

HERETAUNGA TRAMPING CLUB (INC)

BOX 386. HASTINGS

"P. O H O K U R A"

Bulletin No. 133

August, 1976

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CLUB TRIPS.

No. 1085

Black Ridge.

14 March 1976

The trip was labelled Black Ridge and on a fine day might have involved a climb up to Tarn Bivvy. However as the weather did not encourage ridge travel it was decided to re-route the trip to Daphne Hut.

The Tukituki was wide shingle flats at its lower stages and became narrow with gorges further upstream. Therefore river craft was practised extensively by those who needed the experience while others enjoyed the slow and easy pace.

We reached Daphne Hut around midday. Lunch was a leisurely affair interrupted only once, by the drama of "searching" for two members, including one of the VERY experienced! (Glad we found you, Trev.)

With lunch over, a small group returned via the ridge while the majority returned the way they had come. Both groups arrived at the truck within minutes of each other and as it was early we accepted Warren Bayliss's invitation to have tea and see his museum. Warren is travelling overseas and we wish him 'Bon Voyage'.

No in party 28 Leader: Chris Melody
Peter Lewis, Liz Hughes, Robin Marshall, Trevor Plowman, Jenny Reddish,
Peter and Joan Manning, Chris Jones, Glen Armstrong, Joy Blair,
Sue O'Donoghue, Mig Toms, Roy Peacock, Kim Peacock, Roger Thomas,
Warren Bayliss, Alastair Cleghorn, Joanne Perry, Sarah Taylor,
Peter Berry, Michael Tong, Michael Carter, Linda Ralf, Eric Shaw,
Paul Dandy

No. 1087.

Okoeke Stream.

11th April 1976

A late start was made due to the leader having trouble waking up and later discovering a complete lack of boots.

By 9.15 a.m. 16 members were moving away from the truck which was in the last parking area in the Waipunga Valley on the Taupo Road. The Okoeke Stream, a tributary of the Waipunga River, rises in the northern Ahimanawa Range and on the map looked to open out after two or three miles.

The going upstream was quite pleasant, the water not cold and vestiges of an old track up the sides. The rain started after 15 mins but this did not detract from the beauty of this valley with the prevalence of lancewood trees both juvenile and mature. The river at this stage was fairly clear and about knee deep in the crossings.

At 11 a.m., after passing a pool and waterfall the rain became steadier and heavier and the river clouded up. One member had taken a dive resulting in an injured thumb. This decided him and several others to return to the truck.

The "brave" ones plunged on, up the river, we clambered along the sides, avoiding large clumps of Ongaonga. Hence travelling was not very fast.

We never reached the end of the gorges where the valley opens out into tussock and pumice country as about 12.30 p.m. a stop was called beside some reasonable firewood. The rain by this time was quite heavy. We needed almost every trick to get the fire going but at last the billy was boiling and a hot drink was enjoyed by all. After dinner a check was made of the river. It was up about 30 cm and in a billy with 10 cm of water in, the bottom could not be seen.

'Downstream' was the decision, before we had to start swimming. The rain came down heavier, the crossings were now waist deep and more, although the speed of the water had not increased markedly. Speed was the order of the day and with one stop to examine parts of a sodden 'Man' magazine found in the river the truck was reached by 2 p.m.

Sodden clothing was shed for dry in the comfort of the toilet block and we were back in Hastings by 5 p.m.

A good trip and pleasant river even though the object was not achieved. Well worthy of another trip.

No. in party 15

Leader Bootless C. Melody.

M. Hewison, T. Plowman, D. Northe, P. Boomen, R. Marshall, P. Manning, G. Armstrong, C. Jones, G. Diver, J. Berry, P. Berry, N. Hill, J. Blair, M. Thom.

No. 1086

Kiwi Saddle & Kiwi Mouth.

28-29th March.

Sixteen bods left Holts on Saturday morning and after a dull trip up to Kuripapango, left the road at 8.30 a.m. The first three arrived at the hut to meet two keen types who came in on Friday night. After an hour or so drying out and warming

up two went back to see what had happened to the rest.

One member was suffering from cold but by 1.p.m. every one was in Kiwi Saddle Hut. This was a bit of a squash, so six departed for Kiwi Mouth hut. Most had a good night's sleep but a cold night proved the need for a good sleeping bag.

After a rather slow start everybody was up by 8 a.m. and after some persuasion most went outside, chopping wood and digging drains. At 11 a.m. the others arrived from Kiwi Mouth and after a very leisurely lunch, we left for the road at 1.30 p.m. arriving back at the truck for a warm up around the fire, then back to Hastings by 6. p.m.

No. in party 17

Leader P. McBride.

P. Berry, P. Manning, P. Lewis, L. Spratley, J. Prisk, C. Jones, G. Armstrong, C. Melody, R. Goldfinch, R & K Peacock, M. Browne, D. Bayens, B. Van Rangelrooi, B. Couchman.
P. Boomen & D. Bloomer on Friday night.

No. 1088

Easter Trip - Rua's Track.

16-19th April 76

The club truck left Hastings at 6 a.m., Good Friday, and stopped at Napier to pick up some members there. Twenty two members took part, sixteen tramping over Rua's track and six staying with the truck on its long trip from Maungapohatu to Waimaha Station. Rua's track is about 25 miles long but the distance by road from one end to the other is nearly 200 miles.

After a stop at the Urewera National Park Headquarters beside Lake Waikaremoana, the party continued by road to Maungapohatu, arriving there at 2 p.m. Lunch was eaten and a start made on the tramp at 3 p.m. The track passed through farmland for $\frac{1}{2}$ a mile and then entered the Urewera bush at the top of the farm airstrip. It was a long steady climb to 3,500 feet and the first campsite at the far end of Maungapohatu mountain. The weather was fine and the campsite was reached at 5.30 p.m., just before dark.

Next morning a start was made at 8.15 a.m. and after 5 to 10 minutes tramping a much better campsite was passed. At 8.45 we met a party of 18 Gisborne Canoe & Tramping Club members who gave us a good idea of the tramping time required to get to the Anini Stream and from there to Waimaha Station.

A short stop was made at the Owaharotu Stream at 10 am for scroggin, etc. The weather was dull with a cool wind. Lunch, comprising hot soup, was had at the top of the next hill at 11 a.m. A greasy hat fell into the soup after the first helping was dished out. However after removal of the hat and a little more boiling, some members enjoyed a second helping. The track passed through heavy bush most of the way

and views were limited.

The party stopped at the Anini Stream at 2 p.m. and a good fireplace and comfortable camp was established. Two deerstalkers led the way to a deer they had killed that afternoon and venison stew was on the menu. One of the stalkers caught a 12 lb. Rainbow trout. It was a beautiful fish. Fish entree was enjoyed by some of our party. The Anini is a most attractive stream and some of the party tramped 2 miles downstream, and back.

Packs up at 8 a.m. on Sunday. The rain had set in during the night and it rained most of Sunday. The bush was very attractive on this section of the track, and would have been very enjoyable to walk through in sunshine. Everybody was soon wet and cold. Three legs of venison were taken from the stag shot the day before. Good time was made because of the unpleasant weather and the party reached Waimaha station at 1 p.m.

Luckily, a logging camp was handy and after lunch in the explosives shed we adjourned to an empty house to dry out before a roaring fire.

Peter Manning and others arrived with the truck at 5.30 p.m. and joined us for a swept up meal of venison stew and fruit dessert. Electric lights were an unexpected luxury.

Next morning saw the Hangaroa River in flood and the truck marooned on the Waimaha side with no chance of negotiating the low concrete bridge which was covered with 2 feet of water. The farmer lent us a tractor and the truck was towed $\frac{1}{4}$ mile downstream to cross over the farmer's suspension bridge.

The trip back was uneventful apart from the singing, a welcome bath at Morere, and fish & chips at Wairoa.

Hastings was reached at 10 p.m.

No. in party 16 Rua's track. Leader Keith Thomson

Phil Bayens, Phillip Bayens, Els Bayens, Debra Bayens, Michael Bayens, Marcia Browne, Peter McBride, Peter Berry Robin Marshall, Ian Prisk, Ross Barradel, Grant Diver, Chris Jones, Glen Armstrong, Mike McLean.

Truck support 6. Peter, Joan, Judith, David Manning. Joy Blair, John Berry.

After watching the the fit, keen and eager trampers stagger around the bend in the track under their 40 lb. packs, we literally bounced our way back to Aniwhaniwa near the National Park Headquarters where we stayed the night. Some people in the party managed to have a great deal of fun chasing possums and 'Urewera Wombles'.

On Saturday morning we went for our early morning constitutional walk down to see the Aniwhaniwa waterfalls and around to the Lake Lookout. Later we walked into Lake Waikareiti, which was swarming with people. On our return

the track was almost as conjectured as the Auckland Motorway - people of all different shapes, sizes and ages. After a late lunch we had a look around the National Park Headquarters and saw Papakorito Falls. By this time the rain had set in. We then drove further down the lake to the outlet and went down the Onepoto Caves. This was an experience, especially in the rain and when there are people on either side of you forcing you to go on despite your better judgement. Then there were the stories about the cave wetas! These subterranean critters started off at 3 feet tall suddenly become 6 feet tall until they and their size were completely out of hand - enough to put anyone off. We camped by the lakeside so that one member could go trout fishing but if we had relied on what he caught for food, we would have starved.

On Sunday we set off to collect the trampers. We visited a lot of power houses on the way. I am not sure whether we went to see the power houses or to look for a toilet because after using the convenience at one stop we left before the attendant had a chance to show us around.

We had an early lunch in Wairoa and carried on to arrive at Waimaha Station about 5.30 p.m. after 9 hours continuous driving in the pouring rain. We were feeling very sorry for the trampers who unbeknown to us had beaten us by 5 hours.

On the way we had stopped at Te Reinga Falls which looked as though they could be rather impressive but unfortunately the track was far too slippery for ~~us~~ to get close enough to them. The road from Wairoa to Tiniroto was not as good as expected - it would have been faster to go via Morere.

The first thing we heard on arrival was how Peter Berry caught a 10 lb. trout Tom Sawyer style using a home made beech branch rod.

That night, while the trampers slept in what appeared to be great comfort we stayed in the truck and with all the rain the truck decided to leak.

We travelled the grand total of 520 miles in the truck and it was well worth while.

Joy Blair.

No 1089

Boyd's Bush.

25th April 1976

This trip was a pleasant initiation for a first time party leader and also for several people who were doing their first trip with the club. Fine weather prevailed and nothing was too strenuous.

A late start was made and a few people who didn't arrive at Holts were left behind. Timahanga Station was reached before 9 a.m. We spoke to a farmhand for a few minutes then set off across a paddock, through a gate and along a nicely paved logging road. Before entering the bush the road branched. The Leader's decision to take the left fork had us involved in numerous river crossings as the road followed up the Mangataramea Stream due north. I notice the more

experienced people seem to keep their feet dry the longest.

Fairly extensive logging has destroyed much bush but Peter was impressed with the wide variety of native trees seen. The bulldozed tracks eventually led us onto a ridge above and to the south of Hoodoo Saddle from whence we returned to the stream for lunch. After this we returned down the valley to our first road junction.

The main objective now was to locate Boyd's shack which used to be the station homestead and is now derelict. After about 10 minutes travel up the right hand fork of the road half the party decided to return to the truck. The others after another 15 - 20 minutes walk and short discussion also returned. This road appeared only to re-enter the bush in a completely different direction and go nowhere near the hut. Later we saw a half overgrown track in the scrub but lack of time prevented its exploration. ~~AN UN~~

Another adventurous trip via Lowry Lodge had us in Hastings at 6 p.m. Another trip there to find Boyd's shack and explore further afield would certainly be worthwhile.

No. in party 12

Leader Robert Snowball

Peter & Joan Manning & family, Anne & Rose McLean,
Gary Wilkins, Joy Blair, Grant Diver, Frank Hooper, John Musson.

No. 1090

Akarana Hut - Ruahines.

8-9th May 1976

A 6.00 start at Holts became more of a 7.00 start. The hand brake on the truck we were trying out was somewhat stuck but we were finally away down Highway 50. Exhaust fumes on the truck were pretty bad too so we tried out our Norsewear socks and went for a run to clear out our lungs. Peter Lewis told us of the new Matthews Hut so we made a slight detour and went visiting the new concrete shelter there. It would be alright if you were desperate but it is not an actual hut. The track out is over the paddocks; not through the bush!

The track went straight up the paddock and over a cattle track. The turnoff is marked by an indistinct cairn just over the fence. We headed up the rocky Golden Ridge and some people tried climbing on the bigger boulders, but rubbers aren't really sturdy enough. The scene changed to beech and walking became easier. We stopped for lunch at 12.15 and after $\frac{1}{2}$ an hour woollen trou, parkas and gloves began to appear as weather deteriorated. The turnoff south to the hut is pretty clearly marked and from the turnoff to the hut is about $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours.

From the hut 3 members decided to try for Upper Makorora. At 4 o'clock they took off and at 5 o'clock they were back! They had decided against the idea. After tea and some hilarious gymnastics we went to bed at 8.30 p.m.

We woke up to patches of rain, ate breakfast and packed

and then attended to our sick driver. It was a slow trip out. Twenty minutes out from the hut through the beech and onto the tussock tops is the Akarana Hut - Parks Peak - Golden Crown turnoff, which is not very clear as 2 members discovered. You must be wary of marker poles. On the way out we met the day party which despite the terrible weather had still ventured in to meet us. This really proved quite a life saver because Frank Hooper who was in the day party could now drive the truck out. The turnoff down to Sentry Box is not clearly marked and care is needed here. The end of the track down to the hut was particularly muddy and quite good for mud skiing. With a few funny difficulties we finally got out to the road. The truck had been brought up from where we had left it and we all piled in, stopped to let the day trappers off at their cars and were back in Hastings by 6.00 p.m.

No. in party: 15

Leader: Julia Reading

Randall Goldfinch, Peter Lewis, Danny Bloomer, Peter Boomen, Graham Bailey, Marcia Brown, Russell, Jo and Bruce Perry, Gary Wilkins, Peter Berry, Georgina Know, Grant Frazer, Ross Barradel.

No 1091

Pohangina Saddle:

23rd May 1976

Left Holts usual time: Late! The morning in Hastings on the cold side with a southerly wind. At Moorcocks the sun was showing promise of being a good day. After checking at base camp on where we were going and times we faced a bleak farm track.

Finding the right ridge and track we started for the tops and hut up in the sun. Half way up, it seemed odd to be able to see two rivers going in opposite directions; North and South.

On seeing the hut and smoke between hills lunch took on a new meaning with hot drinks waiting. After eating, the trig looked a good sight. Four stopped and seven went on.

The triangle was reached and we were just standing in the sun, no wind or clouds. The effort was well worth it for me. Mts. Ruapahu, Egmont & Tiraha all had a good coat of snow. Dannevirke even stood out. But back towards Hastings were only clouds, lower than us. After such a view from this place it was about turn and back to the hut and homeward bound.

At the saddle two decided they wanted to go and look at Black Stag Hut to the south. The rest of us went back the way we came up. Our two fleet footed pair made good progress on to Rocky Knob and down the South-East side over looking the river. From that point on I lost sight of them even with binoculars. After changing at the truck we started our wait for these two.

Came 1930 hrs a forestry truck went up the track but returned still minus two. At 2000 hrs we left for home.

After ringing parents and getting the chief ranger of the area to stand by his radio for a message from Moorcocks in the morning I had had enough for the day.

Found next day: two bods walking out on the track. No doubt cold and hungry.

Many thanks to Frank who wound his arms off on the last part in and out of base camp.

No. on trip 11

Leader L Hanger.

Frank Hooper, Peter Berry, Peter Boomen, David Wilkins, Chris Melody, Murray Ball, John Grover, Bruce Perry, Grant Diver, Danny Bloomer.

No. 1092

Queen's Birthday.
Ruapehu.

5-6-7th June 76

16 members of the H.T.C. arrived at the Tukino - Desert Road turnoff at 2 a.m. Saturday. We spent the rest of the night cramped together in the back of the truck.

After breakfast on Saturday, we all piled in the truck shsin. Just short of Tukino Alpine Village on the Eastern side of Ruapehu, we shouldered packs and continued up the road past the village and descended into the Whangaehu Valley.

2½ hours later the party arrived at Whangaehu hut. On the way members found that ice conditions made progress difficult without crampons and many snowcraft skills were learned. The party spent a warm night, even though the hut is at an altitude of 6,800 feet.

Sunday morning dawned fine and clear after high-winds and snow the previous night. We left the hut at 8 a.m., and climbed up to the summit plateau. (8,500 ft.) Gaining height quickly, we obtained splendid views of the surrounding peaks, including Tahurangi, (9,175ft) the Highest peak on Ruapehu. We traversed Dome, and descended to Glacier shelter on the north-west slopes, where we stopped and had some fun in the snow - glissading, in all its many forms. In the afternoon we descended the Whakapapanui glacier to the old N.Z.A.C. hut 6,600ft. where the party spent Sunday night.

Early on Monday morning, 3 fitter members climbed up Avalanche valley on Te Heu Heu, crossed over Pinnacle ridge, reaching a height of 9,000ft. They descended quickly via a valley to the north-east of Te Heu Heu and reached the truck after 3½hrs. solid going in mainly soft snow. In that time they dropped a total vertical distance of 5000 feet.

The truck was brought round to the Chateau where the main party was waiting after walking down from the "Top o' the Bruce". We left at 3 p.m. and arrived in Hastings about midnight, our late arrival being caused by Peter Boomen's car refusing to

go for any length of time.

The trip was enjoyed immensely by all and many thanks to Les, who did a terrific job, driving both there and back without a break.

No. in party: 16

Leader: Murray Ball

Les Hangar, Russell & Bruce Perry, Julia Reading, Grant Diver, Chris Jones, Glen Armstrong, Chris Melody, Ross Barradell, Simon O'Kane, Peter Berry, Grant Fraser, Kim Crysell, Ross Berry, Peter Olsen.

No. 1093

Armstrong Saddle.

18th July 1976

At six o'clock in the morning 17 trampers turned up at Holt's all fit and eager to go tramping. After half an hours delay in finding the truck, we set out for Triplex Base.

About 7.30 a.m. we all set out from Triplex Base at a leisurely pace. Every so often we received news flashes from Peter Boomen on how the Olympic Games opening was going. It was about 11.30 when we reached Shut-Eye Shack.

Shut-Eye Shack is in a very bad state of repair because there is no chimney now and the roof flaps in strong winds.

At this point 6 members went over the saddle and down to Top Makaroro Hut. The rest of us had a quick lunch and then ambled on to Armstrong Saddle. On the Saddle it was very gusty so we did not hang around. We slowly made our way back to Shut-Eye Shack. After about a ten minute stop we headed back down for Triplex Base. A short distance down the track we decided to go down the side track which seemed to be a bit overgrown. As we slowly went down this track we found out who knew how to stand on their own feet and it was not very many.

When we got to Triplex we sat around for awhile and then headed for the truck. Just after this the 6 others arrived too, so we headed for Hastings. We arrived about 7.30 p.m. A very pleasant trip.

No. in party: 17

Leader: Ross Barradell.

Danny Bloomer, Chris Jones, Glen Armstrong, Graham Bailey, John Grover, Les Hanger, Bobbie Couchman, Joanne Jepson, Peter Boomen, David Wilkins, Simon Taylor, David Northe.

NEW EDITORS

Pam Turner Has unfortunately been unable to continue as editor of the Pohokura and on behalf of the club we thank her very much for her efforts. Also the help she has given us in this edition has been invaluable.

We will welcome all contributions to the Pohokura, not just trip reports, so get those thoughts running and those pens writing.

Joanne and Russell Perry

SOCIAL NEWS

Marriage: Kit Persen to Pam Barclay

Bereavements

It was with great sorrow that the club learned of the death of Miss Helen Hill at her home. Our sympathy is extended to her mother and family. (See p.11)

We also extend our sympathy to Pam Turner, Peter Lewis and Mr Lewis on the loss of their mother and wife. We will miss her warm smile and welcome when we call in at Puketitiri. Mrs Lewis was an Honorary Member of the club.

Also our sympathy to Graham and Margaret Griffiths on the loss of Graham's father.

PHOTO COMPETITION

At the photo competition on 7th April 27 entries were received from 9 members. They were all of a high standard and Mr Noel Williams judged them as follows.

1st:	'Nearly Home'	Peter Manning
2nd:	'Morning on the Sand'	Liz Pindar
3rd:	'Sheltered Waterway'	David Northe
Highly Commended:	'Dawn'	Peter Manning
	'Interesting Story'	Shona Maxwell
	'Problems Ahead'	Peter Lewis
	'Dunes at Days End'	Liz Pindar

DONATIONS

The club thanks the following organisations for their donations:

Motere Charitable Trust	\$250
Lions Club	\$ 10 (for use of Waikamaka)
Rotoract	\$185 (for purchase of new stretcher)
Eastern & Central Savings Bank	\$ 30

NEWSPAPER PUBLICITY

So that reports of club trips can be put in the newspapers on Monday following the trip, would trip leaders please contact Liz Pindar (phone 67889) as soon as you get back from the trip or early on Monday morning.

TRIP REPORTS

Trip leaders are also responsible for handing in a trip report to the editor at the following meeting. This also applies for private trip reports for the Pohokura.

HELEN HILL

Helen had a great love for the mountains and the bush. In one case this produced particularly good results.

On a tramp to the Northern Ruahines via Mangleton she noted the small remnant of bush below Sentry Box Trig and considered that it would be worth while getting this made a reserve. She interviewed Mr MacIntyre who was at that time Minister of Lands. He was sympathetic and her idea became a reality.

The secondhand duplicator that rolled off 'Pohokuras' for many years was bought and given to the club by Helen.

Her home was the scene of many working parties. We housed the truck there while we decorated it for a Blossom Parade. At other times we picked up and bagged potatoes left after the main crop had been harvested. These we sold to get funds for transport.

But perhaps present members will remember best the encouragement and training Helen gave to the large parties of High School girls she took out tramping.

J.L.

FUNDRAISING FOR A NEW TRUCK

For several months now the club has been thinking of buying another truck. The truck committee has looked at several vehicles but none have been suitable for our requirements. However, they are still looking, preferring a truck about 4 to 6 years old. In these times of inflation that means paying about \$5-6,000 which is a large sum of money in anyone's eyes, especially ours.

The club has roughly \$3,000 already, so a Fundraising Committee consisting of Trevor Plowman, David Northe, Russell and Joanne Perry has been set up to find ways and means of raising another \$3,000. The Executive Committee has suggested a levy on all members (see the notice of a Special General Meeting, p29) but that still leaves at least \$2,000 to be raised by other means. The general feeling in the club is that this money should be raised by doing something useful rather than by publicity stunts and already \$267 has been raised by working parties, as shown below. These working parties have been great fun as well as being helpful to the people concerned and to the club. If anyone has any suggestions about other jobs, please contact one of the members of the Fundraising Committee. The truck is almost the life and soul of the club. Without it we couldn't travel as

cheaply or as enjoyably as we do. Please support the club by finding work for us to do and by coming to as many working parties as you can.

Roy Frost has kindly made a 'Fundraising Thermometer' and this is shown at club meetings. Let's make sure that the temperature rises!

J.P.

Funds raised to date:

Building a fence for Rob Snowball	\$ 60
Carting swdust for Liz Pindar	\$ 10
Making 100 pallets for Nolans	\$ 150
Gardening for Miss Higgins	\$ 11
Tree felling and wood chopping for Mrs Brighurst	\$ 20
Gardening for Liz Pindar	\$ 10
Donation - Peter Lewis	\$ 6
	<hr/>
	\$ 267

"LET'S GET THE JOB DONE"

"The ol' hut won't look the same after we get this chimney concreted, but I'm sure looking forward to the end of it. Get the primus going and we'll have tea."

Meanwhile outside in the pouring rain, a gingery character is wrestling with the problems of wet concrete, cold hands and reluctant spouting. The words easing gently from between his lips are perhaps best lost in the rain but they seem to ease the discomfort. His ginger hair is streaming past his freckled complexion and down his two feet of neck which stretches from the multi-coloured bush shirt and is glowing faintly in the gathering dusk.

"Tea's ready, mate. Come and get it when you're ready."

"Right." Freckled hands grasp the hammer even tighter and the nails scorch the wood as they disappear with lightning speed.

Half an hour later, the hammering still continues and the tea begins to cool. Occasional invectives spice what is already proving to be a welcome meal to those inside the warming hut. Finally someone places their emptied plate on the floor, rubs a pleasantly pouting waistline, lifts the so far untouched plate of the determined workman and carries it to the spark of the flying hammer bruising reluctant nails. The twilight does not explain the glow of his left thumbnail.

"Don't you want your tea? It's been getting cold for ages."

"Mmm."

"Oh. Well, I'll just leave it beside you and don't leave it too long or it won't be worth eating."

"Mmm." The hammering doesn't miss a beat during this monologue but shortly there is a pause, a fading of steps, the distant scraping of a plate, then again the incessant hammer beat. This is the true drive and pioneering spirit which typified the refurbishing of our Kaweka Hut, and the pioneer himself is the first to say:

"You've got to get the job done!"

R.P.

SOME KNIGHTS HAVEN'T GOT SHINING ARMOUR

Oh no, he's forgotten his boots again. No doubt his old shoes will survive one more tramp, although with the abuse those gym soots have had, the fingers of thread holding them together should have loosed long ago.

He's wearing one green sock about two sizes too big, and one red sock showing a caloused heel through withering strands of wool. He'll get around to darning it one day when he's not fixing Neil's transistor or adjusting the generator on what's-his-name's Volkswagen down Sealy Road or chattering over a cup of tea with old Mrs Brown next door. She makes lovely scones.

A bell-shaped hat covers the fortnightly haircut. His sideboards seem to hesitate before plunging into a mass of tumbled curly black hair he proudly calls a beard.

Mumbling an oath, he swings a bulky canvas sack onto grisled shoulders. I wonder what's inside that king-size dufflebag this time. A Griffins biscuit tin containing some 'tasty' cheese, some raisins, half a loaf of stale bread and two onions. Aged saddle-tweed trousers and matted woollen jersey are carefully packed to form a padding for his back. Somewhere in there, too, is a two-pint container of primus fuel, but no primus.

After five minutes tramping he's already at the back of the party. He has a cunning knack of keeping somebody back there with him by starting a conversation you feel compelled to listen to. He could talk for an hour on any subject - from NASA's space programme to the correct method of frying Sausages. And when he's not recalling a tainted joke or telling a tale of the hills, he's whistling a melody by Bach or Mozart. He can yodel too!

I wonder if he really does carry a kitchen sink in his pack.
D.P.

"TO THE NEAREST THOU...."

"Hey, just a minute, you blokes, are you sure you've got that thing in the right place?"

"Yep, it'll be fine. Let's get on with the next piece, eh?"

"No, no, wait a sec' and I'll check. Now the last one was six feet from the last post so this one should be....."

"Come on.. We'll leave him to it and we'll have the other five done before he even gets that one measured up."

R.P.

CARRY A SPARE

"What do you think of the Rover, fellas? I've just fixed the do-flickey on the whachamucallit and twisted a section of the new stuff onto the other end and it's going really well."

"In fact it sounds like a real V8, ol' boy. It's got that deep rhythmic sound of the big heavies."

"But that's impossible! This is only a six cylinder motor. I must have a flat tyre. This won't take long. I'll get out the spare."

"Do you mean the spare tyre?"

"No, I mean the spare car. The Fiat is in the boot!"

R.P.

NEW MEMBERS

We would like to welcome the following members to the club: Joy Blair and Chris Jones (jnr).

RESIGNATIONS

The Committee has received the following resignations from the club: Kim and Richard Taylor, Ian Andrews and Nigel Harvey.

CLUB CODE OF CONDUCT

In the past few months there has been some discussion of the behaviour in the club and the Executive Committee has asked that the Club Code of Conduct be included in the Pohokura. Each new member should also receive a copy when they join.

CLUB CODE OF CONDUCT

The purpose of the Club is to enable as many people as possible to enjoy the sport of tramping. By observing the code of conduct laid down by the Committee, members will not only get the best out of their tramping with the Club but will ensure that fellow members do likewise.

CONDUCT ON TRIPS

1. The party leader has full responsibility for the party and absolute control over its conduct.
2. Firearms are not permitted.
3. No liquor may be taken on Club trips.
4. The party must remain together unless the leader instructs otherwise.
5. Dispose of your litter thoroughly - leave nothing behind you but your footprints.
6. There is to be no pairing off or other behaviour that is likely to cause embarrassment to others in the party.
7. All members of the party are expected to share in the work that a trip involves and to willingly do the jobs given them by the leader.

CONDUCT ON TRUCK

8. In the interests of safety and the comfort of passengers there will be no horse-play on the truck.
9. Passengers are to remain seated, on the deck.

TRIP ORGANISATION

10. After the conclusion of the Club meeting the weekend's trip is in the hands of the leader. People who are not on the list on Wednesday will only be taken on the trip at the leader's discretion, so don't just turn up without notifying him.

PROPERTY

11. Respect the property of others. This includes fellow trampers' gear, huts and other communal property, farmers' stock and fences

Please ensure that at all times the conduct of the members is such as will earn the Club the respect of the community and the confidence of parents.

COMMITTEE

PRIVATE TRIPS
INVITATION TRIP WITH Y.T.C. (NAPIER)
NGAMOKO POHANGINA SADDLE.

6th - 8th March 1976.

Arrived at Morecock forestry base at 9.30, where we unloaded the vehicles and by 10am we were tramping along the forestry road. 1½ hrs. later we found ourselves at the foot of the Pohangina saddle, Peter McBride, Ross Keating and I went on ahead and had the billy boiling by the time the others arrived so that we could have an early lunch. Watered and fed we left the hut for the Pohangina river and Leon Kinvig hut. We went down river for 1 hour and then had a well deserved breather. 20 mins later we were on the way again, to encounter some gorges where the river was waist deep and chilling. 4hrs & 40mins passed before we reached Leon Kinvig hut to find the first arrivals already had a fire going. By 6.30 we were enjoying steak, spuds & onions. Then came the best sleeper competition.

Sunday.

Everyone was up by 6 am after a good night, although Pete Lewis complained about his 2 noisy visitors that walked around on his plastic half the night (2 Blue Ducks). By 8am we were climbing the ridge that was supposed to take us to the top of the Ngamoko Range. We ran into leatherwood, but decided that it wouldn't be too bad, Ha, Ha! 2 hrs later we found ourselves hacking our way through the stuff, taking turns at going up front to chop a trail with axes & hatchets. At 2pm we finally broke through, utterly exhausted. After a brief stop to have something to eat we tramped on until we found a tarn and had a hot drink. At 3.30 we decided to get moving because we still had a long way to go. We reached the top of Tunupo at 4.15 and had a beautiful view of the Northern Manawatu. By now the party was beginning to tire and slow down, after many stops we finally reached the top of Ngamoko Range at 6pm.

Because of the lateness, Peter McBride and I "Volunteered"? to go ahead in an endeavour to get out on schedule and left immediately but 1½ hrs later when we reached Otumore, darkness, fog and exhaustion beat us, so we decided to camp the night. After ½ cup-of-sopp we closed our eyes.

Monday.

(When we should have all been back home and at work!)

At 5.30 am we awoke to a magnificent sunrise (or was it hunger?) and headed for Pohangina Saddle hut arriving at 7am. We got a fire going ready for hot drinks all round when the rest of the party arrived.

By 9.30 am everyone was leaving the hut with Ross Keating & Peter McBride racing(?) ahead to get out by 12

to phone town. By 1.30 everyone was out, tired & hungry but safe and mostly sound, except for Leatherwood war injuries!

G?B?

H.T.C. members: Peters McBride and Lewis,
Graham Bailey.

- - - - -
WAIKAMAKA HUT

20-21 March

7 keen types intended to leave Hastings at 6.00 on Saturday but the alarm didn't go off so we left at 7.00 instead.

We left the end of the road at 9.00 and 35min later arrived at Waipawa Chalet for a quick brew. Soon the sun came into view, and boy, was that river bed hot! As a result progress was slow and after many stops and some pack lightening we arrived at Waikamaka at 1.00.

The floods during January have washed away part of the bank where the track goes up, but after a couple of hours work with tree trunks and boulders the track is now in better order. Just as we finished Randall arrived (very crafty!)

On Sunday morning 4 of us decided to go on up to Rangī and come back down through Waipawa Saddle. So we left the hut at 8.45 and the others left for a leisurely stroll back to Waipawa Chalet at 9.15am.

Unfortunately the fog was a bit thick on top of Rangī, so we didn't stop long and after a fast trip were back at Waipawa Chalet by 12.30. We rejoined the others and arrived back at the road at 2.45. A most enjoyable trip with good weather and good company.

Leader Peter McBride

No in party 8.

Julia Reading, Elizabeth Hall, Karen McBride, Gavin Hall, Randall Goldfinch, Graham Bailey, David Northe.

KAWEKAS - JANUARY

Having not been tramping for too long, on one of my days off, Sarah, Dave, Bruce and I decided to get out into the wilds. Not knowing whether we were fit or fat we headed for Kaweka Hut as a starting place, having left the Victor at the Pine tree. A typically freezing summer's day, so we shivered through lunch there and decided to go on. Up the ridge and then a shingly bit, very slow and very cold, Sarah and I imagining fields of wind-rippled grass with sheep, and a store with milkshakes on the other side. They didn't materialise. Along a windswept ridge, the Tits on our right and on up to Kaiarahi, then down to Studholmes Hut collecting botanical specimens in a plastic bag - they got a bit battered. We had a three hour rest and

before starting back again, deviating first to look at the stream further down, then up to Kaiarahi, the main divide rising in awesome splendour and grey and green colouring behind us, Ruapehu to the west and the plains below. Back along the main ridge and down the Rogue, bypassing Kaweka Hut, which brought us back to the track just above the Tutaekuri. Then back to the car at a trot. We had considered going round via Kiwi Saddle but 3 of us just weren't fit enough. Good day all the same.

Anna B.

MANSON HUT

28 - 29 March 1976

We left Hastings at 4.30 on Friday evening and started tramping just on nightfall. It was a beaut night and our torches were just going when we got to Kiwi Saddle at 9.45 p.m. Peter set the alarm clock for 5.30 and the rain and wind started at 5.30 so we convinced each other to stay in our pits.

The first members of the Club party arrived at 10.30 and Peter and I met the rest half way in from the road at 12 noon. So, with a few additions we set off for Kiwi Moth on Saturday afternoon and arrived at the hut in time for tea after a wet, but amusing, trip down the river.

We returned to Kiwi Saddle at about lunch time and came out with the Club.

Danny Bloomer and Peter Boomen

EASTER 1976
LAKE WAIKAREITI

A trip to Waikareiti was planned, and food and people organised. We left on Friday in fantastic sun prospects for a dry Easter trip. Unfortunately the Rover didn't like over-drive and finally refused any suggestion, subtle or otherwise. Plus the old foot on the gas trick for climbing hills failed as clutch slippage occurred. "Just have to take it gently", muttered Trev. Arrived at the Ranger H.Q. at Aniwanuiwa at 10 a.m., after taking a shortcut past Wairoa and Frasertown.

Plans were recorded at Ranger H.Q. and the car was left at the track takeoff point not long after. "Packs up" and on to the first stage of the trip. Still hot, great tourist track. Beautiful grade, a virtual VW trail!

Lunch at the shelter on the shore of Waikareiti and water not terribly deep called for a little wading practice. Too cold for a swim! We continued on to Sandy Bay Hut on a track that was clearly marked above the lake shore with terrific bush canopy. We arrived to find the hut full, so suitable tent sites were selected, and tents erected. Tea was started

when a fisherman returned with an excess of trout. A bit of feminine persuasion and a trout was soon nestling among the embers. The hut now contained 35 people so five more decided to waste some time before retiring for the night. The air was cold with mist on the lake.

Saturday was overcast. A late breakfast meant a late start on the excursion to Pukepuke (alt 3920'). The track was visible to the edge of the swamp, reappearing in the bush on the other side. There are three silted lakebeds in the vicinity of Pukepuke, two unnamed, the other called the Kaipo lagoon which is easily crossed as long as boots are placed on tussock clumps. An interesting plant was found, looking like a piece of coral, but all spongy with a very noticeable cell structure. A sample was collected for the eminent botanist back at base. Trev successfully navigated to the summit of Pukepuke using a map and compass, but we nearly had a run in with a two inch diameter steam pipe, left there by surveyors presumably. Lunch was consumed, and the descent started. Many ridges and streams later, with map and compass consultations, curses and more consultation, the Kaipo lagoon was successfully reached, approximately 500 yards South-west of the entry point. Fears of negotiating the Kaipo stream proved unfounded.

Arriving back at camp about 6 p.m. we found tea nearly cooked and the botanist rested for the trip back to the car. It was very overcast now and cold and showery. The hut was again visited and a good time enjoyed by all. Sunday morning was very wet. No one wanted to get out and start breakfast.

Trev managed to dismantle his tent alright under the fly but I had to brave the cold and wet conditions to reduce it to packable proportions. Approximately 4.55 litres of condensation and associated liquid flowed out of the tent floor during packing. A fast trip was made out to the shelter where lunch was partaken. Helen retrieved her pack from the shelter after talking the ranger into boating it over the lake for her. (Peter Manning's entru in log book noticed). The car was reached and the Ranger H.Q. visited for change of clothes and notification of our return. Napier was reached on Sunday night after a fantastic trip into some very impressive scenic country. Well worth further investigation.

approximate times:

Road - Lake Waikareiti shelter $\frac{3}{4}$ hour
Shelter - Sandy Bay hut $3\frac{1}{2}$ hours (2 hrs wet)
Sandy Bay hut - Pukepuke 7 hours (return)

Party: Trevor Plowman, David Northe, Alistair Cameron,
Helen Lawrence and Deidre Smith.

NORTHERN RUAHINES - DAY TRIP May 9th

Ten of us organised ourselves into a day party to meet the weekend trip. With prearranged efficiency we left the cars at the bottom of Golden Crown and took the truck to the Sentry Box track end. A quick walk to the hut where we wrote a note in case we should miss the weekend party, and we set out up the ridge with the rain teeming down, making the steep track very muddy. Conditions at the increasing altitudes were 'cold' but the climbing, like the short ride in the leaky truck, was interspersed with singing and at roughly hourly intervals, a raucous rendition of 'Lloyd George'.

At about 11.30 a.m. and a good $\frac{3}{4}$ of the way up the ridge 5 of our members decided to go back to Sentry Box as the conditions were quite severe. Peter decided to go back to look after the rest, graciously foregoing the further climb. They got back to the hut by 1.30 p.m. and had lunch, got a fire going and billy boiling, by which the weekend party later benefited. The other five continued up the ridge, hit the main divide fairly soon and decided to keep going until we met the others. We paused to sing Lloyd George again. The kind of braying noise attracted the weekend outriders attention and a few minutes later we were spotted. All accumulated and then departed, most downhill but Trevor and Dave P and I decided to do a round trip.

It was too cold to stop except for a five minute mittenless groping for sandwiches. It was snowing along the ridge, and a madly waterlogged track. We followed stampedes of prints in the mud. Apparently we passed Randall and Graeme B who were hiding in the bushes when we went by. One questions why? It cleared just as we got to Golden Crown and we had a fantastic view of the Wakararas and the plains, enough to make Dave and I homesick for more. Then very steeply down a couple of thousand feet slipping and skiing in mud. We came out where we'd left the cars but didn't want to wait for an hour so we braved the road walk munching lunch on the move at 3.00p.m. Four miles and an hour later we met up with a bewildered leader and over the brow of the next hill saw the red truck. This stimulated an exhilarated run to the truck where the others were waiting. The truck started moving and we quickly returned the distance we had just so tediously covered. 6.30 p.m. saw us back in Hastings after a wonderful days tramping.

Joanne Janson, Peter McBride, Frank and Chris Hooper, John Grover, Sarah Taylor, Dave Wilkins, Trevor Plowman, Dave Perry, Anna Bloomer.

Anna B.

ROUNDAABOUT TRIP

17-23 May 1976

Five people left Napier on Sunday morning bound for Mt. Hikurangi (85 miles north of Gisborne) arriving at Ruatoria about 4.30 p.m. After camping the night at a shingle works we drove the last few miles to Taphiroa Station where the Station Manager kindly let us drive some 3 miles up a farm road. We left the car about 11.30 and an hour and a half later were in Hikurangi Hut (G.C.T.C.)

Next morning we left the hut on a day trip to the top and after finding several different sets of arrows we found our own way up. The view would have been fabulous but for a large cold front coming up from the south and a cold high level wind. Our stay on the top was fairly short and the next day, due to the obvious bad weather coming up, we decided to go down to the car. We drove around to Mt. Tarawera and stayed the night at Russell Berry's house - many thanks for his kind hospitality.

On Thursday morning, we drove through to Mt. Tongariro and walked into Ketetahi Hut in bleak cold conditions. The following morning the weather was still not good, with snow falling but by 11.00 the sun was attempting to come out so we teamed up with two school teachers from Palmerston North and headed off up to the Blue Lakes and the central crater for an afternoon's fun in the snow. Up on the Blue Lake ridge the ice was approximately 1" thick which meant some stepcutting but after a while the conditions improved. After many snowfights, gloves were getting cold and fingers colder so it was back down to the hut.

Next morning we were up at 5.30 a.m. to wash the dishes (much to the disgust of some scouts) and then we made for the car and had a leisurely trip around to Mangatepopo Hut where we surprised Bruce and Murray in bed. We went up to Ngauruhoe saddle for a quick look and then back to the car for a late lunch. We then headed homeward across the Taihape Road, stopping at the Pine tree at Kuripaponga where we left the car once again. We walked into Kaweka Hut for the night, arriving about 7.00 p.m. We met Osise Simoin there minus his pack which was back in his car. After a feed on some of our excess tucker he cheered up and we all had a comfortable night's sleep. Next morning Ross, Glen and Chris separated for the tops to collect some venison while Marcia and I chopped firewood and cleaned and tidied the hut. We left for the road at 3 o'clock, arriving back in Hastings at six.

Total mileage for the week was 822 miles and \$50 was spent on petrol. A most enjoyable trip for all.

Chris Jones, Glen Armstrong, Ross Barradell, Marcia Browne, Peter McBride

MACKINTOSH - KAWEKA BASIN

2 May 1976

Early Sunday morning three bods left the end of the Castle Rocks Road, bound for Mackintosh Hut. It was beautiful weather - clear and cool with no frost. At 9.30 a.m. we arrived in the hut and after a quick brew-up we left for Kaweka Hut via the Bridle track, arriving there at 12.15 p.m. After lunch we headed for Cooks Horn by way of the bush spur. We had a fabulous view from the top and a small patch of snow gave us the first snowballs of the season. Then it was a quick rush down the shingle slide and back to the car by 5.30 after a long walk down Castle Rocks Road.

Graham Bailey, Marcia Browne, Peter McBride.

MT. HOLDSWORTH - TARARUA FOREST PARK 5-6-7 June

We left Hastings on Friday night but a generator burnt out so we spent the night in Dannevirke and continued next morning, arriving at Mt Holdsworth Lodge at 8.00 a.m. We stopped for a boilup at Mountain House at 10.00 a.m. but with the weather conditions deteriorating we decided against going over to Middle Waiohine Hut and went to Totara Flats instead.

Next morning the weather was showery but not cold so it was off to Walls Whare for lunch and then back to Totara Flats for Sunday night.

On Monday morning we returned to Mountain House in good weather and then nipped up to Powell Hut for a look at the view. We left there at 1.00 p.m. and were back at the road in 2½ hours. A most enjoyable trip - good weather and beautiful scenery.

Graham Bailey, Marcia Browne, Peter McBride

WAIKAMAKA HUT

May 29th - 30th

Our intended trip had been to go to Top Maropea Hut the first day and on the second over Te Atuaoparapara (66) and down to the saddle and then out by the river. As there was no rush to get to the Top Maropea Hut breakfast was consumed at my place and after checking the car we were driving through the ford, which was low, at about ½ past 9 that morning. We duly arrived at Shuteye Shack having noticed the strong wind on the more open parts of the track.

After putting on parkas we made our way to the top of the ridge. All fours were needed for this as the wind was slamming straight into us. We proceeded upwards making slow and quite exhausting progress. After using all the sheltered spots possible we found we still had another 200 ft at least before we hit the ridge leading off to Maropea. The wind had already managed to lift me off my feet even with a pack on.

We tried to get there anyway but after watching Peter land in a leatherwood tree we abandoned plans.

We decided Waikamaka would be as good a place as any to stay the night so after a quick descent we arrived at Waipawa Chalet for lunch (Missed the turnoff on the saddle above the Chalet and spent 20 minutes climbing back up to it.) One hour later saw us travelling up the Waipawa river where massive amounts of shingle have been deposited making easy going instead of boulder hopping. Apart from a few annoying pricks from a couple of hidden spaniard we arrived on top of the Waipawa Saddle where the wind was still blowing strong. Waikamaka Hut was reached a little later where David Northe and Co were in residence. After a good tea and a natter everyone was off to bed except for a couple of local mice. Next day dawned misty and drizzle started to fall so after collecting some wood from the riverbed, we said goodbye to David and arrived home after a quick trip out.
Party: David Wilkins, Peter Berry.

WAIKAMAKA HUT 29th 30th May

Contact was made with the Club asking for someone to take a party of people tramping into Waikamaka. At a preliminary meeting, food and transport was arranged, the trip being a weekend one.

On Saturday morning at 7.00 a.m. there were two cars and three people at Hastings. The rest of the group arrived not long afterwards including two "iceblocks" on a Honda 50. We left Hastings about 7.30 a.m. and reached the roadhead, after successfully crossing the ford, about 9.00 a.m.

There were fierce winds in the lower reaches of the valley but the party was going well. We had a smoko break at the Waipawa Chalet, then started the long climb to the Saddle. Now the height gain began to tell and many questions were asked about "how much further?" The standard answer being round the corner, not far now. The wind was still strong and we reached the summit after coaxing the girls in the party with tales of the hut just down the other side. The wind on the top was so strong that the smaller bods had to be careful. Waikamaka hut was reached about 3 p.m. and was most welcome. The firewood was in short supply, which would have been very bad for us if the conditions on top had been just a little worse than they were.

The hut firewood supply was replenished and tea started. We were joined by Peter Berry and David Wilkins, who had been unsuccessful in negotiating Armstrong Saddle.

Stew and instant pudding and peaches were followed by tea or coffee, songs, stories and jokes before we hit our pits.

The wind outside was so strong that the tin was rattling and growning.

We woke about 7 a.m. to be greeted by a fire and the billy on the boil. Thanks, Rodney. A big billy of porridge was brewed and we cleaned up before leaving the hut at 11.00 a.m. There were strong winds up the valley. One girl fell while crossing the river and took a piece out of one knee and cut her hand. First aid was successfully administered, and the descent from the saddle was much more enjoyable than the climb up. We had a lunch stop at Waipawa Chalet and then it was back to the cars and back to Hastings by 5 p.m. after a most enjoyable weekend.

Party: Dave Northe, Sandra Brannigan, Rodney Grindey, Grant McNamara, Isla Syme and Christine Miller.

RUAHINES - QUEENS BIRTHDAY

The ad hoc C.S. and W.W.T.C. held its inaugural trip in the central Ruahines; the general plan was Purity, Waterfall creek and Pourangaki Huts.

The action began on Saturday in a fairly mundane fashion but later built up to near epic proportions. We viewed with dismay a number of cars and the Parawai T.C. truck at Hikurangi Station as we began the gentle climb to Purity Hut. But within 2½ hours we had passed some of the stragglers and were ensconced in the hut eating lunch. We learned here that waterfall Creek hut would have 7 in it not counting us. But that didn't discourage us.

The long climb up to wooden peg and iron peg went quite quickly. The encrusted snowgrass crunched under our feet. It was cold and misty but almost calm. On iron peg we had alternatives. To descend Iron Peg creek below us, or to traverse south and descend Hut Creek. Past experience indicated that Hut Creek was to be preferred and this we chose. But the wisdom of this decision, or rather the failing to reverse it, was soon in doubt. The traverse to the head of Hut Creek is quite long and it soon became apparent that we might not reach it before darkness fell.

We plodded along, up and down until we came to a trig. This was unexpected and a bit off-putting until we realised it had been erected quite recently. There was now a cold wind and in the approaching gloom it became pressing that we begin to descend. In this urgent situation we made a slip. Failing to check the compass, we followed the substantial ridge which divides the iron peg and Hut creek watersheds instead of the main Hawkes Bay range. Then realising that soon we'd be in total darkness we began to descend the most hopeful looking creek - a tributary of iron peg creek. A mistake in retrospect but at the time apparently the only course of action.

We slithered down the snow grass laced with spaniard and through a small patch of leatherwood. Progress was steady until we found ourselves precariously perched in slippery snow covered leatherwood over a bluff. Could we get down? There was no point in going up. The prospect of a night out was uninviting (especially as several inches of snow fell later). The important point was not to have an accident. While mobile, we could at least keep warm. With infinite care, but not without risk, we negotiated the bluff, feeling quite sure that what we did in the dark we probably wouldn't consider doing in daylight. Another thought: once down, this one, could we get the rest of the way down.

Luck was with us. After the bluff we soon got out of the snow making torches necessary - one headlamp, one carbide. Then slowly but surely we threaded our way down to the Kawhatau and several cold crossings later, we stepped into Waterfall Creek hut. The welcome was not exactly overwhelming but a friend in the hut soon gave us a brew and later mattresses.

Next day, considering the night before, was a joy. Cold and white at dawn, the day cleared after we left the hut and made our way up Hut Creek. The easy ascent justified yesterdays decision. On top in two hours, it was camera and scrog time, then a short traverse and a long descent to Pourangaki Hut. We arrived at a much more civilised time: 3 p.m.

Monday started early and we were soon trotting down the Pourangaki stream. It was a numbing experience! But at the new Kelly Knight hut a high track sidles the valley and provided a pleasant tramp out to the farmland.

A good trip, but with a few moments we could happily have omitted. A good lesson: route finding in good conditions is easy, but if the pressure is on - time, weather, an injury perhaps - a mistake is so easy.

Brian Smith, Doff Vickers, Neil Kane, Lyn Stewart.

RUAPEHU 5-6-7 June 1976

As the weather wasn't looking too good on Saturday, we decided to take our time in getting to Ruapehu but as it turned out it took a bit longer than we had planned (car problems) We arrived at the Bruce in time to hear the start of the test match. And then made our way up to the old A.C. hut, just in time for tea. We set the alarm clock and after a cold night woke up to find that it had snowed during the night. The day looked good so we headed to the top, showed Allan how to self-arrest etc and then headed up Te Heu Heu. There we found the only ice we saw that day. From the top we saw

the Club as they were heading for Dome, so we went to Dome to meet them and we all went down to the A.C. hut together.

After a crowded night in the hut we decided to head back up to the top. As the snow was still soft, We didn't get too far so we decided to get home early.

Peter Boomen, Allen Brian, David Wilkins

KAWEKA HUT

3 - 4 July 1976

After hearing the Sawtooth trip was cancelled and still keen to go somewhere, we got the key and headed for Kaweka Hut. After leaving Danny there with Bruce and Murray, Allen and I headed ^{up} to Studholmes for the night. We went up the ridge behind the Hut taking 1½ hours to the top and a hard 1½ hours to the hut in deep soft snow. The snow still didn't freeze that night so it didn't look like much climbing on Cook's Horn. We went out to the car via Cook's horn and Kaweka Hut. A fine but windy weekend.

Peter Boomen, Allen Brian

SEARCH ANDRESCUE

19 - 20 June 1976

By 7.30 a.m. Saturday morning the last of the party was on board the truck at the Hastings Police Station and we headed for Triplex Hut. The day was scheduled to begin at 9.30 a.m. but unfortunately was delayed until 10.30 a.m. Instruction was then given on compass and map work and exposure, and a simulated search exercise was conducted in small groups. Joanne was found to have a fractured femur, an ailment which became quite contagious for the remainder of the weekend. We rapidly "treated" her sought "help" and transported her by makeshift stretcher towards camp.

The afternoon was particularly cold and blustery but the instruction continued, this time on the clearing of helipads and the advantages and limitations of helicopters. This was followed by a lecture on river crossing, tea and a film on bushcraft. Most of the club members then left for the truck down on the road for a windy and amusing night, which proved to be a sound move because the wind sought out all the loose pegs and poorly set poles, and eventually split the marquee down one side. The truck has its good points after all.

Next morning began with a talk on the field ambulance and various stretchers and then further work on first aid techniques, talks on equipment, communications and bushcraft. Practical exercises were held too with everyone divided into two groups with a patient each to treat and transport through bush, cutting tracks on the way.

Finally, a full-scale search was initiated for a hunter requiring assistance. We were allocated a particularly swampy area as our sector which made tough going and we were the last group to arrive on the "accident". Despite a whole weekend of instruction though, we found fifty people standing about while two people struggled to cope with an unfamiliar situation. After transporting the patient a short distance, we returned to camp for the debriefing and away home by 7.p.m.

The course was valuable in many ways, especially in learning just what we did not know. Our bushcraft skills seemed well established though and proved what an asset the club has been to its members. The next exercise is looked forward to.

R.P.

Club members participating: Les Hanger, Russell, Bruce and Jo Perry, Chris Melody, Alan Thurston, Danny Bloomer, Trevor Blowman, Robyn Marshall, Peter Berry, Peter Boomen, Peter Lewis, Julia Reading, David Northe, Graham Bailey.

"66" EAST FACE

27 June 1976

Saturday afternoon, we wandered up to Waipawa Chalet, catching occasional glimpses of the face.

At 4 a.m. the next day, we woke and 1 hour later, we were crossing the north branch of the Waipawa. We entered the first side stream on the left, already wading through deep snow and hopeful of a good day. Around 6.30 a.m. we did away with torches and began negotiating the numerous little climbs in the stream itself. One particular piece was rather eventful for Murray - i.e. a small rock on his head and falling flat on his back. Some parts of the stream were very hard going in the snow as it gave very little support when we most needed it.

When the stream finally disappeared under the snow, we found the surface was fairly crusty and easier going. Keeping a careful eye on the weather, we had doubts now of even reaching the face. About 10 o'clock we decided to head back - cold, hard winds and heavy black clouds over the whole of the Waipawa area being the reason.

Instead of following our tracks back to the Chalet, we started to explore another stream directly below "66".

The going was great here until we got bluffed. However, there's nothing a bit of bush-bashing won't cure and we rather gingerly climbed a rocky piece back towards the bush and sidled around the bluff area. The stream met the main Waipawa just below the big rock which is quite a common resting spot.

We bombed down the river and home - arriving about 3 in the afternoon.

Murray Ball and Bruce Perry

BALLARD HUT

After much discussion five left Napier one Saturday morning bound for Ballard Hut. We left the car at Jack Nicolas's hay barn and arrived at Middle Hill about 10 a.m. with the cloud level rather low.

After a hot drink we left for Ballard Hut via the bush spur. About half way up Graham found he had a sore foot but after a rest we continued on up to the bush-line and also fog line. This caused some discussion, and after a careful look at the compass, with visibility down to 10 - 15 yards we carried on until we came to the turnoff to Ballard Hut. I made an error of 5° on the compass here which cost us half an hour searching for the hut.

We found it at 3.30 already occupied by Rob and Victoria Whittle. After a cramped night the weather was little better in the morning and the return trip to Middle Hill was difficult with a cold wind and heavy showers. By this time Graham was going fairly slowly and was having to be nursed along. Although conditions improved once we reached the bush-line, slow progress with pack changes was to be with us for the rest of the day. We arrived back at the car at 4 p.m. after a cold, wet trip home. Graham was packed to bed for a week.

No. in party: 5

Leader - P. McBride

Graham Bailey, Michelle Carter, Lynda Ralph, Marcia Browne

"THE ROGUE" RIDGE

4th July 1976

After the lovely fine Saturday, 12 were keen to have a closer look at the Southern Kawekas. Leaving the Kombi along the snow-covered clay track above the Tutaekuri River, we were soon across and up the other side to turn left off the Kaweka Hut track and start up "The Rogue" ridge.

Fast-moving clouds wiped out the fine weather and a bitterly cold south-westerly gale sent snow swirling and drifting like dry sand. This was soon supplemented at intervals by more snow and fine hail, but as everyone was well equipped with woollen and windproof clothing we decided to carry on up to the top and round, to come down on the ridge west of the hut. Some glimpses of the weekend party coming down by way of Cooks Horn were quite spectacular. Our own descent took some care. A boilup and late lunch at the hut were most welcome before tackling a few odd jobs.

Back at the river in the twilight a small blue-grey canvas haversack was thrown across by its owner, who then thought better of trying to jump and went some distance upstream to cross:- he then found that the pack had vanished amongst all the look-alike boulders and took quite some time to find!

For the stroll back to the vehicle the air was calm, the sky clear, and the snow rapidly hardening and becoming crunchy underfoot.

No. in party: 11

Leader - Peter Lewis

Clare Wetherill, Simon Taylor, Dennis Galyer, Graham Bailey, Marcia Browne, Peter McBride, Joanne Jepson, Andre Grossman, Simon Rowe, Jill Ingpen,

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

The 41st Annual General Meeting will be held in the Radiant Living Hall, Warren St, North, Hastings following the usual fortnightly meeting on Wednesday 27th October, 1976.

SPECIAL GENERAL MEETING

As part of the club's fundraising efforts for a new truck, the committee has suggested placing a levy on all members of the club. So that this suggestion can be discussed by the whole club, the committee is calling a Special General Meeting to be held at the Radiant Living Hall, Warren St, North, Hastings on 25th August, 1976.

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Waikamaka Hut - Night Light

Fingers of light grope for dark corners,
Easing the solitude of spider's web
And sooted billy,
Carrying yellow, flickering flame
To dwindled candle, erect, alone
On unadorned mantel.
Grey ashes whisper, shadows
Of fireplace boulders shudder with flirting zephyrs
And still again.
Limp billy-hooks hang twisted, charcoaled,
Good company for cold beech embers
And rusted cans.
Bent nails give homes to toasting fork,
Heavy iron frypan,
To newly hung parkas, oilskin showing
Blue fades of constant use.
Candlelight masses benchtop shadows, hiding
Blistered red paint and dented surface.
Hints of hot billies, dropped cutlery,
The business of cooking,
Are lost to the night.
Patchwork ceiling,
Wirenetting, roof iron, and crinkled sisalation,
Kept aloft by rigid crossbeams,
Scatters candled reflections
Between Waikamaka walls.
Dark floorboards,
Deafened by a thousand boots,
Wrinkled with the sweeping patterns of bristled broom,
Acts a tolerant host to blackened billies,
Cast iron bench, firewood
And woollen socks.
Maori bunks,
Fading in stretched candlelight,
Sharing six foam-rubber mattresses
With wearied trampers, mouse turds
And fairydown
Sleeping bags.

Dave Perry

FIXTURES FOR CLUB MEETINGS:

(Radiant Living Hall, Warren St, North, Hastings. 7.45 p.m.)

August: 11th, 25th

September: 8th, 22nd

October: 6th, 20th

November: 3rd, 17th

December: 1st, 15th

January: 12th, 26th

TYPISTS FOR THIS ISSUE:

Barbara Taylor, Joan Manning,
Joanne Perry

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 10 p.m. 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 enquiries 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.

AUGUST 1976

15th The Lizard

Limestone and clay south of the 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 Soppit

SEPTEMBER

12th Makahu - Matauria Ridge

South from Makahu along sparse ridges to the McIntosh plateau. Fitter party may go out through Lotkow. Leader - David Wilkins

SEPTEMBER

25 - 26 Upper Te Hoe Hut via Plateau Hut
A trip along ridges in magnificent Urewera type bush.
Leader - Peter Lewis

OCTOBER

10th Tamaki River
A pleasant river west of Dannevirke which the club has not visited for many years.
Leader - Jill Robinson

24-25-26 Rocks Ahead Hut via Kaweka J
Labour Over the main Kaweka divide at the highest point and
Weekend down to the Ngaruroro River. A round trip may be
organised here. Leader - Peter Manning

NOVEMBER

7th Cairn Trip
Our annual service for club members who fell in the second world war is held at the memorial cairn on the highest point in Hawkes Bay.
Leader - Phil Bayens

13 - 14 Trial Search

20 - 21 Ngaruroro River - Bushcraft
From Whanawhana. Wide riverbed, easy going. River crossing practice and bivouac construction. Camping out.
Leader - Trevor Plowman

DECEMBER

5th Tutaekuri River
Somewhere between the Kaweka hut track and Lawrence Hut are hot springs. Some rough gorges in here.
Leader - Robin Marshall

11th or 12th Christmas Party

18 - 19 Waikamaka River
An exploration trip down the Waikamaka towards the confluence with the Maropea River.
Leader - to be arranged

JANUARY

15 - 16 Te Matai - Mohaka River
In via Pakaututu to Te Matai and dropping into the Mohaka river. Out via hot springs.
Leader - Graham Bailey

30th Lilo Trip
River to be chosen. Leader - Joanne Perry

Proposed Trips

February 12-13: Umukarikari Range - Bruce Perry

February 27th : Beach Trip - David Northe

March 12-13 : Armstrong Saddle, Maropea - Danny Bloomer

March 27th : Makaretu River South Branch - Joy Blair

Easter, April 8-9-10-11: Urewera National Park - Peter McBride

April 23-24-25: Hinerua - Waterfall Creek - Hikurangi Range -
Russell Perry

May 8th : Taraponui - Keith Thompson