

HERETAUNGA TRAMPING CLUB (INC.)

"POHOKURA"

Bulletin No. 111.

April, 1969.

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TRESPASS ACT.

The provisions of this Act, which came into force on 1st January, 1969, are of interest to all members. The provisions mainly concerning us may be summarised as follows:

1. It is an offence to refuse to leave a property after being requested to do so by the owner or any other person in lawful occupation of that land. It should be noted that it is not an offence to go on to the property, but it is an offence to stay there when told to leave.
2. Where a person is trespassing or has trespassed on any land, the owner or occupier may verbally or by letter warn the person to stay off that land. Unless the occupier changes in the meantime, the person so warned off may not go back on to the land within six months after the warning has been given.
3. It is an offence for a person on land without the occupier's authority to disturb, even accidentally, any domestic animal by means of a dog, firearm or motor vehicle. If the animals are disturbed by other means it is an offence if this is done wilfully or recklessly, but not if the disturbance is accidental.
4. It is an offence to discharge a firearm without reasonable cause on any private land (this would not usually include a State forest) or to discharge a firearm into or across private land. These provisions only apply where a firearm is discharged without the authority of the owner or occupier or any lawful authority.

Whether or not you enter a property, it is an offence if, with intent to cause loss, annoyance or harm to any other person, shut gates are left open, fastened gates are left unfastened or open gates are shut, on or leading to any land used for the farming of domestic animals.

6. A person trespassing on private land must give upon request his name and address to the owner or person in occupation of the land, or to that person's wife, employee or agent.

A. V. B.

PRIVATE TRIPS.

WANGAPEKA TRACK.

Jan. 14 - 17th.

This track extends for 37 miles between Wangapeka and Te Namu through the North West Nelson Forestry District, and is the less popular, somewhat more difficult counterpart of the Heaphy Track which lies to the north. The problem with a traverse such as this is transport back, but we managed to arrange this, and the VW was left at the Wangapeka roadhead. The area is well supplied with four- and six-bunk, well-equipped Forestry huts, and the map supplied was most informative.

Tuesday 14th. Away at 8.00 hours in steady rain which continued all day. In various depths of mud we splashed along the track up the Wangapeka river for four hours, and reached King's Hut, a derelict little shelter. The chimney drew well, and we all felt better after a hot brew, but as we were all thoroughly wet it took quite an effort to leave the shelter and face the rain again. One incentive to continue was the thought that each pool ahead might contain a bigger and better trout than the previous one. The river abounded in beautiful trout which lazily wafted about in deep pools, and the dripping beech bush was alive with bird-life: robins, bellbirds, tits, and, higher up, kakas, to mention only a few. We reached Stone Hut at 16.00 hours.

Wednesday, 15th. This proved our only fine day, and by 9.00 hours we were continuing up the Wangapeka river, eventually to climb out on to the Saddle (3,308 ft.) by lunch-time. Views of alpine tops sparkled in sunshine, and kakas descended from the heights. After sharing raisins with us, one robin hopped right inside Trevor's pack, and came bundling out like a little grey mouse just as Trevor was doing it up. A fairly steep, meandering track led up to the Helicopted Flat Hut by 16.00 hours, where we spread ourselves out to take full possession. At 19.00 hours in walked three others and a dog, so we had suddenly to condense ourselves again.

Thursday 16th. We planned to bypass Stag Flat Hut and camp out on the top of the Little Wanganui Saddle (3,565 ft.) to shorten the distance for the next day. The track, difficult to follow at times, led down to the Taipo stream which we followed up for some distance before heading north-west through muddy, swampy bush. Periodically the bush opened out into grassy clearings, with cascading streams and waterfalls interspersed with deep pools, making very pleasant travelling. By 10.00 hours, however, the rain had increased, and swirling mists scudded over the tops. It was a long, slow drag, mainly through mud and over slippery tree roots to Stag Flat Hut, a little four-bunk hut nestled on the edge of a large tussock clearing immediately below the crest of the Little Wanganui Saddle. We crawled in at mid-day, and it was obvious we should have to spend the night here, as by then the fog had

completely wiped out the tops and steady rain fell. A weka entertained throughout the afternoon, and came right into the hut looking for more raisins. Two Christchurch 'varsity lads arrived, dripping wet and tired after having come from King's Hut that day.

Friday 17th. Overcast, cold and wet. We were away by 6.30 and to the top of the saddle by 7.00. With visibility at almost nil and wind making the rain penetrate, we didn't linger, but two lakes and limestone formations looked as though they could have been quite interesting in fine weather; also views down the Wangapeka Valley and out to the West Coast are reputed to be quite something from this vantage point. A lone black-backed gull on the lake shore was the only sign of life in the bleakness, so we rapidly descended very steeply down a rock and mud track to the bush line, then just as steeply down, almost swinging from tree to tree to lower levels, and into the Little Wanganui River valley.

From here the track led over huge river boulders right down to the middle of the river for endless miles. Rocks underwater were slippery and rain-wet rocks above water were even more slippery, making progress slow and exacting. A blue duck obligingly waited for the children to photograph him before disappearing over some rapids. We took a recommended detour overland, which proved long and tedious, to avoid having to risk swimming through a vicious-looking gorge, and lunch time brought us out on to a previously burnt bushed-over area. Opossum damage was very obvious all through this West Coast bush. Lunch we had at Belltown Hut, with the inviting message "Stagger Inn" above the door. The outhouse here consisted of four corner posts and a roof - rather draughty!

Down river from here the valley opened out to grassy river flats, and we made good time, being slowed only by the numerous river crossings necessary. Arriving at the road-head at 15.30 hours, we found our transport had been waiting thirty minutes for us! A stop-off in Westport for tea, and we were back in Tapuwera by 21.30 hours.

Party: Trevor Baldwin, Pam Lewis, David, Keith and Fiona Irvine.

BLACK STAG HUT.

22nd December, 1968.

Unfolding ourselves from the overcrowded Kombi at the end of Kashmir Road, we stretched our legs along the track over to the Moorcock and southwards to the low saddle dividing its valley from that of the north branch of the Makaretu. A short scramble through second-growth scrub and bush took us down to the stream near which stands Saddle Hut (as the map says, or Hidden Hut as it seems to be commonly called.) In our ranges we are so used to seeing stream beds heaped up with shingle and torn about by floods that it is a delightful change to see a stream like this one, as long as you are not in a hurry. Ferns and toe-toe grow right down to the water, which trickles among old, rounded, mossy stones from one quiet pool to another. Some distance downstream, we joined the main stream on its wide, barren strip of shingle, and a little farther down came to Black Stag Hut on the true left bank.

After a late lunch we made our way up through the bush on to the

range in the east. Coming back along the top of this some of us demonstrated the well-known principle that it is often quicker to climb over even quite a high knob than to sidle around it. By now thunderstorms were threatening, but the heavy rain kindly passes us by until we were only a few yards from our vehicle.

Party: David Butcher, Brenda Butcher, Jackie Smith, Mary Brigham, Jeannie Brigham, John Brigham, Jan Norris, Peter Lewis, Karenne Sparling, Sandra Smith, Paul Frude, Brian Smith, Neroli Wilton, Ken Zambra.

KAIPO LAGOONS, UREWERA.

January 18th-19th

We left the Kombi at Aniwanawa and set off up the track to Lake Waikare-iti at 2.30 p.m. Mist gathering and cold rain beginning to fall gave the view across the lake a sombre mood. Along the track round the southern and western sides, the dark covering of dripping moss on all the trees added to the effect of the close-growing branches and the dark clouds in suggesting that our watches were wrong and nightfall would catch us well away from the hut at Sandy Bay; but we reached it before 6.30.

Sunday morning was gloriously cool and fine. We strolled up through the bush, causing silence amongst the frogs as we passed the lagoons, and out on to a clearing which appears to be the bed of an old lake which has been drained by the opening-up of a sink-hole into limestone underneath. Probably the only grassy area in miles of bush, the fine grass growing on the pumice sand has been trimmed like a lawn by the animals. The trees round the edge looked clean and refreshed by the rain; the pool at one end, which is all that remains of the lake, sparkled, and the smooth grass looked so good that we sat down for an hour or so.

Another short stroll brought us to a large area, probably hundreds of acres, of bog, covered in clumps of tussock, low shrubs, and small ferns, interspersed with brown, mud-bottomed pools of clear soft water.

Back to the hut for a swim in the lake, where you can walk out on smooth sand for 100 - 150 yards and the water is still only 4 feet deep. A leisurely lunch, some "knotty problems" in reducing an old beech stump to useable firewood, and, to make up for the lazy morning, a quick dash back to the road. (Normal time is 4 - 5 hours; those who were still running at the finish made it in between two and three!) Around the lake edge we saw some powerful splashes made by fish catching their evening meal, and could just about believe stories that some of the biggest trout in N.Z. live in Waikare-iti.

Party: Neroli Wilton (leader), Brenda Butcher, David Butcher, Liz Pindar, Gerald Edmunds, Brian Smith, Peter Lewis, Alan Thurston, Ken Zambra.

DEER SHOOTING, KIWI SADDLE HUT.

Leaving the Taihape Road at 3.30 p.m. on my own as the two others could not make it, I headed for Kiwi Saddle Hut via Swamp Cottage. I soaked the new boots I was wearing in the first stream to help break them in, but about thirty minutes later took them off to put two lots of plaster on my raw heels. With boots on, and sore heels, I continued on. Two hundred yards up Huripapongo Hill I put the boots in my pack and put on a pair of sandshoes.

Continuing up, I went off the track, but kept going straight up. I came into the open to find a track that took me on the left side of the hilltop, to where we struck it the week before. Moving on, with two stops, and looking out for deer, I reached the hut about 6.45 p.m.

After changing my wet shirt I went down the track towards Kiwi Mouth Hut in search of deer until 8.00 p.m. I lost the track twice where it was overgrown, but managed to get back to the hut by torch-light. By 9.30 p.m. I had had a meal, blocked up a hole at the back of the hut to stop the wind, set the alarm and hit the sack.

At 3.30 a.m. the alarm went off, waking me with a start. It was just beginning to get light outside. I tried out a new breakfast of Weetbix with hot milk powder and glucose, which I wouldn't recommend to anyone. As I left the hut the sky was clear and there was a slight wind coming towards me. I travelled up and down ridges, over streams, through manuka and big timber for almost ~~xxx~~ an hour and a half; then, after crossing a saddle, I heard a bark. At first I thought it was a dog, then I heard it again: a deer, for sure. Moving very slowly, making as little noise as possible, after about 100 yards, on my right through the trees I saw a deer feeding. I Couldn't get a standing shot so I had to crouch down. As I did so the deer saw me, but I shot it before it could make up its mind about me. On reaching the dead deer I had taken off my pack when I heard another just over a rise, but by the time I got there it was gone. Returning to the deer I found I'd shot it through the neck, breaking it. It was 6.00 a.m., and by 7.00 a.m. I had skinned and boned the deer. Putting the meat in plastic bags in the pack and the skin on top, I put the pack on, and was glad I hadn't been able to find the second deer. After stopping at three streams on the way back, at the first to wash the blood off my hands and clean the knife, and the other two for a needed rest, I arrived at the hut at 9.00 a.m.

Feeling tired and not too keen on heading back to the road I opened a tin of mixed fruit and sat in the sun. By this time there were a few clouds coming over. Going back into the hut I lay down on the bunk, to awake at 10.30 a.m. The sky was clouding over so, I had something to eat and drink, then started to pack. The night before I put the boots in a 4 gallon tin of water, and since the pack was so heavy I was determined to wear them out and not carry them. After packing I cut some wood and cleaned the hut out, and by this time the cloud was quite heavy with very little sun; all of which was to my liking.

At 12 noon I set out for the road. The hill was murder. Every step up was painful, with my sore heels and heavy pack. 45 mins. to the top; normally 20 mins. Here ~~xx~~ I had a rest, the pain wasn't so bad after that. On down the other side, over the saddle and up the next hill. By this time what with the wet boots and the heat my feet were as hot as blazes. So I took off my boots and aired my feet: this was a great improvement. One more rest before reaching Kuripapongo Hill; there the weight of the pack started to tell, giving me sore shoulders and a pain in the back. The shingle slide was murder, too. The pack pulled down on my shoulders and my legs were almost giving way. Stopping at the uphill track I remembered a stream, and feeling rather dry, took off the pack and went in search of it, only to find it went underground where I was, and I had to go some distance up before I found it. With two more stops and a drink I finally arrived at the road and with the pack off my back and in my car I sat

down with great relief.

This trip is one I'll never forget; the breaking in of new boots, the walk out with a heavy pack, and sore feet and raw heels for three days.

But so much for the bad side. Looking at the other side, for the first time I fired a .303 rifle and shot my first deer with only one bullet, with no help from anybody else; and that was my main objective.

David White.

MACKINTOSH - STUDHOLME SADDLE - THE ROGUE 24th November

A knock on a forestry worker's door at Kaweka Base produced the key to the gate at the end of the dry weather track leading to Castle Camp Bivvy. I always get a nice feeling when I am driving over country that we used to have to walk across and this was the case as we drove to Castle Camp Bivvy. Leaving the car about 8 a.m. we made our way in fine overcast weather down the well-formed track into the Tutaekuri Gorge, over the swing bridge, and up the other side on to the Macintosh.

Neither of us had been on the Macintosh for over ten years and it was good to be back in this most pleasant bit of country with its open areas, bits of tussock and scrub and patches of bush. Just over two hours from the car saw us at Mackintosh Hut where we had a quick brew. The weather being overcast with little wind made it pleasant going as we left the Mackintosh and climbed up the ridge leading on to Studholme's Saddle. Cold mist met us as we headed north through the saddle and sidled round until we were looking down on to the Studholme saddle hut. In next to no time we were having lunch in the rather cold damp hut which gets very little sun being stuck down in a narrow valley. No doubt it's pretty well sheltered from the wind.

It took us half an hour to climb the 915 feet on to Kaiarahi which we thought not bad for a couple of old crocks like us. On regaining the main divide we found it more misty than before. It's a bit confusing here with the main divide doing a right-angled turn to run down to the Tits. A bit of compass work soon had us heading in the right direction.

We ran out of the mist as we skirted the Kaweka Hut basin on our way down The Rogue. Near the bottom of the Rogue we ran into patches of what was once quite a well cut track, but is now overgrown. I think it could be Maurie Robson's old pack horse track on to the tops.

Down across the Tutaekuri, a plod up the other side, then along the track to the car. It wasn't until we were half an hour from the car that the rain set in and we saw our only two deer of the trip.

J.G.

Alan Berry, Jim Glass

A Friday evening trip in to Sentry Box enabled us to make a 6 a.m. start on a gloomy drizzling Saturday morning in March. The clouds lifted though, as we laboured up the spur behind the hut and the Pohatuhaha ridge was clear as we headed northwards to Hut Ruin (Aranga).

After an early lunch and a rain guage reading (the first since the Club's trip last June) we continued in a westerly direction across the high plateau that forms the watershed between the Makaroro and the Ikawetea. Five minutes west of Hut Ruin a sign, pointing nowhere in particular, blandly states "Makaroro Hut 2 hours". Presumably the route leads down the long spur which meets the river about a mile upstream of the hut but we did not see any indication of the take-off.

The route along the main divide then leads through a bush saddle, veers South over trig XXXIV, down through a broad open saddle and round to the West again to Pio Pio. The main divide was clear by now but a cold wind blowing strongly from the South west did not encourage us to linger along the way. However, leg muscles, enfeebled somewhat by lack of use, made heavy going of the long upgrade from Pio Pio to Trig U, wading through the snowgrass and stunted scrub, and we were quite happy to make the top (4980 ft) a little before 3 p.m.

After a few minutes bashing among the scrub at the bushline trying to locate the track, we found reasonable going among the taller timber. The official track turned up a little later (it skirts the bush edge on the North side until well down the spur) and we cantered gently down to the Upper Makaroro Hut, eleven hours from Sentry Box.

We dallied a little at the hut to cut plenty of firewood before leaving on Sunday, as the day did not look too strenuous. A steep but steady climb soon took us on to the ridge which lies between the river and the main Pohatuhaha Ridge. The track follows the ridge northwards for a time before dropping to a saddle and climbing eastwards to the main ridge just south of Park's Peak Hut. Incidentally, the hut is right on Trig R, not some distance to the south as indicated on several maps. After an extended lunch hour, a leisurely wander brought us back to our starting point at Sentry Box.

It is many years since the Club visited the stretch of country between Hut Ruin and Trig U - possibly we have not been back since the infamous Queen's Birthday trip in 1954. The route described above, perhaps using the more direct spur from Hut Ruin to Upper Makaroro, would nevertheless make a good Club weekend trip.

A.V.B.

Jim Glass and Alan Berry

A FINE SEASON

28th Jan - 17th Feb

The Darrans are a complex range of mountains just east of Milford Sound. Being built of a very hard basaltic rock, they have retained the steep valley walls imposed on them by recent glaciation, so that much of the climbing in the region involves steep snowgrass and bluffs, topped by broad snowfields from which rise the rock summits themselves. Most of the peaks are not terribly high above sea level, but the climbs are still long ones.

"Don't do anything I wouldn't do" shouted the fat puffing bus driver as he roared off up the road to Milford, leaving Bob Garnett and me to double back the 300 yards to the Alpine Club's Homer Hut in the upper Hollyford Valley. A typical Southland rain had set in, but we had brief glimpses through the cloud of frightening black cliffs and waterfalls by the dozen.

The weather was unchanged next morning, so we hitched a ride through the Homer Tunnel and down to Milford to buy some kerosene and see the sights. Lunch at Bowen Falls, free from sandflies and tourists, then back to Homer by thumb.

Early the following morning the cloud was still low and drizzling, but there was little wind, so we left the hut at 5.30 and walked up to Gertrude Valley towards Mt. Barrier 6,900 ft. A scramble up some bluffs below Black Lake gave us our first taste of the solid roughness of Darrans rock - steep friction climbing is possible even in the rain. We sidled past the lake, which was almost completely filled by old avalanche snow, and climbed up to Gertrude Saddle, whose eastern side drops away almost sheer for 3,000 ft. From here a sidle to the right across a steep snowfield in total white out brought us on to the north west ridge of Barrier which offered a most interesting rock scramble including a "cheval" and a knife edged snow arete. The view from the top at midday was non-existent, and we decided not to traverse along to Marian. The descent took only 3 hours.

We were away at 5.30 next morning, scrambling up steep snowgrass through bluffs opposite the hut. The sky was clear, and more and more peaks became visible as we climbed higher and gained the west ridge of Crosscut. The rock here is loose for the Darrans, but solid by Hawke's Bay standards and it was an easy scramble up to the West Peak 7,500. The panorama encompassed dozens of rock and snow peaks in all directions, the most striking being Mt. Grave, which is a soaring blade of black rock, and, of course, the icy tower of Tutoko, which at just over 9,000 ft is the highest peak in the Darrans. We also had a close view of Sabre whose summit spire must be about the steepest in New Zealand.

After a leisurely lunch, we headed down the eastern side of

our peak and picked our way down a loose rock gut on to cross-cut's northern snowfield. The descent was speeded by some fast seat-glissading, and we were back at Homer by 4 p.m.

Some low-cloud at 4 next morning nearly sent us back to the sack, but we left at 5 regardless and walked up the road to the tunnel mouth. By now the sky had cleared and we clambered up a boulder slope to Homer Saddle. The steep rock ridge leading north from the saddle is part of an old route to Milford and is called Talbot's Ladder; we made it an enjoyable rock climb by steadfastly ignoring the fixed cables. Instead of plodding up to Mt. McPherson by an easy snow slope we followed the old pioneers route round to Lyttles slip, which is 20 minutes from the Grave-Talbot Pass, and from here led through up a steep snow couloir on the south face of Macpherson: some bergschrunds delayed us for a while and we weren't on the summit 6,200 ft until noon. After lunch a hot snow plod took us across to Traverse Pass: some more delicate bergschrund work, then we were scrambling up the north west ridge of Talbot 7,300 ft unencumbered by packs or ice axes. The last pitch was up a narrow sharp crack splitting a slab as flat and smooth as a marble wall. It was 4 o'clock and we could not linger; back to our packs, then an exhilarating sitting-glissade down the northern snowfield to Gertrude saddle, and so back to the hut in 2½ hours.

We packed food and gear for four days and next morning caught the 8.30 bus down the Hollyford as far as Falls Creek. A track climbs steeply through bush past the many waterfalls at the mouth of the creek which occupies a small secluded hanging valley; further on it is a bit of a bash alongside the stream on the true left bank until a tributary joins it just past the bush-line. Here we ensconced ourselves under a small bivvy rock. It rained most of the afternoon and we enjoyed a pleasant sack-bash.

Weather prospects were not promising for the morrow, so we didn't bother to "set our mental alarm clocks" we were therefore most annoyed to wake up late on a beautiful day with Mt. Pyramid our main objective sneering down on us. In the afternoon we headed up-valley intending to camp in a cave high on the slopes of the mountain. Pyramid had other ideas, though, and threw up an evil line of bluffs across our path. For about two hours we sweated up on steep snowgrass, performing some risky feats with big packs for ballast, until stopped by a wall of vertical snowgrass and greasy rock. There was nothing for it but to head back down again which involved lowering packs for 400 ft. Instead of going back to the cramped bivvy rock, we slept out on a soft grassy bank at the head of the stream with a ring of rocky peaks glowing above in the moonlight.

Bob had lost all desire to climb Pyramid, so next day we headed back down to the Hollyford. On the way down through the bush, we inspected a chasm the stream has carved in the rock and estimated it as 300 ft deep and 15 ft wide at the top! We

hitched back to Homer, and after a cold bath sat outside eating our stew, entertained by eight playful keas.

Next day we travelled to Queenstown, and then up to Unwin Hut at Mount Cook. The following day, we swagged up to Malte Brun hut. It is a long hot plod up the Tasman but makes staying at the hut all the more enjoyable.

Saturday the 8th February was one of those perfect unforgettable climbs. We left the hut at 3.15 a.m. and cramponned up a moonlit snow couloir through a line of bluffs. Dawn found us roping up an exposed neve at the head of the Malte glacier. The rocks above were clean and sound, and we moved together up to the west ridge. Above the cheval ridge we began to puff a bit from the latitude, but enjoyed the climb to the summit of Malte Brun 10,421 ft which we gained at 11 o'clock. A marvelous round of peak identifying and route plotting was followed by lunch and a snooze on the summit rocks. The descent was cooled by a light breeze, and after some careful work at the head of the glacier, we unroped and sped down to the hut on the seat of our pants arriving back at 5 p.m.

Wind and cloud next day confined us to the sack, apart from some bluff climbing above the hut.

Monday was little better, but we left at 1 p.m. to knock off Turnbull 7,400 ft. Instead of plodding up a straightforward snow couloir we attacked a rock rib on the south face; it was harder than it had looked, and we led through for a while. The summit was as solid as a big heap of Weetbix, but was a good viewpoint. An exhilarating glissade down the couloir and we were back in time for the 7 o'clock radio sched.

At 2 next morning a heavy mist filled the valley above 7,000ft but we had breakfast and picked our way down to the Tasman Glacier and followed it down to the de la Beche corner. Some nasty climbing over pressure ridges and up the moraine wall separated us from the S.W. ridge of de la Beche, but we were eventually pedding up smooth rock slabs in the sunshine. The route to the Minarets sidles across large snowface on the eastern side, which was already soft when we started on it. After half an hour's hot plodding the prospect of threading through slits and over bridges in this hot porridge became too much, and we headed up to the rocks of the ridge for a siesta at about 8,000 ft. A sleepy half-hour later retreat was sounded and we slid down to de la Beche hut for lunch.

Malte hut's alarm clock let us down next morning, and we weren't away 'till 6.30 bound for the Aiguilles Rouges 9,731 ft. Morning mist rapidly disappeared as we climbed up to a notch in the west ridge of Malte. As far as we knew the route led straight down the other side, which involved some tricky climbing

on rotten rock and 500 ft of very steep cramponing. At the foot of the Beetham icefall, we decided to avoid it by climbing a rock rib on the true left side; the hoped for holds were not forthcoming, however, and belays were required, some of them on pitons. We eventually gained the upper glacier and zig-zagged upwards among the crevasses, crossing the biggest I have ever come across by a delicate heart-in-mouth snowbridge. 2½ thousand feet from the top we had to agree that time was against us, and sidled to the left to regain the Malte ridge, above the notch we had come through. A last gleeful sitting glissade and we were back at the hut. Next morning we walked back down to Ball hut, and hitched a ride with some newlywed friends down to Unwin where we met David White and Co fresh from their success on Elie.

Bob left for Christchurch next day, but David and I were keen on Copland Pass, and moved up to Hooker hut in the afternoon.

We were away at dawn and gained the pass in 2½ hours. Leaving packs on the western side we scrambled up Madonna and traversed along to Du Faur for a better view. On the track down the Copland the swathe of destruction cut by avalanches through the bush showed the power of winter's snows.

After a pleasant night at Douglas Rock hut we moved on down the valley enjoying the lush bush and rushing waters after so much rock and snow. The delightful hot Springs at Welcome Flat were not neglected of course.

We hit the road at 5.30 and hitched up to Fox Glacier to return next day to the Hermitage via Wanaka, while I hitch hiked to Hokitika and so home - an enjoyable finish to a great season.

Bruce Lusher

PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPETITION

1. This contest is open to all financial Club members, including absentees and juniors.
2. Entries, limited to four per entrant, may be either coloured or monochromatic slides or prints.
3. Entries will be judged for photographic skill and appeal.
4. The subject must pertain to some aspect of tramping.
5. Entries must bear competitor's name and a suitable title.
6. Spotting. Slides must have a coloured spot placed in lower left hand corner of slide to be viewed from.

7. All entries must be handed to the Social Committee by May 14th 1969
8. Judge: Mr. A. Baldwin
9. Review and assessment of entries and presentation of prize will take place at the Club Meeting on 28th May 1969.
10. First prize: Silver Cup to be retained for six months by the winner.

XMAS PARTY

December 14th

With 58 folk in party mood on a fine night this year's Xmas party couldn't help but be a success. We are again grateful to Mr. Yule for the use of his property and as Brian Mote had done a grand job with a complicated system of generator, batteries and yards of flex, we were able to have the riverside area floodlit.

Tug of wars followed by an exhausting "no rules rugby match" was topped off with a swim then a series of games provided further entertainment until suppertime and a sing song round a bonfire.

Seven contestants amazed us with a display of previously hidden talent in a male beauty contest and some really feminine creations evolved; the winner being Warren Greere, parading in the most georgeous of beach wear featuring a dainty pink and white check bikini and beach cape.

Many helped in the organising of this evening and the Social Committee is particularly grateful to the working party who prepared the area and tidied up afterwards, and to Mrs. Joan Smith for making the Xmas cake.

P.M.L.

LEADERSHIP COURSE - "CAMP KAITAWA" 25th - 26th January

A weekend of advanced bushcraft training was sponsored by the Hawke's Bay Mountain Safety Committee, and directed by Mr. Ron Ward, Inspector of Schools.

The theme of this course was not so much how to do things right, as what to do, when things go wrong, and how to deal with emergencies in the bush. Most instructors emphasised the necessity for adequate planning both individual and party before the trip, and for good leadership.

The taking of all necessary precautions should prevent an emergency from arising once it has arisen, the course of action decided upon could well mean the difference between life and death. The leader is responsible for (1) the safety of the party (2) the enjoyment of the party, and (3) the successful accomplishment of the trip - in THAT ORDER!

Speakers at the course were Terry Hamilton-Jenkins - "Map and Compass"; Ian Snadden - Exposure - treatment and prevention" Inspector Williams "Search procedure", Peter Lewis "Clothing and gear and Alan Duncan - "Firearms". As well, there were general discussions and practical exercises.

Some points of interest: - Few mountain fatalities are really "accidents", - most are "incidents" which should have been prevented. Shooting fatalities should be zero as should exposure fatalities.

No-one should ever get "lost" no matter how mislaid" or "geographically embarrassed" he might be. Being lost is a state of mind, not a state of geography - no-one is ever lost until he panics.

Most mountain "incidents" occur to non-members of organisations. However, this is no cause for complacency and bears the added responsibility for Clubs of always setting a good example regarding safety precautions, adequate preparation and sound leadership.

The greatest danger for Tramping Club members lies in parties splitting up - this is a feature of Club trips which should be closely watched.

Because of the importance of sound leadership, it is essential that training be given to all potential Club leaders by means of instruction course, and also where possible, by being given limited responsibility on Club trips. Good leadership does not just happen. It is the result of knowledge and experience, and the confidence to use them. Sound leadership means safer and more enjoyable tramping for us all.

Club members attending course - David White and John Titchener, plus Peter Lewis, instructing.

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A NEW CLUB TRUCK

It was decided at a committee meeting last year that our truck was getting to the stage where it would soon be uneconomical to run. It has taken some time to find a vehicle which would suit the Club because this particular size of truck is very popular and they are difficult to get hold of, but we have now finally settled with a 1956 "A" Bedford which is in very good condition for its age and mileage of 88,000. There is a little work to be done to bring it up to certificate of fitness standard for carrying passengers (e.g. Indicator lights must be fitted), and it was decided at the last committee meeting to get a canopy made which will cover the length of the deck and also have a space over the cab to place some of the packs.

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G.T.

CAUSE OF ACCIDENTS

Several accident reports in the F.M.C. Bulletin give, as one of the causes, slipping on snowgrass, dry or wet, then falling on to rough rocks. So, Beware!

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EXPOSURE.

Of the varied risks that attend any trip into the hills, few can creep upon a party so insidiously, or with such permanent results, as exposure. Even in summer the weather on the tops can be cruel to the careless, especially as we are more likely to ignore the ever present possibility of bad weather and to leave a few too many of our warm clothes behind.

It doesn't really matter if you can't tie a professional looking bandage but it does matter if you cannot recognise the symptoms of exposure, and do not know how to do something about it.

For efficient functioning the vital organs of the body must be maintained at a relatively constant temperature of 37°C or 98.4°F. A drop in this core body temperature leads to:

Mental deterioration.
Loss of co-ordination.
Unconsciousness.
Circulatory and respiratory failure.

Causes - Wet, cold, wind. No one of these alone is likely to bring about exposure but a combination of any two or all three can be disastrous. Wind will of course accelerate the effect of the other two.

<u>Signs:</u>	Abnormal behaviour	Patient feels:	Anxious
	Slowing of movements		Cramps
	Slurring of speech		Unreal feelings
	Stumbling		Lethargic
	Weakness		Vision failing
	Repeated falling		
	Collapse		

Shivering stops when body temperature falls below 34°C.

The condition of the person affected can deteriorate very quickly, ending in collapse and death. It is therefore essential that every tramp should be able to recognise the onset of these conditions, not only in others but also in themselves, especially if travelling alone or separated from the main party.

Prevention: Always carry adequate warm and windproof clothing and put it on early enough. Tackle reasonable trips, especially if the weather is doubtful, thus avoiding undue fatigue. Eat regularly and often. Use your commonsense in avoiding exposure conditions.

Treatment: Moving the patient a long distance to shelter is not usually justified. Dig a snowcave or put up some form of shelter as soon as possible. Prevent further cooling and encourage rewarming. Change patient into warm dry clothing and get him into a sleeping bag if possible. Warm by bodily contact if necessary, but no over-enthusiastic direct heating from outside. Give warm sweet drinks, no alcohol. If carrying, keep head down to prevent convulsions.

A.V.B.

CLUB TRIPS.

No. 873.

GLENFALLS = MANGAKARA.Nov. 30th - Dec. 1st.

A two hour journey up the Taupo Road found us outside the Manager's house at Glenfalls where permission to cross the station was confirmed. We then continued down to and accidentally past the end of the road and once again succeeded in breaking the rear step while trying to manoeuvre in a very confined space. It just doesn't pay to try and drive those few extra yards past the end of the road in an endeavour to save a few yards walking.

By nine a.m. we were on our way across the farm land to the Mohaka River. River crossing practice then started as the Mohaka river had to be crossed three times in all. At 10.30 we were just above the mouth of the Waipunga River so we stopped for morning tea. After having retrieved the line of a fisherman who had got the line caught on the rocks in the bed of the river, the rest of the party continued across the Waipunga. The track to the Mangakare River goes along to the base of the horseshoe in the Mohaka river and then cuts inland to avoid a big meander in the river.

It was about 12.30 when the last of us arrived at the mouth of the Mangakare River, so we stopped for lunch and everyone went in for a swim in a large pool which had formed in a back-water in the river. After two hours of sunbathing it was time to once again make a move, so we donned packs and headed off up the Mangakara River. At about 3.15, a good camp site was passed and after reaching a large waterfall in the river, (which would take two hours to climb around), it was decided to return to the camp site. By 5.05pm., most of the tents had been erected and tea was under way. Once again it was a rather pleasant and fine evening but I thought it would be better to have all the tents up because there were one or two clouds in the west and after having been surprised on the Trial Search, I decided it wasn't worth the risk.

One of the boys had been accidentally stung with nettle during the day and was quite feverish. It was a little worrying at the time but fortunately he was okay in the morning.

About 11.00p.m. that night it started to rain and it rained quite heavily until next morning when it eased off a bit. Once again we were thankful to have had the forethought to get the tents up early. Next morning, seeing we didn't know how much rain had fallen in the back country, we decided to move out at about 7.30a.m. in case the Mohaka was up in which case we might not have been able to get out.

By 8.30a.m. however, when we reached the Mohaka, we found that it had only risen about two inches. Unfortunately once we had reached this point so early in the morning, and seeing it wasn't much of a day, there wasn't much else to do but return to the truck the same way as we had come the day before. This meant that we reached the truck at 12.30p.m. after having had a brew just before leaving the river, and we were back home at 3.30p.m. thus ending a short but nevertheless interesting trip.

Leader: Graham Thorp

No. in Party. 15

Peter Lewis, Randall Goldfinch, Brian Mote, Brian Smith, Paul Hollere, Neil Pulford, Stephen Lungley, Colin Flood, David Schutz, Clyde Nicholls, Murray Rigby, Pam Lewis, Glenys Richdale, Sandre Smith.

No. 874(a)

MARATHON.

Dec. 15th.

A slight drizzle and the Christmas Party the night before served as excuses to cancel the actual Marathon. Thirty went out to Kuripapango but some members did not even get out of their cars or off the truck.

Four left for Kiwi Hut to take in a mattress cover. Ten of us went in to Kaweka Hut. This track is starting to get badly overgrown and my opinion is that we should go back to a 2ft track instead of the present 6ft one which lets in too much light. The Hut needs a little attention. A few holes need patching. The surroundings are in a pretty disorganised mess but I suppose that is to be expected when large parties visit the area. The weather was drizzly in the morning but dry though overcast in the afternoon. A couple of members had a stroll^{sun} around the lake and that was the total of our Marathon activities.

No. in Party. 30.

Leader. P. Bayens

Kaweka Hut Party: Peter Lewis, Elizabeth Pindar, Philip, Els, Phil & Debra Bayens, Sue Adcock, Brian Turner, David Barfield, Peter & Chris O'Kane.

19.
Kiwi Saddle Party: David White, Alan Thurston, Randall Goldfinch
David Schutz.

Others: Trevor Baldwin, David Butcher, Bruce Lusher, Brian Mote,
Clyde Nicholls, Sue Greer, Neroli Wilton, Sandra Smith, Kay
Johnstone, Russell Millington, Brian Smith, Raymond Cook, Gerald
Edmunds, Lance Pell, Warren Greer.

No. 874(b)

KIWI SADDLE HUT.

As the Marathon was cancelled four of us set off for Kiwi
Saddle Hut taking a mattress cover with us. The weather was
overcast with the odd shower.

Some of us went past the turn off track to the top of
Kuripapango Hill and ended up at the shingle slide where two
deer went across in front of us. When we came to the open above
the shingle slide there was a heavy mist and visibility was 50
yards. Moving on towards the top, after working out where we
were, we picked a compass direction and soon came across the
markers leading to the hut. Not far from the top Alan stopped
to put plaster on his sore heels caused by his new boots. Two
of us went on ahead leaving Randall to look after Alan as time
seemed against us. With the mattress cover we set off. The
track was easy to follow through the trees, but once out in the
open the markers were hard to pick up in the mist. After
reaching one, you would have to go 10 to 20 yards before the next
would be seen. After crossing a saddle, you go up the other
side to the top, then down a long descent to the hut which is
at the bottom. It took three and a half hours from the track
to the hut the time being 1.00p.m. With the fire going and the
billy on, there was a five minute battle with mattress cover
and mattress which we won. The others arrived at 1.30p.m. and
as we had lunch the sun was coming out and we could see the
Tutaekuri River.

After cleaning the hut out, we headed back at 2.30p.m.
As soon as we reached the first marker, the mist came down and
the hut was out of sight. To Kuripapango Hill was easy but then
our troubles started as we cut around the left side too short
and on coming on a shingle slide started down. Coming out of
the mist we found we were heading north instead of east and
thinking the right slide was just around a bit, we worked our
way round only to end up in a lot of 4½ft manuka. After half
an hour of getting no where we got the map out and found just
where we were. We were on the left side of a ridge going north
east from the top. After going back on a south west angle,
coming out on the open slopes we worked our way south east and
came out right above the shingle slide. Going down this was
great, especially when the mist cleared. The view was terrific
with the lakes below. Once down the slide it wasn't long before
we were back at the truck half an hour behind time. D.W.

No.875

COPLAND PASS

Dec.27th - Jan.10th

We travelled in Peter's Kombi and Pam's Volkswagen car. Into these vehicles we had to get all our packs, which each weighed at least fifty pounds, spare gear, boots, ice axes, billies, first aid, etc., and the food for us to take over the Pass. This amounted to enough food for 15 bods for 7 days. We managed to get all the stuff in and were on our way by 15.30 hrs. At Wellington the ferry departed at 22.40 hrs.

Sat. 28/12/68: We arrived at Picton at 02.00 hrs. and the vehicles were removed to the wharf by the drivers. The rest of us, however, stayed on the ship until morning. At 06.30 we moved off south from Picton and had breakfast on the roadside. We then headed on through Blenheim and down the Kaikoura Coast. It was 15.30 before we left Christchurch. At 19.00 we reached Unwin Hut (about 3 miles short of the Hermitage), a relatively new hut belonging to the Alpine Club, and the Alpine Club members of the party had got us in there for 50c. per night for members and \$1.50 per night for non members.

Sun. 29/12/68: The morning was overcast at first but the cloud looked fairly thin, so it was decided to spend a day up on the Tasman Glacier getting used to using crampons, ice axes and cutting steps. I think everyone found this day's practice was extremely helpful and quite necessary as it had been some time since any of us had been on ice and you can lose touch fairly quickly. Most of the time was spent at the foot of the Hochstetter ice fall which provided quite a lot of entertainment with the frequent avalanches which occurred throughout the day. After tea we motored off up to the National Park Headquarters to see some films.

Mon. 30/12/68: The track from the Hermitage to Hooker Hut (our destination for the day) goes north up the Hooker Valley. It's a good track with two very good swing bridges across the river which enables you to get to the hut with dry feet if you are lucky. The Hooker Valley leads up to the foot of Mt. Cook, and since the mist cleared away for us by 10.30 hrs. we were able to get some magnificent views of that and other peaks.

I don't know whether the party was unfit, had packs that were too heavy or whether it was just the urge to stop and look at the scenery but it seemed to be a long drag up the side of the Hooker Glacier to the hut and what was reputed to be a two hour stroll turned out to be four hours heavy going. However, the last of us were at the hut by 13.00 hrs. and were then left with the rest of the day to recuperate.

Tues. 31/12/68: Well, this was to be the big day of the whole trip, when we were to cross the pass and, as it happened, we couldn't have picked a better day. It was 02.30 hrs. when everyone rose from the sack. We moved slowly out at 04.30 hrs. From Hooker Hut the route goes on up the valley for about 400 yards till it crosses a small creek which comes down from the Fitzgerald Saddle. Then you start

climbing up the ridge which eventually leads to the Copland Pass. It was at this point that the mist was reached but as it turned out it was only a very thin layer and we climbed out of it just in time to see the sun rise on Mt. Cook. The views at this time of the morning with not a breath of wind, a layer of mist in the valley below and the crisp outline of snow covered ranges is just indescribable.

The ridge to the top is quite steep and gave some good rock climbing practice in places. It was about half way up the ridge where we had our first (almost) bit of bad luck when Randall took out his sleeping bag and put it down beside him on the ridge. Before he knew what was happening it was over the side. Fortunately it fell into a little crevasse which had formed where the snow meets the rock and this made it relatively easy to get. John also dropped his lens hood on the ridge and it worked its way so far down into the holes between the rock that we just couldn't find it. 09.30 hrs. saw us at the top on the rock with about a 500ft. snow face to climb into the pass. The snow by this time was getting soft and after a short rest we roped up and got under way before it became too soft. It was still mighty hard work, taking nearly an hour to get everyone up.

Once in the pass four of the party went up to climb Lean Peak, which is a small peak to the north. The correct height of the pass seems to be hard to find, but Pam had seen it written on one map as 7,500 feet. By 13.00 hrs. the mist started to roll in from the west coast and, although it wasn't cold sitting in the pass everyone felt that it would be good to get going, so as soon as the others were back we set off down the west side (14.30 hrs.)

This side has a lot more snow and it drops down to a lower level. The route down to the Copland River goes through two rather large snow-filled basins. We endeavoured to sit down and slide to the bottom in the snow but it was too soft to get any speed up. However it was better than walking all the way. At the bottom of the second basin we passed some large balls of snow that had come down in an avalanche at some time, but as we had only just dropped out of the mist there was no hope of seeing where it had come from.

On reaching the snow line a track sidles off round the southern side of the Copland River and then Flashing Creek. It drops about 1,000 feet down the side to the valley floor where it continues down stream for some distance until it reaches Douglas Rock Hut. About 200 yds before the hut it is now necessary to cross a washout which is about a quarter of a mile wide. It would appear that the slip must have come down in the Inangahua earthquake as the amount of damage is so considerable. From there we went on to Douglas Rock Hut arriving at 18.30 hrs., to find a party of nine Wairarapa Tramping Club members.

Wed. 1/1/69: This was to be an easy day with only a short trip down the river to Welcome Flats Hut. With this in mind the party set off in dribs and drabs. Before the last of us left Douglas Rock Hut, however, we saw two magnificent avalanches come down from the back of Mt. Sefton, one of which lasted for some considerable time as it came down out of

the mist without touching any part of the mountainside. The trip down to Welcome Flats Hut is pretty good. The track gets a bit rough in places but it's just about impossible to have a track anyway. About half an hour before you reach the hut you strike the flats which cover most of the valley floor and make for very pleasant tramping. Just before the hut you cross the Copland River on a fairly good swing bridge (it will need some repairs soon), and then you have a hut and three lovely hot pools. It's not often you can relax in hot pools and watch avalanches coming down all around you.

Thurs. 2/1/69: At 06.00 hrs. three of the party left the hut for the road where they were to hitchhike to Fox. They reached the road before lunch but it was late in the afternoon before they reached Fox. They then chartered a plane and had a very interesting trip back to the Hermitage where they picked up the vehicles. The remainder of the party had a rest day at Welcome Flats.

Fri. 3/1/69: Rising fairly early, for what reason we are still not sure, we were out of the hut by 06.45 hrs. and slowly moved out to the road, having one stop for a swim and several stops to look at rocks on the river bed. The track follows the Copland River until just before you reach the road. Here the Copland River meets the Karangarua River which is then followed to the road. It was 13.10 hrs. when we got out and we really didn't have to wait long for the vehicles which had gone down to Wanaka and back up through the Haast Pass. After running out of petrol just before Fox we made our way to Lake Matheson where we camped the night. Some of the party went in to see some pictures at the Westland National Park Headquarters. There was only one disadvantage in camping at Lake Matheson - you've never seen so many mosquitoes in your life as there are there. It is just impossible to get out of their way.

Sat. 4/1/69: It was 11.10 hours before we left Fox. The weather wasn't the best; the cloud was down on the ranges and there was a little light rain as we moved on up the road. At 12.10 hrs. we stopped for about half an hour at Lake Mapourika and then continued on to Greymouth where we arrived at 16.00 hrs. We stayed at the motor camp as it was only 25c. a night and this was well worth it for the facilities we could use.

It had been the intention of the party to do the Heaphy Track in the next few days as we had time to spare before going on the boat. This wasn't to be, however, because during the night at Greymouth we had 1.66 ins of rain and quite a storm. There were tents down all round the camp and we were up part of the night replacing some of them.

Sun. 5/1/69: The next day the weather started to improve but the forecast was bad and as you need reasonable weather to cross the Heaphy we decided not to risk it. (There are several rivers which can apparently cut you off.) We spent the day with a bit of touring up to Westport through the Buller Gorge to Inangahua to see the earthquake damage, then returned back to Greymouth via Reefton.

Mon. 6/1/69: This was spent heading back through Reefton to the Maruia

Springs with a short detour to have a look at Waiuta, a Ghost Town from the goldmining days. We camped just downstream from the Maruia Springs and once again had quite a wet night.

Tues. 7/1/69: We left Maruia Springs at 10.00 hrs. and travelled through the Lewis Pass to Hanmer. From there we continued on to Lake Sumner which turned out to be quite a trip. The road in to the lake is rough to say the least and it was quite a job getting the vehicles in. At the hut, which is at the head of the lake, you can see some really fantastic scenery.

Wed. 8/1/69: We awoke in the morning to find snow had fallen on the tops in the Lewis Pass area, and seeing there had also been a bit of rain there was no doubt in our minds that we should head back out. With most of us walking it took just on three hours to reach the good road and we went back to Culverden at 13.15 hrs. The afternoon was then spent travelling to Kaikoura, where we spotted a 5,026 ft. mound of dirt at the back of the town. Thinking this was worth a climb the next day we motored up to a farm which was just below the knob (known as Mt. Fyfe.) The farmer gave us permission to stay for two nights there and gave us a hay barn to sleep in.

Thurs. 9/1/69: We set off reasonably early up Mt. Fyfe but soon found that the day was very warm and also that we were not very fit after our travelling round. Everyone climbed to about 500 feet from the top where there was a knob which gave a good view of Kaikoura and the surrounding countryside. Two climbed on to the top and had a good view of the seaward Kaikouras. We then returned to the farm where we had our second comfortable night in the hay barn.

Fri. 10/1/69: We left Kaikoura at about 10.00 hrs. and went to Blenheim for lunch. As our crossing on the Ferry wasn't until 22.00 hrs. we decided to go to Picton via Havelock and Queen Charlotte Sound.

Sat. 11/1/69: Home again, after an excellent trip. G.T.

No. in party: 15.

Leader: Pam Lewis

Warren Greer, Peter Lewis, Brian Smith, Brian Mote, Lance Pell, Paul Frude, Bert McConnell, Gerald Edmunds, Trevor Baldwin, David & Jane Oldroyd, John Feigler, Randall Goldfinch, Graham Thorp.

No.876

GREEN FLATS, PUKETITIRI PICNIC

Jan. 12th

Seventeen arrived at Baldy in two cars and the Kombi. The weather was fine and warm. Peter took the kombi down the track for about 400 yds while the cars parked on the road. Green Flats was only ten minutes walk from the road and we arrived at 10.35am. It is a nice green area about 150 yds long and 50 yds wide in a gully with manuka all around and a stream on one side. We dammed the stream up in the deepest place and the water rose to make it about 4 ft. deep. As the water was rather cold only two keen bods went in and one not so keen.

By noon the weather started to cloud over and an hour later there was lightning and thunder to the west so we had lunch, after which we packed up everything just in case the storm came our way even though the cloud was coming from the east. At 1.35pm the wind turned west and the first drops of rain fell, so we headed out. 100 yds later it was raining with a strong wind behind it. Then came hail, small at first then as big as marbles, stinging us with every direct hit. Peter had to put chains on to get out. The hail lasted for just over ten minutes and everyone was wet. Peter invited us all to his parent's place, but some who had no spare clothing decided to head back to Hastings.

No. in party: 17

Leader: David White

Sue Greer, Dorothy Bowman, Judith Mercer, Marion Armstrong, Sue Adcock, Pat Roberts, Bev and Viv Hope, Liz Pindar, Brent McLeod, Alan Thurston, Raymond Cook, Lance Pell, Brian Smith, Peter Lewis, Gerald Edmunds.

No.877 KURIAPANGO - ROCKS AHEAD (?) - NGARURORO Jan.25-26th

This trip did not turn out quite as expected, but for some a better trip resulted. After a 5.00am start from Holt's we left the truck at the flood gauge above the Kuripapango bridge and made our way up to 4100'. This track is a relatively painless route, when compared with the Smith-Russell track, in spite of its extra 400'. About half way up we divided into two groups - one of eight and one of ten. The former, planning to go to Rocks Ahead Hut, pushed on to Kiwi Saddle, while the remainder followed at a more leisurely pace, having Kiwi Mouth in mind.

ROCKS AHEAD PARTY: After a quick lunch at Kiwi Saddle we moved north along the ridge towards Castle Camp. Some difference of opinion was expressed as to which route would be the best down to Kiwi Creek. By taking about three different ones we concluded that they were all equally difficult - rocky, scrubby, and almost vertical. The minor injuries suffered were attended to in the Creek as we contemplated the long slog up on to Back Range. The weather had so far been fine and in the Kiwi creek valley the air was hot and still - not very inducing to a steep climb. From where we were there were no tracks. However, we had picked our spot well and only a minimum of scrub-bashing was endured.

When we reached the top of Back Range (at 3.30pm) the weather was just beginning to pack up. We could see the spur leading off on the western side down to the Ngaruroro where the Rocks Ahead Hut was, but it was still some distance away. Progress along the top was hampered by rain and mist, and severe cramp for one bod. The top was partly open and partly bushed with at first no track. As the visibility was down to 10 - 20 yards it didn't require much effort to miss the way to Rocks Ahead. Whether the turn-off is marked or not I am still not sure.

Our mistake was quickly realised when we emerged from the bush

at an unfamiliar point and a study of the map revealed that we were now on Mamonga. Going back to find the route to Rocks Ahead would have been difficult and disheartening in the thick mist, especially as we could not travel very quickly. The more satisfactory alternative was to continue down to Stern's Saddle and Back Hut; the time and distance we knew to be no further than to Rocks Ahead. Also the thought of 12 hours in the river next day, starting at 5.00am, was not very pleasant just then. So, Back Hut it was. An easy down-hill tramp brought us there by 7.00pm.

The next day was fine with patches of morning mist; an exit via the tops and Kaweka Hut was indicated. We left Back Hut shortly after 7.00am and were at the Cairn by 9.30am. To the east a dense sheet of cloud lay below us as far as we could see. Westward the view was fairly clear, although some cloud was approaching. We moved south along the tops toward Kaiarahi and were enveloped in mist as we reached Studholm's Saddle. Fortunately the snow poles were spaced just close enough for us to be able to see the next one ahead and we had no trouble in finding our way to Kaweka - arriving about 12.15pm.

After a leisurely lunch and brew we made our way out to Swamp Cottage and down the road to the truck, arriving there about two minutes after the first of the other party. Another brew was made while the rest wandered in at intervals looking very wet but happy. We left Kuripapango at 5.00pm.

Leader: Brian Smith

No. in Rocks Ahead Party: 8

Brian Smith, Peter Lewis, Kelvin Walls, David White, Randall Goldfinch, Gerald Edmunds, Brian Mote, David Schutz.

No. in Kiwi Mouth Party: 10

Paul Holleron, Neil Pulford, Raymond Cook, Pamela Squire, Judith Mercer, Peter Hubscher, Russell Millington, Jim Patterson plus 2.

No. 878

LILLO TRIP

Feb. 9th

Twentyeight arrived at Kuripapango and we made the first river crossing at 10am. The water was high - quite dangerous. We stuck together in 6's for safety but even then several of us were swept off our feet. After a pleasant tramp and lunch we spent some time repairing lilos which would not blow up!

We then set off on the interesting part. The water was vicious. Many couldn't stay on their bucking, leaking mounts. We nearly lost one member who was swept into an underground cave and was submerged for nearly two minutes. When brought ashore she collapsed after her fight to surface against the current. We must watch that dangerous spot next time! We all got out safely although many bruises and cuts were only discovered on the truck trip home.

No. in party: 28

Leader: Roy Swain

Brian Turner, Pam Lewis, Neroli Wilton, Pat Roberts, Jackie Smith, Peter O'Kane, Chris O'Kane, Jennifer Goldfinch, Randall Goldfinch, Gerald Edmunds, Brian Smith, Toby Simon & Deborah Easton, John Churchill, Christine Cardinge, Sandra Smith, Elizabeth Pindar, Phil Bayens Sr. & Jr., Robin Heath, Karena Sparling, Chris Persen, Tim Kearney, John Furminger, Kay Johnstone, Russell Millington.

No.879

SHUTES HUT

Feb. 22-23rd

After much discussion on which route to take, we decided to go through Timahanga Station and down the Taruarau River. We left Hastings at 6am. and after obtaining permission from the Manager we proceeded down a farm track to leave the truck just before a ford. The grass was wet but the skies were clear so we knew we were in for a good day. From the truck all we had to do was to follow a well-worn farm road until we came to the Taruarau river. Here we stopped to consider which route to take - the river or the ridge on the other side of it. As it was hot and the water nice and cool we voted for the river. But after three to four crossings up to our shorts we changed our minds, for the Ikawatea river joined in on a "get the trampers wet" campaign. We picked out a nice looking ridge on the other side and proceeded to bush-bash our way up to the top. Here we came across the Shutes - No Mans track so all we had to do was go down it until we hit the hut. It took us 3 hours to the river, $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours up the ridge and $\frac{1}{2}$ hr down. We arrived at the hut about 5pm.

In this four bunked hut is a very interesting log book. The hut was built for the old time mustērers and a rabbitier named Alex Shute. The walls are made of concrete and stones about nine inches thick. The log tells of Alex's dogs, cats, horses and excursions around this area. As he lived in this hut quite a long time he grew fruit trees of various kinds - peach, plum, apple, etc..

We were away the next morning at 7am under a very light drizzle. We went down Shute's creek to the Taruarau, and up a ridge on the other side of the river. At the top of this ridge we came into the mist downing our visibility to 2-3 hundred yards. Up on this plateau we had to follow a compass bearing due north, through soupy mist. After 2 hrs of this we came to the northern end of the plateau. We had to go down a ridge, then into a creek bearing northwest. At 1pm the mist lifted enough for us to find out exactly where we were going to come out, so we stopped for a welcome brew. From there we sidled along the creek we were in, until we met the burnt off scrub, then down on to the farm track. We arrived at the truck, hot and sore footed and arrived home at 8.30pm. This trip would not be recommended in adverse weather. Even kind weather such as we had was a challenge.

No. in party: 8

Leader: Trevor Baldwin

Graham Thorp, John Titchener, Gavin Sharp, Geoff Richards, Brian Turner, Noel Evans, Ken Elsmore.

No.880

SMITHS CREEK GORGE

March 9th

In good weather, we made our way up and along Hinerua Ridge, past "Foot's Mistake" (a deceptive fork in the track where several previous parties have gone astray when coming back in the opposite direction!) and stopped for a few minutes at Hinerua Hut before heading down a less-well-marked track which drops steeply down the north side of Hinerua Ridge to Smith's Creek at a point not far above the gorge.

A large pile of dry driftwood beside the stream provided a good excuse for us to boil the billy there.

Downstream, the gorge rapidly worsened, until we were in a deep, cold, dark cleft, little more than six feet wide, with vertical or even overhanging sides, and blocked by a log-jam. We could have clambered down ten feet or so over slippery logs, if we had not minded the waterfall pouring over us, and swum the deep pool below, but from what we could see of the gorge below there was every likelihood of more, and perhaps impassable, waterfalls lower down, in which case we might have had quite a problem getting back up. So we retreated until we found a place where we could scramble up the cliff on the true right bank, sidle the steep hillside which juts out into a meander of the gorge, and lower ourselves down the partly overgrown track of an old slip which led down at what seemed like a 75-degree angle, to the stream-bed again.

Actually, our suspicions of large waterfalls were unfounded, though there were a few narrow places where the somewhat coldish water was rather breathtakingly deep. Further down where the stream abruptly changes direction (from flowing eastward it turns more to the north) and appeared to us to be widening out, we again climbed out to the right, up a semi cliff face, and made for the track along Hinerua Ridge which we had followed on our way in. Unfortunately when we had climbed out of the stream bed, we found that we were on the western, the wrong, side of a nasty, rough little side gully, so came on to the track only a short way below Foot's Mistake. But the track was such a welcome change after the long uphill struggle through fern, bushlawyer etc., that we soon made up for the extra distance.

P.L.

No. in party: 17

Leader: Brian Mote

Peter Lewis, Chris Person, Brian Turner, Roy Swain, Gerard Minogue, Robert Weteringa, Colin Flood, Geoff Richards, Peter & Chris O'Kane, Graham Thorp, Pam Lewis plus 2, Glenys Richdale, Liz Pindar.

No.881

RIPIA VALLEY, PUKETITIRI

March 22-23rd

17 of us arrived at Puketitiri in kombi and car. Pam joined us here and after a cup of tea at the Lewis's we headed for the farm. At 9.30am we started up the old Pakaututu Road which we followed for some distance before dropping down to the Ripia River. The weather was fine and the river low. After criss-crossing the river until noon we had lunch opposite the Whakahu Stream. We headed up this stream after lunch for two hours, then taking a side gully up to a ridge. There we found a cut track, which we followed up then went down a spur to the Toropapa Stream where we camped the night.

Next morning we crossed the stream, then went up to the old logging track which we followed along the stream for an hour; then back over it and up a ridge. Following a ridge down with the Kowaro Stream on our left we had a good view of the Kaweka Range and the Pumice Cliffs before dropping down for lunch beside the Kowaro Stream. We tramped down the stream for some distance, then over to a track running with the stream down to the Ripia. Reaching the river we went down to see

the Pumice Cliffs then up to the cars. Some had a swim in the Mohaka River. We had a cup of tea at the Lewis's and were back in Hastings by 7.00pm.

No. in party: 18

Leader: David White

Pam Lewis, Susan Greer, Sandra Smith, Dorothy Bowman, Judith Mercer, Karena Sparling, Janet McDonnell, Alison Gillespie, Peter Lewis, Brian Turner, Peter & Chris O'Kane, Ken Elsmore, Gerard Minogue, Robert Wetering, Trevor Taylor, Alan Thurston.

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SOCIAL NEWS

Correction: We very much regret that the wrong name was given in an engagement notice in Bulletin No.110. Instead of Alan Culver it should have been Ross Culver.

Births: To Annette and Russell Berry - a son.

To Graeme and Ngaire Evans - twin sons.

To Lois and Al Moffitt - a son.

Marriages: Dempster Thompson to Christine Davies.

Elizabeth Buchanan to Rynne Tanton.

Catherine Stirling to Walton Goldsmith.

Margaret Turner to Graham Griffiths.

Bereavement: Our sympathy to Elizabeth Pindar in the loss of her brother.

Departures: Neroli Wilton to Massey University.

Margaret Buchanan to Ardmore.

Alan Morton to Tokomaru Bay.

Transfer: Paul Frude from Christchurch to Invercargill.

Return: Kelvin Walls from Wellington to Hastings.

Appearance: George and Sue Lowe, at present living in Santiago, looked in one evening and showed us slides of Chile. Several old hands who had tramped with George turned up to greet him so that it was quite a reunion. Norm Elder came up from Wellington.

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

Christopher Persen (Jr.), Ken Zambra, Randall Goldfinch, Paul Holleron (Jr.), Colin Flood (Jr.), John Furminger (Jr.), Geoff Richards (Jr.), D.P. Schutz.

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TARARUA TRAMPING CLUB CELEBRATION

This year, from Oct. 25th - Nov. 2nd the T.T.C. will celebrate its fiftieth birthday. Any former members interested in attending please send in your names and addresses to: R.C. Jefferys, P.O. Box 1008, Wellington 1.

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FIXTURE LIST

Date	Trip	Fare	Leader
<u>MAY</u> 4	<u>MAKINO HUT - PUKETITIRI HOT SPRINGS.</u> A pleasant day through fern and bush to Makino Hut, returning via the Puketitiri Hot Springs. An easy alternative is to picnic by the springs.	\$1.	Alan Thurston
17-18	<u>UPPER MAKARORO HUT.</u> A 4 to 6 hour trip up the river to Upper Makaroro Hut. On the second day return via the Ruahine Divide or via Pohatuhaha ridge and Parks Peak Hut.	\$1.	Peter Lewis
Queens B'day 31/5 to 2/6/69	<u>KETETAHI HOT SPRINGS TONGARIRO NATIONAL PARK</u> An easy 2 hour trip into Ketetahi Hot Springs Hut on Mt. Tongariro. Using this hut as a base the weekend can be spent doing trips around the craters of Mt. Tongariro. A more fit party can climb Mt. Ngauruhoe.	\$3. \$2.50	Trevor Baldwin Jun.
<u>JUNE</u> 15	<u>MANGLETON LIMESTONE BLUFFS.</u> A chance for the rock climbers to have some practice. An alternative could be a trip up Pohatuhaha.	90c	Alan Berry
28-29	<u>MacINTOSH PLATEAU - STUDHOLMS SADDLE HUT.</u> A snow trip into this hut on the western side of Studholms Saddle in the Kaweka Ranges; returning over Kaiarahi then via Kaweka or Kiwi Huts.	\$1.	Brian Mote
<u>JULY</u> 13	<u>TE WAKA (via Potters Road)</u> An easy day through open country along the Te Waka range between Puketitiri and the Napier-Taupo Road.	\$1.	Pam Lewis
26-27	<u>POHANGINA SADDLE, LEON KINVIG HUT, NGAMOKO RANGE</u> A longer weekend than usual into the Pohangina Saddle at the head of the Pohangina river. The first night will be spent at Leon Kinvig Hut some distance down the Pohangina river. The return on Sunday will be along the Ngamoko range to Otumore.	\$1.	David White
<u>AUGUST</u> 10	<u>PARIHAKA.</u> An interesting day in open country to the east of Pakaututu.	\$1.	Kay Johnstone

