

HERETAUNGA TRAMPING CLUB (INC.)

"POHOKURA"

Bulletin No.121

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President: Mr. M. Taylor,  
2 Leyland Road, Te Awanga, R.D.2, Hastings.  
Phone HMN 829

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

Hon. Treasurer: Miss J. Smith,  
1009E Heretaunga Street, Hastings.  
Phone 68249

Club Captain: Mr. T. Plowman,  
92 Kennedy Road, Napier.  
Phone 57302

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CLUB TRIPS

HIKURANGI - EAST COAST

No. 971

Easter - March 31st - April 3rd

Early on Good Friday the H.T.C. fleet of truck and kombi, escorted by the viva from Auckland, hit the long road to the East Cape. A welcome swim at Morere, lunch on Gisborne's Kaiti Hill and we finally arrived at the Tapuaeroa Valley Roadhead about 4pm. Here the group separated into two parties.

The experienced party moved up the river and camped on a grassy shelf above it. Next morning our guide, Keith, had us up and away early. At the junction of the Oronui and our river - the Mangamauku - we met a hunter from Gisborne. After pleasantries had been exchanged, the art of conning an evening meal was demonstrated. The resulting shoulder of wild pork was very welcome.

Upstream a series of natural dams formed by silted up log jams were negotiated, with only slight delay. It was about here the party had one of its first views of Honakawa, a rugged rocky peak of 4678'. Lunch was enjoyed in a sunny riverside spot at the bottom of a ridge leading to the western side of Hikurangi. This was our route and Keith, who was one of the original track cutters, said he thought we would be about the third party to use this particular track. We stopped before dark at about 3500' and cleared a campsite. Moss was gathered for a mattress and the tents and plastic sheet shelters were erected. The evening's meal of pork stew was delicious and well worth the wait. Unfortunately a shortage of water marred the site. Sunday morning promised a good day, and the party set out without breakfast - there being little water.

As the track climbed above the surrounding country, the headwaters of the Motu - the Mangatutara - and the rugged tops of the interior came into view. And then the western side of Hikurangi was revealed thru the cloud - fantastic - only three miles and 1500' to the top. We continued along the ridge, which had levelled off, and at midday came across water. This was even more welcome than the sight of the top. We had lunch and then climbed to the bushline. Liz's party was about a quarter of a mile north of us at this time so we ran over for a cuppa and to discuss whether or not we should spend the night at the summit. Eventually we decided to make for the top and come to a decision when we got there. At this stage the day was perfect - no wind, brilliant sunshine and good visibility. We followed orange painted markers and worked our way up a shingle slide and into a rather steep gut. This was not the best way, we discovered afterwards. Eventually all the party struggled on to the top and dumped their heavy four-day packs.

The view was sensational. The peak we had climbed was about 30' below the trig, so the party moved along the ridge about 200' to the aim and object of our three day trek. This was duly recorded for all to see on many pieces of film. Returning to where we had left the packs, we observed the sun setting over the Bay of Plenty, and looked about for a place to spend the night. There seemed to be nowhere suitable at first glance. However, two plastic bivouacs, one tent and Keith's large plastic sheet were erected, and a silent prayer was breathed that no wind would come up overnight. The evening meal was cooked with water carried up from the afternoon tea stop and afterwards people settled down for the cold night out at 5,700'.

As Monday morning's sky brightened gradually, the whole party emerged into the chill air to watch the dawn. More film was exposed, capturing the delicate light. The sun broke over the low cloud on the horizon. This was the climax of the trip, the party being theoretically the first in the world to see the dawn on Monday 3rd April. When the sun rose higher it was fascinating to see the surrounding country change from a delicate pink hue to a golden blanket of warm illumination. Eventually the rays penetrated the valleys and the rivers materialized into silver trails stretching from the high interior to the coast.

We decamped and descended quickly to the Gisborne Canoe and Tramping Club Hut 1700' below for breakfast. Here the two parties rejoined, the slower party moving off for the roadhead shortly after. The hut must be one of the best around - water on tap, club hut history book, and the ultimate comfort - two hot water bottles.

More photos, instant puddings all round and a laze in the warm sunshine made us wish we were not leaving. However all good things finish and soon we were off to the bottom - mostly over farm country. Back at the transport, the chaos sorted itself out and the convoy moved off to Tokomaru Bay for lunch. A swim north of Gisborne made a welcome stop. The vehicles gassed up in Gisborne and the passengers had tea. About 15 miles further on misfortune struck the truck when the generator died. This was quickly removed, taken back to Gisborne in the kombi, and swapped for a reconditioned model which was refitted to the truck.

The party arrived back in Hastings without further incident, understandably somewhat later than expected. My thanks to the drivers, to Keith for his welcome advice, and to Liz for her leading of the slow party.

T.S.P.

### Liz's Party.

The inexperienced party left the truck on the far side of the bridge and walked to the shearers quarters (this probably explains how we omitted to see our First Aid kit left in a prominent place in the truck). The quarters were welcome shelter but the stove smol'd vilely. Unfortunately the water supply was nearly exhausted and, so that we should not cause the stove boiler to explode, we had to use water from the river, on the far side of the broad shingle bed, and difficult to find in the dark. As soon as we had settled down the possums arrived, and after enough noise and energy to have cleared Vietnam of all invaders, a life was taken and a furry corpse draped on a tree trunk.

The next morning packs were checked for gear, overweight, or underweight. Here we made another blunder - the kerosene for the hut primuses was covered by spare gear and left sitting on the verandah! It was a long hot climb right from the start, and the first view we had of a mountain nearly caused us to die on the spot - however, diligent map-reading showed us it was Honakawa, so we left it strictly alone. The grassy farmland was pleasant, but after we left a bulldozed track and started climbing fence-lines, we would have welcomed shade. A few people found cool drinks, others took delight in showing them through what their streams had flowed. Farmland streams are rarely unsullied! At the half-way point, a bulge from where the hut can be seen, many people wished to die, or sleep, or return to the green flats and the cool shining river far below. We struggled up the steepest fenceline of all (on the downhill trip I saw the easy way) and stopped for a loudly demanded rest and lunch. Before I had finished eating, most of the party were clamouring to advance - they did and were seen to stop again 200 yds further up:- and so we progressed in spurts, to the hut, and welcome cool water. Meanwhile three who would have been on the long trip but for a party, had recovered enough to take a route up a stream bed to the hut.

The hut, a magnificent one, was occupied by others, mostly a party of the original builders from the Gisborne Canoe & Tramping Club, who were full of most valuable advice on the best way to the summit. Our party prepared to spend the night under canvas, but many of them had not pitched tents before. One tent collapsed constantly, others were collapsed, while most were used as eiderdowns instead. Some reasonable plastic bivvies arose, but during the night so did a wind, and the inhabitants of all outside sleeping material ended up in a puppylike heap on the hut floor.

The weather was not good on Sunday morning, but it didn't worsen during breakfast chaos, so we went ahead with the idea of going to the summit (forcing some doubters to come as the idea of a scattered tribe of lost ones didn't appeal). We did not take sleeping gear up as we were not equipped to face such wind as we had experienced the night before. Once upon the herbfield - a belt of dense subalpine vegetation - we could appreciate the extensive view, but only in limited quantities as there was still a

strong cold wind, which only abated once we had taken the decision to go to the top. We knew which shingle slide to follow (thanks to the Gisborne C & T club) - not the marked one, but the one after it. It was quite good going, almost like a ladder beside the scree all the way up apart from a patch of spaniard at the top. We duly ate, went to the summit (or nearly), admired the view, photographed White Island etc., and then reunited with the three keen types who had come up the full length of the Hikurangi ridge. We ran down the shingle slide and nearly had some trouble there, as a slow party from a Wairoa school were just below us. We were quite glad to find the stream in the scrub, and boil up for lunch. The fast H.T.C. party met us here, and pushed on to the summit for their night's rest, and we went down, although now the weather had become perfect, calm and sunny, promising a good night, and a fine sunrise.

No-one was willing to try a tent again, but the squash and smell in the hut being fairly powerful I thought the starry night would be preferable. No sooner was I snug than squeals, and trotting hooves indicated that pigs were near! - I retreated and a pig-hunt started. Many were the possums who spent a worried half hour as boys, torches and weapons of many varieties chased eyes in the scrub. Meanwhile the pigs kept squealing, and the hut was fully as uncomfortable as I had expected!

Morning came with a beautiful sunrise, and, inevitably, a film that ran out. The red glow that hit Hikurangi suddenly and spread like treacle down the rocky slopes, had to be seen to be believed, and the birds all chose that moment, too, to start their "breakfast session".

Our crowd, considerably less beautiful, had the same idea, and we were more or less cleaned up before the others descended to our level for breakfast.

#### No. in Liz's Party: 16

Leader: Liz Pindar

Russell Perry, Kevin Perry, Peter Robbins, Murray Ball, Trevor Hankin, John Berry, Peter Berry, Wayne King, Warren Saxton, John Duncan, Raymond Foote, Denis Gelyer, Chris Burnett, David Smith, Trevor Harkness.

#### No. in Experienced Party: 12

Trevor Plowman, Bruce Perry, David Perry, Malcolm Ingpen, Wendy Smith, Sandra Smith, Keith Thomson, Philip Friis, Paul Richards, Neil Lusher, Paul Maddison, Peter Lewis.

Leader: Trevor Plowman.

#### VENISON TOP - ROCKS AHEAD HUT

#### No. 972 (A)

April 15-16th

Have you ever seen a deer leap right across the road not twenty yards from you as you were driving into Makahu? Or have you ever sat in the little hut on Dominie warming cold hands around a mug of soup with good company and good humour really coming across? Have you ever heard the crunch of the first snow of winter under your boots and the almost imperceptible squeak it makes as it is compressed by your weight, or felt air so cold in your lungs that each breath seems to be purifying your whole system? Have you seen alpine vegetation covered with a thin layer of transparent ice? All this and the enthusiastic talk about doing all sorts of winter trips this year kindles something in you so that you

stop worrying about how tired your legs feel and how much further you have to go that day. Have you ever at the end of a long day lain in a warm sleeping bag on the floor because all the bunks were full and watched the fire burning away as the shrill whistle of a sika stag echoed across from somewhere over the river?

Have you ever plodded up to Back Ridge from Rocks Ahead hut with only one ten minute rest? Or heard red deer roaring on a fine Sunday morning? Or just lain on your back on the grass and felt the warm sun on your face and thought how good it was just to be there? Have you ever stood on Kaweka J and watched an electrical storm brewing up out across the plains, and then closing in around you as hail began to bounce on the ground?

.....Its memories like these - the small amusing things that happen and the various experiences that leave a more lasting impression on the mind - that make tramps such as this one so enjoyable for me ..... "We go together to explore the wilderness; to have adventure and fun; to find peace and quietness; and to live as we feel the urge to live".

No. in Party: 10

Leader: Neil Lusher

Rob Lusher, Wendy Smith, Trevor Plowman, Philip Friis, John Furminger, Glenn Breayley, Graham Thorp, Chris Barnett, Paul Richards.

No. 972(B)

KAWEKA J.

16th April

At the Makahu Saddle parking area, fourteen of us uncramped ourselves from the Kombi and wandered up the narrow bulldozed track to the foot of the steeper part of Makahu Spur, and then took the similar track which sides around the southern side of the spur on a more or less level grade until it meets the Donald headstream near the upper end of the patch of bush which covers a narrow, but quite long, flattish area on the true left bank. From here, going on up the riverbed, the climb was not very steep, but most of us had a few stumbles before we became accustomed to the exceptional slipperiness of the rocks. Higher up, where the gradient was steeper, the patches of bush fewer, and the cascades which had to be detoured around, more numerous, we seemed to notice also an increase in the number of prickly Spaniards, rightly named "Aciphylla Horribilis", which were concealed amongst the tussock. From the bottom of the waterfall we climbed out to the S.W. on to a knob at about the 5,000' level, where a little round white spirit stove boiled our lunchtime brew in less than 15 minutes, much to the pleasure of its owner who had seen one of the much more modern gas stoves fail to boil that same billy in nearly half an hour in similarly cold and windy conditions at 5,700 ft on Mt. Hikurangi at Eastertime.

After lunch we climbed on up to the Cairn, Kaweka J, and met the other party who were on their way back from Rocks Ahead. Meanwhile a thunderstorm had developed, rather uncomfortably close, the thunder several times being only a couple of seconds after the forked lightning. The storm gathered up all the fog like a giant vacuum cleaner, letting the afternoon sunlight pour on to us, and giving us a magnificent view of the thundercloud as it drifted away from us over the Te Kowhai Gorge and out towards Rissington, still grumbling, and trailing dark streamers of rain. All over the Mackintosh Plateau, where it had started, wisps of fog clung to the ground, brilliantly

white against the dark colours of the wet scrub. As we arrived back at the Kombi another vigorous storm started, and everyone piled in in a hurry to escape the hail. Driving out over the Black Birch, it was impossible to even carry on a shouted conversation, so great was the racket on the roof, and within a couple of minutes the road was several inches deep in hailstones. Out the side windows we could see hail streaming down through the trees almost like grain being tipped out of a sack. By the time we reached Lewis's, where we called in for a welcome cup of tea, the storm had moved away, leaving all the slips on the Black Birch white with hail.

On the road home, we made a couple of stops to watch some fantastic lightning displays over the low country and out to sea. They caused havoc to power and telephone systems, but were beautiful to watch.

No. in Party: 14

Leader: Peter Lewis

Sandra Smith II, Anne Caulton, Wendy Butler, Lindsay Going, Mark Smith, Tony Martin, Trevor Hankin, Murray Ball, Robert Weterings, Kevin Perry, John Duncan, Alan Bristow, David Smith.

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# SEARCH & RESCUE EXERCISE - MANGLETON

No.973

29-30th April

Eleven H.T.C. members along with thirty others from various organisations left Hastings Police Station at 6.05am for our annual exercise. Teams were organised and away into the field by 0815 from Mangleton shearers quarters. Six teams were deployed along the Ruahines from Golden Crown to the ridge south of the gauging station as the area to be searched was bounded by Pio Pio in the south and Golden Crown in the north. A fair piece of country.

Quite early in the day footprints travelling north along the range were seen by most teams and on following these up the "injured stalkers" were officially found at 1522 hours.

The Sunday programme was to carry the "injured" stalker by improvised stretchers to a prepared helipad, in readiness for a helicopter demonstration at 11am. Three types of stretcher were constructed, used and abused. Finally all agreed it would be impossible to incorporate the merits of each into one and still be able to carry it. Instruction in this and patient treatment was given by a St. John team member.

From 1030 however the weather gradually deteriorated and after a quick bumpy trip, the pilot reported that the pick up demonstration at Aranga Hut was off, but that the crew would delay departure if the teams hurried out at once and they would give their lectures at Mangleton. The teams were told this and an exodus began from Aranga Hut. As the teams came out the wind strengthened still further and after the lectures we were advised that a live lift could not be carried out. The helicopter left and on circling once lowered the crewman on the rope to the ground and then retrieved him. Then away to Rotorua. Many thanks to all those who participated in this exercise.

M.T.

Club members who took part were:-

A. Berry, R. Frost, J. Furminger, P. Bayens, W. Greer, B. Hall, C. Persen, David Perry, T. Plowman, G. Thorp, M. Taylor.

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DON JUAN - TE KOWHAI GORGE

No. 974

May 7th

We left Hastings late on the Sunday morning, in typical Don Juan weather. It was overcast and trying its hardest to rain. The closer we got to Puketitiri the more ominous the sky looked until at Rissington it did start to rain and it was still raining steadily when we got to the roadhead. After contemplating the weather for a short period we decided not to do the long wet trip up the gorge itself but to shoot up a side creek, have a small lesson in fire lighting and bivy making and then go on to the top if the weather cleared sufficiently. The rain did stop for us about 10 o'clock so we headed off up to the top. Even though the clouds lifted slightly the sun never managed to break through. After a short period on the top we had a quick trip back to the truck and then home.

No. in Party: 14

Leader: Paul Maddison

Peter Lewis, Murray Ball, Kevin Perry, Denis Galyer, Ray Foote, George Prebble (driver), Robert Weterings, Joanna Campbell, David Perry, David Wilkins, Wendy Butler, Anne Caulton, Ursula Milner-White.

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RUAPEHU - SNOWCRAFT

No. 975

May 13-14th

At 2am on Saturday morning we finally arrive at the Top of the Bruce. "At last! Now we can get some sleep". Not so easy! Seventeen people in the back of the truck find it hard even to stretch out. However, after several of us had evacuated to the relative comfort of the "Bruce" ski shop I think the rest managed a few hours sleep. Next morning, or should I say a few hours later, all but two of the twentyfour on the trip trudged up to the N.Z. Alpine Club hut in cold rain and very poor visibility.

Saturday afternoon was a real test of inventiveness and party morale as, with lousy weather still brewing outside, we were forced to keep ourselves amused in the hut for the rest of the day. Some of the antics included table traverses, table cramming, levitation contests, symo wrestling, sword dancing, bunk ladder squeezing, and other such tests of physical prowess. We even managed to squeeze in half an hour of theoretical rope work and snowcraft instruction.

The weather seemed determined to spoil our fun but on Sunday morning twelve of us left the hut and headed uphill to the snowline. Having finally found snow at nearly 8000' we were able to spend a short time practising self arrests and ice axe techniques. The whole party later reunited and after a few hours lost time at the Top of the Bruce due to engine sabotage we made good time back to Hastings including a brief stop at the Tokaanu hot pools. I extend my deepest sympathy to the silent majority who suffered under the relentless drips on the return journey and were further abused

by my attempts at singing and guitar playing. Also many thanks to Graham Griffiths for driving.

No. in Party: 24

Leader: Rob Lusher

David Perry, Russell Perry, Bruce Perry, Kevin Perry, Chas. Perry, Kit Persen, Graham Soppit, Graham Griffiths, Phil Friis, Trevor Plowman, Paul Maddison, Joanne Smith, Sandra Smith II, Judith Dow, Joy Breayley, John Duncan, Murray Ball, Dean Oliver, Raymond Foote, Liz Pindar.

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TE PATIKI - EASTERN RUAHINES

No. 976

28th May

"Driver P. Bayens, Leader Peter Dilks". Peter was in Wellington so I ended up leader as well as driver. Twenty-three of us left Holts at 6.30. With the prospects of snow we picked up some ropes and ice axes on the way. We left the truck in the first paddock before Triplex Creek and tramped north along the farm land till we reached the bottom of the Flounder. A track takes off on the south side of the Flounder towards Gold Creek hut, climbing all the way. After a while the climb separated the fit ones from the not so fit. The fit ones were let off the leash and decided to go over Armstrong Top, Upper Maropea and back via Shuteye Hut to the car. The rest carried on more sedately, crossed two streams, left the Gold Creek track and made our way up the ridge towards Te Patiki, where we arrived at 1 o'clock. Lunch and admired the view. Took off again for a shingle slide into Triplex Creek, which leaves the ridge just below Armstrong Top. Just above Te Patiki we struck some snow. The shingle slide is a beauty. The start was covered with a thin layer of soft snow. We all got down into Triplex Creek safely. There were a few hair-raising moments when a big rock got dislodged and seemed to follow a few trampers across the shingle slide. Once in the bed of the creek it was plain sailing and we got back to the truck by 6.15. The last twenty minutes was done by torch light. This is one of the reasons why I like an early start.

No. in Party: 23

Leader: Phil Bayens

M. Ingpen, P. Robb, M. Ball, D. Schutz, R. Frost, T. Plowman, K. Perry, D. Perry, R. Lusher, P. Maddison, K. Thomson, N. Lusher, N. Borst, B. Perry, M. More, J. Campbell, W. Smith, L. Pindar, J. Smith, J. Baker, S. Smith, P. Lewis.

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MOUNT EGMONT

No. 977

June 3, 4, 5th.

On Friday night four cars left Hastings (one of these going to Palmerston North to pick up Sandy and Graeme Smith) for the long weekend on Egmont. It's good to get away for a while. Arriving at "The Camphouse" above North Egmont Chalet, the cold drizzle soon persuaded the twenty-one people in the party that Tahurangi Lodge could wait until morning. Well the morning dawned same as the night before - cold, wet and misty. Browns cows gradually got themselves organised and left in dribs and drabs for the Alpine Lodge 2000' up the track. By the time the last of our group arrived, Rob and Sandy had already left for a "summit" with an Egmont Alpine club party.



Accommodation for fifteen only had been booked at Tahurangi. Six guys and gals returned after lunch to "The Camphouse" and spent an interesting and enjoyable afternoon sightseeing in and around New Plymouth before settling for the night. The rest of our party climbed up to find a suitable slope for snowcraft instruction. It was soon evident that an attempt to reach the top of Egmont without crampons would be futile as snow that had been in the sun all day was still frozen hard in places.

Sunday morning dawned beautifully clear and with Alpine Club members as instructors, the H.T.C. got excellent coaching. With about one instructor for every two or three people (our lower party had climbed up to the Lodge again that morning), everything from kicking steps in the snow to cramponing was taught. Graeme and Sandy Smith did a summit under a clear blue sky and it is worth mentioning that until this weekend Graeme had never had any previous snowcraft instruction yet performed a self-arrest on ice just below the top when he slipped. He took to snow as though he had been born and bred in it.

However, not everybody is like that, as we found out. The Club came close to having its first death when one of the younger guys, full of newly-won confidence gained on a snow slope, ventured out onto harder slopes. He slipped on the ice, tried to perform a self-arrest but just kept going. From what we heard afterwards he slid down an ice chute, over a small bluff and came to rest above another fall. Luckily, he was only shaken up and bruised. Egmont is a mountain to respect.

On Sunday afternoon we split into two groups. - One group moved up to higher slopes to practise crampon technique; the second group tramped around the side of Egmont to Manganui Lodge and down to the car park before returning. That night, various guitarists did their thing and a wide variety of entertaining songs filled in the evening hours. A call over the radio that night saw two search teams despatched within minutes of call-up to look for two missing parties on the mountain, thus providing a bit of excitement.

Monday morning saw a beautiful sunrise over Ruapehu and Ngauruhoe and photographers were out in force to catch this glorious scene on film. Rob and Dave left for the summit with two Alpine guys but hard ice and a shortage of time saw them turn back half an hour from the top. Much clowning on an ideal glissading slope brought general happiness to everyone and we were reluctant to leave a mountain that had given us so much enjoyment.

So Brown's cows packed up again and dribbled their way down to the vehicles and back to that monster called society. Freedom is good while it lasts and some of us try to make it last longer than the odd weekend.

No. in Party: 21

Leader: David Perry

No list of names to hand.

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TE WAKA TRIG via POTTERS ROADNo. 978June 11th

The truck arrived to pick up the Napier and Taradale members at the corner of Wharerangi Road at about 7.30am. We made several attempts during the journey in to ring the cab on the new telephone. It didn't work. We made a stop at the farmhouse on the way and obtained permission to go up to the trig, which is on private land.

When we finally got organised we set out along the bulldozed track which goes around the base of the hill. After a few unsuccessful attempts at finding the track up, we eventually came across the ancient hut which sits in the opposite padlock to the one we had landed in. We sat around in the sun and filled up with biscuits before starting the climb. A few dirty clods of man-handled snow made travelling uncomfortable for some, but despite this we made quite a steady climb to the top. The wind was icy and we put on extra clothing before moving on down into a sheltered area where we stopped for lunch. There were several tarns around and a few of these were covered with ice.

After lunch we climbed out on to the tops, and, while Trevor, Bruce and Glenn sped over to look at the trig the rest of us tried our hands at rock climbing. On the way back to the truck we failed to locate the caves we had been told about, but apart from this we had had a very full and enjoyable day. Our thanks to Graham who drove the truck back to the parked vehicles by about 7.30.

No. in Party: 22Leader: Deborah Easton

Graham Griffiths, John Berry, Murray Ball, Trevor Plowman, Peter Lewis, Dennis Galyer, Glenn Breayley, Peter Robb, Toby Easton, Bill Gray, David Smith, David Butcher, Phil Friis, Bruce Perry, Graham Soppitt, Joanne Campbell, Liz Pindar, Malcolm Ingpen, Brian Mote, Graeme Harwood, Trevor Hankin.

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KAWEKA SNOW TRIPNo. 97924-25th June

We left Holts in truck at 6.15am; arrived at start of track off Napier - Taihape Road at 9am; arrived Kaweka Hut at 11.30am. Lit fire and had lunch.

Party of four left for Studholme Saddle Hut at 1pm via ridge above hut and over Kaiarahi. (Alan Berry, Keith Thomson, Malcolm Ingpen and Tony Martin). Very deep snow in places on tops. Arrived hut at 5pm.

Balance of party went up to near Cook's Horn and practised rope and snow work. Paul Richards became very cold and felt sick - probably flu.

Next day party of four left Studholme hut at 9am, passed over ridge and down McIntosh spur McIntosh hut. Arrived hut at 12 noon. Left hut 1pm and met other party at top of track above Tutaekuri river near Lakes at about 3.30pm. Paul was resting in Smith's landrover - Peter and Trevor had gone to fetch truck. Truck left at 4.30pm and arrived back at Holts at 6.15pm.

No. in Party: 13Leader: Keith Thomson

Peter Lewis, Alan Berry, Trevor Plowman, Deborah Easton, Philip Friis, Paul Richards, Peter Berry, John Berry, Tony Martin, Malcolm Ingpen, Murray Ball, Bill Gray.

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THREE FINGERS - BOBS SPURNo. 9809th July

Our party of 16 arrived at Mr. Wilson's property on a fine frosty morning. We had left Holts at 6am in Peter's Kombi and my car. The ascent of the ridge was made in fine weather, with a strong northerly wind.

During lunch there was a tremendous snow fight. After most of the snow had been shifted from one side of the hill to the other, we left the tops and sidled round to the top of Bob's Spur. The dense scrub of Bob's Spur was negotiated with much effort, and led us to a misty descent down the shingle slide. We arrived at the car after a slow walk in the rain.

A pleasant trip.

No. in Party: 16Leader: Graham Soppit

Brian Soppit, Peter Lewis, Murray Ball, Paul Richards, Toby Easton, Trevor Plowman, Glenn Breayley, Tony Maston, Liz Pindar, Joanne Campbell, Pam Billings.

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KETETAHI TRIPNo. 981July 22nd-23rd

Phil drove the truck through to Tongariro in just over four hours on Friday night. He left the truck there with twelve bods trying to get some sleep. Unfortunately for them Trevor drove up an hour and a half later after picking me up from the bus and David Perry in Taupo. Anyhow at 12.30 am on a cold, dark, misty night eight of us decided to try and get up to the hut then. After half an hour two turned back. This left myself, Trevor, Malcolm, Tony, Phil and Peter.

Just under three hours later after a good trip up, using mainly carbides, we arrived in the hut at 4.20 am. We then sat and talked for an hour; then the great leader served hot drinks in bed to the five others. About 11am the eleven others arrived out of the mist and rain. After lunch six bods headed off up to the saddle. However just as the rim was reached and a quick view of the Red Crater smoking obtained, we had to turn back due to the very cold strong wind. The snow and slopes were soft but it appears an excellent place for future snowcraft trips.

On the way down we passed four others but they also had to come back early due to the bad weather. The day ended with the usual stew and sing-song round the warm stove. An opossum was found just at the door of the door of the hut, but the only action the girls allowed was the clicking of cameras and it ran back into the tussock after a few prods.

Sunday's daybreak again saw wind, mist and rain, so everyone lay in bed till 9am when the decision was made to move back down early. Three "mechanics" left early to "fix" the generator of the truck. The rest left at 10.30 and had a good look at Ketetahi Springs. By 1230 everyone was back at the truck **waiting** for Trevor to get it going properly. About 2pm the truck got away and after a swim at de Bretts got safely back to Hawkes Bay, although I understand the battery was rather flat and Neil got extra exercise by cranking it.

The usual thanks to Trevor for his organisation and Phil and Neil for driving the truck.

No. in Party: 17

Leader: Brian Hall

Trevor Plowman, Phil Friis, Peter Dilks, David Perry, Malcolm Ingpen, Tony Martin, Paul Richards, Neil Lusher, Wendy Smith, Joy Breayley, Glenn Breayley, Chris Persen, Pam Barclay, Alan Bristow, Graham Soppit, Murray Ball.

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#### MOUNTAIN RADIOS

The Mountain Safety Committee now has several lightweight radio sets available for the use of parties going in to the local ranges. These radios could be particularly valuable in the event of an emergency, but can also be used for general communication with the Hastings base station, which will be manned every weekend by arrangement. The sets are very light and include full operating instructions.

A charge of \$2. is made for the hire of a set for the weekend, plus \$1. for the batteries, and they can be obtained by contacting:-

Mr. R.W. Ward,  
20 Howard Road,  
Taradale.

Anyone who is likely to be using the sets should, however, obtain an operator's licence well in advance, as, except in an emergency, only licenced radio operators are permitted to use the sets. This only involves filling in a form, which can be obtained from the club secretary, and paying the Post Office a \$1. fee.

A.B.

-----oOo-----

#### RESULTS OF JUNE PHOTO COMPETITION

- |                    |   |                |
|--------------------|---|----------------|
| 1. Mountain Refuge | - | David White    |
| 2. Happy Mermaid   | - | Peter Lewis    |
| 3. (No Title)      | - | Trevor Plowman |

The cup was presented to David White together with a film donated by Randall Goldfinch.

Our thanks to the judges: Mr. Feigler and Alan Berry.

-----oOo-----

PRIVATE TRIPSRUAHINES

May 9th - 12th

Once again the Briasco team took to the field:- Dave Briasco, Nicki Cameron, Glenn Breayley, Roy McCormick, Julian Edmonds and Brian Smith. Planning suggested that "Kawekas in summer" principles had been applied to the Ruahines in May, so the actual trip was scaled down a bit from the initial over ambitious idea.

We left Napier soon after 5.00 a.m. and in due course even Brian's old bomb managed to reach the end of Mill Road by the Moorcock-Tuki Tuki junction. The weather was fine but decidedly cool as we wet our feet in the river and took off up Hinerua ridge but the climb soon warmed us. We arrived at Hinerua Hut about three hours later to find some packs but no bods there. As breakfast was now six hours behind us we had lunch, even though it was only 10.30 a.m!

Proceeding up from the hut we passed the top of the bush line and got a taste of the cool conditions that existed on the tops. Looking to our left, we could see Government Spur and Black Ridge as well as Tiraha and the Sawtooth - no snow as yet. On reaching the tops we made our first change of plans. Conditions were too cold and windy to consider going over to Ohuinga and along the H.B. range to drop down to Pourangaki Hut on the western side as planned, so we turned north to Paemutu about 400 yards along. The view was spectacular - Ruapehu on one side, the rugged catchment of Smith's creek on the other. From Paemutu we dropped quickly into tussock Creek and down to the Kawhetau. The stillness of the valley was a relief after the blustery tops. A splash down the Kawhatau and we trooped into Waterfall Creek Hut.

Wednesday was fine. A great inertia possessed the party and it was not until after 10.30 a.m. that we were ready to go. From Waterfall Creek Hut we climbed up Hut Creek (the creek you see out of the back window of the hut) and reached the top of the Hikurangi range in about 1½ hours. It was a real slog but a good route to the top. The wind had died and we lunched while we viewed the scenery. Opposite us we could identify Rangi Saddle with the Waipawa Saddle behind it and the various Main Divide Peaks on either side.

The next move was to climb the knob to the south of the saddle in which we sat and proceed down the ridge to the west towards the Pourangaki stream. This was one of those interminable descents like going down to Rocks Ahead, but eventually we dropped off into the stream. A bridge crosses the Pourangaki here, and it looks as though it would be

really necessary to spring! A 15 minute climb up a good track brought us to the clearing which we could see from the tops and the Pourangaki Hut. Mattresses all round that night, which saved an argument.

The trials of the previous two days had played heavily on the morale of the "oldie" so he decided on a graceful retreat to the nearest civilisation. Accompanied by "Jules". "Dad" headed down the Pourangaki next day and out to the end of the road. The remainder of the party, leaving at dawn, went to Howlett's. Moving up the Pourangaki for an hour, negotiating a couple of gorgy bits en route, we arrived at the second side-stream on the true left from the tops. This had looked a likely route to the lowest point in the ridge joining Maungamahue to Te Hekenga. The side stream turned out to have several waterfalls in its lower reaches which were negotiated with some difficulty. An hour and three quarters brought us to the ridge top. The route taken was fairly effective, although, because of the waterfalls, it is not to be recommended. It later appeared that a better route would be to follow the Pourangaki to the bottom of Tiraha and Sawtooth and climb a suitable side creek from there. An alternative idea which was entertained was to follow a track from the Hut to Maungamahue then proceed along the tops. This idea was rejected as it increased our time on the tops considerably and weather conditions could not be relied upon.

On the ridge top we relaxed, congratulated ourselves, devoured a packet of fly cemeteries and got quite cold. Donning longs etc., we plodded up the edge of the ridge to gain Te Hekenga in  $\frac{3}{4}$  hour. From here we had to lose a bit of height and do a few tricky manoeuvres to get around some rocky outcrops on the ridge joining to Taumataomekura. We had lunch at a tarn along this ridge. An  $\frac{1}{8}$ " of ice still covered the tarn although it was midday. Another  $\frac{3}{4}$  hour brought us over Taumataomekura and on to Tiraha. Yet a further  $\frac{3}{4}$  hour and we arrived at Howlett's Hut.

Usually considered a "helluva place" it seemed quite a pleasant hut; that is, after we'd lit a fire and scrubbed the floor and tables with disinfectant! The view outside if one could stand outside long enough to notice it, was magnificent. At night the whole of central H.B. could be seen with groupings of lights indicating the various towns. The sunrise next morning was also well worth the effort of getting out of bed. Unfortunately, a blob of cloud over Tiraha and Sawtooth, blocked our view of the week's main excitement - Ngauruhoe's eruption.

Our last day was a quick descent to Daphne Hut which was inhabited by hunters, and a jog down the river to reach the Moorcock by lunchtime. An excellent trip - a good idea for a Club New Year trip perhaps?

C.B.S.

NIGHT TRAMP TO KIWI SADDLE

22nd-23rd January

(I)

At the usual Wednesday meeting of H.T.C. we gathered in small groups chatting over tramps and swapping gossip. The subject soon changed to the next tramp - Kiwi Mouth on 22nd-23rd January.

"Hi Alan, going on the trip this weekend?"

"Nope, I've gotta work."

"I can't go either, I've got softball all Saturday".

"Want to do a day tramp?"

"Yep! Where to?"

"Oh Kiwi Saddle I suppose. Hey, if you're not doing anything on Saturday night, let's go in then" - and so was conceived one of my most exciting trips to date. During the meeting, Sandy and Wendy approached us about going in with us and so our party grew to four.

No tramp can start properly without leaving from Holt's corner. With the radio blaring storm warnings in our ears, and a parting "What a mad bunch of kids!" from Mrs. Smith, we were off. The drive to the Pine Tree was uneventful although we couldn't help noticing the ominous grey blanket of cloud over the Kawekas as we approached.

A shower passed over us as we pulled on boots and swandris and headed off along the track to the base of '4,00'. With the dusky light filtering through the Manuka scrub, we set off up the long climb, making do without torches until we reached the open tops even though the light rapidly faded.

By following the ridge-top, we reached the arrow marking the track down to iron gate without much difficulty, although heavier showers forced us to put parkas on. We stopped at the 'arrow' to get torches from our packs and shared a cup of hot soup from a thermos at the same time.

Pushing on through the next stretch of scrub on the ridge top we found the two carbide lamps we had gave ample light for the four of us. Alan had made an extended front to his reflector and this was to prove invaluable in the wind.

One of the most fascinating parts of our trip was tramping through the wooded area just before the track turns sharp right in the direction of Kiwi Saddle. The carbide lit up the glistening raindrops and we seemed to be in a world of our own with the surrounding mist illuminated by our torches - almost a fairy-tale scene.

But reality soon hit us smack in the face as we emerged

once again into the open. The cold steadily strengthening wind was approaching gale force, driving rain down our necks and through our clothes. In the saddle before the last climb, we tucked down in some shelter and shared another cup of hot soup.

The wind along the last couple of miles was swirling around continuously and Alan's carbide was blown out numerous times, even with its protective hood. It was a sore trial getting the lamp to light with wet hands and wet flint and we reverted to matches more than once. Every time the lamp was extinguished, we all had to huddle together in a tight group trying to keep out rain and wind while the lamp spluttered back into life.

The last climb passed quickly because the mist made it seem much longer than it actually was. We had difficulty in finding the track around the side of the ridge and down to Kiwi Saddle and even when we did find it, soon wandered off it again.

At two minutes to midnight, we stepped into Kiwi Saddle Hut. Fourteen H.T.C. bods stuck their heads out of their sleeping bags wondering what the hell had hit them. They had decided that if we hadn't turned up by 10 p.m. we wouldn't be arriving at all as the storm had been shaking and battering the hut through the night. Anyway we would all like very much to thank Kit who got out of his sleeping bag into a freezing night to make us a hot drink. It was more than appreciated.

After a good sleep-in next morning and a good meal, we returned to the road-head in 1hr 20m. and off home.

D.C.P.

Party: Alan Thurston, Wendy Smith, Sandy Smith David Perry.

### NIGHT TRIP TO KIWI SADDLE (2)

Once again softball prevented my going on a weekend tramp-Kiwi Saddle working party this time. Philip rang me on Friday night and we agreed to do a night trip. The drive out proved to be a spectacular one with the setting sun giving a golden tint to the ranges.

The weather was perfect with a starry sky and light breeze. The track was easy to follow and although we had plenty of rests, we reached the ridge-top above Kiwi Saddle in  $3\frac{1}{2}$  hours. But here the trouble began. In the last half hour mist had been creeping up the valleys and suddenly we were completely lost as it closed in on us. Signs of the track along this last stretch are almost negligible and we spent an hour in vain searching for it. At 11.30p.m. we



decided to camp where we were.

A beautiful morning and almost directly below us gleaming with it's new paint was Kiwi Saddle hut. We strolled down to the hut for breakfast and were 'rhubarbed' about our night out.

#### KETETAHI SPRINGS BY NIGHT 17-18 June

At 7.45 Friday night we left Napier to clear the Taupo Road before the icy surface became a problem. Seeing snow down on the road edge made a nice change. At about 12.30 we arrived at a shelter where we spent an almost sleepless night due to the hardness of the concrete floor.

On Saturday we drove to the Chateau, which was surrounded by snow, and up to the Bruce. Our thoughts of heading for the old Alpine Hut were dampened when we found thick mist and deep snow at the road end. Returning to the Bistro Bar we talked it over, and decided to head to Ketetahi Hut.

Leaving the car park at the bottom of the Ketetahi Track at 3.30 we read signs saying 2 hrs to the springs, and reached them about 5 p.m. By this time visibility was very poor and occasional bursts of steam from the boiling pools made things even worse. Not long after passing thru, part of the thermal area, we found the poled track seemed to disappear. After probing in all directions, we still hadn't found it an hour later. As we were unable to light Trevor's carbide lamp (the only light), we couldn't check the map, and we decided to return to the car at about 8 p.m.

Once below the bushline, and with the carbide now operating for short periods, we wasted no time apart from carbide fixing stops, in getting to the car which we reached at 11p.m. That night we slept in the car on the Taupo lakefront.

Sunday was spent in De Brett's and on the road home.

Trevor Plowman, Phil Friis, Bruce Perry.

#### TWO DAYS ON RUAPEHU - THE ONLY TWO WORTH MENTIONING

Midterm July 1972

Extracts from the log:-

Sunday: The Ardmoe Teachers' College Tramping Club once again undertook to invade Tongariro National Park. The annual trip to Ruapehu was on. Right from the beginning the "unusual" or at least the different became evident, with the arrival at National Park at 2.20 a.m. Somewhere in the organisation of the trip there had been allowed room for a taxi ride to the

top of the Bruce (T o' B). We hadn't ordered one, nor have we ever ordered one, it just happened to be there, (thank goodness) Anyway, thirteen bods; with thirteen packs and assorted equipment piled into a mini-van with 10 seats and not really any room for packs or the equipment, but this didn't make much difference. We managed to shut the doors Whew! Hey, who's that guy banging on the window? Wow! OPEN UP! its the driver. Much later.

The last time I tried to sleep on the porch of the T o' B was with certain members of the club called the H.T.C. At least on that occasion I was able to make some attempt to sleep. This time, with most others sleeping the temptation to set to work with ice and snow was too great for a few of us. Such was to be the spirit of the coming week. In actual fact three of us were promptly kicked out, although we like to think we left of our own free will, so we went and found ourselves this BIG rock and we never left that BIG rock until every inch of it had been climbed, crawled or covered with a decidedly large amount of seating. Dawn approached.

#### Monday:

Up by the early hour of 9.30 we soon encountered the most difficult task of the day - domestic chores. But by 11.45 p.m. we (same) three were at the beginning of the Poma ridge, this part of the climb being made in surprisingly good time. (shush .... what, chair lifts?) This was to be a day of roping practice, just in case we should slip in the ankle deep snow. Well, you never know what might happen, do you? Actually it was a lot of fun, even to the point of deciding who was going to "fall" first for the trial to see if we had it right. But, eventually, after much "practice" we made our way to the Dome Shelter.

We sidled the Glacier Knob cutting steps in the ice at this stage, took one look at Pare, and climbed it, wandered down to look at the lake and enjoyed a peaceful and unhurried descent down to the A.C. Hut.

The rest of the week was much the same. A brilliant game of cricket was played between the Pare and Dome grandstands on the Wednesday (photos to prove it if wanted), brilliant night ascents of balconies via prussic slings were made to the encouragement of frequently lowered glasses of beer; it was all good healthy tramping club fun.

R. Perry.

The late Lester Masters must surely have stirred in his grave as the Euclid motor scrapers breasted the horizon and tore into the tussock and bush past Margaret's Tarn and then thundered on towards No Man's hut. Where pioneer explorers once trod, to be followed by generations of rabbiters, high country stockmen, hunters and trampers, Landrover borne hunters and tourists now drive. One can sorrow for the passing of an era in this country which is so steeped in early Hawke's Bay history, but passed that era surely has.

The new road from Big Hill to No Man's and on towards Trig E will however open up the high country to people who would otherwise had had no opportunity to share the world that we as trampers have come to know. The road is not a public one yet as it passes across Big Hill Station and the main purpose of the new route is to provide Forestry with ready access to this country for conservation and planting purposes.

On the virtuous assumption that mortification of the flesh is good for the appetite, or the soul, or whatever, Jim and I had done the trip to No Mans the hard way. Leaving the car on Thorn Flat Station before dawn, we walked the last mile or so to the bush edge and dived in at Herricks. An unfortunate diversion from the usual route gave us half an hour's thrashing through the scrub but we eventually made it to Dead Dog Hut for an extended lunch break. Incidentally, the hut is incorrectly shown on the Wakarara map as it should be only about 100 yards below the main forks of the Big Hill Stream, at map reference 748294.

Big Hill Stream is quite good going and we pressed on well up into the headwaters, climbing up on to a long bushed spur which brought us to the open tops about three quarters of a mile south of No Mans. The open tussock country of the Northern Ruahines is definitely no place for man or beast when the mist is down and there is a strong cold westerly blowing. We therefore scurried off in the direction of the Hut, coming across the freshly formed road at the point where it turns in a westerly direction towards Trig E.

The weather was pretty miserable on Sunday and we soon decided there was little point in being martyrs about the new road. It certainly makes for a very quick and easy travelling, for it only took two hours to Ruahine Hut. We had the bright idea of following the old grassy knob track out but it needed a bit of casting around, especially in the wind-blown area on the tops, to keep on the correct route. Somewhere near where it crosses the creek at the bottom, the track

petered out completely and we were left with no alternative but to merely press on through the heavy second growth towards the farm land. This track can definitely be struck off the list of recommended routes.

Dusk was falling as we crossed the Big Hill Stream again and struggled up the last steep slopes to the car.

Jim Glass and Alan Berry

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BASIC RULES FOR CLIMBING & TRAMPING

(Quoted from F.M.C. Bulletin)

1. Use correct techniques for crossing rivers and wait for flooded rivers to go down.
2. Know how to cross steep snow-grass slopes safely.
3. Learn correct and UP-TO-DATE techniques and get some practical experience before you venture on ice, snow or rock.
4. Learn how to deal with ANY emergency arising on your trip!  
Eat regularly and wear adequate clothing.  
Recognise "exposure" conditions and know what to do when they occur.
5. Learn to anticipate changes. Don't be caught by bad weather in exposed places. A sign of maturity is knowing when to turn back.
6. Plan your trip well. Be sure someone responsible knows your plans.  
Leave notes in logbooks.
7. Make sure all in your party are experienced and fit enough for the trip you plan.
8. Have essential gear in good condition - particularly map, compass, first-aid kit and windproof clothing.
9. Have at least FOUR in your party - and STAY TOGETHER!

Issued by the National Mountain Safety Council

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Changes in Executive

Athol Mace handed in his resignation as Club Captain owing to pressure of work. We thank him for his services while in office.

Trevor Plowman was appointed Club Captain in his stead.

David Perry and Brian Hall resigned from the committee. David has been away of late and Brian has been moved to Dannevirke. Neil Lusher and Liz Pindar were appointed to take their place.

The following extra members were appointed to the Social Committee:-  
Kit Petersen, Pam Barclay, Wendy Smith, Neil Lusher.

#### SOCIAL NEWS

Birth: To Pam and Brian Turner - a daughter.

Engagement: Anne McHardy to Samuel O'Shea.

Marriages: Marie Falconer to Len Crawford.  
Margaret Culloty to Stephen O'Connor.  
David Hall to Janet Sims.  
David White to Gail Hollis.

Departure: Brian Hall to Dannevirke.

#### NEW MEMBERS

We welcome the following to the club:-

Paul Richards (jr.), Judith Dow (jr.), Neil Lusher.

-----oOo-----

#### ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

The 37th Annual General Meeting will be held in the Radiant Living Hall, Warren Street North, Hastings, following the usual fortnightly meeting on Wednesday, October 25th, 1972.

-----oOo-----

Typists for this issue were Barbara Taylor and Nancy Tanner.

#### FIXTURE LIST

<u>Date</u>	<u>Trip</u>
1972	
<u>SEPT.</u>	
3	<u>Sparrowhawk Range</u> (Taihape Road) Leader: Stewart Shaw Driver: Alan Berry      Fare: \$1.20 and 80c
16-17	<u>Waikamaka</u> (Hut Decorating) Leader: Peter Dilks - 78.814 Driver: David Smith
<u>OCT.</u>	
1	<u>Mount Tauhara, Taupo</u> (easy trip, good views, togs) Leader: Tim Persen - 35.254 Driver: Athol Mace      Fare: \$1.50 ALL
14-15	<u>No Mans Hut via Herricks; out via Dead Dog</u> Leader: Wendy Smith - 49.518 Driver: Graham Thorp
19-23	<u>Upper Mohaka / Mangataimoka</u> Leader: David Perry - 84.684 Driver: Neil Lusher

Fixture List (cont.)

Date      Trip

1972

OCT.

28-29      Search & Rescue Exercise

NOV.

5      Guy Fawkes Barbecue - Social Committee

11-12      Cairn Trip (top of Kawekas)  
             Leader: Maury Taylor - HMN 829  
             Driver: Maury Taylor

26      Length of Kawekas (Kuripapanga - Mohaka)  
             Leader: Neil Lusher - 67.771  
             Drivers: Any Volunteers?      Fare: \$1.50 and 80c

DEC.

9-10      Lake Waikareiti (Ureweras)  
             Leader: Glenn Breayley - 37.913  
             Driver: David Smith      Fare: \$3. ALL

16-17      Christmas Party & Picnic - Social Committee

NEW YEAR TRIPSouth Island

Leader: Trevor Plowman - 57.302

Departs Hastings - Midday Saturday 30th December

Returns Hastings - Night Thursday 9th January

Ferry Bookings have been made for 11 guys, 5 girls

Possibly making trip base at Geraldine and arranging trips from there. Any ideas? - See T.S.P.

-----oOo-----

Transport Contributions: \$1., juniors 60c, except where indicated.  
 20c extra if not paid before the end of the trip.

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IF a Club party at any time becomes overdue, would parents or members please first contact one of the following:-

Alan Berry	'phone	77.223
Maury Taylor	"	HMN 829
Janet Lloyd	"	87.666

ALL active trampers - please show this to your family.

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