

HERETAUNGA TRAMPING CLUB (INC)

Box 386, Hastings.

" P O H O K U R A "

Bulletin No. 130

August 1975

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

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

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

Club Captain: Mr. P. Manning,  
117 Gascoigne St., Hastings.  
Phone 82963

C L U B T R I P S

No. 1058

Middle Creek Hut

April 13th

29 Made conditions slightly cramped in the truck so two cars also embarked on this venture. At the Waipawa river, everyone was hustled along so that the fittest could leave Middle Creek Hut and climb out over Three Johns. The morning moved on and lunch time saw us at the Hut. The fittest five wanted to have a go at Three Johns despite remarks that the rest of us might be waiting around at the truck for a couple of hours. Little did we know!

After plenty of eats the rest of the mob moved down on to the river. Some explored and some just sat. Half an hour passed and the walk home was started.

Then, about 20 minutes down the creek, this fella did a funny thing. He tried to stand on a wet slippery log. Notice I said "tried". This poor guy just didn't make the grade. It wasn't the falling off that hurt it was the landing. Man, was that landing bad. Anyhow, after a quick check, we found that

his ankle was badly sprained, so badly that he could not walk on it. The party was very quickly gathered together from all areas up and down the creek. A pack was separated from its frame, the guy was placed in a sitting position on the frame and three strong fellas lifted this strange load and began the slow almost Royal looking procession down the creek.

The time taken to get to the point where the track over the ridge leaves the creek was less than expected. Three people were sent out to the truck to bring back the stretcher. Soup was organised at the start of the track and after that the crawl up the ridge was undertaken with the injured person still on the pack frame. At the top of the ridge we met Peter Boomer with the stretcher. The casualty was transferred to the stretcher and the journey started again at a faster pace.

A quick run down to the truck told the five guys who had come over Three Johns what had happened and four of them set off to help carry the stretcher the last mile or so back to the truck. When we arrived the bod that was injured was whisked off to Hastings Outpatients and the truck arrived back in Hastings about 9.45 p.m.

I must thank everyone on the trip because whether their effort was great or small everyone helped when help was needed. A dangerous situation was transformed into almost a practise rescue and everything was carried out smoothly and effectively - text book style. Thanks again to each and everyone of you on my trip.

No. in party 29

Leader: Dennis Gayler

Peter and Joan Manning, Grant Fraser, Peter Berry, Peter Boomen, Owen Brown, Shona Maxwell, David Northe, David Wilkins, Robin Marshall, Chris Melody, Ross Barradell, John Grover, Danny and Anna Bloomer, Andrew Keehan, Simon O'Kane, Les Hanger, Liz Pindar, Susan Kingsford, Julie Reading, Sarah Taylor, Peter Lewis, Ingrid and Robin van Berkhout, Fiona van Giels, Bruce Perry, Murray Ball.

No. 1059 Tararua Ohau - South Ohau - Waiopahu

April 25 - 27th

Off schedule from the start, we left Hastings at 5.30 instead of 4.30. The Rover deviated to pick up some boots and then rejoined the Kombi at Pakipaki to travel together to Dannevirke. Here we disembarked, went looking for a shop. None open so we carried on to Palmerston where we called in on Dave Perry. He recovered well from the initial shock of our

arrival and gave us all an early morning cup of tea - very welcome. Tramp plans were exchanged and we left, this time to go tramping. Through Levin, along Tararua Road and across the bridge which rippled and creaked with the passage of the car.

We met Randall at the starting off point, then all 16 set out up the Ohau river. Two hours of bush track, and rain later, we arrived at the Ohau hut (this is in a state of disrepair) for lunch. And then up the river with many cold crossings. It rained continuously all afternoon. The usual monotony of river travelling was alleviated this trip with very tricky scrambles over slippery rocks, necessary round deep and fast flowing stretches. We were not travelling fast and arrived at the South Ohau on dark, greeted by a plume of smoke and five other trampers. Seven of ours spent the night in the hut; three tents and the plastic were pitched for a night out in heavy rain.

Morning dawned, damp, and we set out up Yeates track; a steep 1500 feet but taken slowly enough for us to appreciate the changing altitudes of Tararua bush. At the top we felt the cold blast of wind from the snow-covered higher peaks. Down along the Waiopahu track, our altered course due to the slowness of the party, to a more sheltered but still freezing lunch spot. Then over the ridges, mostly up, to a superb view of the Manawatu plains, Levin and the coast. The rain had stopped; it was a fine, clear day but fiercely cold all the same. An even better view was afforded at the Ralph Wood Memorial trig - our highest point - of snow covered peaks behind the S.I. coast and Kapiti Island, and, to the north, the glistening specks of Ruapehu and Ngauruhoe. The bulk of the party stopped here, ate, admired, and visited the grave of Ralph Wood who died there of exposure one February. Meanwhile the other five sidled round that hump, and continued on up the next. Fortunately they were sighted and caught up with. We scrabbled through the leatherwood to the top of this, looked back on the horse-shoe of the days tramping, and started down our last ridge to where smoke heralded a hut and, unfortunately, more people. When we got to the hut we were warned that there was limited water. This we used sparingly, but still there was none left after tea for a drink or tooth-brushing, only what the peas had been cooked in. Two that night slept pitless and apparently had a cold night, despite layers of woollen clothing.

Next morning had a late and inefficient start, to the frustration of our leader. Pete had left earlier to find water, and returned two hours later, somewhat "lawyer"-worn, with billies full of the precious stuff. Elevenish the first lot left. The others stayed behind a while. Randall cleaned

out the guttering so the tank would fill, then also left. Lunch was in the sun, just up from a stream. And on down, back to where we started, lush farmland, the vehicles, a more than bracing river, - compulsory bath - and the little shaking bridge. What should have taken 3 - 4 hours took us 6.

Levin, where we met up with Dave and friends again, and ate, and then drove the long way home.

A.B.

Leader: TREVCR Plowman

No. in party: 16

Randall Goldfinch, Peter Lewis, Anna Bloomer, Sarah Taylor, Shona Maxwell, Danny Bloomer, Bruce Perry, Peter Boomen, Peter Berry, Julia Reading, Liz Hall, Robin Marshall, Gillian Ingpen, Chris Melody, Simon Parker.

No. 1060      Kiwi Saddle Working Party      May 11th

On Sunday morning it was pouring with rain - about five people didn't turn up. By the time we got to Kuripapango, the weather had cleared up. It took us 4 hours to carry up 4 boards of 12 x  $\frac{1}{2}$  and 3 six foot lengths of 3 x 2, a large sheet of iron and some wire. We were at Kiwi Saddle by 12.30. There was a can of paint there so the table, the back of the door and the new shelves got a good coat of white paint. The hole under the bunks was blocked, the window fixed. The chimney was tied down and some iron put behind the chimney and the fire place. Also a new water supply was made about 30 yards past the old one. We got out to the truck by 5.30p.m.

No. in party 18:

Driver Phil Bayens

Leader: P. Boomen

Liz Pindar, Debbie Bayens, Frank Hooper, Peter Lewis, Chris Melody, Geoff Orr, Robin Marshall, Keith Thomson, Philip Thomson, Gale Budge, Shona Maxwell, Nils Borgesius, Ross Barradell, Steven Scott, Peter McBride, Phil Bayens.

No. 1061      Ruahine Corner      May 24 - 25th

We left the truck with a cold wind blowing and proceeded through Otupae where we were kindly given permission to go through the land and were offered the use of their whare. We left Peter Manning and Boomen at the whare and the rest of us proceeded through rain, wind and hail arriving at Ruahine corner Hut about dusk. It was very smokey however Sigrid Kohler was very pleased to see us when she wandered in from the Ikiwatea at about 8 o'clock in heavy rain. Next day we walked out in good time through fairly good weather. Thanks to Peter Manning for driving.

No. in party 14.

Leader: Peter Berry

Peters Manning, Boomen and Lewis, Bobby Couchman, Julia Reading, Graham Baily, Gail Burge, Sara Taylor, Liz Pindar, Raymond Lowe, Les and Darren Hanger, Chris Melody.

No. 1062

Mt. Tongariro

Queen's Birthday 1975

Despite a load of ten people plus packs in the Kombi, the southerly gusts were threatening to lift us off the road as we approached Taupo. Stops at Turangi for food, and to visit the Information Centre, provided excuses for us to postpone thinking about the cold rain in connection with our plans for camping out in the Western Kaimanawas.

As we left Turangi, a brief opening of the clouds revealed snow down almost to the foot of the Kaimanawas. By unanimous decision we headed for the car park below Ketetahi Springs and staggered up through real "exposure" conditions to reach the hut long before dark.

SUNDAY: Festering in the hut until early afternoon when four of us headed up the mountain, more to test our endurance than anything else. Hut soon hidden in mist below us. North Crater plateau horribly windswept, snow travelling horizontally at great speed, "white-out" conditions with sky and snow merging indistinguishably. Compass course to explosion pit, but hardly able to see bottom through swirling whiteness. Compass course back across flat surface of plateau, with footprints rapidly filling. Comparative warmth of hut most welcome! Later, some other occupants placed a pressure-lantern on a shelf near the big plate-glass sheet covering a map on the hut wall. An hour later: tremendous bang, and glass is full of cracks.

MONDAY: Up before daylight. Clear sky, glorious sunrise. Five keen types race up to North Crater plateau again, then on for a grand tour. Tongariro summit, with Egmont seeming to float above the western land, snowy Kaimanawas and Kawekas to the east, shining Bay of Plenty beyond Mt Edgecumbe to the north. Sparkling snow underfoot, no wind, our shirtsleeves rolled up, sunshine too hot for parkas. Red Crater and Emerald Lakes; snowball tossed into superheated fumaroles sizzling and dwindling away before they had penetrated far. Blue Lake, dirty grey-green mushy frozen surface. (The lazy types apparently stopped for a snooze on the tussock slope above the hut).

A last look back from the car park; sunset glow on mountain providing background for an enormous column of steam rising straight up from hot springs; and we were on our way to the more-controlled warm water of the Debrett's pool.

No. in party 10.

Leader: Peter Lewis

Fiona van Giel, Peter Berry, Chris Melody, Frank Hooper, Graham Bailey, Robin Marshall, Andrew Keehan, Simon O'Kane, John Grover.

No. 1063

Don Juan

July 7th

Left back of Taradale at 7 a.m. Sunday morning and went up road to Puketitiri. We managed all but the last hundred yards or so to Lotkow Hut. Snow was down to just above 2,000 feet. We left the hut shortly after 10 a.m. and walked up the bulldozed track turning left to Don Juan at the saddle. The bulldozed track went to the bottom of Don Juan and we made our own track to the top. There were snow fights on the way up and more at the top. We left the top at 12.00 and got back to Lotkow faster than we'd got up to Don Juan, a short cut was found down to the saddle. Back at the hut we met David Northe, Bryce Wallace and Ann who had been up to Makahu Hut on Saturday night and they joined us for lunch. Lunch was eaten back at the hut, the hut was cleaned out (thanks to some people it was covered in mud) log book entered up and we left for Black Birch Range at 2.45 p.m. Conditions became impossible for us to make it to Makahu Hut so after quite a bit of struggle we managed to turn the truck around and so came back home to Napier by 6.30. The weather was fine even though some had pulled out because of rain which ceased just before we got to Lowkow. The sun came out and there were some excellent views of surrounding areas from the top of Don Juan.

No. on trip 35.

Leader: Julia Reading

Peter Manning, Roy Frost, Les Hanger, Robert Snowball, Peter Lewis, Geoff Orr, Alistar Triska, Frank and Chris Hooper, Chris Melody, Phil Thomson, John Grover, Andrew Keehan, Ross Barradale, David Callanan, Peter Berry, Fiona van Giel, Liz Pindar, Rosemary Burns, Shona Maxwell, Jill + Denise Robinson, Gabrielle, Cathy Walker, Ingrid, Robin + Maryke van Berkhaut, Donna Boveham, Phil Bayens, Debbie and Michael Bayens, Bianca van Rangelroog, Ann and Clinton Starnes

No. 1064

Makaroro

June 21 - 22

Never renowned for early starts, we left Holts about 6.30 a.m. and duly arrived at Hall's where permission was obtained to cross the farmland to the Makaroro. By the time Colenso Spur was reached, nobody in the party fancied the long climb over the tops to Remutupo Hut. The weather wasn't the best anyhow. We held a conference and decided the best thing to do would be to head for Centre Makaroro, warm up and take it from there. This settled, Bruce and I rushed on ahead of the main party to boil the billy.

When we arrived at the hut we found this unnecessary as two hunters there already had a good blaze going. The mob arrived in about 15 minutes and after a brew, half the party moved off in dribs and drabs to Upper Makaroro to spend the night. The trip up there was cold and wet with a strong wind blowing.

Next morning Bruce and I set out for Upper Makaroro. We met Peter, Liz and Bobbie five minutes below the hut. We learned that the others who stayed at Upper Makaroro had left to come out over Park's Peak half an hour before. We visited the hut then hurried back downstream to Pete, Bobbie had a sore leg so it was slow going. She had to have her pack carried eventually. The 5 of us arrived back at Centre Makaroro mid-afternoon to find that most of the others had already left for the truck. We cleaned up the hut and made our way slowly downstream, reaching the top of the hill overlooking the truck just on dark.

Arriving back at the truck we found the ones coming over Parks Peak had not arrived. However, they turned up after a slightly anxious hour. A good trip with scope for all types of trampers.

No. in party 18

Leader: Murray Ball

Bruce Perry, Chris Melody, Peter Boomen, Graham Bailley, Gail Burge, Daniel Bloomer, John Grover, Robin Marshall, Simon O'Kane, David Callanan, Liz Pindar, Darren Hanger, Judy Brown, Suzanne Middleton, Peter Lewis, Nils Borgesius.  
Driver: L. Hanger.

No. 1065

Kaweka Hut

2 trucks, 3 cars and one Kombi left Holt's at about 6.30. We were all at the river by 9.30. There were quite a few bare feet crossings. After a count up which totalled 49, we all left for the hut.

After scaring away two hunters we settled down for a rather long brew. Most attempted to assail Cook's Horn. About a quarter of the way up the ground was iced up. Some started cutting steps. Four others brought out crampons. When most were three quarters of the way up the majority returned to the bottom as the weather started to close in. One or two tried sky diving (30 MPH is fast with a pack on). All returned for a late lunch and left for the truck at 4.00. We were back in town by 7.30.

Leader: Rob Marshall

Alan Berry, Ross Berry, Peter Olsen, Jeremy Cole, Kim Crysell, Les Hanger, Graeme Bayley, David Wilkins, Roy Frost, David Cattleman, John Grover, Simon O'Kane, Andrew Keehan, Graham Soppat, Bryce Wallace, Peter Lewis, Nils Borgesius, Mrs. Bevan, Liz Pindar, David Northe, Shona Maxwell, Sue Kingsford, Sally Cains, Susan Stewart, Robert Weterway, Julia Reading, Phil Thomson, Peter Berry, Chris Melody, Frank Hooper, Chris Hooper, Graham Campbell, Ken, Anne, Cindy, Clinton and Sheree Starnes, Phil, Els and Michael Bayens, Bianca van Rangelrog, Peter, Joan, Judith and David Manning, Grant Fraser, Fiona van Giels

No. 1066

Waikamaka Hut

19-20th July

On Friday night I collected the club ice-axes and a rope from Graham Thorp as we did not really know what conditions we were going to find - comments of the more experienced members ranging from "We may not even get there" to "You'll have a job finding any snow".

We assembled at Hastings at 6.00 on Saturday morning and left in a very roomy truck at 6.30. When we arrived at 'the fence posts' there were snowflakes in the air and a cold wind was blasting people as they changed into their tramping gear. This ranged from shorts to long woollen pants and overtrousers. Ten minutes later in a sheltered Waipawa, the latter began moulting.

We had several stops on our way up the rapidly rising river before striking snow about five minutes before the climb up the saddle. However, it wasn't very long before the snow made itself obvious - around our waists. It was decided that four of the party should go on ahead, making a track and, hopefully, getting to Waikamaka Hut and have a fire going for the rest when they arrived. But, with snow covering leatherwood and holes alike all they managed to do was make it easier for those behind. Half way up the saddle three turned back to spend the night at Waipawa Chalet.

Finally our wading brought us to the water gauge. Heads poked over the saddle were hurriedly withdrawn as the wind, laced with pellets of ice, stung bare faces. After being blown over a few times, we arrived at Waikamaka Hut to find the door open. We spent the afternoon playing cards.

Heavy rain overnight washed much of the snow away so the rivers had risen even more, although they were nowhere near flooding. During breakfast there was much talk of coming out over '66' but when we got to the saddle we decided that it would be mad to try it. We slid whenever we could on our way down the saddle; one of the more interesting places being down



and around the knob rather than over it.

At the Chalet we rejoined the three who had returned the previous day and also three others who had gone into the Chalet on Saturday night. After lunch by the river below the hut some of the party returned to the truck while the rest went over to Triplex Base and out to the car park to where the truck had been taken. We piled in just as it started to rain and were in Hastings by 6.00 Thanks for driving Phil Bayens.

No. in party: 15

Leader: Danny Bloomer

Les and Darren Hanger, Peter Boomen, Peter Manning, Peter Berry, Ross Berry, Ross Barradale, Phil and Debbie Bayens, Fiona Vangils, Grant Fraser, Simon O'Kane, Andrew Keehan, John Grover.

-----  
Malcolm Search      16th May 1975

Warren Malcolm had just taken up a position with the Forest Service and had been working in the Northern Ruahines. We were advised on Friday 16th May that he had failed to return to Ruahine Hut from an afternoon shoot the previous Wednesday and had not been located by a Forestry team looking for him on the Thursday.

This rather mystified us as the area in which Warren Malcolm was hunting is just above the farmland of Big Hill Station's Broom Block and it seemed strange that anyone could spend so long in such a limited area without walking out on to the paddocks below or the road at the top of the plateau.

The strongest possibility was of an accident and five teams were sent into the field at about 1 p.m. Friday. However, just before 4 p.m. Malcolm was picked up on the Broom Road. He had lost his way in the creek headwaters east of Ruahine Hut and had spent the next two days making his way down one of the creeks. He did not apparently realise that for a considerable time he had in fact been making his way through farmland, the deeply cut gorge giving no clue that sheep and cattle were grazing peacefully above!

Club members taking part: Peter Lewis, Trevor Plowman, Kit Person, Keith Moffat, Alan Berry.

A.B.

Fuge Rescue      21-22 April 1975

Kevin Fuge had intended going up the Ngaruroro on Friday

evening with two companions but as he was delayed they had proceeded to Cameron Hut without him. Fuge had set off on Saturday morning, but did not at any stage catch up with his mates. When he did not return home by Monday morning S.A.R. was alerted and a Police/Napier Deerstalkers team headed for Kiwi Mouth by way of Kiwi Saddle to try to pick up some sign of the missing man.

No word had been heard from the reconnaissance team by Monday night so six search teams were sent into the Kiwi Saddle-Ngaruroro area at first light on Tuesday.

Our fears that Fuge may have met with some sort of misadventure were realised when the recce team radiod through to the Kuripapango base that Fuge had been found injured downstream from Kiwi Moth. He appeared to have suffered severe back injuries in a fall down a bank and this ruled out the 12 hour stretcher carry down the river. Much to the relief of the search teams we were able to organise a helicopter lift and Lin Wilson soon had the injured man delivered to the Hastings Hospital.

Club members involved: Graham Thorp, Alan Berry, Keith Moffat, Peter Lewis, Trevor Plowman, Keith Thomson, Ross Keating, Ian Andrews.

A.B.

(A) A facelift for Kaweka Hut

On the middle weekend of the May school holidays I got the key for Castle Rock road, and we left the Forestry at 11 p.m. on Saturday with 10 large sacks for the top bunks of Kaweka Hut.

Well the sacks only got as far as the Tutaekuri, as they were heavier than expected and it was a stinking hot day. Also we wanted to get to Mackintosh early.

About three weeks later, I got the key again, so 5 a.m. Saturday saw Murray and me struggling up the Kaweka stream with the 10 sacks, a bag full of nails, a roll of malthoid a container full of Ados, and a bit of Nova-roof. We reached Kaweka Hut at 6 a.m. exhausted. I woke up at 7 o'clock to find a heavy coat of snow outside. We patched up most of the holes in the walls, took the old sacking off two of the bunks and cleaned the fireplace out. Then we decided to leave the rest for the next weekend.

Well this weekend I didn't get the key so it was an hour's extra walk. We got to the hut at 1.30 p.m. and

started to work: cut firewood, put more patches on the walls, blocked the hole in the roof, and set to work on the bunks and by 7 o'clock Saturday night it had four good bunks again. All that it needs now is iron walls.

Thanks to Murray Ball and Shona Maxwell for their help.

Peter Boomen

(B) With funds available for maintenance, a decision was made concerning the walls of Kaweka Hut. This hut was erected under great hardship by a very small band of willing Club workers in 1936, and has been visited by thousands since. For those who have not seen the hut it has corrugated iron on the roof, beech framing, some as good as the day it was put in. The walls are covered in netting and malthoid with flat iron around the bottom. A new floor was put in by the forestry a few years ago so the walls are the only part not up to scratch.

Members of your hardworking hut track and fixture committee made a trip into Kaweka Hut to measure the walls for corrugated iron. We started from the pine tree in a cold wind at the decadent time of ten past nine and after an uneventful trip reached the hut at 11.30 a.m. The fire was lit, water boiled and dinner scoffed. Work started immediately after with bodies climbing over, round and about the hut. Drums were emptied, a path was altered, more wood was cut and the top part of the chimney was declared defunct - another job.

We departed at 2 p.m. travelling down the track with a bit of patchy snow still lying in sheltered areas. The pine tree was reached 2 hours later after a pleasant stroll along the lakes track.

After the homework, adding up etc., the hard work will begin for which many carriers and workers will be needed. Something to look forward to!

No. in party 8. P. Manning, P. Lewis, P. McBride, P. Thomson R. Goldfinch, D. Northe, Mary Madore of Napier "Y" Tramping Club

---

#### Kaweka Forest Park Progress Report

1. The club is now in the process of updating Norm Elder's book "Route guide to the ranges west of Hawke's Bay", so if you have any information on times taken on trips in either the Kaweka, Ruahine, Ahimanawa or Urewera areas could you please let the secretary know. (Address in front of Pohokura.)
  2. The road to Lawrence Hut from the Taihape Road is now open for use by the public. (Note: Permits are still
-

required for dogs and firearms that are taken into the park.)

3. The **Deerstalkers'** Association is carrying out a Sika research programme in the Makahu Saddle - Black Birch area and they require any information you can give them about animals seen or shot in the area. Some of the animals could have collars on them (the collars have been set in the form of snares in the above area) and it is especially important that all the information on the collar and the location, sex, etc of these animals be returned. Send any information you have through the secretary.

4. A new Forest Park has been opened in the Waikato, west of Hamilton. It is called the Pirongia Forest Park.

5. Renovations have begun on Kuripapango House and it is hoped to have them finished by the beginning of the summer.

6. The Rocks Ahead cable way has shifted on its foundations and it should not be used until repairs have been carried out.

- G.R.T.

---

#### To Estimate the Risk of a River Crossing

The Hydrologist to the M.D.W. gave the club the following tip:

If the velocity x depth = more than 10 DON'T CROSS.

If it comes to less than 10 you can most likely cross. Gauge the velocity in feet per second by measuring off a set distance on the bank. Throw a couple of sticks into the current and note the time they take to cover the distance. If the velocity is 3ft per second and depth is 3ft:  $3 \times 3 = 9$  and you should be able to cross. On the other hand if the velocity is 4ft per second and depth 3ft:  $4 \times 3 = 12$ . In this case don't cross.

Commonsense, knowledge and bushcraft should also play a part in this. The size, strength and stamina of the party should also be taken into account. If it is a borderline case, with smaller ones in the party, you are better off looking for a better place or waiting until the level drops.

---

#### Applications for membership

A few cases arose in the past when the committee did not know a person or anything about them when the application forms were put forward at meetings. Committee members are not always able to make as many tramps as they would like. We may miss out on meeting many new members and estimate their abilities.

At the last executive meeting a motion was carried to alter our system of application. To ensure that the committee can learn something of the applicant the new form must be signed by a committee member. The form must also be signed by the trip leaders of the two introductory trips the applicant

has made. One trip is to be preferably a weekend or longer and the other may be a day trip.

We on the executive hope that this will bring a greater personal knowledge of our new members.

---

Inflation. Inflation. Inflation.

A dirty word, but a fact of life. It is even affecting our tramping world. Transport costs are becoming a very heavy burden. We have tried to keep trip fares as low as possible by running our own truck, maintaining it with voluntary labour, providing member drivers etc, but so far we have not been able to find a garage or oil company who will provide us with free petrol. (Ha! Ha!) Petrol prices have doubled. Tyres and spare parts have not stayed far behind. So the committee in its wisdom has decided to raise the fare from \$1.20 to \$2.00, senior and junior equal. An average trip of 110 miles at \$2.00 is still cheaper than Newman's and you have a lot more fun.

- P.B.

---

New members:

We welcome the following to the club: Susan Kingsford (jr), Andrew Keehan (jr), Raymond Lowe (a former H.T.C. member).

---

Annual general meeting:

The 40th annual general meeting will be held in the Radiant Living Hall, Warren Street, North, Hastings, following the usual fortnightly meeting on Wednesday, 22nd October, 1975.

---

Bereavements:

Our sympathy to Vicki Blake on the loss of her father. And to George Lowe on the loss of his mother.

---

Typists for this issue:

Barbara Taylor, Nancy Tanner, Joan Bennett.

---

PRIVATE TRIPS

EGMONT - EASTER '75

Late Thursday night the Rover pulled out of the only late night coin-operated pump we could find (at Stratford) and proceeded up towards the mountain. Arriving at Dawson Falls roadhead we found some comfortable bunks six feet from the car and slept till morning.

Cloud prevented summit views but undaunted we climbed up into it, past Kapuni Lodge and up to Syme Hut on Fantham's Peak for lunch. Here we were disappointed as swirling fog, mist and cloud obliterated the view and the possible short cut down to Mangahume Hut. We made good speed down the shingle slide and back to square one which was easier than trying to find an ill-defined track in the mist and ending up in the bush.

Taking the new high level track from the Kapuni Lodge to Mangahume Hut avoids the long track down to Lake Dive and back up 1400'. Mangahume Hut is built on a mountain meadow "swamp". With twenty four people packing the hut (8 bunk) we felt quite at home on the floor. Those outside in tents used double plastic to keep the water from flowing up from below. Before tea Keith and Dave helped some young boys who had lost the track in the dark and were trying a direct approach to the hut across a deep gorge.

Saturday morning dawned fine. An early start (before 10am) was thwarted by Keith who reminded Tim that he had left the primus back in the hut. Nine hundred feet down and back up again was a good way to keep warm while the unsympathetic majority admired the view. Continuing up Skeet Ridge we climbed up steep scree and then easy rock to within a few yards of the crater rim. We sidled on to the West Ridge and then the crater rim before dropping into the snow-filled crater. The weather continued fine and apart from another small party of trampers, the mountain appeared deserted. After lunch, donning warmer clothing, we walked up to the summit proper, and there were greeted by approximately 60 people. So much for solitude, etc. These other people had scrambled up the shingle slide above Tahurangi Lodge under the guidance of local climbing club members.

About 3pm the mountain quietened and left us to appreciate the panorama. The radial drainage and road patterns made our position seem to be the centre of all. We could look down <sup>on</sup> Fantham's Peak, and on the horizon to the East the peaks of the central plateau rose from their cloud mantle. Keith and Dave climbed the crater face of Shark's Tooth which without its winter snow stood over 100 feet above the crater.

Not wishing to be cooking in the dark we prepared and ate dinner in the shelter of the crater, before climbing up again to the highest peak to establish our bivvy, 6 feet from the top. The sun set and darkness came on rapidly. Another group had bedded down in a more protected bivvy amongst rocks further down, so a social call passed the time until the brilliant Easter moon rose over Ruapehu. Up to this time the darkness was such that the gas burning at Kapuni was bright enough to illuminate our faces. Out at sea a flotilla of squid boats had materialised for their nocturnal activities, seemingly within the twelve mile limit.

Above eight thousand feet the nights tend to be cool so we were glad to put the rest of our spare clothes on and then climb into our sleeping bags in their plastic cocoons and surrounded by a small wall of stone. One bod, awakened by cold, shivered from 2 o'clock until sun up when he woke the rest of us. A photographic record of the sun rising between Ngauruhoe and Ruapehu was snapped from our sleeping bags. The cold was intense; an inch of ground frost had "grown" overnight and the water billies had frozen. The action of cameras sounded dubious and one wondered about the results. Between Egmont and Ruapehu a sea of 5000' cloud had gathered giving a false illusion of our altitude.

As the weather did not appear to be improving and an increase in high level cloud indicated poorer weather we opted for Tahurangi Hut for Sunday night. Although still freezing cold we reluctantly packed and descended into wet mist and cloud down to the social life of Tahurangi Lodge. We remained hut bound by the weather until Monday morning when we set off with a blizzard behind us round the mountain to Dawson Falls, arriving at the car about 10am and very damp.

Trevor Plowman, Keith Moffat, Dave Hunt, Tim -

---

KIWI SADDLE - VENISON TOP - MOHAKA

May 11-18th

We left the Kiwi Saddle working party at 2.30 Sunday bound for Kiwi Mouth on a trip that would end, hopefully, at "Stagger Inn" the following Sunday.

We dropped down to Kiwi Creek where a combination of fifty pound packs and fungus coated rocks meant it was 5.30 before we reached Kiwi Mouth hut. Early starts need practice we decided as we left at 9.30 the next morning swearing to make the next day's start an early one. That day we walked along almost the entire length of Back Ridge. It was very poorly marked but in favourable weather the ridge system is fairly obvious. The scenery here was fantastic and quite unlike any area accessible on a day trip. We spent that night at Back Ridge Bivvy.

Tuesday morning we set off (swearing again) for Rocks Ahead. This cosy hut proved to be only hours away on a well beaten track through the beech and down several hundred feet. After lunch we decided to spend the rest of the afternoon fishing and hunting (both unsuccessful). After dinner we hit the sack early.

The following morning (swearing) we left the Ngaruroro, for the last time and turned inland to the tussock country. On climbing on to Venison Top we spotted a hut which appeared to be a few hundred yards distant. It was in fact 35 minutes away. It has been called by previous visitors "The fridge on the hill". It is officially termed, incidentally, "Tira Chalet". Here we met a poacher, who must remain nameless. The weather had turned foul in the meantime so we hunted in the afternoon and slept in the Chalet. We set off the following morning (we had given up swearing) for Mangaturutu, on a route that took us alternately through shallow beech-covered ridges and across open tops.

We arrived at Mangaturutu hut at lunchtime and were given a cool reception by five deer cullers who suggested we move on to Te Puke. In their subtle attempts to move us on they gave us wildly inaccurate times and their "two hours" turned into five hours before we walked out of the beech and on to the ridge. Mist was rolling in fast and the afternoon was prematurely dark.

Further instructions from these double dealing, bush happy cullers were responsible for our spending a night out on an exposed ridge. Exposed to hail, rain and abnormally low temperatures, we survived the night fairly well and although our inner cores were warm our extremities i.e. hands, feet, and noses became dangerously numb. Our next stop was Mangatainoka, and on the sound advice of three pussumers we followed the water course and not the ridge system. The going was rough and several gorges had to be climbed around. It was late dusk when we reached the hut and we were glad to discard our previous thoughts about a second night out. The following two and final days we set records, sprained ankles and nearly discarded some prize antlers in order to be out on deadline. A rewarding trip even if only for the photos.

Chris Melody, Phil Thomson, Robin Marshall.

---

BACK RIDGE

9-10th March.

Left the car at 9am at Makahu and started the long climb up to Trig J. We found a tarn above Dominie that wasn't there before. Then dropped over to Back Ridge hut, and hunted our way over to Back Ridge Bivvy. We had intended going down to Rocks Ahead for the night but as there was so much deer sign up on Back Ridge we decided to spend the night at the Bivvy. That night Trevor shot a Jap. stag. We nearly got lost next morning trying to find it. We left Back Ridge at 1pm in fine weather and just before the last climb on to Trig J it packed up. Going down the other side of Trig J we lost the track once, but got to the car by 7.30pm. We were soaked to the skin, but it was a good trip.

P. Boomen, T. Plowman, P. Berry.

---

AS FAR AS THE MANGATAINOKA...

19-20th April

A fine morning, a little later than planned, and cold. We left the truck at the Hot Springs and walked on down the flat. That was about the longest bit of tramping we did all weekend, and as such it was a lengthy "rest". A perfect day: hazy with sun, the river shimmering, and the gleaming arc of the fishing line. Eventually we carried on; lunch at Stagger Inn, and on to the burnt remains of Chalet. There we had another of our long stops, sunbathed on the beach, talked, and here John caught the first of his trout. At the Makino, after the bouncy bridge, we took a slight deviation to look at a trout pool; wet feet, no fish. Next stop was to converse with some hunters camped near the junction. Round the corner was another group, these armed with bows and ominous



looking arrows. We spoke, were very polite, and decided to camp elsewhere. It was 4.30 at the junction, the sun was rapidly sliding to the tops of the hills. We "could pop up the Mangatainoka tomorrow" - but didn't - so set up camp where we were.

Fresh trout for breakfast then we were soon off back down the Mohaka - slowly for the originally grey day had cleared. When back at the truck we all (except Joe, the American, frightened off by our tales of amoebic meningitis) piled into the hot pool with soap, dived in the freezing river then clambered back to the warm water. ~~in~~ pity all tramps don't have such a clean ending!

Peter & John Berry, Bruce Perry, Danny & Anna Bloomer, Joe Reith.

---

ARAPAOANUI

6th February

New Zealand Day, and the masses - most of those from the previous trip and any others contactable - were to congregate at our bach at Arapawanui. In fact, we mainly accumulated at the side of the main highway, beside Peter Berry's de-gear'd car. In the end Peter took his car back to the nearest house and we continued on to the beach. We had lunch at the bach and spent some time just fooling round; flying frisbies, rowing the dinghy in the stream, admiring Pam's English Sheepdog pup, having the inevitable water fight.

Then we went down the other side of the river to the beach, and from there walked round the coast to the water-hole. This is a wonderful place where a small waterfall has made an ideal swimming hole just up from a wide sandy beach. We spent quite a while here at various activities. Some explored above the waterfall, some dived off the cliff face into the water hole. Others went further round the bays. But everyone went swimming; either in the cold, fresh-water pool, or in the sea where they got dumped.

And then, back to the beach and the cars, and towards the bach, where another car had a mishap, a disagreement with a landrover. But this was eventually fixed up, and in the house again Vicki and Dave cooked our sausages. Numbers were dwindling at this stage but the bulk carried on socialising, and water-fighting for a couple more hours. Most were home by about 9pm but I believe Pete's night was longer - helping with Peter B's car. However, over all it was a good day:- thanks to everyone who came.

Anna Bloomer

---

VIA THE TUTAEKURI

May 3-4th

Instead of going to Studholme's via the Rogue or the shingle slide, which is what any normal party would do, we decided to go up the Tutae-kuri to its source and then climb over the ridge. So we set off and after about three bends I found a good bivvy with a lantern, billies and a good sponge mattress. Then the river closed in and the going got slower and slower. After  $1\frac{1}{2}$  hours we couldn't go any further as we had just

hit an impossible gorge and waterfall.

Half an hour later we were still trying to climb up the near vertical side of the river, climbing about ten feet every five minutes. It took us just over 9 hours to get to Studholme's, on a fine day. Next day was another fine day. We left the hut at 12.30 and had the usual trouble trying to get around Cook's Horn. We were out at the car at 5pm.

It was a good fine trip with a bit of rock climbing.

P. Boomen, T. Plowman.

#### STEWART ISLAND

April 4-16th 1975

Late in March, with only a week's notice, I was asked to come along on a hunting trip to Stewart Island with Keith Severinsen, Lex Severinsen and Willy Oliver. This was too good a chance to miss as I knew Keith would be going into an area in the North West of the Island where comparatively few people have the chance to get.

We rattled our way by train to Invercargill and by late on the night of 3rd April had assembled about five large boxes of provisions along with packs, rifles, fishing rods, camera gear etc. - a depressing load of gear. Early next morning we had a memorable boat trip in the "Wai-rua" to Halfmoon Stewart Island. Herb Hansen let us have the use of a large old house at the end of the main beach. We had to spend a day here because the seas were too rough for us to travel on the fishing boat to our destination.

A white-pointer shark measuring fourteen feet had just been caught in a nearby net near the wharf and was lying on the beach. The teeth measured nearly one and a half inches across at the base.

At 8.00 the following morning we four boarded Herb. Hansen's forty foot fishing boat and headed off out to open seas. After a while as the "Kiwi" ploughed N.W. along Foveaux Strait the water became pretty rough so that sometimes we were tossed about in the little wheelhouse like leaves in a whirlwind. After a few larger waves had crashed onto the deck it was decided to go only to Big Bungaree Hut at this stage (one third of the way). Old Quinn manned the little dingy one hundred yards from shore. As each swell lifted the dingy nearer to deck level a pack or two and the odd box of food would be tossed in along with two of the party. The food had been carefully sorted into identical lots and wrapped in plastic in case one fell into the water. Eventually we stood on the beach near the hut and the "Kiwi" returned to Halfmoon Bay.

The huts on Stewart Island appear to be very well built - good foam rubber bunks, decramastic tiles on the roof and well lined inside. Big Bungaree had twelve bunks (two separate rooms) and a larger main room with sink and running water. The wood-burning range was very difficult to operate satisfactorily and soon had the room filled with smoke.

Willy slipped away for a short while and returned later with a white tail deer head of seven points. The venison was beautiful. Along

the beach, among hordes of sandflies, I came across an old whale vertebra. We later dug it out and found it was six feet across.

The "Kiwi" returned at 10.30 the next morning to collect us. We were lucky as rough seas could have kept us from our final destination for days. Finally the last great bundles of gear were dumped on the little beach near the eastern end of Long Harry Beach, about 20 miles from Halfmoon Bay. We were (we thought) now on our own and the "Kiwi" was due to call back for us in ten days' time. As far as the hunters were concerned this area should be good as it had not been hunted for a year. Because of the wild seas the charter boat would venture no further than here and usually stayed well clear of the area.

In the pouring rain we each hauled a full load up one end of the 200 foot bluff, then through the bush a short way to Long Harry Hut. There were four people there, but by the time we had returned with a second load each, two more had arrived. I'm sure the others wondered what they had struck when we barged in with enough food for two weeks!

The hut was near the edge of a 200' cliff and was well made like the others. There were six wide bunks and the water supply was outside. The large open fire worked well. We remained at the hut from 6th April to 15th April. Each day it rained and sometimes we seemed to be in the most exposed place on earth as the storms tried to throw us over the cliff into the sea. Often our meal consisted of venison, fish (cod or leather jacket), paua and even raw sea egg at one stage.

While the others went hunting I found plenty to interest me within a mile or two of the hut. Long Harry Beach below the hut had some great fishing spots. Sometimes I had the company of trampers who were doing the trip around the upper part of the Island. A mile west of the hut on Cave Point I eventually came across the cave - extending eighty feet into the rock and obviously the home of many sea birds. Just out from the cave a large seal often rolled about in the surf, oblivious of the huge seas. On the west side of this point the coastline was open to the full force of the Tasman Sea, and the spectacle was awe inspiring most days.

Along the scrub above Long Harry Beach and around the hut was the home of perhaps twenty or thirty yellow-crested penguins, standing about 18 inches high. Sometimes I was able to stroke these odd birds and often chased them through the scrub with the movie camera or the Pentax.

Before leaving home I had obtained two 7"x7" photos of the area we were to visit (Aerial Mapping Ltd.) and at a mile to the inch these were most useful. From near the hut Keith and I followed a very good, newly cut track about 2 miles inland one day. Most of the lower country is heavily clothed in thick, tangly bush and higher up there is shorter, almost impenetrable manuka. A compass should always be carried.

Four young visitors who had stayed a couple of days with us invited me to accompany them as far as Yankee River, about seven miles to the east. Apart from several miles of up-and-down country through pretty bush, the route (part of the main circuit) led along two miles of clean, open beach and a large area of large sandhills. There were fifteen of us at Yankee River Hut (12 bunk) that night. What a wild bunch they were.

---

Rifles and booze don't mix too well.

The following day I returned, alone, and was able to explore the sandhills. They were covered in fresh deer tracks and large bird footprints were also in evidence. In a large basin I picked up a 4" length of a stone axe, and back nearer Long Harry hut found evidence of Maori middens. After crossing the swingbridge over the tea-coloured Smokey River I began collecting mushrooms of all colours - blue, red, yellow and white to photograph close up back at the hut.

During our stay we heard some pretty sad tales, and saw for ourselves how poorly prepared some trampers were for the journey around the Island. The going was mostly heavy, with water two feet deep in Ruggedy Flat. This journey could take up to ten days in bad conditions and is not to be taken lightly. The Ranger should be consulted first.

By a stroke of luck the "Kiwi" was able to pick us up on the pre-arranged day, and so our most interesting stay in the wilderness was almost over.

Warren Bayliss

---

Ruapehu and thereabouts      March 28 - 31st

With enormous loads Bruce and I stagger off from the Top of the Bruce to the Alpine Hut, which is to be our home for the next few days.

After a bite to eat we grab parkas and ice axes and trot off to Dome for a play in the glacier. I find a pair of polaroid sunglasses on the way up which really makes my day.

Next morning were up early about 9 o'clock and running up Te Heu Heu (9,040') to conquer the first of the "Big Three" The view from the summit is tremendous. A sea of cloud north as far as the eye can see! Next peak to fall is Tahurangi (9,175') and because it's higher, we see even more cloud than before. Actually it's quite clear to the south-west and from Pare (9025') there is a splendid view of Egmont. After this great six hour feat we're rather tired so it's back down to the hut for an early tea.

Next morning we're up early and raring to go. The minor peaks are the objects of today's exercise, and after a tricky little rockstep the summit of Pyramid feels the tread of size nines and tens. We traverse back over Dome and wander through the moraines of the summit plateau to a tent camp on the far side. The occupants are dining on tinned fruit and we join in their feast.

From here the south face of Tukino looks inviting in

the mid-day sun, and we can't resist. We give up front-pointing after about 30' however (the strain of yesterday's climbing had taken its toll of our calves and ankles) Hours later, or so it seems, we pull ourselves onto the ridge and sit gazing down the face watching two South Island climbers coming up.

It's mid-afternoon now, the snow is fairly soft so we stow crampons in the pack and glissade back down Avalanche gully on Te Heu Heu. The Pinnacles look nice so we traverse along them a short way, climbing a few of the minor ones as we go.

Across the valley up a short rock face and we are back at the hut.

Le Bretts would be nice and the rush is on to get packed up and down the mountain before dark. We sleep on the Taupo beachfront. After a hard night we breakfast at 6 a.m. and then point the Victor in the direction of Tarawera. We spent the morning strolling through Waimangu thermal valley and lunch in Rotorua. That afternoon we joint us with the Club and head back to de Brett's for a swim and fish'n chips. The next stop is Napier for tea at Anna's.

Bruce Perry, Murray Ball

P.S. While we were away climbing we found that visitors to the hut were inclined to save their own food and eat ours instead, and on the second day my headlamp and Bruce's parka stuffbag were taken. After that we stowed everything in our packs and left them in the outer room but the food that was in the cupboard still kept disappearing.

M.B.

---

List of contents

Club trips	Page 1
Malcolm search	9
Fuge rescue	9
A facelift for Kaweka Hut	10
Kaweka Forest Park progress report.	11
To estimate the risk of a river crossing	12
Applications for membership	12
Inflation. Inflation. Inflation	13
New members	13
Annual general meeting	13
Typists for this issue	13
Private trips	14
List of contents	21
Fixture list	22
Proposed trips; For newspaper publicity; overdue trampers	23.

---

FIXTURE LIST

On many trips parties may divide so that fitter members can undertake a more strenuous trip in the same area. Changes due to unforeseen circumstances, could be made on the trip list from time to time. If you are unable to attend the meeting enquire from one of the following: Peter Lewis, phone 56789; Liz Pindar, phone 80457; Peter Manning, phone 82963.

SEPTEMBER 1975

28th Kaweka Flats - Iron Whare

Some very pleasant country between the Black Birch and Middle Hill may be covered.

Leader - Shona Maxwell

Driver - L. Hanger

OCTOBER

11 - 12 Pohangina River from Moorcock Base

Chance of a round trip from Pohangina Saddle to Leon Kinvig Hut and back up the Makaretu River.

Leader - B. Perry

Driver - A. Berry

25-26-27 Ngamatea - Boyds

A long way in to the Kaimanawa Forest Park over rolling tussock country. More ambitious types may take 5 days and over the Ngaruroro headwaters.

Leader - P. Boomen

Driver - P. Manning

NOVEMBER

9th Cairn trip

Our annual service for club members who lost their lives in the Second World War, is held here on the highest point in H.B.

Leader - P. Lewis

Driver - G. Thorp

22 - 23

Ngaruroro - Taruarau Junction

from Whana Whand. Wide riverbed, easy going. River crossing practice and bivouac construction. Camping out.

Leader - P. Manning

Driver - P. Manning

DECEMBER

7th Tamaki River

The club has not visited this area west of Dannevirke for many years. A pleasant river.

Leader - Susan Kingsford

Driver - O. Brown

13 - 14

Christmas Party - Social Committee. A real surprise this year.

19 - 5th JAN. Christmas Trip. South Island.

### PROPOSED TRIPS

December 20 - 21. To be arranged.  
January 4. To be arranged.  
January 17 - 18 Rongaiika costal trip. Clifton - Ocean Beach.  
Jenny Thomson. February 1. Lilo trip - Mohaka. David Northe.  
February 6 - 7 - 8. Mangatainoka via Hot Springs. Roy Frost.  
February 15. Tutaekuri River Gorge locating Hot Springs.  
Peter Berry. February 28 - 29. Manga-o-hane - Aorangi. Sarah  
Taylor. March 14. Black Ridge Ruahine Range. Chris Melody.  
March 27 - 28. Kiwi Mouth Hut. Graham Bailey. April 11. Okoeke  
Stream, Taupo Road. Elisabeth Hall. April 16 - 17 - 18 -  
19. Te Ara a Rua Kenana. Keith Thomson. April 25. Boyds  
Bush. Bryce Wallace. May 8 - 9. Aranga Hut. Elizabeth Pindar.  
Suggestions for future trips are most welcome. We would like  
them in writing.

---

TRIP LEADERS, for newspaper publicity contact E. Pindar as  
soon as you get back from your trip.

---

### Overdue trampers

Although returning parties usually plan to be out of the  
bush well before dark, consideration of safety must always  
come first. Even after arriving back at the transport, they  
could be two or more hours on the return journey, plus any  
unexpected delays, so beginners should make sure that parents  
or any others who may worry about them know this. Although  
not normally nearly as late as this, unless the return to  
town is likely to be later than about 10pm it would not be  
regarded as cause for parents to worry, but in case some  
unusual delay might occur, 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:

BERRY 77-223      TURNER 68-995      TAYLOR HMN 829

---

