HERETAUNGA TRAMPING CLUB (INC.)

"POHOKURA"

Bulletin No. 117 April, 1971

President:
Mr. F. Bayens, St. Georges Rd., Nth, R.D.2, Hastings.
Phone 84.498.

Hon. Secretary:
Mr. G. Griffiths, Box 854, Hastings. Phone. Clive 623

Hon. Treasurer:
Miss J. Smith, 1009e, Heretaunga St. Hastings.
Phone 68.249

Club Captain:
Mr. D. White, 307 Fenwick St. Hastings. Phone 86.671

CLUB TRIPS

RIVER-CROSSING PRACTICE.
(Mohaka River)

No. 931 Nov. 29th

More than thirty of us headed for the Mohaka on a hot Sunday to do some river-crossing practice. After driving more or less to the end of the Glenfalls Road, we turned off across the paddocks.

Before dropping down to the river we halted to study its course a pick out the best places to cross. We cut several long poles to use in the pole supporting method. What a deceiving river this is/ Even at its summer level, it was still waist high at the easiest crossing point.

We all crossed and then went down stream to a swifter stretch of water. At one stace I was startled to see just five heads sticking out above the water as the party struggled across. After this we used the rope as some of the smaller ones were getting swept off their feet.

After lunch, as it was so hot, we lazed around and swam, fished, floated downstream on logs and liloed down the rapids. After a half-hearted bit of tent-pitching instruction, we had that hot pull up out of the river and back to the truck. A most enjoyable day.

No. in Party, 31 Leader: Jim Glass
Peter Lewis, Graham Soppitt, Paul Maddison, David Perry, Chris Barnett, Alan, Kath, Jan and Ross Berry, Graham and Marilyn Thorp. Alan Bristow, Mark Smith, Roy Frost, Mervyn Hope, David Schutz, Jenny Halpin, Marie Falconer, Elizabeth Pindar, Barbara Easton, Shelagh Sayers, Susan Glass, Debora Scott, Debby Joll, Trevor Plowman, Randall Goldfinch, Toby Easton, John Wallace, Graham Milne, Bruce Perry.

ROCKY POINT via HOGGET TRIG.

No. 932 12-13th Dec.

The party of eleven left Holt's at 6.15am, in four cars and we motored up the Taihape road to Kuripapango. One car which was to remain here was unloaded and its passengers were distributed over the three other cars. Afterwards we continued up to Timahanga Station where we obtained permission from Mrs Roberts to cross the property.

In warm weather the mob set off on a bulldozed track towards Hogget Trig. We missed the track turning off to the left before Boyd's Hut, but found it again after cutting across to the left. From there the track passed through scrub and bush, and then came out on to the tussocky tops which led up to Hogget Trig. One member of the party who had come for the day, returned back to Timahanga from here. After a sit down, we continued along towards the Log Cabin site over tussock. On reaching the estimated position (the wrong one), we turned N.E. down through the bush and landed in a small stream. This proved quite a tricky little obstacle course, leading us down to where another tributary came in from the true left side.

After a late lunch, we headed up the ridge side on the true left. On reaching the ridge top the weather became overcast and misty, obscuring our view. A comfortable camp site was soon discovered on the bush edge, and with a good feed, plenty of tales and a merry tape recorder, a pleasant evening was spent.

With an early, bright 6am start in the morning we followed along a ridge running N.E. up towards Rocky Point.

We turned down a spur ridge which landed us near the last fork on the Raoraoroa Stream. A steady uphill grind preceded scrub bashing for approx 1500ft until we reached open ground just below 7B. From here Rocky Point and the Ngararoro River were viewed and Oh/ the mistakes/ But never mind. The dehydrated party then continued up to Te Iringa where a previous hungary tramper had left her lunch box. With much useless flashing around of maps and compasses, we continued rapidly down a ridge into the Ngaruroro River near Cameron Hut. A very late lunch was consumed and with the weather becoming overcast and a cold wind blowing, we wated no time in boulder-hopping down the Ngaruroro River.

The party reached Kuripapango Just before dark after a mighty marathon. There was no regrets at having covered so much country.

No. in Party, 11 Leader: Randall Goldfinch
Day tripper, Lindsay Going.
Graham Soppitt, Graham Milne, David, Russell & Bruce Perry, David Schutz, Rob Lusher, John Preece, Martin Du Fresne

---

NGAMATEA, COLDEN HILLS, PETERS HUT.

No. 933 Jan. 1-4th

Fourteen bods left Holt's at 5.30am. By 8.30am we had turned off the main road and were proceeding across the paddocks to Ngamatea Station. A metalled road exists for aonly part of the distance to the Homestead, the remainder being vehicle tracks across the grass with muddy patches at the several gates.

We located the Homestead amongst a large number of farm buildings but the only person about was a farmhand. The manager was away mustering. Permission had been previously arranged so we packed up and moved off about 9.30am. The first stop, a mere 10mins later, was at the Station Powerhouse - an elaborate affair sporting a dam, pelton wheel. 66.5 kVA 3-phase generator and gigh voltage transmission lines. This installation has been in operation since 1951 and is supplemented at times of drought by a diesel generator.

After a brief inspection we moved off towards the Golden Hills Hut. The bulldozed road we followed soon forked and as no information had been forthcoming from the station hand we had to guess which alternative to take. The right fork soon degenerated into an old pack track but it seemed to be going in the right direction so we carried on. (We knew that a road

ran right into the hut.) Shortly the track turned sharply east and dropped down to the Taruarau River. We left the track and proceeded north dropping to the river about noon. The weather was hot and evidence of sunburn was already apparent. Many had a swim in a large pool, one bod going in hat and all, while the rest lunched and rested.

We plodded off again at 1.00pm, following the river and crossing it where necessary. At the confluence of Poverty Creek the Taruarau swings east into a gorge so we turned up the Creek. We then picked up the old Golden Hills pack track and followed it, soon leaving Poverty Creek and rejoining the Taruarau. One member had an argument with his breakfast which resulted in a mutual separation agreement so a halt was called and a brew was had at the rivers edge. It was now about 4.30pm.

We plodded on, and on, and on, and on, eventually moving on to the road where it rejoins the pack track at the confluence of Stony Creek. It was faster going on the road and we staggered into Golden Hills Hut over a half hour period from about 7.15pm. Tired as we were, everybody set to and tents appeared, sleeping bags were rolled out and soup was followed by stew and the usual desert of fruit and instant pudding. Some slept in the hut, which has about four serviceable bunks, while most preferred the outdoors. (It has since been learnt that the road in to the hut is six miles longer than the pack track. The faster travelling would however compensate for the extra distance.)

Little life was evident before 8.00am next morning - an indication of the effort put in the day before. It was clear that the proposed trip was too ambitious. The second day would be six hours, the third day an unknown quantity, and the at least as long as the first. It was therefore decided to spend two nights at Golden Hills Hut, the second day being spent as people wished. A party of four - Peter Lewis, Trevor Plowman, Craig Wombell and David Perry - set off at 11.00am for Boyd's Hut, a six hour returntrip. Two stayed at Golden Hills and rested while the remainder took day packs as far as the Panoko Stream, a tributary of the Ngaruroro, about 1¼ hours distant. Here a dip in a terrific swimming hole was followed by lunch and a siesta. The party movie cameraman was very active capturing the bright colours of the various swimming outfits. The weather was warm and sunny and the lack of insects of the biting variety made the middle of the day very pleasant. A helicopter ferrying deer carcases to Boyd's Hut was watched with interest.

At 2.00pm the sky clouded and a light drizzle fell. We made our way back over the golden tussock and were delighted to find a billy of soup waiting for us. As it continued to

rain we gathered in the dark malthoid hut around the warm fire. To save crowding we had a first round of stew, leaving enough for the Boyd's party when they returned at 5.50pm.

That night it rained, wetting a few sleeping-bags, but by morning it had stopped although the sky was still overcast. Activity began soon after 5.00am but it was not till 7.30am that we were ready to move off. We travelled up Frasers Gully then climbed on to a tussock ridge skirting the headwaters of Stony Creek and following the pack track to Te Apunga Hut. At 10.30 am we stopped on the ridge separating the Stony Creek and Waihingakia watersheds and had a brew. This was the last water we expected to see before we reached our destination, Peter's Hut. Tw Apunga Hut was visible from near this point, about 20mins away.

Leaving the track we continued along the ridge in a south -westerly direction climbing steadily until we reached Tawaki Tohunga (5175). Here we had a second lunch as we surveyed the magnificent view before us. North and west stood the various Kaimanawa peaks including Makorako. Eastwards lay the Kawekas and to the south, the Ruahines. Aorangi was a significant feature of the view. In the (relative) foreground we could see the enormous distance we had covered on the first day - 15 miles as the crow flies.

The cool wind was forcing some into jerseys and parkas so we wasted no time in dropping down to Peters Hut a little south of Tawaki Tohunga beside a patch of beech. (Note that this hut is not accurately shown on either the H.T.C. or N.Z. M.S. maps. It is a Little north of the point shown, on the bush edge. A track to it leaves the tussock valley of Peters Creek and crosses the western fork of the Creek a short distance from the fork.) Arriving at 3.30pm we had plenty of time to set up camp and start drying out wet gear.

Next morning I awoke a little before 5.00am to hear the pitter-patter of rain on the tent and looking outside saw an uninviting view of wet tussock and mist. It took several calls of 'brew-up' etc. to get everybody out of the sack. Rain was still falling when we left. We followed a pack track down beside Peter's Creek then left it when it veered south west. Visibility was poor so checks with the map was necessary at intervals. The rain continued and a north-easterly wind made things even more miserable. It was too cold to stop and too wet to sit down, so pauses were few.

We arrived at the edge of the Ngamatea Swamp and across it in the mist could just pick out a line of pines near the Homestead. This was heartening and we pressed on round the edge of the swamp picking up a track which eventually joined the Ngamatea-Tikitiki Bush road. It was a long slog back to

the cars, four hours almost without a break, and it was a tired but happy crowd that changed into dry clothes and had lunch in the station workshop. By 1.30pm we were away and reached Hastings around 4.00pm.

No. in Party, 14 Leader: Brian Smith
Brian Turner, Brian Hall, David Butcher, David Perry, David Schutz, Pam Turner, Noel Evans, Peter Lewis, Trevor Plowman, Craig Wombwell, Chris Barnett, Simon Easton, Lindsay Going.

KAWHATAU.

No. 934 Jan. 9-10th

We left Hastings around 6.15 and arrived at Cullen's at about 8 o-clock, left the Kombi around 9 o-clock and headed up the Waipawa. After travelling at a slow pace in the dismal conditions , we stopped to look at a new Hut built just below the forks. We continued on to Waikamaka Hut for lunch, with one or two brief stops on the way. We then headed up the South Waikamaka to Rangi Saddle, from there we did a bit of bush-bashing down into Rangi Creek. From there it was easy going down to the Kawhatau Stream and then up to Waterfall Creek hut where we spent a reasonable night with a party led by Brian Smith. On Sunday we had a late start and headed up Broken ridge which took the rest of the morning with everyone going at a snails pace. After having lunch on Paemutu, we headed for South Rangi. From there we found the going a bit easier and from three Johns we wen down a shingle slide into the Waipawa. When we reached the river we had a brew and a bite to eat and headed for the Kombi which we reached at about 8 o-clock.

A very tired party arrived back in Hastings at about 10-30.

No. in Party, 5 Leader: Paul Maddison
Peter Lewis, Trevor Plowman, David Perry, Brian Hall

LAKE TUTIRA.

NO.935 Jan 22-23-24

About half of the people arrived on the Friday night. (A record early start for a Sunday trip??) Those who are also members of Anglers' Clubs, with their friends, stayed in a comfy fishing lodge at the far side of the lake, while the others pitched tents at the southern end of the main lake.

By Saturday afternoon there was quite an assortment of tents under the willows, and the selection of floatable craft we had acquired included several dinghies, a yacht, and a huge tracter tube. In spite of the drizzle which began about 4pm and got steadily worse, we managed a good tea, even if most cheated because they had camp stoves. There followed several mad hours of card games etc. in the dry fishing hut, while the outsides of the windows were black with mosquitos and sand-flies trying to get in to eat us.

Pouring rain caused some to give up the camping idea and retreat to a bach at Tangoio. The tenters had rather a damp night but nothing too serious. One bod plodded off at what he thought was 5am for some early fishing. Only as time went by did he realise that his watch was two hours fast. The cooking of hearty breakfasts at the hut occupied several hours; other pastimes were more card games, study of literature from the hut 'Library', digging drains to divert flooded streams from the hut, gathering firewood, and watching antics on the lake, like the two hardy yachtsmen gliding along with an umbrella over them; or the bod who, wanting to try out the tractor tube, was taken well out in a row-boat and then treacherously abandoned after being given only one small paddle, his progress at first seeming to consist mainly of clockwise and counterclockwise rotations.

The Sunday-trippers in the truck did not even leave town because of the weather, though the Club Captain and others came out later by car. By the time we came to pack up, some of our gear may have been rather sodden, but the weather certainly had not dampened anyone's spirits.

C.W.

No. in Party, 28
Chas Perry, John Furminger, Lynn Furminger, Sue Greer, Graham Soppitt, Brian Soppitt, Alan Bristow, Trevor Plowman, Sandy Smith, Wendy Smith, Lorraine Keeling, Athol Mace, Marie Falconer, Paul Maddison, David White, Gail Hollis, Davis Plowman, Russell Millington, Kit Persen, Tim Persen, Bryce Wallace, Peter Lewis, Rob Lusher, Russell Trotter, Alan Thurston, David Perry, Graham Milne.

ROCKS AHEAD - VENISON TOP - BALLARD HUT.

No. 936 Feb. 6-7

The day started out fine and cool for a pleasant tramp into the Kawekas. The ole truck coughed its way to Napier arriving around 7.00am, and eventually we arrived at Makahu

about 10.15 to enter our names in the log book. The mist was down so onward we went arriving at Domonic some 45mins later for a rest. Here, one bod carried on not knowing that we were in the hut, but he soon sorted it out that we were just behind him. Through the mist we plodded over the tops and down to Back Hut for lunch. Here a lesson was learned. Do not put plastic mugs on hot stoves, somehow they melt. After a full hours break we had a slow uneventful trip to Rocks Ahead gettin there just on 5.00pm. Here someone produced two Walkie-talkie sets and they were tested for strength and readability.

An early start (6.30am) - well fairly early for most of us - and up the track which led us to Venison Tops. The Walkie-talkies were quite handy as we knew how far behind the slow ones were or vice versa. By this time the sun was straining to get through the mist until we arrived on top, leaving the mist in the valleys. On Venison Top the sun was so pleasant we just wandered along on the open tops until we came across a 12 bunk hut called Tro Chalet. As it was only 9.00am we decided on an early morning tea here and lunch at Ballard. This we did, leaving Ballard around 1.30pm for the main range. This was easy going so we soon strung out, but everyone knew where they were going and all stopped at the Makahu Spur.

Once we were all together , away we went again down to the truck at the bottom.

This trip was thought to be quite a tough one but really it was quite easy if you keep going at a slow pace and do not wander too far from the well defined tracks. All Huts on the trip were in excellent condition and all junctions marked fairly clearly.

No. in Party, 10 Leader: Trevor Baldwin.
David White, David Perry, Bruce Perry, Rob Lusher, Trevor Plowman, David Schultz, Lindsay Going, Peter Lewis, Sandra Smith

---

LILO TRIP.

NO. 937 Feb. 21

The crossing of the Makahu river was not deep, so the vehicles were taken across and up the hill to Nicholas' hay-barn. Some of the less experienced went down the ridge to the junction of the Makahu and the Mohaka, finding the last part near verticle and quite a scrub-bash. Rob, Russell, Wendy and Kit zoomed off to the Hot Springs and beyond on miniature cross country motorbikes. Slide-marks, mud-splashes and tyre-

marks up and down banks told a story to the pedestrians following along behind. (Furthest point reached by a bike was 2½ miles up-river from the Springs, but only after considerable lifting and pushing; definitely not reccommended/)

Some of the party had gone on to the beginning of the big river flat above the springs before stopping for lunch, so by the time they had liloed down to the springs the start of the mainstage was somewhat delayed. The water was not too cold, but then the day wasn't very sunny either, so we had a few stops to sit on warm rocks and warm up. The Mohaka is a powerful river, and there were plenty of exciting moments. In one place the whole river is constricted into a narrow channel between rocks bluffs and many of the waves in the rapids seemed to be several feet high, though some of them were so thin you could see right through them. Hurtling along quite fast, we would be enjoying swooping down into the troughs and up over the next waves, when suddenly our own speed would get ou-of-phase with the waves and we would be going slop-slop-slop through instead of over them, blinking and head-shaking in desperate efforts to get water out of eyes in time to avoid the next lot of rocks fast approaching. At least four of the rapids between the Springs and the Makahu were real thrillers, with what seemed like a fall of four to ten feet in quite a short distance. Approaching one of them, we wondered what we were coming to as the river seemed to just drop out of sight, and then in a second or two we were on a near 30 degree slope of smooth water, down which our already fast speed more than doubled before we piled into thew white turbulence against the rock wall at the bend below.

At the junction of the Makahu the others joined us, but after the rapids higher up, the ones down there, such as the one on the bend above the Pakaututu bridge, seemed quite tame. Climbing out and rejoining the truck by the bridge, we enjoyed a hot brew and delicious melons while the rain showered down.

No. in Party, 33 Leader: Peter Lewis
David Perry, Bryce Wallace, Rob Lusher, Paul Maddison, Charlie Armstrong, Ursula Milner-White, Alan Bristow, Bruce Perry, Maury, Barbara, Susan, Robin and Kevin Taylor, Sue Tucker, Sue Greer, Sue Elliott, Sue Gardiner, Trevor Plowman, Simon Easton Deb Easton, John Furminger, Glen Breayley, Tim Persen, Kit Persen, Hedley Sanderson, Sandra Smith 11, Judith Dow, Wendy Smith, Lloyd Davis, Russell Millington, Liz Pindar, Lindsay Going.

Upper Mohaka - Mangatainoka.

No. 938 March 6-7

We left Hastings at 5am. There was fifteen of us, four of whom travelled in Paul's V.W. and the remaining eleven in the Kombi.

Following the thrilling plunge through the Makahu Stream we left the Hay-barn at 8.00 for the 1½ hours strolling into the Puketitititiri Hot Springs. A brief stoppreceded a further 1½ hours pleasant tramping upstream to "Stagger In" Hut. Here some managed to grab a bite to eat before we pressed on up the Mohaka towards its junction with the Makino. During the next 2 hours the track provided some beautiful scenery as it twisted along the rivers left bank, but by the time we reached the new Makino swing bridge some of the feminine members were slowing down so we called it a morning and stopped just past the junction for a late lunch.

At this stage a fitness ultimatum was offered which resulted in 8 fit male types motoring off upstream while the remainder under Trevor's leadership,contented themselves with coming up later at a more leisurely pace.

Aan hours tramping on a genuine "Whittle" track our forward party had passed the small "ver hot" springs and were at the Mangatainoka Junction - a beautiful camping spot. Up to this point our feet had managed to stay dry but this was not ro be the case from now on.

Up the Mangatainoka we went splashing merrily along in midstream. The fun started when David undaintly sat down in the unusually wet water and subsequently dampened all radio contact with Trevor, in the form of a two-way transceiver set. We were soon at the narrow gorge just below the first forks and gingerly walked high above the thunderous roar of its waterfall before dropping back down to the stream and wading up the right branch at the forks. A few minutes upstream on the left bank we came across a misplaced Airdrop and promptly chose this as our sleeping place. After a leisurely campfire meal (which consisted of burnt stew disguised by great quantities of beef stock) we gladly hit the sack and two of us even managed to enjoy the luxury of wire-wove beds.

A prompt start followed in the morning and by 7.30 we were running further upstream (minus packs of course). That morning we enjoyed some of the most beautiful scenery that I have ever seen. As we wandered up the Mangatainoka its deep blue pools and surrounding native bush were flooded with the suns early rays. We made very good time but did not find a hut at the second forks as we had expected. Apparently there is

a hut at the third fork but time was our great limiting factor. Rounding one picturesque corner we came across three deer quietly grazing on the river flats, alone in their remote domain. Regretfully, however we had to turn back and so quickly returned to our campsite in 1½hours to retrieve heavy packs and begin the long tramp back to the springs at 11.15am.

Unfortunately, however, we nearly had a nasty accident a above the gorge when Kevin slipped on the small deer track and rolled down dangerously close to the edge of the deep chasm. His small pack wasn't so lucky and was swept down the falls into a small backwash hollowed out in the opposite cliffs, where it proceeded to float slowly around in circles unable to get back into the main current torrent of the stream. We then spent 1¼ futile hours desperately trying to coax the pack back into the main flow far below us. However, no amount of stone -throwing would budge it and even an ingenious snag on a very long length of cord proved useless, so we left it there floating in its never-ending circles, impossibly out of reach.

Our main enemy now was time and we raced down to the forks at the Mohaka where the other half of our party had camped the night before. Following a very brief lunch we continued downstream back to the Makino junction in 1 hour which confirmed our previous time for this section of the trip.

By this time it was 3 o'clock and the other party had left the Mangatainoka at 10.30 so we had no time to lose. Despite the distance we had travelled we managed to get back to the springsin good time, and reunited with Trevor's group at 6 o'clock. All that remained to be done after a quick snack was to retrace our steps from the springs back to the vehicles which we finally reached just after dark.

Sespite our weariness we accepted the Lewis's never failing hospitality and were refreshed with a brew at their farm.

We had certainly made the most of our weekend and by the time we finally reached Hastings, Monday was only a few minutes away. So those of you who want to go on a lengthy weekend trip with beautiful virgin scenery, try the Mangatainoka sometime.

No. In Party, 15 Leader: Rob Lusher
Forward Party:- Peter Lewis, Russell Trotter, David Perry, Bruce Perry, Kevin Perry, Roy Frost, David Schutz
Those who camped at the Mohaka-Mangatainoka forks were:- Trevor Plowman, Paul Maddison, Ian Lander, Liz Pindar, Debbie Easton, Debora Joll, Sandra Smith.

n
No. 939

CATTLE HILL - ROCK CLIMBING.

March 21st.

We had intended leaving at 7.00am but as usual we were half an hour late. Owing to the leader dropping asleep, we went an extra six miles up the road before the others realized we had passed the turn off.

After the usual clamber of putting on boots, eating, stretching and packing packs, we left. By about 10.30 we had reached the first lot of rocks and "the experienced" had already started climbing up, swinging down and climbing up again, while the inexperienced were eating. It was decided by the experienced, that this outcrop was a bit hard for us so we carried on for another ½ hour to some better, easier, not quite such verticle rocks.

We spent an hour or so eating lunch and generally mucking around until the experienced and a few interested ones went up the hill to jack up the ropes. Soon everybody was being put over the edge, ropes going everywhere round their body, then told to let themselves down-slowly. There were quite a few worried faces and some unusual sounds were heard, but I'm pretty sure everyone had quite a neat time.

By 4.00 we were all packed up and ready to leave - with no casualties. An average trip out to the truck, then most people had something else to eat before climbing in for the dusty trip back.

No. in Party, 33 Leader: Wendy Smith
Kit Persen, Peter Lewis, Trevor Plowman, Warren Greer, Glen Bradey, Graham Thorp, Brian Hall Sandra Smith, Rob Lusher, Barry Morgan, John Berry, Mary Morgan, Toby Easton, Craig & Glen Morgan, Tim Persen, Roy Frost, M. Thompsen, Bruce Perry, Alan Bristow, Phillip Friis, Simon Easton, Joanne Smith, Sue Elliot, Judy Powell, Liz Pindar, Debbie Easton, Pam Cookery, Keren Hales, Chris Pine, Robin Pine, Alex Reid.

STONEY CREEK - AHIMANAWAS

No. 940 3 - 4 April

In 1965 we tried to head stoney Creek by approaching from the South West but were forced to the conclusion that this trip was just too long for the Club in a weekend. The memory dulls though and the trampers' native optimism gains ascentancy so this time we tried to head at least one of the branches by working up the centre spur first. It is still too far. Perhaps even further than it was last time!

An early start that came slightly unstuck saw us leaving the truck at Stoney Creek around 9.15. It was only a short distance up Stoney Creek itself until we came to the point where the creek forks and becomes the Ohane and the Momonanui. The ridge between these two is, as we soon found long and rough, one bump after another. The deer must be fairly sparse on the ridges as the tracks were very overgrown by fern and dense undergrowth, making progress slow and scratchy.

By 5,0'clock we were still an hour or so short of the main divide. To proceed further would only have left us out on a limb the following day so we dropped off into the headwaters of the Ohane to make camp. A very pleasant camp it was too, even if the ground beneath some of the tents dropped away at rather strange angles.

The stags roared and grunted in the creeks around us throughout the night, taunting the opposition to come out and fight, under the age old laws of the jungle.

The stars were still shinging brightly in a darkened sky when we stumbled out in the morning but it was seven o'clock before we set off down the side creek in which we had camped, towards the Ohane. This country is full of tree stinging nettle, particularly in the creek beds and progress down the Ohane was slow but steady. Having covered a third of the distance down the stream we climbed up a good spur to the Wharangi Ridge. A little exercise in navigation, some more bashing through nettle, lawyer and hook-grass and we came out on to a good spur overlooking the Waipunga and the Taupo Road.

A gentle amble and we were back on the road, about half a mile on the Taupo side of the Tarawera Hotel. A dip in the very dubious looking liquid of the hot spring, for some, and a walk back to collect the truck for others.

This was an interesting trip into country never before visited by the Club. Not the sort of country, though, into which one would want to venture too often. Good weather and a

willing party made this a very pleasant weekend.

Nol in party 14.
Leader: Alan Berry.
Deborah Easton, Simon Easton, Peter Lewis, Keith Thompson, Roy Frost, Graham Thorp, Mark Smith, Glenn Breayling, Trevor Plowman, Alan Bristow, David Perry, Brian Hall, Roy Peacock, Alan Berry.

CALLING FOR ASSISTANCE

There is no telling when a mishap might befall either a member of our party, or someone else in the same area of the ranges, and we might have to call for assistance.

If this ever happens, two important points should be kept in mind:
firstly, the message to be sent should be WRITTEN DOWN so that essential details will not be overlooked or given incorrectly (and the message must be written down by the person receiving on the other end of the phone);
secondly, THE POLICE SHOULD BE ADVISED of exactly what is happening, so that those responsible for Search and Rescue can be given the true facts, rather than have to try to make decisions on the basis of wild rumours.

P.L.

LOST PROPERTY

After nearly every trip, a variety of objects are usually found by those who clean out the vehicle; odd socks, gloves, puttees, sandshoes, or even more valuable things like jerseys, parkas or camers. This makes extra work in trying to find the owners. Often articles have to be brought along to half a dozen successive Club meetings before someone bothers to claim them. Please try to put your name on as much of your gear as possible, Parkas, especially, often look alike. Mark yours inside in large letters with paint, or at least leave an old envelope with your name on it in the pocket. Put wet socks inside boots and tie them to your pack. Remember: marking ink, pen, tape, needle and thread can all be bought for less than half the price of a pair of socks, and applied in less time than it would probably take to go and buy a new pair.

P.L.

PRIVATE TRIPS.

KAWEKA CAPERS. Nov. 24th - Dec.1st.

A trap for unwary travellers is that petrol cannot be got for love or money in Taupo late on a week night. Coming down from Auckland we fell into this trap, but fortunately had enough petrol to get us to Tarawera. We stopped by the Wai punga Stream for the night in the A.A. rest area, then, finding the Tarawera Tavern shut until 10.00 a.m., crept on to Te Pohue on the smell of an oil rag. Our luck was in: we filled up, came across the Glengarry Road, and reached Makahu about lunchtime. After a quick lunch we lifted our packs on and set off for the Cairn.

"We" consisted of Warwick Morgan, Bryce Martin, Peter Bromwich - all A.T.C. types - and myself. Our trip - an eight-day round tour of all those places in the Kawekas worth going to (at least, most of them.)

Having left Makahu about 2 p.m. it was 4.00 p.m. and very misty by the time we located the Cairn and set off for Back Hut. (I give times as an indication for interested trampers, not as possible record speeds, for they are far from that. Times near the beginning of the trip are probably lengthened because of heavy packs and unfitness; those at the end of the trip by blisters, sunburn and general lethargy.) Dropping down to Back Hut was uneventful; the weather was fine but looked a bit ominous, in spite of the weather man's favourable predictions.

Next day (Wednesday, 25th November) we struggled up on to Maminga sweating profusely and muttering such comments as, "Tramping's great - it's the bits between the stops I don't like." Along Back Ridge, a glance towards the Bivvy, and off down to Rocks Ahead. With the pack weight and gravity controlling the motion it was all the legs could do to stay underneath. We were revived, however, by a (very) quick dip in the river before lunch. Noted with interest were signs indicating tracks to Manson Hut, Otutu Bush Hut, the latter being previously unknown to me.

Venison Top is a long slog up from the Ngaruroro, but we finally made it ($2\frac{1}{2}$ - 3 hours.) The N.Z.F.S. have built a Chalet there for the express use of trampers and private shooters, it seems. The Chalet, called Tiro Chalet (meaning 'the meeting place of travellers') is a three-roomed establishment with 12 bunks. Alas, it has no fireplace or stove, but two double-burner kerosene stoves. A very cold prospect, particularly in winter. The comments about the Chalet in the book from government hunters were strictly passing ones. We cooked and ate outside, as it was a very calm evening, then dossed down on foam rubber luxury.

Thursday saw us leaving Venison Top for Ahurua. Mangaturutu Hut is little more than $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours away, and slightly off the track, which continues through to Te Pukuohikarua. After a look at the hut (6 bunk job) we carried on. Lunch time overtook us about 2 hours later, so we had a dry lunch in a sheltered spot. Thunder was rolling round on all sides, but it was not ultil we broke out of the bush on to Te Pukuohikurua that we were forced into parkas. Te Puku Hut was inhabited by Dick Hart, a government culler whose name graces practically every page of every Kaweka Hut book. He was most hospitable, giving us a brew, a piece of venison and some interesting advice on huts and tracks. He also said we were only the fourth tramping or private hunting party to pass that way since the hut was built in 1961 (hint to Fixtures Committee). The three-quarters of an hour he gave to Harkness Hut was actually 1 for us, in spite of the fact

that it was all downhill. Harkness Hut, another 6 bunker, is set in a beautiful valley on the border of the tussock and beech country. The thunderstorm had passed and the sun shining on the golden tussock was a delightful sight.

Friday's objective was Golden Hills Hut. Down the Harkness (or Ngaawapurua) Stream for ten minutes, then up the western branch for about an hour or so. Out of the creek at the right place and up on to a low saddle, another half hour; then an hour and a half down to the Ngaruroro. The tussock reflected the sun in our faces and the air was still: we almost melted. On reaching the river we couldn't resist a swim (would you believe a wash?) in an enormous pool. It took us about two hours to reach Golden Hills Hut, the hut with the most interesting log book I've ever seen. The hut is very old (built in 1925). The dubious condition of the bunks made sleeping outside a popular idea.

The next day was predicted to be an easy one. In fact it wasn't difficult, but the heat made us slow and the day stretched. We followed the Taruarau down to Rocky Creek, noting the very prominent (from some positions) Bishop's Rock over our right shoulders. After crossing Rocky Creek we left it, and climbed a long low ridge to a corner of the Otutu Bush. We passed the remains of a fairly permanent campsite which raised some questions as there didn't seem to be much water about. Following the bushline eastwards we soon picked up the old blazed track shown on the H.T.C. map (and others) which passes through the bush. Taking this track led us through a small clearing and on to a ridge top, giving us a good view of Manson Trig, etc. "Not visible from anywhere, in a clearing not shown on the map," was the description of Otutu Bush Hut Dick had given us (amongst other sundry details.) By this time it was 4.30 - 5.00 p.m., about six slow hours from breakfast time. We had a good think and many looks at the map, and finally picked up signs indicating an unformed track to the hut. This hut, also 6 bunks, was built in April, 1970. We were the first non-deer-culler visitors. Water supply is from a small tank. It has a stove rather than a fireplace. The hut is in fact not visible from anywhere except possibly from 4594 with a telescope. In my opinion it is at the end of a north-reaching indent in the bushline rather than in a separate clearing. Bearings taken from near the hut were: to Manson Trig 72°E of N <u>magnetic</u>, to Te Iringa 135° and Mt. Meany 177°. On the map these lines meet at a point (surprisingly), but in a creek rather than on the ridge. The real position of the hut, in my estimation, is given by the bearings 86°, 156° and 203° E of N <u>true</u> on the H.T.C. map.

Sunday was one of those up and down days. Down into Manson Creek (new N.Z.F.S. track) then up to Manson Trig. Down towards Manson Hut, then up, then down to Kiwi Mouth. Finding Manson Hut was a bit of an exercise. We'd been told, "Over the edge of the ridge, in a place where you wouldn't expect to find a hut." Consequently we looked in all the places where we wouldn't expect to find a hut - and didn't. Finally we found some sheep yards and decided, over lunch, that Manson Hut was directly below us. A quick descent of 200 - 300 feet and our guess was answered. The hut is built of 2" thick timber walls with malthoid roof, and is still in remarkably good repair. Our third swim in the Ngaruroro was even better than the first two, and was followed by slices of delicious camp bread constructed by another hunter in residence there.

The last two days were in country quite familiar to the Club. Up Kiwi Creek and then up to Kiwi Saddle (2 hours.) It is useful to note

that the best swimming hole in Kiwi Creek is almost/halfway from Kiwi Mouth to the track take-off. It seems that the cleaning up I did at Kiwi Saddle along with Kit and John about three months ago had some effect; the possums had not returned since then.

We shot along to Castle Camp and down to Studholme's Hut in about three hours, and finding the stream and helipad still bathed in brilliant sunshine decided to sleep out there rather than withdraw to the shadow of the hut. Studholme's is one of the few huts that hasn't had its log book replaced recently, so it was ineteresting to read of club trips dating back several years; but the unnecessarily sour comments of some authors tend to spoil the books and the trampers' reputations.

After a very warm night we left our campsite and motored up to the tops. By this time we had that last day enthusiasm. The tops were clear although a passing 50 m.p.h. zephyr tended to cool things down a bit. On reaching the Cairn we rested and reviewed our trip. We could see almost all of where we had been, which made it a very satisfying view. Thence down to Makahu to find Geoff Richards had come and gone while we were there.

A very enjoyable trip. One that I would recommend to anyone.

C. B. S.

MANGAWEKA . Jan 8th - 11th.

The day after the New Year trip it was pouring with rain outside. Wet tramping gear was strewn from one end of the house to the other, getting dry. I was relaxing, thinking what a stupid idea tramping was, then suddenly - tap, tap, tap, on the door. Alan Thurston's happy face appeared. "Going for another trip?" he said. I groaned inwardly. However, we got out the maps and the phone book, and made ambitious plans. John Furminger was keen and Julian Edmonds checked his social calendar to find a vacancy from Friday to Monday.

We arrived at the Waipawa, after dropping in at Cullen's, to find it dirty but not up very much. Everybody knows what the Waipawa is like, so suffice it to say we reached the top in due course. The weather was fine to begin with, and we had hopes of its clearing, but it was thundering and carrying on in fine style by the time we reached the Saddle. It was misty in the Saddle. We took a south sidling track down towards Waikamaka, and had a lengthy episode with some leatherwood. Not very pleasant in the heavy rain, so this was deemed "not a good route." The hut seemed a good place to stop for the night, so we did.

Saturday's weather was as bad as Friday's, so we were fairly damp by the time we got to Rangi Saddle. The leatherwood on the south side of Rangi Saddle is fairly fearsome, according to Paul Maddison's party, who spent an hour or so in it later that day. The value of picking someone else's brains beforehand was well illustrated, because we picked up the track (not too well marked) through the leatherwood and got down into Rangi Creek with very little effort. (In contrast, Paul's party had no trouble in getting down to Waikamaka, so we were quits at this stage.) Waterfall Creek Hut was a welcome sight, and we had lunch there shortly after arriving.

I fould a pound of honey had got loose in my pack, creating a rather sticky situation, so some time was spent with soap powder and hot water. The sun came out for a short time, so we went for a stroll up the Kawhatau

for an hour, then returned to the hut to make tea. The Club party arrived during the evening.

Sunday showed an improvement in the weather, so while the Club party minus Trevor left for Paemutu via Tussock Creek, we, plus Trevor, left for Mangaweka via Trig Creek. Iron Peg Creek is the first tributory of the Kawhatau on the true left below Rangi Creek, and Trig Creek is the first tributory (about 10 minutes up) of Iron Peg Creek on the true left. This is an ideal way to the top, providing fast, easy climbing. Care must be taken to get out of the creek before it gets a bit dicey near the top. We had lunch just below Mangaweka, sitting beside a tarn in a real Alpine meadow of daisies, etc.

Mangaweka was a bit disappointing as it is just the remains of the trig on the top of a very gentle rise. Cloud obscured all views from this point, so we removed south to Iron Peg. Here the cloud cleared and we could see right down to farmland on the Taihape side as well as the Kawhatau valley. As there was a radio in each party we had regular contact with the other party, who had by now emerged from more leather-wood (graphic descriptions relayed to us!) and were proceeding to Rangi from Paemutu. The sun was very plasant so we spent an hour just enjoying the view, and watching the other party climbing on to South Rangi.

We pushed on, into a saddle and up on to the first and highest of five unnamed five-thousand-foot knobs between Iron Peg and Paemutu. This we dubbed "Julian's Knob." From the next saddle we got into a creek and proceeded back to Waterfall Creek hut. (This creek is the one you see when looking out the back window of the hut. It goes right to the top, and like Trig Creek is a good fast route up.) Contact with the other party was lost as soon as we descended into the valley.

Monday dawned as wet and misty as Friday and Saturday had been, so we were somewhat reluctant to leave the comfort of the hut. We reached Rangi Saddle in a little over an hour, then pushed on through the mist up on to Rangi, arriving at the top after another hour. Visibility was down to a few yards, and the north-westerly wind and rain made it impossible to find a sheltered spot for lunch. In spite of discomfort we sat right on the trig and had a quick bite before it got too cold. Rushing on, we located "69", descended through some evil Spaniards and proceeded along towards Three Johns. A quick glimpse through the mist gave a reassuring glimpse of the Waipawa Saddle just before we headed out to the top of Three Johns. Cloud cleared to the east sufficiently for us to see Middle Creek and the Wakararas before we retraced our steps back to the Saddle. The return trip down the river was the usual long slog. The water had cleared considerably, but was muddy near the road end. We were on the road by 4.30 p.m. and by a cunning system of hitch-hiking and back-tracking (five of us, with a car for four) everybody arrived back in Napier in good time.

C.B.S.

Brian Smith, John Furminger, Alan Thurston, Julian Edmonds, Trevor Plowman.

ASPIRING.

At twelve o'clock on the last day of 1970 we drew straws for bed places at Hell's Gates on the West Matukituki, having just arrived from Wanaka after our rendezvous with Russell and Kit.

"Happy New Year!" says I.

"Go to sleep!" was the reply.....

On New Year's Day we padked to Aspiring Hut up the West Matukituki; this was an easy nine miles tramp, but because of the beautifully hot weather we soon nicknamed our distant objective "Mount Perspiring."

After having decided to stay at Aspiring Hut, we changed our minds and carried on up to Scott's Bivvy which we reached at dark. It was occupied, so we slept in the bush amid the roar of avalanches from the "Breakaway." Early next morning we carried on up our route to Bevan Col and in rain and very soft snow trudged across the lower slopes of the great Bonar Glacier, beneath the shadow of Aspiring. At last we were on the Shipowner Ridge, and on reaching Colin Todd Hut finished the hardest two days of packing.

With six others we slept in the nine-bunk hut that night, and on their departure the next day we hopped up the Shipowner to the North ridge of Aspiring. However, thick mist and rain obscured any view of the ridge's main problem: the Buttress.

That afternoon and the whole of the next day were spent in the hut waiting for the weather to clear. However, on January 5th, in a stiff, cold wind, we begab climbing with the intention of knocking off some of the lower peaks of the Haast Ridge above us. After a spell of crampon practice alongside the Shipowner, we were soon roped up and climbing Rolling Pin, now in fine weather and with a magnificent view of Aspiring's north face. Before long we were on the top of Rolling Pin, after having had some good belay practice on its ice and rock slopes. From its little summit we commanded a tremendous view of Mt. Fastness, Aeroplane, Skyscraper, Stargazer, Main Royal, Moonraker, and the wide bow of the Volta Therma glacier. Following a short peek at Main Royal, we headed down for a mighty glissade back to the hut after a great little climbing day.

Because of the doubtful weather we decided to have a spell the next day. That afternoon we enjoyed one of our few sunny periods, lazing outside the hut bombing any cheeky keas.

Next morning we made ready to leave but after the usual breakfast of raw porridge, the weather changed its mind; so did we too, and started up Aspiring. We sidled around to the right of Shipowner in the hope of cutting out some of the Buttress. However we sidled a little too far and having wasted valuable time trying a rock spur up on to the main N.W. ridge, we carried on further round and began climbing avalanche debris which also seemed to lead to a possible route up to the elusive top. After some very unethical climbing techniques(which included standing on each other's shoulders and much hauling on ropes) we stood in the middle of a dangerous little avalanche shute. Right at that moment a large rush of snow narrowly missed us, so we decided that we had had enough! Our retreat wasn't too disappointing though, as we had still seen a lot of Aspiring's territory, which is, in a word, "fantastic."

The next day saw Bert, Hal and me going up the Bonar while the other three shipped out over Bevan Col. Our party went up the glacier in sweltering sun for several hours, then skipped up Mt. French at 8,700 feet to get a truly magnificent view of Aspiring's virgin South Face. Now, to our surprise, we discovered that the avalanche debris we had been climbing the previous day had actually been at the foot of the West Face; a vertical wall of shifting snow which all funnelled down into our little

shute. Having admired and taken in all we could, we moved down to negotiate the large crevasse at the top of the Quarter-deck before carrying on down French Ridge to the Matukituki valley. On the way we had fantastic views of gloomy gorges and great showers of snow thundering off Mt. Avalanche into its dark dismal interior. At last Aspiring Hut with its lounge chairs and running water was truly a welcome sight.

All that remained to round off a mighty trip was a night of singing and the stroll out down the beautiful Matukituki valley the next day. We left defeated but will undoubtedly return.

R. L.

Hal Christian, Bert M'Connell, Rex Vickers, Russell Millington, Kit Persen, Rob Lusher.

SHOOTING CUM TRAMPING IN NORTHERN RUAHINES April 3 - 8th

For our annual tramping cum shooting trip this time we picked on the Northern Ruahines. A friend of ours volunteered to drive us to No Man's Hut. The road finishes just short of the tarn, 45 minutes from the hut which we reached at 5 p.m. Two men were in residence who had been waiting for an air drop since Thursday.

Sunday: To Ikawetea Forks Hut from No Man's is a 4 hour trip so we took our time. When we arrived we noticed there was something wrong. After a couple of hours splashing up and down the Ikawetea we realised that the hut was placed wrongly on the map. Very little game was seen in the Ikawetea.

Monday: We went up the long spur behind the hut; and a long one it was. Six hours of steady slogging saw us on the tops where we shot our first stag and were greeted with fog coming from the East which had us confused for a while. We were looking for trig U. Towards 5 o'clock we found an iron peg. By that time the weather had detriorated to such an extent that we decided to make camp and see what the morrow would give us. At night the wind came up but fortunately we had pitched camp in a sheltered posse.

Tuesday: We woke to a thick fog and a cold wind. Not knowing exactly where we were, we decided to hang on for a while, prolonging breakfast in the hope that the mist would lift. Sure enough it did and we found ourselves on Tupari instead of trig U and staring down the Makaroro valley. We had a council of war. It still looked dirty towards the South. We were aiming for Remutupo Hut. We settled for Upper Makaroro Hut via Totara track.

Wednesday: We woke early to a beautiful day. We wished we had stayed on the tops, but did not feel energetic enough to climb back up, so we gave the upper Makaroro a good going over. Shot one hind and nearly had to spend the night out due to a nasty waterfall.

Thursday: Another beautiful day and home sweet home. Picked up some meat shot the day before and walked out following the river right down to the bridge. Not a very pleasant river to follow. Deep pools, steep sides and bouldery. It was lucky for us that it was running low. It took us 7½ hours to come down. We called in at Centre Makaroro where vandalism appears to be rife. The I.Q. and mentality of these creatures must be extremely low.

Peter Patullo, Phil Bayens

FERNY RIDGE 13th December 1970

The "middle range", so called, nowadays goes almost unnoticed as the Forestry road to Makahu saddle crosses it between the Bald Hill quarry and the start of the main climb up the Black Birch, but its northern end is higher, and continuing the line of the ridge northward is another range of around 3'000 ft in height, called Ferny Ridge. Dividing the two is a deep V-shaped valley through which the Anawhenua stream flows E. from the N.E. slopes of the Black Birch turning northward to flow along beside Ferny Ridge to meet the Makahu on its way to the Mohaka. The bottom of this valley between the two ranges is shaded by beech forest and is one of the nicest spots that could be found anywhere to enjoy a leisurely summer lunch.

On this trip, after lunch, we followed up the stream until the branch we chose (the wrong one, of course!) became just a trickle, and then scrub-bashed up to the bare tops and wandered along Ferny Ridge enjoying the view, from the farmland at our feet to Cape Kidnappers, and from the Kawekas to the ranges of the Urewera, before threshing and crackling down through the scrub and fern on the eastern side to the green paddocks.

Peter Lewis, Karenne Sparling, Graham Martin, Alan Bristow, Deb. Easton, Jennifer Goldfinch, Lindsay Going, Jenny Halpin, Simon Easton.

SAWTOOTH 6 - 7th Sept. 1970

We left Mill Farm at approximately 7.30 a.m. and travelled to the Tukituki river where we proceeded upstream for about 1 hour. We proceeded up river till we came to Rosvall's track which we followed up to Black Ridge. It was a hard strenuous climb and the day was perfect for tramping. At the top of Rosvall's track we had a rest and then carried on to the Bivvy about an hour away arriving there at approximately 10 a.m. We decided to have an early lunch and a brew up at the same time which took just on an hour. Then we carried on up Black Ridge to the snow line just below Ohuinga. We arrived at the

top Ohuinga at 12 noon. After a sort spell we carried on to Tiraha. The route between Ohuinga and Tiraha is called Sawtooth Ridge. The snow is mainly on the East side and gave us good travelling all the way across. Just before Tiraha we had a bit of a rest before going up to the top. By this time a cool wind had sprung up and the sky had become cloudy after a brilliant morning. It only took 2¼ hours to go across Sawtooth. From Tiraha we dropped down steeply and had easy going till we arrived at Howlett's Hut at approximately 3.30. A gusty wind (southerly) was blowing. Here we were to spend the night and after a short rest, I continued along the track south towards Otumore to have a look at the saddle which we would have to cross the following day. I wanted to make sure we could get our bearings correct in case the weather clouded over.

We had an early night and next morning left about 7.15a.m. The wind was just as strong as ever and it took us all our time to keep on our feet as we travelled along towards the saddle. The saddle is very hard to get on to unless you take the correct ridge. You have to come right down on top of it. The slightest error even of about 20ft would put you out altogether. It was easy going down. Up the other side was fairly open and the wind on our side helped us up the hill. At one stage I was lifted off my feet and put over the edge of the ridge by a strong gust. Luckily I had a soft landing.

We carried on and got to the top of Otumore at approximately 9 a.m. There we had another rest before dropping down to Pohangina Saddle Hut where we arrived at 9.45 a.m. Here we found that the party that had come up the day before had left at about 9 a.m. We were a bit disappointed at missing them as they were going down to meet the day party that was coming up to Black Stag from Kashmir Base. We had a short rest and continued on down to the saddle which the other bods would have crossed to Black Stag Hut. We intended to pick up their footprints and follow them from there but when we got down to the saddle there were footprints going everywhere and we made our own tracks and met up with theothers down at the bottom. They were going up to Black Stag Hut first but there was another new hut built upstream further where we all had lunch after which we continued up to the ridge on the East side which would lead us up to Moorcock Base. We arrived back at the cars at approximately 3 p.m. We had left our car at Mill Farm. Peter and one of the bods went and collected it and brough it round to Kashmir Base. This saved us a long walk back. All in all it was a good round trip. Fast times were made because of good conditions and fit bods.

David White and Trevor Baldwin

WATERFALL CREEK 31st May - 1st June 1970

The week before it had snowed heavily for the first time and as Trev hadn't come out of the Army until the Saturday we decided to go up on the Sunday and do two days up to Waterfall Creek and back again, hoping to meet the Club party up there. We left Hastings at 6 a.m. It took us approximately half an hour up the river to the Waipawa forks. From then on we climbed a bit which slowed us down. We reached the snow well before we reached the trees which would take us up to the track to the top of the Waipawa Saddle.

We thought we were going great guns until we hit the snow in the trees. It was very deep in places which slowed us down considerably. It was a hard slog up to the saddle. You couldn't keep on the track most of the time because the snow was very deep where the track had been cut deep into the ground. A cool wind was blowing across the saddle - the usual Waipawa wind. It didn't take us long to go over the top and down the other side where the snow was about six inches deep.

The river had changed a lot since we'd been there last piling up walls of rock in various parts of the stream and gouging out banks here and there. We got to the hut and to our surprise the track we had formed had been washed away again cutting about 4 or 5 feet out of the bank. Now the river is running between where the old hut used to be and where our track is or is supposed to be. The old chimney has been knocked down. It was very cold. There was hardly any sun at that time of the day and we stayed there for about 20 minutes. We tried to get a fire going, but gave it up as a bad job.

We took off up Spaniard Creek to Rangi Saddle. We knew the bods on the day before hadn't come up to Waikamaka because we didn't see ay of their tracks on the way up. We didn't know which way they had gone but hoped to see them over at Waterfall. Spaniard Creek was real Spaniard and we were getting pricked left and right under the snow. We slogged our way up and came to the clearing just below the saddle which we climbed up. The wind was really cool on the other side of the saddle and going down the other side the snow was very deep - waist deep in the tussock. We carried on down towards Rangi Stream and then we spotted the track on our left so we took to this track and after a bit of bush-bashing we finally got on to easy going in the bush and arrived at the bottom of Rangi stream. From here the going was reasonably good and we soon made our way down to the Kawhatau river. Here we turned up stream and in about ten minutes we arrived at Waterfall Creek Hut.

It was very disappointing not to see any of the bods there. It took half an hour to thaw our feet out. They had got very cold in the snow and travelling through the water made things worse. It took us 2½ hours to come from Waikamaka. We kept the fire goingall afternoon for the bods that we thought would be coming over from Rangi. But time passed and there was no sign of them.

Next morning we were up early as Trev had to catch a bus. It was easy going back to Waikamaka. Following the day before's track out only took 1½ hours. We had a short stop there to sign the book then moved on. The bods hadn't arrived there either, so we went over the saddle and down the Waipawa. Wasting no time at all, we got back to the car at approximately 11.15 and motored back home, ending a fast but enjoyable snow trip.

David White Trevor Baldwin

NATURE NOTE: Returning from Palmerston at Ihikara, between Shannon and Levin, I nearly bowled a bittern which ran across the road in front of me, with great lolloping strides and neck and beak held at the high-port in an absurd fasion as if frozen in a raupo swamp. I swerved and he took wing - both our nerves shaken.

N.L.E.

RESULTS OF PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPETITION

Slides:

1. Rewarding Achievement	Peter Lewis
2. Heights ahead	Pam Lewis
3. Smoke gets in your eyes	Liz Pinder

Monochrome:

1. Stretch for a handhold	Peter Lewis
2. Chasm	Pam Turner
3. Yellow-crested penguin	Pam Turner

ANZAC DAY POPPIES: Please hand your poppies in to Graham Griffiths so that they can be used in the wreath for the cairn.

MAP NAMES

This article is all a result of the wet weather after the New Year trip. I got to reading old (really old) "Pohokuras". All the data is just about word for word from Norm Elder, hence no claim for originality!

In the beginnings of the H.T.C., in the early thirties, the ranges of Hawke's Bay were virtually devoid of names. Norman Elder, who arrived on the scene from Wellington in 1931, played a large part in the early mapping and naming of the Ruahine, Kaweka and Kaimanawa Ranges, assisted in due course by others, in particular Doug. Callow. Of the maps produced in those days some are still in current use (e.g. Kaweka Map) and others have been the basis for later Lands and Survey maps (E.G. N.Z.M.S. 74, Ruahines and N.Z.M.S. 196 Kaimanawas)

In naming the various features of the countryside it was Norman Elder's policy, backed by the H.T.C. committee, to hunt out traditional Maori names or established Pakeha names, rather than christen peaks after their conqueror - a practice which was rife in the Tararuas at the time. In the event of no previous name being unearthed appropriate Maori names were chosen. The meanings of the names are interesting and reveal, in some cases, an amusing event.

Some of the original Maori names for which meanings are known, are "Te Atua Mahuru" or "the evil spirit opposed to good feeling" and "Te Atua-o-parapara" (or sixty-six as it is commonly called) meaning "A place of snow and the dregs or leavings of a southerly gale". "Te Iringa Ol Ngakahua Tamakorako" shortened by early surveyors (amongst numerous others) to "Te Iringa" commemorates a Maori battle of which Kuripapango" (the dark dogskin cloak) was a participant.

Colenso, remembered by Colenso's track up Te Atua Mahuru and Colenso Lake, named Puketaramea and Ngaroto, also in the Ruahines. An early surveyor named Lessons had a turf mound built from the top of which he could obtain a sighting otherwise impossible. The mound, probably not now visible, became known as "Lessons' Monument" "Te Hekenga" also seems to be related to surveying as its full name "Te Hekenga o te rakau a tane Koeka" translates to "some unfortunate named Koeka whose pole wouldn't stand up straight".

Amongst the H.T.C. names is"Kaiarahi" meaning "the peak of the pathfinder". This name was devised by Bishop Bennett at H.T.C's request in memory of Doug Callow, whose name appears on the Cairn. "Piringa" is a translation of the

"Shangri-la" of Norman Elder's field notes made while working up from Maropea Forks. One of H.T.C.'s very early trips was an exploring one on the main divide above the Makaroro. One member of the party, Ina Holderness, stopped and rested while the rest scattered north and south to Tupari and Te Atua Mahuru - hence "Ina's Rock".

As most people are aware "Armstrong Saddle" is named after a pilot whose crashed plane was found there. Although he managed to get clear of the wreckage he was never seen again. A tin plate nailed to a stick marked the exact spot of the crash after the plane had been removed, but I think a beer bottle has now taken over the duty. Triplex was the brand of a shirt found in the creek of that name. Three Johns were boys in a party from Hereworth School led by their headmaster, looking for Shuteye shack in 1933.

Maungamahue in the Western Ruahines was a name given by the Geographic Board for the Palmerston North Clubs. With this precedent established H.T.C. described two peaks on the main divide and the names Paemutu and Ohuinga were produced.

In the 1940's three clubs met on a combined trip in the Northern Ruahines. One Club was from Auckland and, keen to add to the map, set off to conquer a new peak. Whether they reached the top is uncertain but the name "Akarana" - the Maori equivalent of Auckland seems to have stuck. Subsequently the original Maori name "Rangiwhakamataku" was discovered and precedence should be given to it. In early mapping the actual trig point got accidently transferred from one end of the long name to the other, ending up in the Makaroro Basin which was not then drawn in. As can be imagined confusion reigned when the Makaroro was added, until the original map was consulted.

Some of the Ruahine huts have quite a history in particular Howlett's Hut. A handy hut at times but a hell of a place to build one, the first hut was built by Howlett in the 1880's (?) of split cedar. The stumps of this used to be visible at the top of Daphne spur. In the 1930's the ruins of an old malthoid hut were visible. This, along with Shut-Eye, No Man's Hut Ruin (now Aranga Hut) and Ruahine Corner (?) are thought to have been Rabbit Board Huts. The present hut, the third on the site, was built by the Ruahine Tramping Club with much assistance from H.T.C. The Manawatu Tramping Club took it over when R.T.C. went into recess. "Aranga" means "resurrection".- the hut built in the ruins of the previous one.

More recent names added by the Club in the Kawekas are "Rocks Ahead" and "Ahurua". Rocks ahead was named by Norman Elder and John van Dadelszen. Ahurua meaning "two heaps" signifies two cairns built by Philip Bayens and Hugh Elder in

1953.

Although the practice was not recommended two acronyms have appeared on the maps. Apias Creek:- Before tracks were cut, the northern plateau of the Ruahines was a mass of dense scrub and blind spurs. A small boggy clearing was about the only recognisable place and parties always seemed to end up there, often ready to pitch camp. Being no suitable campsite the name "Any port in a storm" caught on and in its contracted form has remained. Lotkow Hut:- This name was devised by Bob Jackson of the Forestry. Its explanation is "Lawrence over Te Kowhi to Whittles".

C.B.S.

ANTHONY McCANN SEARCH Easter 1971

Sunday 11th April, 6 p.m. and the stillness of a peaceful and fruitful (fishing wise) Easter weekend was broken by the telephone. A young stalker of limited experience with four days food, plenty of gear but no sleeping bag, only 2 blankets and plastic groundsheet, had been separated from his companion for 2½ days in the Te Iringa - Cameron Hut area. Rain had fallen for most of this time. A search was instigated. Thoughts of a very meagre response to the call crossed our minds but to our surprise 49 in all turned out.

6.10 a.m. Monday at Napier Police Station for briefing and most ere away by 6.50 bound for the helipad at Kuripapango to send a ream up river to Cameron Hut. The Police car arrived at the helipad first and found a fisherman camped there. On being asked if he had seen a lone stalker answering to the description of the missing person that answer was "yes', the previous day about 2 hours below Cameron Hut". The river team (Annie 2) was sent away with the new information and in view of information recevied the previous night 2 teams (Annie 4&1) took off for Mt. Cameron to investigate a fireplace and campsite found there and also to try and intercept McCann if he decided to climb out of the river over Mt. Cameron and down the Kakakino Stream to where his car had been left. However by 10.01 Annie 2 reported finding the missing stalker and estimate arrival at Helipad at 12 or 12.30. By 10.23 Annie 4&1 reported in and were recalled. Members of the Napier Deerstalkers, Hastings Deerstalkers, Venturer Scouts, Napier Police, Radio Emergency Corps, St. John Ambulance and H.T.C. participated.
Club members associated were:- Pam Turner, Graham Griffiths, Ross Hislop, David White, Warren Greer, Graham Thorp, Phil Bayens, Peter Patullo, Owen Brown, Maruie Taylor.
Msny thanks to those who assisted or helped in any way.

M.T.

EXTRACT FROM F.M.C. BULLETIN October 1970
REPORT ON THE DEATH OF NIGEL MOFFAT AT ARTHUR'S PASS

A party of nine boys attended a mountain instruction course at Arthur's Pass during Easter 1970 under the care of Messrs. J. Riley and W.C. (Paddy) Freaney.

The five fittest boys were selected by Freaney to walk to the Crow Hut via Coral Track, Rome Ridge and thence to Avalanche Ridge (Approx. 6,000 feet) and down one of the slides to the Crow Hut, normally a five-hour trip. When they left, the weather was overcast and blowing from the north-west. They had all eaten a nourishing meal and were in high spirits. Near the top of the bush-track Moffat removed his bush shirt as he said he was too hot, and although one of his companions suggested that he put it back on, he declined to do so. Throughout the day all boys were wearing shorts. It started to rain slightly and the wind was strong but all the party were going well at the time. All six of them were placed on the same rope to travel along the ridge. Shortly afterwards Freaney led them down a slide thinking that it led to the Crow, but returned to the ridge after descending 100 ft. At that stage the wind was gusting fiercely and it was raining continuously, and it was then that Moffat asked the others to wait for him. Within ten minutes he was on hands and knees. Freaney carried his pack, but progress was very slow. Later Freaney carried Moffat in an effort to get him up to the slope leading to the Crow slide. They paused to build a rock bivyy, one of the boys losing a finger-tip in the process.

The four fit boys were sent back to notify the Chief Ranger and Moffat was placed in two sleeping bags. Freaney shared the bags to share warmth and to give massage . After two hours the boy had improved, and as they were getting wetter, Freaney considered that they could gain the shelter of the Crow hut that evening. However, as soon as they had moved a short distance, Moffat had very little foot control. Freaney therefore carried the boy on his back, returning to relay the packs after putting Moffat into a sleeping bag to keep him warm.

A second shelter was built by Freaney and they slept fitfully in the two sleeping bags until at 9 p.m. Moffat had difficulty with breathing, and in spite of mouth-to-mouth resuscitation for over 40 minutes by Freaney, he died at 9.50 p.m.

Comments:

(1) In spite ofabad forecast, high winds and cloudy weather, the party left for the Crow hut, and did not consider the fact that this was a novice party of unknown capabilities.

(2) Moffat removed his bush shirt unknown to his leader. He was wearing a thin singlet and a cotton shirt under his parka.

(3) It would have been prudent to have returned to Arthur's Pass as soon as the severity of the conditions above the bushline was known.

(4) They all acted promptly to provide temporary shelter and Mr. Freaney provided additional warmth by sharing the sleeping bag.

(5) It was a serious error to allow this boy to exert himself so soon after his apparent temporary recovery.

(6) It is recommended that no matter how small the party on an alpine trip, it should be accompanied by at least two competent adults.

(7) The carrying of a torch and a thermos-flask may have made a difference to the final outcome.

(8) The survivors and the rescue party should be commended for their efforts under such trying circumstances.

SOCIAL NEWS

Births: To Margaret and Graham Griffiths - a son
To Tony and Sue Mort - a daughter

Marriages: Gerald Edmunds to Anne Scothern
Brenda Butcher to George Halliday

Departures:
Tom Whittle to the South Island
Sandra Smith ..) to Palmerston North
Karenne Sparling) Training College

Clare Wetherill to Massey
Randall Goldfinch to Wellington
Jim Wilshere to Christchurch
Madge and Bertie McConnell to Geraldine
Nancy Tanner will be overseas till September

Jim Wilshere drew up the plans of the new Waikamaka Hut for which we are grateful.

Madge did solid work as Treasurer and Bertie while inspiring us all with his enthusiasm, did much for the Club by encouraging juniors to join.

Brenda and George Halliday are on their way to England via Thailand, India, Nepal, Afghanistan, Iran, Turkey etc., - mainly hitch-hiking.

Nancy Tanner is following much the same route - by bus.

NEW GEAR CUSTODIAN

We are grateful to Nancy for her sterling work as Gear Custodian for so long. Our thanks to Graham Thorp for taking over the job. His address is 110 Riverbend Rd., Napier; Phone 34.238 Napier.

NEW MEMBERS

We welcome the following to the Club:-

Lindsay Going, Shelagh Sayers, Sue Elliott (Jr), Graeme Milne (jr), Joanne Smith (Jr), Craig Wombwell (Jr)

FIXTURE LIST

Date	Trip	Fare	Leader, Phone
1971			
MAY			
1 - 2	MAKIRIKIRI -IKAWETEA FORKS HUT Average weekend trip going across farm land to the Southern end of Otupae Range then bush to Makirikiri stream and Hut. Cross over to Ikaweta stream up to the hut. The second day will be similar to the first.	$1	G. Thorp Nap. 34238
16	KIWI SADDLE Easy day to Kiwi Saddle to recce. hut condition.	$1	David Perry Has. 84684
29-30	McKINNON HUT For fit members only via Waikamaka over Mokaipatea range to the hut on Hikurangi Range N.W. end. Returning Mangaweka and Waterfall Creek hut.	$1	Rob Lusher Has. 88042
JUNE			
5 - 7	TARARUAS (Queens Birthday weekend) This should be a good trip on the east side of the ranges behind Masterton. Around Mt. Holdsworth depending on the weather	$3	leader to be arranged
13	SHUT EYE - ARMSTRONG SADDLE Easy day trip - depending on snow conditions - returning via Waipawa Forks.	$1	Brian Hall Has. 77246

1971	Trip	Fare	Leader, Phone
JUNE			
26 -27	MIDDLE HILL HUT - KAWEKA J A fairly easy day into Middle Hill then up to Whetu, along the range to Trig J and down to Makahu Saddle.	$1	Athol Mace Nap 39520
JULY			
11	TITIOKURA - MAUNGAHARURU RANGE Extremely easy day trip across farm land possibly reaching Galbraith hut	$1	Liz Pindar Has. 81422
24-25	HOWLETT'S HUT - SAWTOOTH RIDGE An excellent trip for the fitter bods to test their snow skills. The first day to Howletts via Daphne Hut and spur. The next will be over Sawtooth down Black Ridge back to Mill farm.	$1	David White Has. 86671
AUG			
8	STUDHOLME'S SADDLE HUT Reasonable day trip up and along the Kawekas. Possibly snow	$1	Pam Turner Has 68995
21-22	MIDDLE HILL - BALLARD - MAKINO HUTS An above average trip with the first day going into Middle Hill and over Whetu to Ballard - the next will be to Makino - possibly the Hot Springs and out.	$1	Warren Greer

Fares are reducible (except Queen's Birthday) by 20c for seniors, half fares for juniors by 10c, if paid before or on the trip.

LIST OF CONTENTS