

HERETAUNGA TRAMPING CLUB (INC.)

"POHOKURA"

Bulletin No. 114.

April, 1970.

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CLUB TRIPS.

MT. EGMONT.

No. 900

Labour Weekend 1969.

Eighteen Club members and five boys from Hastings Boys' High, headed west to explore the 8260' volcanic "pile" that is Egmont. Pile, perhaps, is rather unkind, for it is indeed a majestic peak and in its changing moods was to offer us a memorable weekend.

Right from the outset the party was organised into two groups - one, the climbers and snow-cavers numbering 13, and the others, the ten round-the-mountain trampers.

(A) Snow-cavers.

Making full use of the very long weekend Hawke's Bay schools enjoy, five High School boys and I headed off first thing on the Thursday morning in the old Oxford - heavily laden - to do a recce and if possible start the snow caves on Panthams Peak - the 6,500' parasitic cone on the South flank of Egmont. The rest of the party were to leave round 7p.m. on Friday night.

We arrived at Dawson Falls around 3.30p.m. after a leisurely trip, intending to spend the night there before heading up the

3000' to Syme Hut which is literally just under the summit of Fantham's Peak. However, there was no accommodation available at Dawson Falls and as the weather was rapidly deteriorating - it was by now raining heavily - and the hour was late, Syme was out of the question for Thursday night.

However, the President of the Mt. Egmont Alpine Club, Mr. Barry Conway, came to the rescue by permitting us to use Kapuni Lodge which is just about 1000' above Dawson Falls. He insisted on coming from Hawera to open up for us and see that all was well. This was only the first taste of Taranaki hospitality which was to be such a cherished memory of the weekend.

After a very restful night in Kapuni, the six of us decided to make a try for Syme Hut though the weather had worsened if anything and showed no sign of lifting.

About three hours later we were back in the warm dry hut peeling off saturated layers. High wind and hail had literally driven us back. We sat it out - card, reading, eating and eating. By Saturday morning things were not much better and we talked to the others on the telephone link to Dawson Falls. They had arrived between 3&4a.m. and hadn't had much sleep. I suggested that we all go round the mountain but, to avoid crowding the huts, the original climbing party head round clockwise and the trampers anti-clockwise. Peter agreed and the trampers headed east. Pam Brought the other 7 "climbers" up to Kapuni where we decided to dump most of our climbing gear. Fortunately we agreed to take ice axes and one primus. Round noon we headed west towards Kahui Hut. It was still cold and squally and we were heading straight into it. After an hour or so of heads down trudging over tussock country we had stopped on a rock ridge for a snack when it happened - the clouds broke up and there was the icy summit of Egmont. This proved to be more than a temporary clearance and without too much persuasion we decided to go up to Syme Hut, use it as a base and dig our snow caves. Despite the uphill climb ahead, everyone seemed excited at the prospect of doing what we had come to do - namely snowcaving.

We straggled into Syme (almost buried in snow) between 2&3p.m. and with hot tea and soup inside us, got stuck into the caves. By dark the two caves. By dark the two caves were big enough to hold half the party while the others slept in the hut. It was a beautiful clear night with the rising full moon streaming into the tunnel entrances of the caves.

Sunday dawned clear but windy and was to remain like this all day. Since we were not properly equipped, a climb of Egmont was out of the question because of its icy condition so we spent the morning in instruction and training - step

cutting and self-arrest. The climax of this was a 300' climb up snow covered and then a traverse across an icy face which gave most people as much excitement as they wanted for the day.

That afternoon, the caves were increased in size and most slept out. Unfortunately cloud and rain moved in that night and some cave dwellers were a bit damp as a result of the sudden thaw.

By Monday morning the weather had closed in again - high wind, cloud, rain and it was just possible that we might not get down. Linked together by the one rope we had - it was not possible to see the people at the end of the rope - we groped our way down the first 500'. The cloud was less thick here and we descended more rapidly to Kapuni and then to Dawson Falls. The Trampers arrived shortly after us having spent their weekend at Tahurangi Lodge in central heated, dunlopillo comfort. There was some 'excuse' about a girl being ill but we hardened snow cavers could recognise a good old case of "hut-Boundities" when we saw it. The five boys and myself returned the key for Syme and Kapuni to Mr. Barry Conway in Hawera and there his good wife plied us with soup, toast, tea, coffee and hot scones and sent us on our way with an open invitation to H.T.C. members to stay overnight (they have a large basement garage and several spare rooms) anytime we were over.

Egmont way again. You can't beat that for hospitality.

For everyone, Labour Weekend 1969 was one to be long remembered. May there be many more of them.

Leader: Bert M'Connell.

(B) Trampers.

We left Dawson Falls on Saturday in rain and stopped at the public shelter on Stratford Plateau, till it eased. Then we continued west along the track around the north side of the mountain. The going was good, the only difficulties being a few steeply sloping drifts of old icy snow where a careless step could have resulted in a disastrous slide onto the rocks below. Around lunch time we were passing the Tahurangi Ski Lodge when members of the Taranaki Alpine Club working party invited us in for a cup of tea. One member of our party who had eaten hardly anything the night before and only a small can of peaches for breakfast almost collapsed. MORAL: a good breakfast is most important. Suggestions that we stay there the night were gratefully accepted. It was a lovely sunny spot, an ultra-luxurious palace of a place with polished floors, huge windows, thick foam mattresses, boiling-water tap for tea making, central heating, even heating cables embedded in the toilet floor.. The evening was glorious. The Lodge is about 5,000ft

a.s.l., a sea of cloud was about 1000ft below, The air was warm, there was no wind, a brilliant full moon shone in a clear sky while occasional openings in cloud-layer showed lights of various towns:- N. Plymouth, Waitara, Inglewood, Stratford. The mountain behind us looked sharp, clean, and incredibly high and steep in the moonlight.

Sunday was a brilliant day with hot sun. We were on the sheltered side of the mountain. Some stayed behind to help the T.A.C. working party and the rest of us set off up the gully behind the hut. We plodded on through soft snow up to nearly 7,000ft, where snow began to be icy and dangerous. Here we stopped for lunch. There was intense glare from the snow and odd patches of countryside showing through breaks in the cloud far below appeared very dark by contrast. We had a long glissade down gully, helped skiers to start the engine of their ski-tow and played with their white fluffy samoyede dog which seemed very happy in the snow, then back to the lodge just before a cold front brought gales and sleet.

On Monday there was pouring rain driven against windows by a cold wind. We had to leave the warmth and comfort and on a streaming track, under a dark overcast sky, returned to Dawson Falls the way we had come as quickly as possible. Dry clothes and a hot drink were most welcome.

An outstandingly enjoyable trip, thanks to the hospitality of the T.A.C.

Snow Cavers. Party 13

Greg Jenks, Michael Wenley, David Perry, Paul Maddison, Geoff Webster (H.B.H.S.) Pam Lewis, Brian Turner, Rob Lusher, Geoff Richards, John Furminger, Kay Johnstone, Russell Millington.

Trampers. Party 10

Peter Lewis, Alan Thurston, Sue Greer, Annette Kindell, Irene Watt, Sue Berridge, Chris O'Kane, John Preece, Glenys Richdale, Barry Clayton.

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TRIAL SEARCH NOV. 29-30, 1969.

No. 901

0600 Saturday 29th Nov., found 51 members of S.A.R. assembled at the Napier Police station following a report that "2 experienced stalkers were overdue" after a trip into the area bounded by Little's Clearing and Makahu Hut to the south, the Kaweka tops to the west and the Maungatutunui Stream to the north. After briefing, radio instruction

- and team allocation, all were on the job at 07.20.  
Whittle's shearers quarters, (Field H.Q.) at 8.40 saw distribution of equipment and a short pep talk.  
Teams 1&2 entering the area from the Frame departed at 0917 and were in the field at 10.00, while teams 3,4&5 started from Little's Clearing at 10.08.
- 10.55 Team 3 reported that the ranger at Makahu confirmed that the missing party had intended going to Kaweka Flats on Wednesday.
- 11.02 Team 3 reported 3 rifle shots north of Makahu Hut but no pattern.
- 12.26 All teams with the exception of 1 who were making for Middle Hill Hut had been in radio contact.
- 14.10 Team 1 reported no sign of missing stalkers at Middle Hill Hut. Last occupants, 2 cullers 7 weeks previously.
- 14.27 Team 3 advised message found Kaweka Flats bivy "Gone Hunting - Middle Hill".
- 14.55 Field H.Q. were advised that the leader of Team 1 was ill with a headache and stomach pains and that he was asleep at the moment.
- 15.00 Team 1 was advised to keep patient warm and resting.
- 16.15 Team 3 reported "Found 867 689"
- 16.18 Team 3 reported. 1 person broken leg. Both camped in and comfortable.
- 16.25 Team 6 after verbal instructions left F.H.Q. for the injured stalker travelling via Makahu Hut and Kaweka Flats track.
- 16.30 Napier Police advised of developments.
- 17.21 Owing to interference from a trial search in the Tararuas our own teams could not be notified that the "missing stalkers" had been found until this time.
- 18.05 Teams 1,2,3,4,5. All teams camp for night. Rendezvous at heli pad approx 860680. will advise exact location in morning. Team 6 on way in with stretcher and gear. Good work all teams.
- 0625 Sunday: Team 1 advised that leader much better but not 100%.
- 06.50 All teams had been contacted and advised of proposed heli site and were on their way.
- 08.39 Team 5 reported heli site located.
- 09.05 Teams 3,4,5&6 moving patient to heli site.
- 10.42 Iroquois contacted by radio.
- 10.44 Iroquois landed at F.H.Q.
- 10.57 All field personnel at heli site.
- 10.58 Iroquois left H.Q. for heli site and gave a very polished demonstration of its capabilities and performance.
- 13.30 All back at F.H.Q. for debriefing, lunch etc.

#### Summary.

Excellent weather over the weekend was a contrast to the previous excersise and except for interference on Saturday

evening reception in the field was excellent. As this exercise was primarily one of a helicopter rescue the search had to be timed to a certain extent and the Police and the F.M.C. referees had decided on 16.30 as the latest time for finding the stalkers. Luckily, as shown, the stalkers were found at 16.15. A good effort. A total of 51 persons were involved for the weekend while 11 Juniors Deerstalkers and 2 boys arrived on Sunday.

M.G.T.

No. of H.T.C. members on this exercise, 16:-  
Susann Greer, Marilyn Challice, C. Persen, A. Berry, M. Taylor, P. Lewis, T. Baldwin, G. Persen, P. Holleron, N. Pulford, W. Greer, G. Thorp, D. White, T. Whittle, R. Goldfinch, K. Walls.

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PICNIC TRIP = FERNY RIDGE

No. 902

Dec. 14th

Persistent and soaking rain became much heavier as we approached the ranges. When we reached Puketitiri and drove out across Lewis's paddocks to within half a mile of the foot of Ferny Ridge we couldn't even see it, so there was little point in pushing through all that wet scrub and fern to the top. Instead, some went up the Anawhenua Stream to the narrower part of its valley where, from its sources on the Black Birch Range, it flows out between Ferny Ridge and Middle Range. Here there was an abundance of manuka, both large, for poles, and small for brush. With this, eight people in 1 1/2 hours made themselves a lean-to bivouac for practice. The results of this effort were not too bad: it would probably have kept them reasonably dry and provided a comfortable night's shelter as long as the wind didn't change.

After a two-hour lunch, we sloshed back to the truck, and returned to Lewis's, enjoyed a cup of tea, changed into dry clothes, and, looking out from the warmth of the house to the dripping trees, decided that our suggested walk through the Ball's Clearing bush could wait for a better day.

No. in Party, 16

Peter Lewis, Irene Watt, Patricia Watt, Debbie Easton, Simon Easton, Chris O'Kane, Athol Mace, Sue Greer, Kit Persen, David White, Trevor Plowman, Paul Maddison, Denise Sims, Marion Moran, David Schutz, Tom Whittle.

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MAROEPA - COLENZO LAKE.

No. 903

Jan. 1st-4th 1970

The weather was fine for the start of our New Year trip. With 23 bods turning up, it was 6.55a.m. by the time we got the truck loader with bods, packs and petrol. We motored up to Cullen's with little trouble and parked at the top end of the paddock, next to Triplex Creek. We were in no desperate hurry so we just wandered up the creek to the Shut-eye track. The climb out of the creek proved a bit stiff for some of the younger ones but we all got to Shuteye by 12.30p.m. for lunch. After a good brew we wandered on heading for Maropea for the night. On the saddle, eight of us decided to head for Maropea Forks Hut as it would be rather crowded at the Upper Maropea Hut. From Upper Maropea we headed down the old track but took the left creek (which, incidentally, is a better creek to travel in) and spent  $3\frac{1}{2}$  hours crossing the creek from one side to the other.

Both parties had a comfortable night under clear skies with very bright stars. The advance party's intention for Friday was to stay put and wait for the slower party to catch up. The bods who stayed at Maropea were away by 9.00a.m. and heading down the old track which led them down the right hand creek. Going down this creek, one of the girls sprained her ankle.

They got her comfortable on a flat shingle scree and then started a fire to keep her warm with a hot brew. Meanwhile, a bod was sent down to the advance party for help as there was not many strong bearers in the slower party. Three different rumors had reached us before we received a WRITTEN NOTE to say exactly what was going on. By this time four of us were on our way upstream to organise things. By the time we arrived, Peter had everything under control and had volunteered to go out for the stretcher which was in the truck. He was to ring Hastings at the same time and return the following morning. Meanwhile, the injured girl was taken to a better camping spot 100yds downstream where she was made comfortable for the night.

Saturday morning a relief party from Hastings was on its way and the bods in Lower Maropea were heading back upstream. At 1p.m. the stretcher arrived so we wasted no time strapping the patient in. We headed upstream to the old forestry track (a very old cut track) which goes straight up to the ridge from the stream bed. A rope brought in with the stretcher proved useful in taking a lot of weight off the bearers. By now four from Hastings had arrived to help. After a lot of difficulty, we eventually got to the hut where we bedded down for the night.

Sunday morning dawned fine but some bods had a stomach bug, presumably from the water supply as it wasn't very hygienic. A five to six o'clock start didn't eventuate until about 8a.m. as most of the bods were sent away to either clear the track or ferry packs from the hut to Armstrong Saddle. The going was good as the bearers had no packs and they kept changing every ten minutes or so. It was 1300hrs by the time we reached Shuteye for lunch and a waiting brew. Here the patient was unstrapped, so she decided to try and walk between two bods. This proved to be slower than the stretcher so we put her back in the stretcher. 1730hrs saw us reach the Triplex stream bed to find a brew boiling and toast being made. This was truly welcome as it was fairly hard work on steep grades especially coming down. We reached the truck just before nightfall. Peter took the patient in his Kombi as it was more comfortable while the others returned in the truck to arrive in Hastings about 2200hrs.

The trip was worth going on for it taught all of us a lesson in how to work together in an emergency such as this.

No. in Party, 23 Leader. Trevor Baldwin.  
John Feigler & Heather, Randall Goldfinch, Peter Lewis, Irene Watt, Lawrence Coles, Kevin Kerr, Denise Sims, Marion Moran, Paul Maddison, Sue Greer, Chris O'Kane, Bryce Wallace, Trevor Plowman, John Preece, Sandra Smith, Karenne Sparling, Geoff Richards, Kit Persen, John Furminger, David Schutz, Athol Mace,  
Relief Party:-  
Graham Griffiths, Pam Lewis, Brian Turner, Alan Thurston, David Butcher, Graham Thorp, Marilyn Challice, Diane Challice.

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MARATHON & PICNIC.

No. 904

Jan. 11th 1970.

22 set off from Holt's for the Pine Tree at 7a.m. on a fine Sunday morning for our annual scramble and swim.

We left the truck after a leisurely pack up and off to the 4100 turnoff, where 8 starters lined up for the starters' gun. 10a.m. and they were off, 7 males and one other. Sandshoe boots worn by one gave him a penalty of 5 mins. The rest of us ambled off to the lakes by devious routes. Fastest time was recorded by Peter 1.23 with 1.18 by Chris but as mentioned, a 5min handicap. Dave with 1.24, Alan 1.30 and Neroli an very creditable 1.36. Some reconnoitring around 2p.m. produced the remaining also rans.

A boil up contest for the girls resulted in Neroli and partner 20 mins and Irene and partner 25 mins. Approx  $\frac{1}{2}$  gall of water was used in this hilarious experiment. All parts of the lake were explored by lilo with and without sail and all seemed to enjoy themselves. Away early and home at a

respectable hour.

No. in Party, 24

Leader: M. Taylor.

Merv Hope, Alan Thurston, Trevor Plowman, Paul Maddison, Athol Mace, Elizabeth Pindar, Annette Kindell, Neroli Wilton, Jackie Smith, Denise Sims, Sue Greer, Sue Berridge, Irene Watt, Ruth Alcock, Chris Persen, Chris O'Kane, Robert Kindell, David Butcher, Peter Lewis, Barbara Taylor & 3.

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MAKAHU, STUDHOLME'S & MACKINTOSH

No. 905

On Saturday morning nine of us left Holt's at 5.15, a good early start for a club trip. We stopped at Taradale to pick up a bod, then headed out through Puketitiri. About halfway up the Birch there had been a large rock slide blocking most of the road. Within a few minutes of slide clearing, everybody was covered in clay. Finally it was cleared and we then pushed on to the top of the Birch.

Leaving the Kombi at about 8.20, we started off along the bulldozed track to Makahu Hut, a short stop, then headed up Makahu Spur. We got just above the hut when we discovered that we had left a bod behind (at Napier), so Peter decided that he would go back to his parents' place and ring up to see if he still wanted to come, while the rest of us would carry on to Studholmes, where Peter would either catch us up or come in later.

As we headed on up Makahu Spur the going was slow and hot. We reached the Cairn at about 12.00, had lunch, then headed down to Studholme's. Visibility was down to about 150yds, which made the standards hard to find and we nearly took the wrong spur down to Studholme's, which we eventually reached at about 2.00 all wet and weary.

We replenished firewood and put the stew on. Peter came in at about 8 p.m. wet, tired and hungry, so on went the billy and then we retired for the night.

On Sunday we were away by 9.30 and headed down the stream to the bivouac, then up on to the tops. On the tops the mist was still hanging low, making it very difficult to navigate in places. We got on the right spur then down to MacKintosh, arriving for lunch. From MacKintosh, it was pretty straight going to Makahu, then out to the Kombi.

No. in Party, 10

Leader: Alan Thurston

Annette Kindell, Sue Greer, Brenda Butcher, Peter Lewis, Randall Goldfinch, Bruce Lusher, Rob Lusher, Paul Maddison, John Furminger.

Lilo Trip.

No. 906

Feb. 8th.

Despite the rain and cool temperature, a great crowd of enthusiastic 'ducks' assembled at Holt's at 7.

The whole 45 trudged up the Ngaruroro River and except for a few spills, which proved very cold, nothing exciting happened. According to the more experienced members of the party the low water level would make the trip back a little less thrilling and possibly a little expensive, but for the newcomers the rapids looked rough enough to keep them happy.

After a very short wet lunch across the river from last years lunch spot some lilos were packed away and saved for next year, and warmer weather, while others were carried downstream and carefully arranged for maximum comfort.

Midway seemed a good place to rest and many got out and changed into warm dry clothes and walked the rest of the way. For those who stayed in, the only way to keep warm was to paddle madly. So, for the few that did complete the trip by lilo it was cut short by the cold.

The rain really set in back at the truck so after a very quick brew we wasted no time in leaving.

No. in Party, 45 Leaders: Barry Clayton & Sandy Smith  
Peter Lewis, Randall Goldfinch, Graham Soppitt, Neil Pulford, M. Doyle, Chris O'Kane, Renee Wetterings, David Schutz, Denise Sims, Trevor Plowman, Geoff Richards, John Brigham, Chris and Geoff Persen, John Furminger, Wendy Smith, Sue Butler, Toby Easton, Debbie & Simon, Paul Maddison, Bryce Wallace, B. Mills, G. Williams, David Lloyd, G. Spackman, Elizabeth Pindar, Robin Wilson, Glenys Richdale, A. Babbage, Marion Moran, L. Prendergast, Sue Tucker, Teresa Woodam, M. M'Connell, Trevor Baldwin, Irene Watt, Pat Hutchinson, Mervin Hope, Vivian Hope, Lynette Paramore, Sue Greer, Patricia Paterson, David White.

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TONGARIRO NATIONAL PARK, TRACK CONSTRUCTION.

No. 907

14th-15th Feb; 1970

The truck left Holt's on Friday night picking up the last of the bods from Napier at 7.30p.m. The trip was uneventful and we found the start of the track into Waihohonu Hut 21 miles past Turangi.

The truck was parked about 100 yards in from the road and everyone except Maury and family, who came in later, set off at 1.15a.m. Saturday. It took us about  $1\frac{3}{4}$  hours to get to the hut and after a hot drink we went to bed only to be awakened at 6a.m.

With breakfast finished, one of the Rangers told us what was required for the track construction which was going to start up behind the hut and go through a bit of bush further along, but the actual destination of the track was Oturere Hut, recently completed. The main idea was to clear the way, as far as they wanted us to go, of scrub, but having completed this before lunch, we set to and started benching the track. By 11.00a.m. Sunday, the track was near enough to completion and the Rangers were extremely pleased with the job as we did twice as much work than they expected.

At 11.50a.m. Sunday, we left the Hut and it took us  $\frac{3}{4}$  hour to reach the truck as Maury had saved us 10mins walk by bringing it in further the day before. After a bite to eat, we left for Taupo where we had a swim at De Bretts. Following this, we bought some Fish and Chips and set out for home, arriving in Hastings at 8.00p.m.

No. in Party, 25 Leader: Graham Griffiths.  
Athol Mace, John Furminger, Chris O'Kane, Maury Taylor, Trevor Plowman, Alan Thurston, Peter O'Kane, Barry Clayton, Geoff Persen, David Butcher, Robert Lusher, Robert Kindell, Randall Goldfinch, Annette Kindell, Margaret Griffiths, Barbara Taylor +3, Sue Greer, Denise Sims, Marion Moran, Irene Watt, Marie Falconer.

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WAIKAMAKA WORKING PARTY.

No. 908

21st-22nd Feb.

Ten people left Holt's at 6.30a.m. in the Kombi. By 9a.m. all were heading up the Waipawa River in Clear weather. Some light track clearing was done half way up on the right side by three keen types who couldn't wait to use their slashes.

There was the usual windy walk over the Saddle and then lunch at the hut. One or two had colds and similar ailments so they tottered about the hut while the rest of us spent the afternoon collecting wood and making track improvements to the hut side of the Saddle.

During the evening three more hods arrived. One had come up the river and the other two had come in via Three Johns and South Rangī.

On Sunday morning the final paint work was added to the hut and further track work was carried out both sides of the Saddle.

At 3p.m. while coming out, we met the day trippers at the Saddle. Five of them plus the weekend bunch moved out to the roadhead together.

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No. in Party, 12 + 5

Leader: Geoff Richards.

Weekend: David White, Geoff Persen, Trevor Plowman, Sandra Smith, Irene Watt, Elizabeth Pindark, Rob Lusher, John Griffiths, Kit Persen, Trevor Baldwin, Bruce Lusher.

Day Trip Sunday: Graham Soppitt, Brian Soppitt, Athol Mace, Paul Maddison, Sue Butler.

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LAKE OPOUAHI

No.909

March 8th.

We set off from Holt's and had a pleasant ride up except for the dust over the last few miles to the lake. After dumping our packs, some set out to go round the lake (only to return shortly) while most went swimming or lay in the sun. Rock climbers did a few abseils till it got too hot and then everyone returned for a leisurely 2 hour lunch. Just after lunch a heavy thunderstorm interrupted play and everyone took shelter in the truck. When the rain stopped we set off up the road to do some more rock climbing (more abseils). One bod found a cave and went wtea hunting and came back with some superb specimens in a plastic bag.

We packed up gear and people and set off home, having a quick swim at the beach on the way. Arrived back in the early evening after a very leisurely day.

No in Party, 29

Leader: Chris Persen.

Bryce Wallace, Athol Mace, Marie Faulknor, Paul Maddison, Rob Lusher, Sue Tucker, Marian Moran, Graham Soppitt, Sue Feigler, Peter Lewis, Trevor Plowman, Arthur Lachery, Elizabeth Pindar, Lynette Parymore, Kathryn Mervile, Glenys Richdale, Simon Easton, Deborah Easton, Chris Barnett, Robert Kindell, David Watt, John Griffiths, Fay Griffiths, Denise Sims, Irene Watt, Kenneth Kindell, Pam Parymore, Richard Moran.

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BUSHCRAFT - PUKETITIRI

No. 910

March 21-22nd

Twenty-five bods left Hastings and Napier for Puketitiri where another was picked up. Peter took the Kombi across the Makahu Stream but the truck was left on the east bank. We had a shuttle service in the Kombi to the Hot Springs. From there we hiked up the Mohaka and pitched camp on a flat area by the river. It took some time to do this, what with selecting tent sites, helping pitch tents and in between everything, having lunch. The rest of the day was spent straightening up camp sites and swimming. We had our evening meal about 6p.m. after which we went eeling and returned with six, then hit the

sack.

Camp stirred about 7a.m. next day. The weather had not worsened as expected, but the morning was cool. After breakfast we packed up ready to move out and then three groups were formed for compass and map-reading instruction. Following on after this we went up river, picking out river-crossing places and camp sites, explaining which were good and which were bad. Returning, we had fire-lighting instruction and lunch, after which we went back to the Hot Springs and had a dip before heading out to the truck.

We had intended to have river-crossing practice by the Mohaka Bridge, but as it was 5.30p.m. when we reached the truck, we decided to head straight home and we arrived back in Hastings at 9p.m.

No. in Party, 26

Leader: David White.

Graham Soppitt, Peter Lewis, Chris O'Kane, G. Woodham, Geoff Persen, Athol Mace, Tom Whittle, Rob Lusher, Pat Maddison, C. Barnett, Bryce Wallace, R. Kindell, Annette Kindell, Simon & Debbie Easton, Marion Moran, Irene Watt, Wendy Smith, S. Watkins, M. Faulkner, Glenys Richdale, A. Richie, G. Smith, M. Wise, J. McRobbie.

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WHAKATANE RIVER - WAIKARE RIVER.

(UREWERA)

No.911.

Easter, March 27-30th.

Eleven bods left for Urewera National Park, arriving at the Hopuruahine Hut at 11.30p.m. where we stayed the night. Leaving early next morning in the direction of Ruatahuna we turned off to Mataatua where we left the cars.

With packs on we started out at 9.45a.m. on the first leg of the trip. We followed a dry weather car track down to the Whakatane River. Here a good track led downstream on the true right bank and we arrived at the Manatihono Hut at 11.30a.m. We had lunch and a swim in fine weather. At 1p.m. we moved on, arrived at Tawhiwhi Hut at 2.45p.m., stopped there while a thunderstorm passed over and left for Ngahiramai Hut at 3.45p.m. arriving 35minutes later. After cutting down a dead tree for firewood we had a swim before cooking the evening meal. One bod jammed his finger in the flying fox.

At 6a.m. we were up and by 7.15a.m. we were on our way with another fine day. We kept to the true right bank heading downstream. A short distance from the hut the good track ended and an old track took over, slowing the pace down. After

climbing up and down along the river for some time we came to a long, flat clearing on the opposite side so we dropped down to the river, had a swim and continued along the flats. Entering the bush we soon came to Hanamahihi Hut where we had lunch and a swim, taking 1½ hours, and left at 1.30p.m. for Waikare Junction Hut. Following the river all the way down, in warm conditions, with frequent river crossings, we arrived at this hut at 4.30p.m.

At 6a.m. next day our camp stirred to life and at 8.20a.m. we headed up the Waikare River, first through a small gorge, but then the river slowly opened up and gave us good walking along its edge to Waikarewhenua Hut which we reached at 10a.m. We moved on at 11.15a.m. taking the right fork ~~from~~ from the hut and following this for some distance before going right at another fork. This stream becomes narrow, enters a small but narrow gorge then opens up a bit before Tahurua Hut which we reached at 12.30p.m. Leaving at 2.10p.m. we set off up the ridge behind the hut. This took us to the highest point of our trip - Te Wharua Peak, about 2,100'. This peak divides the two rivers. From here the track descended to the Whakatane River and Tawhiwhi Hut where we had a swim and cooked our meal before hitting the sack.

At 6a.m. the fire was lit and breakfast was under way with everybody crowding round the fire. By 7.45a.m. we were on the last leg of our trip with the weather clouded over. We moved up the Whakatane River at a steady pace, soon passing the Manatihono Hut and working our way high above the river. At 10a.m. we left the river track and started up the vehicle track, reaching the cars at 10.45a.m.

On the way home we made a long detour. First we stopped at Ruatahuna, then headed towards Rotorua but turned left at the junction with the Taupo-Rotorua Highway and visited Kerosene Creek for a hot dip, then on down to Annette Berry's place at Waiotapu for a while before going to Taupo where we stopped for a swim in the lake. We arrived back at Napier at 7.40p.m.

No. in Party, 11 Leader: David White.  
Trevor Baldwin, Tom Whittle, Rob Lusher, Colin Davis, Randall  
Goldfinch, Bert M'Connell, Charlie Armstrong, John McHardy, Neil  
Campbell, Geoff Webster.

X X

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 Has.	77.223
Maurly Taylor	"	HMN. 829
Janet Lloyd	"	Has. 87.666

ALL active trampers - please show this to your parents.

X X

CLUB CODE OF CONDUCT

The purpose of the Club is to enable as many people as possible to enjoy the sport of tramping. By observing the code of conduct laid down by the Committee, members will not only get the best out of their tramping with the Club but will ensure that fellow members do likewise.

CONDUCT ON TRIPS.

1. The party leader has full responsibility for the party and absolute control over its conduct.
2. Firearms are not permitted.
3. No liquor may be taken on Club trips.
4. The party must remain together unless the leader instructs otherwise.
5. Dispose of your litter thoroughly - leave nothing behind you but your footprints.
6. There is to be no pairing off or other behaviour that is likely to cause embarrassment to others in the party.
7. All members of the party are expected to share in the work that a trip involves and to willingly do the jobs given them by the leader.

CONDUCT ON TRUCK

8. In the interests of safety and the comfort of passengers there will be no horse-play on the truck.
9. Passengers are to remain seated, on the deck.

TRIP ORGANISATION

10. After the conclusion of the Club meeting the weekend's trip is in the hands of the leader. People who are not on the list on Wednesday will only be taken on the trip at the leader's discretion, so don't just turn up without notifying him.

PROPERTY

11. Respect the property of others. This includes fellow tramper's gear, huts and other communal property, farmers' stock and fences.

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Please ensure that at all times the conduct of members is such as will earn the Club the respect of the community and the confidence of parents.

COMMITTEE

I had thumbed down to the Hermitage at Xmas, and on New Year's Eve Hal Christian, Rex Vickers and Bert Mc Connell arrived, with determination in their eyes and a swag of food and gear in the car. A swinging evening was spent in an orgy of sorting and packing.

At 8 o'clock in the morning we hared off up the Tasman in a cloud of moraine dust, which soon settled to allow for the first of many, many rests; packs were not heavy though, since we had wrangled a cheap airdrop to be flown into the Grand Plateau the same day as our walk in (or rather, up). To get on to the foot of Haast Ridge we had to scale a moraine wall that opened fire with loose boulders as soon as we looked at it; Rex waited till we had completed our clumsy ascent, but wasn't exactly thrilled at the ton or so of moral support that just missed him from the top of the wall.

The ridge itself provided a steady 4,000 foot haul, with some fun rock scrambling for those who preferred to avoid the beaten trail. The old King Memorial Hut especially had an aura of history surrounding it, and we recalled with respect the hardy pioneers who had tried again and again for the first ascent of Mt. Cook. At 5 pm. we topped Glacier Dome and revived ourselves with a long look at the massive peaks surrounding the plateau: Aorangi has pride of place, but cannot match the beauty of Tasman's glistening ice face. Plateau hut is perched on a rock 400 feet below Glacier Dome, just at the top of the Hochstetter Icefall, and was living up to its reputation of being a crowded den of squalor during the climbing season. It's a night-shift existence there, with climbers getting up for breakfast at 11pm. and trying to sleep in the late afternoon, only to be foiled by the heat and the noisy few having a rest day.

Which is just what we had the next day, apart from shoveling some snow on the roof for water, and brushing up on snow technique near the Hochstetter. A few hours sleep, then up at 11 pm. for breakfast. It was just after midnight when we walked out into the starrey darkness. Curses! - no frost. An observer would have laughed to hear our progress. We would trudge along in sleepy silence until the leader yelled out "slot" or "bridge" for the benefit of those conserving their torch batteries. I took great pleasure in waiting till Bert was just stepping across a small slit, then shining my headlight to show him what a fearsome chasm he was poised over - and some of the crevasses in the lower Linda Glacier are unbelievable! Thankfully, the snow was firmly crusted above the 9,000 foot level, and we cramponned steadily upwards, the dawn sky gradually brightening over the Malte Brun range. The upper Linda is a huge amphitheatre surrounded by leering seracs and ice-cliffs - a veritable "valley of death", and not a place to linger, especially when you realise you're walking on the debris of a recent big avalanche. We had just crossed onto the Linda shelf when a serac collapsed behind us from off Cook's ice-cap.

A chill wind had sprung up and we stopped at the foot of the summit rocks to throw on a few more clothes. The view northwards was of Mt. Tasman, looking fearsomely steep and thin, and the dawn-pink peaks at the head of the Tasman, with a forest of mountains further north as backdrop. 17.

The 500 feet of summit rocks were clear of snow and quite solid, making an enjoyable part of the climb. Then we were on the ice-cap, which had a light coating of powder snow. Here Hal burst into the lead and powered up towards the summit of Aorangi. It was a great moment for him, as he has had his eyes on Cook for many years now, and for Rex and him this was a long-held dream coming true. At 11 o'clock we stood on the top of New Zealand. A cold wind sent clouds billowing up from the west and robbed us of any view, but it was still a satisfying moment. After a frantic bout of photographing each other we sat down in a sheltered spot for a leisurely lunch-hour; now and then a brief gap in the mist gave exciting glimpses of mountains to the west, and the "high mile" leading to the middle and low peaks of Cook.

The descent of the ice-cap was tricky, but once down the summit rocks it was only a long plod down to the hut, which we reached at 6 pm.

After another lazy rest day we walked back down to the Hermitage, then drove to Christchurch. The weather broke as we were leaving Mt. Cook, but cleared again as we drove up to Arthur's Pass for a bit of climbing at a lower altitude.

Our first abjective was / Rolleston via the Rome Ridge. We started at 5.30 on a cool, fine morning and really enjoyed the walk up through green native bush. Some pleasant rock scrambling and snow sidle led to the "Rome gap", followed by a couple of nice rock pitches to get up the other side; then it was just an hour of steep loose rock to the low peak, and a walk across the Crow neve to the high peak of Rolly. Once again the view was of swirling mist, which fouled us up on the way down. We eventually got on to the Bealy Slide via some greasy bluffs, and were back at the Alpine Club hut at Arthur's Pass by 5.30.

The following afternoon we played tourists, and visited Punchbowl Falls.

On Saturday the 10th Rex remained to fix a fault in the car while the three of us walked up to Mt. Aicken and traversed the ridge to B'limit; it had looked like a fearsome series of gendarmes and needles, but turned out to be a tedious walk with too many ups and downs. At least we weren't in the mist, but nearly everything else was, and by 4 o'clock we reckoned this must be the B.limit indeed. Rex was waiting for us at the foot of Temple Basin and we drove over to the Otira Pub to console ourselves.

A pleasant drive up the West Coast and Buller Gorge next day, led to a frantic buying of tickets and dashing on board at Picton - but Rex and the car didn't make it, that sailing. What a drag the cares of civvy life after a beaut time in the alps!

Bruce Lusher

HOLLYFORD VALLEY AND ARTHUR'S PASS      December 1969

Four bods, three H.T.C. and one extra left Christchurch on the afternoon of the 23th December heading for Te Anau. Within half an hour we passed a dead Renault with "Godley or Bust" painted on the side lying in a ditch. Our friends car had obviously chosen the "bust" alternative. Some not too accurate navigation eventually brought us to Kurow where we spent the night on the farm of ex-H.T.C. member Trish Hammond. We left next morning, complete with two billies of mushrooms and motored on to Te Anau, stopping at Oamaru for lunch.

At Te Anau, we called in at the Park H.Q. to leave our names, then departed for Hollyford camp, stopping 100 yds later with puncture and a quarter of a mile after that for repairs and Hamburgers etc. The drive up the Eglington Valley was magnificent in the long evening light. The weather was perfect and a good trip seemed assured. Hollyford Camp - a sort of camping ground/cabins arrangement run by Murray Gunn was full so we used a small 8' x 8" shed at the end of the road to sleep in that night.

Our intention was to follow the Hollyford river down as far as the Pyke confluence, go up the Pyke past Lake Alabaster to Big Bay on the West coast, then go south to Martin's Bay where the Hollyford mouth is, and follow the Hollyford, through Lake McKerrow back to the road. A nice round trip we thought! According to various bods and Moirs Guide, 6 days seemed sufficient for a reasonably active party. We were soon to realise the story was really quite different.

After a breakfast of mushrooms etc., we shouldered packs and set off. The track was well formed and easy going along the right bank of the Hollyford. The bush was delightful being less predominantly beech than in Hawke's Bay, and having a lot of ferny undergrowth. Birdlife was more abundant too, tomtits and pigeons being particularly common.

Hidden Falls hut was reached after a steady 3 hours and lunch was eaten while we talked to a young track clearer/hut fee collector in residence there. As we left he warned us of a long up hill drag over the Little Homer Saddle en route to Lake Alabaster. We reached Alabaster Hut in about 3½ hours to find another hut fee collector at home. The "long drag" turned out to be a barely perceptible incline amounting to about 500'.

Our first "dehyde" stew was devoured and our first nocturnal hundreds against one battle with the sandflies began. Nobody had had the foresight to bring any mosquito netting. However, we had a certain amount of Dimp. Two of us had sleeping bag sheets which were good protection although the holes burned in mine from a battery acid accident didn't help. The other two roasted in tightly done up sleeping bags and balaclavas in an effort to get a good night's sleep. (The weather was so hot that sleeping bags were hardly necessary).

Next morning we were literally itching to get on our way again. Reports from people met indicated that two huts marked on our maps were no longer in existence and that tracks were few and far between up the Pyke river, so we decided to go to Martin's Bay via Lake McKerrow and return via the same route. This was a little disappointing, but, as we were not well equipped for sleeping out, probably the best move.

We crossed the Pyke on a large suspension bridge and trotted along to Lake McKerrow without much effort. Finding McKerrow Hut proved to be a bit of a trial however. The hut is on an island surrounded by the Hollyford, McKerrow and a dry wash which is full at flood times. After crossing the wash at the marking poles near the Demon Trail Hut (on the mainland) we could find no evidence of track leading to McKerrow Hut. After some fossicking around we located the hut and the track (in that order). During low water times it is quickest to walk around the island anticlockwise along the beach to the hut. At flood times this is not possible and a track with no obvious starting point leading down the western side of the island should be followed.

We were interested to note that this hut was built (with others) by Alex Buchanan in 1964.

The next day's effort was to be directed along the Demon Trail. This track runs down the side of Lake McKerrow to the Hokuri stream and is renowned for being a bit of a slog. Times in the log book suggested anything from 5 to 10½ hours tramping; the official Parks Board time being 8 hours. We set off early and managed it in about 7 hours. The track is an endless collection of ups and downs, mostly in rocky stream beds, and in spite of the lovely bush gets boring very quickly. Three, three-wire bridges cross stream but as the water was low, it was only necessary to use one of them.

Hokuri Hut had a family of five in it, but with us four as well there were still three empty bunks. A meat hunter who lives at Martin's Bay for four months of the year, dropped in in his outboard motor boat and told us of his activities in the area, the location of Jamestown, the site of an unsuccessful attempt to form a town at Lake McKerrow.

Next day was spent on a day trip to Martin's Bay and back. This involved an hour along the beach of Lake McKerrow and an hour through bush to the meat hunters' house and airstrip. Due to general tiredness, enthusiasm was lacking. When we reached Martin's Bay and we did not give it the thorough investigation it deserved. On the return journey we looked at Jamestown which is now reduced to about two apple trees and a few potatoes.

Food supplies were running a bit low due to rather hasty planning but these were bolstered up by the generosity of the Ward family who gave us enough venison for two meals. This was a very welcome addition to our diet.

The 3rd Jan. was a repeat performance of New Year's day along the Demon trail, but this time we stayed at the Demon Trail Hut. To keep the sandflies out of the Hut at night, we shut all the windows. This made it unbearably hot. In a moment of inspiration we decided to put out the fire and eat tea outside, then wait till the hut cooled down before going to bed. This was most successful, and after a beautiful evening soaking up the scenery, and trying to catch eels with an improvised spear, we had a completely peaceful night at a reasonably cool temperature.

Next day we retraced our steps to Hidden Falls Hut where we found the Hut fee collector and five others, mainly Australians. They turned out to be the most "hard case" chaps I've ever met and a most amusing time was had running each down for all we were worth. A tense, 6 game, N.Z. v Australia battle at "500" luckily ended in a draw.

The last half day was spent returning to the road. The weather which had been perfect up till then gave us a wetting but was not really unpleasant. We then headed for Christchurch via Queenstown, stopping at every shop on the way to fill up on fruit, milkshakes etc., Fruit was very cheap - cherries 15c lb, apricots 6c lb - puts H.B. to shame!

General impressions:- Very nice easy tramping. Terrific scenery but a bit much of the same thing all the time - i.e. bush

Advice:- Watch the weather, the rivers and the sandflies.

After a few days relaxing in Christchurch three of us spent a weekend at Arthur's Pass. This area was new to me and I was most impressed. The scope for tramping and climbing is virtually unlimited. The bush and plant life are varied and interesting. The views are spectacular.

From Rugg's corner, a mile or so below Arthur's Pass township, we did a small trip up the Edward's river to Edwards Hut. This usually takes 3 - 4 hours and involves a mixture of bush, riverbed and tussock country. Edwards Hut

is a 14 bunk mansion with cupboards, sink et., An electric light and switch has been installed but this is only a practical joke as there is no wiring or power source. After a pleasant afternoon in the sun, we were joined by a party of 5 Auckland Varsity trampers in for a 3 day trip.

Next day we climbed up on to Williams Saddle and moved along the rocky ridge to Mt. Williams (5300'). This commands an excellent view of Mt. Oats and other peaks including Rolleston and Murchison. Paul claims to be the first person to play the clarinet on Mt. Williams. We then retraced our steps nearly to the saddle and picked our way carefully down through the bush to the Mingha river. From there we followed it down stream, past the confluence with the Edwards and out to the road. This was a nice easy trip and a good introduction to this National Park.

C.B.S.

Party: Paul Frude, Brenda Butcher, Anne Buckley, Brian Smith

### The Mangatainoka

January 31st and 1st Feb

Well, it's like this! Pete offered to take our family up to the Mangatainoka valley to inspect the fishing and deer stalking possibilities. We crossed a paddock out at Pakaututu and headed north-west along the Lochinver trail. On reaching one of the high knobs at the top of the trail, Pete discovered, after much trial and error, that another three ridges branched off at this point.

We lunched on a bare knob way above the Mohaka for the ten minutes that the sun shone. By three that afternoon, all seven of us had stumbled on to the Mohaka river bed and flopped upon the rocks with relief. Pete crossed the river to see what was on the other side, and returned with glad tidings. We plunged in, crossed the river and began pitching camp on the forks of the Mangataiknoka and Mohaka. Having convinced ourselves that our two-man tents would sleep four with no trouble, that it wasn't going to rain much more, that the fishing was inexhaustible, that the day was yet young (and our legs were included in the latter), we trudged off in different directions - up or down.

Arriving back at camp, we smelt that wonderful unfamiliar 'trout in tinfoil' smell. For entree we had the four pound trout caught in the Mohaka. Soup followed, then the famous H.T.C. stew with slight variation, and finally the most set instant pud that ever was.

Just before bedtime, a hind began barking and grunting no more than ten yards from our camp-site. She persisted for such a long time that we got sick of it and went to bed.

Planning for a hard day ahead we were up by 5.30 and away on our jaunts by seven. While three fished in the Mohaka, the rest motored up the Mangatainoka hoping to reach the river flats above the gorge. As we got further up it was interesting to note the unconcerned attitude of the trout. Nothing disturbed the fat browns from their lazy floating. In an hour and a half we'd reached the gorge so we didn't spend much time looking at the green pools and lacy waterfalls. After retracing our beaten track up the first major tributary we reached the valley flats. We discovered the beginnings of a hut which apparently had been dropped in the wrong place and never been retrieved, and a huge ground fungus of 2-3 feet in diameter with white, carnation-like edges becoming a darker shade of tan nearer the centre. On the trip back to camp two blue mountain ducks were rudely disturbed but the fat browns continued to float in the same place and ignored all menacing sticks. The others only caught one trout between the three of them which was a little disappointing. Camp was dismantled and we began the tramp out to the Puketitiri Hot Springs down the Mohaka at 12.15.

Past the Makino junction at the foot of a bluff at the narrows, we changed and managed to find the beginning of the end of the track to Puketitiri Springs. By five, the first of us were bathing lazily, and by eight o'clock we had reached the Kombi at Makahu.

S. S.

#### PANIC STATIONS

Easter 1969

Madge, a friend and myself had gone for a days fishing up the Ngaruroro towards Cameron Hut. The weather was fine and the river clear though quite high - in fact we piked at a deep crossing about a mile upstream and leisurely worked our way backfishing - without success. When we got back to the depth station where the wire crosses the river about 2 p.m. Trevor and I thought we would try the next pool down stream. We dumped our packs - no point in carrying them to fish a pool 200 yards away! - and set off. I thought I'd get a better cast by crossing over the river so that I was now on the opposite bank to Trevor and Madge and the car.

I sat down at the river's edge to untangle my line - I seem to spend a fair amount of my fishing doing that. About 10 minutes passed and slowly I became aware of water lapping round my feet. I looked up to see the clear Ngaruroro transformed into a muddy torrent carrying logs and other debris and rising rapidly. I was fascinated - I'd read about things like this but I'd never seen it before. The weather was still fine yet this river was rising at about 1" per minute - I was so fascinated I timed it! By now boulders were rolling on the bottom and to have forced a crossing on my own would have been risky.

Trevor shouted caution over the roar of the river so I had to think of alternatives. What about the wire rope and cage? - no, the cage was on the other side and padlocked. The rope is rather high above the river so a Houdini act was out, too. That left only 2 alternatives:- Wait for the river to go down - not a pleasant prospect with my pack containing matches food clothes on the other bank! Don't leave your pack! How many times I'd heard it and told other people. Boy, was I sorry now! The other prospect was to fight my way through 2 - 3 miles of scrub down to the Kuripapenga bridge where the road crosses the river before climbing up Gentle Annie.

It was infuriating looking at friends and car just across the river and not being able to reach them. I shouted what I intended to do and headed off. It was a race against time. If I did not make it by dark it would mean a night out. I crashed through the Manuka and other rubbish for half an hour seemingly getting nowhere. I felt completely alone and began considering rash alternatives - I would make a headlong dash across the river - after all it was only 15-20 yards wide. This was panic. I forced myself to do what I had read so often. I sat down and rethought the whole thing. The going was impossible close to the river - very thick and overgrown - I could not use the river bed when was full from bank to bank. I must get to a high point to get a better view of what lay ahead.

I went uphill for a way and climbed a tall Manuka. The bridge was nowhere in sight but above me, about a mile away, I could see regular scars cutting across the scrub. I was convinced they were cuttings on the Gentle Annie. I decided to head for them. At last there I would be on the road and could walk or hitch down it to the bridge. I half ran, stumbling, getting torn and scratched. I had a stone in my boot. It hurt but I would not sit down and take it out. - It was a race against the clock and I was panicking again. The going was terribly slow and the closer I got to my objective - the scars on the road - the more certain I became. By 5 p.m. I was about 20 minutes away but I had convinced myself I was lost - it couldn't be the road - I decided to head back to the river. This would have been my undoing. Just at that moment Madge appeared at the point I had been heading for. It was the road and they had brought the car up thinking I might do just that. Had she appeared 5 minutes later I would have spent the night out. As we talked about it coming home in the car I realised the mistakes I had made apart from the initial one of leaving my pack. Rushing to beat the clock - I could easily have injured myself necessitating a search and rescue operation. I used up my reserves of energy rapidly though I had no food to replenish this energy. A stone was rapidly making me lame yet I stupidly refused to take time off to remove

it. My loneliness, fear, panic<sup>24.</sup> - call it what you will - almost persuaded me to abandon a sensible course of action for a much less sensible one.

Those of us that venture into the "back" country must face up to the fact that one day we can be really alone and thrown on to our own resources. If we wish to survive we must be mentally prepared. My advice - read all you can about bushcraft and survival (there are many good books available) so that you can recognise Panic. This is what kills.

B. McC.

### THE CAIRN WAS BARE

Feb. 7 - 8th

Having been appointed to bring down the memorial plaque from Kaweka J so that two names could be added I made a weekend trip to get especially it.

Leaving the Pine Tree at 2.45 p.m. in hot weather, I headed up the Kaweka Hut track and arrived at the hut 2 hours later. From here I moved on to the waterfall above where I rested and ate before moving on up the right of the stream to the ridge. On the ridge a mild wind was blowing and there were hundreds of blow flies all the way to Kaiarahi where I dropped straight down to Studholme's saddle bivia leaving the blowflies behind. By 6.50 p.m. I was at Studholme's Hut where I spent the night.

In the morning it was raining and a strong wind was blowing. The day looked grim but the plaque had to come down. I left at 7 a.m. with a light pack and reached the cairn in heavy mist to find the plaque gone! Someone had taken it without telling me!

Turning round I headed back for the hut. I began going down the right hand ridge at Mad Dog Hill, but the mist cleared and put me right. I arrived at the Hut at 3.45 p.m. and had a brew. Then I set out for Kiwi Saddle Hut and arrived in under 2 hours after a pleasant walk along the tops with the blowflies gone. I had a long lunch when the rain set in and headed for the car at 1.05 p.m. in light rain and heavy mist. It was good to see how much of the track I could remember. I failed badly at the shingle slide. The mist cleared at the bottom and gave a little view of the Blowhard Flats and Lakes. The rain had stopped and I was soon at the Pine Tree.

Back home I phone T.W. and found he had taken the plaque on Saturday.

David White

## EXPLANATION

25.

Feb. 7th

David said that he was going up to the Cairn some time to get the Memorial Plaque. The Forest and Bird had an outing up to Makahu Saddle, and as we were going (I thought it would be a good chance to go up and get it.

We reached the far side of Little's Clearing in the car about 11 a.m. and I took off for Makahu Saddle.

Just below Dominie the southerly wind was blowing me so hard towards the edge of the ridge that I just about had to crawl back on to it. Once above Dominie I was in the shelter of Don's Spur and it was quite calm.

When I got the plaque off, it was a lot heavier than I thought about 30 lbs - but I brought it down.

T.W.

## JUMPED UP RIDGE

21st December 1969

Wanting to go somewhere different, a consultation with Pete and a look at the Ruahine map produced the idea of Jumped Up Ridge. From there, a hike around the tops to Pohatuhaha and out via Sentry Box was indicated.

Fourteen bods, with Saturday night hangovers of varying degrees, filled the Kombi to capacity and off we set for Mangleton. The day was clear and promised to be very hot. We left the vehicle at the foot of Jumped Up and after a small detour up a stream and through a patch of enormous thistles we entered the scrub. After a bit of a bash we reached a beautiful little patch of bush complete with stream. A possum located in a tree provided some rather one-sided sport for the more ruthless members of the party while the rest proceeded to the top. A long struggle with scrub ensued and when at last the open tops were reached a much needed rest was had in the blistering heat of the midday sun. The rest of the party arrived about half an hour later.

We still had a fair way to go before turning south to Pohatuhaha and as one of our number was having trouble controlling his breakfast, it was difficult to decide whether to push on or to turn back. We went on for another hour to a point where the rest of the route could be viewed then turned back. This was disappointing in that we did not complete the round trip, but at least we know what to expect next time.

Coming back we followed a more open ridge heading south-east and dropped quickly into a stream. This proved to be an easy way out and although steep could be the best way in. A brew was had just above where the stream reached the road and a stop was made for a swim at the Ohara stream on the

journey home.

B.S.

Brian Smith, John Furminger, Sandra Smith, Wendy Smith, Geoff Richards, Karenne Sparling, Clare Wetherill, Kelvin Walls, Ken Zambra, Robin Heath, Peter Lewis, Fraser McRae, Peter Jane, Randal Goldfinch.

GOLD CREEK HUT - TRIG 50

Jan 18th

From the bush edge beside Triplex creek we headed north across farmland, crossed a shingly stream and found the beginning of the forestry track which makes its way up near the left hand edge of Te Patiki meaning "the flounder".

When viewed from a distance, differently coloured bush growing over the scar of an old burn on Te Patiki shows up in the shape of a flounder, hence the name. From the top of this it sidles, on pretty much the same level, round the north side of Te Patiki, across the heads of various small streams, and through a small saddle in the ridge running North East off Te Patiki which divides Gold Creek from the farmland, then sidling north west down the other side of this ridge to Gold Creek itself, opposite the hut. A pile of about half a dozen quite large (2ft to 4ft) smashed trees was interesting, as we could see no stumps within quite a few yards of them. It must have been a powerful whirlwind which brought them down!

After a two hour stop at the hut, we were rather late in setting off up on to the main range, and more time was lost in looking for a track, without any success, except for a few old blazes on some trees behind the hut.

The ridge was not too bad; moderately uphill, with some windfalls, some thickly growing hard fern, and, higher up, some cutty grass, but two hours brought us within a few hundred feet of the top of Trig 50. This was a different proposition. That short stretch of spiky stunted beech, leatherwood, and spaniard took us an hour!

Out on the open tops we could hardly stand against the decidedly cool westerly gale. Those who were not accustomed to strong wind found the going quite heavy.

Down into the saddle at the head of Fold Creek, through a patch of thick scrubby bush, and up on to Armstrong Top, by which stage the last of the sunlight was leaving the tops of the Wakararas and a cloud bank had come over from the far side of Ruapehu to overshadow us, so we headed down the big shingle slide into the top of Triplex creek. Darkness overtook

us, and the normal problems with torches which go dim after a while, but a more serious problem was one that put one of our two carbide lamps out of action; its owner had dipped the top half in the creek to fill the water tank, and without the bottom half screwed on to protect it the filter became wet resulting in one useless lamp because of persistent blocking of the jet by blobs of water. We arrived back at the Kombi just after 10 p.m.; next time we take on this trip an earlier start might be advisable.

Brian Smith, David Butcher, Jackie Smith, John Brigham, Brenda Butcher, Peter Lewis.

### HIKING IN ONTARIO

(Extract from a letter written by Dorothy Bowman to the club).

I have been out with the Bruce Trail Hiking Club twice. This 700 member club hikes, for day trips only, along the Niagara Escarpment which runs from Niagara to Bruce Bay, a total of 450 miles. Each club is responsible for the upkeep of the section allotted to it. Here's an account of a trip:-

#### A Section of the Bruce Trail

After a howling blizzard the day before it was great to look out of the window in the morning and see clear blue sky with the sun shining. At 10am a car-load of us left for Kelso (25 miles from Oakville) to join up with the rest of the party. From Bentleys, Lincoln Continentals and Volkswagens 100 people unloaded themselves. Our club is responsible for 70 miles of the trail. This time we started at Zero Mile and over the year will be covering the whole distance.

We were supposed to cover  $8\frac{1}{2}$  miles on this trip but a few schoolboys and I decided to do 2 days in one - 18 miles in all. The trail ran over rolling country (like our foothills) clad with Birch Forest, Beech, Elm, Cedars and Hemlock. The going was fair. There was three inches of snow to contend with and a lot of slush where snow had melted. Little Blue Birds and Nuthatches twitted from tree to tree - the first sign of spring. We went up over a hill and down into a valley through beautiful Birch Forest. The trail was three feet wide. Suddenly, on looking back, we saw, on the horizon of the last hill, three elk standing in all their majesty.

Lunch was a welcome break after covering  $8\frac{1}{2}$  miles between 11am and 1.45pm. A little chipmunk ran up and down its tree and peered at us out of its hole. Some limestone caves situated just to the left of us proved interesting. At 2.15pm we were on our way again with  $9\frac{1}{2}$  miles still to go. Over swing bridges, through slush, down icy hills we (or, at least, I) wearily trudged onward. Occasionally we saw a little wooden log cottage. The temperature was  $32^{\circ}$  but seemed warmer with the sun and the mild breeze. A friendly schoolteacher picked us up and drove us  $2\frac{1}{2}$  miles so that we would finish in time and not keep people waiting.

After being dropped off near a gravel quarry we covered an area of Sumack scrub, then came along a sheer limestone - granite cliff. Here there was a wonderful view across the plains to Lake Ontario, Toronto and its multi-storied buildings; Oakville and Clarkson with their oil smelters billowing out smoke. What a vast area was covered by these majestic, multi-storied buildings.

Then we entered forest once more and went down a steep, icy cliff, almost on all fours, finishing up at a graveyard! It was a grand hike.

Highlights of this club: Sunrise hikes with a weaner (sausage) sizzle for breakfast and Moonlight hikes with mixed grills. After some hikes barbecues are apparently held with dancing in ski or scout lodges to fill in the evening. A trip account comes out four times a year with highlights of the trip. The committee meets fortnightly and members four times a year.

Regards and Happy Tramping.

#### ----- SOCIAL NEWS

Births: To Tony and Glennis Rule - a daughter.  
To Cath and Walton Goldsmith - a boy.

Marriages: Douglas Thompson to Ann Graham.  
Tony Mort to Suzanne Berry.  
Warren Greer to Leslie Riddell.  
Pam Lewis to Brian Turner.

Bereavements: Our sympathy to Alison Procter in the loss of her husband.  
Our sympathy to Dempster and Christine Thompson in the loss of their baby daughter.

Departures: Sue Adcock to Kaitaia.  
Kelvin Walls to Hamilton.  
Judith Mercer and Dorothy Bowmar to Canada.

Returns: Graham Soppitt is back in Hastings.  
Rona Budgett has returned from England.

#### NEW MEMBERS

We welcome the following to the club:-

Sue Berridge, Janet Macdonald, Alison Gillespie, Irene Watt, Marian Moran, Annette Kindell, Denise Sims, Trevor Plowman, John Griffiths, as active members. Junior members - Robert Weterings, Wendy Smith, Clare Wetherill, Karenne Sparling, Robert Lusher, Deborah Easton, Paul Maddison. And Ross Hislop from the H.V.T.C.

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Anzac Day Poppies: Please hand your poppies in to Jackie so that they can be used in the wreath for the cairn.  
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FIXTURE LIST

<u>Date</u>	<u>Trip</u>	<u>Fare</u>	<u>Leader, Phone</u>
1970			
<u>MAY</u>			
3	<u>TE KOWHAI GORGE.</u> An easy day trip in the back of Puketitiri.	\$1.	Tom Whittle Patoka 850
16-17	<u>COLENSO TRACK.</u> (Track cutting) For a long time we have been going to clear the Colenso Track. So here is a weekend which has been set aside for this purpose. Camping out will be necessary.	\$1.	Alan Berry Has.77.223
30-1 June Queens B'day	<u>WATERFALL CREEK - MANGAWEKA TRIG.</u> With bad weather a possibility this trip will give ample experience in both good and bad weather conditions.	\$1.	Phil Bayens Has.84.498
<u>JUNE</u>			
14	<u>WAIPIROPIRO SPRINGS.</u> A pleasant day trip to the hot springs in the Pohokura Valley.	\$1.	Pam Turner Has. ?
27-28	<u>TRIG K - UPPER MAKARORO HUT.</u> Climb to Trig K then an easy walk along the top of the ridge to Parks Peak Hut (just south of Pohatuhaha). The track drops off to Upper Makaroro Hut. Out on Sunday down the Makaroro River to the Makaroro Mill.	\$1.	Athol Mace Nap.39.520
<u>JULY</u>			
12	<u>HUKANUI.</u> An easy day trip into the back of Puketitiri.	\$1.	Peter Lewis c/o Nap. 5260
25-26	<u>COMET HUT.</u> An easy weekend trip in the back of Gentle Annie on the Taihape Road. The route in to the hut goes along a scrub-covered ridge at first, which then opens out to a flat tussock plateau. Sunday can be spent up on the Comet plateau with the return to the truck via Pohokura valley.	\$1.	Alan Thurston Has.78.333
<u>AUGUST</u>			
9	<u>KAWEKA HUT.</u> An easy day in the snow around Kaweka Hut, and a chance to check on the condition of the hut.	\$1.	Chris O'Kane Has.83.288
22-23	<u>SNOWCRAFT COURSE (HINERUA).</u> If snow conditions are good this should be a good chance for newcomers to gain experience in the snow.	\$1.	Maury Taylor HMN. 829

1970 SEPT.	Trip	Fare	Leader, Phone
6	<u>BLACK STAG HUT.</u> A pleasant day trip in the Moorcock Valley area. A fit party can climb Otumore.	\$1.	Graeme Soppit Has.85.384
19-20	<u>HOWLETTS - OTUMORE.</u> A difficult trip in adverse weather. The route is up the Tukituki River to Centre Tuki Hut. Then up Daphne Spur to Howletts Hut. Sunday will be spent travelling south along the main divide to Otumore, and a return to the truck via Pohangina Saddle.	\$1.	David White Has.86.671

FARES: Are reducible by 20c. for seniors, half fares for juniors by 10c., if paid at the meeting before or on the trip.

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