

HERETAUNGA TRAMPING CLUB (INC)

BOX 386, HASTINGS

"P O H O K U R A"

Bulletin No 132

April, 1976

PRESIDENT: Mr A. K. Thomson,  
34 Plassey St., Havelock North.  
Phone 775-391

SECRETARY: Mr G. Thorp,  
110 Riverbend Road, Napier.  
Phone 434-238

TREASURER: Miss J. Smith,  
1009E Heretaunga St, Hastings.  
Phone 68-249

CLUB CAPTAIN: Mr P. Manning,  
117 Gascoigne St., Hastings.  
Phone 82-963

C L U B T R I P S

No. 1076 Mangatainoka Hot Springs 22 - 23 Nov., 1975

As there was little support for a trip to the Taruarau River we left at about 7 o'clock from Napier heading for the hay barn at Makahu, Puketitiri. Despite a dismal forecast the weather remained fine all that day as we walked up the pleasant Mohaka valley stopping to fish now and then. When we reached camp (it takes just over 5 hours for a fit party) we met some meat hunters who had set up camp beside the hot springs. As bush creeps right to the edge of the river I had great difficulty casting my fly to the fish on the other side of the river. One of the hunters who wanted to learn fly fishing, but who was even worse than me, used his kiwi ingenuity and cut a large fishing pole from the bush. Immediately a hook and we landed a nice 4 pound trout which we promptly cooked and ate. The next day brought continual drizzle so we set off up to Makino Hut for a warm lunch, and from there walked out to the car. All in all a very interesting and rewarding trip.

No. in party 4 Leader: P. Thomson  
Les Hanger, Cathy Gardner, Barry Kivell.

No. 1077 Kaweka Hut Working Party 7 December 1975

Our schedule was slightly upset with the 5.30am start from Hastings ending up as a 6.00am start. The truck arrived at 8.30am at the roadhead followed by two cars and later a motorbike. One car and the motorbike managed to get most of the way down to the Tutaekuri River. 300 feet of 3 x 2 timber and 80lb

of steel reinforcing were shouldered and a start was made. There was a certain amount of puffing and panting, especially at the zigzag but very good progress was made and we reached the hut at about 10.45am.

After a rest and a rather early lunch we carried shingle up from the river in sack loads and made quite a sizeable stack by the hut ready to be used in concrete making. This exercise was continued by some while others began digging a rubbish pit. It was finished after much dirtthrowing and just to see how much "rubbish" it would take all 20 of us jumped in and there was still room for a few more! The day's work was finished and we debated whether to go to the lakes for a swim but decided against it. So we set off for Hastings arriving at 7.00pm. A most enjoyable working party.

No. in party 20

Leader: Susan Kingsford

Peter Lewis, Peter McBride, Randall Goldfinch, Chris Melody, Les Hanger, Liz Pindar, Graham Soppitt, Peter Manning, Philip Thomson, Barry Kivell, Chris Jones, Glen Armstrong, Geoff Orr, David Wilkins, Keith Thomson, David Northe, Jeanne Wright, Trevor Plowman, and Alister.

No. 1078

Christmas Party

14 December 1975

As a change from an evening party, we had a picnic at the water guage at Kuripapango this year. Some went swimming, to the detriment of a fisherman's temper, but the water was a bit chilly, so most water lovers went down a hundred yards or so on a lilo instead, being retrieved at the end of the course by assorted fathers. As usual Father Christmas came, threw lollies for a scramble and cut the Christmas cake and, as well, we had a game of cricket and various barbecued and saladed lunches. No one stayed late and by 4.00pm only crumbs remained on the bank and a huge trout in a deep pool enjoyed some left-over sausages.

No. in party - about 40

Liz Pindar

No. 1079

Stewart Island

Christmas Trip 1975

Early in 1975 several club members expressed interest in a southern New Zealand Christmas trip. The Club Captain accordingly booked ferry passages. Later we decided on the deep south, namely 'The Island'. Meetings were arranged and members were delegated to arrange - transport, tramping food, equipment, and travel arrangements.

Twelve bods left home on Thursday evening, 18 December, and travelled in the Kombi and Rover to Paul's flat in Wellington. Bad weather was experienced through the gorge and the same southerly blew for the next two weeks. On Friday we sailed on the morning ferry to Picton and drove to Geoff Richards' flat in Christchurch. Lunch next day was at the Van Giels' in Timaru, then collecting Fiona and Marie we continued on to stay at Jenny's Dunedin flat. Late next morning we drove south to Bluff

travelling via the Waipori Falls and Lake Mahinerange. Shivering into the camping ground we moved into cabins and after our last 'real' dinner, we packed for the tramp.

Monday 22nd

To be woken at 5.30am on a cold and blustery morning does not inspire much enthusiasm for venturing out into the cold waters of Fouveaux, and whatever was beyond. We must have all agreed on this - yes, for once voting was unanimous. A traditional breakfast (civilisation style) was eaten among many derogatory comments of what was to happen to the cook's fare later on the ferry. The ferry sailed at eight and time after breakfast moved fast, interspersed frequently by threats issuing from the leader regarding the lack of sympathy that would be extended should any person be late. The camping ground manager kindly drove the drivers back to the ferry allowing the vehicles to be parked in the camping ground.

The passage leaving Bluff was rough and the open sea worse. However, the tramping club, true to form, went into action and the sight of us doing handstands and dancing on the rear deck initiated some contributions to the ocean from the greener passengers. Comment overheard later was, "I had been told the ferry was often used for stock transportation and although it sounded like the stock were above, on arrival at Oban I could see none."

Apart from one breakfast and one hat the HTC were headed intact into Oban: a small town appreciably larger ten days later. After final mail posting, check with rangers, and goodbyes to civilisation, we were off, up a dusty, unsealed road, still within yards of the town centre. The weather was alternating between hot sunshine and squally showers and eventually parkas stayed on. Pack weight ensured a slow rate; the girls were carrying in excess of 40lb and some of the guys - ??? This first day Port William had a 5 hour Forest Service rating. After 5 hours we looked at the map, having previously been engrossed in the 'way out' scenery. The map showed we had walked along the golden beach of Horseshoe Bay and had left the last road at Lee Bay. At that time we had reached Maori Beach, another expanse of sand, washed by clear salt water and bounded on the landward side with lush green bush. At each end of the beach a cool stream wound out of the bush and rushed down the sand to the surf. A 'forestry' bridge crossed the stream at the western end and a muddy track rose steeply to avoid the rugged rocky shoreline between the bays. This was the nature of travel and surroundings which typified the north-eastern coast and became very familiar in the next few days.

Another one & half hours saw all the party at the new Port William 30-bunk hut - a veritable palace. Dinner used up the first and the last of the tinned food. 'Meat' from Port William on was disguised as TVP. After an excellent dinner the day's casualties were attended to and tiredness soon overtook the party.

Tuesday 23rd

An early morning dip in the sea gave some the excuse to shiver for a couple of hours; the water being rather bracing contrasting the heated discourse between two members of another club at the hut. Leaving this otherwise beautiful place was difficult and the desire to return from ten yards up the very muddy track was strong. Surfacing several miles later at Big Bungaree Beach, the thoughts of swimming, fishing and lazing at the hut seemed to override the intention to travel on to Christmas Village. Staying that day at Bungarre was enjoyable: paua frütters, swim, fishing, dinner, cave exploring, singing, then off to bed.

Wednesday 24th

Christmas Eve was intended to be celebrated at Christmas Village Hut, so an early start was made with the intention of climbing Mt Anglem, 3214'. However, due to more mud and various attractions on the side of the track - paua fishing, tui colonies, ancient tram line engines - and more mud, we did not arrive at Christmas Village Hut until midafternoon. Whilst the majority decorated the hut with balloons and streamers Peter and Bob left to climb Anglem. Bill went fishing and caught a moki, and Phil managed to survive freezing and returned with some pauas. Christmas dinner was cooked and included "chicken" TVP, Christmas pud and sweets. The festivities ended in singing which would not have helped the hut structure, but probably indicated to Peter and Bob how far back to the hut. This intrepid couple returned just on dark (about 10.30pm which was earlier than normal due to cloud). They had climbed to above the bushline and had obtained worthwhile views of the north-eastern side and across to the mainland.

Thursday 25th

A cold grey day suggested jokes about a White Christmas. After the hail which fell in five successive hailstorms showed a reluctance to melt, we were suitably convinced. The day progressed getting less cold with the occasional bursts of sunlight piercing the dense foliage and refracting beautifully through the water droplets suspended from the dripping bush. Early evening we arrived at the Yankee river, contemplating whether to continue and climb over the peninsula to Smokey Beach, or stay in the hut at the river mouth. Tiredness won and we stayed that night in and around the hut. Washing in that river, as with all the north-eastern streams, was fairly traumatic and the continuing cold wind decreased our appreciation of the beautiful scenery and views over the strait to Bluff. Our Christmas treat was a fruit cake sprinkled with a miniature brandy which was divided with the precision dictated by sixteen pairs of onlooking eyes.

Friday 26th

A spectacular method of fire-lighting using white spirits was demonstrated before breakfast. The second event that morning was not dangerous, but pointed out the folly of leaving garments behind and then remembering them halfway up the first hill.

This was popular in some quarters as it allowed a good rest.

Descending to Smokey Beach we were aware of a  $\frac{2}{3}$  mile length of beach with high sand dunes extending up to  $\frac{1}{3}$  mile inland. These sandhills, moulded by the elements, were held in parts by tussock and in places had captured pockets of vegetation in which the Tuis had made their homes. The sand was covered by deer tracks but the reason for their attraction was not apparent.

Continuing along the beach a news item accompanying the radio weather forecast cheered the party - "snow fallen recently to 500' A.S.L. in an area just 15 miles from Hastings." The sadistic streak was quite apparent.

Later at the river at the end of the beach we all had lunch except for one poor bod who seemed occupied in retrieving one boot from the opposite side and untwining the other from underneath a swaying metal bridge! The track climbed steeply inland and emerged a couple of hours later on top of the rugged northern cliffs. A steep track to the beach and an even steeper track vertically upwards 200', took us from Long Harry Bay to the hut, perched in high scrub above the cliffs. This was penguin country and their voices could be heard from their shelters, some quite close to the hut. An early night was dictated in view of the distance for Saturday. Saturday 27th

The weather remained squally and the wind chilly. The track led down to a beach consisting of huge boulders; the force of the sea to shape and manoeuvre these must have been terrific. However, some moved of their own accord, and this type is known as "seals" - the same colour as the other rocks but can move quite fast occasionally chomping their jaws. These two characteristics were clearly demonstrated by the model that chased Paul. Fortunately (?) Paul showed surprising incentive and escaped!

The landscape had now changed from the lush bush of the east, to windswept scrub and an incredibly rough coastline. Aptly named are the Rugged Islands; these sheer-sided rock outcrops extend into the sea, separated by narrow straits which it seemed the whole ocean was straining to surge through at one time.

Turning inward it became apparent that this type of landscape had got to some of the early cartographers. We left east Ruggedy Beach (with its Rugged Islands separated by the Rugged Passage past Rugged Point) and headed up Ruggedy Stream past west Ruggedy Beach and continued towards Ruggedy Flat where we climbed westward over the Ruggedy Mountains and descended at last to a less rugged beach in Waituna Bay. There we spent a comfortable night camped in a scrub clearing at the foot of these imposing mountains.

Sunday 28th

The west coast shoreline was littered with flotsam, mostly fishing equipment. Leaving sea level we climbed steadily and after two hours reached the saddle between Ruggedy Flats to

the east and Big Hellfire Beach. At this sand pass the sand had had blown more than a mile inland up a one in six gradient. Looking east one could appreciate the wet nature of the central lowlands and the realisation that these divided the island in two. Westward the huge southern ocean swells pounded the coast and to the northwest lying opposite Waituna Bay was Codfish Island. After our constitutional Tararua biscuit distribution and fight for crumbs, we proceeded south, stopping to look around each bay the track passed close to. Arriving at Little Hellfire Beach we camped on a flat site overlooking the sandy beach. Firewood in the form of driftwood abounded and amongst the debris washed ashore was a gas cylinder. This we found out later contained a dangerous gas and our approach to stand it on end was unwise.

That night was calm and after watching the sun set over the horizon, slept, hopeful of better weather for the morrow.  
Monday 29th

Dawning a beautiful day, Peter arose early and went fishing. The sunshine had turned the bleak coastline into a hospitable seaside scene, the wavefronts appearing on the horizon could be followed for miles, right in to the breakers, the water clear and sparkling. Climbing high over the peninsula afforded good views to the north as far as Codfish Island and to the south, the eight mile curve of Mason Bay, over the Ernest Islands to the South Muttonbird Islands. Descending, we had the warmest lunch since Napier, and spent some time exploring the cliffs and moving around the huge kelp growths exposed by low tide. The surf was inspiring so anticipating a swim we headed off across the hard sand toward Island Hut. At low tide golden sand is exposed in places up to 200 yards between the water's edge and the dunes. Most of the party went swimming, the water being marginally warmer than on the north coast. At the hut we were met with familiar faces, Tom Davies from Napier and Paul Chapman who had actually shown the club slides of the island two years ago. The hut was large and comfortable, a credit to the owners. That night we recorded the sunset at 10.45. The sun setting late due to the latitude, westness, and NZ summertime had degraded party morning performances and a characteristic of the tramp was relatively late morning departure times and often tramping into the early evening - one can't have it both ways.

Tuesday 30th

The restful previous day was needed this day as we were hoping to be in Oban for New Year's Eve. Before lunch we had already tramped 10 miles along the tractor track between Freshwater Landing and Island Hill Homestead. This track was very flat and represented a causeway between two deep drainage ditches. The farm had appeared a wilderness area but apparently provided a subsistence for the owner. At Freshwater Landing a negotiable route to Paterson Inlet by launch was possible, and if so could avoid a solid day's tramp between Oban and Mason Bay. After lunch at the hut a muddy track led up a long climb to the saddle where the flat lowlands and the high southern

interior could be appreciated. Slowly sliding down to sea level, and a sidle round North Arm brought us to the hut, tired, but quite capable of gathering mussels and rock oysters from the abundant supply within yards of the hut.

Wednesday 31st

No additional incentives were required that morning so after saying goodbye to the sandflies we hurried towards Oban. Before lunch we met some tourists camping ob the track complete with a chihuahua in a travel bag. These good people complained how the track to Oban was in an atrocious state and they had taken eight hours the previous day to reach there. Two hours later after passing through some beautiful bush we reached the outskirts of Oban. Taking only two minutes we were in the middle of the town and shortly after eating fresh fruit and ice-cream.

We established our camp at the rugby park-cum-camping ground along with every other tramper and tourist on the island. It seemed a widely known fact that the middle of the field flooded and explained why the tents were pitched around the perimeter. After a dinner of crayfish and fresh food, we celebrated New Year's Eve in true Obanish tradition and returned to the camping ground which had taken on a carnival atmosphere. Sometime, late in the early hours, we crashed and came to about five a.m. Unfortunately some Obanians in the town V8 were still revelling and chose to stir the camping ground. After much persuasion and the intervention of the village constabulary (singular) our guy ropes were untied from the bumper of their car and we went back to sleep relieved that we hadd't been taken in tow across the paddock.

The rest of the morning was spent sightseeing. On board the ferry most found their way down under and were awakened at Bluff, all in a collapsed state on a long curved seat like a pack of cards!

Back at the Bluff camp we had "greasies" followed by a rather early night.

The curfew tolls the knell etc.....

Lunch at Jenny's in Dunedin, then through to Timaru for the night where we enjoyed the Van Giels' kind hospitality. Saturday morning we visited the local game park before motoring to Christchurch for lunch. The late start, and some rubber coming detached from two Rover tyres resulted in a Late arrival in Picton. Consequently we celebrated Denise's birthday too late! Next day we crossed the strait and drove an uneventful trip back to the Bay.

Before starting work next morning we had all decided on returning.

Our Theme Song (with apologies to Mr F. Dagg)

Fifteen trampers travelling so far  
Six in a Kombi, four in a car  
Five in a Rover thinking it over  
Why do we tramp so far.

---

Chorus

Oh... tramping left and tramping right  
Tramping on into the night  
Legs so weary, hearts so cheery  
Following yonder track.

We'll be tramping Christmas Day  
A thought to make you all go grey  
But we'll sing on the ferry and make merry  
Right into Half Moon Bay.

We made our camp on Christmas Eve  
A bottle of wine appeared from a sleeve  
And from a bottle of port we all had a snort  
Under the rimu trees.

Round Stewart Island we did go  
In the rain, and hail, and snow  
Through the mud, the swamp and crud  
But where we'll stop we just don't know.

On a starvation diet we did stay  
Living on four Tararua bikkies a day  
For half a chop or a bottle of pop  
We'd give a whole week's pay.

On New Year's Eve we made a stop  
Bought all the food there was in the shop  
Drank the booze till it ran out our shoes  
Then homebound did trot.

- Arrangement by courtesy of Mr P. Berry

Some notes:

Taking 17 days we travelled 1700 land and 200 sea miles  
and walked on crow's wings at least 100 miles round the island.

Total costs for the trip were \$66.50 perhead for those  
travelling the full distance. This included all meals, transport and accommodation.

Party equipment on the island included:

- 5 tents with 3 flies and 2 "Pete's plastics"
- 2 primuses - white spirit
- 1 " - Gaz
- 2 carbide lamps
- 1 half axe
- 2 first aid kits
- 1 broadcast radio
- 3 billies 8 - 10pt

The equipment carried was adequate for the trip. Due to longer daylight hours the carbide lamps did not have much use. Although the party suffered no injuries, apart from blistered



feet, the need to reapply dressings frequently used most of the plasters and most sterile dressings in the first aid kits. On future extended trips such as this be aware that care of feet is a criteria of success, especially when wet muddy conditions prevail.

Careful choice of food was necessary and a compromise between weight, nutrition, cost, and variety was sought. From a list of available foods menus were prepared and portioned according to calorific values. An average of 3300 calories/person/day was carried and this represented under 21lb food/day per person. Breakfast, dinner and 4 1½oz Tararua biscuits were provided as "community food". Each day this food was packaged in waterproof numbered bags and divided equally between the party members in such a manner that each carried the same weight of food for the duration. This required an accurate record to be kept and in practice was successful. Each bod provided his own lunch and by careful selection of food, some variety and an adequate quantity could weigh 6 ounces. The communal meals were sufficient and apart from occasional shortage in individual components we returned with enough food for the tenth day and Milo and sugar to spare. This may not have been so had the weather been cooler and therefore more food required.

- Trevor Plowman

16 bods performed on the island. They were:

Trev Plowman - who led occasionally  
Paul Richards - "von" who ran away from walrus!  
Fiona Van Giel - "just call it cabin bread"  
Graham Bailey - "sneaky heat" - This name was useless!  
Jenny Thomson - Couldn't beat her pancakes  
Dave Northe - the "complete" tramper  
Shoma Maxwell - expert at cooking, both edible and inedible food  
Pete Berry - very responsible (for almost everything)  
William Gray - and on a rock there sat fishing, a gnome...  
Julia Reading - dietician - one armed mermaid  
Pete Lewis - Great "white spirit"ulist!  
Marie Korff - used Dutch words to describe the mud  
Bob McLellan - shellfish connoisseur  
Phil Thomson - road runner and paua picker  
Denise Robinson - eminent botonist (discovered the 'sock' tree)  
Geoff Orr - cutlery king and dishmaster

---

Stewart Island : Food Report - menu for 16 people  
- and comments

22 December

<u>Tea</u>	Corned beef	8 cans (12oz)
	Potato	13oz dehydrated spud
	Vegetables	11oz (carrots, peas, beans, dehydrated)
	Soup	Separately. 5pkts
Pudding -	Jelly	17oz (jell quik 4pkts)
	Milo	8oz ) Provided for
	Sugar	8oz ) drinks with all
	Milk powder	4oz ) meals including morning and afternoon teas.

23 December

<u>Breakfast</u>	Porridge	28oz
	Milk powder	12oz
	Raisins	1lb
	Prunes	1lb

Morning & afternoon

tea - each

day	Tararua biscuits	2 each
-----	------------------	--------

<u>Tea</u>	Macaroni	3lb
	Cheese	3lb
	Butter	8oz
	Onion (dehy)	To taste
	Soup	With macaroni. 5pkts
	Vegetables	11oz
Pudding -	Instant pud	15oz
	Milk powder	8oz

24 December

<u>Breakfast</u>	Muesli	64oz
	Milk powder	12oz
	Raisins	1lb
	Prunes	1lb

<u>Tea</u>	Rice	40oz
	soup	8oz
	Vegetables	11oz
	Chicken curry	20oz (Recipe follows)
Pudding -	Xmas	4lb

25 December

<u>Breakfast</u>	Egg powder	24oz
	Raisins	1lb
	Prunes	1lb
<u>Tea</u>	Potato	13oz
	Vegetables	11oz
	Fish	55oz
	Soup	Separately. 10oz
Pudding -	Jell quik	
	Semolina	9oz. + milk powder and sugar according to instructions on packet

26 December

<u>Breakfast</u>	As for 23rd.	
<u>Tea</u>	Soup	9oz
	Rice	40oz
	Beef curry	25 $\frac{1}{2}$ oz (Recipe follows)
	Vegetables	11oz
Pudding -	Instant pud	4pkts
	Milk powder	12oz

(For quantities from here on refer back)

27 December

<u>Breakfast</u>	Muesli, dried fruit, milk powder
<u>Tea</u>	Beef curry, potato, vegetables, soup. Instant pud and milk powder

28 December

<u>Breakfast</u>	Egg powder and dried fruit
<u>Tea</u>	Chicken curry, rice, vegetables, soup Jell quik, semolina, milk powder & sugar

29 December

<u>Breakfast</u>	Muesli, dried fruit, milo drink
<u>Tea</u>	Beef curry, potato, vegetables, soup. Instant pud and milk powder

30 December

<u>Breakfast</u>	Porridge, dried fruit
<u>Tea</u>	Beef curry, potato, vegetables, soup Jell quik, semolina, milk powder and sugar

31 December

Breakfast Muesli, dried fruit.

Tea Chicken curry, rice, vegetables, soup  
Instant pud, milk powder.

---

BREAKFAST Muesli was cooked, like porridge, and very nice - when not burnt.

Porridge was also nice and I enjoyed it even more when the fruit was mixed in with it.

The fruit with the breakfast was soaked overnight and sometimes cooked in with the muesli or porridge, or just eaten from the soaking water, and occasionally cooked - which gave us some prune juice. Does wonders for the digestive system.

Not advisable to use egg powder for making scrambled eggs unless you have something to bolster it with. It's not very filling and damned expensive.

LUNCH Was up to the individual. 6oz was the quoted amount but judging by what I saw going down at lunchtime I wonder at some people's kitchen scales!

Cabin bread was good. It does tend to get broken up though.

Kavali is in the same category as cabin bread, but is more compact and better packaged.

Margarine is preferable to butter but even margarine goes "off" as some found out by the end of 10 days. It should be really fresh when bought - buy as close to the departure date as possible.

A dry cheese is good - a wet cheese goes mouldy too quickly.

Lunch should be something you really like, and varied, or you won't feel like eating it.

TEA We had our corned beef cold which is really the only way to have it.

Make sure someone knows how to make macaroni cheese in a billy - practice makes perfect, but practice beforehand!

The fish was tinned fish flakes mixed into potato.

Chicken and beef curries : A packet of Supreme chicken or beef curry (12 serving) is said to be pretty powerful in its curry flavour, so I had to dampen it down. I didn't have a clue of how much meat supplement was actually needed so with a bit of guesswork I came out with something that seemed to feed the starving group.

I took half of a 12serve pkt of curry, added 12oz of TVP (the appropriate flavour.e.g. chicken or beef), plus 1oz dehydrated onion.

Leave to soak for approx. one hour then bring to boil and cook about 30 minutes, stirring to prevent it attaching itself to the bottom. I added the packets of soup and a couple of Oxo cubes for flavouring.

If rice was on the menu we cooked it in with the stew - but first boil and wash before adding it.

Vegetables were soaked and cooked separately from stew.

#### TARARUA BISCUITS - Our recipe.

Melt  $\frac{1}{2}$ lb butter and  $\frac{1}{2}$ lb honey, add 1lb wholemeal flour, and whatever fruit you like, in any quantity. It's a good idea to mince fruit together. Make into fairly large biscuits on an oven tray at cook at about 400F for 15 - 20 mins.

---

Everyone eventually gets sick of somethings on a long trip and if everyone never drinks Milo again I won't be surprised. We took some tea leaves with us for a change but these were only used once or twice. Only 3lb 6oz of Milo came back, compared with the 23lb 8oz that we started with. About 25pkts of Vitafresh were also polished off. We started off with 24lb sugar and came back with 2-3lb. The night meal of the 31st came back with us as that night we were in Oban with fresh meat and vegetables. We took 4lb flour and Baking powder, and butter to make scones and pancakes. A 2lb container of salt and some pepper was useful. Thanks to Philip we had paua, mussels, cockles and even rock oysters. Bill caught a couple of beautiful fish.

I found the N.M.S.C. publication "Mountaineering" and "Mountaineering - the freedom of the hills" - Manning, in the HTC Library contained a lot of information. Also "Annapurna: South face" by Chris Bonington had some information in the back.

I feel the food taken was fairly adequate and no one seemed to be desperately hungry. The food was divided evenly and a record kept in a notebook. Food seemed to get offloaded from one person to another and at times it got quite confusing. Unless you're a keen hard worker don't try this sort of catering. The job drove me up the wall!

But I had a great time and in some ways didn't want to come home, but 16 people can't live together in harmony for ever!!

- Julia Reading

No. 1080      Clifton to Ocean Beach - Coast Trip 17-18 Jan. 1976

Left Hastings 8.00am in beautifully sunny weather. A short drive to Clifton and we started off to Cape Kidnappers.

We arrived, and a few had a swim then it up to the shelter huts above the beach for lunch.

After a long lunch (that was interspersed with water fights) we started off up the hill to see the gannets. We had been watching them for a while when the wind changed and everyone decided it was time to move.

We tramped along the hills to Rongaika where we had a swim, then moved to the sandhills and set up camp for the night under the only trees there. Most slept in the open as it was warm and dry and we didn't need the tents.

We rose quite late and had a lazy morning until about 11.00am because we had to wait for low tide to get around the point to Ocean Beach. Most managed to make it dry and we then had a swim and lunch.

We walked the last 6 or 7 miles to the other end of the beach where the truck was waiting and got back to Hastings about 5.30pm, (thanks to Peter Manning). A most enjoyable trip.

No. in party 22

Leader: Jenny Thomson

Simon Taylor, Debbie Bayens, Denise Robinson, Sarah Taylor, Robin Dadd, Les Hanger, Bobbie Couchman, Liz Pindar, Peter Lewis, Peter Berry, Chris Melody, David Wilkins, David Norther, Murray Ball, Ross Barradale, Barry Kivell, Peter Boomen, Graham Bailey, Frank & Chris Hooper, Susan Kingsford.

No. 1081      Lilo Trip, Mohaka River      1 February 1976

Napier member assembled at the meeting place along Church Road. The Kombi was first there, a remarkable achievement! Departure at 7.15am, the Kombi leading the convoy to Puketitiri. Apparently the truck had trouble with a flat tire and petrol feed problems. The Kombi continued, not knowing of the trouble with the truck. Pete looked at the track through the Makahu ford from a close distance, and on the passengers' recommendation decided to use Jack Nicholas's bridge. The haybark duly presented itself, and as if someone had known of our arrival, the top gate was open beckoning the VW on. The track was good apart from boggy places. The corner after the fords, where the track goes uphill, presented no trouble to Stirling Moss alias Peter Lewis. The back end of the Kombi slid round in great style, the revs peaking nicely, only to hit the next wet place found the back sliding the other way. Looking out the window was enough to get the passengers away from that side in a great hurry. Meanwhile Pete was doing 360 degrees with the steering wheel, still with his foot down.. No revs were lost and the Kombi roared up the hill none the worse for the slide down the track. A great exhibition of driving skill. Pete decided to deposit us about a half mile from the hot springs and went back for the others.

Not carrying any billy we contented ourselves with boiling water in one of Mr Watties empties. This was well received as the river water was very cold and the weather was not much better. We started our lunch, the Kombi arriving and returning up the track for the last "straggles". Shoma magically appeared from this last load, having missed the truck at Holt's and in trying to catch it up, detoured up the Taupo Road. After a few miles she enquired at a garage, and after a few phone calls found out the hot springs and the tramping club were on the Puketitiri Road! The Glengarry Road provided a short cut and she caught the truck up near Apley Road.

After lunch four people decided to go from above the hot springs to the Pakaututu Bridge. Others decided that the hot springs would be a great thawing agent. Those who had wet suits put them on. Others put on longjohns, singlets, overtrousers, jerseys, pakas, and one person kept going - 2 singlets, longjohns, shirt, jersey, trousers, overtrousers, lifejacket, swandri, balaclava and climbing bash hat. Lilos were launched from the flats above the hot springs, those going further than the hot springs were quick in getting away. All arrived at the hot springs rather cold, and were very aware of the higher water level, and the very much swifter water flow. The hot springs successfully thawed out the cold bodies and after reassembling the Kombi began ferrying people out to the truck again. Rain again fell and to the tune of 'The twelve days of Christmas' (HTC version), those walking trudged out to the hay barn.

The four who went from above the hot springs to the bridge had a very fast trip. Certain areas known to slow with a lower water level, had lilos battling downstream at 20 - 25 miles per hour. The bridge arrived before long, those in longjohns and singlets slightly colder than those in wet suits.

No. in party 31+

Leader: David Northe

Peter Lewis, Trevor Plowman, Graham Soppitt, Shoma Maxwell, Frank and Cris Hooper, Bayens family and Manning family, Anna and Danny Bloomer, Sarah Taylor, Denise Robinson, Les Hanger, Geoff Orr, Kathy Walker, Peter Berry, Julia Reading, Bruce Perry, Rob Snowball, Chris Melody, Peter Boomen, Murray Ball, David Wilkins, Mike O'Shea, Bruce Perry, Gabrielle Friend.

No. 1082 (A) Mangatainoka River

6, 7, 8 February 1976

We left reasonably early and a couple of hours later we were fording the Makahu River in the truck and heading at a flatout rate of almost dead stop up the hill to Jack Nicholas' hay barn. Some headed off quickly to Mangatainoka hut (ha ha) and the rest of us followed rather slowly enjoying the scenery and meeting lots of people. Ray had a sore back so we left him at Tepuia Ruin and headed up the zigzag hoping to spend the night at the hot springs but the dirty, littering, no-goods who had been spotlighting up on Jack Nicholas' were camped there so we crossed the Mangatainoka and camped in the angle between

it and the Mohaka. That night someone left the taps on but everybody had a pretty comfortable night regardless.

Dim daylight and Ross said the river was up! I didn't believe him but was soon disillusioned when I saw the river. It was the colour of black coffee, up 3 feet with rocks knocking in it, and we knew it was suicide to attempt a crossing.

So began two days of great personal deprivation (food rationing). The rivers went up really high. By Saturday night especially the Mohaka had come up about 8 to 10 feet, with the Mangatainoka up at least 5 or 6 feet. We were alright but our neighbours (Kit Person & Co) were looking hard at the Mohaka which came to within 8 feet of their camp.

We spent all Sunday waiting for the Mangatainoka to go down and looking for a place to cross. We got up early Monday morning, packed up camp in record time and with our ready-cut manuka pole headed up the Mangatainoka to see if we could cross as the river had gone down a bit overnight. We plunged in. It was cold and it was swift. Fortunately we were holding the pole otherwise things wouldn't have been so good. We made it to the far side eventually and proceeded to eat.

We bowled out of there like a ton of bricks and after negotiating big slips, waist-deep water, and greasy scouring finally made it to the Puketitiri hot springs. We proceeded leisurely out to the truck careful not to get sunburnt in the hot sun (ruin the story) only to find we couldn't get the truck across the Makahu. Thanks to Peter Lewis who kindly came out and collected us, we finally did get home, a bit late perhaps, but we were just glad to be home.

No. in party 6

Leader: Peter Berry

Paul Dandy, Ross Barradale, Liz Pindar, David Wilkins, Ray Dixon.

(B) Mangatainoka (extension of club trip)

With views of reaching Mangatainoka hut, and possibly returning via Te Puke hut and the Makahu river, we set out ahead of the main party in overcast conditions.

An unevenful trip followed up to the junction and onwards up the Mangatainoka to the gorge, crossing several times without difficulty. The track through the gorge section is very overgrown and difficult going. All this, plus a late start, meant that it was now too late to reach the hut before dark so we made use of the bivvy site 10 minutes past the gorge. The river water was at this stage smooth and clear and the camp-site was an ideal place - in fine weather.

The rain began about 4.30 and by 9.00 the next morning the river had begun to flow through the camp. A rather quick packup followed as it was still raining heavily. The Mangatainoka was now bank to bank. A retreat seemed to be in order. Making our way through the gorge was extremely tricky and we were lucky to find a log-jam in the side creek which flows into the gorge. We gingerly crossed this none-too-stable bridge over



the raging torrent. Having to keep on the same side of the river all the way to the Mohaka soon became rather thrilling with several ups and downs as we climbed away from the river, sidled for a while and then dropping down again. Some places we were forced to wade along with the flow of dirty water.

Reaching the Mohaka after hours of saturating tramping, we concluded that the rest of the party must have pulled out as well, as other campers at the junction had also departed. From here we figured on a stright-forward trip out, but we were so wrong. Parts of the track had been swept away, other parts were several feet under water. The section of rock with the rope was impossible to traverse as a tremendous backwash had enveloped this. Here we headed up to a saddle to avoid using the rock track, and we stumbled across a high water track which made life a little easier. The last flat before the hot springs was negotiated by tramping-cum-wadding through waist-deep, very cold water.

Now, once again we thought we were home and hosed till we reached the ford on the hot springs road. Here we suffered our major setback, finding the ford was impassable without risk. So we set up camp with about 20 other bods who like us had been rained out. Ray Dixon informed us here of the peril of the rest of the HTC party. Menison and sausages were offered round and the rain continued to pour down.

Next morning it was decided to have a crack at crossing so Peter, Murray and I and one of the deerstalkers linked up and managed to cross. Now with people on both sides we pieced together a rope and so ferried everyone across. From Jack Nicholas' place we rang Mrs Ball and arranged transport home, having left a note in the club truck. There was no point in us waiting for the other bods as we were soaked through and could do little to help.

This was an unexpectedly wet trip and not one too often experienced (we hope). It was still raining when we reached home.

- B.P.

Murray Ball, Peter Boomen, Bruce Perry.

No. 1083

Kaweka Hut Working Party

15 February 1976

(Deviation from listed Tutaekuri River trip)

In the dark overcast early hours seven potential workers gathered under the railway station veranda, and while cold persistent soaking rain splattered down, held lengthy discussions on whether their homes needed them more than Kaweka Hut did. Then one more arrived, dripping, having run from Havelock North, only to discover that because of a misunderstanding his pack had not been brought over from Napier. That's the sort of morning it was. A much-reduced number proceeding along the Taihape Road saw signs of life at the old roadman's hut. A car, a farm bike, and two hunters who had a roaring fire going, the fuel being dry timber which appeared as if it might have fitted the places

where wall linings seemed to have been freshly torn off. No, we didn't see them breaking any of the hut timber off the walls, but some sarcastic remarks we made about the mentality of hunters who have done this in other places seemed to have an influence on their hasty departure! We couldn't put the timber back and it was a pity to waste the fire, so we put the billy on.

Another delay to the start of the tramping was when the Kombi failed to climb a clay slope on the bulldozed track leading from Lakes Road down towards the Tutaekuri. By the time it was extricated our boots were burdened with a considerable portion of the road, but the river soon washed that off.

The task at the hut was to try to divert rainwater, which this Hawke's Bay "summer" has provided in such generous quantities, from flowing down the hillside and into the back of the hut. Sodden soil made for heavy digging, but as time went by a few tonnes were shifted. Some relief from the monotony came from disputes over whether a shovelful of dirt flung onto someone's head resulted merely from poor aim, or from insincerity of efforts to avoid hitting people.

No. in party 3

Leader: Peter Lewis

Chris Jones, Glen Armstrong,

P.S. Since the drains were dug there have been several weeks with very little rain.

No. 1084

Manga-o-hane - Aorangi

28 - 29 February 1976

Left Holts' in private cars at 6.30am on Saturday heading for Otupae Station off the Taihape road.

On the way we dropped off three to complete the work they had been doing on Kaweka Hut. Arriving at the station at 9.00 we all piled into the Kombi which carried us along a farm track to Reporoa bog.

Beautiful sunny weather: this was where we all decided that we should have brought sunhats instead of balaclavas. Here we set off across the bog from Aorangi. This country is very attractive rolling tussock. We arrived at the base of Aorangi at 3.30 and decided it would be a good climb - and in about half an hour we were at the top with a view for miles around us, including Ruapehu and Ngauruhoe.

Next morning we were tramping by 10.00 and we left our packs at the base of a hill and went off in search of a new unmarked clearwater campsite. However no luck, although we did find the original campsite.

The weather was still beautiful when we came back across the Ohutu Range and reached the bog at 4.00, with still the vehicle track to negotiate. We arrived back at Holts' around 9.45pm.

No. in party 13

Leader: Sarah Taylor

Peter Lewis, Robin Marshall, Elizabeth Hall, Daniel Bloomer, Peter Boomen, Graham Bailey, Chris Jones, Glen Armstrong, Grant

Fraser, Paul Dandy, Ross Barradale, Ian Prisk.  
To Kaweka: Peter Manning, Randall Goldfinch, Mike McLean.

TRANSPORT CONTRIBUTIONS.

Please note the new ruling for payment, on the fixture list. The committee has made this decision so that large sums of money are not being left in the truck at the end of a road, or being carried around in a pack.

SOCIAL NEWS

Engagements: Dorothy Bowmare(Gore) to Graeme Cotton(Lawrence)  
Sandra Smith II to Peter Janes.

Marriages: Rob Elder to Lavinia Wright  
Trevor Baldwin to Robyn Anderson

Births: To Anne & Gerald Edmunds - a daughter.

Return: C.Brian Smith (from England) - to Wellington

Moves: David Perry (from Palmerston North)- to Whangarei.  
Russell & Jo Perry to Hastings. (Welcome Home!)  
Jenny Thomson, Anna Bloomer, )  
Shona Maxwell, Philip Thomson) to Wellington  
Susan Kingsford to Dunedin  
Nancy Tanner to Nepal (for a trekking holiday  
which includes the Rhododendron Walk.)

FIXTURES FOR CLUB MEETINGS.

(Radiant Living Hall, Warren Street, N; Hastings; 7.45pm)

<u>April</u>	7th & 21st	<u>May</u>	5th & 19th
<u>June</u>	2nd & 16th, 30th.	<u>July</u>	14th & 28th
<u>August</u>	11th & 25th.	<u>Sept.</u>	8th & 22nd.

CHANGE OF EDITOR - AGAIN.

It is with deep regret that circumstances make it impossible for me to continue as Editor at present. My special thanks to Janet Lloyd, without her warm and kindly encouragement I would never have got off the ground in the first place; and to Peter Manning for his assistance with collecting in reports. Contributors would do well to take a leaf out of Peter's book - his efficiency and promptness with writing and handing in legible reports is a great credit to him, and makes this work so much easier. "Thank you" also to our long suffering typists, duplicating technicians, and to contributors, without whom "Pohokura" would not be possible anyway.

NEW EDITORS.

Joanne and Russell Perry.

Pam Turner.

P R I V A T E   T R I P S

KIWI SADDLE HUT - WORKING      8 - 9th November

Randall and I decided to finally finish Kiwi chimney, so with one pack load of tools and tucker and one of a steel plate 30" x 34" x  $\frac{1}{8}$ " thick we left the road at about 8.30 and just  $3\frac{1}{4}$  hours later were in Kiwi Saddle hut.

After recovering, we set to and by 4.00 we had all the odd jobs finished so I decided to cut some firewood. Unfortunately the very solid dead Rimu tree I chose proved too much for the axe handle and it broke!

Next day we had intended to race over to the Cairn in time for the service but at 5.30 on Sunday morning it was raining and blowing a gale so we stayed in the Hut. About 9.00 it started to snow.

At 1200 we left for the road with visibility down to 30' snow with rain mixed in. But despite this 1 hour and 35 minutes later we were at the road.

P. McB.

Peter McBride, Randall Goldfinch

A new axe handle was fitted and taken in the following weekend by Randall Goldfinch.

MANGATAINOKA - KAWEKA, CHRISTMAS TRIP 1975

Last year about mid year my friends in Rotorua were planning a short Christmas trip in the Kawekas. I asked to join them and was promptly asked to plan and lead the trip for 6 days.

Not knowing anything about the area where everybody seemed to want to go, I consulted Peter Manning who drew up some sort of itinerary encompassing the Mangatainoka river, Te Puke hut, Mangaturutu, Venison Top, Ballard, Middle Hill.

There were to be 5 of us eventually, one an ex-Puketitiri resident and his son. He was able to keep us well informed about history, geography and other aspects of the area.

Boxing Bay, found me, running late as usual, driving up through a freezing hailstorm to meet a midday deadline at the Puketitiri Museum. The foul weather created a gloomy outlook to start the trip.

After a leisurely lunch and a social call by Les, the weather somehow cleared. We left the haybarn for the hot springs at about 3 o'clock. That evening we camped at the springs, all had a hot bath and our first meal out was fresh meat and vegetables.

7.30 a.m. was our departure time next day. 1½ hours to stagger Inn, another hour to the burnt out Te Puia and lunch at the next hot springs an hour further on from Te Puia and less than 10 minutes below the mouth of the Mangatainoka river. At a quarter to 1 we started up the Mangatainoka and camped on a river flat some distance above the gorge at 5 p.m. It had been rough going. The third day (Sunday) was only a 2½ hour trip to Mangatainoka Hut. We didn't know we were so near!

After early lunch we tried to find a reasonable route on to the tops and across to Te Puke hut. No go. It was raining slightly now and everybody felt despondent. We returned to the hut. Some of us went out later to investigate all the ridges up and down river. Interestingly, many of the ridges had blazes on them which seemed to lead nowhere. We had provisionally planned to stay at this hut anyway, so the delay didn't unduly worry us.

Day 4. To start with it wasn't raining, the weather seemed uncertain, and so were we. After changing our minds several times we elected to return the way we came. If it rained we would be miserable on the tops. As it turned out, it was a wise decision. We made a fast trip down river, probably because we knew a better way round the obstacles this time. 4 hours 40 minutes back to the mouth of the Mangatainoka. This was opposed to just under 7 hours travelling time on the trip up for the same distance spread over parts of two days. We were back at the top hot springs for lunch again.

From the swingbridge at the mouth of the Makino river we headed up the ridge to Makino hut. The plan was to stay there until the weather cleared then make for Ballard, see Kaweka J and go out through Middle Hill.

At this time, it was heavily overcast but not raining. At 4.30 p.m. we reached the hut, 2 hours up the ridge along a beautiful newly cut 6ft wide track. It was now raining steadily.

Two days later we were still in Making Hut. It was still raining. A leak in the roof at one stage had wet a sleeping bag on the top bunk but this was hurriedly and rudely fixed. All reading matter available was exhausted.

As it was not New Year's Eve we had to move out, so we trotted off down the ridge to the hot springs road which we

reached in an hour and a half, then another hour or so back to the cars at the haybarn. The "Frame" creek wasn't too badly flooded and wasn't hard to cross.

We were back in Hastings for lunch.

May thanks to Peter who helped plan the trip and to others who made helpful suggestions.

Rob Snowball.

#### KAWEKA HUT RECONSTRUCTION 27th-31st Dec.1975

27th Sat. O met Danny with 2 sisters and brother at the Taradale Clock Tower and then in convoy made off up to the Kaweka's leaving vehicles on the Lakes Road. Masses of food, tools, fuel, spouting and boxing for the hut chimney were unloaded and shared around. The uneventful trudge into Kaweka Hut followed made easy with sunny weather and the Manuka in flower. Lunch was very pleasant outside sitting around on the shingle until Danny decided the two of us should each bring in another load. With empty pack frames we made quick time out, then fastened boxing on for the return trip. Once back at the hut the Bloomers' decided it was home time, so I returned to the vehicles with them to fetch another load of gear and then returned to the hut for the night.

28th Sun. The weather was cloudy and cooler as I left the hut to tramp out for the last load of gear. After lunch back at the hut I made up a door for the toilet and hung it. That will keep the local "Air Force" out. The weather had deteriorated and was raining by evening.

29th Mon The morning dawned with constant heavy rain, my next job was to dismantle the old chimney and re-a-line the wall. With the rain I was not keen on leaving the hut open. During the day, I worked on the hut door, taking it to pieces and rebuilding it making it "longer".

30th Tues The weather was depressingly the same and most profoundly frustrated me with all my tools, building materials and food heaped up. I did as much as I could to re-a-line the wall, repaired door jam, broken flooring and hung door. The old concrete fire place was broken up and thrown out. While working I had not paid any attention to the stream past the hut but with all the rain it had certainly changed into a noisy little brown monster. This worried me as I imagined the state of the Tutaekuri would be a thundering big brown monster.

31st Wed That morning I tidied up the hut, packed up and left. The river crossing proved no serious problem with water only up to my knees. When tramping alone I like to

allow a greater safety factor by never extending myself or going anywhere strange.

R.G.

Trip members: Jo Bloomer, Helen Bloomer, Andy Bloomer, Danny Bloomer, Randall Goldfinch.

KAWEKA HUT WORK PARTY 24th-25th Jan 1975

A Friday night start was postponed to Saturday morning to see what the weather would bring. It brought nothing different so we went. At the roadhead mist and drizzle greeted us and stayed for the whole weekend, visibility at the hut was down to 50 yards at times.

We enjoyed the walk in with 34lb packs and unencumbered by lumps of timber or sheets of iron. The rain over Christmas and New Year has greatly altered the river bed. The shingle bank where the aggregate for concrete was taken has completely gone, dropped to a depth of 15ft.

On arriving at the hut a brew was had, the chimney was discussed and knocked flat, taken apart and stacked in little heaps. All the rebuilding from then on hinged on a plumb line hung from the spouting not yet affixed. The rest of the day was spent fitting the spouting and setting up the fireplace boxing. The boxing made an excellent table for 5. At 5.30p.m. we had to light the lamp as it was so dark.

Next morning at 6.30 a.m. it was clear, the tops were visible But from the helipad the mist could be seen below. It soon rose closing us in again. This was the big day. We arranged the boxing in the correct position and the concreting started at 9.30 a.m. finishing about 3 p.m.

The hut had to then be made reasonably waterproof and completely opossum proof, this took until 6 p.m. when we left for home arriving at a reasonable hour.

Thanks to Rob Snowball for supplying transport. Incidentally this trip could be called "The case of the missing solder".

P.M.

Weekend: P. McBride, R. Snowball, R. Goldfinch, G. Bayley, R. Manning.

Sunday: P. Lewis - less his lunch.

WAIKAMAKA

Time from Holts 0600 hours, 3 to be there, 1 turned up, so left to pick up other 2. After loading car rack headed for the hills.

The weather looked as if rain was about to greet us. Decided to go in through Waipawa Base. Up the track in warm weather (out of wind) until we got into the saddle. Looked at Three Johns, it was under clouds. Patiki and around the tops looked the same. So down into the riverbed. Had a cuppa at Triplex which took a good hour. On up riverbed to Waipawa Saddle. Blowing hard on top. Great relief to get in under bank and just sit and look at waterfall. Into Waikamaka where my mates had already taken off their boots and had a brew going. About 4 p.m. Waterfalls came up but as the old stew had already been started and a cleanup of junk inside was underway it was given a miss.

Next day the Saddle was reached but as the wind was still with us back over to Buttercup Hollow had to be passed up. So back out the same way. At the last gate before the ford one lone tramper and what a tramper none other than Ingrid Sigrid ~~Bonner~~ Kohler

Not the trip I had in mind but -

L.H.

Robin Marshall, Ross Barradale, Sarah Taylor, Les Hanger

#### KAWEKA HUT WORK PARTY 6-7-8th February 76

Away promptly at 6 a.m. Seven of us in two vehicles. At the end of Lakes Road this was reduced to one vehicle and 4 bods. The other vehicle had a mishap brought about by not enough space between the radiator and fan. A stop was made at the forestry where the radiator was removed panel beaten, resoldered and re-assembled with the correct clearance.

We finally left the road at 10.30 a.m. going part way down to the river in Graham's truck. The weather at this stage was cloudy and warm.

Our arrival at the hut coincided with an empty feeling in our stomachs but we had to have a look at the concrete work first. The boxing was removed and there it stood, a massive lump of shingle stuck together with cement. With a bit of filling and rubbing up it will look okay.

Randall started building the chimney, the rest of us demolished the woodbin. All the timber in this had to be replaced, needing a selection of 6 suitable trees or parts thereof. These were put in as posts, the rest of the frame-work being fixed to these, everything sort of getting adjusted to fit as we went along. Rain started about 8 p.m. putting a stop to all work, might be fine tomorrow.

No such luck with the weather, so next morning we just had to get wet fixing corrugated iron onto every part of the hut not already covered. Midday reading of the raingauge gave 135 mm of rain from Friday night, the creek was quite audible



from the hut. Work proceeded very late, the woodbin was roofed and one wall fixed. At 7.30 p.m. the new chimney was raised and fitted onto the concrete base, a little bit of juggling, propping up with the ladder and bolting down started. There is not quite enough room for two to stand inside and work, but it was finally secured at 11.30 p.m. Still (-----) raining.

Next morning more work in the rain finished off the woodbin with left over tin. Three more inches in sidth can be gained by flattening out the corrogations, this is essential when the hut seems to be getting bigger and material supplies smaller. We finished at Midday, raingauge reading 65mm more rain, practically a drought. An early start was made for home as trouble was expected and visions of a coffee coloured Tutaekuri river. We left, again in the rain.

It is quite common to go in and out with dry feet at normal times but the track could not even be negotiated with dry feet. The Kaweka hut creek was a torrent and crossings had to be picked with care. The Tutaekuri was successfully crossed with the aid of a pole, much relief. Boots were uncomfortably full of gravel and one member managed to discard his gravel filled shorts without missing a step!

Graham's truck was reached and many attempts were made to start it, pushing downhill and back up three or four times. It was finally left on the track suffering from a cold in the coil, diptheria of the distributor, pleurosy of theplugs and water everywhere.

A crushed trip home with evasive action needed to avoid slips in Peter's Rover. Complaints were received from the back seat about how lumpy it was, to those concerned it is not bad when a square, tinsnips and drill are removed from under the squab!

A successful trip with a lot of work accomplished in adverse conditions.

P.M.

R. Goldfinch, P. McBride, G. Bailey, D. Northe, G. Orr,  
R. Marshall, P. Manning.

#### KAWEKA HUT

27 - 28 Feb

One last and final effort was needed as the workers were getting itchy feet to go on tramps somewhere else for a change.

With the aid of Peter Lewis and the Kombi en routeto Otupae the 2,5 metre lengths of spouting and flashing were transported to the start of Castle Rocks road. From there they

were mounted crosswise through the windows of Randall's Volkswagen, making it look more like a butterfly than a beetle. Judging by the open mouths of a couple of shooters this must have been a very strange sight.

Once more up the track with something in our hands as well as our packs. The hut was reached in 1½ hours where work started immediately with the fixing of a sign to the door. A second gutter was fitted between the chimney and the hut wall. The sieve was taken down to the river, good grade sand was gained by this method a sieve being a lot lighter to carry in than 15kg of sand. This sand was used in a preparation to plaster and waterproof the chimney base. The space between the leanto and the chimney was then covered in with flashing making what we think is a waterproof joint.

Teatime approached, we all felt hungry and between three of us managed to consume a stew of four cans of casserole and two cans of vegetables with toast and bread rolls. During the night the rat trap was used but failed to catch anything, should have used a 44 gal drum.

Sunday dawned, another good day. Some slight structural alterations with a saw and chisel and the last lump of spouting could be fitted. At this stage the day party arrived bearing a chimney hat and much good food.

All the wood was thrown out, the floor was levelled and a drain put in. Shingle was then applied and a frame for the firewood which was then tossed back in. Drainage was attended to next with drums to catch water at each end of the hut. A big cleanup took place inside and outside but the area around the hut still looks like nuclear devastated ground, something may have to be planted. We knocked off work and took the chance for a look round, some went up to Cooks Horn.

We departed for the road at 3.30 stopping off at Lowry Lodge for a look round cave climbing and bush bashing.

P.M.

Weekend party: Randall Goldfinch, Mike McLean, Peter Manning,  
Sunday: Liz Pindar, Joy Blair, Peter Berry, Peter  
McBride and I, Rob Snowball

#### NIGER PEAK

Niger Peak is a minor peak overlooking the Matukituki Valley, and it can clearly be seen from Wanaka. Russell had already climbed it once with another group, attacking it from its eastern side directly behind Mt. Aspiring Station homestead. He was sure there must be an easier way up so we went to find out.

The car was left at the musterers hut beside Phoebe Creek and we headed straight up a spur for 1,000' or so. In this area the first 1,000' above the valley is covered with thick bracken but this spur had been cleared for some purpose and this made the going a little easier (but still a grunt). Then around to the right under a bluff, following sheep tracks where we could and gaining height a little, until we came out above Leaping Burn. This stream which flows into the Matukituki was followed around behind Niger until we could sight the rear slopes of the peak then it was up out of the stream bed and a slog to the top. Four hours later we rounded the crest leading to the top of Niger in bitterly cold gusts of wind. The view to Mts Avalanche, Rob Roy and Aspiring were absolute gems though, so with this morale boost, we pushed on to the summit. After much cheering and back pounding, it was on down the northern side to the saddle between Fog and Niger Peaks and down to the tent site above Leaping Burn valley. Russell said it wasn't far down! After the long climb, the bitter cold and this 1500' descent, my legs were designing movements of their own. However hot brew, a good meal and a sleeping bag can do marvellous things. True to these words a sleeping bag did do a marvellous thing! Now morning and all being keen to get away down off the slopes I kindly offered to pop Russell's bag outside the tent. I did. It popped and bounced and rolled and pirouetted and finally downright bounded down ~~the~~ damn hill and out of sight into the creek bed far below. Popularity polls can't have been in season because Russ snatched his pack, left us to pack away camp and headed off down after it. Brian and I nearly followed it because we rolled around doubled up with laughter as soon as he was out of earshot.

Despite the creek bed though, the pit was dry and after we'd joined him and all laughed again, we retraced our steps out to the car home to Cromwell.

J.P.

Party: Russell and Joanne Perry, Brian Maier

#### THE REMARKABLES (7688')

How many of us have spied these mountains on some calendar or postcard so often that they become instantly recognizable yet ellusively so far away? Jo and I spent two years in Cromwell and these peaks drew us five times in all to their fog shrouded mysteries.

On four of these occasions, the quest for the top proved fruitless. However, on the weekend 20/21 Dec, 75 we determined to make one further bid. We left Cromwell at 6 a.m. donned boots and packs by 7 a.m. and headed up the northern spur to the ridge top. A long haul of 4 hours usually, but from this point to our destination for the night, the Lake Alta Bivvy, the gradient becomes somewhat easier. The weather once again

threatened to deny us the top with heavy thunder rumbling through the hills followed by snow. However, we determined to rest up at the bivvy and decide what to do next morning.

The morning was miserable. Visibility was nil, snow flakes were flying and it was COLD! Much later, Brian peeked out again to find the weather still cold and definitely breaking. This was it. The two of us packed basic gear, ropes and ice axes and were away. The previous frustrations lent wings to our feet as we raced up the rocks and snow slopes to the final ridge.

Now for less haste and studied care. The fresh snow made the rock work hazardous but by steady belaying and clearing much of the snow as we went, we made steady progress. Rock by rock, step by step, up we went until finally, we held the top stake marking our goal. It was a feeling which words weren't adequate for, except perhaps "bleedin hell, it's cold, eh, mate?". Down to the camp, cup of Milo and lots of excitement, pack up and away. To cap a fine day off, David and Bruce Perry, and Peter Boomen, met us half way down the final spur, having just arrived from Hastings for our Christmas trip. A great weekend!

R.P.

Members of the party: Russell and Joanne Perry, Brian Maier, Grant Burney

#### NORTH ROUTEBURN

We left Cromwell on Christmas Eve for the North Routeburn at the head of Lake Whakatipu. Unfortunately someone made the classic boob - "Did anyone put my boots in?" Back to Cromwell!

Next morning found us at the start of the Routeburn track. Heaving on packs we set a brisk pace up through the beech but they pulled the stops out as we hit the flats leading to the huts with bitter wind and snow becoming the order of the day. There is a new Chalet on the Flats with about 20 big bunks but no fireplace and a concrete floor, much too cold, so we moved into the old Flats hut instead. Christmas dinner that night lightened packs to the order of a chicken steam puddings, various other goodies and two bottles of sweet sparkling nectar. Fantastic!

Boxing day began with more snow. "Back to the pits everyc

By midday though, the cloud broke and with packs readied for this, we headed across the Routeburn and up into the North Routeburn valley. The freezing river crossings sped up some but not others so it was a well spread party which meandered quietly through the beech and across flats looking for a bivvy

site (There is one section in the valley of huge jumbled rocks and deep pools (west bank) and to avoid trouble here move down to the river bank and through the small creeks and tussock. About half way up the valley the track crosses the river just before a waterfall. It is well marked by cairns. Ten minutes past the fall, look up to the right for a cairn we've built to mark a fine 6 man bivvy. It now has a six inch tussock mattress, a wall in front to stop most of the wind, and an attic for storing packs and gear - more comfortable than most huts. A quiet three hours from the huts to here.

The 27th dawned cold and raucous - the keas were in force and in fact Joanne woke up to find one examining the aesthetic properties of her toes. The weather did not look too promising but this was our third day and we'd accomplished little so it was up and away. Five of us headed upstream; Brian, David and I to the North Col, Bruce and Peter to attempt a more direct route on Mt Nereus.

The North Col proved magnificent. It is found at the end of an easy snow couloir and gives some worthwhile views. From the Col we headed up steep snow and ice to some very tricky pieces which gave the old adrenalin a decent work out! Much belaying, step cutting and grasping for a minute and rare handholds later, we were above the worst of the wall and on to the back slopes of Nereus. The weather by now was whiteout. We proceeded to within a dozen or so paces of the summit, paused to snuffle some chocolate, and then down to the N. Col via some unusual styles of glissading. A leisurely stroll took us back to the bivvy by 4 p.m. Bruce and Peter had also been reasonably successful though Peter's boots gave us their "souls" Bruce had in fact almost crossed our steps at the top of Nereus but visibility stopped our seeing him.

28th The weather fine. We packed camp and headed our the valley towards the Routeburn flats. The Surrounding peaks and passes were well dusted with snow and looked great. It is worthwhile visiting the N. Routeburn if in the area. It has as much to offer as the main Routeburn, there are less tourists and endless tent sites and excellent bivvies. The easiest way to approach the valley is to continue straight past the second suspension bridge of the main trail, through some delightful beech and out on to the flats leading up towards the Col visible from here. Crossing the N. Routeburn soon after entering the valley is probably advisable.

#### WEST BRANCH - MATUKITUKI

This has been a favourite tramping ground for Jo and myself so we decided to introduce Bruce and Peter to it as well. Jo and Brian had to work but would meet us there on New year's Eve.

29th Dec We left Cromwell at about 5.45 p.m. drove in to

Raspberry Ck through the 14 fords, donned packs at 7.45 p.m. and reached Cascade Flat by 9.45. This hut lies up the West Branch of the Matukituki River which flows into Lake Wanaka.

30th Dec. We left Cascade around 10.30 and ambled up valley with very heavy packs and extremely hot weather, there were many stops to enjoy what must be some of N.Z's best scenery. We reached Pearl Flat later in the day and set up camp there. N.B. Add to all basic equipment lists -"SANDFLY REPELLANT"

31st Dec Up before dawn. We headed up to Liverpool Bivvy Hut. This is a very steep climb through the beech and we decided that the scour marks on the track aren't caused by rainfall but by sweat pouring off unfit trampers! we grabbed some grub and attempted to impress the locals by interspersing our discussion with such gems as ....

"Did you bring you North Wall hammer?"

"Na, you said we were heading South"

..... and big words like pterodactyl, crampon, ice axe, all while pointing at "Mt Liverpool" which we intended to look at, when one of the guys in the hut nonchalantly walks out and says "Thats Mt Barff. You're looking at the wrong mountain" This was kind of deflating and our conversation was relegated to "Tramping boots" "Candles" "Loo paper", so having "knocked off" Liverpool, Mt Barff looked pretty good and we headed up that away.

Peter decided here to give us the benefit of his skill and daring, and let us have a go at face rescue techniques. Very good of him really! Nonetheless we made good time up to the snow line and beyond. With Christmas fresh snow and now this incredible heat following, the going was heartbreaking, knee and thigh deep snow is no fun. David and I pressed on a little further than Bruce and Peter to the main summit ridge but it just wasn't worthwhile finishing off the top. Mt. Aspiring was just across the valley above her fantastic glaciers and this made the slog well worthwhile. It's some mountain!

Glissading on the descent was out for fear of avalanching on those below but we made good time anyway down to Liverpool Bivvy by 4 p.m. rest and down to camp by 5 p.m. and boots off (Oh, sweet bliss).

I left the others here for the night, packed a light pack and headed out to the roadend to meet Jo and Brian, and then to return to Cascade Hut. Many of the miles were covered in bare feet, a nice feeling after 3 days in boots!

1 Jan. Packed in all gear to Pearl Flat, had a really lazy day and did much sleeping and eating.

2 Jan Having decided our fitness did not equip us for the big ones we packed camp and headed down valley for some lower stuff, Mt Tyndall looked fair from Cascade Hut, so we split into two parties, jettisoned all by basic gear and headed upwards once again. Bruce and Peter went up the Cullers' Route which is the way to Cascade Saddle and the Dart glacial area. From the top of the Cullers, they headed south to the peaks of Tyndall. They had a successful but very long day, reaching the summit at about 5.30 p.m. From here they dropped over the edge and down towards our new camp on the Shotover Saddle.

We others headed directly up through the tussock and spaniard to the saddle itself and had camp already set up by the time Bruce and Peter began their descent. We were in fact quite worried by the hour and had already laid out 20' arrows on the snowfields below them to guide them in to camp. It's worth noting that even markers as large as these were invisible to them but they did notice us laying them out. A small moving figure is apparently easier to spot than a large static one. However, David guided them down and we were all having a brew by 9.45 p.m.

3 Jan Bruce and Pete had deserved a rest but not so for the rest of us so all except Jo headed again for Tyndall. The further we went the more we appreciated their yesterday's efforts. Crevasses, schrunds, thigh deep avalanching snow and absolutely rotten rock made for some exciting but often unnerving times. The ridge by which the ascent is made is studded with gendarmes surrounded by very loose snow and the drop to the Shotover valley is in the three figure bracket. All in all it took some careful weighing up before deciding on the final stretches to the top. However, by holding the rock together with our hands we managed it. The descent, which Bruce and Peter had made in late twilight proved even more hazardous with mid-afternoon sun affecting the snow. David twice sank through to crevasses and only quick reactions saved further misfortunes. Over the final traverse off the snow slopes, the surface beneath our boots swept off into avalanches, roaring to the valley below. "That's one to tell the grandchildren about", we think as we sight the others with calls of "Yeah, it's easy" "What took you so long yesterday?" ...

Camp was quietly broken, a drink from the tarn, then it was down off the saddle to the cached gear, load up and out the two weary hours to the cars.

The Matukituki is possibly ideal for the H.T.C. to consider for a S.I. trip. It leads into many other valley systems, there are views for all, climbs for the novice and the experienced and above all, good fresh tramping trails just waiting for our boots!

R.P.

David and Bruce Perry, Peter Boomen, Russell and Joanne Perry, Brian Maier

"THERE AND BACK AGAIN" 1975 MEANDERINGS

Sporting commitments in Palmerston North meant that I was unable to spend much time in the hills. However, with my flatmate, Warren Taylor, we managed to sneak the odd weekend.

(a) Day trip - Rosvalls

The winter saw some unusually heavy snowfalls and this prompted us to visit the Ruahines. We left P.N. in the dark hours of morning with the intention of repeating the "Sawtooth-in-a-day" trip (1972 Barry Preston, Kit Persen, Dave Perry). Despite the cold water we reached the base of Rosgall's Spur in short time and climbed to the bush-line in under two hours.

As we climbed higher so the snow deepened. Before emerging on to Black Ridge, we had to push through four feet deep drifts. This slowed us considerably and we were further hindered by the snow-covered leatherwood. It was 12.30 by the time we struggled into Black Ridge Bivvy.

Over lunch we decided against continuing because of our unsuitable sleeping out gear, which would probably have been needed with the slow progress we were making. The return trip was a little easier as we followed our tracks back down Rosvalls, and out.

(b) Weekend trip - Waikamaka

It had been some time since I had visited the Waipawa river valley and changes due to erosion were considerable. However, the day was fine and we reached Waikamaka Hut after three and a half hours. Waikamaka stream covered in ice and snow sparkled in the sunshine. Warren and I had originally intended to continue to Waterfall Creek hut, but, because the weather was so beautiful, we remained at Waikamaka! We spent the afternoon constructing a solid step path up to the hut, but such measures in the past have proved of little use. Some alternative method needs to be found other than hacking a path from the bank.

Sunday morning we left Waikamaka Hut in bright sunshine in the direction of the ridge top below Three Johns, which we reached via a side stream from the true left. The ice covered waterfalls provided some interesting climbing in gumboots AND the only incident came when a huge boulder rolled from the bank of the stream. It was only Warren's quick footwork that saved his legs from being crushed.

Upon reaching the tops we had a magnificent view of the "Bay" and to the west gleamed the snow covered mountains of Tongariro National Park. Middle stream looked inviting so we decided to try descending into it via a suitable looking spur



directly above the head of the valley. Gumboots called for a slightly adapted style in the snow, but we thoroughly enjoyed the conditions. We even managed about 300' of glissading. From the snow edge, a clear track ran down the spur and we followed this easily until we hit thick leatherwood. Typical of the Ruahines we spent two hours spine twisting and leg scratching before emerging into a tributary of Middle Stream.

Once in the stream the going proved much easier, but in our haste we missed Middle Stream Hut. By chance, we found the track crossing to the Waipawa River roadend and reached the car at 5 p.m.

N.B. Gumboots in snow I have completed several winter tramps in gumboots now, some of them involving hard snow climbing. these boots demand more in the way of safty technique from the trumper but otherwise, they have few disadvantages compared with the normal tramping footwear. Provided the feet are kept dry, they will remain reasonably warm, even in deep snow. Their popularity can be seen with the ever increasing number of trampers now wearing them.

(c) Rangiwahia Hut Warren and I were joined by Alison Leggett for a day trip into Rangiwahia Hut and the tops above. Once again there was plenty of snow and we had one or two exc: ing moments crossing iced rock on the way into the hut.

Above the hut, the track slopes gently up to the tops and the snow was about two feet deep. Unfortunately for our bare legs, there was an ice-crust - not enough to support our weight but sufficient to scrape our skins when we crashed through. The view was limited by low cloud, but this didn't affect our enjoyment of what the hills can offer.

(d) Mt. Egmont - instruction In November, I had the pleasure to instruct some students of P.N. Teachers' College on Mt Egmont. It is part of a physical education student's training to experience life outdoors and develop some skills necessary for enjoying the natural environment. This is reflected in the increasing use of outdoors for learning experiences by schools.

There was a varied programme including rock climbing, abseiling, orienteering, team exercises and tramping. We had two days of fine weather but on the third day, Mt Egmont produced blizzard conditions, this being the day a group were going to Syme Hut on Fanthams Peak. The round trip took four hours despite the cold gusting wind and sleet. It also snowed heavily for a while. At least there will be one group of teachers who can give full meaning to the word "exposure" and explain clearly the necessity for waterproof and woollen clothing.

Happy tramping for 1976

Dave Perry

KAWEKA FOREST PARK COMMITTEE'S INSPECTION OF  
OAMARU VALLEY.

14-15-16th Nov. '75.

The purpose of this trip was to give the members of the committee a look at the area bordering the Northern edge of the Kaweka Forest Park and to look into the access problems to this part of the Park.

All the planning and organisation for the trip including the provision of food was done by the Forest Service. This made a pleasant change from the normal eating arrangements and the Forest Service certainly made sure we wouldn't starve.

The trip was a 3 day affair and we left Napier at 7.30 am. on Friday 14th November 1975 with Poronui Station our destination. A short stop was made at the main Poronui homestead where a 4 wheel drive vehicle was on hand to drive us down to the Mohaka River. The road stops just past the Poronui hut and about  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile short of the Mohaka River. From there we proceeded across the Mohaka and Oamaru Rivers to the Oamaru hut which is a lockwood style hut on the boundary of the Kaimanawa Forest Park. The hut is situated up off the river and looks down on big tussock flats along the Valley.

We arrived at the hut around lunch time and the programme had left the afternoon free to do as we liked. Some of the party took off to try their hand at some fishing in some likely looking pools while the rest of us went for a walk up the Kaipo River to see some of the development being done on this track which goes back out to Clements access Road. The Kaimanawa Forest Park personnel have done a lot of work benching this track with the idea of getting a gradient of no more than one in five. This makes the walk up the Kaipo very pleasant but I wonder whether all this work is warranted when you look at the distance it is from the nearest roadhead. It would appear that people who are that far into the ranges should be so equipped and their fitness such that they would not need such a high grade of track. However if access through Poronui was opened to the public then the work would be warranted.

Most of the party had returned to the hut by 5pm. and following one of the best meals I have had in the bush we prepared for the last committee meeting of the year and this lasted until around 11.30pm.

Saturday's programme was set down for a trip to Boyds Hut on the Ngaruroro. As only two of us felt like going all the way to Boyds we set off at 7.00am. in the morning and the rest of the committee had a more leisurely look at the Oamaru Valley.

The conditions for a trip to Boyds couldn't have been better. We left the Hut while an estimated 12° frost was starting to thaw and had perfect weather for the rest of the day. Although there is an old track marked up the true

right bank of the Oamaru River as far as the Otorehinaiti River we found it just as easy to wander up the large tussock flats until the bush starts and then we just criss-crossed the stream until we reached the Otorehinaiti River junction. About 300 metres above this junction there is a good marked track up the true left bank of the river and this takes you right up to the saddle which overlooks the Ngaruroro River. It took us 4 hrs. exactly to climb to the saddle and then another 50 minutes to cross the valley to Boyds. The contrast in vegetation between the Oamaru Valley and the Ngaruroro River Valley is unbelievable. The Oamaru side of the saddle is beautiful open bush country which is very pleasant to walk through and the Ngaruroro headwaters is open tussock which has barely a tree anywhere in the area.

We had lunch at the old Boyd's Hut site which is a nice grassed area up behind the air strip. (Note:- the Kaimanawa Forest Park intend to put a new Lockwood style hut here in the near future.) The intention after lunch was for us to return to the hut via the same route as we had come from Oamaru hut but as we sat looking at the map Terry (Hamilton-Jenkins) suggested that it might be interesting to have a look at Tussock hut on the way so off we set at around 12.30pm and headed down the Ngaruroro to a spur which takes you in behind Tussock Hut. There are no real tracks in this area although you pick up all blazes & markers in the area. Unfortunately we ran into several areas of snow break & storm damage which held us up quite considerably and it was around 3 pm when we got to Tussock hut. The hut is up a side creek and is placed right on the bush edge. It has 6 bunks and is very well appointed. As we had arrived here about 25 minutes behind schedule we just signed the book and moved on up Tussock creek and then followed the most suitable route back to Oamaru hut which was quite some distance away and it was 9.30pm before we got back there.

On arriving back at the Hut we were fortunate to find that our tea was sitting on the stove all nicely cooked, something we were thankful for as we were getting a bit on the tired side by this stage.

Next morning was spent cleaning up the hut, having a final look around, then leaving for the vehicles at about 9.30am. Lunch had been organised at the Clements Road access to the Kaimanawa Forest Park and the Head Ranger from the Park joined us to give us a run down on the work being done in the area. From there we returned home after a very successful outing.

G. R. T.

Club members attending - Rex Chaplin, Mavis Davidson & Graham Thorp.

SEARCH AND RESCUE EXERCISE 1975.

22-23rd NOV.

This year's trial search & rescue operation was held in different country to that of the past few years so that a change could be made from the classroom type courses that have been organised previously. The main emphasis this year was placed on a rescue from difficult country with an R.N.Z.A.F. Iriquois and the area selected was the southern end of the Ahimanawa Range in from Te Harato.

The participating organisations come from as far afield as Dannevirke and we all left Napier by bus at 6.00am.

On arriving at Te Harato, search Headquarters was set up in a rather old wool shed and the programme was started. The morning was devoted to instruction in map & compass techniques and helicopter usage. A briefing was then made to the teams and they set off into the range at 11.00am.

Only very few of the teammembers had ever been into this area before and it wasn't long before some of the teams were running into trouble with their map reading. The map just doesn't match up with the ground very well and to make it worse team members couldn't see any landmarks from the dense bush covering the country.

One team started off in the wrong place and ended up doing about 7 hrs unnecessary tramping. As this team's assignment was necessary for the finding of the lost party it meant that the Base personel needed some help to locate the lost party for the Helicopter part of the exercise on the Sunday morning. Most of the teams were given the location of the position for the landing pad on Saturday night and left to make their way there after the radios lost reception for the night.

During the night it started to rain and by morning it had set into a steady and rather heavy drizzle. The exercise progressed until 11.00am when it was confirmed that the helicopter would not be attending so from that point all teams were recalled to base. Only one team (an H.T.C. team) had made it to the landing site by 11.00am and so the rest were recalled from various parts of the area. Two teams had troubles with their communications and we didn't hear from them until 3.00pm in the afternoon. This provided a few unscheduled problems for base and helped to bring some reality to the exercise.

Following the safe return to base by all teams we boarded the bus for a nice comfortable return trip to town.

G.R.T.

Club members participating;- Geoff Orr, Trevor Plowman, Peter Lewis, Chris Melody, Randal Goldfinch, Bob McLillan, Graham Bailey, Alan Berry, Peter Berry & Graham Thorp.

## KAIMANAWA FOREST PARK.

### 1. New Access Route;

As a result of negotiations between Forest Service and Defence Department a new northern boundary for the Waiouru Defence Reserve is established. This boundary change will create a corridor of Forest Park between the Maori owned blocks, Kaimanawa 3B2A, 3B2B, and the Defence Reserve which will provide a walking route to the southern, interior area of the Park, i.e. the Rangitikei River.

The new boundary and general walking route has been defined with 3" posts placed at such intervals that each is readily visible, under reasonable conditions, from the other. The marked route leaves the Desert Road approximately 1.5 kilometres north of the summit signpost, on grid reference NZMS1 N122 Ruapehu, 226644, and there are no posts beyond the eastern boundary of the Forest Park on grid reference N122, 444663. The land south and east of the marked route remains Defence Reserve.

The route is generally easy walking over tussock country although there are four altitudinal changes of approximately 300 metres (1000 ft) each. It is considered that parties should expect to take two days to reach the Rangitikei river. As the entire route is above 3500 ft A.S.L. and the high point is about 4700 ft A.S.L. and subject to adverse weather conditions it is necessary for parties using the route to be adequately equipped and possess adequate field experience.

While it is proposed to establish a public rest/picnic area with shelter etc at the start of the route, initial development will be restricted to a small car park with an appropriate identification sign.

While this new route will provide access to hunters, trampers and ifshermen alike, and the addition to the Forest Park will provide additional hunting territory, I believe this access route will be of particular interest to trampers as it will permit a wider variety of circuitous routes passing through an area of the Park at present seldom visited.

### 2. Park Management Policy:

The Forest Park Advisory Committee is currently considering a management and development policy for the Park and so far the following decisions which will place some restriction on some activities within the Park have been made.

- (b) Motorised vehicles shall be used on established and maintained roads only, and only for the purposes of enhancing or assisting the recreational use of the Park. The use of vehicles in the Waipakihi river is specifically excluded.
- (c) No permits to take dogs into the Forest Park should be issued.

3. State Forest Parks & Recreational Areas Notice 1975.

(Refer to "Pohokura" Bullentin No. 131, December 1975 - Pages 22-23)

4. Litter:

The age old question of litter is of concern to all associated with the management and use of outdoor recreational areas. The ultimate answer to the problem lies with a more enlightened and co-operative attitude from all visitors to such areas and it is believed that this can only be achieved by a continuing educational programme, and regular reminders to at least burn or bury all rubbish and where possible carry it out of the area for disposal at established tip sites.

Should you at any time require information on the Kaimanawa Forest Park I shall be pleased to assist.

R. Osman For: R.R. Packer, District Ranger,  
Turangi.

- - - - -  
"ON WISDOM"

"There are three ways to obtain WISDOM -

- 1. Meditation - the noblest.
- 2. Imitation - the easiest.
- 3. Experience - the Bitterest".

(From writings on the wall (Powell Hut in Tararuas.)

- - -  
A "Wise" tramper is one who - Plans Ahead, Contributes to his party's wellbeing, Enjoys the trip, and survives it, Promptly hands in a legible trip report!

- - - - -  
Editor.

TRAMPERS - CRICKETERS?

22.2.76.

A social match against the Tomoana Cricket club resulted in a Heretaunga Tramping Club team being well beaten in a one innings match. H.T.C. tried hard, using 23 men, women and children for fielding! Even this couldn't counter the 40 run win by the opposing team, whose top scorer hit 56, making a total 148 hits against 108. However 4 trampers reached double batting figures: T.Plowman 19, R.Perry 16, P.Manning 12, R.Barradale 11. A barbecue concluded the match. Why not a womens team next year?

- - - - -

'10 COMMANDMENTS FOR SURVIVORS'.

1. Thou shalt not panic for thy life depends on calmness of action.
  2. Neither shalt thou worry, for it reapeth no reward and bringeth no help in your time of trouble.
  3. Thou shalt take thy time in deciding what to do, using thy head before thy legs.
  4. Thou shalt take thy confidence from those who have faced similar problems before thee. And thou shalt follow their good example.
  5. Thou shalt protect thy health and strength in order that a ripe old age shalt be yours.
  6. Thou shalt regard Nature as thy friend, drawing thy wants from its bountiful store.
  7. Thou shalt nourish thy body, neglecting not thy need for water.
  8. Thou shalt not waste thy possessions, nor regret thy lack thereof.
  9. Thou shalt employ thy talents wisely to assist thy return to civilisation, and thou shalt remember thy rescuers, assisting them with pillars of smoke by day.
  10. Thou shalt be of cheerful countenance at all times, even tho thy face be unwashed and thy beard unshaven.
- - - - -

Extract from "How to survive in the Bush, On the Coast,  
In the Mountains of New Zealand",  
by Flight Lieutenant B. Hildreth, RN.Z.A.F.

- - - - -

PROPOSED TRIPS.

September 12th Makahu - Matauria Ridge - McIntosh.  
David Wilkins. September 25th - 26th Upper Te Hoe Hut  
via Plateau. Peter Lewis. October 10th Tamaki River,  
Jill Robinson. October 23-24-25th Rocks Ahead Hut via  
J. Peter Manning. November 7th - Cairn Trip. November  
13-14th Trial Search. November 20th-21st Ngaruroro River  
Bushcraft & river crossing. December 5th - Tutaekuri River  
- Hot Springs, Rob Marshall. December 11th-12th -  
Christmas Party. December 18th-19th. Waikamaka River.

- - - - -

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

LEADERS are responsible for handing ~~in~~ trip reports at  
the following meeting. This applies for Private  
trips also.

- - - - -

ANZAC DAY POPPIES. Please hand your poppies to Graham  
Thorpe so that they can be used in the wreath for  
the Cairn.

- - - - -

TYPISTS FOR THIS ISSUE. Joan Bennett, Barbara Taylor,  
Joan Manning.

We regret that Joan Bennett is no longer available  
for typing and extend to her warm thanks for the many  
hours of work she has put into the magazines.

- - - - -

INDEX.

Club Trips	Page 1 - 18
Transport Contributions	19 & 41
Change of Editor	19
Social News	19
Private Trips	20 - 33
Kaweka Forest Park Committees Inspection	34 & 35
Kaimanawa Forest Park	36 & 38
Proposed Trips	40
Trip Leaders - Newspaper Publicity - Reports	40
Overdue Trampeds	41
Fixture List	41 & 42
Search & Rescue Exercise	36
Cricket Match	39
10 Commandments for Survivors	39

- - - - -



### 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 contact one of the following:

BERRY 777-223

TURNER 68-995

TAYLOR HMN 829

### 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 prior to a trip enquire from one of the following:  
Peter Lewis, phone 56789; Liz Pindar, phone 67889;  
Peter Manning, phone 82963.

The fixture committee welcomes suggestions for future trips. Please submit these in writing.

TRANSPORT CONTRIBUTIONS: Unless otherwise stated \$2.00 per person, trips outside the Bay \$6.00 per person.

These contributions are payable at the meeting before the trip. If paid on the day of the trip or after 50c is added. If you are unable to make the trip and notify the leader your fee will be refunded. If the leader is not notified of cancellation your fee will be accepted with thanks.

APRIL 11th 1976

#### Okoeke Stream

In from Taupo road. Narrow gorge from road opening out into wider valley.

Leader - Elizabeth Hall

Driver - A. Berry

16 -17 -18  
19

#### Easter. Rua's Track

Through the northern Urewera from Maungapohatu

Leader Keith Thompson

25th

Boyd's Bush - A stand of native timber in the high country from the Taihape road.

Leader - R. Snowball

Driver - P. Manning

MAY 1976

8 - 9

Akarana Hut

Northern Ruahine an area visited many times in the past by older members. Never fails to give a good trip.

Leader - Julia Reading

Driver - Peter Berry

23rd Pohangina Saddle

Easy access to main Ruahine divide, return by bush track on Stags Head ridge.

Leader - Les Hanger

Driver - Frank Hooper

JUNE

5-6-7 QB Tongariro National Park

This area always proves interesting, anything from snowcraft to hot pools.

Leader - Peter McBride

Driver - Les Hanger

20th Kahuranaki.

High limestone block southeast of Hastings. May give good views. Bring torch for the cave.

Leader - Denise Robinson

Driver

JULY

3 - 4

Howlets - Sawtooth

A venture into the higher Ruahine range. Weather permitting, fitter ones may be able to take on challenge of Sawtooth.

Leader - Keith Thomson

Driver - Les Hanger

18th Armstrong Saddle.

Central Ruahine Range, probably snow, may return down shingle slide to river.

Leader - Ross Barradale

Driver - O. Brown

31st

Glenfalls

AUGUST 1st Mohaka River downstream from Taupo road. Manuka country. Camping out.

Leader - Liz Pindar

Driver - Peter Manning

15th The Lizard

Limestone & clay south of Taihape road. Good views.

Leader - Grant Fraser

28 -29

Kaweka Hut - Kiwi Saddle

Southern Kaweka Range. May be opportunities for snow or ice work.

Leader - Graham Soppitt

D