

HERETAUNGA TRAMPING CLUB (Inc.)

"P O H O K U R A"

Bulletin No. 123

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TO MAKE A GOOD TRIP REALLY GOOD

The following are a few ideas on planning, leading and going on long trips. Although Christmas '73 is still a good way off some people will soon be planning to join a club trip, or working out a trip of their own. By a long trip, I mean a week or longer, but the following applies to all trips, and its importance increases with the length of the trip.

First consider the party. If its a private trip then the leader or instigator can choose to invite whom he likes and usually he will invite people he knows, likes, and knows will get on with the others. These three points are important: He must know the people and their capabilities - both their physical fitness and how their enthusiasm reacts to different situations, e.g. when it's pouring with rain, cold as hell and you can't see more than 10 yards and the maps are all wrong! Obviously, he must like the people - don't take on someone just to swell the numbers; it can be a disaster if you're stuck in a hut for several days. Likewise, he must be fairly sure that everyone is compatible, particularly if some of the party haven't met or won't get a chance to meet before the trip. This business of suitable people also concerns the individual members. It is their responsibility to ensure that they get on satisfactorily with everyone else in the party. Any friction doesn't affect just them; it may ruin the holiday for everyone. Be a bit cagey about accepting invitations to join trips, until you've found out who's going on it. On the other hand don't be indecisive for too long, or the leader will die of frustration. All this emphasis on personal relationships may seem exaggerated, but a little consideration of these points can make all the difference between a trip and a really good trip.

The number on the trip will probably depend on where you're going and the type of trip. Four is a good number (and is a minimum for safety). It makes a fast party; if you have a big tent you can all get into it; if you're doing a bit of rope work an even number is useful. Six is also a good number; it tends to dilute the company a bit if you haven't considered the first paragraph enough. Eight is often alright but you start to get problems of space in huts; meals get a bit large, requiring extra billies etc.

A club trip is a bit more difficult. The number on the trip will usually be larger, which often enforces camping out - not so in the Ruahines perhaps, but you try a National Park! Also the problems of personal relations looms up again. On a club trip the leader is more or less obliged to accept anyone that applies to join as long as he or she is sufficiently fit and well equipped. The responsibility therefore, falls more on the individual members. If you know you can't last a week tramping with some particular person on the trip, don't go! Trips are often spoilt by having too large a party. A good policy with club trips is to restrict the numbers to, say, 10 or 12. The leader doesn't have to give a reason for this. It's his prerogative and he should stick to it rigidly. A number limit should be advertised well in advance and a first come first in system used (with reservation). This puts everyone in the picture so they only have themselves to blame if they miss out. If a large number are to be turned away, however, the officers of the club should be aware of this and a second trip should perhaps be arranged. While a first in first served system seems fair, the leader should also vet the party to ensure a safe ratio of strong, experienced trampers to weaker members. Remember that if an accident occurs in bad conditions - say in snow, or on exposed tops - there must be enough strong people to deal with the injured and enough to shepherd the rest of the party to safety. Weaker members may not be able to stand the cold of waiting around while an injured person is tended.

Gear and food is an important point. On a private trip there is usually collaboration between all members so there is no problem. If food is calculated beforehand and wrapped in day lots it saves a lot of trouble. Each lot should be labelled with the day number and weight so that each person knows what food he's carrying and how much it weighs. Try to arrange distribution so that each member gets rid of weight at approximately the same rate. Some trips pool all the food at the start of each day and redivide it into equal lots. This is a tedious business and should and can be avoided.

Club trips can be organized in two ways. First, all the food can be bought and organized by the leader. This takes the problem off all the individual members and ensures an economical food/weight ratio. It also means easier cooking - fewer billies on the fire if everyone has the same thing. Or, food can be bought on an individual basis. This allows people to choose their diet to their own satisfaction. But, if there are people in the party who have not experienced long trips, they may be bringing insufficient or too much food, purely because they don't know how much they'll need. Much duplication of small items (e.g. salt) occurs in this case which is wasteful of weight. No matter which way it is organized a gear and food list issued to every member by the leader is a good idea. This should list every item each person should have and the weight of food they will be given to carry.

A maximum total weight allowable should also be given as a guide, particularly for younger people.

The trip itself should also be very carefully considered. Whether private or club the intended route should be mapped out in its entirety well beforehand. This lets everyone know just what they're letting themselves in for. Also, everyone becomes mentally adjusted to the nature of the trip - unconsciously.

Trampers, as people, are self starters and must be fed on a sense of achievement. It is important, therefore, that a trip should have a goal - a peak, a pass or whatever, so that people will know where they're going and can assess each day's performance in the light of their preconceived notions about the trip and gain satisfaction from it. People enjoy a trip more if they have to extend themselves to do it, but don't overdo it - especially on a long trip.

In choosing a trip make as much use as possible of people who've been there before. Don't be ashamed to ask. Most people are always ready to give advice - unfortunately few people take it. Get several opinions so you can judge for yourself what an area is like. If you talk to a culler, multiply his times by $1\frac{1}{2}$. Trips invariably improve with age. "We just popped over that saddle, no trouble at all" is typical tramper talk. If it was last week it probably was easy. If it was a few years ago all the sweat and hardwork has probably been forgotten or glossed over. The difficulty of the trip should suit the party. Don't make it too hard, no matter how tough you think you are. Give yourself an easy day after a hard one. Rest days are often included. These are good for the less fit people but they can be a bit boring for the fitties. Have a rest day where a side trip can be done. Plan your days with the size of the party in mind. Big parties take longer to get away in the morning and are slower travelling. Give your route flexibility so that bad weather or other problems can be dealt with without throwing the whole trip out of gear. Allow a spare day for unforeseen contingencies but have something in mind to do with it, if all goes according to plan.

Finally a few words on leadership. All the good books list a leader's duties. Remember the three basic rules - the safety of the party, the enjoyment of the party, the successful completion of the trip. But, make sure you put them in that order! More should really be said of the party's responsibility to the leader. The leader has put a lot of work into organizing the trip, especially if it's a club one. If it doesn't go too well he feels responsible. It's up to the individual members of the party to ensure that it does go well. Don't wait to be asked to do things, get stuck in and do them. A person who is self-motivating in this respect is much better company than the slacker who does the bare minimum. "A good leader is unobtrusive" say the manuals. If he's got a good party he will be unobtrusive; judge for yourself. Remember the leader should enjoy the trip too!

4.
C L U B T R I P S

No. 991

KAWEKA TRAVERSE (day trip) 26th November

(a) Shorter trip - Middle Hill/Makino

Believe it or not, a dozen or so yawning bodies were sitting in Pete's Kombi at the Wairangi Rd turnoff waiting for the rest of the crew at 3.30 a.m. - yes that's right - 3.30 a.m.!!

Tramping by 6 a.m! It was a relief to have a light pack for a change, and then, 2 $\frac{1}{4}$ hours later, to flop down on the grass outside Middle Hill Hut. Much debate followed, and eventually those who thought they could, separated themselves from those who thought they couldn't (or didn't want to) and entrusted their fate to their intrepid leader following him in the general direction of Whetu, to emerge later (in fact, very much later!) at the Kuripapango end of the Kawekas.

The remainder, (girls actually outnumbering guys for a change) headed off shortly after towards Makino Hut via the new land route. Three tributaries of the Mangatutu stream necessitated steep "drop-in-and-crawl-up-again" efforts. At the third of these a downstream diversion was made to meet the main track just above Makino Bivi. From here we wasted no time getting home so that Peter could drive to Kuripapango to pick up David's team.

Leader: Neil Lusher

No. in party 9

Neil Lusher, Rob Lusher, Peter Lewis, Greg Dolbel, Wendy Smith
Judith Dow, Pam Billings, Jo Bloomer, Anna Bloomer.

(b) Kaweka Traverse

Nine of us set off from Middle Hill hut up the ridge to Whetu. Half way up, two pulled out because of sickness and returned to join the others.

We emerged from the bushline to be hit by cold winds, forcing us to don parkas. From the start an easy steady pace was set, this being maintained throughout the day.

The trip was straight forward with no hitches as we moved over Whetu, North Kaweka, Kaweka J (where we stopped for lunch) and through Studholme's Saddle to Kaiarahi by 4 p.m. There, after a unanimous decision, we kept to the tops and moved round to Kiwi Saddle hut for a brew at 5.45 p.m.

We left Kiwi Saddle at 6.15p.m. and travelled in the twilight and then darkness down to Iron Gate, with only some minor difficulties in following the track. We dropped our packs on

the roadside at 9.30 p.m.

A total of 15½ hours tramping, an average of 3 hours sleep each beforehand, a relatively unfit party and one sick member - some great odds. Well done those who had the gumption to take it on.

Thank you, Peter Lewis, for picking us up.

Leader: Dave Perry

No. in party 7. John Furminger, Bruce Perry, Randall Goldfinch, Ralph Scott, Keith Thomson, Joanne Smith

No. 992

LAKE WAIKAREITI 10th-11th December

With the truck out of action and 23 bods wanting to go, we had to rely on Peter, Alan and Mr. Smith for wheels.

We were away by about 7 a.m. and had our first view of Waikaremoana about 11 a.m. An hour or so was spent sight-seeing around Aniwaniwa Falls and enquiring about the hire of a boat to assist in our exploits.

Lunch was consumed, and we set off up the track - sorry, highway. Being a National Park it was benched about 3 feet and cambered on the corners. Led by the female contingent, we arrived at the shelter 45 minutes later.

Lunch was once again consumed and we headed for Waikareiti Hut an hour later. Arriving at the hut, we found we had been preceded by several ardent fishermen.

The next morning revealed the beauty of the area with low mist clinging to the surface of the lake and feathery wisps veiling the tree-tops. Much film was used and we later headed for the Kaipo lagoons.

The serenity of this area was appreciated by all with frequent stops to enjoy the still waters. With the temperature rising, the sight of Waikareiti inspired several bods to cool off in its clear waters.

The return journey commenced around 11 a.m. and the pace was slow enough for us to enjoy all views. We passed the shelter about 1.30 and were out a little later.

Leader: Paul Richards

No. in party 18

Vicki Blake, Karen Smith, Leonie Sparrow, Peter Lewis, David Smith, Alan Bristow, Rob Lusher, Dennis Galyer, Murray Ball, Jo Bloomer, Anna Bloomer, Johanna Campbell, Bill Gray, Grahame Campbell, Dave Perry, Lindsay Going, David Wilkins.

No. 993

SOUTH ISLAND TRIP

Dec. 30th-Jan. 11th

(Greenstone-Routeburn-West Coast)

Saturday 30th

Eleven drove to Wellington in the Kombi and Rover and sailed that evening for Lyttleton on the "Rangatira".

Sunday 31st

At Geraldine Madge McConnell revived us with some very welcome morning tea. We stopped for lunch just short of Tekapo. Mt. Cook at first obscured by cloud, cleared as we approached. At the Hermitage we decided we should see the Tasman Glacier so headed up to Ball Hut. There was no room there for our eleven, so, after teasing the keas we returned to the camping ground at the Hermitage. By the time tents were erected and dinner cooked only 20 minutes were left of the old year. These were spent singing and dancing till everyone collapsed shortly after midnight.

Monday 1st

To Queenstown via the Lindis Pass where there is a memorial to commemorate the liberation of red deer in this area ! It was good to see Geoff Richards again and hear from him a bit about the Routeburn where he had just been. The camping ground in Queenstown wanted a good behaviour bond from us. That sounded a bit risky and a bit expensive so we decided to go on to Glenorchy. The camping ground here had all the amenities but only about 5% of the population of the Queenstown one. Trevor arranged with Harry Bryant to pick us up from the wharf at 9 a.m. the next day.

Tuesday 2nd

The camping ground Proprietor Jim, loaded us all on his Ford V8 pick-up and took us down to the wharf ($\frac{3}{4}$ mile). Harry ferried us across the lake to a point 4 miles south of Kinloch. From here a bulldozed track of six miles brought us to Elfin Bay. The Greenstone track started here and after an hour we reached Lake Rere - a nice bush-clad lake. As we continued on Alan developed loss of voice and a sore throat. We stopped at 7 p.m. to camp. It was still light at 9.25 p.m.

Wednesday 3rd

Alan's flu was much worse. Time for quick decisions. Trevor and Russell disappeared to run out Alan's pack while Peter generously undertook to go out with Alan to Elfin Bay

and then to Glenorchy. With steady running all the way, the pack arrived at Lake Rere in a very good 55 minutes. Trev spoke to some bods who agreed they would see Alan got back safely. Then the two returned meeting Peter and Alan on the trail. It was decided that Peter return with us up the Greenstone and Alan be left with bods - Trev took Alan to Rere, (a beggar for volunteering) and joined us on the trail. We caught up with the others at lunch time at the beginning of the flats. The trip of some hours up through the wide Greenstone valley was interspersed with gorges and cattle. CATTLE! yes, genuine Hereford beasties, and if you've ever tried separating bulls from the main part of their herd by casually walking in their midst, as the fearless Randall managed to, you'll understand our moments of fear and dismay, followed by awe as our hero drove back the herd single-handed and allowed us to pass. We eventually reached the National Park boundary and camped at the eastern end of Lake McKellar in a delightful sheltered glade at about 8.10p.m. To end the day on a warm note, Trevor burnt a hole in his tent.

Thursday 4th

The weather was very wet and depressing. We left at 11.30 and making slow progress through the beech forest reached Howden hut in about 2 hours 10 mins. The hut was full with all nationalities except Kiwis! and the result of inexperience was showing in several cases - kids with exposure, a woman in a long cotton dress looking miserable in the wet and cold. Left Howden at .25 p.m. heading for McKenzie. Slow trip due to rain and general tiredness. Some double packing. We were walking above the Hollyford Valley which we were told affords some magnificent views (in fine weather). However we did see the Earland Falls - impressive at any time but even more in flood. We crossed on the emergency bridge. Arrived at McKenzie about 8.15p.m. A beautiful site beside the lake, and comfort of comforts - bunks.

Friday 5th

Friday morning was drizzly and the party spent an unscheduled day at Lake McKenzie due to two sick members.

Later in the day the weather cleared so Randall went back to Howden Hut. Two members slept in until lunch then went for a jaunt around the lake. Trevor and Karyn went up to Emily Pass leaving 11.55 a.m. and arriving back 5.35 p.m. Clare and Peter went back to see the Earland falls. Paul took off up towards Harris Saddle with Jeff, a guy he met at McKenzie. All in all a good lazy day was enjoyed and appreciated by everybody.

Saturday 6th

Saturday morning promised a fine day as we prepared to leave Lake Mackenzie hut. As Janice was ready a few minutes earlier than some of the rest, it was suggested that she might find someone else who had also finished packing, and set out.

But when the latecomers straggled up above the bush line, a quick check revealed that we were all there except Janice. We called, but heard no reply. We didn't think she could have left us so far behind as to be out of earshot already, so the obvious conclusion was that she had missed the track at the end of the lake. Some hurried on to the top of the hill, just in case she was waiting there, while others dashed back down to the lake, and even some distance back along the track towards Howden.

Then a party travelling south along the track brought us news of a girl they had met, who was travelling at quite a rapid pace because she did not want to hold up the rest of her party. So we plodded back up the hill, and soon met another lot who said she was miles ahead. Then another who told us of a little Canadian girl sitting at the Harris Saddle writing letters and wondering what had happened to the rest of her party.

The feeling of relief helped to make the rest of this day one of the highlights of the trip. The track was now high above the bush-line, and averaging only a gradual gain in height as it led along the side of the Hollyford Valley. Far below, the valley stretched away to Lake McKerrow and the Tasman sea, but the dominating feature of the view was the opposite side of the valley - the Darrans. Reaching up towards the sky, smooth snowfields, crevassed glaciers, huge cliffs, ledges piled thickly with ice, and sharp corniced ridges leading steeply upward to peaks higher still (to nearly 9000ft at Tutoko); streams of melt-water glistening on the rocks, gathering into waterfalls to plunge into the valley; tiny clouds like bits of cottonwool, clinging to some of the slopes.

From the well-tied-down little A-frame shelter hut in the Harris saddle, we climbed the little peak to the north of the saddle, conical hill, from which the view was even more glorious. From the wildflowers and tarns and patches of old snow at our feet, or the chilly-looking Lake Wilson, at nearly our own level, perched on a rocky ledge surrounded by snow to the north, or Lake Harris dark and still in the basin below, or, away to the south, the road into the Hollyford with beyond it a glimpse into the Eglinton Valley and the blueness of Lake Gunn, our eyes kept on being drawn to the Darrans, now seeming higher than ever; we've seen plenty of

9.

mountains before, but some of us just about had tears in our eyes; these were so beautiful and we knew we might never again see them like this.

An easy stroll brought us down to Routeburn Falls hut, with its crowds of people and playful keas, and, after a good meal, great feelings of peacefulness as we sat and watched the last evening sunlight leave Mt. Earnslaw.

Sunday 7th

Kea's sounded the reveille for this morning. The party hit the trail at 9 a.m. The track ran downhill, closely following the mighty Routeburn river and the last members finished the walk in time to catch the commuters' bus at midday. Bright, old and gaudy was the vehicle, young was its driver and willing were the passengers so after surviving many hair-raising incidents (literally) at exorbitant speeds, we spent a warm lunch hour recovering on the Kinloch jetty. Harry Bryant ferried the party over to Glenorchy and waiting to greet us we found Alan - quite at home in the transit shed. There was a race for the nice hot showers in the Motor camp but smirks of pleasure soon changed as cold water gushed down on bare bodies. Still, refreshed and sort of presentable again, we then headed for the civilisation of Queenstown. The party had now grown to 13 as the boys had offered two Aussie girls a lift into town. We also did our good deed for the day and towed out a mini which had tried to swim the lake. As no-one felt like cooking - "greasies" for tea, then off up the goat track to the top of Skippers Canyon. By now it was getting dark and camera fans had to await the morrow to capture the many magnificent views. Found a comfy possie to camp; pitched the tents some slept.

Monday 8th

We had a look round Arrowtown, crossed the Crown Range to Wanaka where we had lunch and a swim, then on to camp at Haast.

Tuesday 9th

We awoke to tremendous conditions and managed an 8.30 departure. Managed Fox Glacier by 11.30 a.m. and had an hour long inspection tour. Gathered food and headed for Lake Matheson. Uninspiring. Franz Joseph and absorbed lunch on a local's front lawn. 3.40 p.m. up to Glacier and on with the climbing image. 6.40 p.m. departure for Hokitika.

2 minutes past twelve saw the last weary bod submerge into his bag at the base of Arthur's Pass. It was now Wednesday and

we had seen all the best of the West Coast in the past 18 hours

Wednesday 10th

After getting a puncture fixed at Otira, we ground over Arthur's Pass. The road wound down to the small but pleasant town of - you've guessed it - Arthur's Pass. A slow wander through the museum brought considerable interest. Gears eventually meshed for the long haul to Christchurch. Arrived at Geoff Richards' flat shortly after 1700 hours. Joy Breayley appeared during the evening. As midnight neared, we turned in for an early night, scattering ourselves over the floor of Geoff's groovey pad.

Thursday 11th

Daylight trip back to Wellington. In Hastings by 1.30a.m.
Friday...

No. in party 11

Leader: Trevor Plowman

Clare Wetherill, Janice Barrett, Sandra Smith, Karyn Bishop
Joanne Smith, Alan Bristow, Peter Lewis, Russell Perry,
Paul Richards, Randall Goldfinch.

Mileage/vehicle

1500 miles

days

13 days

total cost/member

\$46.30

LAKE TUTIRA

Jan 7th

Cancelled owing to lack of support

No. 994

KAWEKA HUT - MACHINTOSH HUT Jan 21st

Our party of 7 arrived at the pine tree on a fine sunny morning. We had left Holts at 5.10 a.m. in two cars. We had a pleasant walk into Kaweka hut where we had morning tea with three hunters.

Left for Machintosh hut at 9.25 a.m. We had a pleasant rest in the Kaiarahi stream and moved on to Machintosh for lunch.

Set out on the return trip via Castle rock road 1 p.m. Had a refreshing swim in the lakes before driving back home. A most enjoyable trip and a big thanks to those who supplies cars.

No. in party 7

Leader: Malcolm Ingpen

Trevor Hankin, Peter Manning, Edward Smith, David Schcity,
Joan Bennett, Ray Dixon.

We left Hastings at 7 and travelled down to Woodville where we met Trev, and Karyn who had come up from Palmerston North. We carried on to Masterton where we went for a little tour of the City. After this break we headed for Castle Point. We went down to see the beach and had a look at a small church. Returning to the camping ground we booked in there (\$6 for a night). Returning to the beach, we spent the afternoon sunbathing, swimming, fishing and walking. The rocks at Castle Point form a barrier around the lagoon, and the large pacific swell breaking over these rocks is an impressive sight. We returned to the campsite about 6 p.m. and cooked our teas on the camping ground facilities.

After tea a few of us found a large sand dune which provided a great deal of enjoyment for the rest of the evening.

The morning dawned bright and sunny and after early swims and breakfast we all headed up to the light house which stands on top of Castle point. We did some climbing on some large cliffs and hills on the right hand side of the lagoon entrance. Most of us climbed to the highest point on these hills, and this effort provided us with some magnificent panoramic views of the surrounding coastline.

We arrived back down at the Kombi at 12 o'clock, had some lunch at the shop and then headed up the coast to another beach called Matakona. Here we all gathered for a second feed, and then we split up, Trev, Karyn and Paul heading back to Palmerston, and the rest coming straight back to Napier in the Kombi. A great trip enjoyed by all.

No. in party 11

Leader: Bill Gray

Trev. Plowman, Karyn Bishop, Vicki Blake, Jo Bloomer, Anna Bloomer, Mark Smith, Alan Bristow, Peter Lewis, Steven Fan Paul Richards

No. 996 MOHAKA RIVER - HOT SPRINGS TO PAKATUTU BRIDGE 4th Feb.

Departed from Hastings on a bright warm looking morning and duly arrived at Wharerangi road to pick up Napier bods. It turned out a few too many for the truck, 30 altogether, so Peter took his Kombi as well. Must have been a few heavy breakfasts in the truck as from Rissington on it never spent 10 minutes in top gear. We finally drew to a halt at the Makahu Road turnoff where a great grey cloud of dust shot out of the back of the truck and disentangled itself into individual grey dust covered people. Gear was sorted and

what was to be required at the end of the trip was put in the Kombi and taken to the Pakatutu bridge where it was left. Back to the mob in the middle of nowhere and took off grunting in low gear to the haybarn.

We all climbed out, packed up and set off in everything from barefeet to hobnail boots. The track, the bush, the ground parched. Thirty pairs of feet pounded up almost enough dust to cast a shadow.

Dinner and swimming by the river at the spring. Lilos blown up and a rubber boat - wet suits, togs and jerseys donned and everyone champing at the bit to be gone. At last 22 off down the river and eight left to swim and have a look around, then back to the truck and down to the Pakatutu bridge where the others had all arrived safely, apart from a few bruises. Into the river again to get away from the heat then a sit in the shade, a bite to eat, more gear sorting and away home. Peter Lewis should have a new dinner tinc by next trip as his has a wheel mark thru the middle.

Most of the dust was avoided on the return trip by arranging the tarpaulin to close off the rear of the truck. Back in town by dusk.

P.M.

On the river The water was warm and smooth - it was the rocks which livered things up a bit.

We all set off at about 1 o'clock, and a great number of our lilos were going down all ready. We were a very colourful party (what could be seen above water level) and jokes were flying in all directions as we approached the first rapids. Peter ran on ahead to take some 'on-the-spot' photos and I think that the natural grimaces on his poor subjects' faces made his whole day worth while.

One was immediately stranded on the first rock and once there, everyone who passed, for some reason or an other, seemed to laugh. I must admit it is a weird sensation to be floating in calm water and suddenly to realise that your lilo is still caught on a rock in the last rapids. Many lilos sank or leaked and I had the luck to have all the stitching pulled out of mine.

We arrived tired and thankful at the bridge at approximately 3 o'clock.

P.S. I have procured a new lilo and will be there next year!

T.E.

No. in party: 30

Driver-leader: P. Manning.

P. Lewis, Murray Ball, Alan Bristow, Raewyn Walker, Tim Persen, Brian Soppit, Graham Soppit, Rob Lusher, Chris Persen, Vicki Blake, Anna Bloomer, Pam Barclay, Ray Dixon Joan Bennett, Glenys Baldwin, Sue Lusher, Toby Easton, Jo Bloomer, Jane Taylor, Marianne Magill, Pam Billings, Christine Smith, Bridgette Ogilvie, David Wilkins, Keith Thomson, Phillip Thomson, Bill Gray, Paul Richards, Gregory Dalbel

No. 997

WATERFALL CREEK HUT

17th-18th Feb.

Sitting in Waikamaka Hut at lunchtime listening to the rain, it seemed at first that the rot had set in and no-one would be keen enough to go on to Waterfall Creek Hut; however, a few keen ones gradually persuaded more and more to go with them, until only four of us stayed behind. We had decided that this would be a good opportunity to improve the track from the stream up to the hut.

In frequent showers, a new ditch was dug to take run-off water from the hillside away from the little flat on which the hut stands, as the old drain was to become the top part of the new track. Next morning, with rain still falling, a most time-wasting obstacle, in the form of a number of boulders 2 to 3ft long, embedded in clay, handicapped the track formation work.

Thick cloud on the tops caused the Waterfall Creek party to come back out via Waikamaka. They had found out for themselves that the hut was not in the place where the map shows it, but had then gone too far up the Kawhatau, before coming back down and finding the hut.

No. in party 13.

Leader: Peter Lewis

Josephine Bloomer, Ed Smith, Malcolm Ingpen, Ashley White, Ian Johnstone, Graham Thorp, Anna Bloomer, Trevor Sinclair, Dennis Galyer, Peter Manning, Steven Fan, Murray Ball

No. 998

GLENFALLS MOHAKA

4th March

Instead of the scheduled trip to Waipiropiro Springs club members took part in a bushcraft course held by the Hawkes Bay Mountain Safety Committee.

No. in party 10. Keith and Jennifer Thomson, Chris Persen, Toby Easton, Sue Lusher, Susan Morris, David Wilkins, Murray Ball, Tony Martin, Peter Lewis.

No. 999 (a)

TATARAAKINA

17th-18th March

At about 8.45 a.m. we left the truck parked on the side of the bulldozed track. The track goes all the way but it was not suitable for the truck. We freshened up with a swim under a bridge a fair way up the track. Also along the track we came across a sow with half a dozen piglets. Very cautiously we walked around its mudhole and continued up to the landowner's cottage. He wasn't home so we strolled down the stream and some of us had a second dip. By this time we needed lunch and lazed around for most of the afternoon. Later, we set about making bivvys for the night. Luckily for some people it didn't rain that night.

The next morning, we went up to the cottage to find a very friendly owner, who told us where we could go. We set off up a track to a couple of huts where we filled in half an hour before retracing our steps to the cottage, to have lunch, surrounded by our friends we had met at the mudhole previously. Shortly after this, we packed up and headed back to the truck.

Overall, it was a good easy tramp.

K.P.

No. in party 9

Leader: Dave Perry

Kevin Perry, John Duncan, Murray Ball, Dannis Galyer,
Peter Berry, Wayne King, Neil Lusher, Wendy Smith

(b) Tataraakina

18th March

We didn't take the Kombi through the normally-locked gate at the turnoff just short of Tarawera because we could not be sure when someone might be along to let us out again! But a hunter kindly gave us a lift in his van, over a fairly rough former logging road, to a point well up on Tataraakina. From there, already up in the clouds, we set off up a branch road on which it would be great fun to take an old VW "Beetle" very steep and rocky, with plenty of hairpin bends. This goes right up to the TV translator - at present only a little hut, containing one 12 volt car battery and a tiny box of electronic gear, plus two aerials, but a bigger installation will be required when colour TV is introduced, and in preparation for this a power line is being constructed.

The wrenched-off door of the hut, and the bent aerials, hint at how high and exposed this place is, but except for occasional glimpses of treetops hundreds of feet below, we saw nothing outside our own little circle of fog. Hoping (in

vain) that it might clear, we sat around for a while, and had an early lunch, but at around 3700ft altitude it wasn't the warmest, so we followed the power-line surveyors' track down and paused to boil the billy where the Oteakau stream is crossed by the road. On the last stage out to the main road, advantage was taken of the opportunity to feast on big luscious blackberries.

Peter Lewis, Christine Smith, Jillian Robinson, Joan Bennett, David Wilkin, Anna Bloomer, Liz Pindar, Denise Robinson, Ray Dixon, Vicki Blake, Owen Brown.

No. 1000

1000TH OFFICIAL TRIP April 30th-May 1st

7.30p.m. on 30th April, saw the arrival at Peak House of the first of 87 present and past club members together with five of the original trip members for talking, dining, dancing and reminiscing. With groups around club albums, reliving days bygone, a short talk on the beginnings of the Club and the activities of the Middle East section of H.T.C. during the 2nd World War a very pleasant evening drew to a close.

Sunday 1st April: Bound for Waipoapoa station 6 cars and 1 truck left Holts at 8.15 with direct travellers catching up at the station. A total of 12 cars, 1 Kombi and 1 truck disgorging - wait for it - 79 with ages ranging from 9 months to the late sixties. What a mob! Group photographs before a stroll to a high trig point where we travelled north to the limestone escarpment, the scene of the original trip. More photos, then away on the homeward leg of the trip, last half hour of which was accompanied by light rain.

A very pleasant weekend was had by all, more especially, I should imagine, by those who had fresh mushrooms for tea as a bonus. Special thanks must go to Margaret Griffiths and Marilyn Thorp for the excellent job they did in organising the dinner and thanks to all those who, in being present, made the weekend the success it was.

M.T.

No. in party 79

Leader: Maurice Taylor

Karol Murton, June Hill, Nancy Tanner, Vicki Blake, Johanna Campbell, Sandy Smith, Anna Bloomer, Jenny Thompson, Val Brenchley, Karyn Bishop, Jill and Denise Robinson, Joan Smith, Ursula Milner-White, Janet Lloyd, Edna Ansell, Glenys Caldwell, Helen Hill, Glenda Smith with Fiona, Christopher, Grant, Jane and Mark, Rob Lusher, Dennis Galyer, Jo Bloomer, David Wilkins, Paul, Bep, Arie, and Bianca van Rangebrooi, Phil, Els, Michael and Deborah Bayens, Lin Sewter, Maurie, Barbara, Robyn, Susan & Kevin Taylor, David Smith, David Perry, Keith, Anna, Andrew and Katrina Garrett, Russell, Annette, Mark and Tracey Berry

Jim, Doreen and Susan, Karen & Martin Glass, Robert and Andrew Smith, Graham Campbell, Alan Stewart, Peter Berry, Murray Ball, Alan Bristow, Graham Soppit., Malcolm Ingpen, Wayne King, Darrell Butler, Paul Richards, Trevor Plowman, George Butler, Graham, Marilyn and Rachel Thorpe, Pam, Brian and Julie Turner, Peter Lewis, George Prebble.

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CHRISTMAS PARTY

The traditional Christmas party was held on the 16th December at the Bible class hall on the Tukituki. The Wednesday before saw strenuous activity by energetic trampers risking their lives (!) among crepe paper and rafters; and with Saturday morning's efforts in forestry, combined to form a gay background to the party. After games, and mighty efforts with balloons, string and spoons, Father Christmas kindly offered to cut the Christmas cake; and distributed toffees, with a sure aim! Dancing followed. About 15 volunteers stayed the night and helped clean up the hall and surroundings, although with the singing and music that continued to 3am - or was it dawn - I am still not sure how all did such a good job in the short time.

E.P.

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RUAHINE TRAVERSE

Sunlight bright on the rounded rocks,
invites the crunching chilled feet.
Crystalline droplets of water bubbling
behind frozen fantasies of ice,
tunnelling, twisting forever away.
The rhythmic crunch of cramponed boot
on the jewel blazed ice; eyes squinting
then steamed glasses, fixed on the slope above.
The unexpected elation of seeing the objective
bobbing into view, now within reach
of the mechanical plods.
The flood of elation gushes forth
on having achieved; spontaneously grin,
speechless, but knowing your fellow feels the same.
No obligations, no commitments, time immaterial.
So much beauty, and only a lifetime
to see part of it.

R.L.

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WAIPAWA BUSHCRAFT COURSE

March 11th.

Club members took part in a Bushcraft course organised by the Waipawa Rotary Club. One party went in to Waikamaka and another camped at the Forks. Lectures were given on First Aid, the use of Firearms and Bushcraft.

No. of H.T.C. taking part: 5:

Alan Bristow, Warren Clark, Murray Ball, John Ball, Peter Lewis.

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PRIVATE TRIPSFIORDLAND

January 1 - 9th 1973

Manapouri - Dusky Sound

Monday 1st: Richard Wills, Ali Wood and I stand apprehensively by huge 10 day packs at the South Arm of Lake Manapouri. The driver of the bus trip over Wilmot Pass to Deep Cove offers us a ride to where the track starts and so begins an unexpected detour in a guided tour of the underground H.E.P. project. All too soon however we are slogging up the Spey River in dense Fiordland bush. Everything is covered in the brilliant hues of saturated mosses dangling lianes and countless varieties of ferns and bushes which bearded the dense trees. The pongas grow to an incredible size, their dripping fronds hanging like umbrellas everywhere.

The river forks and we head up a steep hanging valley to Centre Pass. After an exhausting climb we emerge from the bush at last and are confronted with towering rock walls forming an impressive cirque at the head of the valley. We finally make camp between some avalanche boulders and squash into Richard's little tent. The weather has been getting progressively worse all day and finally breaks into torrential rain.

Tuesday 2nd: Breaking camp is a miserable wet job but we are soon high above the circling mists and relaxing on the pass. Far, far below is Gair Loch, nestled between incredible, bush-covered, cone-shaped peaks whose sheer walls plummet to the water's edge. The track is really a one way dangling - preferably down! Hours of swinging down backwards on tree roots, sloshing thru calf-deep mud, stumbling drunkenly over slippery roots, legs shaking uncontrollably and kneecaps like butter! Lower down, the track gives terrific views of the thundering waterfalls of the Kintail Stream as it roars out of the hanging valley. The Seaforth River comes in on our right just before the Lake, where we have a much needed rest and swim.

Once past the lake we again drop vertically down to the junction of the Kenneth Burn and the Seaforth. Their combined waters double the Seaforth's previous size and together they roar on down the valley. The next 2 or 3 hours are remembered now only as a blur of mud, rocks, water, trees and sandflies! The body machines its way on, step after step, over logs, through puddles, up banks, down rocks, on and on. The mind falls into a trance, feet stumbling unco-ordinated through deep mud. We cannot bear to think how far away Loch Maree hut is. Around the next corner, over the next huge upward steps? A roof! Hidden resources push the legs on to collapse in a twisted heap on the doorway. B..... sandflies! No peace! The flying pain chases us into bed. How convenient.

Wednesday 3rd: With light 2 day packs we skip around the lake shore to meet the old bullock trail from Dusky Sound. Four hours of fast flat travel sees us at the Old Seaforth Hut. The little stream which we saw in its first trickles enters the fjord, now a deep black mass of sluggish water. Another hour and we suddenly burst out of the bush onto the wide tidal flats of Dusky Sound! The smell of salt air is remarkably strong after the earthy smell of the bush. We squelch across the flats and finally arrive at Supper Cove hut where we know we can sit down and relax in the sun.

Oh you little black B.....s! --- must get behind the door. Swat, swipe. So small and yet so many, the sandflies spoil the beauty of the peaceful fjord. And so we remain trapped indoors, with the black plague swarming at the windows.

Thursday 4th: All night the rain hammers and by morning the small streams of yesterday are flooded threefold. Huge waterfalls and slippery log crossings hinder our progress back to Loch Maree hut $5\frac{1}{2}$ long, wet hours later we finally arrive at the beautiful big hut and make full use of the afternoon to rest weary limbs. We even celebrate with hot scones.

Friday 5th: An early start and soon we're hauling pack and body up the vertical track towards the Mt. Pleasant Range. After several hours of using hands as much as feet we are rewarded by great views of the whole of Dusky Sound and the surrounding miles of bush. Once over the range we pass through some spectacular basing country before dropping down to Lake Roe hut at the head of the Hauroko Burn.

Saturday 6th: A very early start and we are soon up to Lake Roe, skirting its left end before plodding up onto the snow-covered Merrie Range. The view from this, the highest point of the trip, is incredible. For miles one sees nothing but phallic shaped peaks and, far below, Lakes Hauroko and Monowai. Snow travel is tricky without axes but several hours later we are at the head of the Florence River. Six long, bush-bashing, leg-twanging, tree-swinging hours later we collapse for the night on the flats near the end of the river.

Sunday 7th: A few minutes walk in the morning and we find a beautiful fly camp. Oh well! Several hours downstream we finally reach the Grebe River and after a particularly deep, dangerous crossing we emerge from the bush onto the ugly scar of the Manapouri transmission road. The colossal pylons tower 100' above us and I've seldom felt so disappointed at reaching a road. What a mess! Many miles of footsore road walking later we find a small A frame hut and crash for the night.

Monday 8th: Today is one I'm not really looking forward to. Road walking is the ultimate drag. Suffice it to say that 5 uphill hours later we had lunch on Percy Saddle and 3 downhill hours after that we completed the circle by stumbling down to West Arm. Oh to sleep and soak tired feet! Hell! sandflies are disastrous. Any little inch of naked flesh is fair target and the attack never ends. They finally abate at night to allow the mosquitos to take their shift. You can't win!

Tuesday 9th: At last! Back to civilization and the luxury of a shower and decent food. We laze at Te Anau before heading westward into the Darrans for the next two weeks - but that's another story!

R.L.

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Kiwi Saddle - Manson - Tussock - Mangatainoka

Jan. 20-25th

Using our perfected South Island trip menu saved us money and weight - only 6lb of food each. No excuse for any lagging behind. Kiwi Saddle hut took $3\frac{1}{4}$ hours from the Pine Tree, even in that still heat. Off to Kiwi Mouth for lunch. With the usual S.S. 1, luck and good management we ended up in

Kiwi Creek, much to our annoyance. Nevertheless I was excused when we found a tremendous swimming hole about half way down. In we jumped, socks as well to keep our plasters on.

Lunch was long and leisurely inside the hut out of the sun. We were dreading the grunt up to Manson, consequently it seemed to last forever. It wasn't the initial climb straight up but the ups and downs along the ridge that were painful. The tops were grassy and fence remains were evident, - also signs of an old holding paddock off the side of the ridge, which is also the site for the new N.Z.F.S. Manson Hut. We trundled off down to the old Shepherd's hut yelling our heads off as it had been 11 hours that day. OOOPPPs! Dick Hart and Paddy Clark were quietly sitting inside. They had a brew on (heard us coming) and disappeared for an evening shoot soon after.

Dick came over to our polythene pad beneath the beech trees at 4am. "It's nearly light. Better get up". And that's the last we saw of him. Paddy cut up some venison steaks for us, gave us directions for finding Otutu Bush Hut, made some comments about our tiny breakfast (pog) and watched us leave at 10 to 7. Heads down, behinds up and off we trotted. At the "cricket pitch" we lost the 5-day old horse tracks. Stop, look and listen was the code to good track finding. Where there've been horses, there's flies! A bluff baffled us for a while but once down in the creek we were right and arrived at the shiny new hut at smoko time. Following Paddy's directions again we went "that way" past the toilet (which nobody could figure out how to use), along the short ridge and out onto the flat, leatherwooded, track-infested area leading down to Bridle track.

A well deserved lunch break was taken once we were back in the shade of the beech trees. It was 3.30 before we got onto the Bridle track through the tussock. The sun still beat down, there was a slight breeze but we were beginning to feel the last 2 days of sun. The lumpy tussock country seemed to roll on forever, miles and miles of it. We reached the Taruarau River after 5.30pm and just stood in the cool water and drank until we burped. We wandered on up to Golden Hills Hut, arriving at 10 to 8. A 13 hour day and we sure did feel it. The stench of decayed meat had driven even the flies out of the hut. We built a fire, cooked tea, swilled it down, kicked some sheep heads and ribs to one side and lay down to sleep beneath the beech trees.

It wasn't the early morning mist, or lack of breakfast that kept us in our bags the next morning. Finally at 8.00 we all assembled. Gold Creek was a good excuse for our first stop, and a long swim (boots as well this time). By lunchtime we'd actually made it to the Ngaruroro River. The hour it took to trudge up the ridge towards Tussock was hot and dry. The shade and change of colour from yellow to green was most enjoyable.

The two cullers at Tussock were astounded when we walked in. One of them Wendy knew. We didn't bother to move from the bunks until they had left for their evening shoot. The next day Simon and Snow went up ahead of us, up a stream and over a small saddle into a tributary of the Mangatainoka. We weren't all that enthusiastic about following them as they take the clogged-up streams hunting for deer while we would prefer the open ridges. Reaching the Mangatainoka was excuse enough for a stop. At last we'd reached the objective of the whole trip - the beautiful virgin bush and scenery of the Mangatainoka! One hour further and it was lunch time, Wendy said, then

another hour to the hut. Simon had a brew ready for us; we yakked to the Ranger, Bob, and left about 3.30 with Simon streaking ahead. He was headed for the "bivi" so we set up camp only an hour from the hut.

With the threat of rain we were off by 7.45am. Dragged Simon out of the bivi at $\frac{1}{4}$ to 9, stopped for a quick goodbye and motored on along the Gorge track. At the junction $1\frac{1}{4}$ hours later it poured down. There wasn't much incentive to stop so we headed for Stagger Inn, taking only 1 hr 20 mins (much to our surprise). A hot brew was the order of the day - in fact we had two during our extended stop. From Stagger Inn to the Barn took exactly 2 hrs. We piled into the little car, inside our sleeping bags, and were home by 6.00 pm.

Dave Perry, Kevin Mitchell, Sandy and Wendy Smith.

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NELSON LAKES NATIONAL PARK

January 1973

Brian, Steve, Sandy and I eased ourselves out of the V.W. at St. Arnaud, the Nelson Lakes National Park H.Q. After a talk with the head range on an interesting trip to do during the next six days, we sorted and packed our gear, and drove to the road below Mt. Robert where the car was left.

Although it was 6 o'clock at night we decided to camp at Coldwater hut at the southern end of Lake Rotoiti. A quick tramp through open beech forest on the lakeside saw us at the hut by 8 o'clock. The hut was already occupied so Steve's 8x6x5 tent was pitched for the night. Wet weather came with morning. An inquisitive robin kept us company as we cooked breakfast but it didn't seem to like porridge very much. In heavy rain, we motored up the Travers River, the track passing from open grassland on the riverbed to beech forest as the valley narrowed. The rain limited the view and so we kept moving onto the next hut, John Tait, arriving 4 hours later.

After changing into warm clothes and having lunch we spent the afternoon talking to a ranger-trainee. He happened to be one of the chaps Sandy and I met at Harkness Hut on the '72 Labour Weekend club tramp. By late afternoon, the rain had cleared and we set about collecting a large wood supply for the hut. Then into bed for a good night's sleep. Above the beech trees, the sunlit peak of Mt. Travers was clearly visible in the morning sky. With the object of crossing Travers Saddle and moving down the Sabine River to camp at Sabine Forks for the night, we left Ed., the ranger, at 7.30am. With rays of sunlight filtering through the beech canopy and the Travers River "babbling" along beside us, it was a pleasure to be tramping.

One of the routes up Mt. Travers is via Summit Creek which lies half an hour above John Tait hut. Because Brian had injured his knee he decided against climbing up, leaving it to Sandy, Steve and me. We dropped packs and headed off up the stream, promising to rejoin Brian at Upper Travers Hut, below Travers saddle. Two of us reached the top, 5000' above John Tait. The view was exhilarating to say the least. Not a cloud in the sky, the slightest of breezes, and a magnificent panorama of valleys, snow peaks, forests and distant ranges. By no means a technically hard climb (in summer) it was one of the most rewarding and enjoyable climbs we have done. However, we couldn't stay for long, and after dropping down to our packs we joined

Brian at the hut at 2.30pm. From this hut, the track leads 2000' up to Travers saddle and follows cairns down into a gully on the other side leading into the East Sabine River. We moved down the river, crossing a bridge spanning a spectacular cleft gorge on the way, and wearily set up camp down at the Forks of the East and West Sabine. For the first time on this trip we met sandflies and so went to bed smeared with Flypel.

Next morning we moved our gear into a nearby hut and, it being our rest day, set off for a leisurely walk up the West Sabine following an interesting track to Blue Lake hut (2½ hrs). Nearby, Blue Lake was shimmering in the sun, rich blue and green colours radiating from its depths; and surrounded with green foliage and a carpet of golden tussock. After a snack and a hot drink with an Indian, an Englishman and an American at the hut, we returned to our own hut in 2 hrs for tea and an early night.

Once again the morning was fine. Sabine hut on the shores of Lake Rotoroa was to be our next night's stay. Although we took it easily we were quite tired by the end of the day (this could possibly have been due to a vitamin deficiency in our menu). However the tramp down the river was enjoyable with many fine views and varying scenery. Steve went in for a swim but the cold water soon persuaded him to come out and dry off. We arrived at Sabine Hut by mid afternoon and enjoyed a soapy bath in Lake Rotoroa. The sandflies had ideas of a feast and became intolerable as the evening drew nearer. Once again, we smeared Flypel over ourselves.

After looking at a map of Nelson Lakes, we decided to climb up to the top of the Travers Range and stay at Angelus Hut on the shores of Lake Angelus. This meant over 3000' had to be climbed, starting almost from the back door. I guess it was something for our fitness when we climbed it in just over 1½ hours. A magnificent panorama spread out before us as we gained height, including views of the D'Urville and Sabine Rivers stretching back into the surrounding ranges. We reached Angelus hut at midday.

The weather deteriorated during lunch, shrouding the hut and Lake Angelus in dense mist. By mid-afternoon it was raining heavily and we passed the time by brewing numerous hot drinks. After a huge meal we snuggled into our sleeping bags for a long sleep. When we left the hut after lunch next day it was still raining as we descended the Hukere Stream to Travers River. This route provided some spectacular scenery as the close-by mountainsides reached up into the mist. It was here we saw our first and only chamois.

We returned along the Travers River to Coldwater Hut. The rain and the full hut prompted us to move on to the V.W. which was reached at 6.30pm. We then drove to St. Arnaud, reported to the ranger, and found accommodation in a "Trampers Shelter" for the night. (The "Trampers Shelter" is an old house for trampers use on the Rotoiti lakeside).

To finish the trip, we had a beautifully fine day for driving to Picton where we caught the 10.00 pm sailing. The crossing was very rough and nobody felt like breakfast as we drove off to Hastings at 5 o'clock in the morning.

Brian Smith, Steve Nichol, Sandy Smith, Dave Perry.

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ARTHURS' PASS'THREE PASS TRIP'Xmas 1972-73

The four of us together with an enormous ham left over from Xmas Day arrived at Picton on Boxing Day around 1000 pm. We tanked up (the VW) and motored south, revived occasionally by ham sandwiches. By 2.00am we were too tired to travel further so we pulled up in Cheviot. By evening we were at Arthurs Pass.

The mountain of plastic-packaged food was transferred from the VW to a public shelter and sorted into piles while tea (hamsteaks in pineapple) was cooking on the primus. The rest of the ham was a bit of a problem here but the Chief Ranger, Mr Croft, came to our rescue and agreed to accommodate it in his fridge for the next week.

Next morning we drove to Klondyke Corner by the Waimakauri River and dropped our gear. Then I took the car back to the Arthurs Pass railway station and walked back again to join the others. Trampin at last we took off up the Waimakauri towards the Carrington Hut area. Huts abound, with the Forestry, N.Z.A.C. AND C.M.C. all having their own, often on each others doorsteps. We called at all of them. It was difficult to adjust to the South Island scale - the river bed took 20mins to $\frac{1}{2}$ hour to walk across. The weather was fine and hot but a bit windy. At the White River confluence where Carrington Hut (C.M.C.) is situated, we crossed the White (a cold and tricky manoeuvre) and carried on up the Waimak. According to one of the Rangers, we should make the Waimak Falls Hut in a day. The day wore on and on and our seven day packs got heavier and heavier but eventually we staggered in. We were amused by the comments of some scouts in the hut. "Up here in one day, pretty gun eh!" We hardly had the strength to reply.

Camping was the order of the day since huts were full and soon some nosey Keas dropped in to check us over. Cooking was by primus here as vegetation was sub-alpine plants - mostly snow grass.

Next morning, suffering somewhat from the day before, we plodded up towards Waimak Col and turned right to Rolleston (7450'). No knowing the straight-forward route to the summit, we took what seemed the most likely and it turned out quite well. The snowline was just above our camp and the snow was readily becoming soft and wet in the hot sun. One bod fell foul of some recurring frostbite and was in considerable pain while the feet under the armpits trick was used to restore circulation. Leaving this unfortunate on some warm rocks the remaining three of us climbed higher to gain Rolleston by 11.00am.

From here we had a magnificent view including the Cook region and the vast expanse of white capped peaks to the South.

We descended fairly quickly with some spectacular glissades and some spectacular things that started as glissades and finished as ignominious self-arrests. The flowering plants and sparkling cascading waterfalls added much to the scenic beauty of the area.

Next morning things were a little better organised and the day began at 3.00am.. The early rise was to enable us to cover the ground quickly by using crampons before the sun started to soften the snow. Apart from one difficult patch which required 'front pointing', the route to the top of Armstrong(6900') was straight forward and we reached the summit at 7.30am. Armstrong lies across Waimak Col opposite Rolleston. We had a magnificent view of the sun rising above the Kaikouras and Mt. Oates to the east, but this was quickly obscured by cloud. The weather began to deteriorate so we abandoned plans of traversing to Carrington Peak and so beat a hasty retreat to camp. By Fingles Law, the weather cleared the minute we hit camp so we spent the rest of the morning sunbathing and eating.

After lunch we packed up and motored back down to Carrington Hut via the Waimakariri. It seemed a long day by the time we hit the sack at 9.00pm.

The weather next day was poor. However, we set about the second stage of our trip undaunted. We crossed the White River about a mile upstream of our camp on a cableway and turned up the Taipoiti stream, eventually reaching Harman Pass. There was a fair wind on top so we stopped only long enough to put on longs. Next we turned left and proceeded up to Whitehorn Pass. This was much higher(6000') and had a good coating of wet snow. The head wind coming over the Pass buffeted us and airborne ice and rock chips were hurled at us. Progress became difficult as wind gusts stopped us in our tracks. In due course we made it to the top and were thankful for the comparative shelter of the other side. We descended the Cronin Stream, observing the Cronin icefall on our right as we went.

It was a long drag down to the confluence with the Wilberforce River and Park Morpeth Hut so we were pretty stuffed, especially as it took a frustrating half hour to find the hut. That night, being New Year's Eve, we had a special dessert of fruit roll and cream and dried bananas, this in addition to the planned meal.

New Year's Day was a rest day. It was generally agreed however, that a side trip is a good idea as we ran out of reading matter. That night a large party of scouts and an Aussie girl arrived having come over the passed in sweltering conditions exactly the opposite to what we had struck.

Next day, accompanied by Merrall, the Aussie, we climbed Browning Pass and descended the Arahura River. We arrived at Harman Creek hut in time for lunch after some accidental misplacement of bods. Continuing down stream we hit a wide track, crossed into the Styx Valley and reached Grassy Flats hut by late afternoon. This is an enormous mansion containing a fireplace, a stove, and a kerosene burner along with all other mods and cons.

The last day saw us following the Styx River down to the road, passing through some of the most colourful and lush vegetation we had ever seen. A hitch to a phone and a call to H.T.C. member Gerald Edmunds and we were soon in Hokitika. Later a bus and a train ride to Arthur's pass and I collected the car and ham. Next it was on to Greymouth where we washed ourselves and our clothes in the local motor camp.

All in all, the trip was a great success. The preparations in the food line were well worthwhile. We had sufficient but little superfluous gear. The pass is an excellent tramping/ climbing area, well worth return trips.

Sandy Smith, Dave Perry, Steve Nichol, Brian Smith.

MT. RUAPAHU.

18th-19th Nov; 1972

(1)

Brian joined me at Taupo and we motored on the the top of the Bruce. With the snow level at 6000', the walk up to the old Lodge took an hour. We had a snack lunch and spent the afternoon rockclimbing and snow sliding beside the hut. Tea was eaten in the sunshine at 7.00pm and we retired for an early night.

The morning dawned fine and with a 5.00am rise, we left the hut at 6.15am. At the Dome Shelter by 7.15am, we continued cramponing up to be on top of Paratetaitonga by 8 o'clock. The sun had already melted snow on the eastern slopes and the last fifty feet was wet and soft.

Keeping to the shaded side of the ridge we moved round to Tahurangi reaching there by 9 o'clock. We had intended to climb Girdlestone but with cloud hiding it from view, we decided to move over to Mitre Peak for a look-see. Mist surrounded us here so we strolled down to inspect the waterfall from the Grater Lake at the head of the Whangaehu River. Sulphur stalactites and colourful volcanic rocks made the visit worthwhile.

From here, Brian and I circled below Pyramid and up the Whangaehu Glacier hoping to elude the mist for a climb of Cathedral Rocks and the face of Te Heu Heu. No such luck. With the mist thicker than ever, we worked our way back over the crater rim and down to the Lodge by 1.30pm.

We dedcided another weekend on Ruapehu before Christmas might be well worthwhile.

Brian Smith, Dave Perry.

Mt. Ruapehu (2) 2nd-3rd Dec; 1972

Joined this time by Steve Nichol, Brian's flat mate, we arrived at the Lodge at 2.30pm on Saturday afternoon. After tea, we taught Steve to use crampons.

Awake next morning at 4.45am we left the hut at 6.00am and an easy pace on crampons saw us at the top of Te Heu Heu by 8.00am. We climbed down to the crater Basin and over to Cathedral Rocks by 8.15am, crampons no longer being necessary. From here we walked over to Pyramid, clambered over that in knee deep snow getting impressive viewss of the lake directly below us, and then decided to climb Tahurangi.

However, the ridge connecting Pyramid with Tahurangi had two vertical steps of loose scoria to descend, and, with sheer drops on both sides of the ridge, we turned round the way we had come, circling the lake to climb Panatetaitonga. We slid off 'Para' on sheets of plastic and were back at the hut by 12.30pm.

Brian Smith, Steve Nichol, Dave Perry.

MAKAHU SPUR - BALLARD HUT - MIDDLE HILL.

Every time you go into the Ranges you seem to strike them in a different mood. There can be a screaming wind when you're down on all fours like an ape trying to hang on. Another day you're praying for even a zephyr to cool you down as you sweat up Makahu Spur. This time we were going up into a world of damp clammy fog which started well below the Dominie weather station and stayed with us all that day and well into the next.

We dipped the stick in the rain gauge up on the top, turned north to pick up the poles and groped our way from one pole to the next. The poles behind us disappeared, often at forty yards and most of them are at least a hundred yards apart. Once or twice we lost them for awhile and even lost each other. It surprised me that one's voice didn't carry very far in the fog.

Down through the saddle past North Kaweka and up the other side not quite knowing when we had reached the top. When we found ourselves going along a level bit of ground we concluded that we must be in the region of equal heights marked on the map. A sign post pointing to Ballard sent us in the right direction. A few nagging doubts that we had passed the turnoff down to the hut were confirmed when we reached the bush edge. About turn and back up the ridge. That pole with a sock on it did mark the turn off.

Ballard was a welcome haven this evening as it started to rain and continued, on and off, for most of the night. Morning came with the fog as thick as ever as we struggled up the steep slope back on to the ridge. Standing on the top we had a choice of four routes to go our:- the new of old Ihaka track, Dicks Spur or back down Makahu spur. We decided on the longest, down the new Ihaka as this would be less jarring on the sore back we had with us.

Shortly after leaving Whetu the fog suddenly lifted and we had our first view of the weekend. Down into the bush we went, the sun came out and the birds began to sing, a frightened hind dashed away through the trees. Things were looking up as we reached the junction of the track to Makahu. Twenty minutes along there the track seemed to be climbing too high so we about turned. When we finished up at Middle Hill Hut we knew we must have been right in the first place. As time was creeping on we had a quick lunch and headed back up the track to get out before dark. We had to hurry along as the forestry time from Middle Hill to Makahu is four hours. In the end it took us four and threequarter hours - not bad I suppose for a couple of desk bound workers.

A good round trip filled with errors on our part helped by slight errors on the map.

Alan Berry, Jim Glass.

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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 tramps - please show this to your family.

VERNY BEATRICE LYNN SEARCH MOORCOCK RIVER AREA.

1. Reason for the Search. The reason for Mrs. Lynn becoming lost was the failure of the Rock and Mineral Club's organisers to maintain adequate control of the location and condition of their party throughout their expedition up the Moorcock River. They then failed to confirm that she had returned home and for this reason valuable time was lost in getting search teams into the field.
2. Action taken. Mrs. Lynn's failure to return home was reported to us at 1130hrs on Monday 19th March 1973. An advance team (already organised by Napier and Waipukurau Police) was then directed to search the Moorcock and Tuki Tuki Rivers where she had last been seen. The team entered the area at 1300hrs.

Following a negative report from this team at 1600hrs a class 2 search was organised to commence with a briefing at the Hastings Police Station at 0530hrs on the 20 March 1973.

After the briefing six teams entered the area. Two teams of six and four men entered the lower Tuki Tuki River and another team of six searched the Tuki Tuki River upstream from the Moorcock junction. The three remaining teams were joined by local farmers and they began searching the Moorcock River from the headwaters to the base at Mill Farm. A further four teams was then made up from the local volunteers and they searched the Moorcock River from Base to the junction of the Tuki Tuki River.

6 At 0905hrs on the 20 March 1973, Mrs. Lynn was located fit and well at the unattended Moorcock Forestry Base Camp in the headwaters of the Moorcock River four thousand yards upstream from where she had last been seen.

3. Conclusions:- The success of the search was shown by the short time taken to find Mrs. Lynn who was fortunate enough to have chosen to walk out on one of the two access tracks to the Moorcock River.

This search also shows just how far a 67 year old woman whose health is not good can travel when her equipment consists of nothing but the clothes she is wearing.

In closing, I would like to thank all Club members and those from other organisations for their assistance.

G.R.T.

No. of Club members who took part, 17.

Maurie Taylor, Alan Berry, Athol Mace, Peter Patullo, Peter Lewis, Ross Hislop, Brian Turner, Warren Greer,

Alan Bristow, Stewart Shaw, Keith Thomson, Graham Soppit, Paul Chapman, Roy Frost, Margaret Griffiths, Marilyn Thorp, Graham Thorp.

Extracts from the minutes of a meeting of the Executive of the F.M.C. held 18/19th November 1972:-

Recommendation from the S.A.R. sub-committee re:-

Mountain Radios - That the Federation adopt a policy that no significance is to be attached to a failure to call on schedule and that users and suppliers have full notice of this fact.

National Walkways - The nomination of A.V. Berry to the Hawkes Bay Local Land Office was approved.

The nominations of Mrs. Mavis Davidson and Mr. Graham Thorp to the Kaweka Forest Park Advisory Committee were confirmed.

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SOCIAL NEWS

Births: To Douglas and Ann Thompson - a daughter.
To Brenda and George Halliday - a son.

Engagements: Sue Adcock to Peter Hammond.
Sue Greer to Steven Tidswell.
Beverley Garnett to Ian Russell.

Marriage: Athol Mace to Mary Williams.

Bereavement: Our sympathy to Brenda Halliday and David Butcher on the loss of their father.
And to Paul Frude on the loss of his father.

Departures: Wendy Smith, John Furminger, David Perry, Rob & Neil Lusher to Palmerston North.
Joy Breayley to Christchurch.
Paul Frude to Australia.
Pam Billings overseas.
Lindsay Going to Golden Bay.

NEW MEMBERS

We welcome the following to the club:-

Josephine Bloomer (jr.), Anna Bloomer (jr), John Duncan (jr), Gregory Dolbel (jr), Dennis Galyer (jr), Steven Fan (jr), Ray Dixon, Joan Bennett.

NEW COMMITTEE MEMBERS

To take the place of Committee Members who have left the district the executive has appointed the following:-

Liz Pindar, Malcolm Ingpen, Graham Soppit.

HUTT VALLEY TRAMPING CLUB'S 50th ANNIVERSARY

Any old H.V.T.C. members interested in celebrating the above at Labour Weekend 1973, write to the following:- 50th Anniversary Committee, Hutt Valley Tramping Club, P.O. Box 183, Wellington.

RESULTS OF PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPETITION 31.1.73

Slides: 33 entries.

- | | | |
|---|--------------------------------|---------------|
| 1 | - But have you heard this one? | Peter Lewis |
| 2 | - The climb was worthwhile. | Peter Lewis |
| 3 | - Comfort. | Paul Richards |

Black & White: 8 entries.

- | | | |
|---|-----------------------|---------------|
| 1 | - Dawn at Tolaga Bay. | Peter Manning |
| 2 | - Down Egmont. | Peter Manning |
| 3 | - Waterfall. | Peter Manning |

Our thanks to Miss Pryde of the Camera Club who judged these entries. Her comments were sympathetic and very helpful.

ANZAC DAY POPPIES

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

Typists for this issue: Barbara Taylor, Margaret Griffiths, Nancy Tanner.

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FIXTURE LIST

1973

MAY

12-13 Kawekas: Lotkow - MacIntosh - Studholmes.

Weekend trips to suit degrees of fitness.

Leader: Wendy Smith

Driver: Neil Lusher.

27 Waipiropiro Springs. (Off Taihape Road)

Longish walk, open country.

Leader: Jackie Smith

Driver: Maury Taylor.

JUNE

2-4 QUEENS BIRTHDAY Mt. Tongariro.

Should be something to suit everyone from "Tourist" to keen climber.

Leader: Chris Persen - 35.254 - Transport: \$3. jun., \$3.50 sen.

Driver: ? May be 50cents hut fees.

9-10 Comet Hut. (Off Taihape Road)

Not too strenuous weekend trip, open country.

Leader: Vicki Blake

Driver: Peter Manning.

FIXTURE LIST (Cont.)

1973

JUNE (cont.)24 East Face of "66".

Waipawa River headwaters, Ruahines. Should give the mountaineering types a good ice climb. Others can go to Waipawa Chalet, Saddle, or Shuteye Shack.

Leader: Murray Ball

Driver: Alan Berry.

JULY6 (Fri. evening), 7, 8. Tararuas.

A look at country a bit further afield.

Leaders: David Perry

Transport: \$2.50 jun., \$3. sen.

22 Stoney Creek. (Off Taupo Road)

Looking for hot springs said to be 2 hours upstream. Heavy bush.

Leader: Christine Smith.

Driver: David Smith.

AUG.4-5 Snowcraft. Locality depending on snow conditions.

Leader: Warren Greer

Driver: Graham Thorp.

19 Kaweka Hut, Cook's Horn.

Easy day trip. Fitter ones may go up The Rogue and on to Kaiarahi or Studholmes. Probably snow.

Leader: Anna Bloomer

Driver: George Prebble.

SEPT.1-2 Ruapehu. Intended as a follow-up to the snowcraft for the keen types, while the "tourists" stay at lower levels.

Leader: Trevor Plowman

Driver: ?

Transport: \$3. jun., \$3.50 sen.; possibly hut or camping fees.

16 Te Iringa. (Off Taihape Road)

Fit party from flood gauge, others easy day trip from top of Gentle Annie.

Leader: Liz Pindar

Driver: Owen Brown.

Transport Contributions: unless otherwise stated, 60c junior, \$1. senior. (Juniors being those still at school). Plus 20c if not paid before the end of the trip.

Other trips planned, subject to confirmation in next issue, are:
 Sept. 29-30 - N.W. Kaimanawas, Peter Lewis; Oct. 14 - Jumped-up, Pohatu-haha, Sentry-Box, Dennis Galyer; Oct. 18-22 - Kaimanawas from Turangi side, Rob Lusher; Oct. 28 - Smiths Creek via Hinerua, Malcolm Ingpen; Nov. 10-11 - Back Hut, Kawekas, Maury Taylor; Nov. 24-25 - Ikaawatea Forks Hut via No Mans, Peter Manning; Dec. 9 - Kairakau Beach, Josephine Bloomer; Dec. 22-23 - down Mohaka from Pakaututu Bridge, Bill Gray. And approx Dec. 29-Jan. 13/74 - (Subject to booking on ferries for 3 cars, 10 guys, 7 birds) Abel Tasman - Nelson Lakes - Arthurs Pass National Parks.

LIST OF CONTENTS

How to make a good trip really good	pp. 1-3
Club Trips	4-16
Private Trips	17-26
Search Report - Mrs. Lynn	27
Christmas Party	16
- Waipawa Bushcraft Course	16
Ruahine Traverse	28
Extracts from F.M.C. 18.11.72	28
Social News	28
New Members	28
New Committee Members	28
Hutt Valley Tramping Club's 50th Anniversary	29
Results of Photographic Competition 31.1.73	29
Anzac Day Poppies	29
Typists for this Issue	29
Overdue Trampers	26
Fixture List	29-30

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THE HISTORY OF THE
REPUBLIC OF THE UNITED STATES

The history of the Republic of the United States is a story of growth and development. It begins with the first settlers who came to the New World in search of a better life. They found a land of opportunity and freedom, and they built a nation that has become a model for the world. The story of the Republic is a story of the struggle for freedom and justice, and it is a story that continues to this day.

The first settlers came to the New World in the early 17th century. They were men of courage and vision, and they were determined to build a new life for themselves. They found a land of opportunity and freedom, and they built a nation that has become a model for the world. The story of the Republic is a story of the struggle for freedom and justice, and it is a story that continues to this day.

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