

HERETAUNGA TRAMPING CLUB (INC)

"POHOKURA"

Bulletin No. 124

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

ACTING SECRETARY: Mr. G. Thorp  
110 Riverbend Rd., Napier  
Phone 34238

HON. TREASURER: Miss. J. Smith  
1009E Heretaunga St., Hastings  
Phone 69249

CLUB CAPTAIN: Mr. T. Plowman  
92 Kennedy Rd Napier  
Phone 57302

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C L U B T R I P S

No. 1001

MIDDLE CREEK

April 15th 1973

With a strong cool westerly pushing a few raindrops along, the lee-side of the truck was quite crowded as people took off travelling clothes and put on boots. From the second old homestead site south of the Waipawa river, we followed a bulldozed track which goes a short way around the foot of three Johns, and then did some bush-bashing when we climbed out too high upstream on the other side of the shingly creek, before following the cattle track beside an old fence-line leading S.E. down into Middle Creek. We again bush-bashed painfully, up the other side, finding out afterwards that the proper track siz-zags up a grassy bank 100m or so above where the cattle track comes into the stream bed.

Higher up, as we went towards the saddle in the ridge dividing Middle Creek and Smith's Creek, the wind was so strong that we often had to get down on hands and knees. The accumulation of delays, and the sapping of our energy by the wind, made us decide to leave a visit to Smith's Creek Hut for another day. We had lunch in a slightly less wind-buffed spot in the little gully at the edge of the bush, before strolling along to the saddle to look over towards Smith's Creek, and then staggered homeward. Good experience

of windy conditions, though.

One curiosity we found was a fungus, brilliant red with tentacles a bit like an octopus or starfish, which obviously relied on flies to spread its spores; even in that high wind, the stench of it was disgusting!

No. in part 21. Leader Peter Lewis.

Anna Bloomer, Vickie Blake, Jillian Robinson, Denise Robinson, Johanna Campbell, Scott Thompson, Ray Dixon, Joan Bennett, Jan Buchanan, Paul Richards, Isobel Guido, Dennis Galyer, Peter Manning, Murray Ball, Mark Smith, George Butler, Dan Butler, Robin Marshall, John Duncan, Wayne King.

No. 1002. RUA'S TRACK TRIP (UREWERA) Easter 1973

The tramp was to start at Mangapohatu which is at the head of the Waimana river just north of Lake Waikaremoana, passthrough the Urewera bush for about 20 miles and finish at the headwaters of the Hangaroa river inland from Waerengaokuri. The track was first cut for a stock track around 1900 and later used by the Maori prophet Rua to take his followers from Mangapohatu village to Gisborne. Rua was a very influential character and leader of a faith which was a modified version of Hauhauism. He was striking in appearance and acquired nine wives.

The party of 22 set off from Napier at 6.15 a.m. on Friday 20th April with Phil Bayens driving the truck. We arrived at Mangapohatu at 2 p.m. After a look over the old meeting house and a welcome cup of tea supplied by Mrs. Thomas, whose husband farms the clearing, we set off through some open country at 3 p.m. Half a hour later, we reached the bush edge at the far end of the farm airstrip. The track was well disced and the party made good time to the shoulder of Mangapohatu mountain. Darkness arrived before a camp site could be found and the last hour's tramping was done by torchlight. Rain was setting in as the tents were erected. The weather deteriorated during the night with 2 inches of rain falling. The tent in which four girls were sleeping was flooded out and by morning there were 10 or 12 wet sleeping bags. There seemed to be no chance of the weather clearing and a very bedraggled looking bunch of trampers returned to Mangapohatu on Saturday morning.

It was decided that we should go to Waiotapu and visit Russell Berry, a club member who runs a honey factory there, dry out our gear and then decide on some alternative plan. Russell was most hospitable and made his house and other facilities available. After a pleasant swim in the new hot pool at Waiotapu, we all spent a pleasant evening eating and yarning in front of a blazing bonfire made from old honey

boxes.

Next day dawned fine and cold and we decided to climb Mount Tarawera from the Rerewhakaaitu side. Leaving the top of the road at 11 a.m. we arrived at the trig on top of Mount Tarawera at 12.30. A thrilling shingle slide took us to the bottom of the crater where we had some lunch. Then back to the truck and Waiotapu for another swim. There was plenty of skylarking in the pool. A sincere vote of thanks to Russell Berry for making us all so welcome.

Sunday evening saw the truck at Taupo and a hungry party taking over the fish and chip shop and adjacent footpath. The singing on the way back was terrific and a tired, happy party reached Hawke's Bay at 10 p.m.

No. in party 22. Leader Keith Thomson.

Phil, Els, Philip, Debbie and Michael Bayens, Jenny Thomson, Randall Goldfinch, Vicki Blake, Paul Richards, Peter Lewis, Adrienne Thompson, Sheryl Salmonds, David Wilkins, Dennis Galyer, Murray Ball, Bill Gray, Rob Lusher, Trevor Hankin, John Duncan, Wayne King, John Kendrick.

No. 1003

BLACK STAG HUT

April 29th

A simple 25 listed at the meeting was boosted to 33 with the inclusion of six H.G.H.S. bods and several others. The Kombi took the overflow.

Views of the Southern Ruahines were not inspiring, but gentle persuasion lured the majority to don tramping gear and set off at about 9.00.

We ambled along the graded track, then from the saddle we trudged up to the ridge on the left and headed southward along the spur which led down into the Makaretu. A strong wind was experienced along the tops and people quickly learned how to walk at the appropriate angle.

Awatere Hut was sighted and a rapid descent rewarded us with the comforts of its surrounds. We had lunch there.

A quick visit was made to the original Black Stag Hut, which is now derelict and then we headed back.

To avoid the climb, we followed a stream up the valley toward the saddle. This proved rather interesting and after about 1½ hours, we finally located Hidden Hut, marked on the map as Saddle Hut. After another feed we began the long trudge up a near-vertical hunters' track. This led up to the bushline and the open top.

30 odd exhausted bods then sheltered behind a few bushes and recovered from their effort. A wind-assisted sprint down the fence line saw us on the graded track once again with an easy walk back to the track

No. in party 33. Leader Paul Richards

Jenny Thomson, Kit Persen, Vicki Blake, Tim Persen, Sue Lusher, David Wilkins, Leone Hammond, Robin Marshall, Anna Bloomer, Ray Dixon, Jillian Robinson, Murray Ball, Denise Robinson, Wayne King, Christine Smith, Peter Manning, Hanni Schupback, Ben Easton, Sophie Schupback, Toby Easton, Jan Buchanan, Peter Lewis, Isabel Guido, David Northe, Robin Burk, Graham Campbell, Jackie Mason, Robert Elder. Susan Forbes, Wendy Glew, Louise Stark, Carroll Balcock

No. 1004 KAWEKAS: LOTKOW, MACINTOSH, STUDHOLME'S May 12-13

With overcast sky we arrived at Little's Clearing at 9 a.m. in the Kombi and began preparing our feet for another flogging. The marathon began heading south down the Black Birch range track with scenery of young pine trees and the brown soil and rock. After an hour or so the Lotkow road was sighted further to the east and we cut down on to it through Manuka scrub and strolled into Lotkow Hut at 12 a.m. Here we had a leisurely lunch before we proceeded farther south down a stream bed and over to the Donald river.

We couldn't find where the track continued up the steep true right hand bank so bush-bashing was the order of the day. By 4 p.m. we clambered out on to the Mackintosh spur track and started towards Mackintosh hut. Torches and carbides came out as the light failed. At two places along the track the line of markers ran out but with back tracking and care the hut was reached by 7 p.m.

Five friendly people were already there. After a good stew the girls cooked, everyone (13) settled down for the night.

Sunday morning dawned clear and bright leading to big ideas for the day. Peter Manning returned via Donald river, Matauria Ridge and brought the Kombi into Makahu Forestry Station. The remainder of the party climbed up Mackintosh spur on to the Kaweka Range tops and continued along via Studholme's Saddle and Mad Dog Hill up to Kaweka J. Due to an approaching storm we carried on down Makahu spur grouping up at Dominie Met. Station, and then down to Makahu hut.

Peter Manning had boiled the billy while waiting. After lunch we packed up the Kombi and motored home. Thank you Peter Lewis for use of your Kombi

No. in party 9    Leader Paul Richards

Vicki Blake, Anna Bloomer, Randall Goldfinch, Peter Manning, David Wilkins, Dennis Galyer, Tony Martin, Graham Campbell

No. 1005                      WAIPIROPIRO SPRINGS                      May 27th

33 bods left Holts at 6.25 a.m. for Timahanga in the truck and Kombi, stopped at Matapiro Rd for another bod making 34 in all. As we advanced towards the ranges we could see cloud on the other side that didn't favour our coming trip. We arrived at Timahanga at 9.15 where we turned off to the left across a few paddocks, up a hill and left the truck and Kombi above the spiral that leads down to the Pohokura valley. From here it was all on foot. The cloud hung over the Sparrow Hawk range threatening to come our way,

Heading down the spiral was great and after a few minutes there were bods stretched out for miles (another one of those trips) but over all the party kept in hand. At the top it was cool and most wore parkas, but by the time we reached the bottom, they were coming off and the sun emerging from the cloud now and again helped. The party moved along the valley at an easy pace and soon passed the old hut (nobody even went and had a look) down a hill to where there was some earth-removal equipment. There was a fellow, a bird and something else (male or female we don't know). Here we had a rest and a talk to the fellow, finding out that there's a new road going to the Outstation. We carried on down the track and soon came to the Taruarau river. It was only 11.30 a.m. so we all headed for the spring. Pete was a bit behind when we reached the saddle upstream from where the old foot bridge used to be; now there's a bridge with a 30° slope. Well, we waited for a while then headed down the other side to find Pete and his lot waiting for us. They had come around the wide on a sheep track. When asked about it for going out he wasn't over keen. From here there's a cut track to the spring which we all saw, smelt and left. The spring comes out from under a rock and some-one had built a wall in front of it making a small pool that had a green slime all around it. We had lunch where Pete was waiting for us. At 1.45 p.m. we all headed for the truck and Kombi the way Pete came and found out why he wasn't overkeen. There was a wasp nest on the track; one bod got it, the rest got through. The trip out was alright until we hit the spiral then the not so fit ones found muscles that didn't work the same on the easier going, but we all reached the top by 4.25 p.m.. The cloud that

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way until then came over, the sun was out of sight and air started cooling off. With wheels under us we headed home, reaching Hastings about 7.15 p.m.

No. in party 34

Leader David White

Joan Bennett, Cathy Evans, Christine Smith, Jill Robinson, Denis Robinson, Jackie Smith, Joan Manning, Hanni Schupbach, Ann Jenerson, Margaret Willis, Peter Lewis, Randall Goldfinch, Ray Dixon, Greg Bobell, Dennis Gayler, Peter Manning, Ray Frost, Paul Chaoman, John Duncan, Tim Forde, Robin Marshall, David Powdrell, Graham McMillan, Michele Buchanan, Beverly Lawn, John Dela Haye, Terry Bollard, Burnie Blackman, David Bradford, Geoff Tucker, Graham Salmond, Gregory Bristow and David Wilkins.

No. 1006

RUAPEHU Queens Birthday weekend

Friday night's weather looked promising as we set off in a truck sadly depleted of passengers, about 7 other bods having gone on ahead earlier in the day. The trip to Waihohonui was uneventful. Arriving at the road end the weather was fine and clear, so after very little fuss we set out for Waihohonui Hut. It was a great walk in, with some time spent during rest breaks looking for falling stars in the exceptionally clear sky. Arrived at the hut at about 4 a.m. All quite willingly crawled into bed. Saturday dawned fine with some wispy high cloud, so after various assortments of breakfast dishes we set off north-west to Outurere Hut base for the weekend. The pace was very leisurely with lunch being a most relaxing affair. Arrived at Outurere at around 3 p.m. The rest of the day was spent sitting in the sun around the hut and generally relaxing. I feel that the long time taken to reach Outurere Hut was due to the lack of sleep on Friday night. Sunday morning dawned with gusts of misty rain and visibility was considerably reduced. After consultation it was decided to have a look at the Emerald Lakes which are on the track to Ketetahi Hut. The track was very interesting with many rock outcrops resembling animals of all different types. After putting on storm gear we climbed up the edge of red crater with the weather deteriorating and wind increasing the higher we went. After a scroggin stop plodded on and arrived at the edge of one of the lakes in exposure conditions. A quick look over the edge and we turned tail and headed back to the hut. It was a relief to get out of the bad conditions. Once back at the hut all wet gear was removed and the remainder of the afternoon was spent sitting around the fireplace talking with some of the tigers going out rock climbing in now rather unpleasant conditions. Monday's weather was an improvement with lots of storm clouds, but only threatening rain. The pace out to the road was a

considerable improvement. After an initial delay in starting the truck we set out home stopping only to fill up with petrol and for the now traditional swim at Taupo. Although nothing was climbed the trip was still rewarding and some new country for the Club. A very satisfying feature of the trip was the abundance of storm clothing and good food. Let's hope it continues. Also thanks to Robert for driving the truck.

No. on trip 22.

Chris Persen, Randall Goldfinch, Robin Marshall, Dennis Galyer, Trevor Hankin, Malcolm Ingpen, Toby Easton, Paul Richards, Robert Elder, Trevor Plowman, Murray Ball, Tony Martin, David Bradford, David Wilkins, Jill and Denise Robinson, Vicki Blake, Anna Bloomer, Jenny Thomson, Liz Pindar, Peter Lewis.

No. 1007

COMET HUT

9th-10th June

Despite a slightly damp start 15 rather apprehensive trampers left the dry truck at about 9 a.m. The road was easy walking and we were soon at the hut. After lunch, we climbed up to the Comet, meeting several stalkers on the way. We spent most of the time on the Comet aiming at reaching a certain clump of trees. Through breaks in the cloud we looked down into the Chamber of Horrors and occasionally a peak appeared through the dense clous, then back to the hut to thaw.

The next morning the clouds and wind of Saturday had gone and wind blown plates were recovered from the gully. Our rather casual walk in was now very slippery and there were several 'almosts', but with no cloud we could see Ruapehu. After a leisurely lunch we stopped at Kuripapango bridge for traditional splash making and with another stop at the Forest and Bird Society's Lodge we were soon home.

No. in part 15

Leader Vicki Blake.

Anna Bloomer, Peter Lewis, Peter Manning, Liz Pindar, Warren Clark, Jenny le Comte, Toby Easton, Jan Porter, Randall Goldfinch, David Wilkins, Malcolm Ingpen, Denise Robinson, Paul Chapman.

No. 1008

SHUTEYE SHACK ARMSTRONG SADDLE

June 24th

The trip scheduled was Smith's Creek, but with the number in the party (48 bods) we decided to go to Shuteye Shack and Armstrong Saddle.

With the St Columbus Youth and Greendale Scouts, we had 48 bods at Holts and left at 6.30 a.m. in the truck and 5 cars. Left our transport at about 8.30 a.m. We divided into several groups of about 10 - 12. Arrived at Shuteye round 11.00. From here one party left to go over 66 and down the Waipawa river. Another party went to Armstrong Saddle and to the top and a third party went down the north branch of the Waipawa.

We all met out at the cars and truck at 5 p.m. A great trip enjoyed by all.

Thanks to all drivers

No. in party 48

Leader Malcolm Ingpen

Alan Berry, Paul Richards, Roy Frost, Peter Manning, Keith Thomson, Tony Martin, Tim Ford, Ray Dixon, John Berry, David Bradford, Murray Ball, Peter Lewis, Trevor Plowman, Jenny Thomson, Diane Tresidder, Johanna Campbell, Julie Patterson, Robin Burke, Cathie Evans, Lois Parker, Beverly Lawn, Joan Bennett, Jill Robinson, Vickie Blake, Anna Bloomer, Roger Conroy, Randall Goldfinch, Warren Clark, Trevor Hankin, Dennis Galyer, Gill Cowforth, Grant Macmillan, Graeme Salmond, Peter Sherwood, Terry Bollard, John de la Haye, Marget Gillbanks, Sue Tucker, Tony Smith, Ian Norre, Noel Copper, Kirsty Jenerson. N. Harvey, A Reiper, J. Tasker, B. Tasker, K. Woolward, I Arlidge.

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No. 1009

MOUNT RUAPEHU.

7-8 July.

An early start on Saturday morning, with very ominous weather and a dubious leader. This isn't the best way to start a trip. However, once over the Taupo Road, the weather cleared and remained fine and beautiful for the rest of the weekend.

Arriving at the Whakapapa Camping ground we met Dave Perry, Sandra Smith Steve Nichol and Brian Smith who had also chosen Ruapehu for the weekend. After pitching camp, approximately twenty of us packed in and on the Kombi climbed to the "Bruce". From here Malcolm and Murray enthusiastic and empathetic by now left for the A.C. Hut and the Summit. The remainder were content to spend the day round the A.C. hut where Dave and co taught newer members some of the elements of snowcraft.

The next day everyone was back on the mountain.

About 3.30pm the party reformed at the Bruce, repacked the vehicles at the Chateau and returned home with the



usual greasy stop and hot swim.

No. in Party, 15

Leader, Trev Plowman

Randall Goldfinch, Liz Pindar, Shane Tasker, Alan Rieber, Robyn Marshall, Nigel Harvey, Tim Arlidge, Malcolm Ingsen, Murray Ball, Tim Ford, Graham Campbell, David Wilkins, Peter couch, Peter Lewis.

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TARARUAS - OHAU RIVER AND TE MATAWAI HUT.

No. 1010

July 21-22nd

Palmerston North was soon dissolved in blackness as the Rover rolled south towards Levin and the Tararuas. The early start was to guarantee having daylight when setting camp high up on Arete that night.

Near the roadend, a swing bridge crosses the Ohau River giving access onto a farmers property and the beginning of a poled track to Ohau Hut. In the dusky glow, the two ton bridge limit winked at us.

"How much do we weigh, Trevor?"

"Oh, about two ton"

"Okay roll on". I didn't know bridges talked but this one had some moaning to do. The Rover tiptoed over and scuttled off up the road sighing with relief.

Brandishing ice axes, we were accompanied to the bush edge by Rona Spencer (ex-club member in the area with T.T.C) One and a half hours along a good track above the Ohau River and we arrived at Ohau Hut. After a brief stop we moved off up the Cables End Track. The bush up this track came alive with colour as the sun lifted above the ridge tops. By lunchtime we had cleared the bush and followed the track over tussock mounds and scratching leather wood saddles.

By this time, it was evident that one of our party was being severely handicapped by his new boots. By lightening his pack we eventually reached Te Matawai Hut at five o'clock. Classified as a twenty four bunk hut, it has one very big 'maori' bunk. The stopover at this hut however, did not prove to be very enjoyable.

Next morning, we left Te Matawai Hut and dropped down to the South Ohau Hut via Yeates Track. This hut is in a beautiful setting above the river edge, and we enjoyed the rest in the sunshine. Sore feet were slowing our 'new boots' member to a crawling pace but by taking his pack, things were speeded up considerably. The river trip down to Ohau Hut did not take long and travelling the last two hours in rain, we

reached it at four o'clock.

A quick change into dry clothes, a feather-light trip back across the swingbridge, and we were back in Palmerston North by five o'clock. After fish 'n chips, and swapping H.T.C. news, Trevor and Bruce returned to Hastings.

No. in Party, 6

Wendy Smith, Sandy Smith, Trevor Plowman, Leader, Dave Perry,  
Andre Borowski, Bruce Perry,

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### RESULTS OF PHOTO COMPETITION

Mr Sayers of the Camera Club very kindly officiated as judge. We appreciated his helpful comments.

Results:- Black & White: 1. Contrast )  
2. Korokoro Waterfall ) Paul Chapman  
3. Early Morning Cloud)

Coloured: 1. A Moment to Study - David White  
2. Tongariro from Ngauruhoe - Peter Lewis  
3. Hikurangi - Keith Thomson

Highly Commended: Gannets - Keith Thomson  
Rock, Stream & Shadow - Liz Pindar

The Cup was awarded to David White.

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### SOCIAL NEWS

Births: To Shelagh (nee Sayers) and Peter Little - a son.  
To John and Ruth Titchener - twin son and daughter.  
To Warren and Lesley Greer - a daughter.

Engagements: Joanne Smith to Russell Perry.  
Brian Hall to Margaret Ewen.

Marriage: Sue Adcock to Peter Hammond.

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### NEW MEMBERS

We welcome the following to the club:-

Paul Chapman, Roger Conroy, Graham Campbell (jr.), Jennifer Thomson (jr), Robyn Burke (jr), Ian Andrews, Robin Marshall (jr), Adrienne Thompson, Christine Smith, Jillian Robinson (jr), Denise Robinson (jr), Wayne King (jr), Tony Martin (jr), Peter Berry (jr), Sue Lusher (jr).

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### NEW APPOINTMENT FOR GEORGE LOWE

George has been appointed to a position in England as area adviser in Education with special interest in outdoor and mountaineering training.

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### THINKING TECHNIQUES

(The following is an extract from an article by Colin Abbott in the Bulletin of the Mt. Egmont Alpine Club, September 1972. - Ed.)

A safe mountaineer is a thinking mountaineer. The climber who is continuously aware of all the important factors, and knows how to interpret them. I do not say he does not take risks - mountaineering itself is a calculated risk, we would be much safer at home watching telly. But all the time on the mountain the climbers should be looking at the weather, at the changing snow conditions, at the time and at the other members of his party and their physical and mental condition. He must be continuously re-evaluating his plan and his approach to the job in hand.

Safe mountaineering is not merely a set of rules. Most of us have had safety rules drummed into us over and over, and it is important to know them for they have been formulated by experienced mountaineers over many years. But it is even more important to be conscious of their reasons and to apply them thoughtfully. For instance certain knots were evolved which were very strong and ideally suited to hemp rope. Now climbers have changed through laid nylon to kernmantel rope and also to nylon tape. The person using these traditional knots is likely to find himself disconnected through these knots working loose. Similarly techniques developed for ten-point crampons or long-handled axes may not be suited for twelve pointers or for today's short axes with their curved picks. As more experimental work is done techniques are changing and safer methods are being evolved.

The important thing is not to accept blindly the methods which you read but try them out. Keep your methods alive by continually asking why and how and, does this do the job in the safest possible way? If you are not sure about your belays holding have a friend or two put some real weight on them (in a safe place), if you're not sure how to climb out of a crevasse on prussik loops try it up the nearest tree, or if you don't think your camping technique will provide you with a comfortable night in the rain, wait for a wet weekend and go and find out why. If you have a weak wrist or the snow is too soft to hold a shaft or you can't see your partner through the mist, allow for these things and adapt your technique to suit.

You go climbing or tramping for your own enjoyment. Enjoy it safely by continually thinking about what you are doing to get the safest and best method for you at that time.

- Colin Abbot.

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### PRIVATE TRIPS

#### KAIMANAWAS - EASTER '73

From what I can gather, Great Barrier Island was the only place which had even reasonable weather at Easter. The Kaimanawas certainly had their share of rain. Four of us left the car near the "Pillars of Hercules" (a name on the map yet to be matched to any vaguely suitable geographical feature). We trotted up to the end of the road and picked up a rather dis-

used, blazed track. I was somewhat bothered by the apparant age of the track - the one we'd been told about was in better nick than this one. Not to worry, it was going uphill which was the expected direction. Clouds gave way to rain and the four wet days had begun. After two to three hours we reached the top of our little ridge and met a disced track. Aha! we thought, we've come up the right spur and here is the track running along the ridge parallel to the Waipakihi Valley. All seemed well until we looked at the compass. Time for lunch, as we tried to figure why north was in exactly the opposite direction to what we'd expected. After a thoughtful lunch in the rain and mist we decided to ignore the compass (which took some courage) and proceed as we doubtfully thought best. Fortunately we were right; we broke out of the bush into the mist, followed a line of poles for half an hour or so, picked up a branch in the track with a lucky break in the clouds and dropped into the Waipakihi Valley. A short tramp upstream and we made camp.

Next morning was wet, so, as we were not over equipped for camping on the tops in the prevailing conditions, we modified our plans, dismissed the idea of going over Thunderbolt, and headed for the Shato Waipakihi - a commodious hut about four hours upstream. Copious quantities of similarly minded bods trekked past us as we had breakfast and we did our best to convince them that the hut would be chocker with wet trampers. As it turned out there were only two small parties there when we arrived (so we got bunks) but several other parties arrived in due course. On the way upstream we met a very generous hunter who conned two other reluctantly generous hunters into giving us the back steaks of a deer they'd shot. We dined like kings. It was rather ironical that of the five or six parties in the hut, we were one of two without rifles and we were the only ones eating venison.

Next day, Sunday, was wet, so we stayed put. There was a constant stream of bods coming and going so never a dull moment. I got sick of being inactive and went for a wet walk up to Junction Top which is on Middle Range just above the hut. However, after a couple of hours in the mist I retreated to shelter again.

Monday was passed in a similar fashion but there was some interest in weather forecasts which contained glimmerings of hope. This time I walked along to Stob an Aenich Mohr (can anyone translate?). This took 3 hours return and was a race against time to get back by 5.30pm. It gave interesting views of Middle Range and the tributaries of the Waipakihi.

Tuesday the weather improved and we set off around 9.00am. We retraced my steps to Stob, having lunch en route. A small snow storm occurred as we passed Stob - very light, but definitely snow. We met a couple of hunters who had got a deer and got a forequarter from them. This went back to Auckland to mature and be eaten a week later. A new track down a likely ridge and we camped in the Waipakihi near our first camp.

Wednesday was glorious - we felt like reloading our packs and heading in again. Over "Urchin", the way we went in, and we reached the car about 2.00pm, sorting out our geographical embarrassment of the first day as we went.

Apart from the weather, it was a good trip. One thing about spending a couple of days in a hut is that you get a good appreciation of the surrounding area. Too many trips travel so quickly that there is no time to "explore" areas in detail.

Brian Smith, Muriel Francis, Terry and Claire (née Briasco) O'Connor.

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GREENSTONE VALLEY - ROUTEBURN AGAIN

May 9-18th '73

Using 48 Haseldean Road, Christchurch, as a base we gathered ourselves and our gear together and prepared to repeat the 72-72 New Year trip. The idea of doing it again was basically to see the country in near-winter conditions. Luck was with us for there was no sign of tourists, and, without them to feed on the sandflies were slimming to a meagre half inch anyway, so they were of no consequence.

May 9th. We left Ch'Ch hitching to the unfortunate night stop of Oturehua - we didn't know where it was either, but it has a pub and a camping ground where we were quite comfortable for the night. Next morning, after deciding Otu.. wasn't the best of places to hitch a ride from, we shifted out to the Pig Root again (Palmerston - Alwaxandra), sharing the road with several degrees of frost. Between the passing motor-cars remarks we tangoed with the Spaniard on the roadside in an effort to warm up. Such are the joys of hitching. However, thumbs up was soon answered and we were in Queenstown by nightfall.

May 11th. Frantic rush to board Waiomana by 9.00am to find it running late, leaving at 10am. Informing the Police of our intentions first, we were away across the lake with very dismal weather ahead. Three hours later we landed at Elfin Bay and moved up past Lake Rere to camp within 20 minutes of the New Year site. One hour's firelighting with dripping beech wood was finally rewarded with a good hot meal and into the tent for the night - much rain, but the new tent and fly certainly did their work.

May 12th. Weather - dawn was misty, and extremely damp and cold. The skies cleared later but heavy rain was falling by sunset. We set off in chilly conditions, up the Greenstone Valley. Fitness was soon tested - I think we left some behind because we didn't get to McKellar as we had hoped. (In fact we didn't get near Lake McKellar, but that's a secret). Intending to avoid the large areas of marshland up the valley that we had encountered on the New Year trip we decided to ford the Greenstone much earlier to put us on the right bank, the much more solid and higher of the two. We crossed shortly after the narrow gorge about 4 hours out from morning campsite. There is another crossing immediately opposite the private hunters hut. This early crossing is to be recommended against the later crossing which entails constant plodding through marsh and endless meandering streams.

Although the "Rats Nest" as this hut is called, is private, Jo and I took the opportunity of an empty hut offered and stopped over. Rain chased us indoors and the heart to get out and pitch a tent just wasn't there. Remembering principles learnt so well with the H.T.C. the hut was replenished with firewood and kindling and was given a general but brief clean up.

It never hurts to do this and, besides, those bunks were a delight.

May 13th. Happy Mothers Day, Mums!

Weather was Fine. Beautiful views of snow on all the peaks around and a clear view straight up to Christina. We set off with hopes of Lake McKenzie, but again estimates of times and distance were not accurate. The long but enjoyable plod up the valley, with hilarious attempts at bringing down Paradise Ducks was rewarded with Howden Hut and Lake at 5.50 pm with no hope of reaching McKenzie in daylight. We appreciated then just how far we'd come on the second day of the New Year trip, and it also impressed on us the shortness of the days in May, (8.00am - 4.30pm) as compared to January (6.00am - 9.00pm). Comfortable night spent at Howden.

May 14th. Weather dawned fine and clear and remained so all day. Leaving Howden at 10.20am we set out to try for Routeburn Falls leaving us an easy day out to Kinloch and the Waiomana on 16th. However, inadequate fitness preparation once more showed itself and my pace was, at best, slow again. Deciding the Harris would be best tackled with fresh spirits the day was cut pleasantly short at Lake McKenzie. The track to here was well up in ice and snow with simply magnificent views of the Darrans and below of the Hollyford River. Lake McKenzie was a good six feet above the summer level and the snow well down the ridge of the track out.

May 15th. Weather: Heavy frost; rapidly lowering and thickening cloud on the tops. Prospects of fine weather for the Saddle were very slight as we moved out from McKenzie up through the beech and into the wind, ice and snow. Leggings, goggles and mittens, a vast change from the shirtsleeves, string singlets and bowties of a few months before, were soon donned as we traversed the Hollyford side on the long trek to the Routeburn. However the Saddle was to prove no problem. We crossed amidst light snowfall and reasonable visibility, but the weather had taken its toll of time and we set off with haste on the final hour to the Falls Hut arriving at 2pm. Deciding that a cooked meal would be easier prepared in a hut than down the track we spent 2 hours here warming up and finally eating and we were away again by 4pm. (No running water at huts). Nightfall came on very rapidly and after straining eyes on the trail until near six o'clock we completed all the Routeburn by 7pm.

Unfortunately there is now no regular transport to the roadend for poor tired, dirty, desolate, bedraggled trampers - or us! So it was decided by the silent minority that at least some miles should be chewed away right then and off we went by the light of the silvery moon, --dum-dum-dumpity-dum...d.u.m...d... Can we stop now? - We've only walked fifty yards. ... Can we stop now? Oh, come on. We must keep going.... Can we stop NOW? But we've only gone forty minutes. Right! That's it! I'm doing it here! Eventually the 12 miles and the 12.30 launch rendezvous began to look a little more feasible for the morrow and with heavy rain once again chasing us, we sought shelter. A knock on the homestead door was rewarded with a cottage complete with real beds, heaters and a stove and bath. This completely open and generous hospitality made a delightful end to this long and tiring day. Thanks, folks.

May 16th. Weather fine, views of Routeburn and surrounding peaks are incredible. Setting off briskly at 9.30, we tackled the eight miles left to Kinloch. The trip had left us weary though and the views around and over the Dart - Rees confluence were not enjoyed quite as keenly as they deserved. Walking on gravel roads with heavy packs and a time limit isn't the way to enjoy tramping! Somehow, though, the odd Hereford bull always manages to whittle a few pounds of pack away and the step gayly, frantically lightens. Kinloch was reached at last with only minutes to spare and away across to Glenorchy and then the long trip boating back to Queenstown at 5.45pm. Camping ground again that night.

May 17th. Blast! It's raining. Shall we leave? No? Good. That's that then - a whole day of festering and we'll try thumbs-up tomorrow. Let's go and have a feed what? No money left! So much for 17/5.

18/19th. Out on the road. No luck up the Lindis so out through Cromwell to Dunedin for the night. Left Dunedin next morning during heavy snowfall. Such are the joys of hitching. We haven't been as cold as this all the trip, but with 2c. in the pocket, it has to be Ch'ch today, or bust!

Russell Perry. Joanne Smith.

--oooOooo--

#### KIWI MOUTH

23rd - 24th Dec.

After obtaining Peter's Bug, we proceeded to Fernhill where we met Russell Trotter. We all arrived safely at Irongate where we changed and headed up the ridge to 4,100. The day was hot and the rests many. Rua-pehu still had plenty of glistening snow on it. The clouds were moving in fast and by the time we reached the saddle, just below 4,100 the sky was completely overcast. This helped us as we made our way along the ridge to Kiwi Saddle Hut, where we had lunch at 12.30pm.

We were away by 1.30pm, this time headed for Kiwi Mouth. Instead of taking the track going down the ridge, we took the alternative route which took us into the Kiwi Mouth Stream. After a further two hours easy going down stream, we reached Kiwi Mouth Hut at 5.30pm, where we stayed the night.

We were away by 9.30am next morning, heading down the Ngaruroro for Cameron Hut, where we had lunch. Fishing was very poor, not even one strike. The wind had come up quite strong. Flying dust hampered us on our way back to the vehicles. One member of our party twisted his ankle and this slowed us down also, but we made it back to the cars about an hour before dark. A very pleasant trip. My thanks to Peter for the use of the Bug.

M.B.

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#### OUR SECRETARY RESIGNS

Graham Griffiths has had to resign as secretary because the hours he is working do not fit in with Tramping club affairs. Since 1967, when he was appointed, he has done sterling work for the club. We take this opportunity to express our thanks.

Our thanks also to Graham Thorp for taking on the job of acting secretary.

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FIXTURE LIST

On many trips, if necessary, parties may divide so that fitter members can undertake a challenging trip while others enjoy a less strenuous outing. Suggestions for next trip list welcomed. Note that changes could be made to suit weather conditions, forestry permits, or opportunities for other trips, so if you cannot attend the meeting on the Wednesday evening before the trip, please check with someone who has, or inquire from the Club Captain or one of the following: Peter Lewis - phone 56.789; Paul Richards - phone 38.894; Murray Ball - phone 84.251.

1973

SEPT.

2 Snowcraft. Locality depending on snow conditions.  
Leader: Warren Greer.

16 Burns Range Bivvy, from Taihape road.  
Leader: Tim Persen  
Driver: Alan Berry

29-30 N.W. Kaimanawas, from Taupo road.  
Heavy bush country. Possibly several huts but don't count on this.  
Leader: Peter Lewis  
Driver: Peter Manning

OCT.

14 Jumped-Up, Pohatuhaha, Sentry Box.  
Less fit members to Jumped-Up only.  
Scrub and bush country, N.E. Ruahines.  
Leader: Dennis Galyer  
Driver: David Smith

18-22? Kaimanawas, from Desert road.  
Exact dates, transport, leader, etc. to be arranged according to who can go. Cost likely to be \$3. junior, \$3.50 senior.

28 Smith's Creek, via Hinerua.  
Bush, stream; out down gorge for those who wish.  
Leader: Malcolm Ingpen.  
Driver: Owen Brown.

NOV.

10-11 Cairn Trip Kaweka J.  
Week-enders could go to Back Hut, or camp on the tops.  
(Possibility of Search and Rescue exercise on this weekend may mean that this trip may have to be held on the weekend before or after).

24-25 Northern Ruahines.  
Fit ones may go right over to Ikaawatea Forks hut; those of medium fitness to No Man's, others to Dead Dog hut or camp out.  
Leader and Driver: Peter Manning.

DEC.

9 Kairakau Beach.  
Sandy beach south of Waimarama.  
Leader: Josephine Bloomer.



DEC.

22-23

Down Mohaka from Pakaututu bridge.

Many river crossings, probably going part of the way by lilo or floating on packs. Licensed fishermen should certainly bring rods. Camp on riverbank, return up Inangatahi valley and Potters road, or even over Hukanui, depending on conditions.

Leader: Bill Gray.

NEW YEAR: (Dec. 29th to Monday Jan. 14th approx.)

Abel Tasman/ Nelson Lakes/ Arthurs Pass National Parks.

Bookings in hand for 3 cars, 10 guys, 7 birds. Cost can be expected to be in the range of \$50 - \$65 per person; some of which is required in advance. If like our other South Island trips should be a fantastic experience. Bring plenty of film; but be prepared for a fortnight of irregular meals, varying hours of sleep, and long hours of travelling.

1974

JAN.

6

Probably a picnic trip, as many of the "regulars" will be away. Arrangements to be made according to the interest shown.

19-20

Upper Mohaka River/ Mangatainoka Valley.

Good campsites, lovely bush, deep pools in river, huge fish. Many places where the less fit could camp by the river on the way. Passing by Puketitiri hot springs.  
Leader: Paul Richards.

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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.

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OVERDUE TRAMPERS

Although returning parties usually plan to be out of the bush well before dark, considerations of safety must always come first. Even after arriving back at the transport, they could take two or more hours for the return journey, plus any unexpected delays, so beginners should make sure that parents or any others who may worry about them know this. Though normally not nearly as late as this, unless the return to town was likely to be later than about 10pm it would not be regarded as cause for parents to worry, but in case of such unusual delay all newcomers should see that the list which the leader leaves in town includes their phone number.

FOR INQUIRIES about overdue parties, please first contact one of the following:

ALAN BERRY - phone 77.223

MAURY TAYLOR - phone HM 829

JANET LLOYD - phone 87.666

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ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

The 38th Annual General Meeting will be held in the Radiant Living Hall, Warren Street North, Hastings, following the usual fortnightly meeting on Wednesday, October 24th, 1973.

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

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