 peaks back to Armstrong. Daylight left us on trig 50 and as a frost was setting in it seemed harder to continue. It took 13 hours to return along the ridge compared with the 6 hours the day before. The climb out of the creek was very exhausting and we didn't seem to recover until Tuesday. With the use of a Hunter lantern we got back to Maropea at 10.30 p.m. with a frozen swannie only moveable at the joints and socks dangling from the hands that were as stiff as boards. The leggings proved invaluable but inadequate. The brews countered the cold and dehydration (from cold, dried fruit and not drinking cold water. That night was spent in dry clothes between mattresses because the sleeping bags were frozen.

Sunday: The day dawned fine with 1" ice on the water drums and the "dripping" swannies sported 4" icicles. Dried out one sleeping bag, ate and drank while the weather deteriorated to rain.

Monday: Collected more wood for the fire and found that my watering, smoke-filled eyes were glazed which was possibly the effect of snow blindness? It rained all day.

Tuesday: Started snowing at 8 a.m. By the time we left there was 3" of snow on the tops. A slow trip got us over to Shuteye ridge through heavy falling snow and a gentle but exceptionally cold southerly. The snow below Shuteye-shack soon turned to rain and we had a steady downpour all the way out to Wakarara.

Party: David Evans, Warren Burke

PREVIOUS TROUBLE IN THE RUAHINES

David Evan's account of their experience on the Ruahine divide, when they were caught in that first gale in May impressed all the club who heard it. Janet asks me (as one who has had more than one experience of being mist bound on that stretch) to contribute a few comments.

Mine, may I say, were all in reasonable summer weather and we suffered no particular hardship; what makes Dave's account of first importance is that it demonstrates so clearly how completely anyone can be at the mercy of changes in the weather up there and how sudden and how deadly these can be and especially at the start of the winter.

Our first crash camp below Tupari was in the early days of the club, when a private party after working out Colenso's route from the Mokai Patea back to Hawke's Bay took off north from Te Atua Mahuru to meet an H.T.C. party at No Man's. There was nothing to this. In trying to avoid the head of the Mangatera we swung too far east on a compass course across interminable snowgrass meadows and finished on the bushline on the Makaroro side.

This was on New Year's Day 1938 not long after the gale of Feb 1936 when a strong Manawatu party lost Ralph Wood on Twin Peak. Tom Arlidge, the leader of that party was with us so you may imagine that when the weather shut down on us quickly and ominously we were all acutely aware of what could have been coming on us hidden behind the murk. No serious trouble but we made 3 crash camps before coming out into the sun near Ohawai.

Quite soon after that - I can remember Kath finding the poles

of our Te Atua crash camp which for years served as markers for the turn off to sidle the trig on to Colenso's track - we camped under Tupari and came south next day. There was a big high school (co-educational in those days) turnout and as soon as we hit the top one of the girls packed up and we had to coax, carry or drag her and a sympathetic cobbler for several hours in the course of which a cold southerly set in. We barely made the river bed at nightfall. We were lucky here, as it was a large party rather lightly equipped and only a few of us with much experience.

(Perhaps the Shut-eye ridge hardly counts, but it was not long after this that both Kath and I were blown, not off the ridge, but off the ground, air borne and dumped hard in the eddy behind the crest. One dislocated arm resulted).

The only other mishap worth mention was when the Woon brothers Graham Grooby and I were mist and night bound trying to hit the saddle to Armstrong's coming off Peg 50 and had to pitch a dry camp in the scrub. (Full marks to Dave incidentally for striking this take off, as a blind spur into the Maropea can be a trap for the unwary player)

Quite apart from successful navigation 13 hours of bashing iced scrub and snowgrass make this an outstanding trip. The moral of the story is what can happen to any party in spite of strength and determination. The Ruahines are not a particularly difficult range and this is not a particularly difficult stretch of them. Think of Ina sunning herself on her rock all one summer day, remember a Christmas party camped in the snowgrass behind Remutupo, learning the words of "On Top of Old Smoky".

Count yourselves lucky, but remember - you ain't seen nothin' yet.

H.L.E.

FIRE LIGHTING

To make a fire, the basic requirement is that the fuel in burning must give out more heat than is required to bring the wood up to burning temperature. The bigger the surplus of heat generated over heat absorbed, the easier it is to get a fire going; thus hard, solid wood, with a high energy yield, even if it is wet, will usually, when split into small chips, make just as good a fire as soft, half-rotten wood which is only damp.

The first critical stage is getting the fire from match size up to perhaps four to six inches in diameter. Sometimes it may even be less trouble to take in your pack a few ounces of wood from an old box, or from the heart wood of an old pine stump, if you anticipate difficulty in finding wood suitable for this first stage. A one-inch length of candle, lit, and then having tiny chips carefully stacked round it, may get your fire off to a good start, but my own preference is a few small scraps of rubber

from an old inner-tube; burning rubber is not readily blown out by a breeze, it sticks to the wood rather than melting and running away, and does not melt in your pack or spoil food or dissolve in water.

The second critical stage may be when the fire seems to be well away, with a good hot centre, and then suddenly the centre goes black and the fire almost goes out. The reason for this is that the heat of the fire has started to boil out the moisture in the wood or soil on which it is resting; the rising steam keeps the oxygen away from the fire, and out it goes. There is an easy way of guarding against this; take with you a piece of aluminium foil about a foot square, and build your fire on that. The foil also helps by reflecting the heat back up into the fire. Once the fire is past the first critical stage, it is often helpful to pile plenty of wood on, as long as you leave enough spaces for the smoke to rise through it; this helps to reduce losses of heat in an upward direction. Frozen wood may cause steam from the fire to condense on it and drip back into the fire; care in laying the wood on a slant may help to run these drips off to the side.

The part of fire lighting which is most vulnerable to water is the striker of the safety-match box. The best way is to collect several matchboxes with strikers in good condition and cut the strikers off. Cut up a plastic bag, and make a tiny parcel out of three or four matches and a striker, wrapped in plastic and sealed with sellotape. Then take this, and wrap it up, together with another striker and 3 or 4 matches, in another bit of plastic, and seal that. Repeat the process several times, until the parcel is a convenient size to fit a film-can or other small container. This way, you avoid getting all your matches wet the first time you use them.

P.L.

HOW TO ESTIMATE THE RISK OF A RIVER CROSSING

Mr. P.J. Grant, hydrologist to the M.O.W., gave the club the following tip:- If the velocity x depth = more than 10, DON'T CROSS. If it comes to less than 10 you can most likely get across.

Gauge the velocity in feet per second by measuring off a set distance on the bank, throwing a couple of sticks into the current and noting the time it takes them to travel that distance. If the velocity of the current works out at 3 feet per second and the depth of the water is 3 feet, $3 \times 3 = 9$ and you should be able to get across. On the other hand, if the velocity is 4 feet per second and the depth is 3 feet, $4 \times 3 = 12$. In this case, DON'T CROSS.

ACTIVE TRAMPERS: Please make a note of the number of the phone box at the Hastings Railway Station. If you find at the last minute that you cannot come on the trip, ringing this number a few minutes before the truck is due to leave Holts may save the leader worrying about what has become of you.

CLUB TRIPS

No. 797. WAIKAMAKA (Working Party) March 26-27th.

At 6.15am twelve keen trampers left Hastings, in two cars for Waikamaka. At Cullen's airstrip we loaded up with 4"x2" and 5"x3" boards for the hut.

The climb up the Waipawa river was hot and slow. Stops became more and more frequent as we neared the saddle. For once we weren't blown off the top. There was only a light easterly wind. An excellent view to the west could be seen. The main party arrived at Waikamaka about 12.30pm.

The afternoon was devoted to leveling piles, digging drains and nailing and wiring joists to the piles for the new hut. Next morning some of the studs were nailed to the top and bottom plates.

In the afternoon 26 Highschool boys came drifting in, each with a plank of wood. Thanks to them there are now only the floor boards and a few more studs to be carried in.

Everyone moved out to the vehicles about 3 pm.

In my opinion the weekend was a success because the building of the hut has begun. May be after a Easter Holidays the walls and roof will be up/

No. in Party: 12. Leader: John Feigler.

Peter Lewis, Anthony Daly, Harry Stewart, Ian Telford, Phil Bayens, Graham Thorp, Warren Greer, Marion Chapman, Trevor Baldwin, Annette Tremewan, Bruce Lusher.

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No. 798. WAIKAMAKA (Working Party) EASTER
April 8-11th.

On Friday 8th a working party of 20 left the roadhead to go up the Waipawa at approx. 8.30am, laden with timber, some of it 4"x4" planks ten feet long. Some chaps over-estimated the load of timber they could carry in addition to a four day pack, and were in difficulties before very long, and necessitating adjustments and alterations. The first arrived at the hut at 12.30pm and the last at 2pm.

We got quite a bit done that afternoon, laying the bottom plates on the piles, (miraculously the latter were fairly

level) and nailing and wiring them down.. We also jack stayed the piles, as the site is very soft and swampy. I hope the hut won't settle too much, or the floor will be sitting on top of the mud. For the next three days, some erected wall studs and rafters while others pulled down the old hut, as we were going to use any material that was still sound. We slept in tents, the old wood shed, and some in make-shift bivies that weekend, but the job went ahead splendidly, with the party divided into teams, each with their own task. We were a bit short of tools, and it wasn't safe to put down one's hammer, as it would disappear. We were joined on Friday evening by Graham Thorp and Dem Thompson who had been climbing in the Hinerua, Waterfall Creek area since Wednesday 6th. We left for the truck after lunch - altogether a most satisfying and rewarding weekend.

No. in Party: 22

Leader: Harry Stewart.

Annette Tremewan, Pam Lewis, K. Wallis, N. Walker, G. Coutts, John Feigler, Graham Griffiths, Jim Wilshire, Phil Bayens, Bertie McConnell, Trevor Baldwin, Warren Greer, Antony Mort, Russell Deakin, Graham Soppitt, Norman Miller, Robert Arthur, Bruce Lusher, Graham Thorp, Dempster Thompson.

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No. 799.

ANZAC WEEKEND WAIKAMAKA
(Working Party)

April 23-25th

The novelty of these working parties must have worn off, especially in view of the fact that there was still some timber to be carried in, because it was an extremely small group which gathered at Holt's. However, we met with some old friends from the Hutt Valley Tramping Club as we set off up the Waipawa, and some of them helped us up to the saddle with the timber, before heading south along the tops.

Our first objective was to put down the concrete slab for the fireplace, so we set to work carrying rocks and shingle to build up the foundation. One of the Forest Service chaps who had come to shift their little food store building back from the edge of the stream bed, showed us an easy way to obtain fine shingle for the surfacing of the slab:- just shovel some mixed shingle into a drum partly full of water, shake it up, and, unlikely as it may seem, all the big stones come to the top of the shingle, where they can be easily picked out. We gave them a hand with their shifting job - no light weight, either - and they helped Harry to finish off the concrete in the dark.

The night was stormy, with heavy rain, and we wondered.

if the Hutt Valley Bods, who had hoped to camp at the head of Waterfall Creek, would have liked to change places with us in the hut!

Sunday was spent in mostly indoor work, wall-bracing, dwangs, and putting in the top bunk and some of the flooring. Alan and Jim joined us. On account of the weather they had given up their idea of coming along the tops from Hinerua Hut and had returned to the Waipawa and brought some more timber in, instead.

On Monday, some put down a shingle path to the door. This was becoming a necessity as the mud was up to boot-tops. Others worked on the chimney and prepared for the construction of a little house on the edge of the bank to the south of the hut. Only the sides of the chimney had been built by the time we had to depart, so we reluctantly had to leave the hut without a workable fireplace until the next working trip. The day party arrived without timber, as the weather had looked so bad when they left the cars that they were not sure that they would have got over the saddle with it.

Week-end Party: 9

Peter Lewis, John Feigler, Graham Stewart, Harry Stewart, Warren Greeze, Bruce Lusher, Noel Evans, Alan Berry, Jim Glass.

Day Party: 14.

Helen Lees, Joan Steenson, Ann McHardy, Judith Clark, Judy Mabin, Lisl Prendergast, Nora Hopcroft, Pam Lewis, Mr. & Mrs Whitlock + son (aged five!) Geoffrey Drummond.

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No. 800. a.

TE IRINGA

May 8th.

A 6.15 start from Holt's. At the Pine tree Graham Thorp, John Feigler and Jim Hillhouse got off to go and bring out Jim's pack from below Cook's Horn. The rest of us continued in the truck till we were just over Gentle Annie.

We left the truck about 9.15 and proceeded at a slow, steady pace up and on to Te Iringa. The view from the top was excellent. About 11.30 five bods took off to come out via Boyd's Bush.

The rest of us sat and talked till 1.30 when proceeded out as the weather closed in. We changed and moved the truck down to the Kakakino stream about 3.15. Here we settled down

to wait. About 4.0pm Peter hitched a ride to where he thought they would come out. By this time it was raining lightly. Darkness closed in quickly. Soon after five Peter returned looking rather wet. All aboard, no time to change and off to pick up Graham and Co. We collected them half way down Gentle Annie. A stop was made at the Pine Tree to pick up their gear.

We arrived in Hastings about 9.00.

No. in Te Iringa & Cook's Horn Party: 14.
Leader: Graham Griffiths.

Kath Berry, Lisl Prendergast, Lynneir Ensor, Ann McHardy, Lesley Fitzgerald, Peter Lewis, Russell Deskin, Brian Mote, John Griffiths, Bob Garnett, John Feigler, Graham Thorp, Jim Hillhouse.

(b.)

TE IRINGA - BOYD'S BUSH

May 8th.

Five very adventurous souls left the main party at the Te Iringa Trig at 11.30am, to return to the truck, parked at the top of Gentle Annie, via Boyd's Bush. None of us had been through this area before, so after studying the map, and having a snack, we took off.

We hadn't been on the move for very long before we had the map out, and the compass, and this set the mood for the whole trip. We left behind us a lovely cleared area and took to the heavily bushed ridge. Huge beech trees halted our progress, and for about two hours we battled our way from one side of the ridge to the other, trying to find a reasonable route through these fallen giants. Roots, branches and bush lawyer, made quite a jungle-like barrier to push through. At about 2.30pm we stopped for lunch, still enclosed by high trees, and thick undergrowth. I was beginning to think that our best bet was to turn round and go back the way we had come. All this time spent in not getting anywhere very fast was rather disheartening. But we shuddered at the thought of the return journey through all that. All this time we were very careful to keep well out of the way of Voodoo Creek. This is, apparently, the last place to get into, if one has only one day to return in.

We had to leave Voodoo Ridge before reaching the saddle that takes one on to the Hoggett. But where was the saddle!! We noticed that thick mist was hovering above us, but it did not penetrate the thick foliage. At last we struck the spur which was supposed to be blazed. But, unfortunately, no blazes were forthcoming, so we struggled on, pushing our way through undergrowth, easing ourselves past lawyer, and jumping over

small creeks etc. Good fun!!

Finally, we reached what the map showed as a clearing. Alas, this was rather tall manuka etc., and here trees were climbed, and for the first time we could really see out of our jungle.

Before leaving the ridge, we had taken bearings from two high knobs in the distance, and here in the clearing we were able to see these again and also the buildings of Timahanga. Oh lovely sight!

From this clearing we at last came across the first track (of a sort) of the day. A blaze here and there gave us fresh heart. I must admit that by 4.p.m I was beginning to anticipate an extra night spent out in Boyd's Bush.

We at last reached the top of the next ridge and continued following these blazes. But our job was rather difficult. Once again thick undergrowth, lack of visibility, lawyer and supple-jack all combined to make our travelling very slow indeed. Our party was spread over quite a distance, all looking for tracks and blazes. The blazes were there, but mostly covered up with moss, lichen etc., or so black with age that they were very difficult to see anyway.

At 20 past 4, we had almost given up hope of ever finding the track. Mist was really down now, the light was fast disappearing and we still didn't know just how far we were from the road. Also of course, once we did reach the road, we then had to walk four to six miles back to the truck. Horrible thought!

Then we heard it. A shout of joy came from somewhere. So back everyone crashed, regardless of scratched and bleeding limbs, and yes, there it was. A lovely grassed track that bisected our ridge. It was time for refreshments. Apples etc., were chewed with relish. Map and compass were, for the last time, brought into play, and off we were at the run. The time 4.30. Oh, what bliss, to run down a clear path. Here we saw many dead opossums. Someone has certainly been doing a good job.

We passed the Boyd's homestead, after a very brief stop there and finally reached the Timahanga station shearing sheds. Here Peter met us, having hitched a ride from Gentle Annie. So we all tramped back along the road in light misty rain and presently in almost complete darkness. No moon, no stars, only the lights of hundreds of glow-worms keeping us company.

At last we reached the truck - oh, welcome sight - at 6.30, with apologies to the rest of the party who had been waiting

since 2.30pm

It was a rather frustrating trip, so far as the actual travel went, but at the same time, we were rather pleased with ourselves, (and map and compass) that we had indeed made it.

No. in Party: 5.

Annette Tremewan, Elizabeth Buchanan, Brian Smith, Alan Culver, Bruce Feigler.

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No. 801.

Mackintosh - Studholme - Kaweka May 21-22nd

After the Wednesday meeting everyone was doubtful about the weather which for the past week had been dreadful. On Saturday a party of 12 left for Swamp Cottage (Pine Tree). Here it was bitterly cold. Once on the way, however, we warmed up considerably. We arrived at Mackintosh about 1pm.

By the afternoon the wind had dropped slightly and the sun tried to shine. Everyone lazed around for the rest of the afternoon playing cards and exploring.

Next morning we set off for Studholme's saddle about 8am. Snow was not reached until nearly the top of the saddle. Even then it was patchy. From Kaiarahi looking towards Kaweka the snow appeared wet. Marvellous views could be seen to the east and west.

We then carried on down to Kaweka hut. Here we met Christine, Jim Glass and Mr. Prebble. About 2pm everyone moved out to the truck.

I feel that everyone enjoyed the trip; this being the first snow trip of the season.

No. in Party: 12.

Leader: John Feigler.

Graham Thorp, Trevor Baldwin, Brian Smith, David Bacon, Bruce Feigler, Alan Culver, Warren Greer, Paul Frude, Pater Lewis, Bruce Lusher, Bob Garnett.

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No. 802.

WAIKAMAKA - Working Party June 4-6th.

(a) Week-end Party

A 6.15 start from Holt's. After getting stuck on the new part of the track we finally left the truck at the

beginning of the new track.

About 9.15 the main party went up the river, while Graham Thorp and John Feigler went up Triplex creek to Shut Eye heading for "66". The main body arrived in pouring rain. Graham and John came down into the Waipawa at the Forks after some bush-bashing. Two cold wet bods arrived at the hut about 3.30. By this time the rest of us were in our sleeping bags so no work was done to the hut that day.

Next morning was clear so a start was made on assembling the chimney. About 11.30 the day party started arriving. About midday the helicopter arrived with the last of the timber and the "Sunday Times". Around two o'clock the day party pulled out. The floor was down and the chimney up by Sunday night.

Monday morning a bit more was done on the chimney and some cleaning up done around the hut. As we pulled out it started raining.

No. in Party: 9 Leader: Graham Griffiths.

Trevor Baldwin, Graham Soppitt, John Feigler, Harry Stewart, Graham Thorp, Russell Deakin, Peter Lewis, Jeffrey Drummond.

(b) Day Party:

A 6.30 start with five in the car. It was foggy all the way.

We left the car at about 8.30 and arrived at the hut about 12 o'clock, just before the helicopter.

It was raining when we left about 2pm, but stopped soon after. Arrived in Hastings at 7.30.

No. in Party: 5 Leader: John Griffiths.

David Butcher, Bob Garnett, Bruce Lusher, Lisl Prendergast.

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No. 803

LAKE OPOUHI

June 19th.

A cold crisp morning greeted 27 'tramps' when we set off for Lake Opouahi. Twenty were picked up at Hastings, five in Napier at two different spots and three at Lake Tutira. When the truck stopped at a sign pointing out the direction of the lake everybody packed their packs neatly thinking it would be a good two miles to the lake. But unfortunately (or fortunately) it was only about 200 yds away. After a few

minutes of looking at the lake some generous bod lit a fire for a brew which was much appreciated. Others (the fit ones and shutter bugs) decided to climb some large boulders for a better view of the lake. After the brew and view some of the party decided to go for a stroll around the lake leaving packs near the fireplace.

An hour before lunch the Berry family arrived. Alan and Graham found a nice vertical rock on which to practise rock climbing and lowering. This sport was enjoyed by everyone with a few scares and many laughs, and filled in the rest of the day. 3pm found the Berry's leaving and a brew boiling but most of the mob ignored the brew call. 4.15pm found the truck moving off, dropping off bods where we picked them up, thus arriving at Hastings at 6.30pm.

An enjoyable day. The rock climbing, a new experience to most of us, was enjoyed by everyone.

No. in Party: 32. Leader: Trevor Baldwin.

Peter Lewis + 1, Dennis Baldwin, Ian Telford, Jim & Susan Glass, John Feigler, Graham Thorp, Graham Griffiths, Graham Soppitt, Dempster Thompson, David Bacon, Mr. Black, Brian Mote, Norm Elder, Ann McHardy, Joan Steenson, Carol Sperling, Lisl Prendergast, Virginia Heath, Alison Black, Annetta Mansbridge + 1, Gwytha Hunt, Mary Philpott, Beverly Garnett, Annette Tremewan, Alan, Kath, Jan & Ross Berry.

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No. 804. TARAPONUI, Galbraithes Hut. July 2-3rd.

Twelve people started off in the truck from Holt's at about 6.15am. The night was quite clear and warm with a bright moon. We picked up three more bods in Napier and headed up the Taupo road parking near the Titikura saddle at about 8.15am. By then the sun had got up and it looked as if it was going to be a warm day. The slow party set off first up the new part of the road and then followed the track on the other side of the range. It was very wide and easy to follow but looked as if it might become very sticky if the weather deteriorated. After a while the path led into a flattish area covered with tussock. There were a few shallow pools and some of the grooved rocks that you see at Blowhard. We continued on the western side of the ridge and had a good view down to the Mohaka Valley and the hills beyond. The Kawekas had a good dusting of snow but this gradually disappeared in the hot sun.

Just after midday we found the hut in the patch of bush. The hut was not as dilapidated as we had been led to believe (stories of one side fallen in, holes in walls, etc). The worst

thing was the smell and most people decided that they would sleep out as it was very fine and quite warm for the middle of winter.

In the afternoon a few energetic types decided to go up to Taraponui and listen to the Lion' match at the same time. A young kid (goat type) had been brought in earlier and seemed to have lost its mother. It was fed with milk powder and water out of a spoon - a rather messy business. The night was clear, moonlit and not too cold. It was shattered at intervals by the bleating of the goat who seemed to pay frequent visits outside.

Sunday was as good as Saturday as far as the weather went though apparently too leisurely for some people. Some had a go at Taraponui, others went up the nearest hill for the view and some bods tried chasing goats. We had a brew about 11.30 and started back in smallish parties. The goat was still with us and Nancy decided to take it home with her so we took turns in carrying it. We arrived back at the truck about 4pm and were in Hastings just after 6pm.

No. in Party: 15.

Leader: Diana Way.

Kath Berry, Nancy Burns, Lynnair Ensor, Ann McHardy, Annetta Mensbridge, Annette Tremewan, Dennis Baldwin, John Feigler, Warren Greer, Peter Lewis, Bruce Lusher, Ian Telford, Graham Thorp, Dempster Thompson.

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No. 805.

EAST FACE SIXTY-SIX

17th Aug.

The east face of Te Atuaoparepara (66) provides one of the best snow climbs in our area but the degree of difficulty depends very much upon the condition of the snow at the time. In 1958 the climb was a tough one in icy conditions, while in 1964 the snow was fairly soft over ice beneath, on the lower slopes, but harder further up. This year however the climb proved to be considerably less demanding than on the other two occasions as the snow was quite soft right to the top.

We had split up at Cullen's, half of the party heading for Shuteye and Armstrog Saddle. The rest of us took the usual route up the Waipawa, taking the north branch and then the side stream which comes in from the left about 200 yards above the Forks. There had been recent rain and the snow line was fairly high, not very far below the point at which the creek peters out.

Once on to the main snow field there is a long climb up a narrow gut, which opens out into a wide basin between "66" and "65". We then climbed out onto the prominent spur which runs up the centre of the face between the two peaks.

Although the day had dawned with threatening skies and an equally threatening forecast, the weather became progressively better as the day wore on and by the time we had struggled over the cornice on to the flat between "65" and "66", the sky was almost clear. The light wind blowing from the west was (comparatively) mild so we spent a few minutes sitting on "66" surveying our kingdom. The massive block of the Mengawaka Range dominated the scene to the west and was in fact the only country carrying real snow. For the record, we had left the truck at 7.55 a.m. and had cleared the face by 12.45, almost three hours earlier than in 1958.

Pleasant though it was just sitting on the top admiring the view, we were conscious of the fact that there was still some way to go, so in due course set off for "65" with the intention of coming out by way of Shuteye. Somehow though, trip "62" looks a long drag up when one is standing in the saddle to the south but on the other hand, the screes into the North Waipawa looked particularly inviting. None of us had previously been down this way so we hopped over the edge and shot down a good snow slope, followed by excellent free-running scree. There was a bit of a slot in the upper reaches of the stream but nothing to worry about and it took less than an hour to make our way back to the Forks by this route.

We had expected to find the other party sitting on the roadside twiddling their thumbs but in actual fact we arrived half an hour earlier than they did. Peter had taken the opportunity to introduce his party to the better snow under Armstrong Top and they had come out by way of the Armstrong screes and Triplex Creek.

All in all, a pleasant day enjoyed by both parties.

No. in Party: 17.

Leader: Alan Berry.

Peter Lewis, Warren Greer, Bruce Lusher, Graham Griffiths, John Feigler, Graham Thorp, Ian Telford, John Griffiths, Tim Bishop, Graham Soppitt, Trevor Baldwin, Annette Tremewan, Helen Lees, Jane Bishop + 1, Denise Page.

No. 806.

LOTKOW - MACKINTOSH July 30-31-Aug 1sst

Our 5am start wasn't achieved; after waiting a while for one bod from Kaipukurau, a phone call brought the information that his car had let him down. Leaving the truck at the saddle between Bald Hill and Middle Range, the trip to Lotkow took not much more than a couple of hours, and the weather seemed so fine, despite a forecast of a cold southerly change, that all but one of the party were keen to go on to Mackintosh, so the remaining one decided to come along too. Though it was well before lunch time, a boil-up seemed a good idea before we left Lotkow; two 'possums asleep in the wood-box were attacked with clubs and slashers and thoroughly killed.

We didn't see the start of the track which appears to go down the ridge upstream from Cable Creek, so followed the Lawrence Hut track to the little saddle on the first ridge south of the creek, and then headed down the ridge through the scrub to the Donald riverbed opposite the start of the Mackintosh track.

We were rather slow on the climb up on to the Mackintosh Plateau, some taking three hours from the river to the hut. The 6 to 10 inches of slushy snow on the top of the plateau and the cold drizzle which came on an hour before we arrived at the hut were no help, but the cooks soon had a very good stew going. Four hardy bods volunteered to sleep in the tent, in spite of the heavy rain which had set in and increased during the night.

Sunday morning, there was water everywhere. The streams by the hut had more than doubled and the crossing of the Donald on the track to Makahu was roaring yellow stream at least 3ft deep, with stones rumbling along the bottom. There would have been no hope of keeping upright in it, and in view of the nature of the gorge below, anyone swept away could not have expected to survive, so we had to turn back. As we climbed out of the gorge the weather turned much colder, so that we expected that the few flakes of snow in the rain would soon increase, but fortunately this did not happen. Back at the hut, it became obvious that in the prevailing conditions and at that hour of the day, many of us were not really fit enough to go back the way we had come. Thorp, Feigler and Griffiths set out to see if they could go out the way we had come in, hoping that if it was possible to cross the Donald where it was wider; they might eventually get a message through to Hastings; but late in the afternoon they arrived back at Mackintosh, soaked and shivering, to report that the Donald was running bank to bank; they had waded out to waist depth, about 30ft from the edge, and were still not in the main

current; swimming was out of the question because of rocks downstream.

Fortunately most of us had brought plenty of food, and Annette did a marvellous job of improvising a stew, with a couple of packets of dried peas, some rice, and a tin of corned beef, which made us feel much better. The rain eased during the night, and after a heavy snow shower on Monday morning there were only a few light showers. We all went down the Lawrence Hut track, found that the Donald had gone down a couple of feet, being only knee-deep at the top of the flat above the track.

From Lotkow, three hurried out to report our return, while the rest waited for a boil-up.

The rain that morning must have been much heavier at Puketitiri because we found the Gorge stream very high. For part of the way we bashed through scrub along the sides, but even so the many crossings we had to make were quite tiring. The dry clothes we had left on the truck, and, more important, the ignition system and engine, were dripping wet; it refused to start. A fire was built, so that radiator water could be boiled up in our big billy to warm the engine; also the distributor cap and wiring were carefully dried. An effort was made with the crank handle to wind the truck up on to the road where there was a chance of pushing it down a slight incline to start it, but our energies were pretty well exhausted, and we still had several feet to go, when Mr. Whittle came along in his Landrover and towed us up on to the road. Annette had run the two or three miles down to Whittles with the news that we were safely out, and then John F. had run down later with the news that the truck wouldn't start.

As is usual when a party is overdue, the people at home had more worry than we who were actually out. We were lucky to have the hut to go back to on Sunday, and lucky to have such a cheerful company; no grumblers at all.

No. in Party: 13 ! Peter Lewis, Leader.

Diana Way, Russell Deakin, Bruce Leher, Graham Griffiths, Judy Mabin, Warren Greer, Lynnair Ensor, Harry Stewart, Graham Thorp, John Feigler, Trevor Baldwin, Annette Tremewan.

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NEWS FROM OVERSEAS MEMBERSExtract from a letter from Rona Budgett:

"It was good to get my "Pohokura" and read about your trips. Sometimes my N.Z. travels seem almost like a dream. The average English person regards our tramping as something hard to understand, perhaps like a Kiwi would react to foxhunting, and I am well established as something of an eccentric. I am at present not far from the end of Cornwall, a very individual country, in fact sometimes scarcely seeming to be part of England at all. It is rather bleak and treeless by English standards, with a rugged North coast and much windswept, granite-strewn moorland, but pleasant where I am, in a solid grey cottage with a big garden and green view over meadows and hedgerows."

Celia Reed sends regards; has been to France, Channel Islands, Cornwall and Devon, and Eire. Says the mountains of Killarney really are beautiful, and that even quite close to Dublin there are some good hills for tramping. The Irish people seem very hospitable and very like many New Zealanders.

SOCIAL NEWS

Birth: To George and Sue Lowe - a son.

Departure: Pam Lewis to Dunedin.

Bereavement: Our sympathy to Bert and Madge McConnell in the loss of Bert's father.

NEW MEMBER

We welcome Bruce Lusher to the club.

1966 TRIAL SEARCH

This year's exercise will be held on 1st and 2nd October, in the area bounded by the Mohaka River, the Hautapu River and the Napier-Taupo road. A new feature of this year's exercise will be a practical demonstration of the Marine Rescue Unit's rocket equipment to span the Mohaka with a line, which will be used to haul a rubber dinghy backwards and forwards across the river. This will be necessary as several parties will be coming out onto the banks of the Mohaka and we cannot reasonably expect to be able to cross on foot at that time of the year.

Unfortunately, the new lightweight radio sets which had previously been expected about May will not be ready until November, so we will once again be working with our old friends the T.R.P. 1's. The Radio Emergency Corps are also rigging up a radio contact between the ground and an Aero Club plane. It appears at this stage as though we shall have more organisations participating in the exercise than previously and given reasonable weather we should have an opportunity to give the organisation a good workout.

A.V.B.

FIXTURE LIST

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

| <u>1966</u> | <u>Trip</u> | <u>Leader</u> | <u>Fare</u> |
|--------------|--|-----------------------------|--------------------|
| AUG.27-28 | Ruahine Hut - No Mans Hut. | John Feigler | 9/- |
| SEPT. 11 | Pohatuhaha - Sentry Box. | Dennis Baldwin | 9/- |
| SEP.24-25 | Middle Hill - Ballard Hut - Makino Hut. | Graham Thorp | 10/- |
| OCT. 1-2 | Trial Search, Mohaka. | Alan Berry and Maury Taylor | 10/- |
| OCT. 9 | Centre Makaroro - Trig K. | Helen Lees | 10/- |
| OCT.22-23-24 | Ruapehu. | John Feigler | 30/- |
| Labour W'end | | (Jun. 25/-) | |
| NOV. 6 | Cape Kidnappers. | Judy Mabin | 6/- |
| NOV.19-20 | Cairn Trip. | Phil Bayens | 10/- |
| DEC. 4 | Family Outing & Marathon. Swamp Cottage - 4100. | Helen Hill | 10/- |
| DEC.17-18 | Ripia Country, S. Ahimanawas. | Jim Glass | 10/- |
| DEC.31-JAN.3 | Waikaremoana - Urewera National New Year Park. | Harry Stewart | 30/- (Jun.25/-) |

Small working party/parties to Waikamaka to be arranged for October ? and Dec. 10-11 ?.

FARES (except Ruapehu and Waikaremoana) are reducible by 2/- for seniors, and half-fares for juniors by 1/-, if paid at the meeting before or on the trip.

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

The 31st Annual General Meeting will be held following the fortnightly meeting in the Radiant Living Hall, Warren Street North, Hastings, on Wednesday 19th October, 1966.

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OVERDUE TRAMPERS

Should a club party become overdue, would parents or members please first contact one of the following:-

Alan Berry phone 77.223

Mrs. Janet Lloyd phone 87.666

Norm Elder phone 77.924 till end September.

Will tell Club to insert your name at next meeting.

