

HERETAUNGA TRAMPING CLUB (INC.)

"POHOKURA"

Bulletin No. 118.

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PRIVATE TRIPS.

KAIMANAWAS - EASTER 1971.

This trip turned from an abortive attempt at Makorako to a successful examination of the Upper Rangitikei River. Access to the Kaimanawas is limited to about five routes: through Ngamatea to Golden Hills; through Clement's Camp to Te Itinga Hut and the Kaipo; from Turangi to Ngapuketurua; from the Desert Road to the confluence of the Waikato and Waipakihi Rivers (Access 10) and from the Desert Road to the top of the Umukarikari Range (Access 15). All these accesses have the common feature that it takes at least one full day to get anywhere at all. Hence the Kaimanawas lend themselves mainly to long trips - four days is about the minimum for a worthwhile trip.

The plan for this trip was to go in over Ngapuketurua to the Rangitikei, climb Makorako and drop into the Mangamaire; then return via the Mangamingi and Dunkiri Hut. While feasible in summer, the trip proved to be too long for the shorter, colder days of Easter. Access from Turangi is via Korohe Road which leaves the Taupo-Turangi Road about 3 - 5 miles from Turangi, just south of the Waimarino River bridge. The access road has a number of branches called simply No.1 Road, No.2 Road, etc. Taking the first on the right after No. 7 Road brings one to some log skids and suitable parking. (13 miles total from the main road.) The track up to Ngapuketurua has been improved in places to almost National Park standards. Two campsites en route are the only places where water is available, the first after $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours, the second after another $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours. (Water is well down on the right hand side, going up, at the second site. Getting a drink is a 15 minute, 200' operation.) From here the track climbs steeply, leaving the bush after about 20 minutes, and is cairned right to Ngapuketurua.

After a quick break on this most northern peak, we took off towards Ignimbrite Saddle, keeping a sharp lookout for a track down to the Rangitikei. Naturally we didn't find it, but chose to crash down what looked like a suitable spur. Looking back on it, it was a good spur, but, as inevitably seems to happen, we slipped off the ridge into a narrow little side-stream. Darkness overtook us as we floundered round, but bright moonlight made torches unnecessary. Thankfully we emerged at the Rangitikei, got cold, wet feet crossing it, and set about making a camp.

A smudge of smoke in the moonlight suggested we weren't alone, and sure enough, as we were breakfasting next morning, a party of W.T. and M.C. bods arrived. They had day packs, and were off to Makorako also. We learned from them that the track down to the river was a mere 100 yards downstream, and the track up on the left side was about 20 yards downstream. This track is virtually non-existent - lots of deer tracks, but no signs of blazes, etc.

After packing up we got away to a very late start and made the open tops about 2 hours later. The weather was cold, misty and threatening to rain. At lunch we decided our plan was too ambitious, so mumbling such things as "Discretion is the better part of valour" we crashed down to the Rangitikei, some distance downstream from our previous camp. Travelling in the river is easy - a narrow valley with lots of large pools comparable to the Ngaruroro. Campsites were infrequent, but we found a suitable spot and made camp about 4.30 p.m. The air was very cool as we crowded around the fire waiting for the inevitable dehyde to cook. After eating, there was much reluctance to leave the fire, as getting into the sack was a cold manoeuvre. Also, if we were in bed too early, the night seemed interminably long, and there was no inducement to rise before dawn at 6.15 a.m.

Next day we boulder-hopped up the Rangitikei. This was very pleasant, and the river was extremely picturesque, especially when the sun broke through. In spite of many suitable pools no fish were seen. After three-quarters of an hour we came to a track which links the Rangitikei with the upper Waipakahi, and another three-quarters of an hour brought us back to our previous campsite. Continuing up river, we found the surrounding bush gave way to tussock, and when just below Ngapuketurua we made camp. A half-hour's walk brought us to the very head of the river and the divide from the Tauranga-Taupo watershed.

Two bods spurned tents again and slept out; being just on 4,000' and in a wide open valley at this point things were decidedly cold. We awoke to crack a slight frost off our sleeping bags and find our socks frozen solid.

An hour or so brought us back up to Ngapuketurua, which by this time was shrouded in mist. Following our Friday's footsteps we made a slip where the NE leading ridge takes a dogleg to the north. Cairns at this point were rather sparse, and it was a few minutes before we realised our error and did the necessary back-tracking. On the right track again, we made good time out to the car, stopping for lunch at the second campsite as on Friday.

A note on maps: Two H.T.C. maps exist for the Kaimanawas, which are useful in giving a general picture of the ranges. They have been combined and up-dated by the Lands and Survey in the form of N.Z.M.S. 196 (now not available). This map, like the H.T.C. ones, lacks detail, and has been superseded by N.Z.M.S.1, sheets 113 and 123. Sheet 113 is excellent, having full contours. A new map of the Forest Park in particular is available from the Ranger in Taupo. This map has gone to the Government Printer to be released in glorious technicolour at an unknown date.

C.B.S.

NELSON LAKES

Dec. 29th - Jan. 11th

On December 29th twelve P.N.T. and M.C. plus one H.T.C. travelled to St. Arnaud on Lake Rotoiti and camped there for the night. The next day equipment and food were sorted out, and we left in fine, warm weather at 8.30 a.m. reaching Lake Head Hut at 12.30 p.m. One member, using his canoe, got there in approximately 1½ hours. After lunch and a swim we travelled up the Travers River flats to Shift Creek where a suitable campsite was found. Next day we followed the Travers River to a campsite near John Tait hut.

On January 1st we split into three groups. Some remained round camp and rambled further up the Travers Track. The second group left at 5.30 a.m. climbed Mt. Cupola (7396') and was back by 5.30 p.m. The third lot, leaving at the same time, climbed Mt. Travers (7671') and was back by 5.45 p.m.

On January 2nd we proceeded up the Travers Track to the Upper Travers Hut. As this was occupied, we set up camp near by. Next day the party again split into three. A different group climbed Mt. Travers, reaching the summit at 11.30 a.m. Our group left at 8 a.m. to climb Kahu Peak (7275') and generally have a look around. Among so many peaks it was difficult to know which was Kahu, but two of us climbed the peak nearest to Upper Travers Hut. On the way back everyone enjoyed glissading in a patch of snow. The third group remained around the hut. The weather deteriorated, and on Jan. 4th we woke to the sound of pelting rain and gusty wind. When the hut became vacant, we rapidly moved in and settled down for the day, cooking, drying clothes and playing cards. Some went for a walk in the afternoon when the rain stopped.

We left the Upper Travers Hut at 8.30 a.m. on January 5th to cross the Saddle into the Sabine Valley, reaching a tarn on the Saddle top at 10.30 a.m. One hour was spent going along to a larger tarn nearer Rainbow Pass. Snow markers were followed down part of the way. We then cut down through bush on to a scree where we had lunch. We sidled across to the correct valley which led down to the Sabine Track. The deep gorge amazed us. Our 120' rope, lowered from the bridge, remained dry at the end. We reached the Sabine Forks and set up camp 20 minutes up the West Branch. Here inquisitive robins honoured us with visits inside our tents.

On January 6th we left at 9.30 a.m. heading up the track to Blue Lake Hut, which we reached at 2 p.m. The remainder of the day was spent swimming in the icy cold lake, and generally cleaning up.

The next day we walked past the Blue Lake to see where the stream emerged through the moraine wall, then followed this over to Lake Constance, where perfect reflections were seen. As we retraced our steps mist rapidly came down. After lunch we left the Hut to return to our previous campsite above the Forks.

On January 8th we followed down the Sabine River Track, taking time off for swimming now and again. We reached the Sabine Hut at 4.30 p.m. Here we collected a lot of food which had been left by arrangement, and carried it to our camp, half an hour back up the track near the edge of the river.

On January 9th the party split into two groups for the remainder of the trip. The first group continued along to Sabine Hut, from the back of which the Mt. Cedric Track leads up through beech forest. We followed this, map in hand, to the Cairn across the ridge tops, where we had lunch, and arrived at Angelus Hut at 3 p.m. The view from here across the lake was terrific, with coloured rocks. Lake Angelus provided good swimming. On January 10th

some of us climbed Angelus Peak (4837') in 1½ hours, returning to the hut for morning tea. On leaving here we tramped along Robert Ridge, marked with crosses painted dark red on the rocks. There were terrific views of Speargrass Creek and Hut. Our canoeist separated at 3 p.m. to get his canoe from Lake Head Hut. The rest of us reached the West Bay car park at Lake Rotoiti at 4.40 p.m. The weather was once more fine and hot.

The second group, on leaving Sabine Hut, climbed up the ridge line. The track tended to meander for a considerable distance on the tops until it reached Tier Stream. Here they had lunch, then continued downstream for a short distance until they arrived at a shepherd's cottage. At this point a well-defined track led through farm land and partial bush. Here three young quail and parents were observed. Camp was set up beside the Hodgson Stream. On January 10th, after a steady climb of approximately two hours on to a bush-covered, swampy plateau, they dropped a short distance to a tributary of Maud Creek. Then they sidled round up to a further ridge, and continued to drop to Speargrass Creek for lunch. After following the creek for some distance, the track sidled around ridges to the Lake Rotoiti car park which they reached at 3.30 p.m.

The total cost per member for the twelve days, including fares and food, was approximately \$25.

R.G.

ROUTE BURN - GREENSTONE.

Easter, 1971.

I'm now a member of the Hakanui Tramping Club, and it's a pleasure to send in to Pohokura my own report of my first trip with this Club.

Steven and I were on the road by 4.55 a.m. on Good Friday, heading for Glenorchy. It was cold, foggy and wet all the way up to Kingston. We reached Queenstown about 7.15 a.m. Never run out of petrol there on a Good Friday: I did, in the middle of the main street.

By 9 a.m. we had reached Glenorchy, travelling in two other cars. (This club has not yet got a truck.) The launch made three trips across the lake to Kinloch, where we climbed aboard a Bryant's bus (famous) and headed for the Routeburn Lodge.

After lunch we headed up the Routeburn (26 of us) to the Falls Huts (3½ hours.) The scenic views are as good as I've seen and the hut has a beautiful commanding view of the valley.

Next morning we were away about 8, and it's a good steady climb (as was the whole trip so far) up to Harris Saddle, where some of us climbed a peak on the right hand side. The view was tremendous, with the Te Anau - Milford road on our left and Lake McKerrow and the white breakers of Martin's Bay in the distance. Just across the Hollyford were Mts. Underwood, Turner, Madeline and Tutoko, standing in the bright sun.

We then tramped up around the side of the valley from the saddle for about three hours till we struck the drop down to Lake McKenzie and the huts, where we had a pleasant lunch. About 1 p.m. we left for Lake Howden. On the last part of the trip our president, Jim McKenzie, had slipped on some clear water ice and hurt his knee. It turned out that he had cracked the knee-cap, so he had a rather unpleasant trip out. We arrived in rather scattered groups about four hours later after a good tramp past some great views and high waterfalls.

After a good night's sleep and an early start we got over half way down the Greenstone, to the second hut, about 18 miles. As this hut is a private one, we slept that night in tents, which we had carted all the way. A frosty start got everyone going by 7 in the morning in time to catch the Queens-towner at Elfin Bay at 3.30. We passed the fire in the gorge that was in the news in January. It doesn't seem so very big, but it's a clean burn.

Back in Queenstown I got some petrol for my car, and we left, as the weather was breaking, about 5 p.m. We were back in Riverdale by 7.15 in very wet weather (for Southland.) It was a most enjoyable trip, and I hope to get out some more with this club.

T.W.

LITTLE BARRIER ISLAND.

Queen's Birthday Week-end.

Predictably enough, this trip began with a boat ride, and the less said about that the better. The sea was pretty rough, and few of our twenty bods managed to survive the journey without some gastric upheaval. Fortunately the landing place was quite sheltered, but even so the large boulders, which abound on the coast at every point, made for tricky manoeuvres in the dinghy. We were welcomed ashore by the Island's entire population - the Ranger, his wife and two sons - and shown to a commodious bunkhouse complete with hot shower, range and open fireplace. Fires were burning well, and we soon settled in. Lunch seemed to have lost its attraction, so after a brew the rest of the day was filled in as people chose; a climb to the summit, a hop along the beach, or watching the bellbirds and tuis in the Ranger's garden.

Little Barrier has been a bird sanctuary since the 1890's, when it was bought from the Maoris for £3,000. It is roughly circular, with a diameter of 4 miles, and it is of volcanic origin. The centre of volcanic activity is now obscured by marine erosion, but is thought to have been in the central group of peaks from which now radiate deep gorges and narrow ridges. The highest point is Mt. Hauturu, 2370'. Cliffs rise sheer from the sea or from the boulder beach which surrounds most of the Island, making landing places scarce. The only flat portion of the Island is the 66 acre triangular area of Te Maraeroa behind Te Titoki Point. This has been the site of previous Maori occupation, and now contains the Ranger's house and small farm. Another point of interest is the rockfall at Hingoa. This is quite recent (in the last 2,000 years) and has left sheer cliffs 1400' high. The island is entirely covered by bush: kauri, rata, tawa, etc. About one third of the island was burned off before the Maoris left, and this area is now covered by kanuka, some reaching to over 40'. The island is unique in that it has no browsing animals - deer, pigs, goats, etc - so vegetation has proceeded unhindered. Feral cats are present, threatening the bird life, but these are controlled by the Ranger, who traps about 15 per year. Birdlife includes the stitchbird, which is thought to be extinct elsewhere. Flightless birds do not appear to be indigenous, but the kiwi was introduced in 1919 and now thrives. The apparent absence of flightless birds raises questions about the arrival of the tuatara, which is present. There are also short-tailed bats. Only 200 people visit the island each year, permission for this being given by the Secretary of the Hauraki Gulf Maritime Park.

On Saturday evening, after sumptuous stews and brews, the entire party set out in search of kiwis. This was a lengthy procedure involving small groups of bods wandering around in circles in the semi-moonlight, torches flashing intermittently. Several kiwis were heard but none was sighted and

we eventually concluded that the kiwis were better at dodging visitors than we were at catching them.

Next morning breakfast was highlighted by the explosion of a primus. At first burning quite normally, the primus began to burn at the safety valve, then loping into a roaring inferno before it could be put out. It burned with increasing ferocity until it exploded, blowing the stem out of the tank with a six foot length of flame. Fortunately the initial stages took several seconds and everybody was able to dive for cover. Apart from the primus, no damage was done. The exercise was successful in shattering the almost absolute faith I had in these commonly used primuses.

After this initial excitement about half the party set out for the rock-fall at Hingoiā, a three-hour boulder hop around to the other side of the island. The cliffs above the beach were broken at intervals by narrow ravines from which streams issued forth, but frequently the streams ended in a waterfall cascading directly on to the beach from heights of over 100'. It rained all day, and as we rounded the island the strong easterlies were creating large seas. The beach was littered with broken crayfish pots, floats, and other flotsam. We had a quick lunch in a sheltered spot, then, after a brief reconnaissance of the area, headed for home. It was not possible in the time available to attempt crossing the island, so we returned by the same route. One member collected some "Jew's Ear" fungus, pronouncing loudly that the Chinese used them for soup. He subsequently soaked them overnight, boiled them for a considerable period, then threw them away and ate something else.

By the time we approached home the oncoming tide was washing up against the cliffs. The first three of us made a quick decision, and waded into the waist-deep water. The waves rushed in and out, at times showing us the next rock to step on, and then splashing up and soaking us. The apricots in my parka pocket rapidly became hydrated and salted as well. After 100 yards in the surf, we emerged to see the next group approaching. As tide and darkness were overtaking them, they decided to backtrack to a track over the cliffs. We proceeded back to the bunkhouse, were greeted by the other party with hot scroggin-flavoured scones, then set out with torches and carbides to meet the rest of our party. All arrived home in due course to sample a new batch of scones - cheese and date.

Monday dawned fine and clear, and with hopes of a view everyone set off for the summit of Mt. Hauturu. We passed through a variety of bush, and saw several species of birds, including whiteheads, a parakeet and a male stitchbird. At the top cloud obscured all views, so we stayed only a short while, then returned by an alternative route. Back at the bunkhouse we had a leisurely lunch, then packed up ready to meet the boat at 2.30 p.m. The return trip was over a calm sea and was very pleasant.

Little Barrier Island is one of the most interesting places I've been to, and warrants much more than three days. If you get the chance to visit it, don't miss out.

C.B.S.

DOMINIE

July 18th

Three of us left Hastings in showery weather about 8 a.m. for Kaweka J. Halfway up Black Birch we passed two cars stuck in the snow and were stopped ourselves further on. After unsuccessfully trying to drain the radiator, we headed upwards leaving a note in Makahu Hut. Unpleasant conditions and the report given by two other bods coming down made us stop at Dominie for a good lunch after digging two feet of snow from the door. A quick trip down and half way through the forest on top we were picked up by a landrover which took us back to the car. We were home before dark. Good, easy trip in unpleasant, squally conditions.

Party: Brian Hall, Keith Hall, David Perry

GOLD CREEK SEARCH

In a telephone conversation with Napier Police on Monday 2nd August, we learned that three stalkers aged 17, 18 and 19 years from Wellington, had gone shooting in the Gold Creek area and had not returned home on Sunday evening as planned. Their car was still at Makaroro Mill. There were reports of rain in the area, but as one person had been in the area twice before he should have known it would be a reasonably easy trip out over the ridge to the east of Gold Creek. However, they could have changed their minds and gone to Mid Makaroro instead, and rain in this area could cause delay.

Arranging for two teams from H.T.C. and two teams from C.H.B. Deerstalkers we arrived at Makaroro Mill Tuesday morning to send one team to Gold Creek Hut via the river and one to Mid Makaroro and a short time later another team to Shut-eye ridge so that if nothing was found at Gold Creek Hut they would be on the way to cover Maropea area. However, by 19.40 word had been received that the 3 stalkers had been located at Gold Creek Hut and after an early lunch would come out. A breakdown in radio communications at this stage denied us knowledge of whether an accident had occurred or not to delay the stalkers. However, on arrival at roadhead base it was discovered that they had "just decided to stay at the hut a bit longer". Their equipment, in spite of advice that they were well equipped, left a lot to be desired. Thirty-one persons took part in the search and those of the Club who participated were:-

A. Mace, W. Greer, G. Griffiths, G. Thorp, D. White, A. Thurston, P. Maddison, C. Persen, T. Plowman, R. Frost, P. Lewis, D. Perry, B. Hall.

Many thanks to those who took part.

M.G.T.

WHIO - BLUE MOUNTAIN DUCK (HYMENOLAIMUS MALACORHYNCHOS)

Head Olive, Bill white and upper parts pale slate blue. Under parts pale slate blue, spotted chestnut, varied white. Legs dark brown. Flies only when hard pressed. Haunts mountain streams. Frequently dives. Swims rapidly, head carried low. Peculiar whistle "Whio". Distinguished by Blue colouring. If these birds are seen please fill in a Location Form. These forms will be made available. This information is wanted by the H.B. Acclimatisation Society for a survey.

Thank you. A. Mace.

CARBONETTES AND CARBON MONOXIDE

The F.M.C. Bulletin dated April 1971 contains a report on a case of poisoning by carbon monoxide. A party staying at Ketetahi Hut left carbonettes burning in the stove overnight in the main room of the hut where they were sleeping. The stove was inadequately adjusted with "plates" left off after cooking and the chimney outlet was closed. No windows had been opened and the door was closed.

The person occupying the top bunk collapsed unconscious. While he was semi-conscious breathing was stertorous and there was spasmodic muscular twitching. Others experienced nausea and vomiting, headaches, dizziness and faintness after exertion. One who slept on the floor was unaffected.

Recovery was almost complete four to six hours later after all windows and doors had been opened and the stove attended to.

CHANGE OF CLUB CAPTAIN

Owing to pressure of work David White has not been able to get out on many trips this year so he has resigned from the post of Club Captain. We thank him for the work he has put into trips whenever it was possible. The committee appointed Athol Mace in his stead and we wish Athol success in this position.

NEW COMMITTEE MEMBER

The committee appointed Kit Persen to fill the gap in the Executive.

CLUB TRIPS

WAIKAREMOANA

NO. 941

8-12 April 1971

The "tramp of the year" left Napier on Thursday evening at 7pm with 22 people and packs on the truck. A mild moonlight night made travelling pleasant and Hopuruahine Hut was reached about 1.00am.

Athol, John, Sue, Lyn and Marie left in the truck at 9am. on Friday bound for Lake Waikareiti and a weekend of fishing, bird watching and playing tourist. The rest left minutes later for Marauiti Hut. A perfect day aided tramping with photography becoming a popular excuse to rest heavy packs. Morning "Tang" was served at the Whanganui Arm Hut - a recently erected hut with a very comfortable veranda. A short rest and soon the party was moving rapidly along the lake shore up and over the saddle and down to Te Puna Hut at 1pm for lunch. A constitutional hour was spent basking in the warm sun. Ten minutes on the move brought us to a permanent campsite where a lawnmower noise brought back nostalgic memories of home and a display of water skiing compelled a 20 minute stop. A quiet tramp south for two hours brought Marauiti Hut into view and was heralded by the noble leaders' cry as he was stung on a delicate part by a wasp. Three members were fortunate to receive a boat ride across the inlet and arrived a short time before the crowd. At the hut were gathered several hunting parties. About midnight the hut was awakened by a character in an inebriated condition who had arrived by launch after being "lost". The hut was soon in fits of laughter but eventually quietened down.

Saturday was wet and we left at 9.30. One hour later we were still only about 200 yards away from the hut as the crow flies, but several walking miles away. The day was cold and stops were relatively frequent. Another encounter with wasps sped things up and we eventually arrived at Waiopaoa Hut at 2.00am. Here we met David Butcher and three of his Varsity friends. They had come down from Puketapu Hut and intended carrying on to Marauiti for the night. After drying out and settling in we cooked a good dinner and followed it with singing. We were rather outclassed as also occupying the hut was a professional night-club singer.

Sunday morning dawned with a brief spell of weak sunshine which encouraged two members to try swimming. Drizzle retarded the start time to 10.30am and the climb up to Puketapu Hut on the top of the high Panekiri Range was quite cool. The top was reached about 12.30pm and lunch under

plastic sheets was quickly eaten at about 1.30pm. The hut appeared in the mist about 2.30pm. Hot soup cheered most bods and shortly after, the arrival of Chris Persen was welcome. Chris had climbed up from Onepoto in 1½ hours which was less than half our down time the next day. Puketapu Hut is only an 8 bunker so there was not too much room. About 8pm the clouds cleared sufficiently to let us see Wairoa and Napier. The moon behind the trees produced interesting silhouettes but the temperature was not impressive.

Next morning, the last day, we left the hut at 9.20 in merely damp cloudy weather. The cloud cleared partially and allowed several fine views of the lake. About ½ hour was spent on the rocks above Panekiri and several good photos should result. The party arrived at the Armed Constabulary Redoubt between 12.45pm and 1.10pm, the faster members examining the graves and Lake Kiripukae. When the party had reformed we moved off down the road to Onepoto and a rendezvous with Athol's party and the truck.

We were back in Napier at 7.45pm. Thanks to Mr Smith and Athol for driving the truck.

No. in Party, 23

Leader: Trevor Plowman

Hedley Sanderson, Tim Persen, Glenn Breayley, Ken Zambra, Lyn Furminger, Craig Wombwell, Mr. Smith, Sandra Smith, Peter Lewis Mark Smith, Bruce Perry, David Perry, Alan Bristow, Peter Robins Alan Thurston, Peter Dilks, Sue Greer, Brian Hall, Athol Mace Marie Falconer, Chris Persen.

WAIKAMAKA HUT - WORKING PARTY.

No. 942

18th April

The above was our aim and object but Hughie thought differently. Two days of heavy rain had flooded all the rivers in the bay. The Waipawa River was no exception. Crossing a flooded river once is a doubtful achievement. To do so 52 times, is lunacy so plans were changed and we settled for Shut Eye Shack first. We could plan further when we got there. Some of the fit and fast ones were straining at the leash so we let them go on giving them the job of getting a fire going and boiling the billy. By the time the mob arrived a roaring fire was going - quite an achievement when everything was sopping wet. There was plenty of daylight left so 14 of us decided to go to Maropea Hut. Then I realized that trampers are a breed apart. By that time the weather had closed in again and we slithered, sloshed and groped our way to Maropea Hut and back again to Shut Eye. Rain, mist, mud all the way. To cap it all, it rained all the way home. The general opinion was:-

a good trip was had by all.

No. in Party, 19

Leader: P. Bayens

Paul Maddison, David Perry, Bruce Perry, Peter Dilks, Rob Lusher, Brian Hall, Graig Dysart, Jackie Smith, John Berry, George Sye, Chris Barnett, Peter Lewis, Trevor Plowman, Wendy Smith, Glenn Breayley, Chris Persen, Debra Easton, Sandra Smith.

WATERFALL CREEK - HINERUA - SMITH'S CREEK.

No. 943

May 1-2

Trudging up the Waipawa early on a wet Saturday!!!!!!
Well, if you've been up the Waipawa, you'll know what I mean.
Lets just say we finally reached the saddle. Down to Waikamaka
----- let's stay!

By know you might have gathered that some of us felt like the morning after the night before, but regretfully we left the warmth of Waikamaka and crashed up Spaniard Creek to Rangi Saddle. From here we crashed back down, but on the other side to Rangi Creek. By the time we reached the Kawhatan, McKinnon hut seemed a little out of reach, so we contented ourselves with a pleasant packless stroll downstream. There were no home-comforts on this trip to cook our tea but that night we ate a beautiful meal at Waterfall Creek Hut.

Having chopped an ample supply of firewood next morning we left the hut at 10.30 and headed up the Kawhatau to its junction with Tussock Creek. Then followed a long, slow haul up to Paemutu on the tops, miserably shrouded in wet mist.

We wasted no time now getting on to the main divide but, instead of heading back to the Waipawa saddle, we continued down and down and down to Hinerua Ridge to Hinerua Hut. After a brew and meal on its new stove we tramped down to Smiths Creek Hut, arriving there 1 hour later.

Time now was the great enemy as we were not at the Saddle between Smith's and Middle Creek until nearly 5.65. By the time we were on the ridge leading down to Middle Creek, darkness had overtaken us and progress was slowed to a snails pace as we gingerly tiptoed and ultimately crashed down into the creek.

Having found the track out of Middle Creek (which is just past the first small tributary on the true left bank) we trudged back over the farmland arriving at the Kombi after having walked for 3 1/2 hours in darkness. If you've never walked for 3 1/2 hours at night with no moon in saturated bush --
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then believe me, its no fun!!! Apart from that it really was an enjoyable and sucessful trip.

No. in Party, 5

Leader: Rob Tusher

Peter Lewis, Trevor Plowman, Bruce Perry, Roy Frost.

KIWI SADDLE HUT.

No. 944

May 16th

Our 6 o'clock start got off nearer to 7am. After parking the truck in a field just before the Ngaruroro river we started foot-slogging. It was 8.45 and we encountered one of those annoying werstream crossings. The track wound its way up to Kuripapango, then along the range to 4594. During our long, slow slog we were greeted coldly by dense mist driven before fierce winds. So it was thankful trampers that reached the shelter of Kiwi Saddle Hut at 12.15. David White, who had gone up to the hut the night before, had a warming fire waiting for us.

The return journey was more pleasant however. A well known shingle slide was negotiated with excitement and thrills for all. Any trampers who have not made this trip are assured of a good trip well worth the climb.

No. in Party, 14

Leader: Alan Bristow

Bruce Perry, David Perry, Russell Perry, John Berry, Chris Barnett, David Whit, Joy Breayley, Robert Weterings, Karenne Sparling, Sandra Smith, Mr. Smith, Glenn Breayley.

MAKIRIKIRI - IKAWETEA FORKS HUT

No. 945

29th-30th May

Having had several weeks of rain, it was rather a pleasant surprise to arrive at Holt's with a rising barometer. Fortunately, considering the long drive to Otupae Station we were able to get away on time (5.10)am, withour any holdups. From Kuripapango we travelled up the Taihape road for another 30miles, to where permission to cross Otupae Station was obtained.

The first part of the tramp, into Makirikiri Hut, follows one of the roads across Otupae, towards the foothills of the

Ruahines. After about 2 hours travel up the road, we came out onto the open tussock plateau which extend over to the Makirikiri River. With this area being so exposed to the elements, we found warm clothing very essential, especially when the mist came down.

Halfway across the Plateau, the road we were following, turned off to the South, towards Ruahine Corner Hut. Here, we left the road and followed an old fence line east to the escarpment, which overlooks the Makirikiri River. From the end of the fence line, the track follows down a spur to the Hut.

We spent an hour over lunch at the Makirikiri Hut, and at 1.10pm headed up the track, across the river to the hut on the way to the Ikawetea river. The track is cut up one side of the ridge but not down the other, so it was a case of sidling down a small creek on the eastern side of the ridge, out to the Ikawetea river. The last plunge down to the river is approximately 150 feet, down a steep shingle scree to the river below. Once in the river, it was a cold wade, thigh deep in some places, up stream to the Hut. It took 50 minutes to negotiate the river as far as the hut, which incidentally is marked wrongly on the map. The hut is one junction down stream from that marked on the map.

We arrived at the hut around 5pm and after the usual stew for tea, had a reasonable nights sleep.

Sunday morning we were up and ready to go before first light. Three keen types with a slasher decided to head on in front of the party and cut a track back up the eastern side of the ridge, to Makirikiri Hut. (We were returning the same way as we came in.) They did an excellent job, as they were a third of the way up the ridge before the main party caught up with them. We all then assisted in cutting the track and we came out on top of the ridge at 11.00am. It took only $\frac{1}{2}$ hour longer to come back cutting the track. From there on the return journey was much the same as the previous day and were back at the truck at 3.15pm, and in Hastings by 6.45pm.

An excellent weekend.

No. in Party, 12

Leader: G. Thorp.

B. Smith, P. Lewis, R. Peacock, R. Frost, A. Bristow, D. Perry
K. Thompson, L. Pindar, J. Breayley, B. Matherson, W. Smith.

EASTERN TARARUAS

No. 946

June 5th-6th-7th 1971

Nine of us in the Kombi met Trevor at Masterton, and eventually made our way to the woolshed at the end of the upper Plain Road. After lunch we walked along a farm road for half an hour before scrambling down a bank to a river flat, from the top end of which the beginning of the Barra Track took us up on to, and then along the edge of, a swampy terrace covered with bogs, scrub, and Kahikatea trees, reminiscent of some Westland scenery, before introducing us to a short but fairly steep climb. Soon after the track levelled out, one bod felt like sitting down for a rest. By the time the last of our party came along, he was in a state of near collapse; very white in the face, unable to focus his eyes, and not able to speak very coherently - rather an alarming start to the weekend, to say the least. However, after a rest, a couple of handfuls of glucose powder and some other food, and having his pack carried by others for a while, he seemed to recover, much to our relief.

The track sidles the Waingawa Gorge at a height of several hundred feet above the river, winding into gullies and out around ridges, through bush which includes more Rimu and other timber trees, tree-ferns and supplejacks and seems considerably thicker than much of the bush in our ranges, but the track is well maintained and by 4pm we had reached the point where it drops steeply to cross the river by a new suspension bridge which has replaced the old walking-wires a few yards below Mitre Flats Hut.

The Hut, fortunately unoccupied, was a welcome change from the dripping wet bush. It is old and well-used, but quite large. The bunk area, E-shaped, extending along the southern and Western walls of the hut, is raised a foot or so above the rest of the floor. The fireplace on the eastern wall shows several bullet holes as evidence of irresponsible use of firearms. In the remaining wall, the door in the N.E. corner and the window over the table look north over the swampy grass patches of Mitre Flats. One indication of the number of people using the hut was the scarcity of good firewood within at least $\frac{1}{4}$ mile!

Sunday morning brought a few bright intervals, but by 10am. it was obvious that the promised improvement in the weather was not going to materialise. Six set off up the track behind the hut towards Mitre, 5154ft, the highest point in the Tararuas. The remaining four decided to stay behind and cut firewood.

The six fools soon realised that the map was telling the

truth when it showed those thousands of feet as having to be climbed in a comparatively short horizontal distance, but kept on plodding upwards. After lunch near the bush edge we went on up through the leatherwood zone, (apparently only a few hundred feet in width as compared with the thousand feet wide band in parts of the Ruahines) and on up to the tussock, taking careful notice of the track as we went so that we would be able to find our way back. Each time a summit loomed up in the mist we hoped it was the top, only to find the ridge continuing on up, but after many such false hopes, and not long before the deadline we had set for turning back so as to allow ourselves a safe margin of daylight for our return, we reached the top of an extra steep bit as the mist began to thin, and found ourselves on Peggy's Peak with Mitre itself only a short distance away.

On the top, the clouds opened briefly to give glimpses to the west of the Main Range, from Hector along past Tararua Peaks, Maungahuka, and Aokaparangi, as you look from left to right, to Crawford. To the south, a glimpse over into Waiohine valley, filled with fog like a lake, and further round to the S.E., the Three Kings. One glimpse showed us, to the S.W., Dorset Ridge hut on its tussock ledge, seeming quite close. In the subdued light the tussock and rock showed lovely soft colouring. The tops around there seemed much less cut up by erosion than the high Ruahines, with fewer shingle slides. What a place this must be on a clear day when you can see from the S. Island to Egmont and Ruapehu!

After some hurried photography, much of which turned out to show mainly mist, wet parkas, and legs all shades of red, blue and purple from the cold rain which was lashing at us again, we hurried back down. The hut, so much lower in altitude, seemed very warm by comparison.

On Monday it was still raining. Two hunters who had spent the night with us went out but soon returned with a ruined rifle. When they had fired it, they had not realised what a drop of water in the barrel would do. The bullet travels too fast for the water to be able to get out of its way in time, and water is practically incompressible, so the barrel splits!

As often happens, by the time we were back at our vehicles the weather was beginning to improve. On the way home we made a brief visit to Mr. Bruce Wildlife Reserve.

Perhaps we could visit the Tararuas more frequently because travelling time is less there than on a trip to Ruapehu for instance. In the meantime, our thanks to the Masterton Tramping Club and others whose work on hut and track helped make this trip so enjoyable.

No. in Party, 10

Leader: Peter Lewis

David S

Breayley

O'Kane

- 16 -

David Smith, Alan Bristow, Trevor Plowman, Pete Robins, Glenn Breayley, Joy Breayley, Stewart Shaw, Peter O'Kane, Chris O'Kane.

WAIKAMAKA WORKING PARTY

No. 947

13th June

Eighteen members left Holt's at 6.30am in the truck for the Waipawa River. From the end of the road to the new Waipawa Forks Hut just below the forks and hidden up on the southern bank took just over an hour of easy travel in fine weather. A short stop there, then on to the foot of the saddle where a snack was taken and waterproofs donned against the sudden change to cold wet showers.

On the western side of the saddle most of the party continued on to Waikamaka Hut which they reached about 12.45pm taking about 3¹/₂ hours over the trip. Half a dozen bds placed standards and fencing wire in position near a washout to be used in emergencies.

At the hut we met Rob Lusher, Paul Maddison and Kit Persen who had a fire going. It appears that this hut will be washed away in time by both streams and very little can be done to stop it.

At 2.30pm the slower members set off on the return trip and the faster members left after cleaning up and adding wire to the standards placed in the morning. All was going well until on the gravel below the foot of the saddle a boulder was dislodged onto the legs of one of the girls who was bruised and shaken, but she was game and recovered to limp out.

A slow trip out took us to the truck 15 minutes after dark at 5.45pm. Good driving saw us back in Hastings by 8.15pm and our thanks to Phil who was driver.

No. in Party, 18

Leader: Brian Hall

Grahn Soppitt, David Perry, Chris Barnett, Alan Bristow, John Berry, Rob Weterings, Denise Sims, Joe Brawley, Patricia Smith, Wendy Smith, Peter Lewis, Mrs Matheson, Pjil Bayens, Phil Bayens Jnr., Chris O'Kane, Marion Moran, Lindsay Going.

MIDDLE HILL HUT - KAWEKA J.

No. 948

June 26-27

The party of eleven arrived in cars at the turnoff to little's Clearing. A downpour of rain greeted us but had cleared by the time we were away. A steady pace was set towards Iron Whare where we had lunch. The Whare is slowly rotting away and repairs would serve little purpose. Also the waterhole dug in the stream bed is overgrown and two of the party had some difficulty climbing over trees and through vines to find a reasonable trickle of water.

Little time was wasted and the party set off for Middle Hill Hut. The Kaweka Flats track leading to the hut was found without difficulty and we dropped quickly into the bed of the Makahu Stream tributary. Going from the stream up to the Ihaka track, we had difficulty standing in exposed places as a cold gale blew from the S.W. The shelter of trees was welcomed. The hut was reached just before dark. All had a good night's sleep while the wind shook the hut.

At 6 o'clock in the morning Keith Thompson, Bruce and David Perry, Chris Barnett, and Glenn Breayley decided to return to the cars and Makahu Hut via Kaweka J. Away at daybreak, we made good time up to the top of the main range where a cold wind was blowing.

Finding a good snow drift on Kaweka J, a man size snowman was built, but with the weather closing in, the party wasted no time in getting to Dominic and on down to Makahu hut where we waited for Peter's party.

Peter's party cleaned up Middle Hill Hut and built up a supply of firewood before returning to Makahu Hut via Kaweka Flats.

No. In party, 11

Leader: Peter Lewis

David Perry, Bruce Perry, Alan Thurston, Joy Breayley, Glenn Breayley, Chris Barnett, Lynn Furminger, Keith Thompson, Simon Easton, Sandra Smith

TITOKURA - MAUNGAHARURU RANGE.

No. 949

With a punctual departure on a cold rainy morning we started for Galbraith's Hut, on the Maungaharuru Range past Titokura, and at 8am. we arrived on the road summit where we left the shelter of the truck. The weather was merely

unpleasant at first, as we puddled our way along the track that follows the side of the ridge, past some very inquisitive horses, but the track gained height, and every foot higher took us into thick soggy cloud.

We shed three or four semi-invalids at the first stop, where the track ended, and we sheltered briefly by a rock outcrop, but after that we had to keep moving as conditions became no warmer. Our intention was to find the boundary fence along the ridge, past Kopua trig, but we found thick mist, no main range, and certainly no fence. (At one point it stops on a rock buttress and starts again, so I am told, some distance on, and we met it where it wasn't!) So on we went in the general direction getting colder and colder, until at 11am., lunch was suggested and, a convenient hollow appearing we stopped and boiled up. No-one seemed very eager to keep going for by that time there had been sleety showers, with a rising wind, and the general consensus of opinion was that it would be nice to be home in the warm watching football on T.V.

Out of the hollow to a small saddle was an easy move, and on that saddle was that sign of civilization, a fenceline! We followed it uphill onto the main ridge from which we had a sudden glorious view of the Glenfalls farmland below us, shining in the sun. All around us heavy clouds still loomed, and although we had a mainly dry walk back to the truck, before we left a heavy hail shower fell.

Despite the weather, our failure to reach Galbraith's Hut (we were about 10 minutes away according to two people with local knowledge) and the discomfort of some rather inadequate clothing, I had the impression that the day was enjoyed by all!

No. in Party, 27

Leader: Elizabeth Pindar

Peter Lewis, John Berry, Glenn Breayley, Rob Weterings, Malcom Ingpen, Mr Smith, Paul Maddison, Rob Lusher, Kit Persen, David Perry, Chris Tibbenham, John Tibbenham, Chris Barnett, Peter Robins, Alan Bristow, Joy Breayley, Pam Barclay, Betty Joll, June Morton, Raewyn Cheer, Helen Hill, Bruce Lusher, Helen Duncan, Stephen Downes +2.

SAWTOOTH TRIP.

No. 950

JULY 24-26th

After a week of heavy cloud and rain 14 bods arrived at Mill Farm in sunshine for another Sawtooth challenge with good weather for the crossing.

The first day was spent going over Stag's Head Ridge to Daphne Hut for lunch then up Daphne Spur arriving at Howletts Hut at 3.30pm. A good foot of snow surrounded the hut and had to be cleared before we could get in. We had an early meal and by 8.00pm everybody was in the bag.

At 4.45am 8 eager bods rose, ate, packed and were on their way at 6.00am heading north for Tiraha (5472ft). We arrived on top at 8.30am after cutting steps up. From here we had a splendid view across the Sawtooth. Snow covered the ridge extensively compared with two other previous trips and this was our first set back. With two ropes of three and one of two it was going to be slower than usual especially with ice on most of it, making it necessary to cut steps on the more dangerous parts. It took 7½ hours of almost constant going to reach Ohuinga (5,530) at 4.00pm. and the worst was yet to come. With the sun setting the eastern descent to Black Ridge was freezing or already frozen hard so step cutting started, but ended at 6.00pm. not far from the top. At this point darkness was falling, so we dug in for the night on a 4ft bench cut into the snow over 5000ft up. A strong easterly wind had come up that also hampered our descent.

The night was comfortable but we didn't sleep much as the wind blew and whirled around, sending snow over us. At first light we stirred from our sleeping bags faced with long tedious step cutting and belaying to the saddle about 1000ft below. After 2½ hours mist came over putting another problem in our path, but after 5 hours (one being wasted) we reached the saddle where the snow was softer and we could travel more quickly. At 1.45pm, we reached a tarn, cut through the ice for water and had a bite at the same time. Here we took off ropes and made much better going to the top of Rosvall's Track. Changing into lighter clothing for the decent we headed down at 3.10pm. and a few hundred feet further down we were out of the snow for the first time in two days. We reached the river at 4.00pm. and after an hour down stream reached Mill Farm to see Pete coming back after phoning Hastings about the search party. We changed clothes and before leaving for home, had a hot drink that the girls brewed up.

The 6 bods left at Howletts venture along towards Tiraha for snow practice and returned the same way except that they went downstream instead of over Stag's Head Ridge. After waiting till after 7.00pm on Sunday, 3 bods headed for Hastings with the news that the Sawtooth party had not returned. Peter, Wendy and Liz stayed and waited for us. On Monday Pete went up to Rosvalls Track and Wendy went up and along the north end of Stags Head Ridge trying to spot us while Liz kept the billy going.

The sawtooth was a most successful trip in many ways, giving snow and ice experience to us all, especially to those

not so familiar with these conditions. The night out was our first spent in conditions like that and for the trip, we fared more than well. In future, I would recommend having this trip later in the year with less snow. Two on a rope makes for better speed and crampons should be worn. (We didn't have any). But, even then, a party should be prepared for a night out.

Total number, 14

Leader: David White

Sawtooth Party. David White, Rob Lusher, Russell Trotter, David and Bruce Perry, Brian Hall, John Furminger; Randall Goldfinch

Others. Liz Pindar, Wendy Smith, Peter Lewis, Chris Barnett, Malcolm Ingsen, Peter Robins

WILD SAWTOOTH RIDGE ----- DO NOT ATTEMPT

12th August 1971

"Wild Sawtooth ridge -- Do not attempt" was my first introduction to this celebrated feature of the Ruahine ~~Divide~~ inscribed on a blue print of a survey district map, annotated by the leader of the cadastral survey, H.M. Ross, who was engaged in linking the jigsaw of the earlier provincial surveys. Even after his passage, about the time of the Hawke's Bay Earthquake, the Survey District maps of the back country were hardly more than trig stations surrounded by blank spaces, so such unofficial information was valuable, even though forbidding.

In this connection it may be worth recalling that the topographical layered maps produced for the Air Force in 1940 were still in use as late as the Hawlett's Search for the RNZAF Oxford that disintegrated over the Ruahines 1948 and it was because of this map showed a gap in the divide all the way from Rangitikei to Te Atua to Te Hekenga that we based our first reconnaissance parties (led by George Lowe and John MacIntyre) on the hut, judging (wrongly) that on the bee-line to Ohakea in thick weather with nothing shown as high as 5,000 feet in this gap the most likely supposition was that the plane would have flown slap into Ohuinga or the Saw Tooth. Actually the pilot had passed through the next gap south, the Oroua Saddle)

The Ruahines are less gouged out by erosion than the Tararua's, though more so than the Kawekas or Kaimanawas with their wide rolling tops, and this was a useful warning when I made my first trip along the range with a Wellington party in December 1935.

The Saw Tooth traverse was a bit of an anticlimax;

red deer were by then on the move southwards and from Tiraha onwards we could follow their tracks and shrewd sidlings without qualms. Still it is an airy cat walk in places under the best of conditions. We learnt this a year later, travelling south with the two Druce boys when the weather was starting to pack up. The boys were nearly airborne at one or two points. (Incidentally it was on this trip that we sighted the wreck of a malthoid hut coming off Tiraha, "Hallett's Hut" my notebook records --- this must have been the Rabbit Board hut replacing Hawlett's original cedar slab hut).

My next record is $3\frac{1}{2}$ years later, in May 1940. The war was in full swing. After colossal struggles the Waikamaka Hut had been built and the materials for the projected third Hawlett's hut carried up-river and up the notorious Daphne Spur, and in a final spurt (before the war caught them up) the stalwarts of the Ruahine Tramping Club had erected the corrugated iron shell. This is what led us into trouble next day. The interior was as black as the inside of a black cow with sheets of iron covering door and windows and we slept in. Still, time was precious on those wartime trips and in spite of thick fog and a late breakfast we set off with our packs up. As we approached Tiraha we came above the fog to blue sky and the Saw Tooth and Te Hekenga ("Te Hekenga o te Rakau a Tane Koeka" of Ross's cherished map) plastered with heavy snow. Frank Simpson in the lead just yelped, "If those Canterbury blokes could see this they'd be coming north in droves", after which there was no holding Frank and we headed for Ohuinga.

There were five of us, Frank, Doug Callow, Stan Craven, Des Highland and myself, with two ice-axes and three poles, 2 - 3 pair of snow goggles but some black paper (quite effective with cross cuts) and one shortish length of plough-line, so that apart from the late hour we could be said to be looking for trouble. The Saw Tooth itself can't have been so bad for we hurried across to Ohuinga in a couple of hours. The only delay I can recall being due to having to drag the botanist (we were roped up of course) past some unrecorded daisy; our trouble started, as others have found, beyond Ohuinga when we had to find our way in the dusk down that steep take-off on to the Black Ridge. It was hard green ice and Frank had to laboriously hack steps down several hundred feet of it while the rest of us shivered above him with time for the anchorman with the other ice-axe to reflect on the inadequacy of his belay. We were lucky even though we spent the night bluffed somewhere down Rosval's Spur.

I've been on the Saw Tooth twice since, but in summer, when I have had occasion to note that deer use has improved the going to the point that now the Hawke's Bay Ridge is more of a scramble, while that horrible cat walk of wobbling blocks leading to the still more wobbly pile of rubble optimistically

identified as Te Hekenga (5562'), -- ("not so bad the second time over according to H.M. Ross) has only once to my knowledge been traversed when frozen solid and under Hal Christian's guidance (and even then the top of the peak fell off as they were leaving it).

On our last visit we didn't cross but took off down a short side spur into the Pourangaki river for botanical reasons. (An opposite spur into the head of the Tukituki has a strong track down it and is said to be a route known to cullers. The Saw Tooth is not the obstacle; were we've all struck trouble is on that deceptively direct slope off Ohuinga on to the level Black Ridge which takes you to Rosval's Spur and quickly home. Never believe it! You needn't take our word -- we were just dumb old-timers and knew no better. Ask that mob -- when was that and who were the enthusiasts? -- who went for a 500 foot skate, broke an ice-axe, lost an ice-axe, spent the night out and kept it all so dark that I only got the story from Pauline Tyers in a casual meeting months afterwards in Queen Street, because they'd gone quietly off to her to get their wounds patched up, having decided that after her own experience in the Kawekas they could rely on her for sympathy and discretion.

So this July 1971 report of a night spent in the cold, cold snow below Ohuinga, which has reached me in Wellington, rings a number of familiar bells, and I couldn't very well jib when Janet asked me to write the Saw Tooth up for Pohokura. What her blue pencil will do to this I can't think. This last party, from the times they give, must have struck very much tougher conditions than any in my own experience, and I think they deserve congratulations on the way they coped with it. It makes you realize too that the Ruahines are not kids' stuff, and can on occasion give you as much or possibly more than you can handle.

N.L.E.

SOCIAL NEWS

Births: To Douglas and Ann Thompson - a daughter

Engagements: Neroli Wilton to David Boardman
David Hall to Janet Sims

Transfer: Graeme and Helen Hare from Nelson to Masterton

NEW MEMBERS

We welcome the following new members to the Club:-

Hedley Sanderson (jr) Glenn Breayley (jr) Toby Easton (jr)
Sandra Smith II Joy Breayley, Keth Thomson, Tim Persen (jr),
John Berry (jr)

LOST - PRESSCUTTINGS

Norm Elder cannot find a foolscap folder of presscuttings covering tramping in Hawke's Bay from the earthquake to 1941, valuable for the early history of the H.T.C. Did he lend it to anyone? His address is: 6 Kaitawa Rd., York Bay, Eastbourne, Wellington.

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X
X      If a Club party at any time becomes overdue, would      X
X      parents or members please first contact one of the      X
X      following:-                                              X
X                      Alan Berry                                'phone Has. 77223 X
X                      Maury Taylor                             H.MN. 829   X
X                      Janet Lloyd                             Has. 87666 X
X
X      All active trampers - please show this to your parents X
X
X
XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

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TYPISTS for this issue were:- Helen Hill, Margaret Griffiths, Barbara Taylor.

FIXTURE LIST

<u>Date</u>	<u>Trip</u>	<u>Fare</u>	<u>Leader</u>
<u>1971</u>			
<u>SEPTEMBER</u>			
5	Poutaki Hut Wakararas	\$1	Tim Persen Nap. 35254
18 - 19	Pohangina Saddle - Otumore - Easy weekend trip to hut. With luck snow-craft or else along the tops to Ngamoko Range depending on conditions.	\$1	Brian Hall Has. 77246
<u>OCTOBER</u>			
3	Sentry Box Hut, track cutting. Two hour climb. Could reach Pohatuhaha range.		Liz Pindar Has. 81422
16 - 17	Kiwi Saddle Hut. Working party	\$1	Alan Thurston Has. 78333
23, 24, 25	Labour Week- Rotorua area		Athol Mace Nap. 39520
31	Burns Range via Omahaki Stn easy day trip on one of the lower ranges.	\$1	Joanne Smith Tarad. 8728

NOVEMBER

- 5 Guy Fawkes -- Ohiti Social Committee
- 13 - 14 Cairn trip. Opportunity for \$1 Phillip Bayens
beginners to try for the top of Has 84498
the Kawekas. Fitter bods may go
via McIntosh hut to Studholmes Saddle
- 28 Te Kooti's lookout from Pohokura Rd., \$1 Glenn Breayley
Easy day trip. Mohaka may provide Nap. 37913
swimming.

DECEMBER

- LL - 12 Bushcraft Ripia Valley \$1 Russell
Trotter
Has. 82390

JANUARY

1972

- 1 - 4 Maropea - Colenso Lakes? \$1 C. Brian
Smith
Nap. 5038
- 9 Ranunculus Creek or picnic-
marathon -- Ferny Ridge John
Furminger
Nap. 38684

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

The 36th Annual General Meeting will be held in the
Radiant Living Hall, Warren St., North, Hastings, following
the usual fortnightly meeting on Wednesday October 27th
1971

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