

HERETAUNGA TRAMPING CLUB (INC.)

" P O H O K U R A "

Bulletin No. 106.

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President:

Mr. P. Bayens, St. George's Road, Nth., R.D.2, Hastings. Phone 84498

Hon. Secretary:

Mr. G. Griffiths, Box 242, Hastings. Phone 81-325

Hon. Treasurer:

Mrs. E. Berry, 10 Nimon Street, Havelock North. Phone 77-223

Club Captain:

Mr. P. Lewis, c/- H. W. Baillie, 21 Gladstone Road, Napier. Phone 8224N.  
At Work, 8118 N.

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C L U B T R I P S.

No. 825.

TE KOWHAI GORGE.

April 9th.

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Twenty-two left Holt's, and in Napier we picked/three more. We left the truck at 9.30, and went over farm land till we came to thick bush, which we went through to the top of the saddle. Then we went down a gorge following a creek. We had a quick talk to a hunter. When we came to the forks we had a long rest and a good splash-up. At 11.30 a.m. we had lunch before going into a narrow gorge. We emerged from the gorge near the old Te Kowhai homestead. From here we followed a bull-dozer track up on to farm land, arriving back at the truck at 5.30 p.m. It was a very good trip with good weather.

No. in party: 25.

Leader: Warren Greer.

Brian Turner, Diana Way, Sue Adcock, Noel Evans, Peter Lewis, Bruce Lusher, Trevor Baldwin, Russell Millington, Geoffrey Drummond + 3, Bert and Madge McConnail, Jim Wilshire, Neroli Wilton, Graham Thorp, Graham Soppit, Gwatha Hunt, Helen Lees, Bob Garnett, Geoff Wilson, Chris Baldwin, Alan Thurston + 1.

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No. 826.

KIWI - STUDEHOLM SADDLE - KAWERA.

Many long years ago a keen Trip Committee worked out a scheme (nefarious, of course) for upgrading its mountain huts. Ways and means were compiled, costs considered, overseas funds counted and manpower numbered. The scheme included a porch, guttering of sorts, repairs to the end of the hut, a skylight, yes, even a floor and Maori bunks, two-tier to cater for all types. The first working party was a timber-carrying effort, best forgotten, with eight foot long 9 x 1's weighing 11 lbs each. The second was an iron party, and on this trip the porch was completed, the hut end re-covered, and bunks put in place. After that weeks ran to months, months to years, while a new hut, Waikamaka, took precedence.

Eventually another trip was made to Kiwi. Reports that all the timber stored in the roof had been used for firewood proved unfounded; it had merely been there for so long that it looked permanent. With hammers, nails, and sharp

saws we were away, some via Kaweka to remove trees larrikins had felled across the hut, and the rest to Kiwi. Four hours later the hut was bursting apart, with some bods shovelling out the floor, others pulling the remaining sacking bunks apart. After measurement, calculation and re-measurement, the layout was finalized.

Timber which had previously been tossed aside was cut, brought in, and thumped, bashed and levered into place. It was surprising how little warpage there was, considering the conditions and time of stacking. Tea-time, then a sing-song, lacking unfortunately the moderating presence of female company, and the night fell silent.

Sunday dawned murky, but we could see our breakfast without using a torch, thanks to a sheet of Novalite in the roof. We finished off nailing, did a smart bit of tin-bashing for the hearth, then had smoko. Quite a few of us then left for Kaweka to work off surplus energy and pick up the saw. The guttering was straightened, plenty of wood brought into the hut and porch, water tanks cleaned and lunch eaten. Then away for the truck. All in all a satisfying conclusion to memories of timber, iron, and Novalite carrying teams.

Our thanks must go to Forestry who kindly flew flooring material in by chopper. Many thanks also to all who assisted in this work one way or another, by argumentative criticism, darned hard work and straight-out slogging.

No. in party: 14.

Leader: Manry Taylor.

Peter Lewis, Bruce Lusher, Brian Turner, Warren Greer, Geoff Wilson, Alan Thurston, Graham Thorp, Demster Thompson, Russell Deakin, Russell Millington, Brian Mote, David Bacon, Sam Bristow.

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No. 827.

MAROEPA.

7th May.

It was a nice brisk morning when we set off for the Triplex Forestry Base. We arrived there at 8.15 and were on the way to Shut-eye by 8.30.

By the time we reached Shut-eye the weather had deteriorated somewhat, and there was a strong wind blowing on the tops. As several of the party didn't want to go over the tops to Maropea, we went up to Buttercup Hollow to view the situation. From here four of the party went over to Maropea Hut, while some others went as far as Armstrong Saddle.

After lunch the main party set off over the widge at the back of Buttercup Hollow and scrub-bashed their way down through some lawyer to the Waipawa Forks to meet the party which had come via the North Waipawa to the Forks.

The party to Maropea had rather a windy trip going over to the hut, but the wind had dropped for the return, and they had quite a pleasant trip back.

After a short rest and a brew at the Waipawa Forks we returned to the truck at about 4.30. We arrived back in Hastings after an uneventful trip at 7.15, after an easy but none-the-less enjoyable trip.

No. on party: 19

Leader: Graham Thorp.

Russell Millington, Ann McHardy, Beverley Garnett, Trevor Ahern, Graham Soppitt, Antony Daly, Kelvin Walls, Brian Usherwood, J. Burnard, Sue Adcock, Russell Deakin, Nora Hopcroft, Graham Griffiths, Neil Pulford, John Feigler, Pat Prendergast, Brian Turner, Alan Thurston.

No. 828.

AHIHIANAWAS.

May 20-21.

We set off on Saturday morning for Te Harato, approximately 45 miles up the Taupo road, and since there were only eight of us we enjoyed the comfort and speed of private transport. Three miles past the Summit Kiosk at Te Harato we turned off the main road and on to an old mill road that was used at one time by the Tawera Timber Co. The mill is apparently no longer in use, but skids and old machinery still remain. There are quite a number of roads in the area, and it was difficult to know which one to take. We reached the end of the road about 8 o'clock. Whilst we were not sure of our actual position, we knew we were somewhere in the vicinity of the Toropapa Stream. We intended to go up the ridge on the true left of the Toropapa, then cross it and come down the other side on the following day, but it did not work out quite this way.

We left the cars just after eight, and travelled about a quarter of a mile to what we thought was the Omarowa Stream, which was the next one over from the Toropapa. We crossed this, and headed up the adjoining ridge into open scrub. By this time it was about 8.30, and the weather was perfect: ideal temperature for tramping, with no wind and excellent visibility. Once on the ridge we got a terrific view from the Pariax and Mohaka close at hand to the Tatara-a-kina and Te Waka in the distance. On taking compass readings on Tatara-a-kina and Te Waka we were able to locate our position as being on the ridge on the true right of the Toropapa and so the stream we had crossed was not the Omarowa but the Toropapa itself. Although on the wrong side, at least we knew where we were, and we continued up the ridge, soon entering dense bush. The rest of the day was spent climbing the ridge through the bush. It was very slow going, and by the end of the day we had only covered about three miles as the crow flies, and we were on the way towards the summit of Pukekiokio. Just before dark we turned into the Toropapa where we spent the night.

On Sunday we followed the Toropapa down for several miles until mid-day. The country was extremely rugged, with plenty of steep gorges and waterfalls. We tried to keep to the sides at first, but soon gave that up and resorted to the less frustrating method of sloshing through the water. After lunch we climbed an easy spot on to the ridge on the left of the stream. Travelling down this ridge was easy going, and before long we reached a mill road that brought us out to the cars. We left for home about 3.30.

It was an excellent trip, but we were lucky. It is the sort of country where a two-day trip could easily turn into a three-day trip in bad weather.

No. in party: 8.

Leader: Paul Frude.

Trevor Baldwin, Graham Thorp, Warren Greer, Alan Berry, Alan Thurston, Phil Bayens, Kelvin Walls.

No.829

"PARIAX"

21st May

Just across the Pakaututu bridge, twelve of us climbed out and put on our boots in a heavy, cold fog, through which you could hardly see across the river. As we strolled along past the big whirlpool in the Mohaka, the sight of all the icicles and patches of snow remaining in the shady spots did not make the idea of wading through the Ripia very attractive, but, although cold enough, it was even lower than normal summer level, and hardly ankle deep. Climbing in fog is relatively painless as you are spared the depressing sight of how far you still have to go. As we reached the top the sun was rapidly evaporating the fog, giving some marvellous views of fog-filled valleys. Some lengthy searches for water in various directions all seemed successful, and a boil-up and leisurely lunch occupied the next couple of hours.

This is most attractive country on such a fine day. Mostly fern-covered, with warm, grassy patches, and most of the scrub patches criss-crossed by open tracks made by the wild horses, it is no wonder this area gets such a thrashing from deerstalkers.

We came down a ridge which leads into the Ripia about a mile up from the Mohaka, and walked down the river. One of the most enjoyable day trips for a long time.

No. in Party: 12.

Leader: Peter Lewis

Noel Evans, Madge McConnell, Bert McConnell, Beverley Garnett, Graham Griffiths, Bruce Lusher, Sue Adcock, Helen Hill, Graham Soppit, Paul Condon, Jim Glass.

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MANGAOHANE - RUAHINE CORNER

No. 830

June 3rd-4th

After setting out in two cars in the frosty darkness, we watched the daylight spreading down the Otupae Range as we made a brief stop on the top of "Gentle Annie". A short way down the hill, another brief stop, this time to push out a pighunters' car which had slithered into the gutter when we came round a corner unexpectedly. Then on until we came to the Ngamatea country, where the golden tussock, whitened with frost and touched lightly by the early-morning sunlight, with Ruapehu clean and sharp in the background, caused a general scramble to get cameras out of packs. We turned off to the left and followed a narrow side-road down into a valley and more or less through the backyard of Otupae Station. Between there and Mangaohane Station it was our turn to do a panic stop when we met a landrover on one of the many corners where the road is only as wide as one vehicle! A notice warned that all persons intending to cross the Mangaohane property must see the manager first. He seemed quite happy to give us permission once he had found out how many of us were going and had been assured that we had no rifles, on condition that we let him know when we came out.

As the frost was particularly heavy around the gateway across the road from the station buildings, where our track began, and the two cars were obsolete, water-cooled types, their owners started to worry about how the radiators would fare for the next two nights, and there was the usual situation of drain-taps, unused for years, failing to work. (All those who may want to leave cars at mountain roadheads, especially between April and October, take note!).

We soon made a mistake by going up the eastern bank of the Pokopoko stream, where we encountered various gullies full of scrub and rubbish which slowed our progress. There is a considerable climb up on to the plateau to the south, and the stream appears to come down in a rather spectacular little gorge, which sounds to have plenty of waterfalls in it. Higher up, the valley is shallower, mostly tussock-covered with many grassy patches and limestone outcroppings, quite pleasant country except that there was still a mighty lot of it between us and Ruahine Corner Hut; time was getting on, and the cloud-sheet of an approaching depression was spreading ominously over the sky. We reached the hut less than half an hour before dark. Two enthusiastic types pitched a tent, so there was plenty of room for the rest of us in the hut, which still stinks but does not seem to have any mice now, the only vermin we saw being a 'possum which was disturbed in the act of stealing some food from a pack outside, but got away. A cold rain began, with a stormy wind which rattled the old chimney, provoking Bert into climbing up inside to try to fasten the loose iron, but it was so black in there that he couldn't see much, and his coughing echoed hollowly down, until he withdrew to give his eyes a chance to recover.

Sunday morning all was strangely quiet, except for steady dripping from the roof, and sure enough, a look outside confirmed that there was a heavy blanket of snow over everything with more falling. Pride battled with common sense. Should we try to carry on with the trip as planned and go and look for Makirikiri Hut, the exact location of which none of us knew, or should we head back to the cars. The issue was settled by one bod having developed a large and painful swelling on his leg. There was no telling whether he would have been able to walk at all the next day, especially if we failed to find the hut and had a miserable night in the bush, so we headed out. Visibility was poor, and the squashed-down tussock under the snow made monotonous going. Navigation required some care, but at last we came to the big sink-hole, a pit perhaps 50 ft. across and slightly deeper than that, which swallows up quite a sizeable stream, near the eastern end of the Reporoa Bog. The stream was in flood, but the pit seemed to have no difficulty in disposing of it. The bog, which, by the way, is not by any means flat, was a dismal squelchy expanse of sodden snow, with patches of dark brown water showing through. We were fairly cold, so stopped only for a couple of brief snacks, and eventually came down the proper track on the western bank of the Pokopoko, where we should have gone up the day before. The stream was high and the smallest of the party almost floated away, being grabbed just in time.

Back at the cars just on dark, there remained only a few minor difficulties such as an exhaust pipe falling off, being stopped with wet ignition after going through a fairly deep creek, and slithering into a clay bank on a wet slushy corner. Our thanks to Bert and Brian for their hours of driving in the mud, rain, and darkness.

No. in Party: 9

Leader: Peter Lewis

Bert McConnell, Brian Mote, Russell Millington, Trevor Baldwin, Bob Garnett, Kelvin Walls, Bruce Lusher, Alan Thurston.

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### SOUTHERN WAKARARAS

No. 831

June 18th

Eleven of us left Hastings in three cars at 7.30 in pouring rain. We arrived at Smedley station at about 8.45 and, after getting permission, drove across the paddocks to the foot of the Wakararas. The party then headed up the spur to the main ridge, encountering quite a bit of gorse on the way. We reached the top at 10.45 from where we gained a good view of the snow-covered Ruahines. We then carried on along the main ridge by way of a deep saddle. When we reached the other side four of us decided to look for the Poutaki hut, so while the rest stopped for lunch we carried on to the top of the Crag. We stopped for lunch not very far from a patch of trees in which we thought the hut might be, but as it was getting late we decided to turn back. We got on to a ridge that went down to the cars, but half way down we met the other party who told us half of them had gone down the wrong fork in the ridge. After a lot of shouting we all arrived on the farm and made our way to the cars. We reached Hastings at 7.30pm after an enjoyable and eventful trip.

No. in Party: 11

Leader: Russell Millington

Peter Lewis, Brian Mote, Trevor Baldwin, Brian Turner, Warren Greer, Doug Thompson, Kelvin Walls, Sue Adcock, Pam Lewis, Margaret Buchanan.

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### BACK HUT - KAWEKA TOPS

No. 832

July 1st-2nd

It was an overcast and warm morning when nine of us left Napier for Puketitiri (0545 hours). On arriving at Little's Clearing (it was a change to be able to climb up to the clearing by truck) we prepared for a nice cold trip over the top of the Main Kaweka divide. At 0815 we left for Makahu and arrived there at 9.15 to find the helicopter waiting for the cloud to lift so that they could carry out some supply dropping. We spent some time here having a look round the nursery and talking with the forestry boys in residence there.

After a bite to eat it was time to get ready for the trip over the top and looking at the weather everyone dressed up in parkas, longs

and all sorts of things to ensure that we would be able to get over the tops in reasonable comfort. The interesting part was that when we had climbed up through the scrub and the shingle face to the first knob we found that we had climbed out of the mist, and it was a beautiful day on the tops. Everyone then started stripping off as it was quite warm out of the light breeze. We also had the chance of seeing the Spectre of the Brocken in the mist down in the head waters of the Donald river. We went up to the final rain gauge and sat there until 12.30pm watching the helicopter airdrop supplies to Makahu from the Black Birch. The climb to the top took us another three quarters of an hour. The snow had mostly melted from the ridge, but what snow there was had iced up and required the cutting of steps to cross it in a lot of places.

On reaching the top we spent an hour or so having lunch. A billy was put on a primus for a brew but it was accidentally tipped over just before it was boiling so we filled it up with snow again and while it was warming up we went along to North Kaweka Trig. The tarn at North Kaweka had about 8" of ice on it and we spent some time skating there until I gave myself a little bit of a face lift (enough said). At 4.15 we left the tops and went on down to Back Hut where we got the stew ready.

It was a beautiful night with every prospect of a good frost in the morning but as usual the wind got up during the night and when we crawled out of the sack at 8.00 the next morning it was overcast with mist on the tops. At 10am after cleaning out the hut and replacing the firewood we set off for the tops with the thought that we might go back to the truck via Iron Whare. But when we reached the tops at 11.45 enthusiasm waned a little as conditions were pretty rough, so we moved quickly along the divide to the rain gauge, which we read, then moved off down Makahu Spur to Makahu Hut which we reached at 12.30.

There we had lunch and talked for a while with a Government hunter who had arrived in the weekend. Six of the party returned to the truck via the normal track while three of us went up the Matauria ridge track and down the track from Matauria ridge to the Makahu track (this track bypasses the Makahu Hut area.) We then returned home arriving in Napier at 6.00pm after an excellent trip.

No. in Party: 9

Leader: Graham Thorp

Russell Millington, Trevor Baldwin, Brian Mote, Brian Turner, Peter Lewis, Alan Thurston, Phil Bayens, Alan Culver.

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### THE ROGUE - KAWEKA HUT

No. 833

July 16th

We left a little after 7 on a fine, cold morning. At Kuri-papango a bitter wind, in spite of the sun, rapidly persuaded us to put extra clothes in the pack. The usual long warm-up to the Tutae-kuri, and the usual (vain) attempts to get across dry-footed, in view

of the snow on the tops to about 3000 feet. Then up the zig-zag and to the turn-off up the Rogue. Peter tells me the ridge was named after an old and cunning rogue sheep, which used to defy musterers and lead the ewes astray, until some conscientious shepherd shot him. These pioneers apparently had no use for individuality except in themselves.

Near the foot of the ridge some horrible yells mingled with even more horrible canned music led us to a private party of 3 who had been in the hills since the previous day, though where seemed somewhat obscure. We set off upwards into fresh snow which got steadily deeper, until at the junction of the Rogue with the spur leading down to Kaweka hut there was a foot or so. Here most of us decided we were exercised enough, even though the top of the ridge wasn't far away. The wind had been tearing the fresh powder off Cook's Horn ridge like the plume on Everest, and only Ruth, Peter and George pressed on, to meet it higher up.

A belated lunch at Kaweka hut came next, and we moved off about 2pm, just before the dauntless three got down. We reached the truck about 4.30, and left about 5pm. A good day in beautiful snow.

No. in Party: 15

Leader: Helen Hill

Nora Hopcroft, Pam Lewis, Clyde Nicholls, Sue Adcock, Kath Berry, Ruth Baumann, Peter Lewis, Brian Turner, Bruce Lusher, Graham Griffiths, Alan Thurston, Stephen Langley, Graham Soppit, George Prebble.

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#### No. 833(B)

Three club members went out to Kuripapango on Saturday morning. We arrived at the pine tree at 8.30am and proceeded in to Kaweka Hut. When we reached the Tutaekuri, however, we found there was thick snow right down to the edge of the river so we had quite a battle up to Kaweka which we reached at about 11.30. It snowed all Saturday and we stayed in the hut, only going up to the bush line for a walk.

On Sunday we made our way back to the Rogue where we met up with the Sunday party. The snow in this short space of time had receded to about 3000'.

No. in party: 3 Russell Millington, Trevor Baldwin, Brian Mote.

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#### HINERUA - SNOWCRAFT

No. 834

July 29-30th

6.15 on this frosty Saturday morning saw only eight bods at Holt's, so it was decided to go in Peter's Kombi. After a detour along the Pettit Valley road to avoid a washed-out bridge, we left the car under a warm sun at 9.15. After lunch at Hinerua, we were off up to the snow, which we reached just on the bushline. It was fairly soft for quite a while, until further along the ridge we discovered suddenly that on the shaded southerly side it was as hard as ice! There was only a very short slope with a safe runout, but some roped up and



practised belaying and stepcutting, while others were introduced to the thrills of tobogganing on plastic. The air was warm and the view all around magnificent - a perfect winter's day.

After tea back at the hut, Russell and I decided to spend the night at Smith's Creek hut; we arrived there an hour later after an enjoyable torchlight scramble. In the morning there was ice in the tea billy and our boots were frozen solid.

The others arrived from Hinerua at about 10, and some of us walked up the ridge towards South Rangī. Although we didn't have time to go up to the bushline the view was well worth it. Then back to Hinerua for lunch, where we met Maury Taylor and family. We arrived back at the transport at 4 in the afternoon, and were home by 6.30. I'm sure everyone learned something during the weekend and had a jolly good time as well.

No. in Party: 9

Leader: Bruce Lusher

Russell Millington, Peter Lewis, Graham Griffiths, Graham Thorp, Alan Thurston, Geoffrey Drummond, Leonard Keen, Geoffrey Wilson.

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### BACK-COUNTRY DRIVING

It is apparent from recent trips, that with so many roads now tar-sealed, most people are not getting enough experience in driving vehicles on really "outback" roads. Speeds, especially, tend to be a bit high for this type. Where the metalled strip is only the width of one car, there is often a patch of greasy clay on either side. If you are going too fast, when you have to brake hard and pull over to the side on meeting another vehicle, with the two wheels on one side getting a good grip, and the two on the other side hardly any, you can guess what will happen! A farmer in his landrover may not be expecting to meet another vehicle, and may also be distracted by looking over paddocks. Don't count on seeing the lights of approaching vehicles at night; some tractors had theirs smashed years ago, and also, black cattle seem to prefer to lie down on a road, rather than in wet grass.

When passing through a mob of stock, charging along sending animals jumping over banks or crashing into fences won't make it easier to get permission next time a club party wants to cross farm land in that district. With a large mob of sheep, (or especially lambs, which are stupid) if the dogs are not managing easily it is often better if someone gets out and walks ahead.

Flooded streams need careful consideration; if they are deep enough to start floating a vehicle it will soon be off downstream. Even shallow shingly streams are a trap if they are flowing faster than normal, because if a vehicle stops, the turbulence around the wheels will quickly scour out the shingle until the underside of the car rests on the stream bottom. If you are well into a stream-crossing when the engine gives up, about your only hope is to leave it in gear and use the

starter immediately to keep you moving: with luck the engine may give a few kicks to help the starter to wind you out on the other side. In slow-moving water, taking off the fan-belt beforehand may reduce the amount of water splashed over the engine, but if you go in to water as deep as that you are risking all sorts of expensive damage.

Never forget that after going through water, brakes may not work at all, or may work unevenly and cause a sudden dive for the side of the road; apply them gently a few times as soon as you get out of the water to make sure, and to dry them out.

Tyre chains are essential on trips to Ruapehu, as even a VW may not be allowed to go up the Bruce road without them in icy conditions. Chains should not be too tight or all the extra wear will come on a few parts of the tyre. Remember that they usually improve your stopping-power much less than they help your "going-power". Manuka or similar scrub, laid crosswise on the wheel-tracks, can be a great help in getting out of muddy patches; see that eager helpers don't put it down lengthwise, though, or the sticks may actually make it easier for the wheels to skid. When one back wheel is doing all the skidding it is sometimes a help to apply the handbrake lightly. When looking for a turning place try to pick one where you can keep the driving wheels on the best-gripping surface, even if it means more manoeuvring. Also, it is much better to turn uphill off the road and run back on to it easily, than to turn off it and risk not being able to get back. If you have to get out and push, beware of the driving wheels suddenly skidding sideways, as someone could easily be crushed between the vehicle and a bank if they were not quick to jump. When a tow-rope is fastened under the front of a vehicle, make sure that steering rods or brake pipes are not included in the loop of the rope!

Frosts can be severe at the foot of the ranges, and up to 30° or more may have to be allowed for, which makes antifreeze rather expensive for one trip. The tap at the bottom of the radiator usually does not let out all the water from the engine, and the remaining small quantity, if it freezes, is likely to split the whole side of the block. The drain tap for this is usually in an awkward place low down on the side of the engine and is usually found to be clogged with rust. It is far less trouble, if you are planning a winter trip, to make sure that these things work before you leave home. If you have drained the water out, or put a sack or mat over the engine, it is a good idea to tie the radiator cap to the steering wheel to make sure that you don't forget.

Any habits of hard starting the engine might have will be much worse in very cold conditions. If you have ever returned cold and tired from a trip, only to find that you have to do a great deal of cranking or pushing, you will be more likely next time to leave your vehicle in the position where it can be most easily pushed, and you will be more careful about turning off lights, radio, heater etc. as soon as you arrive at a roadhead, so as to leave the battery in best condition for a cold start. And when cranking, have a care that the

handle doesn't go in the wrong place and assassinate the radiator, as happened to the club truck one cold Sunday evening. Most engines start better if you give a good long wind on the starter, rather than several short ones in very cold weather; each failure reduces your chances on the next try. In a really stubborn case, draining the water and heating a few billyfuls over a fire may be worth trying, or someone may be able to help the starter with the crank handle. Most back-country farmers are a bit sick of having to take their tractors out to rescue shooters who have got their old bombs stuck, and we don't want any of our trips to cause any unnecessary trouble. On the other hand, there is no need for a reasonable driver to be afraid of these roads. After all, the people who live there have mostly been driving for years without trouble.

P.L.

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Letter from Elizabeth Pindar.

The following is an extract from a letter dated 20th June:-

"Over Whitsun weekend four of us, N.Zers I have met either on the ship or who I'm flatting with, went down to Devon, camping. Rather a nice drive over, especially over the Wiltshire Downs, fairly high, and open, and vaguely like parts of H.B., where it is rolling country but not steep. - Saw Stonehenge, quite impressive but atmosphere rather spoilt by children sliding down the fallen tri-lithons, and hopping around the altar stone! Then past Glastonbury to Minehead - a big holiday resort, but the beach was very uninteresting and mucky-looking, to Lynton and Lynmouth - very pretty, and right on the edge of cliffs - very steep road linking the two, and a steep and fairly narrow road to Lynmouth, on the beach. Camped at Lynton, right on the edge of Exmoor, high and open and a marvellous view across the Bristol Channel to Wales - could see the lights of Cardiff in the far distance - all 4 of us slept in the van - me in the front seat with the gear lever and steering wheel as the owner's priveledge; the 3 in the back had to move in unison, and found it rather difficult to have room to breathe! Like the Makahu hut on the Cairn trip last year!

Next day, on to Ilfracombe, and Westward Ho! (the ! is part of the name) where I got in the water - but was it cold! - camped there the night (2 chickened out and stayed in a bed and breakfast place!) and the other girl and myself, who had an extra day's holiday went to Plymouth via Launceston and across to Plymouth by the car ferry - saw Plymouth Hoe, and a game of bowls being played! Then via Torquay to the Widecombe of the song, where we visited the pub (lovely cider!) and stayed in a car-park overnight and found the gates locked in the a.m., so had to lift it off its hinges to leave! Had pleasant trip back via Bournemouth and New Forest. Picked up an N.Z. boy outside Exeter, hitch-hiking - Geoff Atkins, or similar name, who is member of Wgton Tramping & Mountaineering Club and knows some of HTC members! and sends regards to any he has met on rock-climbing courses.

Best wishes and happy tramps - Elizabeth.

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DUTIES OF THE TRIP LEADER

All members should understand what leading a trip involves and the following points are set out for your guidance:

1. If you are not sure of the route or have other doubts about the country to be crossed, ask someone who knows the area for advice.
2. Obtain permission of landowners if necessary. The Secretary will tell you who to contact.
3. Outline the trip to members at the previous club meeting and explain if any special equipment or clothing is required.
4. Collect the fares and hand to the treasurer.
5. Decide what party equipment is required and arrange with the gear custodian for its collection. Bring the tea.
6. Consider whether the party would be better split into fast and slow groups, having regard to the fitness of members and the country to be covered. If it is decided to split the party, arrange for a leader for the other group.
7. Make sure the trip list is completed and left in Hastings before the truck leaves.
8. See that tents, billies, etc., are fairly distributed amongst the party, bearing in mind the relative fitness of members. Keep an eye on packs of new trampers to see that they are not setting out with a packful of unnecessary gear.
9. When on the move it is the responsibility of the leader to choose the route and to set the pace. See that the party does not become strung out and make sure that an experienced member brings up the rear to collect any stragglers.
10. The responsibility for the conduct of the trip is entirely yours. If in doubt though, do not hesitate to ask the opinion of other experienced members - the final decision must be made by you, but their advice may help you to make a decision.
11. You are responsible for the activities of any small groups that may want to break off from the main party to try a different route or to do a bit of exploring. Make sure that they are themselves capable and in the hands of a competent sub-leader before agreeing to their going.
12. See that everyone shares in camp duties and make sure that huts are left in order, with firewood replaced and that all fires are out before leaving.
13. If it is obvious that the party will not reach Hastings by 10pm, phone and advise as soon as possible.
14. On return from the trip, ring one of the publicity sub-committee with details for the Press report.
15. Make sure that all gear is returned to the gear custodian, billies clean and tents dry.
16. Write the report for "Pohokura" and hand to the editor promptly.

Ascent of Mt. Washington (by rail)

27th June 1967

Owing to various tourist distractions the party didn't reach the roadhead (2700') till 3 p.m. From here a cog railway, powered by coal burning locos, dating from the 1880s, pushes carriages up a grade of 1 in 4 or steeper, to the hotel etc at the summit.

As there was a seething mass of colourful customers and a hasty emergency time-table being organised, we retired to a vantage point for a late lunch, canned beer salad etc.,

Some of the engine-drivers, the firemen, brakemen and the glamorous staff of the restaurant below and the hotel above appear to be students on vacation - an attraction in themselves. During one hold-up at a siding the enginemen decided to go for a walk. As they disappeared over the skyline the brakemen bounced into the carriage and announced "I'm sorry; there'll be a further indefinite delay. The train-crew have mutinied". Consternation among the more corpulent passengers. Above the timberline, which is not a distinct one, dwarfed spruce and birch visible in patches above 5000', the ground is pretty bare with great jumbles of boulders, some sort of gritty granite with bright orange lichen, and not much in flower, a late spring and still one or two snow patches in the distance.

The Appalachian trail, with its offshoots is quite a sight. The others swear - I missed it myself - that where it crossed the highway in the Crawford Notch, it was tar-sealed. On top it is marked by 4 ft cairns about a chain apart and winds between these almost as a pavement of level tones worn smooth by hobnails, clinkers sandshoes and brogues.

Sighted an Appalachian Mountain Club lodge about half a mile south of the summit which is a mass of met. station, hotel and similar buildings - A.M.C. Lodge said to sleep 140. May have some photos, but there was a lot of haze about. The southern side of the hotel building has one great wall of loose rock slabs built up to the eaves with gaps for the windows. It was not open officially until 1st July the start of the holidays, but a big working party of students, seemed to be in residence and at least one car load of soft drinks, beer etc., came up while we were there. Apparently not a great deal of country above 5000' and the structure of the country is rather confused - should think it is an old plateau, a sort of hangover from the Laurentian Shield just dissected anyway by streams or more likely glaciers as there are one or two steep-sided U-valleys

The ski tows etc., are developed in the lower country with straight and slalom runs just cut through the bush. Most of the surrounding country is surprisingly in forest, second growth birch,

maple etc., but surprisingly a lot of it has once been logged, grassed and even ploughed. Beautiful villages with big tree-shaded houses, so it must have been prosperous in the old days. It is now prosperous again with summer visitors dodging the sticky heat of the plains, the long Winter skiing season and the sale of "antiques" old horse-sleighs, churns, bottles, amazing junk at fancy prices

Have also tramped the Kangamagus nature trail.

Regards to the H.T.C.

Norm Elder.

### Hawke's Bay Range

7th - 9th April

Running northwest from Ohuinga lies a broken range made up of five peaks all over 5000 ft with the saddles not going much below 4500ft. This is known as the Hawke's Bay range and it had been our objective to traverse this range for the last few years. On two previous attempts the weather packed up. The first time we finished up in the head of the Kawhatau which turned out to be a good place to keep out of. The second time we turned back before it was too late. The third time was lucky.

Leaving on Friday night, we called in to see Miss Swinburn, the owner of Hinerua Ridge, on the way. Then on up to the end of the road. Going into Hinerua Hut was very dark and very eerie. In fact at one time we were having a rest with torches out when crash, thud, roar down the track! We didn't wait for it to arrive, we were up and away. We reached the hut about 10 p.m. When I went out to get some firewood a stag began to roar at me from not many yards away. They seemed to resent our being there.

The weather next day was overcast with a high cover of cloud and not much wind. It could do anything so off we set up the ridge at 7 a.m. Two hours later saw us on Paemutu. While we sat there we had a visitor in the form of a Cessna. It climbed up from the west and flew through the saddle between us and Ohuinga, then it flew west and then north along the railway. We thought that was the last of it but back it came again, this time doing a banking run right over the top of us then back out to the west again. In the meantime the wind had swung round to the west and mist had begun to come down over the tops which didn't look good, so we hurried on our way down the saddle and up on to Ohuinga. This is where we left the main divide and turned N.W. along the Hawke's Bay Range. About this time the weather came right again. The wind swung round to the N.E. the mist cleared, and the sun came out.

To start with the H.B. Range was good with strong deep sidles round most of the knobs. A short stop for lunch at one of the many tarns to be found along the top, then on again up, down, up, down.

The view was excellent to the south. Across the Pourangaki valley was the big mass of Maungamahui and Te Hekenga what runs off Tiraha - all new country to us. Down below us on our right was the beautiful Kawhatau valley with waterfall creek hut inviting us to drop off too soon. In one place we had a bit of tricky work getting down, then we had to sidle round west of some rock pinnacles and had a very steep climb back on to the ridge. Norm's estimate of five hours in his route guide for the trip from Ohuinga to iron peg was just about right.

Not much past iron peg we got on to Mangaweka where we had been about ten years before. Not much of the old wooden trig is left, but one bit of it caught our eye. On it was nailed a rusty old sardine tin with "H.T.C. 10.10.56" pierced on it. We had left it on our previous visit. With the day drawing in we dropped down Trig Creek (not a good way down) into the Kawhatau river. Plod, plod up stream to the excellent comfort of Waterfall Creek hut.

I wouldn't say we were fully recovered by next morning, but its amazing what a good night's sleep and a meal will do. After a leisurely breakfast we cut wood and tidied the hut. It was after nine, when we left to go out by the most direct route. The climb up Tussock Creek was very steep and quite a slog but we had the help of a strong westerly wind which tended to push us up the hill. We saw two more deer while going down Hinerua Ridge, bringing our total to ten seen and several more heard. We could see one down in the head of Smith Creek which looked as big as a horse. We saw another one very close which proceeded to sit down and go to sleep while we watched.

On down past Hinerua Hut and out to the car by five after which was for us a very rewarding and satisfying trip.

Alan Berry and Jim Glass

#### Hinerua - Waterfall creek

2nd - 5th June

We left Hastings at 6.00 p.m. and got into Hinerua Ridge at 8.10 p.m. after getting permission from the two farmers on the road. The trip into the hut wasn't so bad except for one place where someone has cut another track into a clearing. We wasted half an hour here trying to find out where we were. On arriving at the hut at 10.45 p.m. we went straight to bed. Next morning we left at 7.30 a.m. in high winds. By the time we had reached the top of Hinerua ridge, however, these had abated and the day was perfect. Instead of going around the H.B. range we stopped on Paemutu for a feed.

At about 1.00 o.m. after having a look along Paemutu Ridge and practising some snowcraft we went down tussock creek into the Kawhatau and on down to Waterfall Creek hut. Incidentally the

weather was so good on the tops that we could see from one side of the island to the other. From the time that we arrived at Waterfall Creek hut the weather deteriorated. Mist came down on the tops, thick clouds were coming in from the east and it was starting to rain when we went to bed.

Next morning we woke to find it snowing heavily. Realising that we might have a tough trip we set to on a hotel type breakfast (steak spaghetti and baked beans). Unfortunately from this time on we were unable to tell the time correctly as Graham Griffiths was the only person with a watch and this we discovered was slowing down. We left the hut to get back via Paemutu to Hinerua hut at about 9.30 a.m. It was still snowing heavily and the Kawhatau river was higher than the previous day. It could not be negotiated without getting our boots full of water so in we plunged and paddled our way up to Tussock Creek. About 300 ft up Tussock Creek we stopped to drain our boots and wring out our socks. It was snowing so heavily that by the time we had wrung out and replaced our socks and boots and putties had just about disappeared. Before carrying on we had a bite to eat and then up one of the most maddening climbs that I think anyone of us has ever done. The snow was waist deep with nice tussock underneath. We must have got to the top about 1.30 but we thought it was about 12.15 p.m. We spent about 10 minutes here having some more to eat in the way of chocolate and fruit cake. We considered turning back but there was only Paemutu Ridge to cross and we thought we would be able to make up time going down Hinerua, so we climbed on to the ridge and went along to the cairn at the Hinerua ridge to turn off and shot down. Unfortunately the snow conditions down Hinerua ridge were worse and to add to our troubles it wasn't very easy to see the ridge in front of us; not only because of the mist but because there didn't seem to be much light about either. Part way down the ridge we took the wrong turn on to a spur towards Smith's creek and realising our mistake we stopped out of the wind and driving snow to sum up the situation. Since it seemed to be getting dark sooner than we thought it should have we decided that it might be better to continue on down into Smith's Creek and head down to Smith's Creek hut. Then we knew that if we did have to spend the night out at least we would not be in the snow. Once again our luck wasn't with us because the ridge dropped straight into a tremendous waterfall. This left us no alternative but to climb out and back up the spur to Hinerua ridge which we again proceeded down. About a quarter of the way down Hinerua ridge from the top there is a high knob which normally you sidle on the Smith's creek side but with conditions as they were we had to stick to the ridge and climb the knob. This used up just about our last ounce of energy but somehow we got over it. On the other side, because the dark had now caught up with us, we decided to make some arrangements for spending the night up on the ridge. On the lee-ward side of the ridge there was a gully dropping off rather steeply to? We went down this about 100 ft to where there was a little bit of rock outcrop under which we hollowed the snow out in the form of a ledge and then hopped into our sleeping bags for the night. It took about one hour I suppose for our body heat to melt the snow into a nice hollow which filled our sleeping bags and covers with water and



generally soaked everything. The three of us lay huddled together and shivered on and off for the 12 or so sleepless hours that we spent there. Fortunately half way through the night it stopped snowing.

The following morning (Monday) we climbed back on to the ridge where the weather was much the same as the previous day. After about half an hour's walk we dropped below the mist. It was another hour before we reached Hinerua Hut about 9.00 a.m. We stayed here until lunchtime reorganising packs and having a big feed. We then returned down Hinerua ridge to the car and arrived back in Hastings at 3.30 p.m. after a rather interesting Queen's Birthday weekend.

Graham Griffiths, Warren Greer,  
Graham Thorp.

#### Hinerua Smith's Creek

8th - 10th July

On Saturday morning we set off at 7.2 a.m. for Mill Rd intending to go in that day to Howlett's and then round the Sawtooth on Sunday to Hinerua, weather permitting. However a look at the river showed that a trip upstream would have been rather treacherous after the heavy rain, not to mention cold, so we decided to do the trip in reverse. On crossing the Tuki Tuki we verified that it was indeed well up and very cold. It was pleasant going up Hinerua ridge and we arrived at the hut at about 2 p.m. and lazed around there for the rest of the day.

Next morning we were away at 8 a.m. for the tops in fine weather. By the time we reached the snow only wisps of mist were floating over but within the next hour visibility had been reduced to about 10 yards. At about 11 a.m. we turned back not only because of mist but also on account of the ice. On the way back we decided to spend the night at Smith's Creek hut. (hoping it might have mattresses!) A large party of Manawatu trampers had been in on a day trip and we met them on their way back. After another very frosty, cold night (no mattresses alas) we had another beautifully clear day and a most pleasant walk out to the roadhead.

Bert and Madge McConnell, Bruce Lusher,  
Kelvin Walls

#### Kawekas

2nd July

Madge and I had promised to take a group of first-starters somewhere. In the end Beryl Hammond and I took four girls into Kiwi, while Madge plus several fathers took the twentyfive others up 4100 and down the shingle slide. All except one or two novices had a jolly good day, although a strong wind on top made us put on longs, parkas, hats and gloves. Only a few isolated patches of snow still lay in shady places. It has certainly been a poor snow year.

H.H.

BUSHCRAFT EXERCISE

6th-7th May

Gloriously fine weather made it a pleasure to participate in an instruction weekend for scouts, guides etc., led by Terry Hamilton-Jenkins, down the Mohaka below Glenfalls and a short way up the Mangakara river. The rivers were very low, almost level, but definitely not summer temperature. A short demonstration of liloing down the rapids on the Mohaka above the Waipunga confluence became most monotonous after a couple of minutes. After lunch at the horseshoe bend on the Mohaka, the group separated into the parties which had to find their various camp sites for which they had been given map references. The young people seemed to be remarkably capable and all managed to do fairly well. Six of us camped about half an hour up the Mangakara, and the whole group re-assembled back down at the Mohaka for some practice with the rope on a steep rock face, and then lunch. More river crossing practice on the way home produced the only incident to mar an otherwise excellent weekend: a boy who threw a large rock intending to splash a group of girls miscalculated and almost hit one of them on the head. As luck would have it she stumbled at the critical moment and it only cut her lip open, but we hope that this will be a lesson all will remember.

P.L.

Tamaki river12th March

A trip to the west branch of the Tamaki river, behind Dannevirke, with 14 bobs from the Palmerston North Tramping and Mountaineering Club was not favoured with good weather. The river though small and scarcely knee-deep, had been brought up a few inches by the rain overnight and gave some good lessons on just how easy it is to get bowled over in what look like easy crossings, when a rise in stream-flow has brought many of the stones to the point where they are ready to roll as soon as your feet touch them.

The new forestry hut is distinguished by an outhouse of ultramodern A frame design. A side stream below the hut appeared to offer a reasonable route to the tops, but rapidly became very steep and was abandoned after two boys who raced ahead dislodged some stones which hit one of the girls on the head. The tops proved to be covered with very thick and very wet leather-wood, so we returned to the hut for a late lunch and then back down river to the cars.

P.L.

Shuteye28th May

Heading for Triplex roadhead on the old scooter, a few miles south of Maraekakaho, at daybreak, an unusual problem was met:

spark-plug trouble caused a mighty backfire, as good as a shotgun shot, whereupon a great flock of screaming rooks took off from a plantation beside the road and expressed their disapproval in a rather too tangible form; it was almost like heavy rain falling!

The P.N.T. and Mountaineering Club turned up on schedule, but all but one of the vehicles found the paddock at Triplex far too slippery; there were unkind words said about saucepan lid sized wheels as bods piled out to push, to no avail!

The smoke problem in Shuteye was not as bad as usual; it was possible to stay in the hut with the door shut. After lunch some of us went along the ridge past Buttercup Hollow, and then down a shingle slide to the south into the North branch of the Waipawa. This route is not to be recommended in the dark, as we had to climb around several waterfalls in a narrow bit where we were like flies on a wall, before reaching the main North branch stream. Some of the young bods seem horrifyingly confident in jumping down banks on to slippery rocks, but all got out safely.

P.L.

Waikaremoana - Waikare-iti

22nd - 24th May

Away from Napier in dense fog following a heavy frost by 8.30 a.m.; a stop for supplies in Wairoa and a leisurely lunch in glorious sunshine at Aniwhiwa, saw us ready to hit the trail to Lake Waikare-iti by 1.30 p.m.

Arrived at the lake edge in 40 minutes and found a few familiar names in the log book there. The "Waikare-iti shelter" has been recently constructed by the "Friends of the National Park" and is a sturdy little building with fireplace, tables, no bunks, and commanding a superb view out over the lake. We eyed the boats temptingly lying around, and reluctantly left the cosiness of the shelter at 2.30 p.m. headed for Waikare-iti at Sandy Bay, 3 hours by the notice board, around the lake edge. Clouds were gathering temperatures dropped and the bush became quite dark so we pushed on, stopping only to debate right of way with a young spiker stag on the track. The track was open and easy but the unfamiliar bush seemed never ending so the sign "Hut 10 minutes" was more than welcome, tho' rather surprising because I had calculated we still had  $1\frac{1}{2}$  hours to go as it was then not quite 4 p.m. Birdlife was plentiful; riflemen, tomtits, Grey warblers etc., but what was even more noticeable was the complete absence of Fantails. Didn't see one in the entire trip.

The 18 bunk hut, complete with Dunlopillo mattresses and more H.T.C. names in the log book was already occupied by three Auckland 'Varsity lads so we moved into the other end of it. The clouds had rolled back for a perfect sunset and a near full moon peeped

over the bush and reflected across a corner of the lake as the twilight deepened. But suddenly the peace was shattered by the arrival of a motor boat containing four H.B. Forestry bods complete with what seemed to us like a year's supply of gear. A brew settled our somewhat shaken nerves. Our tiny stew was soon disposed of so we helped the boys cook theirs, then came endless brews and campfire yarning as a thick white frost settled outside and opossums scuttled amongst the trees.

Clouds were hanging low next morning and the lake didn't look very enticing. The Forestry boys were off to work by 8 a.m. but we had already classed them as "gentlemen" as we were waited on and given a super brew before they left. No point in hurrying, so we had another sleep! Brunch followed, a hut clean up, and we were heading out again by 11 a.m. Really cold, with rain in the wind and odd spots of snow. We stopped at the shelter for a hot brew of soup and arrived out at Aniwaniwa at 4 p.m. A tour to the Aniwaniwa and Bridal Veil falls and then a search for a camp site.

Each one we looked at was wetter, colder and darker than the previous one and finally we found ourselves on an apology of a road, hardly even fit for a V.W. in the vicinity of the Hopurua-hine landing. A search to the end of this track led to nothing but windswept exposed river flats or dripping bush alive with opossums. And still the rain fell and the gale roared. Back we went to where I'd seen the outline of a building below the road bank.

At least we could pitch the tent in the lee of this "Hut%". It was unoccupied and the door was open. Ah -- a rood over our heads; so we pushed the rats aside and moved in. At least it was dry. There were 4 bunks and one mattress and a large pile of "empties" in the corner. But an open fire and food cheered us and soon we imagined we were in a palace. But the illusion didn't last long for the rats got used to us and moved right back in. Gee, they were huge! During the night one made off with Marg's boot right across the floor and I thought I'd lost my breath forever when one swung down off the top bunk on to me.

We pretended we slept, and were up again by 7 a.m. to do the chores and be off by 9 a.m. A wet view of the Falls, a stop to help a fuelless circus lorry complete with elephant on the road, and a wet trip back to Napier by 2 p.m. Completed two days off with a difference - Margaret's first introduction to camping and new country for me.

Margaret Culloty Pam Lewis

Ruapehu

August 4th - 6th

Friday: Eventually 9 cold bodies from Hastings and district were

away, in wind and rain, in the Kombi at 7 p.m. Stormy conditions continued over the hills but the wind lessened and the skies cleared as we got to Taupo. Round the lake in the starlight to a frosty campsite at Hatepe. Six slept in the tent and three in the Kombi and although we were all settled by 11 p.m. peace only reigned after midnight - when the radio station closed transmission!

Saturday: "Frost-fleas" certainly were biting by morning and the camp was awake by 4.45 a.m. and active by 5 a.m. Good team work had us all breakfasted and on the road again by 6.20 a.m. The stars twinkled down on white frost and icicles on the roadside and as the daylight progressed stops were made for sunrise photographs. The day looked promising. Heading for the Top o' the Bruce, we were <sup>not</sup> delayed somewhat waiting for Mountain Goat transport as we were/allowed beyond the Whakapapanui streams without chains.

10 a.m. saw us organised for action at the Top o' the Bruce and three immediately set off via a chair lift to try to reach the summit. Roped up above the Alpine Hut, they performed for a Japanese Film Unit. One came part way down on the back of a helpful bod's skis, and the other two were forced back by gale force winds, icy conditions and cold when they reached the Crater Lake. It was a relief to see them safely back at lower levels as the weather wasn't very pleasant even down where we were.

Meanwhile the rest of the party trotted up beyond the first chair lift and practised step cutting on the steeper, fairly icy slopes, arresting falls and generally tried to improve knowledge to each other and give instruction to the lesser experienced members. The sun shone brightly enough but the wind was cold and kept whipping up whirlwinds of snow which was pretty painful while it lasted. Views were blurred by haze, comparatively few people were about and the snow was not particularly deep, with numerous rocks poking through. Serious instruction gave way to hilarious excapades downhill on sheets of plastic and frequent stops were made for food. And so we played the day away. Most of us scorned transport for the refreshing walk down the Bruce road and all were back at the Whakapapanui campsite by 5 p.m. The usual camp preparations were made, stew served, and a pleasant social hour followed at the Bistro. We settled to sleep on a bed of icicles.

Sunday: Most of us spent a cold night pretending to sleep. The frost was reported to be 30° and although we had melted the icicles under us overnight, even larger ones had formed inside the Kombi and were bristling in all directions over and around the bodies therein. The tent practically stood up on its own when we removed the poles.

We were away by 10 a.m. and more stops were made along the road for photographs. A spectacular view of Mt. Egmont was completed by a cow in the foreground. Ngauruhoe's plume of smoke soared upwards, larks sang and the sun shone. Ruapehu looked tantalizingly tempting. After negotiating a rather slippery road in, we arrived at Mangatapopo hut to find another VW already there. A look around the hut and we were off again, stopping in a native bush reserve beyond lake Rotoaira for a leisurely lunch in hot sunshine. At Taupo a rather highspirited visit to the A.C. baths was greatly enjoyed, more food followed and we were on our way homewards again, arriving in Hastings at 7.30 p.m.

Perhaps we didn't realize our secret ambitions of gaining Ruapehu's summit again this trip, but everyone seemed to enjoy a carefree, happy and comparatively cheap weekend, and we are indebted to Peter once more for making the Kombi available to us, and to the drivers.

No. in party 9

Pam Lewis

Margaret Buchanan, Margaret Culloty, Graham Griffiths, Trevor Baldwin, Russell Millington, Warren Greer, Peter Lewis, Graham Soppit.

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#### SOCIAL NEWS

Birth: To Christine and Alister Spain - a daughter.

Marriages: Ian Stirling to Judith Gundersen.  
Annetta Mansbridge to David Bacon.  
Annette Tremewan to Russell Berry.

Congratulations: To Noel Evans on his winning the Duke of Edinburgh award.

#### NEW MEMBERS

We welcome the following to the club:-

Clyde Nicolls (Jr.), Alan Thurston (Jr.), Brian Usherwood, Brian Turner, Geoff Wilson (T.T.C.).

#### CHANGE OF SECRETARY

Annette was elected secretary in 1959. As she and Russell will be living in Waitapu she has had to resign from the committee. We shall miss her badly. In addition to her sterling work as secretary her cheery smile established good public relations for us in innumerable quarters. She always willingly extended a helping hand whenever help was needed.

Our thanks also to the Tremewan family and especially to Mrs. Tremewan for the many ways in which they have helped the club and the hospitality they have shown us.

Graham Griffiths has agreed to take over the position of Secretary. Thank you, Graham.

The Executive appointed Pam Lewis to fill the resulting gap in the committee.

FIXTURE LIST

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

<u>1967</u>	<u>Trip</u>	<u>Leader</u>	<u>Fare</u>
10 Sept.	Cattle Hill. Rock climbing.	Diana Way	90c
23-24 Sept.	The Comet - N. Ruahines.	Harry Stewart	\$1.00
30 Sep-1 Oct.	Trial Search - Mangleton.	Alan Berry	90c
8 Oct.	Gold Creek - Armstrong Top.	Brian Mote	1.00
21-23 Oct.	Te Atua Mahuru - Hut Ruin -	Peter Lewis	1.00
Labour W'end.	Trig K Ridge.		
4 Nov.	Guy Fawkes - Clifton.		
5 Nov.	Black Birch Bivvy.	Pam Lewis	1.00
18-19 Nov.	Cairn Trip via Iron Whare & Makahu.	Phil Bayens	1.00
3 Dec.	Marathon ?	Helen Hill	?
16-17 Dec.	Waikamaka Official Opening.	Graeme Griffiths	1.00
30-31 Dec.,	New Year. Colenso Lake - W.	Graham Thorp	1.00
1-2 Jan.68	Ruahines		

Fares are reducible by 20c for seniors, and half-fares for juniors by 10c if paid at the meeting before or on the trip.

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ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

The 32nd Annual General Meeting will be held following the fortnightly meeting in the Radiant Living Hall, Warren Street North, Hastings, on Wednesday, 18th October, 1967.

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OVERDUE TRAMPERS

IF a Club Party at any time becomes overdue, would parents or members please first contact one of the following:-

Alan Berry	'phone 77.223
Maury Taylor	" HMN.829
Janet Lloyd	" 87.666

All active trampers - please show this to your parents.

