

HERETAUNGA TRAMPING CLUB (INC.)

"POHOKURA"

Bulletin No. 120

April 1972

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CLUB TRIPS.

TE KOOTI'S LOOKOUT

No. 960

Sunday Nov. 28th

The truck finally got away from Napier a bit after 6 and after a brief halt at Lake Opouahi, arrived at the cable cage over the Mohaka River around 9.00. With the help of an ex-tramping club bod (Harry Stewart) and some of his friends from Te Kooti's Station, we crossed the river with only one small mishap, (somebody tried to cut off their fingernails in the pulley wheel) and were on our way by 10.00.

We followed a bulldozer track part way up the hill where we became inadvertently split up. After a great deal of shouting and counting (hampered by the leader continually forgetting to count himself.) We pressed on regardless as both parties seemed to know what they were doing. After a moderate climb we arrived at the top in cloudy weather to enjoy the view and have lunch. Of special interest were two large palisade piles left over from the Te Kooti era.

After lunch we descended and after a lot more shouting and wondering around in the scrub we arrived back at the river in

dribs and drabs to be ferried across and have a brew. After watching some of the more fool?? hardy types liloing we clambered aboard and weathered the dusty trip back to Napier in time for tea.

No. 1. Party, 34

Leader: Glenn Breayley

Joy Breayley, Peter Lewis, Chris Barnett, Chris Person, Murray Ball, Trevor Plowman, Sue Gardner, Roddy Hay, Charles Perry, Peter Jane, Athol Mace, John Berry, Graham Soppitt, Paul Maddison Philip Friis, Jim Glass Susan and Karen, Rob Lusher, Trevor Hankin Kevin and David Perry, Colin Tibbenham, Alan Thurston Liz Pindar, Jackie Smith, Pam Barclay, Joy Brickley, Mary Williams. Sandra Smith, Joanne Smith, Ursula Milner-White, Peter Peterson

BUSHCRAFT - RIPIA VALLEY

No. 961

Dec. 11-12

Have you ever written a trip report for someone else and not been able to remember what happened? Had you ever had to waffle about a trip where so little happened that it isn't worth writing about anyway? Well thats what I'm doing now, but the ripia was a nice place and everyone was just happy to be there, so who cares if there was no bush to practise bushcraft!. For instance, why walk miles up a river when its all the same and theres a nice camping spot with a fire place at the start anyway? Bushcraft is - pretty all encompassing- word, really, but what it did include on this trip was:- floating across a river hanging onto a pole pretending this was exercise in safe river crossing when you really only wanted a swim anyway; climbing a tall dead tree after an opossum and then not catching it; building copybook fire places, then having a cold tea and using what you burned for eel bate; climbing a hill just for the sake of looking back down; wading bare foot through gorse at night gaffing a rainbow trout with a manuka pole; seeing the big fish that somebody else caught - or just swimming eating and sun bathing under the clouds. It must have been a weekend trip because we slept the night there and then strolled back down to the Mohaka on Sunday. This may sound boring, but a trips a trip and why do we go tramping, anyway, except friends company and see some special place where we've never been before?

This report, then, is just memory of a long past trip:- little, amusing details of a tramp which you remember just because this is the way you enjoyed yourself and thats all thats important really because much later you can share this memory of a time when you wish you could be back there in your own world on a trip which others enjoyed too.

Rob Lusher.

Leader: Russell Trotter

(In the absence of any trip report from the leader, Rob very kindly produced the above. - Ed.)

### COLENZO LAKE.

No. 962

New Year, 1972

The effects of various New Year parties were strongly in evidence as 19 bods drove out to Hall's near the Makaroro River. Fortunately the amount of unsealed road is minimal so the dust problem did not have to be endured for long. After a quick word at the farmhouse we parked near the barn (a fortunate choice as it turned out) did a mass of pack weighing, then set off up the Makaroro.

We paused after an hour, but moved on when it was decided that the amount of energy being dissipated in hi-jinx could be better expended getting up Colenso Spur. On reaching the foot of the spur we emptied boots and started the long slog. Things seemed to go quite well and we reached the spring at a convenient time for lunch.

After lunch the effects of late nights began to tell and it wasn't long before three people couldn't go on without assistance. Two of these people had had one hour of sleep the night before between them. Brian Hall, Trevor and Glenn leaped to the fore immediately, and each of them made at least three trips up the final stages to the top of the leatherwood - a stirring effort.

When the rest of the party realised the situation they also pitched in and for the rest of the journey to the top of the Te Atua Mahuru it was hard to keep track of one's own pack. Several bods made double trips and the rest exchanged their packs for heavier ones. Even so, it was a long time before we were at the top of the shingle slide. The slide was a good one and with a minimum of effort we were emptied out into the creek a few minutes above the hut. We had one near miss with a flying rock on the slide showing once again that too much care cannot be taken.

Remutupo Hut was a welcome sight at around 6.00pm. We were very fortunate with the weather as it had been fine and sunny all day. Indeed, if it had been otherwise some of us would have had to turn back. Rather than cook in the usual one-big-pot many people organised themselves into groups of three or four. This little experiment seemed to work quite well. It meant that those enormous cauldrons which are such a nuisance to carry could be left at home, in favour of a number of 6-pint

billies. People with similar foods cooked together allowing more variety between groups, and there was a regular tasting of other peoples dishes which added much interest and laughter. The only problem with this system is that more fire space is required. To solve this a fire was lit outside and two groups used primuses.

On Sunday we had a leisurely start, about 9.30am, and ambled down the Mangatera to Colenso Lake Hut. It was a pleasant tramp with one or two technical manoeuvres around rocks in a small gorge. Two Blue ducks were disturbed by Trevor who made valiant attempts to photograph them. After lunch we visited the Lake - a rather green looking expanse of water surrounded by beautiful bush. Brian Hall launched a log boat, getting very wet in the process, and soon several others were in for a lengthy swim. Two of us crept carefully around the lake viewing at very close quarters two types of nettle, hook grass, lawyer and thistles, which all co-habit with great enthusiasm. Reaching the river at the other end of the lake we overlooked a gorge filled with enormous limestone blocks which had once been part of the cliffs above us. We scrambled down into the gorge and followed the stream back up to the hut.

Sleeping accomodation was not quite so abundant as at Remutupo with its 6 bunks and 9 mattresses. However, with several tents and plastics we all found a place to sleep. It rained heavily that evening but this did not seem to hamper cooking activities. That night we divided into two parties: One to return the way we had come, but to visit Centre Makaroro Hut, the other to attempt a return via Potae and Trig U.

The Potae party was up at 4.40am next morning and away by 6.4am. A veil of mist hung in the valley but dispersed with the arrival of the sun. We first walked down stream for fifteen minutes, then turned up the northbranch of the Mangatera. We reached the first side stream after 25 mins, had a brief pause, then moved up this creek. According to the map a track left for Potae from a fork in this sidestream. On reaching the fork we cast around for a track but could not find any evidence of it. At this stage we were not sure that we were at the right fork altho ugh on later evidence we were. Not finding this track (asuming it exists) was our downfall as we were then considerably delayed in getting to Potae. Continuing up the stream (right fork) we struck up onto the ridge and soon reached a knob within sight of Potae. The map showed a saddle connecting to Potae but it was a different matter finding it on the ground. We spent a considerable time casting around unsuccessfully, then followed a gentle rising ridge which appeared to run approx; N.W. We lost sight of Potae for a while, but when it reappeared it was only a

few hundred yards away. Much heartened by this we stopped for lunch.

Heading directly for Potae we descended into a bog which drains into our original creek, to find that we had missed the connecting saddle by only a few yards and had lost little by this. Thennext we headed directly up to Potae to head on our old friend the leatherwood. This was the first introduction for the three girls in the party to the unique sport of leatherwood fighting, and they now bear the scars of a more than passing acquaintance. After an initial battle we reached a face of limestone running directly across our path. The lowest height was over six feet and the slight overhang plus the steepness of the ground above and below it made it impassable by rock climbing methods. Returning to the leatherwood we resumed the struggle and eventually reached the top, exhausted and bleeding but in high spirits. The view was magnificent although it was impossible to pick out the exact route by which we had come.

Thunder clouds loomed up so we set off along the track towards Ruahine Corner. On a previous trip we had seen a turnoff which at the time we had assumed went to Trig U. I expected this time to find it without difficulty. Shortly after leaving Potae the storm broke and we were treated to a magnificent, downpour, keeping up the tradition of "it always rains on New Years rip". By the end of half an hour we began to realise we must have missed the turnoff. I was surprised but put this down to the distraction of the rain. Because of the conditions, both the climactic and that of the party, we decided to carry on to Ruahine Corner and have a brew. We would return to locate the track. This meant a longer day next day, but it was still thought possible to get out without undue effort. We reached Ruahine Corner within the next half hour, to find it had been renovated by the forestry and was now quite respectable. After a brew Brian Hall and I returned towards Potae. We found three sets of blazes leading down into the valley between Potae and U but these all petered out after about three blazes. Thick mist hung in the valley after the storm so it was difficult to pick out where one would expect the track to start. After an hour or so we were forced to return so as to get back before dark. We had not managed to get quite as far as Potae in our search.

It was now difficult to decide what to do. We had three possible exits. We could attempt to return the way we had come to Colenso Lake, to Remutupo and down Colenso Spur. This meant doing in one day what we had just done in three. This would be almost possible if the track across Potae led us quickly back to the Mangatena hut. The strength of the party was such that we would probably only get as far as Remutupo. Secondly, we could return to Potae, find the track and carry on to U as

planned. The last choice was to follow the vehicle track over the tussock to Otupae Station. This was the easy way out but was an inconvenience in that we would have to be collected from Otupae. Also this was only possible because we could get a message through to the other party via Hall's to say we were O.K. Had we parked the truck somewhere other than Hall's, further inconvenience would have been caused. The basis for the decision was that the minimum of concern and inconvenience would be caused, both to others and to the four members of the party who had to work next day. Also to be considered were the three sore ankles and complaints of general weariness that the party now reported.

After much thought it was decided that if the weather was bad regardless of whether we found a track to U or not, because of possible navigation problems on the main range and the extra effort involved we should exit via Otupae. If the weather was fine an attempt should be made to get back to Makaroro Hut only if all the party would get out that night. Having eaten and discussed all this at great length we arranged mattresses on the floor and managed to get all 9 of us into the 4 bunk hut.

At 4.20am the sky in the east was just glowing but was clear. Eight voices groaned in unison as I announced we were going over Trig U. By 6.10 we were away. Heavy mist had fallen and by the time we reached Potae soon after 7.00am we could see very little. We found that Brian and I had come to within a few yards of Potae the night before but still no track was in evidence. Calculating the time available we allowed ourselves until 8.00am to find a route to U before turning back and heading for Otupae. Presently the mist cleared and although we could see exactly where the track should lie the belt of leatherwood seemed as impenetrable as ever. In spite of good visibility, when the condition of the party considered, struggling on to U without a track would be too much if the party was to reach Makaroro that night. It was with reluctance on my part at least, therefore, that we headed back to Ruahine Corner and, after a brew, to Otupae Station.

The bulldozed track runs all the way to Ruahine Corner and it was a long slog through the hottest part of the day which got us to Otupae at 3.30pm. (Time from Ruahine Corner 4<sup>3</sup>/<sub>4</sub> hours.) At Otupae we parked on the side of the road and composed a message for the outside world. In fact there was little to be said. On hearing the "Mr. Smith calling from Taihape", Graham Thorp knew exactly what had happened - the whole performance being a repeat of a New Year trip four years ago. The wheels for rescuing strayed trampers went into action extremely smoothly. Parents were alerted to expect a late home coming. A message was relayed to the slower returning to Makaroro and the Kombi was hi-jacked from Holt's and driven to Otupae by Graham, arriving at 6.45pm.

The slower party spent Monday inspecting the gorge - the Mangatera below the lake and returning to Remutupo Hut. They made good time up on to Te Atua Mahuru next morning admired the view and looked for signs of the faster party in case they had made their objective of a high camp on Trig U. They then returned down Colenso Spur and took the Barlow track to Centre Makaroro Hut where a leisurely lunch was had. Following the river downstream they arrived back at the truck about 6.00pm. In spite of two girls changing in the cab, it was half an hour before they discovered the note left for them by Hall's. It was then pile in and away, reaching Hastings before 9.00pm.

No. in Party, 19

Leader: Brian Smith

Potae Party Brian Smith, Brian Hall, Trevor Plowman, Russell Perry, Bruce Perry, Glenn Breayley, Joy Breayley, Joanne Smith, Claire Brisco.

Remainder. Deborah Easton, Sandra Smith, Philip Friis, Graham Soppitt, Brian Soppitt, Peter Lewis, Alan Bristow, David Smith, Dean Oliver, David Schutz.

# CAPE KIDNAPPERS - SOCIAL TRIP.

NO. 1963

Jan. 9th

Nestling under the cliffs, 13 miles south of Napier, is the Clifton Domain. Here we leave modern transport and rely on our own steam and stamina.

After getting everyone organised and obtaining a permit it was but a few minutes before we set out on the 1½ - 2 hours pleasant walk at low tide along the 5 miles of beach, with the sea on one side and towering cliffs of rock and shingle conglomerate on the other. There are some spectacular faults in the cliff strata and occasional glimpses of petrified wood and thin seams of lignite, while the sea and wind have combined to carve interesting shapes out of the soft sands and shingles of the cliffs.

For the bird watchers, two colonies of black backed gulls perched precariously on the cliffs, while the more observant people will see pigeons in wild state living in burrows or winging rapidly along the sheer cliffs. Nearer Black Reef the pretty little white-fronted tern were seen nesting.

Once we were past Black Reef we could see, less than a mile away, a cluster of trees which provide shelter for the rest hut - a welcome shade on a hot day. After a rest and snack, we went up the grassy track to the plateau for a close look at

the gannets.

The Gannet is very much an individualist, but it is thought that nesting in large numbers gives protection from natural enemies.

Our day was then completed by a swim and a five mile walk back to the Domain. A <sup>or</sup>thoroughly enjoyable trip.

No. in Party, 42

Leader: Pam Barclay

Peter Lewis, Dean Oliver, Trevor Nankin, David, Bruce, Russell and Kevin Perry, David Schutz, Peter Dilks, Philip Friis, Brian Hall, Graham Soppitt, Lindsay Going, Athol Mace Paul Maddison, Alan Bristow, Graham Thorp, Trevor Flowman, Russell Trotter, Graeme Milne, Christine Gee, Tina Schutz, Chris Person, Joy Breayley, Joanne Smith, Sandra Smith, Mrs. Smith. Philip Smith, Leon Smith Debra Easton, Marie Falconer, Maey Williams, Elizabeth Pindar, Jackie Smith, Alan Thurston, Andrew Blewmer, Chas Perry, Josephine Baker, Gary Fru, Craig Meredith, Russell Millington.

RANUNCULUS CREEK.

No. 964

Jan. 16th

Despite many sore and weary heads the club truck left Holt's unusually early for a Picnic trip and headed off down route 50. Arriving at the Mill Rd., road head, the party was soon straggling slowly up the Tuki Tuki River. Leaving one chap asleep in the truck, five other energetic bods decided to climb the ridge above the creek. Ranunculus Creek is the first major tributary on the north side of the Tuki Tuki above Moorcock Stream. We followed this up until lunch time when sunbathing and swimming were in order. The other five joined us here so gradually after lunch we drifted back down stream. Some had brought fishing rods and met with moderate luck on the return trip. Unfortunately a very relaxing day was changed when the truck was forced to stop with a puncture, but thanks to Mr. Perry this did not delay us very long.

No. in Party, 27

Leader: John Furminger

Mr. Smith, Mrs Smith, Leon & Philip Smith, Sandy & Joanne Smith Liz Pindar, Brian Hall, Lee Harris, Peter Lewis, Debra Easton, Trevor Flowman, Philip Friis, David? Bruce & Russell Perry, Alan Bristow, Betty Jull, Rod Hayes, David Smith Lindsay Going, Judith Dow.

(Apologies to those not included)



No. 965

KIWI SADDLE - KIWI MOUTH

Jan 22-23rd

Don't let this title mislead you, only a few of us did the whole trip. By the time you've finished climbing steep hills, and walking in the rain for four hours a hut seems such a nice place to stay in and it doesn't seem such a good idea to carry on. Most of us fell this way at Kiwi Saddle, but four did go down to Kiwi Mouth "because it was there" and Kiwi Saddle Hut was crowded anyway. A rainy afternoon soon flies by when you're chopping wood, sleeping, eating, talking and just having fun "tomorrow's another day" - yawn, snore !! Knock knock at the door. Who would have walked in to this place at midnight in the rain and wind? Must be idiots!! Sure enough, it was - Wendy, Sandy Al and Dave bombed in, bombed into bed and soon joined the massed choir of snorers. Next day "still raining huh?" - Oh well, so much for Kiwi Mouth - let's eat" After breakfast we had lunch then walked back to the truck in some pretty lousy typical Kiwi Saddle rain-type weather. Who cares? We all got back and Roy's boys soon met us after swimming down from Kiwi Mouth "Oh well, not much left to do but go back home. A neat trip while it lasted!

Leader Rob Lusher

No. in party 20

Wendy and Sandy Smith, Alan Thurston, Dave Perry, Roy Frost  
Glenn Breayley, John Furminger, Rob Lusher, Leo Holmes,  
Neill Lusher, Trevor Hankin, Kevin Perry, Debra Easton,  
Joanne Smith, Lyn Furminger, Russell Trotter, Kit Persen  
Pam Barclay, Judith Dow Peter Lewis

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No. 966

LILLO TRIP

6th February

If this trip had involved a long steep climb up a scrub-covered hillside, no doubt the day would have been unbearably hot; but as it was a lilo trip, of course there was a cold S.E. wind, and only a few openings in the cloud sheet ! To make the prospects even more gloomy, few crossings of the Ngaruroro on our way upstream from the flood gauge at Kuripapango revealed that the water level was exceptionally low, only a few inches deep in many places. Even so, there were the usual occasions for laughter when impatient or just unlucky individuals found their river-crossing techniques inadequate and fell right in before they had gone far.

Some of the faster types who had gone on ahead stopped to boil the billy by a bluff on the true right bank just below the narrower rock-walled section of the river, not far down from Cameron Hut, and the rest of the mob seemed glad of the opportunity to stop for lunch. Quite pleasant, too, with

some sunshine at last, shelter and reflected warmth from the rock wall. Later, perhaps too much later, after instructing the others not to leave before his return, the leader and half the party went on up to Cameron Hut. On their return, it was found that many of the others had inflated their lilos and had been trying out the rapids nearby. With the sun now hidden by threatening clouds, those people who had already been in the water for some time were feeling cold and anxious to be moving, and in no mood to dawdle around while beginners learned to manage their lilos. Consequently there was a very strong tendency for the party to become strung out, which could have been awkward if anyone had met with an accident.

The value of woollen clothing was very evident. Those who were well provided with thick shirts, jerseys, and even "long-johns" under parkas and waterproof trousers found conditions not bad, except for maybe a temporary shortness of breath as cold water slowly trickled along the stomach and up around the ribs! Despite the shallowness of many parts of the river, casualties amongst the lilos were very few, and were due to old age rather than rough handling. After becoming accustomed to the mainly slow pace, it was easy to be taken unawares by the occasional fast bits. In at least one place where the river has cut a narrow channel through the shingle, it appears to be right down to bedrock, and is certainly turbulent. Many riders were heaved off their lilos here, and this one spot probably caused as many bruises as all the rest of the trip put together.

Back at the road, a hot drink was much appreciated, and, as you can guess, no sooner had we changed into warm dry clothes than the cold wind dropped!

No. in party 35

Leader: Peter Lewis

Joy Bickley, Simon, Toby and Deb Easton, Adrienne King-Turner, Don Lang, Rob Lusher, Wendy Smith, David Smith, Leon Smith, Sandra Smith II, Mark Smith, Pam Barclay, Kit Persen, Tim Persen, Merv. Hope, Liz Pindar, Lindsay Going, Ursula Milner-White, Alan Knowles, Murray Ball, Trevor Hankin, John Furminger, Pat Mooney, Pat Goodwin, Graham Soppitt, Paul Maddison, Randall Goldfinch, Chris Barnett, Keith Curle, Vincent Curle, Hedley Sanderson, Bill Gray

No. 967

KIWI SADDLE (WORKING PARTY) Feb 19-20th

I was rather surprised to see how many younger faces there were on this type of trip. This shows how keen the younger members are to help the Club, and it was proved by the way every one got in together, mixing fun with work,

bringing life to an ageing hut.

With packs leaded, we made our way along the wind torn ridge into Kiwi. Sweat streaming down one's body and clinging clothes made the going heavy. Stops were many. Everyone took a turn at carrying the iron. The hut was indeed a pleasing sight for some of the slower ones, putting more spirit into their movements. Arriving at the Hut in about 4½ hours wasn't bad going with heavy packs.

After having a bite to eat we started work. It was heavy work scraping down the roof as there was a lot of fungus on the iron, which had to be removed before painting. By the time dusk screept in we had half of the roof painted and almost all the walls. With the roof orange and the wall blue the hut really looked something. I don't know which had the most paint on, the hut or the painters, and without any paint remover this caused a problem. After a fine stew, we all retired for the night.

We woke by the sun. Sunday was spent cutting and marking the take-off to Studholme. Some were digging a bigger water hole while the rest finished painting the hut. The hut is finished now except for two sheets of flat iron to go by the chimney.

We moved out about 2 o'clock and headed for home. Many thanks to all those that lent a helping hand.

No. in party: 13

Leader: Alan Thurston

Raymond Foote, Murray Ball, Kevin Perry, Malcolm Ingpen, Alan Bristow, Dean Oliver, Robert Kindell, Neil Lusher, David Schutz, Chris Barnett, Bill Gray, Denis Galyer.

No. 968

#### RIVER CROSSING TRIP - GLENFALLS MOHAKA RIVER

Leader: J. Breayley

The truck left Napier with quite a crew and headed along the Taupo road. We turned off before the Mohaka bridge and parked at the end of the road after a few delays caused by hordes of wandering sheep.

After a short walk, everyone arrived at the river and sat down to receive a little lesson on how to cross a river using various methods. Our thanks to the bushcraft and mountaineering handbooks. The younger members in the party had to be put among the older or perhaps larger members to

get a more even weight distribution when crossing using logs and linked arms. A few floating logs were seen that day but the number still tallied so we continued.

The ropes were set up across the river and once the belay on the opposite side was established - quite a feat - everyone started crossing using the ropes. Most of the smaller trampers just gave up half way and let themselves be carried to the bank in a pendulum movement. I must admit we were using one of the swifter deeper arms of the Mohaka, but by the time everyone had crossed they all admitted rivers come in all sizes and should be taken seriously.

After lunch the weather changed and it started to rain, so we all strolled back to the truck and set off for Napier by half past three.

No. in party: 23

Leader: Joy Breayley

Peter Lewis, Murray Ball, Trevor Hankin, John Duncan, Kevin Perry, Malcolm Ingpen, Graham Soppitt, Alan Bristow, Phil Friis, David Perry, Brian Hall, Stewart Shaw, Mervin Hope, Lindsay Going, Dean Oliver, Simon Easton, John Berry, Joy Breayley, Joy Brickley, Liz Pindar, Barbara Matheson, Mrs. Matheson, Sandra Smith, Betty Joll.

No. 969

TRIG K CENTRE MAKARORO HUT

March 5th

After a very wet start in a cloud burst we went into Glenney's road in ever-brightening weather. Leaving the cars at Hall's we went up the Makaroro river to the point 15 yards downstream from and opposite Gold Creek where the take-off is for the Trig K track. For a short time only it is a Forestry vehicle track then it climbs through regenerating forest full of young rimu. Three hours later and 3,200 ft higher there was a fine view of the cars at the roadhead - such a short distance as the crow flies. The route then follows the top of the ridge through the usual stunted beech forest and considerable wind damage where the trees always have fallen not alongside the track. Clouds had come down and a misty rain, but that and the gusty wind, served to cool us to a nearly bearable temperature.

The take-off to Centre Makaroro Hut is well signposted, and also indicated by a pair of underpants (male), and the track leads first gradually over tussock then precipitously downhill to bush level, where it winds downhill in ever-steepening progress. Through the treetops below me showed only more trees and the opposite side of the gorge, and I did wonder if it had a bottom or whether it went on and on for ever.

Finally after one girl made an abrupt departure from track to river, was hauled and shoved up and then rescued her rescuer, we crossed the bridge and had our long awaited lunch. We went out slowly, one keen type fishing with enthusiasm and badly rewarded skill, as they all got away off the hook. We arrived at our cars before the rain, which was close behind us, caught up.

No. in party: 14 Leader: Liz Pindar

Mrs Matheson, Lynette McCowatt, Barbara Matheson, Peter Lewis, Murray Ball, Trevor Hankin, Kevin Perry, John Duncan, Keith Curle, Vincent Curle, Chris Barnett, Ian Matheson, Bill Gray

No. 970                      LEON KINVIG - MAKARETU 18th-19th March

The party of 25 left from Moorcock Base at 8 a.m. and then arrived at Pohangina Saddle Hut in the reasonable time of 2½ hours. Here the party split up, and 13 who felt they could go into the unknown and return in reasonable time headed off down the Pohangina towards Leon Kinvig.

In the first half hour two waterfalls were negotiated and then after passing 3 streams coming in from the west, "Gorge Fly camp was reached in about 2 1/2 hours. Shortly after this well stocked camp, we went through a gorge for about 45 minutes. Here 3 people came to grief. Two got rather wet when more than their feet came in contact with the water and the third hit his shin and developed a lump as big as his knee cap. However, this didn't stop him.

About 4½ hours after leaving Pohangina Saddle Hut we arrived at the Leon Kinvig Hut which is a roomy, semi-bunker situated on the eastern bank. In residence was "Red" - a big 6 ft 6 in N.Z.F.S. culler who had had the valley to himself since middle January. He disappeared shortly afterwards and turned up 2 hours later after shooting up to near Toka, but not getting any tails. After a helping of our soup and stew, he gave us good information about our return trip and also told us that we would be fools to drop down into Makaretu as it was such a long way down then out. He also informed us that there is no track along the main divide.

"Red" got us up at 5 a.m. in the dark then disappeared down to Pohangina Base for breakfast--5 hours away. We had our breakfast then proceeded up the ridge just north of the hut (the track goes up a small creek for a few yards then goes up the ridge and is well disced for red discs) and reached the top at Toka (5006ft) 2 hrs 20 minutes.

Here a very strong wind kept us moving along the tussock tops. Excellent views were obtained and various comments were made on the amount of smoke coming from Ngauruhoe. On returning to Hastings we were informed that there had been a minor eruption of ash and smoke that morning. However, we skirted round Tunupo (perhaps unwisely) and plodded tiredly along to Otumore after 3 hours of steady and fairly easy going.

We joined the rest of the party at Pohangina, and, after a good break headed down back to the truck where we arrived at 4.50 p.m.

At Waipawa we stopped for refreshments and to change a wheel of the truck which had gone down. My thanks go to Neil Lusher for driving the truck and to Peter Lewis for looking after the second party which stayed at Pohangina

No. in party: 25

Leader: Brian Hall

Those who went down to Leon Kinvig were Brian Hall, Philip Friis, Roy Frost, Tony Martin, Rob and Neil Lusher, Paul Richards, Joy and Glenn Breayley, Sandra and Wendy Smith, Trevor Plowman and Kit Persen.

Those who stayed at Pohangina with Peter Lewis as leader were: Bill Gray, Joy Bickley, Chris Barnett, Stewart Shaw, Alan Bristow, John Duncan, Kevin Perry, Dennis Galyer, Raymond Foote, Murray Ball and Trevor Hankin.

#### OUR DUPLICATOR CHANGES RESIDENCE

For twenty years "Duart" has housed the club's duplicator. When Helen Hill gave it to us Ursula Greenwood was Secretary and she found a niche for it in "Duart's" big diningroom. There, all these years, we have run off copies of "Pohokura". The Greenwood family have put up with its clatter, cheered us on with cups of tea and hot scones and many a time found solutions to technical hitches. We are immensely grateful.

But "Duart" is to be sold and Nancy Tanner has now offered to house it. A duplicator is an awkward article to have in a home. It is too big to be pushed under a bed, it is too heavy to move about and it takes up too much room anywhere. We are very relieved that Nancy has found a suitable corner.

J.L.

#### ANZAC DAY POPPIES

Please hand your poppies in to Graham Griffiths so that they can be used in the wreath for the Cairn.

MAUNGAHARURU RANGE RECOVERY OPERATION

2 - 3 October 1971

2nd October:

Advice that a Cherokee aircraft was overdue on a flight from Hastings to Tauranga was received from the Napier Police at 3.20 p.m. with the request that search teams be placed on stand-by. This was done but little further action was possible until a sighting report or other information was received to indicate whether or not the missing plane was even in our territory.

3rd October:

The balloon went up with a rush on Sunday morning when some of the local farmers reported finding the wreckage on top of the Maungaharuru, not far from Galbraith Hut.

The organisation slipped into gear and the recovery party reached Glenfalls by 2 p.m. guided by one of the locals, the recovery party climbed to the wreck and returned to headquarters with the three bodies at 5.30 p.m.

The plane had actually crashed on the range about three quarters of a mile north of the Titiokura Saddle, which is the normal point at which the range is crossed. Just what went wrong we do not know but the Inspector of Air Accidents' report is still awaited.

Club members taking part: Pam Turner, Jackie Smith, Bryce Wallace, Jim Glass, Graham Griffiths, Athol Mace, Maury Taylor, Brian Hall, David Perry, Keith Thomson, Brian Turner, Trevor Plowman, Chris Persen, Roy Frost, Peter Lewis, Alan Berry.

A.B.

REMUTUPO SEARCH

23 - 24 January 1972

This was a search that should never have been. The three men involved had left on a hunting trip to Remutupo Hut at 6 a.m. on the Monday being due to return on Thursday afternoon or Friday morning at the latest. When there was no sign of the men by Saturday, a local group made a brief reconnaissance of the Makaroro river and the Police were informed on Sunday.

In view of the fact that the weather had not been particularly unfavourable during the last few days, although

there had been cloud and some rain on the tops, it was decided to send in two advance parties on Sunday, followed up by a wide ranging reconnaissance on Monday. It was felt that the most likely cause of the party being overdue was that they might have gone astray on the tops on the previous Wednesday or Thursday, which meant that they could have been well out of the area by the time search teams entered the field.

The first team's assignment was to make a quick trip to Remutupo Hut, just in case there was some evidence to be found there. In the event the searchers found the missing party itself, fit and well, in the hut. By the time this information could be passed to search headquarters on Monday morning, however, six teams were either in the field or preparing to leave.

It seems that the three men involved had found the weather on the tops pretty rough when they first tried to cross over from the west on Wednesday or Thursday. They doubted their ability to cross the tops and find Colenso Spur without a compass so returned to Remutupo Hut. A further attempt to cross on Saturday was also abandoned.

If the party was not competent to cross the tops in only moderately rough summer conditions, what were they doing in the ranges in the first place? The cost in cash, and man hours of mounting a fairly large scale search is pretty considerable. It is to be hoped that the Mountain Safety Councils continuing educational programme may assist in preventing the too frequent recurrence of abortive search and rescue operations such as this one.

H.T.C. members taking part: Graham Thorp, Graham Soppitt, Brian Hall, Alan Thurston, Paul Maddison, Peter Lewis, Rob Lusher, Trevor Plowman, David Perry, John Furminger, Maury Taylor, Alan Berry.

A.B.

#### RESULTS OF PHOTO COMPETITION 19/1/72

##### Black and White:

1. Sawtooth - R. Millington
2. Shorts - G. Soppitt

##### Slides:

1. Reflections in Lake Constance - R. Goldfinch
2. No Title - G. Soppitt
3. Ruru - A. Mace
4. Social Waters - A. Mace



## FATIGUE A FACTOR IN FATALITIES

(The F.M.C. Bulletin of November, 1971 has an article headed "Some Thoughts on Fitness" by R. Barraclough of the Accident Sub- Committee. The following are extracts from it)

"We are all too well aware of the debilitating effect of the office chair and the motor car. As the pressure of Christmas grows the more mentally and physically jaded we become. We see it also amongst students. Deprived of their usual exercise and often burning the candle at both ends, their mental jadedness accelerates the physical aided by growing tension.

And then it is over- the holidays are here. Not next week , not tomorrow; but now- tonight. Again the ubiquitous motor car takes over. This time we travel right to the doorstep..... Before that new road, that new track, there were miles of valley to test our fitness. We were still in the not so difficult areas when fatigue set in with that listless tiredness which is a feature of over- exertion in the unfit. But now by use of car and plane we are in the high alps when it takes us unawares. A moments inattention, a stumble, a fall.....falling.....

As the last rescuer leaves the hills to the circling kea we are left with the question "Why"?

..... Recent fatal accidents, particularly those involving students after finals would seem to indicate that mental and physical fatigue may be a major contributing cause.

.....Allow more time for the build up to the big trip. Keep the first days shorter in easier country with spare days for rest. Above all any attempt to take up where you left off last Christmas or Easter can only prove disastrous. Some period of retraining is essential before that peak can be reached again".

## TEACHERS' CERTIFICATES

The National Safety Council organised a Teaching Methods Course. Certificates were presented to the following club members who attended:-

Graham Griffiths, Alan Bristow, Chris Persen, John Furminger, Joy Breayley, Robert Weterings, Warren Greer, Chris Barnett, Mrs. Matherson, Paul Maddison, Stewart Shaw.

[illegible]

PRIVATE TRIPSMAKINO- MANGATAINOKA- HOT SPRINGS

Nov 28th-Dec. 3rd.

Graeme and I arrived at Makino quite early in the afternoon after an easy walk from the barn. Actually it was'nt too easy as this was the first time on the hills for over a month for both of us. However the next day would be harder, in fact the hardest day of the six days we'd planned. From here we intended to visit Mangaturutu, Te Puke, Mangatainoka, Peoples Palace (i.e Stagger Inn) then out again to the barn. From now on the country was new to me, and Graeme had only been to Mangaturutu so we were quite looking forward to the scenery.

The next day had just dawned as we set off to Mangaturutu via the Makino river and an unblazed ridge. We had dropped on to the Makino within 1½ hours and Graeme insisted on abrew. He knew that the 2000ft. climb would be a hard one and the cloudless sky let plenty of heat in. We made an extra large brew as we took cold tea with us on the climb. This proved an excellent beverage as it washed your mouth, quenched your thirst and could only be taken in small quantities because it tasted so rotten. We started up the ridge, and for four hours I watched each foot being placed in an endless uphill trudge. Occasionally I looked up but only saw the next branch to duck or the next bush to walk round. I never realised before how much dirt there is piled up in the Kawekas, how scratched you become when bush bashing, and I never realised before how much I disliked tramping. It is funny how everything looks brighter when the hut is sighted because eventually it was sighted and we rested.

From here to Te Puke Hut was only a two hour stroll over the tops and this was about the easiest day. The track breaks out into clearings but it was tricky to find it again on re-entering the bush. This cost us an extra hour but who minds on a sunny day on the tops. We spent a lazy noon at Te Puke Hut shooting scenes with the 16mm. colour movie we had taken along to record the whole trip. We hoped the next would be fine as we had to cross the Puke ohikarua clearing and drop down the correct ridge on to the Mangatainoka River and hut. The evening rolled on and so did the clouds. If it was foggy in the morning we would not attempt that leg of the journey and would turn back. We had read in the visitors book of a party who had attempted the reverse journey in adverse conditions and had just made the hut in the dark. Graeme had more respect for these hills. However, just before we turned in for the night, a Government hunter burst into the hut. He would show us across the tops and on to the correct ridge. Mighty !

Next day we walked along with John as he talked of deer he had shot, country he had seen and other bush tales. Soon

we dropped into the bush and were on the correct ridge. We would meet him later at the hut as he was out hunting for the day. We had difficulty in following the ridge so decided to follow the creek on the right side at 11.30 am. and found another government hunter still in bed. Bruce stayed in bed for the rest of the day as well. We knew the tops map (NZMS N113) had the hut misplaced and later informed the Lands and Survey Department. The H.T.C. has Mangaturutu hut marked incorrectly also. The hut is on the other side of the ridge.

However the hard part was successfully over and the next day saw us at People's Palace in 7½ hours. En route we had seen deer, pig and birdlife in abundance. This a fantastic piece of country and the trip had taken us over varied tramping conditions and had thoroughly tested our bushmanship.

Wendy and Graeme Smith.

KAIMANAWAS 13th. to 19th. Dec. 1971.

After some initial delays the whole team- Dave Briasco, Claire Briasco, Julian Edmonds, Nicki Cameron and myself- arrived at Motuoapa- near Turangi. Sunday night was spent at Julian's bach. Monday dawned bright and fine and promised a spell of fine weather. We were given a lift up the Waimarino Access road and were soon plodding off, up to Ngapuketuru. Those first day problems of heavy packs, hangovers etc. were strongly in evidence and it was not until we had lost a lot of sweat that we topped the ridge to Ngapuketuru in the early afternoon. After a spell by a stream we turned east and proceeded towards Dunkirk Hut eventually reaching it about 7 pm. It was a long slog and we were very pleased to arrive. Tea was quickly followed by sleep.

Next day, Tuesday?, we followed the Tauranga- Taupo Stream, on which Dunkirk Hut is situated, as far as the second sidestream on the true left. This took all morning and we had lunch at the Fork. We passed a large clearing in the bush with curious piles of pumicey soil over it. How the piles were formed was the subject of some speculation as they did not appear to be the result of a natural phenomenon. We later heard that an old chap had been sluicing for gold there. Whether this is true or not I do not know but the piles of pumice could well be the tailings of sluicing operations.

We followed the sidestream as far as practicable then climbed a ridge to reach the divide between the Tauranga- Taupo and Ngaruroro watershed just east of the Te waiotupuritea, the north branch of the Ngaruroro. A short way down the valley we arrived at the remains of the McNutt Hut and proceeded to set up camp nearby. Shortly a plane hove into sight and we were about to be meeting people in a big way. The Cessna turned sharply after seeing us and landed. The pilot and two hunters emerged and the pilot proceeded to tell us that we were trespassing on Maori land. We were given the

option of getting off there and then or paying \$5 per day to stay. We fortunately managed to talk our way out of this by saying that we were moving on next day anyway. The pilot produced no evidence that he had the right to charge us the above fee, or that he was not in fact trespassing himself. The hunters were much more agreeable types and after the plane had left had a brew with us and offered us the use of a tent.

On Wednesday we moved down the wide tussock valley towards Boyd's Hutt. The track was like all fading pack tracks through tussock- hard to find and easy to lose. We had been told by the hunters of two holes in the river where we just couldn't fail to catch a trout. I was a bit dubious of "cant miss" stories but it was true enough in this case.

The Lodge at Boyd's is now owned by the N.Z.D.A. It was in a disgusting state when we found it and much effort was expended in cleaning it up. Being one of the minority who had not been to the top of Boyd's Rock I proceeded to rectify the matter and was rewarded by a magnificent view in all directions. The old Boyd Hut has collapsed; it looks as though a tree was dropped on it. It is now surrounded by numerous plastic covered bivvies which suggest copious quantities of Boy Scouts or similar.

The evening was interrupted by the arrival of two planes in the space of about half an hour. The first had two Wildlife Dept. bods who had booked the hut for a weeks vacation. The second dropped two hunters who ignored the hut and disappeared into the dusk carrying just a rifle. Shortly after about ten shots were heard and it was suggested that they had met their opposition and were having a private war! Eventually they returned with a deer (yes, just one) had a brew and departed for another of the nine air strips which apparently exist in the area. Because there were 7 of us and the hut had space for only 5, Nicki and I elected to stay outside. I was dubious as to the wisdom of this offer when I discovered that (A) the only flat spots were the previous sites of the privvies and (B) with almost every footstep a rustle in the tussock suggested the presence of rats in quantity. Needless to say I couldn't back down on my offer. As it turned out I had an uninterrupted sleep while those in the hut were frequently bothered with the coming and going of our four legged friends.

Thursday was overcast. We left Boyd's early and crossing the river climbed over the ridge dividing the Ngaruroro from the Harkness valley. We arrived at Tussock Hut at the same time as the local Govt Culler (see what I mean about meeting people). We had a quick brew then moved down the Harkness Stream and stopped for lunch at the fork just below Harkness Hut. As there was plenty of time we carried on down stream to the Ngaawapurua hut. The stream was definitely the most slippery one around, or so it seemed and there were several close shaves but no total immersions. It took us about 3½ hours to reach the hut from our lunch spot and we were well pleased to arrive. Judging by the book we were

only the second private party to go to the hut which has been there since 1963.

Julian found some flour and yeast and fancying himself as a baker proceeded to make a loaf. Unfortunately he had a rest about the time he should have been removing things from the fire and was subsequently re-presented with the "King Alfred Memorial Award for Burnt Bread". An axe was used to extract the remains from the camp oven.

Friday was another early day. We crossed the Ngaruroro on the swing bridge and climbing the ridge opposite the hut eventually reached open tops 2½ hours later. The day was overcast and cloud obscured the view in many directions. At this point we were at the head of Manson creek. A series of nobbs and saddles leads around to the Manson Trig although no marked track could be found on a cursory inspection. A single tape indicated the route round the west side of the creek to Otutu Bush Hut. We arrived at the latter shortly after lunch and spent the rest of the day admiring the view and eating.

Saturday tended to be a longish day. We left early, dropped into Manson Creek and staggered up on to Manson Trig then moved south dropping into Manson Hut for lunch. After leaving the hut we continued south and dropped rapidly down to Kiwi Mouth. A welcome swim removed some of the murk we had acquired over the past few days. After a brew we trotted up Kiwi Creek and struggled up to Kiwi Saddle. The hut is in good order now the efforts of past working parties being very evident. The wood pile was well stocked but most of the wood was rotten, which was pretty useless. The good wood there had not been split so was still pretty wet inside. A good sleep was interrupted by the Boss saying "Time to get up!" time to get up" then "What is the time?" "10 to 4" This didn't deter him and breakfast was soon under way. Even after breakfast in bed the rest of us were still loath to rise but we eventually did and left the hut at 6.30 am. The early start was thought necessary because we didn't have transport home and the nearest phone to Kuripapanga is at Kaweka Base. After the usual trot along the tops and some tricky manoeuvres on the shingle slide we arrived at the road at 9 am. A long trudge up the road ensued, but fortunately we were picked up by passing hunters and reached Napier soon after lunch.

C. Brian Smith

#### NORTH OTAGO = March 17th. to 19th.

There were 11 in the O.U.T.C. party, and we left at 7am. Friday night. It was a change to leave on time! About 4 hours when we abandoned the van we were 130 miles from Dunedin inland from Oamaru and just south of Lake Waitaki. Then followed a long slog up a boulder strewn track to a ski hut with not quite enough snow to ski on but sleet falling making things rather chilly. The hut was most luxurious, 50 bunks stove, sink and running water in season (not in March unfortunately).

Saturday morning dawned cold and windy but we left quite early and made our way up to a pass between Mt. Kurau and Mt Bitterness descending the other side as quickly as possible to get out of the wind. There was absolutely no vegetation on the tops, tussock giving up the struggle for survival at 3-4000 ft. As we made our way down the West Branch of Hut Creek which meant much boulder hopping and rock scrambling we came across a small herd of deer and about 10 pigs. One of the piglets was actually unfortunate enough to be caught, but we decided it was not worth keeping. A little while later we found the hut we were seeking and decided to stay the night. It was built of stone, with walls 2 ft. thick, and had bunks filled with dead wool- it had character to say the least!

On the Sunday we went up the East Branch of Hut Creek, which just meant climbing up through tussock country, and then we took off up a rocky ridge to Mt Kurau (6,500 ft.) From there we had a beautiful view of Mts Cook, Tasman and Sefton in the sun, as well as the Remarkables to the south, and right out past Oamaru to the sea. It was really well worth the climb. Having come up we had to obey the inevitable and make our way down again. After much shingle sliding, boulder hopping and bum-sliding we finally reached the ski hut, we eventually reached Dunedin about 10pm. A most enjoyable trip, and it was really good to find some more mad trampers!

Joanne Smith and Judith Dow.

#### KAIMANAWAS= MAKORAKO. Easter 1972.

This trip was an offshoot of an official Alpine Sports Club trip, with the specific purpose of climbing Makorako-the highest point in the Kaimanawas. The success of the trip was a particular achievement for me personally as I had had three previous attempts at Makorako, being forced back each time by lack of time or bad weather. The peak is in the very centre of the Kaimanawas making it difficult to get at. One has to count on several days of fine weather to successfully complete the trip.

The main H.T.C. party entered the Kaimanawas via the Clements Camp Access next to Poronui. This is good access and cars can now be driven to Pirua Hut. 2½ hours brought us to Te Iringa hut where we had lunch. A good track then drops sharply into the Tiki Tiki Stream which flows into the Kaipo. Our party of six left the main party and zoomed off in the direction of the new Oamaru Hut at the Oamaru- Kaipo confluence. Fading light drove us on and we emerged from the bush just as it was too dark to see. Being Easter the moon was full and we luckily found the hut without undue difficulty. The hut is a 12 bunk job with a stove- incredibly slow to cook on. Time down the Kaipo 2½ hours.

Next day we left at 7.30am. and headed up the Oamaru. About ½ hour above the hut we noticed a bivvy high above the river bed on the edge of a shelf. This is a good guide to

finding the track, as it passes just behind the bivvy. A fast pace was set and we topped the Waitawherō Saddle in 4 hrs and 20 mins. The contrast of the beech forest of the Oamaru and the tussock of the Ngaruroro valley was most interesting. We had a brew and lunch by the river just north of Boyd's. The sky was overcast which was helpful as it is very hot in the open tussock if the sun is out. We followed up the Ngaruroro and turned up the Mangamingi. The valley became narrow as we moved on, the tussock eventually giving way to beech. The old Mangamingi Hut is now derelict, but was of similar construction to the Golden Hills and old Boyd's Huts. About 10 minutes past the hut a beautiful campsite was found complete with wood, fireplace and seating. Time for lunch—just under 3 hours.

Sunday dawned fine and clear and prospects seemed good for the "big day". Following the path we crossed into the Mangamaire valley just south of the Mangamingi Saddle. A last drink and rearrangement of gear and we were off climbing to the tops. We reached the tops some time later to see Makorako still high above us at the other end of a circle of ridge. An easy trot around the ridge and we came to a steep saddle separating us from Makorako. As we were coming back this way we dropped packs and romped to the top. The view was fantastic. The entire Kawekas at our feet with other ranges—Kawekas, Ruahines, Ureweras, Ngongotaha etc.—in view all round. The sky was cloudless and the air quite still. A small M & B tin was found tied to the trig. It bore two familiar names—Gerald Edmonds and Julian Edmonds. Far below we could see several bobs toiling up to us from the Rangitikei. They were from Rotorua and arrived about 3/4 hr. after us.

Having soaked up the scenery we retraced our steps for some distance, then turned north near Prominent Peak. A lunch stop was made where we found water a few feet below the tops. A convenient ridge ran north, parallel to the Mangamaire as far as Prominent Peak. From the shoulder of Prominent Cone we could see members of the main party on the ridge near Ngapuketurua. Dropping down into the upper Rangitikei just near where I had made camp and spent the night just a year before. It was a cold night. In the morning there was ice on the underside of my plastic. My sox were solid and my boots like wood, and my puttees were rigid. Served me right for not taking precautions. After a breakfast of porridge etc. things warmed up and so did the company. Minutes after the arrival of the sun millions of blowflies began the day shift. There was no inducement to stay. We climbed up Ngapuketurua (which seems to be becoming an Easter ritual this being the third successive Easter we have come out that way), descended the Waimarino Access track to reach the cars at about 1.15 PM. (they had been brought round from Clements Camp. A highly successful trip enjoyed by even the lame.

C. Brian Smith.

FIXTURE LIST

<u>Date</u>	<u>Trip</u>	<u>Leader</u>	<u>Phone</u>
1972			
<u>MAY</u>			
7	<u>Don Juan via Te Kowhai</u> - easy trip. Driver: George Prebble	Paul Maddison	
13-14	<u>Snowcraft Training Ruapehu</u> Driver: Athol Mace      Fare: \$3. all	Rob Lusher	67.771
28	<u>Te Patiki, Eastern Ruahines</u> - Bush country. Driver: Phil Bayens	Peter Dilks	
<u>JUNE</u>			
3,4,5	<u>Queens Birthday. Egmont National Park.</u> Driver:                      Fare: \$4. all	Kit Persen	35.254
11	<u>Te Waka via Potters Road</u> - Limestone range, Driver: Graham Griffiths. farm land.	Simon Easton	58.908
24-25	<u>Southern Kawekas - Kiwi Mouth</u> - maybe snow. Driver: Alan Berry	Keith Thomson	75.391
<u>JULY</u>			
9	<u>Three Fingers - Bobs Spur</u> (NE Ruahines) Scrub; down shingle slide. Driver: David Smith	Roy Frost	
22-23	<u>Ketetahi Springs, Tongariro.</u> Driver: David Smith      Fare: \$3. all	Brian Hall	77.246
<u>AUGUST</u>			
6	<u>Parihaka via Puketitiri</u> - Fern country. Driver: Maury Taylor.	Deborah Easton	58.908
19-20	<u>Hinerua Ridge</u> - easier trip <u>Howletts - Sawtooth</u> - fit party Driver: Neil Lusher	Randall Goldfinch	42.706
<u>SEPT.</u>			
3	<u>Sparrowhawk Range</u> (Taihape Road) Scrub, open tops. Driver: Alan Berry      Fare: \$1.20	Stewart Shaw	
16-17	<u>Waikamaka</u> Driver: David Smith	Joanne Smith	42.728
<u>OCT.</u>			
1	<u>Mount Tauhara, Taupo</u> - easy trip, good views Driver: Athol Mace      Fare: \$1.50	Tim Persen	35.254
14-15	<u>No Mans Hut via Herricks; out via Dead Dog</u> <u>Hut</u> - Northern Ruahines. Driver: Graham Thorp	Wendy Smith	58.529

N.B. Transport contributions: \$1., Juniors 60c, except where indicated.  
20c extra if not paid before the end of the trip.



Date	Trip	Leader	Phone
1972			
<u>OCT. 19, 20, 21, 22, 23</u>	<u>Upper Mohaka / Mangatainoka</u> Driver: Neil Lusher	David Perry	84.684
29	<u>Boyds Bush - The Hogget</u> , Taihape Road. Driver: George Prebble	Philip Friis	
<u>NOV. 11-12</u>	<u>Cairn Trip</u> , top of Kawekas. Driver: Maury Taylor	Maury Taylor	HMN829

#### FIXTURES FOR CLUB MEETINGS

MAY 10th and 24th.      JUNE 7th and 21st.      JULY 5th and 19th  
AUGUST 2nd, 16th, and 30th.      SEPTEMBER 13th and 27th  
OCTOBER 11th and 25th.      NOVEMBER 8th

#### RISE IN TRUCK FARES

The basic fare is now one dollar, junior sixty cents. There is a PENALTY of twenty cents if the fare is not paid by the end of the trip.

#### SOCIAL NEWS

Engagement: David White to Gail Hollis.

Marriage: Rona Budgett to George Spencer.

Bereavement: Our sympathy to Rosemary Greenwood in the loss of her mother.

Moves: Martin du Fresne and Kevin Walls to Hamilton.  
Trevor Baldwin to Australia.

#### NEW MEMBERS

We welcome the following to the Club:-  
Dean Oliver (jr.), Trevor Hankin (jr.), Bill Gray (jr.), Pamela Barclay, Ursula Milner-White, Philip Friis, Joy Bickley.

Typists for this issue were:- Margaret Griffiths, Barbara Taylor, Lin Lloyd, Nancy Tanner.

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