

HERETAUNGA TRAMPING CLUB (INC.)

"POHOKURA"

Bulletin No. 122

December, 1972

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Club Captain: Mr. T. Plowman,
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ANNUAL REPORT.

PRESIDENT'S REPORT.

This year's annual report should bode well for the Club in that initiative has come to the fore. There has been a first for the Club in a winter traverse of the Central Ruahines from Pohangina to Armstrong Saddle, with food dumps arranged beforehand; a successful traverse of the Sawtooth from Rosvals to Howletts and out in one day; the formation of a climbing school within the Club; and bookings for trips to the South Island later this year.

Trips have been varied and well patronised and a solution to our lack of experienced truck drivers found, which will spread the load somewhat from the overworked few. Just when, mechanical wise, the truck had been rejuvenated, a series of flat tyres and a stubborn generator beset us. With alterations to the canopy in hand, however, we should still have quite a few untroubled miles ahead of us.

With more and more of the public making use of our ranges some call on members for SAR is inevitable but, luckily, the past year has resulted in few calls being made.

With further legislation being sought in connection with property trespass our continued co-operation with property owners must be maintained and improved if possible. Club members over the years have had little cause for complaint over restricted access and this situation will continue if members apply for permission and respect property and stock when it is given.

My thanks must go to all members who have assisted the Mountain Safety Committee, SAR and the Club over the past year, especially the secretary, treasurer and editor whose work I fear never grows any less with the continued growth in membership.

M.T.

CLUB CAPTAIN'S REPORT.

Due to the considerable number of responsibilities Athol unfortunately had to resign from the position of Club Captain. I wish to thank him for the good work that preceded me.

This year the Club has again been very active. The greater popularity of day trips has been very marked if numbers are a criteria. Weekend trips appear to attract only the regulars, but the long weekend trips to Comenso Lake, Hikurangi and Egmont have been very well patronised. The trips over the last year have had an average strength of twenty-two.

It has been the tendency over the last few years for the average age of active members to be lower, and this year was no exception. It is good to see the enthusiasm of the younger members, but at the same time the experience of some of the older members would be most welcome. Several trips this year would have benefited greatly if more seasoned members had been present.

It was disappointing that a planned traverse of Sawtooth Ridge was not possible due to lack of interest. Such trips, however, may be possible in the future by the formation of a group within the Club consisting of the climbing fraternity. Their objects are to assist in the training of interested Club members in the fields of rock, snow and ice, and to conduct and promote suitable trips. These trips will be held on alternate weekends or be combined with normal club trips for possible utilization of transport.

Training trips this year, have given the basics of bushcraft, river crossing techniques and all the fundamentals of snowcraft. It was disappointing that the bushcraft weekend was not attended by those most needing it. Similarly, attendance at Mountain Safety Lectures could have been at least doubled

Short talks at meetings have been reinstated and I hope they are being absorbed. My thanks to all lecturers for their excellent information and advice.

In closing, I wish to thank the truck drivers and leaders. Also on behalf of all active trampers, to thank the Landholders, the N.Z.F.S. and the National Parks Authorities for access and the use of their facilities.

T.P.

TRUCK REPORT:

Truck - 1957 Bedford, 3 ton with canopy. This canopy is always good for at least half an hour's debate (sometimes heated) at every committee meeting, and after a wet trip it gets a fair hearing at a general meeting. Theories are put forward - some put into practice, others thrown out as being impractical. My guess is that by the turn of the century we will have a unique and practical canopy - dustproof, rainproof, air conditioned, tele, (already there), windows, doors, etc. By then we will have nothing to grizzle about. How sad! It sure will be a far cry from the open truck and a tarpaulin as cover. All jokes aside, the truck has given us good service. A few tyres had to be replaced, but we must bear in mind that some of them came from our 1953 Bedford Truck. Our plans are to look for a more up-to-date truck in the 1962-70 bracket and in the meantime to modify the old canopy, partially close the back and improve the step.

P.B.

HUT TRACK AND FIXTURE.

Fixtures.

This year has seen a number of weekend trips away from the local ranges, as well as a number of longer trips into them. In April a trip into Leon Kinvig hut and surrounding area proved very rewarding for all who took part in this longer than usual weekend trip. With two trips to Tongariro National Park and a trip to Egmont plus many private trips to Ruapehu, snowcraft was well catered for. A partial traverse of the Ruahines during winter gave us an opportunity to test the newly introduced Mountain Safety Radio Sets. The trip was a very noteworthy achievement.

A trend well worth noticing is the number of younger members participating (and coping very well with the harder trips) and also planning and carrying out trips of their own. Hope this continues in the future and that every encouragement is given to them.

Huts:

All huts appear to be in good condition with the exception of Kaweka which seems to have been abused rather badly.

However, a working party will soon be going in to give it a good clean up. Perhaps it is ease of access which helps aggravate the litter problem. Hope it can be improved in the future. Kiwi is in good order, also Waikamaka.

Tracks:

Little has been done on tracks this year (few tracks needing much work). The stream at Waikamaka appears to have been "diverted" from the hut by a team of workers recently. However it has yet to be proved in flood conditions.

C.J.P.

SEARCH:

Although an ever increasing number of people are visiting the ranges, the past year has been a fairly quiet one for the Search and Rescue Organisation. It is to be hoped that the efforts of the Mountain Safety Committee in instructing mountain users in safe tramping, and in publicising safety in the mountains generally, will be rewarded and that the Search and Rescue Organisation will be seldom called upon. Unfortunately I think there is still a long way to go before we reach this desirable situation and even then sheer misadventure will still call for our services.

There were several alerts during the year and on one occasion we got as far as sending two teams into the field. The annual exercise was held in the northern Ruahines last April and although the boisterous conditions limited a demonstration by an RNZAF Iroquois helicopter we all had a useful workout.

A.V.B.

PUBLICITY:

I heard a comment recently that trips seem to be rather less demanding or "adventurous" than they were a few years ago. Judging by the trouble I have in producing a newsworthy report of some trips I feel there may be some justification for the claim. Nevertheless we try to put in a report to the newspapers on most trips and I would remind trip leaders that one of their duties is to contact the publicity committee as soon as possible after each trip.

As part of the Club's public relations programme we took part in a Y.M.C.A. display devoted to leisure pursuits. Our members did a first class job in erecting their section of the display but it was a disappointment to find that they just about outnumbered the visitors to the YM stadium.

A.V.B.

GEAR CUSTODIAN'S REPORT:

This year the number of items hired out to members is considerably down on last year. Thrity-five separate hirings were made this year as against fifty-one last year. The reason for this drop appears to be the length of the periods of hire. This year, gear has been out for a week at a time and this has meant that some of the equipment hasn't always been available for weekend hire. In most cases, however, we have been able to keep up with the demand.

Thei income this year is up on last year by \$3.55 giving a total income of \$20.30. The items of equipment hired were as follows:-

1.	Packs	9	hirings, bringing in	\$3.20
2.	Parkas	1	" " "	.50
3.	Ice Axes	15	" " "	8.70
4.	Boots	8	" " "	2.60
5.	Tents	2	" " "	2.30
6.	Sleeping Bags	1	" " "	1.00
7.	Ropes	3	" " "	2.00

During the year a new rope was purchased at a cost of \$17.30. The rope is a 120' length of 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ hawser laid nylon.

In the coming year it is proposed to purchase a nylon tent and trying to keep up with new techniques, it has been suggested that some of the ice axe handles be shortened. This will be done in the Summer months.

G.R.T.

LIBRARY REPORT:

Another sad year has passed for the library; hiring fees for books borrowed having amounted to a mere 20c. No books have been lost and 4 additions have been donated by Rosemary Greenwood. Thank you to those who did borrow books, for their safe and prompt return.

It is regrettable that this valuable section of the Club is not used more and I feel sure that a browse through these books would be of benefit to any who took the time to do so.

To the incoming Librarian may I suggest that regular publicity of the library at Club meetings, perhaps in the form of book reviews may be worthy of thought.

I must apologise to members for my absence over this last year which may have caused inconvenience re borrowing books.

P.M.T.

SCRAP ALBUM:

The scrap album makes interesting reading and is up to date now. It contains newspaper reports of most Club trips,

and any other of Club interest that have been published. It is most interesting reading back and noting how even the style of printing has changed over the years. This album is available to any members at any time from the Librarian.

P.M.T.

PHOTO ALBUM:

The Photo Album has had a more dead year even than the library. In spite of personal pleas, not one slide or print has come forward for inclusion in the collection and this is most disappointing, especially in view of the free service we have available for duplicating, and the "mighty shot I got" expanded to the full. It is regrettable that we only see these "shots" on the odd Club night before they become stowed away in the photographer's collection, perhaps for eternity. May I suggest to the organisers of the Club photographic competition that all winning entries be duplicated before they are handed back to their owners. This seems the only way to preserve these winning entries. After all this was one of the rules made at the beginning of the photographic competitions. And this last year proves that good intentions and promises seldom eventuate.

P.M.T.

"POHOKURA"

This year has seen the end of the Club's duplicator. After twenty years of faithful service the rollers perished and we were unable to renew them. Our thanks to Armstrong & Springhall for permitting us to use their electric machine the day ours came to grief and to Ingram, Thompson & Berry for the use of theirs for the last issue of "Pohokura".

Our thanks also to all contributors and working parties.

J.L.

SOCIAL COMMITTEE REPORT:

For the past year Club members have continued to enjoy social activities such as the Guy Fawkes barbecue, the Xmas party and also other celebrations held for special reasons or often for no reason at all. Relatively easy day trips (more correctly named picnics) such as the Cape Kidnappers trip are always in demand in the summer months, and it is good to see members bringing their families when they are no longer able to escape on weekend tramps - owing to other commitments. Speakers, photo competitions, films, slides and debates have all been on the agenda for meetings. A change in the supper arrangements also seems to have been a step forward, with coffee now being available as well as tea, and sometimes a plate of home cooking if we're lucky.

The Social Committee extends their thanks to all Club members for attendance at meetings and participation in the activities organised, and I would especially like to thank all those people who have helped organise or run any Club activity and the necessary duties which are essential for the continuation of such an organization.

J.B.

HERETAUNGA TRAMPING CLUB (INC.)INCOME & EXPENDITURE ACCOUNTFOR THE YEAR ENDED 30TH SEPTEMBER, 1972

<u>1971</u>	<u>INCOME:</u> The Club's Income comprised -		
219	Subscriptions	232	
19	Equipment Hire	18	
75	Meeting Contributions	88	
-	Donations	11	
89	Interest	84	
6	Profit on Maps & Badges	6	
1	Library Fees	-	
-	Payment for lost book	5	
<u>409</u>			<u>444</u>
	<u>EXPENDITURE:</u> The Expenses incurred in running the Club were:		
91	Rent of Meeting Room	72	
6	Advertising	-	
11	Supper and Social Expenses	25	
-	Equipment Maintenance	21	
7	Subscriptions: Royal Society, Alpine Club etc.	9	
30	F.M.C. Capitation	45	
3	Insurance	12	
97	Bulletin Expenses	98	
29	Maps Purchased 1970 year (balance)	-	
11	Stationery	17	
20	Telephone Listing	-	
9	Petty Cash and General Expenses	8	
-	Library Expenses	3	
	Transport Costs	704	
	Truck Depreciation	150	
		<u>854</u>	
	Less Fares Received	715	
<u>337</u>	Loss on Transport		<u>139</u>
<u>651</u>			<u>449</u>
	There was therefore a surplus of Expenditure		
<u>242</u> (Loss)	over Income of		<u>\$ 5</u>

8.

HERETAUNGA TRAMPING CLUB (INC.)

BALANCE SHEET

AS AT 30TH SEPTEMBER, 1972.

1971	At Balance date the Club owned the following Assets:	
737	Bank of New South Wales	888
63	Post Office Savings Bank	65
97	Equipment	97
12	Cash on Hand	40
137	Stocks on Hand	100
	Bedford Truck, at cost	1203
	Less Depreciation to date	550
		<hr/>
803		653
1000	Investment - Hastings City Council	1000
	Huts valued in the books as follows:	
	Kaweka	10
	Kiwi	50
	Waikamaka	55
		<hr/>
115		115
120	Projectors (2) at Cost	119
		<hr/>
3084	The total value of the Assets being:	3077
	However, of this amount there has been set aside for -	
-	Accounts owing	58
69	Reunion Fund	69
19	Search Fund	19
36	Maintenance of Rescue Kits	36
62	Hut Maintenance	1
9	Subscriptions in advance	10
		<hr/>
195		193
		<hr/>
2889	Leaving a surplus of Assets over Liabilities of	\$2884
		<hr/> <hr/>
	This figure represents the Balance in Accumulated Funds, which is made up as follows:	
	Balance 1st October, 1971	2889
	Surplus of Expenditure over income for year	5
		<hr/>
		\$2884
		<hr/> <hr/>

AUDITOR'S REPORT:

I have examined the books, accounts and vouchers of the Heretaunga Tramping Club and have obtained all the information and explanations that I have required. I have accepted the certificate of the Secretary as to the value of badges, maps and books on hand.

In my opinion, according to the best of my information and the explanations given me and as shown by the books of the Club, the Balance Sheet and Income and Expenditure Account are properly drawn up so as to give respectively a true and fair view of the state of the Club's affairs at 30th September 1972, and of the results of its activities for the year ended on that date.

R.W. CHAPLIN, Hon. Auditor.

ELECTION OF OFFICERS

At the Annual General Meeting held on Wednesday, October 25th, 1972, the following Officers were elected:-

<u>Patron:</u>	Dr. D.A. Bathgate
<u>President:</u>	Mr. M.G. Taylor
<u>Vice-Presidents:</u>	Messrs P. Bayens, A. Berry, T. Plowman.
<u>Club Captain:</u>	Mr. T. Plowman
<u>Secretary:</u>	Mr. G. Griffiths
<u>Treasurer:</u>	Miss J. Smith
<u>Auditor:</u>	Mr. R. Chaplin

Executive Committee: Miss Wendy Smith, Messrs G. Thorp, C. Persen, D. Perry, P. Lewis, K. Thomson, A. Mace.

Social Committee: Miss Elizabeth Pindar, Messrs Paul Maddison, Malcolm Ingpen, Toby Easton, Paul Richards, Bruce Perry.

S b-Committees: At a subsequent meeting of the Executive the following were appointed:-

<u>Fixture, Hut & Track:</u>	Trevor Plowman, Chris Persen, Athol Mace, Wendy Smith.
<u>Truck:</u>	Phil Bayens, Graham Thorp, Keith Thomson.
<u>Training Committee:</u>	Peter Lewis, Athol Mace, Chris Persen, Trevor Plowman.
<u>Search Representatives:</u>	Alan Berry, Maury Taylor, Graham Thorp.
<u>Publicity:</u>	A. Berry, K. Thomson.
<u>Library, Photo Album, Scrap Book:</u>	Wendy Smith.
<u>Gear Custodian:</u>	Graham Thorp.
<u>Editor:</u>	Janet Lloyd. Assistant: David Perry.

C L U B T R I P S

No. 982

August 6th

PARIHAKA VIA PUKETITIRI

This promised to be one of those trips! Five late sleepers (including the leader) and a lot of rain. The original driver had got the flu, but Neil very kindly offered to take us. When we had finally organised ourselves and moved off, it was an unusually quiet truck load.

It took time to manoeuvre the truck through farm mud and park it, and then various members were chased across a paddock by a mob of cows.

We regained our spirits as we made our wet way to the forks before the Big Pariax, and had quite a good game of cricket with three foot icicles which were clustered on a sheltered bank.

The climb up to the top was made with some caution as the route we had chosen was thickly covered with fern and slippery mud. By the time we had nearly reached the top hail and ~~some~~ snow had set in, and shifting rain made visibility poor. Despite the cold and wet, we made quite good progress in the last stages of our climb and after a damp fire and lunch, we were ready to enjoy our trip. A few more inspired members, went for a hurried walk to look out over the tops. They rejoined the main party after about three quarters of an hour.

The descent was far more pleasant as the sun appeared for the first time, and the wind dropped. We were able to see fully across the Pariax and the surrounding farm lands. About half a mile from the vehicles the rain and snow set in again, but we still enjoyed the home stretch. After collecting and changing back at the truck, we set off home.

It had been a wet but enjoyable trip.

Leader: Deborah Easton.

No. in party 19. Peter Lewis, Murray Ball, David Wilkins, Paul Richards, John Duncan, Denis Galyer, Trevor Plowman, Neil Lusher (driver) Kevin Perry, Trevor Hankin, David Morris, Maury Morgan, Perry Morgan, Raymond Graham, Stephen Collins, Liz Pinder, Pam Billings, Sandra Smith II

The track was muddy in places as usual, but a fine morning made the clean snow on the high tops look most inviting. Some hunters were in residence at the hut, so we selected a spot on the sunny side of the ridge to have an early lunch. Preparations to light a primus made no more progress after the expression of strong opinions by others that it would be quicker to make use of the already hot stove in the hut; but after 40 minutes of wood-chopping and blowing, with the emerging smoke seeming to be about equally divided between chimney, and door and window, we still had a billy of water which was little more than luke-warm.

The snowline was just above the bush. Up to several feet of old snowdrifts, melted into all sorts of irregular shapes, had been covered with a few inches of soft snow from a more recent fall, so there were plenty of opportunities to fall in. Higher up were some lovely sharp cornices with wind patterns on the snow. In the rocky little saddle where you have to go on the shady side, in one place in particular a hard icy slope leading off down for quite a few hundred feet seemed frighteningly steep, so most of those without ice-axes stayed behind. Five made a dash up the ridge to leave the food supply we had brought up for the traverse party who were due to be coming along the top of the range in the next day or two. By the time the cache had been buried to a depth thought to be safe from being blown away, and marked with orange flags, wooden pegs brought up for the purpose, and Condy's crystals sprinkled on the snow, the weather had become distinctly threatening with dark clouds scattering sago-like soft hail (or hard snow) on us, so we promptly removed ourselves to less exposed altitudes where most had left their packs. (Another illustration of the advisability of never being more than five minutes away from your parka).

After a boil-up at the hut, with the weather improving again, darkness came upon us as we came down from the bush on to the farmland, renewing discussion of the old question as to whether it is better to avoid the use of torches until the very last of the daylight has gone, thus helping your eyes to adapt to the darkness and perhaps enabling you to see something of where the ridges and gullies lead off, or whether torches should be brought out in good time, to lessen the risk of someone spraining an ankle, even though full sharpness of night vision will not then be developed.

No. in party: 20

Leader: Peter Lewis

Liz Pindar, Pam Billings, Jackie Ironside, Joanne Smith, Russell Perry, David Morris, John Duncan, Trevor Hankin, Raymond Graham, Murray Ball, Trevor Plowman, Bill Gray, Stephen Collins, Graham Soppit, Maury (driver) and Barbara Taylor and Robyn, Susan and Kevin.

No. 984

SPARROWHAWK RANGE

September 3rd

The truck finally left Hastings about 8 a.m. - late - due to a stop at Maultsaid's for a change of tyre. We left the ridge. Progress was slow owing to some unfitness in the party. As we carried on up the ridge the weather steadily worsened. At about 12.30 p.m. we had a break for lunch. An hour later we wandered up to the trig about a hundred feet above us. It was rather misty up top and a cool wind was blowing. After taking a few photos of people clinging to rocks we made a leisurely trip back to the truck. After a boil-up at the Grader Driver's Hut we clambered aboard the truck and were back in Hastings by 7 o'clock. Overall, a very easy trip.

No. in party: 24

Leader: Stewart Shaw

Peter Lewis, Trevor Plowman, Murray Ball, Trevor Hankin, David Wilkins, Joanne Campbell, Paul Richards, Tony Maston, Denis Galyer, John Duncan, Glenn Breayley, Alan Berry, Alan Bristow, Stephen Collins, David Morris, Roy Frost, Raymond Graham, Vincent Curle, Peter Dilks, Peter Gaze, Kevin Perry, Elizabeth Pindar, Pam Billings.

No. 985

WAIKAMAKA (hut redecorating)

September 16-17th

After a few problems with transport arrangements, we finally left Holt's at about 0620 in the truck. On the way up the Waipawa, we stopped for a look at the new Chalet and had a bit of a look for an old hut that used to be just above the forks.

The trip up river and over the saddle was fairly slow and we arrived at Waikamaka in time for lunch. The hut didn't really seem to need any redecorating so it was given a good clean out and we then set to work on the river. There are two channels just below the hut and the river was flowing hard against the bank eroding the track.

14 pairs of hands set to work and soon had most of the river dammed so that it was flowing through the channel on the other side of the river bed. A large part of the afternoon was spent trying to shift one large rock which seemed to have decided that it like the position it was in and wasn't going to roll over for anyone. Plans for its removal were abandoned and the rest of the afternoon was spent adding more stones and gravel to the dam.

Next morning the hut was cleaned again and a generally lazy morning was spent. A large supply of firewood was

collected chopped and stacked and it's to be hoped that following parties do the same. Peter Lewis and Rob busied themselves starting on a new track up from the river as parts of the old one are quite near the edge of the bank now. After lunch we packed up and had a slow spread out trip back down river to the truck.

Rob and Dave decided they would climb on to Three Johns and come down the shingle slide into the river. After everyone else had arrived back there was still no sign of them but just as we were wondering if they had fallen over a cliff or something they turned up. Apparently it had been rather foggy on top of Three Johns and they were not sure which shingle slide to come down. They decided to try to come down a track they had seen marked going up from the river bed but found that the disc/blazes rapidly ran out. Their next plan was to follow down a stream although they were not sure where they would end up. Their luck was in as the stream they chose joined the Waipawa river just above where you climb up to the truck.

The only work that needs to be done at the hut is on the track. To make a track that will last a while it may be best to go up above the hut through the small saddle and back into the river upstream of the hut. If it were possible to cut the track along this route there would be no worries of erosion as the bush climbs up fairly gently from the river in that area.

No. in party: 14 Leader: Peter Dilks

Peter Lewis, Rob Lusher, Dave Perry, Kevin Perry, Peter Manning
Liz Pindar, Joanna Campbell, Graeme Campbell, Vincent Curle,
Murray Ball, David Morris, Denis Galver.

No. 986 MOUNT TAUHARA TAUPO October 1st

Away from Hastings and Napier within minutes of the stated departure time. 28 members set off for a day of fun and leisure on Mt. Tauhara. A stop at Waipunga Falls on the way through broke the monotony of the three hour trip.

A cloudless sky and no wind greeted us as we spilled out of the Kombi and truck. A variety of footwear and clothing from next to nothing to full tramping gear was the attire for the day as our colourful mob set off up the track at 10 a.m. The access for those who might wish to visit Tauhara is via the N.Z.F.S. Rifle Range road on the way into Taupo from Napier.

A two hour stroll up the gentle slopes of Tauhara passing from green farmland to the delightful spring foliage of the bush and onto the open top ridge made for one of the easiest tramps ever done by our Club. During this time we were joined

by Wendy's party and, later still, Trevor.

With views of a hundred miles in every direction, half an hour was spent photographing and gazing at the panorama spread below us. The Kaiangaroa forest appears immense from above with its numerous fire breaks stretching miles into the distance.

Lunch was eaten on a sunny grassy patch about 15 minutes from the top. A close by stream provided ample fresh water. Many people took the opportunity to sunbathe and add shades of red and brown to various parts of the anatomy.

With all the afternoon before us, we decided to move down to the Aratiatia dam and watched the water thrash its way down through the rapids as the floodgates of the dam were opened. Quite a spectacular sight.

We then left for Huka Falls and played tourists there. A real leisurely day. Two hours at De Brett's finished the day nicely and we were back in Napier by 8.30 p.m.

No. in party: 35

Leader: Dave Perry

David Smith, Peter Lewis, Murray Ball, Graham Soppitt, David Wilkins, Brian Hall, Chris Barnett, Peter Berry, John Berry, Rene Weterings, Richard Weterings, David Schutz, Raymond Graham, Leon Smith, Peter Dilks, Graeme Campbell, Margaret Ewen, Joy Breayley, Anne Hicks, Cherry Holder, Elizabeth Pindar, Pam Billings, Joanne Campbell, Vicki Blake, Janice Barrett, Glenys Caldwell, Christine Smith.
Joined at Tauhara by: Sandy Smith, Wendy Smith, Neil Lusher Kevin Mitchell, Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell, Trevor Plowman.

No. 987

NO MAN'S HUT
(via Dead Dog)

October 14-15th

12 enthusiastic (?) people, left Holts at 6.30. We started at Herrick's Hut and went up a good track till we reached the river. We didn't know how long the trip was going to take so studied the map while we got stuck into some food. From there it was only a couple of hours up the river to Dead Dog Hut. We arrived at 11.30 so had a brew and some lunch there. We left at 12.30 and from there it was straight up the ridge on to the tops where we came across a road! From there it's about $\frac{3}{4}$ of an hour to No Man's. As we arrived at the hut it started to snow! It wasn't enough to stay on the ground long but it's the thought that matters. Most of us were up at 6.00 next morning and we left at 8.30. It was freezing cold with a very strong wind blowing. Everybody had their winter woollies on. Once off the tops it is down hill all the way till you come out on to the

track just before Herrick's Hut. We arrived there at lunch time so had a brew and sat in the sun (the weather had cleared up) for an hour or two before getting back to Hastings.

No. in party: 12

Leader: Wendy Smith

Neil and Rob Lusher, David Perry, Peter Lewis, Liz Pindar, Graham Thorp, Murray Ball, Chris Barnett, Leon David, Denis Galyer, Glenn Breayley.

No. 988 (A)

MANGATAINOKA

October 19-23rd

How do you describe that emotion, that feeling that arises when you begin a trip never before attempted by the H.T.C. as a Club, into an expanse of high ranges, beech forests and open tussock lands where there are few tracks and fewer people? Perhaps as a sense of exhilaration, excitement when you consider what the next five days may bring.

"Well, let's go to Mangaturutu Hut". A mighty long first day considering the 4 a.m. start from Holts, but with darkness closing around us, we were all there by 7 p.m. that night. Weather varied throughout the day from hot, stifling conditions to icy cold winds but became mild by nightfall. Our route led from Nicholl's haybarn up to Middle Hill Hut for mid-morning lunch and then up over where along the main divide above Ballard hut and down into the next saddle by 2.30 p.m. for a second lunch. Tina Chalet on Venison Tops was next and after a bowl of soup each, we proceeded along the marked track to Mangaturutu.

A leader never quite knows how fit his party is. I was more than relieved that, with a steady pace, we had no stragglers and no complaints.

A good meal of mince and veges followed by instant pudding and we were all asleep by 9 p.m. Awake at 6.30 a.m. and, after porridge, a good supply of wood was collected and stored. We left the hut at 7.40 a.m. intending to go just as far as we felt like going.

The morning dawned beautifully fine as we followed the track through tussock and low scrub, and later beech forest to Te Puke hut. Rests were plentiful and views including Ruapehu were fantastic. It was very interesting to relate surrounding landmarks to our maps (N.Z.M.S.I. Kaweks N113 and the N.Z.F.S. Kaimanawa Forest Park map). The combination of the two provided an excellent coverage.

We had lunch at Te Puke and decided to try for Tussock hut for the night. Leaving at 12.45 p.m. we travelled

westwards along a ridge before dropping steeply into the stream below Harkness hut at 3 p.m. A half-hour break during which some guys braved the cold waters for a swim, then we set off for Tussock hut, following the Ngaawapurua (Harkness) stream, and arrived at 6.15 p.m. The Harkness valley is beautiful near the hut, with its golden tussock catching the sun's rays and setting off the lush green foliage of the surrounding beech forests.

We had covered in two days the width of the Kaweka State Forest and without pushing anyone. Although both days had had about 11 hours tramping, the party as a whole was still reasonably fit. Before us was one 700' climb and two easy days down the Mangatainoka stream. A delicious meal of sausages and veges and bed again at 9 o'clock.

Awake at 6 o'clock we had breakfast and while five stayed to clean the hut and collect a wood supply, the other five left for a view of the Ngaruroro river. Boyd's rocks were clearly visible but Boyd's hut and airstrip were hidden, behind Te Kaitetara, a small range in between. There is a track leading from Tussock hut up the stream beside it and into the beech. Once in the beech it heads in a westerly direction to the ridge top and is marked by red paint. It appears to lead down to the Ngaruroro on the other side of the ridge where it meets the Bridle track from Golden Hills.

After rejoining the others, we left at 9.20 a.m. returning to the Ngaawapurua stream then up the far side to point 4175'. A long ridge off this point was followed down into the Mangatainoka stream. The water sparkled as the sunlight filtered through the beech canopy and caught each ripple and turned it into gold. Never have I seen a place so green and so full of life. Green slime lay on the stream bed. Green moss and creepers climbed up the green tree trunks to the ceiling of green foliage, and the birds provided a non-stop chorus. It was truly beautiful.

The stream provided easy travelling with shallow crossings, open banks and sparse undergrowth. Never once did the stream become tiresome to follow with every corner bringing something interesting into view.

But what a disappointment to reach Mangatainoka Hut. Instead of nestling in the bush edge as we had expected, there it was perched on the bank fifty yards from a stream jammed with felled beech trees, the surrounding area littered with pieces of rotting wood and supporting that noxious weed, ragwort. Had we been earlier, we would probably have moved on but it was after 5 o'clock.

Rice Rissotto was on the menu for this night but our expert rice rissotto cook wasn't so expert as he thought. The meal provided more of a conversation piece than a stomach filler, but a plastic bucket full of instant pudding soon brought the plates around. After a sing-song, we went to bed at 9.15 p.m.

A leisurely rise next morning at 6.30 p.m. No-one was in any hurry to get away because we had all day to get to the Mangatainoka-Mohaka junction campsite. Once again, a good firewood supply was collected. We eventually strolled off downstream at 8.30 a.m. and managed without any real effort to stop at every grassy sunny patch along the way. It was just too nice to leave. We even got in a swim or two as well.

Around mid-afternoon as we were sidling around the gorge in the lower Mangatainoka, we met the three day club party led by Peter Lewis and camped alongside them at the junction campsite. Our last cooked tea of dehydrated meat and veges very nearly put the fire out as the cross stick of the fire place broke, spilling everything. Once again, instant pudding was the mainstay. After a mighty sing-song again that night, we retired about 10.30 p.m.

Well, our last day had arrived. Cold and misty. Four of us left for a reconnaissance up the Mohaka, but one deep cold crossing soon changed our minds about going too far. The others had left for the Hot Springs where we joined them.

After a long leisurely lunch in the sunshine, we loaded packs into Peter's Kombi and made our way out to the truck at Nicholls' haybarn. Special thanks to Rob for driving the truck.

We had seen some really tremendous country over the past five days with the beautiful Harkness valley, the magnificent views from Te Puke, and best of all, we had followed the course of a beautiful stream, watching it grow from a small babbling creek to a thundering mass as it poured down through the gorge, swollen many times over with water from adjoining tributaries.

For those interested - all huts visited had 6 bunks except Tira Chalet which has 12. The Mangatainoka hut reference on the N.Z.M.S. 1 Kaweka N 113 map should be 751820; on the Kaimanawa Forest Park map should be 376382 on the northern side of the stream.

No. in part 10

Leader: Dave Perry

Sandra Smith, Paul Richards, Glenn Breayley, Bruce and Kevin Perry, Rob Lusher, Chris Barnett, Murray Ball, Malcolm Ingpen

No. 988 (B)

MOHAKA - MANGATAINOKA
(Labour weekend)

October 21,22,23

The Kombi was left parked in the scrub at the top end of the terrace along from the Puketitiri Hot Springs (this was significant in causing us anxiety later). The day was oppressively hot, and as we were not above 2000 ft altitude for the whole trip, progress was not notably fast. Setting off about 10.30 along the track up the southern bank of the Mohaka, we had a long stop at "Stagger Inn" for lunch; then, after what seemed quite a strenuous little climb where the track goes high above the river upstream from the Narrows, we were rewarded with a very pleasant view of the place where the river, spread out wide and sparkling in the sunshine, divides into two channels separated by a sizable scrub-covered island. From the suspension bridge over the Makino not far above this, we followed the track along near the Mohaka for a while, then up the valley of a tributary for a short distance before crossing a scrub-covered plateau to drop down to the river again and reach our campsite, on the flat below the hot waterfall, about $\frac{1}{4}$ mile downstream from where the Mangatainoka joins the Mohaka, about 5 p.m.

Trevor and Bill pitched a tent, but all the rest slept out in the open, with sheets of plastic handy in case of drizzle in the night. However, the warm night with moonlight streaming down, white on the straight trunks of the Kanuka trees, led to another fine day.

With light packs we were able to enjoy the trip up the lower part of the Mangatainoka. Rocky pools, rapids, sun shining through the leaves of overhanging beech trees or glinting on the fishing lines of Bill and Trev. (no bites, though). Lunch beside the pool at the bottom of the gorge, where a lazily cruising trout ignored the fishermen. Then on up to the gorge. We found a place where it is possible to climb right down to a big pool, below the main waterfalls, into which the stream flows through a slit scarcely a metre wide. Above the falls, near where the second major tributary joins, we met the other party, who told tales to make us envious, of all the interesting country they had seen.

At the place on the flat upstream from the gorge where a bivouac has been improvised from hut materials from a misplaced air-drop, the fishermen decided to turn back, and most of the others went with them, but two keen photographers and one of their models went on for nearly another hour, by which time all the movie film and all but two shots of slide film were used up. There is certainly something about that place; it is coming to be almost a legend with our members. Shallow river sparkling over fine shingle; low grassy banks; even the trees seeming to be all at peace and not crowding

one another. And when we were there, a pair of blue ducks demonstrating their skill in flowing water.

Back at our camp, the place was quite populous with the other party also there. Though owing to a few mishaps the meal may not have been as good as the night before's, to compensate there was a jolly good sing-song around the fire afterwards. Some tried a shower under the waterfall where a hot spring pours down a bank, but found it only marginally cool enough.

Monday morning brought at first overcast weather with a light cool wind. On the way out a brisk pace was set, so that we reached the Puketitiri Hot Springs by lunch time. But while still a mile from there, we had seen that the hill to the eastward was blackened by fire, the manuka reduced to bare black sticks and the bracken to grey ash. Worried thoughts; was the Kombi burnt? The nearer we came, the greater seemed the likelihood of this, but then HURRAH! we came in sight of the place, and the scrub was still standing; the fire had spread right round the hillside, but had kept away from part of the flat. As it happened, our thanks are due to people who shifted it on to already burned ground, as a change of wind or delayed flareup could easily have set alight the remaining scrub.

Fortunately the owners escaped all right, but the shreds of melted plastic on the charred stocks of a bivouac framework, burned-up radio, torch, etc., and charred scraps of sleeping-bags and children's clothing belonging to the people who had been camped near the springs were a sad sight; none of those who saw it are likely to be complacent about fire.

No. in party: 10

Leader: Peter Lewis

Vicki Blake, Karen Smith, Josephine Bloomer, Anna Bloomer, Bill Gray, Lindsay Going, Trevor Plowman, Stephen Collins, Raymond Graham

No. 989

SEARCH & RESCUE EXERCISE 1972 Oct. 28-29th

Once again the annual search and rescue exercise took place in the Kaweka Ranges in beautifully fine weather. The area of the search was bounded more or less by North Kaweka Trig, Kiwi Saddle, Swamp Cottage and the Donald river. An area of approximately six and a quarter square miles.

This year the search plot hinged around a party of six hunters who had entered the ranges at Makahu Hut on the Monday before the search with the idea of hunting the tops south towards Swamp cottage. They were to arrive home on Thursday afternoon. As they had not come out by Friday the Search party

was formed and everyone assembled at the Hastings Police Station at 0630 hours Saturday morning.

Unfortunately not all of the organisations could muster their full support, and we only had twenty-four team members instead of the fortytwo required. For this reason we reduced the number of teams in the field from seven to six and the numbers of searchers down to three per team.

Two teams entered the ranges at Makahu Hut at 0830 hours and the remaining four teams were taken in from the Taihape Rd.

Tracks were followed from Kaweka J South by team one and it soon became evident that the lost party had split up as they moved down the Main Divide. The first two members of the lost party (Athol Mace and Chris Persen) were found early on Saturday afternoon at the bottom of MacIntosh Spur. Soon after reports came in from three teams that several different groups of people were moving around the areas between Coxcomb Creek and the MacIntosh Plateau.

Smoke had also been seen in this area and before long two more of the lost party (Jim Glass and Glenn Breayley) were found on their way to MacIntosh Hut by a relief team which had gone into MacIntosh Hut to bring out the first two members of the lost party.

By now it was getting late in the afternoon and gradually we were losing the frequency to the field and teams were instructed to make camp. At this point we had teams in Coxcomb creek, MacIntosh Hut, Studholmes Saddle Hut, Kiwi Creek and Castle Camp areas and two members of the lost Party still to find.

It was now becoming difficult to determine what had happened to the remaining two members of the lost party. Their tracks had to be followed from Kaiarahi towards Kiwi Creek and then they disappeared. Other teams had passed around this position finding nothing and by nightfall we couldn't be sure where they had gone. We were later to find that they had been instructed to stay out of sight until Sunday morning and two teams had passed within one hundred yards or so of them on Saturday afternoon.

Early Sunday morning however they fired several rifle shots into the Kaiarahi and Kaweka basins and they moved south from Kaiarahi to Kaweka Hut they put a few arrows in the ground which team 6 soon picked up and followed towards Kaweka Hut. The two remaining lost members (Ron Pink and John Scullin) were picked up south of Kaweka Hut by a relief team which was sent into the Kaweka Hut area to head off a hunter whom team two had been trying to overtake.

A good demonstration of the difficulty in locating direction of rifle shots was given when the shots were fired into Kaiarahi Basin at 0615 hours Sunday morning. Team one who were camped under the eastern side of MacIntosh spur were certain that the shots came from the Donald River area. Other teams in the MacIntosh hut area got a better idea of direction of the shots when they suggested that the shots came from Kaiarahi Creek. Several shots were also fired from Kaweka Hut and no one heard any of them.

With the lost party found all teams were withdrawn to base for a debrief which was held at 1500 hours. Everyone then returned home after a very successful exercise.

G.R.T.

Club members on the exercise were:-

Alan Berry, Maurie Taylor, Ross Hislop, Neil Lusher, Barry Preston, Trevor Plowman, John Furninger, David Perry, Peter Lewis, Paul Maddison, Wendy Smith, Pam Billings, and Graham Thorp.

Lost party members: Athol Mace, Jim Glass, Chris Persen, Glenn Breayley and two Napier Deerstalkers, Ron Pink and John Scullin.

No. 990

CAIRN TRIP

November 12th

Leaving Hastings at 5 a.m. and picking up people at Wharerangi we reached the parking area at Makahu at 7.30 a.m. All away by 8 in brilliant sunshine and up the ridge. Luckily after half an hour a few clouds appeared and with them our perspiration rate dropped. Some struggled to the top in 2½ hours, others in an hour (well 1 hour 5 minutes). After the service which was attended by thirty-three the younger set (8-28) set about snow collecting and proceeded to give everyone a fair shower.

Lunch and brew-up finished, 12 decided reluctantly to follow Elizabeth along to North Kaweka, and down the ridge to meet the Kaweka Flats - Makahu track and then out. Whilst the remainder ambled down the main spur. A lovely day ended with a smattering of rain and after changing a punctured tyre we left for Hastings, arriving at 6.30p.m.

No. in party: 33

Leader: Maurie Taylor

M. Morgan, S. Collins, Helen Hill, D. Perry, Jackie Smith and Shireen, R. Weteringer, D. Smith, G. Dolbel, R. Graham, D. Galyer, M. Ball, O. Brown, P. Lewis, D. Lewis, B. Gray, Christine Smith, Judith Dow, Elizabeth Pindar, Pam Billings, Karen Smith, Leonie Sparrow, J. Susan, and Karen Glass, M. Barbara, Robyn Susan and Kevin Taylor.

ACCESS TO THE NORTHERN KAIMANAWAS

Two access routes which should be of interest to the Club are to the Northern Kaimanawas from near Turangi. These access routes open up possible trips from two days to an unlimited period.

The first is well known and has been highly developed by the Forest Service. The road turns off the Taupo-Turangi road a few miles north of Turangi, but south of Motuopa. It is clearly marked "Korohe Rd", "Kaimanawa Forest Park" etc., This road crosses the Waimarino river after four miles then travels towards the bush edge, with branches named simply No. 1 Road, No. 2 Road etc., Turning up No. 8 road (the first on the left after No. 7 road) a parking area is reached after $\frac{1}{2}$ mile. From here a benched track runs up to the eastern shoulder of Ngapuketurua. A campsite is reached after about $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours - $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours with water close by. A second campsite but a pretty meager one is reached after another $1\frac{1}{2}$ hrs. Water is available on the right side of the ridge (going up hill) about 200' down. This is the last water. Another couple of hours brings one to the ridge top and along to Ngapuketurua. To drop into the Rangitikei it is necessary to travel on the tops right to Ngapuketurua. The view from where the ridge top is first reached gives the impression that the very headwaters of the Rangitikei are directly below and that one could descend to the valley floor and follow the stream down under the southern side of Ngapuketurua. This is quite a trap, particularly if visibility is limited. This stream is actually the Kakapo which flows into the Tauranga-Taupo river. The stream flows in the direction of the Rangitikei then doubles back on itself in a deep gut just below Ngapuketurua.

The second access is by the Waimarino river. Turn down No. 2 road, take two right turns and park at the log skids at the end of the road. Proceed through the bush SW until bluffs overlooking the valley are reached (about 10 minutes) turn down stream (right) and follow the bluff edge down until a point is reached where you can climb down to the river. Not more than $\frac{1}{2}$ miles along this bluff. Moving upstream a sidestream, true right, is passed, and a second one reached is about $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours. Both side streams are large. A disced track takes off up the ridge from the centre of the second fork. Steep climb and discs are scarce, but there is little doubt about the route at first. The ridge flattens out after about 1500' and eventually open tops are reached (2 hours) The track in the bush is obscure in places and care should be taken to stay on it on the flat portion of the ridge. On the tops the track is not marked. NZMS 1 N113 is a bit vague (to say the least) just here. The NZFS map is better.

Proceed parallel to bush edge for 150 yards, then turn left in direction of Ngapuketuru to pass through a narrow (50yd) gap in the bush and reach the junction of two streams (actually the headwaters of the Waimarino). Cross the streams and climb to bush edge. A disced track passes through this bush to reach more open tops. Climb by the obvious route to reach the ridge top west of Ngapuketuru (1½ hours)

Both these accesses can be used for trips to the Central Kaimanawas, or they can be used for a weekend trip - up one and down the other. Camp in the Rangitikei. Coming from Napier a new road has been opened to give better access. Less than a mile south of the garage at Tauranga-Taupo on the Taupo-Turangi road Kiko Road branches off. No other signs. Follow road for about 8-10 miles until a T-junction is reached near the bush edge - turn left for No. 8 road, right for No. 2 road.

C. Brian Smith

SOCIAL NEWS

Death.: Dave Williams.

It is with regret that we record the passing of Dave Williams. A foundation member of the H.T.C., he put in stirring work building the Kaweka Hut. He and Chas Higgs spent ten days in bad weather putting up the framework, roof and walls. For years he didn't miss a single club trip and when there was no tramping fixture he used to go out to Cape Kidnappers. He was self-appointed guardian of the gannets, being one of the first to record their comings and goings. Dave always carried a huge pack which consisted chiefly of his very large camera. He gave very generous donations of books to the club library.

J.L.

NEW MEMBERS

We welcome the following to the club:-

Peter Manning, Pam Billings, Vicki Blake (jr.), Johanna Campbell (jr.).

SLIDE COMPETITION

This will be held on January 31st. Entries must be in at least a week beforehand, preferably on Jan. 17th. Slides must be pertaining to tramping and there may be four entries per person. The same applies to black and white or colour photos. Further details will be announced at a future meeting.

CHRISTMAS PARTY

A Christmas Party will be held on December 16th. Time and place will be announced at next meeting. KEEP THIS WEEKEND CLEAR.

FEDERATED MOUNTAIN CLUBS

(Active members of the H.T.C. will find the October number of the F.M.C. Bulletin enclosed with this "Pohokura". The suggestion came from Brian Smith who considered that many of the present-day members knew very little about the F.M.C. He has very generously paid for these copies. We appealed to Norm Elder to write up the story of the F.M.C. and he has obliged with the following article. - Ed.)

Here are my recollections of the development of the F.M.C., as demanded by the Editor, and as far as a faulty memory and the lack of records will take me. The idea of it started after the First War when the early climber-explorers were dropping out, just as an upsurge of interest in the high country was starting. There was no one in sight to replace Peter Graham in the training of guides, and the old corrugated-iron Hermitage, which always seemed to have socks drying in the kitchen as I remember it, was clearly unsuitable to the coming tourist industry and due for rebuilding. The first protests led by A.P. Harper were against the emphasis being put on tourists and the absence of any plan to train guides.

These were largely mountaineering concerns, and when the N.Z.A.C. was revived (1921) it made the licensing of guides a live issue, but by this time tramping and skiing clubs were being formed and beginning to attract memberships that made them useful allies though they were not particularly interested in expensive accommodation nor in guides, but were starting in their small way to follow their illustrious predecessors in exploring and self-taught mountaineering.

In the ten years to the establishment of the F.M.C. tramping had developed to the point where the N.Z.A.C. could no longer dictate policy, and the early meetings must have been lively struggles in which prestige appeared to be as important as policy. At one stage the N.Z.A.C., at another the Tararua Tramping Club, resigned and had to be coaxed back, and if I remember rightly the Canterbury Mountaineering and Tramping Club sat on the sidelines for some considerable period.

The ski clubs, though they formed a large proportion of the nominal membership of the federation had more specialized interests which tended to focus on the activities of the Ski Council, so that the stability of the F.M.C. came to depend in large part on the steady loyalty of the tramping clubs, especially of the smaller ones with their widely distributed membership. I am prejudiced here no doubt but can claim distinguished support. At the close of a meeting in Wellington of the F.M.C. executive of which I was at the time a member, we were invited to a cocktail party to meet Mr. Winthrop Young, president or ex-president of the London Alpine Club and a member of the Himalayan Committee. He gave a short address in which he gave it as his impression of mountaineering in N.Z. that our strength lay in the small local clubs with few spectacular feats to their credit but whose enthusiasm and capacity for team-work were an invaluable basis.

It just so happened that earlier in the same week the H.T.C. meeting learnt that Mr. Winthrop Young was staying with Piet van Asche and that

if the steps to the Girl Guides room weren't too steep for his artificial leg he'd be glad to meet us. He came and instead of giving a talk asked for questions. He got them. The Himalayan Committee had just appointed Hunt to replace Shipton for the expedition that was to follow Cho-Oyu and the club was in considerable doubt about this through its close connection with George Lowe. We were privileged to listen to his explanation given clearly and frankly of the problems of mounting a major expedition, and at the same time appreciative of our concern and sympathetic towards it.

The F.M.C. was founded in 1931, and the H.T.C. in 1935, and thanks to Ian Powell, who was active in both I was dragged down as a delegate early in the piece. As a new boy from a small club I couldn't do more than sit quiet and listen to the big shots still touchy on questions of policy and prestige, but by now the scope of the F.M.C. had widened to include such matters as the representation of users as well as officials on the boards of National Parks, access to State Forests and Crown Lands in which the private citizen was officially classed as a nuisance and trespasser by the owning bureaucrats. These were becoming tramping concerns, and it seemed to me this was a turning point in policy from licensing and regulation to education as the guiding principle. The need to impress the official mind involved emphasis on responsibility, education in bushcraft and mountaineering, and with it the observance of the normal courtesies in crossing farmland. Reports on accidents, courses in bushcraft and alpine techniques, the publication of successive editions of Safety in the Mountains, and perhaps most importantly, (in collaboration with the Amateur Radio Emergency Corps), the development of the Mountain Search & Rescue Organization and its acceptance by Police and Civil Aviation.

These were the main concerns of the F.M.C. during the years I was a delegate, part of the time on the executive, but after the last war, a new problem took the place of the ones that we seemed to have partly settled. Damage to high country and bush by various introduced animals was becoming obvious and serious and the efforts of Internal Affairs cullers, which had started before the war to control the build-up of deer in the back country, had led to the growth of the N.Z. Deerstalkers Association as a counter-organization. In numbers they could have dominated the F.M.C. except for a provision made in its early years that limited the voting powers of the big clubs. A sort of balance had been reached by this time in which a general consensus of opinion elected the executive so that it included all main interests and all main mountain districts; the dominance of a pressure group would have upset this; the newly-formed Ecological Society was attracting a high proportion of members of clubs affiliated to the F.M.C. --- so much so that an Ecological Society paper on sample populations (of mice, I think) was criticized on the grounds that the speaker was right a quarter of the population of N.Z. were members of mountain clubs.

I can't express an opinion on the current activities of the F.M.C.; its past policies have been largely achieved or translated into terms of helicopters, huts and access roads. I should judge that its present importance lies in its first-hand knowledge of back country and high country

problems and its ability to put its knowledge ably and temperately before the public and to more doctrinaire groups.

N.L.E.

November 1972

PRIVATE TRIPS

AWATERE HUT - POHANGINA SADDLE - OTUMORE

Labour Weekend '72

Four of us left Hastings 6am on the Saturday morning with brilliant sunshine and the look of a very warm day in front of us. About one and a half hours later we arrived at Moorcock base hut on Kashmir Road. After changing and sorting gear we upped packs and took off at a fast clip up the road. This pace lasted about 400 yards until the unfit one slowed to a steady stagger. Round the corner and up the Moorcock valley into the teeth of quite a strong breeze from somewhere to someplace fast.

Duly arriving at the Moorcock Saddle we were discussing whether to climb to Pohangina Saddle or drop into the Makaretu River, when three hunters arrived from the Saddle hut and said they were returning later. That decided us and we took off up and along the ridge and down to the Makaretu river to Awatere hut and lunch. Sausages - tea - raisins. We went for a walk downstream for about two hours, very beautiful bush and plenty of birds about. Unfortunately our little jaunt came to a sudden end when one member who had forgotten to check his boots before leaving, jumped the river and landed wrong, wrenching an ankle and pulling some tendons. His boots had half a dozen nails sticking up inside and at the hut he had inserted a newspaper insole which he was trying to keep dry. Later he was standing on a 4ft shingle bank when it collapsed, dumping him in the river, so he said it wasn't his day and he departed to the hut where he stayed till Sunday. Very warm in the river bed out of the wind.

Sunday dawned - unnoticed by us and after breakfast we set off upstream to Pohangina Saddle. Stick to the right fork the hunters had told us, omitting to tell us a 500ft ladder would be handy. Eventually we arrived and had dinner at the hut, then two went for a look at the Pohangina Valley and myself - and the sorefooted one - charged off up Otumore for a look around. We had a great view from Dannevirke to Waipawa over the plains but smoke from a substantial fire was obscuring the rest. Rua-pehu poking through a gap in the Hikurangi Range and the Tararua Range in the south. The fire was burning along about a mile front on a ridge south of Iron Gate hut.

The wind was still rather strong and cold so we moved off back to the Saddle hut to meet the other two. From there down a different ridge into the river and back to Awatere Hut at 5.30-6. or 6.15 depending on which watch. Up late the next morning after a long chess match to decide Supreme Champion (I will never take a chess set again). Breakfast, cleaned the hut, cut firewood and left at 10am. Wind not so strong on the ridges today and back to the car at 12.00.

Peter Manning

RUAPEHU (1)

31 Aug. - 8 Sept.

Thursday: Hitchhiking is a dream, when you get from Hastings to the Top O' The Bruce in $4\frac{1}{2}$ hours. I strolled up to the old N. Z.A.C. hut where Rob had just completed digging out the doorway. Looked like we were in for some mighty fine weather with a cloudless sky and brilliant sunshine. Decided to unpack, settle down for an early tea and bed, and snowcraft in the morning. Bedtime: 7.30pm.

Friday: Awake: 7.00am.

Poked my nose outside the door . . . Bah! Whiteout. Took a stroll to the new N.Z.A.C. lodge hoping to get invited for lunch. No such luck. Although the new hut is warmer the old hut is much drier and has a nicer atmosphere. Wind is blowing hard outside. Bedtime: 8.45pm.

Saturday: Awake: 7.45am.

Left hut at 9am for Top O' The Bruce to meet Kit and Neil. They brought Rob's and my food supplies for the week. Back to hut at 2pm. in rain and strong winds. Snowing hard outside with strong gusty winds. Bedtime: 8.15pm.

Sunday: Awake: 7.30am.

Is that sunshine? Yes. Hooray! But by the time we had dressed and were ready to go climbing, the weather turned foul again. The morning was spent practising various aspects of snowcraft in mist and windy conditions. Kit had left early for some skiing, but with the bad weather closing down the ski-tows, he arrived, wet through, back at the hut by midday. I accompanied Neil down to his car because he had to leave for home that afternoon. It was our turn to be wet through and after seeing Neil off, I wasted no time getting back to the hut and dry clothes. On the way up, 2-3 inches of snow fell. Bedtime: 8.15pm.

Monday: Awake: 8.am.

Last night, the wind tore at the hut with such ferocity that it creaked and groaned under the strain. Woke up in the morning to find snow in the two outer rooms, in the corners of the hut and in the food cupboard. A fantastic sight but damn cold. Ice covered the ceiling and walls. Our damp clothing frozen solid.

A beautiful day except for the wind saw us staring upwards at the magnificent view from our pits. By 3pm wind had dropped by half and I decided to go for a walk. After failing to persuade Rob or Kit to come, I set off for the crater rim. Made good time into the head wind and reached the rim in $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours. The main crater seemed to be a cauldron of seething ice as the wind whirled down towards the saddle. Excellent crampon conditions. It was good being alone; feeling great yet so insignificant on such a vast landscape of sculptured snow and ice. Back to the hut by 6pm. Bedtime: 8.15pm.

Tuesday: Awake: 8.15am.

I think we would have slept all day but three guys called in on their way to the crater, and woke us. Kit set off down to Happy Valley to master his skiing technique. Rob and I headed up at 10.30am. We reached Dome Shelter (8250') by midday and headed off for the easiest of climbs up

Tahurangi, the hardest part being the slog across knee-deep snow in the crater. From the top we could see east and west coasts, Egmont, Kawekas, Kaimanawas, Ruahines and the panoramic chains of volcanoes stretching to White Island.

Returning over the southern crater rim and up over Pare' where a speedy glissade down the ice slopes proved a spectacular thrill, Rob and I sang good old "Lloyd George" as we happily marched down to the hut. Kit was back too, the success of his skiing written in great smiles across his face, even though he managed to sprain an ankle. Bedtime: 7.30pm.

Wednesday: Awake: 7am.

Another delightful morning apart from the ever-present gusty winds. Rob and I climbed Te HeuHeu in 2 hours. Kit was confined to the hut all day. I had hoped to complete a traverse of Pinnacle Ridge with Rob but we could hardly stand in the wind so gave it up. Although acclimatized by now, the wind had taken its toll and we rolled into our pits with weary limbs. Bedtime: 7.45pm.

Thursday: Awake: 8am.

"Let's go home". Down at the Top of the Bruce by 12 noon, Rob and I scrambled over Mead's wall for an hour while Kit tried some more skiing. We decided to spend the night in the Whakapapa Campground and treat ourselves to the luxury of a hot shower. Then toasted sandwiches and hot milo at the Cafeteria. Bedtime: 9pm.

Friday: Awake: 6am.

It would have to rain when we sleep out. Anyway, the three of us hitch-hiked home to end a successful trip. We were sorry to leave even though the weather only allowed us two climbs in nine days. The art of patience and filling in time was an experience well worth gaining, and one we are not likely to lose.

Dave

Rob Lusher, Kit Persen, Neil Lusher, Dave Perry.

RUAPEHU (2)

23-24 Sept.

Its not often you arrive at Chateau Tongariro to find snow on the golf course. And this meant we could take the car no further. Skiers don't seem to appreciate bulky packs lurching in all directions inside a "Goat" but it sure beats walking to the Top of the Bruce. Neither do they appear to appreciate five ordinary-looking climbers stringing along in that fashion line to the chairlifts. Not that climbers are so ordinary anyway.

The top of the second chairlift was shrouded in mist as we headed to the old N.Z.A.C. hut. A hut can be surprisingly elusive half-buried in snow and in whiteout conditions. We arrived half an hour later to find Graham Sopitt and Paul Maddison heading back down disappointed with the foul weather. Three more for our party were due to arrive in the afternoon so Rob and Dave left for the Top of the Bruce at 2.45pm. After an hour and a half wait during which nobody turned up, we returned to the hut by 5.30pm. After tea, we held a small celebration for Kevin's birthday with balloons, party hats and whistles.

For some unknown reason, we all woke up thirsty at 1am. Taking the chance to look at the weather, we found the cloud gone and a full moon lighting the whole mountain.

A 7am rise, away by 8.20, and five happy guys were cramponing their way up to the Dome Shelter in brilliant sunshine. One and a half hours to the Dome Shelter, we discussed what possibilities lay before us. Although it was Kevin's first time on crampons and almost the same for Trevor, it was decided to attempt Tahurangi, the highest of Ruapehu's peaks at 9175'. We took the easy straight-forward route up the crater wall to the right of Tahurangi and then around up the back to be on top by midday. Lunchtime. There are no technical difficulties whatever on this route provided the party is fit and the weather is fine with snow hard enough for cramponing on. We had struck perfect conditions.

Neil, Trevor and Kevin returned to climb Paretetaitonga, 9025', while Rob and Dave left to climb Girdlestone. One incident occurred on the way over to Girdlestone when Rob and Dave encountered some ice bluffs leading off Tahurangi. An ice chute appeared to be a suitable route to the bottom but as we unfortunately found out, it ended in a nice little overhang. While trying to negotiate this, Dave fell onto a wide ledge, stopping himself just above another bluff. After that, an easy climb of Girdlestone was completed without trouble and after the back-slapping hand-shaking clowning was over, we returned via Tahurangi, over the south crater rim and onto the summit of Paretetaitonga where we met the others. A rest in the sunshine, a mighty bumslide down to the Whakapapa Glacier and we strolled back to the hut for gear and off home.

D.P.

Trevor Plowman, Neil and Rob Lusher. Kevin and Dave Perry.

RUAPEHU (3)

7-8 Oct. '72.

Eight people representing the new H.T.C. Alpine Section set off for a weekend on Ruapehu arriving at the Top of the Bruce in cold misty weather at 10am. We walked up the first chairlift where it became evident that one of our new members was badly equipped and unfit. As the weather was foul anyway, we decided to head for Mangatepopo hut. Paul's landrover made that pretty easy.

The afternoon activity was more or less "do-it-yourself" as some went rockclimbing, some went to the saddle below Ngauruhoe and others just festered at the hut. After a sociable evening with some climbers from Taranaki, and a good sleep, and we woke to find the weather as foul as the day before. With no point in staying, we returned to Hastings after a swim at De Bretts.

D.P.

Murray Ball, Rob Lusher, Trevor Plowman, Glenys Caldwell, Paul Maddison, Graham Soppit, Mark Smith, Dave Perry.

KETETAHI

August 28-31st.

Monday: After leaving Taupo my parents dropped us at the track at 11am.

With 75lb packs we made it to the Ketetahi hut by 3pm. Here we met two other bods who were from Waiouru, who had just climbed Mt. Tongariro. So we decided to climb to the North Crater. The weather was fantastic. We made it to the crater in half an hour. From this point we could see Lake Taupo, Bay of Plenty, the Blue Lake and Mt. Ngauruhoe. We glissaded down.

Tuesday: Morning Mike Harris and Kevin Mathene left for the road, so we started to climb the peak behind the hut, but weather conditions forced us back to the hut. In the afternoon we had another try with the rope to make it to the top. By doing belays we made it to North Crater again. Arrived back at the hut at 4.30pm. It was now blowing and snowing wildly.

Wednesday: Snowing still and misty so remained in hut for morning. In afternoon went out but weather forced us back, so did glissading. That night two teachers arrived in for tea, and at about 8pm six other bods arrived.

Thursday: Up at 6.45am. The first decent day we had had in the last two days so decided to climb to the peak. Left the hut at 7am and made it to the summit by 7.45; could see Mt. Egmont in the distance. We were back at the hut by 9.30am and left for the road at 10.30 meeting my parents on the track up to the hut. Out at the road by 12.45, and back to Taupo. An excellent trip.

Malcolm Ingpen, Tony Martin.

RUAHINE TRAVERSE

August 20-24th

Pohangina the first night. Early next morning:- "I've seemed to have lost all interest in walking the length of the Ruahines in winter." Still things are okay once we get moving. Everyones happy now, the sun's shining, we're on holiday and Howletts is just across the other side of that saddle. "Yeh, on the other side!" Groan! Merrily we plough along rapidly giving new names to snow covered leatherwood and other types of "scrubbish". "I wonder if its easier following someone elses footprints?". It wasn't, you just fall deeper!

Much, much later (after numerous cursings, cries of pain and futile thrashings through uphill gauntlets of dead beech, snow, leatherwood, snow and snow). Howletts finally creeps into view as we crawl up out of the last painful bush which we were sure would hold our weight! Man, a warm dry bed and boiling water over a roaring fire will be tremendous! No such luck. First, dig the hut out, then discover that an opossum has been there before us. The firewood's wet, the water is rusty and the next opossum I see had better look out! Is everybody happy? Later that afternoon David and I are high on Tiraha, enshrouded in mist and cutting steps on an impressive ridge.

Next morning; Frozen socks. Neil's stomach has decided work would be easier perhaps so he and Wendy have decided to head back to the big smoke. After the usual diet of pog and spastic breka, we plod off into the gathering mists. "Have your feet warmed up yet, Brian?". "What feet?". Even with crampons on we think it wise to cut steps up the last bit of Tiraha. Once on top we regretfully say goodbye to Neil and Wendy.

Well, Dave is right, the sawtooth didn't require ropes but unfortunately the sun doesn't come out until we are plodding onto Ohuinga. The mist followed us now as we climbed up to Hinerua Ridge. We expected to have to trudge down the ridge to get our food dump left by the day party, but see a welcome flag near the top. "Thanks a million, Pete and Co."

And so onward. The mists clear just at the right time on Paemutu to give a view of a huge saddle between it and South Rangī. "Well, people, looks like a bivy tonight on Rangī! However we reached South Rangī before sunset and now are certain that with the aid of a full moon we can make Waikamaka Hut. By the time we reach Waipawa Saddle darkness and exhaustion have overtaken us. At last we can off crampons and after futilely standing in the cold trying to establish a radio link with Hastings we stumbled down the Waikamaka Stream. The snow-covered rocks and ice formations seen by moonlight provide a spectacular end to a long, incredibly enjoyable day. The club hut is a very welcome sight and we enjoy the luxury of an open fireplace and a mattress each.

Well, today is the day of days; more perfect weather, not a cloud. The stroll up to the saddle is even more beautiful by daylight - the jewelled water bubbling under crystal formations of ice and sculpturing fantastic shapes as it winds its way forever downstream. Crampons are donned at the Saddle and a short snow plod sees us on some impressive gendarmes overlooking the east face of "66". Photo country! The weather is just too good to ignore so, dropping into a sun-soaked basin, we set out the polythene and prepared a feast. It was great just to eat, sun-bathe, slide on plastic, knowing there is no hurry. Later, its back down to the bushline again.

After a good tea and a comfortable night's sleep at Maropea:- "Hell, who wants three days more of scrub-bashing?". And so home via Shuteye ridge and back to a much needed shower. And, man, what a trip it has been; no-one really cares about not making the full trip but there is still that matter of some (3 months old by now) eggs, bacon and other food quietly festering in Aranga Hut. Oh well, maybe we'll use it on next year's traverse!

R.L.

Sandy and Wendy Smith, Rob and Neil Lusher, Russell Trotter, David Perry, Brian Smith.

SAWTOOTH - as a Day Trip

A ring on Thursday night from Ross convinced me that Sawtooth Ridge in a day could be a worthwhile trip. We left Napier at about 4am, but just north of OngaOnga came upon a car accident with people still inside and so we headed off to Waipukurau with the injured bods. This set us back about 1½ hours all day, (something we were going to curse later at night.)

We arrived at Mill Farm and wasted little time in starting. Just as we arrived at the base of Black Ridge it began to get light. It was a long haul up the ridge and as we got further up the weather seemed to get worse. Barry was nursing a complaining stomach and wasn't enjoying it very much. As we approached the summit of Ohuinga he decided to call it quits and we three decided to continue on.

We had to put on crampons as the snow was getting icy towards the top. Just south of Ohuinga we had a bit of a consultation as to which way to go and split up and looked around, and decided we were right in the first place. We pushed on as time was of great importance. Conditions weren't very enjoyable with wind-blown snow and fog making things hard to pick up. After about an hour's going we decided to have a snack as we were getting tired. Once again we were moving after a short time. Just as we were climbing up Tiraha the mist began to clear and the sun came out. We sat on top of Tiraha and rejoiced for a few brief moments. Then on our way again with Tiraha looking beautiful in the sunlight. We stopped at Howletts only long enough for a snack and then fairly ran down Daphne Spur to the River. At the river we removed most of our storm gear and set off on the long slog downstream. Darkness came quickly and as torches were running out the less said about this soul destroying part the better. We arrived back at the car pretty dead beat but really pleased at the achievement.

C.P.

Ross Hislop, Barry Preston, David Perry, Chris Persen.

THE LANDSBOROUGH LOUNGE--ABOUT

The Taranaki Alpine Club's annual trip for Xmas 1971 was a dramatic attack on the Westcoast Wilds "organized" by Nicholas V.A. Banks. It was with mixed feelings that I decided to join this untamed crew; undecided about my climbing ability, my humour-to-match ability and fitness. Nevertheless, come Dec. 17th and there I was clutching a huge brown paper bag of homemade sandwiches and bikkies and waving madly to my folks through a smuggled window in a stuffy railcar carriage. "You can't turn back now, kid, so read your magazine and save your sandwiches until the last minute!"

Recognising the rowdy Taranaki-ites loaded past their heads with climbing gear is not difficult, even at the Wellington railway station. The picnic began between the station and the ferry boar when a pack and its owner were parted on the pedestrian crossing, and continued throughout the rest of the journey from Christchurch to the Hermitage - where I was "Mrs. Dave Smith" - "apart from this crew due to seating and booking boobs", on the Mt. Cook bus trip.

The next traumatic experience was a ride on a Catholic Tramping Club Goat from the Hermitage, past Twizel and Lake Ohau and up the Hopkins Valley. Suddenly the roar of the motor ceased; we waited for all the dust to settle inside the passenger department and heaved out all the gear. With "See you in eleven days" the big red monster lurched forward and disappeared in anvils of dust down the valley. Swiping sandflies became a habit straight away as we sorted out party gear and food.

At 6.30pm it was "Packs up and away" up the incredibly wide Hopkins Valley, until nightfall at 9pm. Tents were pitched, peas and dehydrated potatoes boiled (we'd forgotten the meat). Driven out by sandflies at 4.30am is no joke, but good motivation technique. Three hours up the Valley and into Elcho Stream saw the fitter members of the party at the N.Z.A.C. Elcho Hut. Heavy rain and thick fog set in and the unanimous decision to "lay low" for the rest of the day proved to be the beginning of a fantastic party feeling, unsurpassed in its jokes and entertainment capacity.

Our intended early morning start the next day was delayed due to continuing bad weather. It wasn't worrying anyone except Nick Banks, who was our food organizer also. At 4.30pm that afternoon when the fog lifted, Banks stirred. In five minutes (I guarantee that) we had packed and left, trudging uphill beside Elcho Stream. After a two hour detour up a side river, over a "dead" (?) avalanche and back to the junction, we continued up Elcho Stream until 8.30pm. With tents up, primuses out and pits ready we slopped down our Indian Curry drenched stew ('found' at Elcho Hut) and bent ourselves to match the tussock clumps for a night's sleep.

The 3000' climb straight up from our camp over Elcho Pass only took 3 hours with snow conditions soft enough for no crampons. Looking west towards Mt. Hooker, and straight below was the Landsborough. The buzz of our food-loaded plane brought forth great yahoos and increased rations, then strings of very descriptive language when we figured it must have been dumped much farther downstream than intended, and on the wrong side of the river. Our tramp down into the Landsborough was a long 7 hours in a water-fall infested stream. Oh, for a track! A waterhole at Kea Flat saw an end to the day. We spent the next day picking up the food.

Up at 6am and ten of us headed upstream and back onto the main divide to about 5500'. The three high altitude tents were pitched, walls of rocks were built round them because of N.W. winds, and the rest of the day (which wasn't much) was spent coaxing Keas with silver paper, spoons and/or large rocks.

An early start on pog with brown sugar, then straight across a huge snow valley. Crampons all the way made the trip fast as we headed up towards Mt. Marchant. The final ascent was a good hundred or so feet, roped in pairs. At 10.30am, munching mountain biscuits and scooping out fingers of peanut butter, we sat on the summit. The view was really tremendous - North to Mt. Cook, Tasman and Sealy, West to Hooker and East as far as Lake Ohau, made the trip worthwhile suddenly. By now it was Xmas Eve, and from Barb's pack appeared balloons, string and jellybeans. The balloons were strung between tents and, dressed in all our clothes and inside sleeping bags, we sang carols, drank milo and waited for the golden sunset to fade in the hope of seeing Father Xmas flying in.

A dwindled party of six headed off at 6am on Xmas Day to make another attempt at Mt. Ward. They were back by 11am announcing their attempt as understandably negative. No persuasion was needed when the question of "shall we return to Kea Flat" was posed. Time was running short, and so were our appetites.

Boxing Day - and it rained. It had rained all night, flooding out those in high altitude tents. We got thrown a mountain biscuit or two, knife and a tin of jam in each tent for breakfast. As soon as the rain eased off, we packed up and plodded downstream to another river flat below Brodrick Pass. Our estimated three hours was, yes, another seven, for the two miles. Vertical river banks are not the easiest of things to pass. In a hut called Hut we had a tremendous feed.

A half day's rest was really welcome. Out came soap, combs, toothbrushes and bikinis. We lounged in the dandelion-laden flat soaking up the sun and slowly making our way through four billies of instant pudding (didn't want to carry it all). At 12 noon we went straight up, no tracks, hoping to get over 5500' Brodrick Pass. At 6 o'clock that night we pitched camp below the pass, still on the western side.

Up and over Brodrick Pass was easy going through leatherwood and small tussock. We glissaded down a valley, ran over the tussock and into the Brodrick N.Z.F.S. hut. Down the Huxley a few hours later was a real treat - wide tracks, trees, ferns, lots of laughing, happy, Twizel-minded mad climbers. A fast party moved ahead down the Huxley, up the Hopkins to Elcho Hut to pick up left gear. The rest camped on the Huxley, making it out to Hopkins Valley by lunchtime the next day.

We were supposed to meet the truck at 4pm. and at 6pm it finally arrived. We left Twizel at 10pm and made our dusty way to the Hermitage, loaded with dozens of cans and singing our heads off. Those who could pitched tents with ice-axes (in the rain at night its quite hard) while other less able members spread out on the benches in a public shelter in the camping ground.

Thursday Dec. 30th (got told the date, day and year) was spent washing, eating anything un-dehydrated and leaning on the bannisters at the Tavern Bar. What utter bliss!

Everyone split up at Wellington. All on my lonesome I boarded the train with my half-price ticket and 3cents to spend, singing disturbingly until given a couple of magazines. I was really happy - happy to have gone and happy to be back. After all, its always the hardest trips you remember as enjoyable.

S. S.

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.

FIXTURE LIST

1972

DEC.16-17 Christmas Party & Picnic - Social CommitteeNEW YEAR TRIP - South Island

Dec.30-Jan.9 Leader: Trevor Plowman - 57.302

1973

JAN.7 Lake Tutira

Leader: Pam Barclay - 36.723

Driver: To be arranged

21 Kaweka Hut - Mackintosh

Leader: Malcolm Ingpen - 89.859

Driver: Peter Manning

27-28 Castle Point - pleasant beach outing

Leader: Wendy Smith - 49.518

Driver: Neil Lusher

FEB.4 Lilo Trip - Hot Springs to Pakaututu Bridge

Leader: Chris Barnett - 37.394

Driver: Rob Lusher

18 Waikamaka - Waterfall Creek - Smiths creek

Leader: Jim Glass - 78.748

Driver: Graham Thorp

MARCH4 Waipiropiro Springs - a pleasant day trip to the Hot Springs
in the Pohokura Valley.

Leader: Jackie Smith - 68.249

Driver: Maury Taylor

17-18 Tataraakina - North of Taupo Road in area of Neverman Search.
(NZMS 1 - N.114)

Leader: Alan Berry - 77.223

Driver: Alan Berry

APRIL1 1000th Trip - Club Trip No. 115 Smiths Creek Hut

Leader: Pam Billings - 56.398

Driver: David Smith

EASTER TRIP - Rua's Track, Urewera

20-23 April Leader: Keith Thomson - 75.391 - cost \$3.

Fixture List (cont.)

1973

APRIL

- 29 Black Stag Hut - easy day trip. Fit party can go to Pohangina Saddle and Otumore.
 Leader: Graham Griffiths - CE.623
 Driver: Graham Griffiths

MAY

- 12-13 Tarawera - tourist trip
 Leader: Athol Mace - 39.520
 Driver: Athol Mace

- 27 Tutaekuri River - a pleasant day trip up from Dartmoor.
 Leader: Murray Ball
 Driver: George Prebble

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

SUBSCRIPTIONS are now due. If paid by December 31st 1972, single are reducible to \$2. and married couples to \$3.

TYPISTS for this issue are:- Nancy Tanner, Barbara Taylor, Margaret Griffiths.

THE FIRST MEETING OF 1973 will be held on January 3rd.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL AND GOOD TRAMPING IN 1973.

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