

HERETAUNGA TRAMPING CLUB (INC)

BOX 447, HASTINGS

"P O H O K U R A"

Bulletin No. 135

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CLUB TRIPS

No. 1103

Tutaekuri River

5th December

Sixteen members unloaded themselves onto the Lakes Road off Castle Rocks road at 7.30 a.m., after 1½ hours in the truck. While Pete took his Kombi down the Lawrence Road and the truck went along to bring him back, the rest of us played cricket with a dead pine branch as a bat, a pile of sticks for wickets and a rock for a ball.

The truck and Pete returned after what seemed an age and we all headed down the familiar track to the Tutaekuri River, the same way we head for Kaweka Hut. When we reached the river we gathered ourselves together and turned downstream.

The object of the trip was to locate some hot springs that had been mentioned in the Pohokura several years ago and so Liz was armed with a geological map of the area.

The first hour or so downstream was easy going but gradually the sides became steeper and closer together. The first obstacle was a deep pool with steep sides - some went over, some rock climbed round and some took the plunge before they fell in. They found the water very cold!

The next real obstacle was a narrow gorge. After trying to get up and over the sides and being unsuccessful (except Peter McB. who scrambled right up onto the plateau) we returned to the gorge and brought out the rope. Everyone was lowered into the icy waters and we had to let ourselves be swept round the corner and onto a small shingly beach where we

all shivered together. One little chap almost climbed a sheer rock face and our intrepid club captain almost drowned trying to rescue him but there were no real casualties.

After that excitement the going became easier and we stopped for lunch. Carrying on downstream we still found no signs of the hot springs and when we reached the Mackintosh bridge we decided to stop. Most of the party dropped packs and went ten minutes downstream for a looksee. They found more gorges and deep pools so after a quick dip they returned to the bridge and we all heaved ourselves up the steep track to the top of the plateau and back to Castle Rocks Road. We hurriedly changed into dry clothes and once Pete had collected his Kombi we were off home.

A good river trip but unsuccessful in our search for the hot springs.

No. in party: 16

Leader: Robin Marshall

Party: Elizabeth Pindar, Jim McIvor, Geoff Robinson, Russell and Joanne Perry, Simon Rowe, Wayne Taylor, Peter Berry, Peter McBride, David Wilkins, Kevin Ayre, Peter Manning, Beth Curtis, Peter Herbert, Peter Lewis.

No. 1104

Waikamaka - Maropea Rivers 18-19th December

Thirteen bods piled onto the truck and we were away south. From North Block Road the saddle and tops had a shroud of cloud swirling around and higher darker, uninviting clouds could be seen. One front seat passenger was told if it rained he would be thumped. But, being young and fit, he reckoned he could stay well out of the way (ha ha) with a prayer or two. I picked the wrong seat and had to open all the gates and feel the cold wind blowing in contrast to the warm cab.

With a hot drink before leaving the truck we ventured onto the Waipawa riverbed which had built up with shingle. With the forks in sight three volunteers moved ahead to swing the black boy at Waikamaka. Once over and into Waikamaka the sun warmed up and a pleasant hour was spent over lunch that was to set the atmosphere for the rest of the trip.

Up packs and away down river towards Otukota Hut. After a few hours three moved ahead from the main party to put the billy on again. At this point two late starters caught up with us as they had no idea where we might leave the river for the Maropea River. We found out later that two more tried to join us but could not make up the head start we had, after they had lost themselves on the road, of all places!

Towards six thirty some of the party were getting tired and places to camp on the riverbed were considered. Then around the bend a lone axeman was found cutting wood and on the opposite bank was a hut - Wakelins Hut. Some slept in, some slept out.

Next morning we went over the Waikamaka River, up a ridge to the tops, onto a marked track which led into Maropea Forks Hut. A wood pile was found and out came the billy (again). The Maropea River had several rubbish piles and slips that had

to be negotiated. A few cairns were found that some of the party remembered and we headed up a dirty little streambed until we were standing below the track to Top Maropea Hut. As this was the last water the inevitable happened - a brewup. Up and over a slip, past the hut and on to Armstrong Saddle. Here an easterly wind met clouds in the west and it reminded me of pictures where the clouds are lifted and tossed around. Back through Shuteye, past Triplex, over the fence and home. But a stop off at Waipawa for shark and taties first.

Good weather, good company, smiling faces.

No. in party: 16

Leader: Les Hanger

Party: Beth Curtis, Wendy Gordon, Dyan Coombes, Danny Bloomer, Randall Goldfinch, Dave Wilkins, Geoff Robinson, Glenn Armstrong, Peter Manning, Chris Jones, Peter Berry, Peter Boomen, Murray Ball, Roger Gillies, Greg Jenks.

No. 1105

To Ngaawapurua and Back Again 1-4th January
(by various assorted routes)

Planning to leave Holt's right on 6 a.m. never seems to work these days but very shortly afterwards thirteen bods were jolting their way under Les's careful hands towards Kuripapango. We found two more at Fernhill and another at Kaweka Forestry Base where Dave kindly had a cuppa already brewed for us, so this brought the tally to sixteen.

4100 was the first target. The bulky packs were thrown onto sighing shoulders and ten pairs of leathers and six pairs of gummies were on their way. Unfortunately, these leathers are a little unpredictable and after half an hour uphill some outstanding examples of blisters appeared on Wendy's feet. Danny and I grabbed her boots and raced down to the truck to exchange them for an older, more comfortable pair and puffed our way back up again. By this time Wendy had walked a considerable distance without boots so Danny had a lot of ground to cover before the pair in his hand found some feet to wear. This left me with my pack and even more ground to cover but I finally caught Les and Wendy at the top of 4100, the others now being way ahead. The weather held off for the first thirteen to get to Kiwi Saddle Hut but three more was obviously too much for it and it let loose a brief hailstorm enough to chill us right down, almost within shouting distance of the hut itself.

Lunch was scoffed here and with the time almost 2 p.m., we headed out and down to Kiwi Mouth Hut via Kiwi Creek, the last of us reaching here by 5 p.m. It was obvious by now that there were two distinct groups forming and it was decided that David Wilkins would lead a fitter group onto Manson Hut for the night, while a second group of six including some fit and some slower ones were to spend the night at Kiwi Mouth. (See Dave's report for the fit group.)

Our group set up the two flies because the hut was full, and spent a comfortable night digesting a very pleasant stew.

Without too much hurry, we left the hut next morning and travelled down the banks of the Ngaururoro ten minutes to the swing bridge. The track then sidles back to almost opposite Kiwi Mouth Hut then climbs steadily upwards along a beech clad spur and emerges shortly afterwards onto clearer tops and clay pans which climb still further onto the tussock-covered tops leading around to Manson Hut. We reached this hut at 12.30 and spent a leisurely couple of hours here admiring the view and discussing various approaches on how to use a loo which is lying on its side.

This hut is relatively new and at this stage has only a 44 gallon drum as its water supply, with water being run off the roof, so this needs to be kept in mind for large parties intending to use the hut. A larger tank has been helicoptered into the site but is not in action yet. (It has now been erected and is operating. Editor)

At 2 p.m., with appetites and thirst satisfied, we headed north across the saddle and up the gentle slopes and exposed tops of Manson from where we could see Mounts Ruapehu and Ngauruhoe and also the new Otutu Bush Hut, accessible by a broken, winding series of beech covered ridges. We continued on from Manson, the highest point of the trip, and followed the trails to Ngaawapurua Hut way down across the Ngaururoro.

The track to this hut winds through a number of beech saddles on which the track is very overgrown. Fresh track cutting was evident on parts of this so hopefully it may be completed by the next trip through here. At the far end of these saddles the track drops sharply down a marked ridge for several hundred feet then across a good swing bridge to a welcome hut, reached at 7.30 p.m. by the last of us. After setting up the fly to accomodate three of the party, we tucked ourselves into another of those enormous stews whose anonymous contents are sometimes best left that way. An appreciative burp and into the pit!

Three hunters in the hut ensured we were awake pretty early. Les and I went out and removed the fly from above the reluctant risers and fairly soon afterwards packs and feet were again setting their reluctant rhythm through reluctant weather up a slope which seemed reluctant to let us near its top. However we soon shook most of the cobwebs out and even found ourselves enjoying the vast array of natives clinging to these slopes. Once onto the top we plodded our way back along yesterday's trail towards and over Manson where we met Dave's group, and all continued onto Manson Hut again.

Rather than have everyone crowded down in Kiwi Mouth Hut for the night, the fit party agreed to remain at Manson whilst the slower party continued down, giving us the easier of the final days out. After lunch then, the six of us returned down the trails to Kiwi Mouth. Danny decided to give us the benefit of his company too and left the other group to catch us up half way down. However, once down at the swing bridge everyone seemed to be going steadily if not a little slowly and with still a number of hours of daylight ahead of us, the decision was made to continue to Cameron Hut. There is a

nice, fresh sign pointing the way to Cameron just above the bridge so anticipating a cut track we set off in good spirits. Not for long! Peter Boomen had left some fairly explicit signs indicating that unless our water walking skills were well practised, we were going to get wet.

Within half an hour the river loomed in front of us as the only feasible route so Bruce and I headed across to test it. The water was surprisingly warm (for the Ngaururoro) and eventually, after much persuasion, the others crossed to join us. From here on there seemed to be river crossing after river crossing, some easy, some deep enough to cool some vital equipment that everyone likes to keep dry and requiring linking up along a log to cross safely. This took much longer than we had anticipated and with darkness approaching, Danny and Bruce forged ahead to check out what was ahead and hopefully return to guide us into the bridge. That was the last we saw of them for over two hours. By now we had some very tired and very sore feet stumbling through the boulders and rapidly cooling river. A marker was spied across the river and deciding that this would be the last ford and that we would set up camp shortly afterwards, we waded over to it.

Surprise, surprise! A cut track for the first time since Kiwi Mouth! This bucked us up a little although by now it was quite dark and still no sign of Danny and Bruce returning. Shortly after 9.30 p.m. though, our calls were answered by far away shouts and eventually the two of them joined us to tell us the bridge was at least half an hours running distance away but with good cut tracks all the way to it. Not too happy about the distance but pleased about the bridge and the thought of a hut close by, the old legs were called on for one more burst and by 10 p.m. our torches picked out the swing bridge.

"Come on," I say to the last few. "The hut isn't far now!" —

Talk about eating your own words! Fifteen minutes later there was no sign of the hut. Thinking we must have missed a turnoff in the dark, or that the others had done the same and were now well ahead of us, I left the others resting and raced ahead by torchlight three or four minutes to find Danny and Denise sitting on the rocks by the Ngaururoro and Bruce's torch twinkling far in the distance. Apparently we had missed the turnoff and Bruce was heading back around the point to locate it, which he soon did. I ran back to the others and on the way found the missing track, and to cut the story short, by 10.35 we had all reached the hut.

"Talk about tired, Trev." Everyone dived into Bruce's scroggin, a brew was made, and after watching Denise describe a perfect arc from asleep sitting to asleep lying in one delicate crash, we all retired: three to the available bunks, two under the bunks and Les to his small tent outside. Thanks to the people in the hut for their cheerful patience at that hour of the night.

"Hey, you guys, it's the last day of the trip. Only two easy hours down the river to the truck. Neat, eh?"

Last night's intended tea was cooked up for lunch but unfortunately when you can see these brews they are never quite as appetising and much of this one found its way to the rubbish pit. By 12.15, after replenishing the firewood, we set out again down the river. Only now did we realise what a hiding our feet had taken the day before in the river and progress for some was pretty slow and painful. However we had the afternoon ahead of us. Unfortunately though, the river was a different story from yesterday. It was now very discoloured and appeared to be rising quite rapidly from last night's rain, somewhere upriver. The first crossings were exciting but reasonable until we came to number four. Here endeth our easy day!

With Les and I on the ends of a log and Roger and Jill in the middle we set out to try it. The current was very, very strong and the bottom difficult to maintain traction on and next minute we were being swept out of control downstream. Managing to snag ourselves on a large boulder, we eventually dragged each other from the current but back onto the same bank we had just left, looking something akin to Mole and Water Rat of "Wind in the Willows" fame.

"Ah," says Bruce, "that's the hard way but if we ..." and off they went to try it. They followed the current downstream for 10 metres, congratulating themselves on the ease of their route when suddenly they were gone. In very deep water now the current picked them up and tossed them hard in against the cliffs. Danny managed to get a hold on the rock and hauled himself out trying to bring the others up with him. The current caught Bruce again and tore him away. Denise let go Danny to try to hold Bruce and away the pair of them went, round and round in the flow until at last they managed to break free and stagger onto a beach, and Mole and Water Rat had nothing on these two! The Ngaururoro was now richer by Bruce's gumboot, Danny's watch, Roger's jersey and a miscellaneous comic. This was too much for the rest of us and we climbed overland to meet them.

"That bird's mad," says Bruce. "She nearly drowned 'cos she was laughing so much!"

Having had our fill of rivers for the day, we decided it was time to climb out. After replacing Bruce's footwear with five pairs of socks and some canvas sacking we were away up through the scrub and manuka to the top of the nearest spur and for the next few hours followed this via deer trails through the beech and open tops until we eventually hit the Smith-Russell track at 4594'. To get here from Cameron Hut had taken 7 hours. Once again Bruce and Danny went ahead to let the other party know where we were and the rest of us made our own pace behind them. We eventually arrived at the truck at 8.30 p.m. for a welcome cup of Refresh. Back into the truck, a quick call into Alan Berry to let him know all was well from Kaweka Base and then away home. Thanks to Les for driving.

No. in party: 6 plus 1

Leader: Russell Perry

Party: Bruce Perry, Les Hanger, Roger Gillies, Jill Robinson, Denise Robinson and the late Daniel Bloomer Esq.

Other Party's Trip

Our party of ten left Russell's group at Kiwi Mouth Hut at 5.15 p.m. to go to Manson. As we crossed the Ngaururoro River the other party sat on a nearby rock and waved goodbye to us as though we would never return. We all arrived at Manson Hut at 7.30, tired after our long day but very pleased to be there.

Manson Hut is nicely situated next to a clump of beech trees and is itself a very pleasant hut - clean and new looking. After a good night's sleep and a leisurely breakfast, our party headed for Ngaawapurua Hut, arriving there at around lunchtime. This also is a nice hut in a good position but we decided to carry on down the Ngaururoro River as the day was only half over and there were already three hunters in residence. The weather was being kind to us as we had had lots of sunshine although it was quite chilly up on the tops with a keen wind coming off the snowladen slopes of Ruapehu, which were sparkling and glistening in the sun.

We intended to reach the Oamarukokere Bivouac that afternoon but owing to the rather deep, slippery crossings of the Ngaururoro and its surprising coldness for summertime, our progress was substantially slowed down. Two hours in the river was as much as most of us could take and so we camped at a nice site next to the river. After another appetising tramping club stew and a talk we retired to our pits for some sleep.

The next day owing to drizzle and again the chilliness of the river (no-one fancied being wet up to the armpits again) we decided to head up a ridge to the tops. This ridge couldn't have been better, as deer trails were everywhere making progress relatively easy and quick. Lunch was had in some big, beautiful beech trees just below the tops. Much too soon though we were moving again and just on the tops we managed to meet Russell's party who has just come from Ngaawapurua Hut. We tramped with them to Manson Hut and had a drink. To even up hut sleeping arrangements they carried on to Kiwi Mouth with Danny. Our party lazed around the hut and ate freshly made scones. Late that night we were joined by two other trampers who had come across from Harkness that day. Danny was the only member of our party that had had a watch and when he left the time was for us to guess.

We left early the next morning, or so we thought, for Kiwi Mouth. Once there, three of our party decided to go to Cameron Hut and out as a track had been cut, according to arrows pointing in that direction. We carried on out the usual way via Kiwi Saddle where we had lunch. Just as the track turns off to the left onto the bush on the way out from Kiwi Saddle we were joined by our three friends who after one crossing of the Ngaururoro had retreated. In this case, a wise decision. We also found out that the track runs out heading towards Cameron. We arrived back at the truck expecting to find the others as we still did not know what the time was but had a funny feeling it was late. On asking, we found it was only ten past four and so we turned our thoughts to a short wait for the others but in fact this turned out to be a long wait. The

trip was most enjoyable with some new country seen by everyone.

No. in party: 10 minus 1 Leader: David Wilkins

Party: Anna Bloomer, Tony Connell, Peter Berry, Leon Smith, Beth Curtis, Wendy Gordon, Glenn Armstrong, Chris Jones and the missing dearly departed Danny Bloomer.

No. 1106 Ranunculus Creek 15-16th January

With a disappointing turnout for the second club trip of the year, eight of us set off in cars for the farm at the end of Mill Road. After one stop at Waipawa for the essential bog paper we arrived and by 9 a.m. we were making headway up Ranunculus Creek. We had numerous stops to admire the beauty around us and to relax in the warm sunshine. In some places we had a few obstacles to climb around or over. One of these was a log over a waterfall and all of us climbed over it except Peter Manning, who ended up stretched across with his legs on one side and the rest of him on the other side, with Peter Berry and Dave Wilkins pulling his arms - a good laugh.

Lunch was at twelve and here we watched the Berry Rescue Team in action, when our honourable leader got stuck on a rock face and was helped down by Peter Berry with a rope. After lunch we headed upstream for half an hour until we came to a waterfall which halted our progress so we had to climb out to Black Ridge. When we reached the top it was blowing a gale but $\frac{3}{4}$ of an hour later we reached Tarn Bivvy and set about erecting tents and bivvy sacs.

Later on that night Peter, Marcia and Alex came marching down the hill, having come up Rosvalls track. We ended that day with an argument about where Takapau was.

Sunday: We were all awakened by the dreaded sound of a million blowflies buzzing around but we wondered why they all took off when we started cooking breakfast. Marcia, Peter Lewis and Alex headed off for Hinerua Hut and three members of our group followed..Dave Wilkins, Les Hanger and Dyan Coombes. The rest of us left late from the bivvy and headed down Black Ridge to Daphne Hut, arriving there in two hours, just in time for lunch. We then headed out to the cars arriving at 5.30 p.m.

No. in party: 8 Leader: Graham Bailey

Party: Peter Manning, Dave Wilkins, Peter Berry, Dyan Coombes, Bobbie Couchman and son, Les Hanger.

Hinerua Party

Three of us decided that we wanted to go a bit further than the other party on the Sunday and the clear sky and beautiful sunshine seemed good reasons to take the opportunity. Les, Dyan and myself left Tarn Bivvy at an unknown time and headed for Ohuinga where we met Peter Lewis and Co. on the top. After relating the land to the map we decided to place our feet in a patch of nearby snow. Surprisingly it was quite hard, but Les was very annoyed that he had forgotten his Condys Crystals.

We looked at Sawtooth ridge and our minds conjured up thoughts of what it would be like in winter. An overall agreement was reached: that it would definitely be good value.

Ruapehu's highest peak, Tahurangi was showing its snow-capped tops over Hikurangi Range, making us envious and wishing we were there. We crossed over to the top of Hinerua Ridge via a saddle and then as the wind started to rise, we made haste for Hinerua Hut. Once at the hut lunch was scoffed and then all that was left was the plod back to the cars. While on the farmland the wind was blowing so strongly that it managed to lift Les up and push him several yards before he could control himself again!

It was a good trip that seemed to cap off a good weekend with good company.

Dave Wilkins

No. 1107

Lilo Trip - Mohaka

30th January

Due to a flat battery the new truck arrived slightly late and we picked up the Napier crowd at around seven. An hour or so later we came to a halt to the sound of a boiling radiator. The mechanics released the pressure, filled her up and off we went. A few minutes down the road it happened again but this time we stopped for an hour while the cooling system was carefully checked out. During this time the non-mechanical members entertained themselves with mass fights and climbing banks. The fault was located and rectified by our team of mechanics and we were under way again. At about 9 a.m. we were all removing the dust that had coated us and were soon walking down the road to the Hot Springs. We said goodbye to the five who were heading for Makino and continued to the springs for lunch. Preparations for our trip included donning wet suits and togs, blowing up lilos and repairing lilos. Eventually 29 of us headed off down the river, hoping to reach the Pakatutu bridge. Three lilos were unable to make the distance but all the rest floated, miraculously, in some cases. The river was very low and the water was cool, to say the least. However the sun was warm so the journey downriver was very pleasant, although it did have its exciting moments. The party became very stretched out along the river but we all eventually arrived at the bridge where we dried off in the sun and had a bit of tucker.

The truck, driven by Les who had gone to Makino, arrived about 7 p.m. and we all piled in. The trip back was slightly less dusty than the trip in and we had no trouble at all. We arrived home about ten.

No. in party: 40

Leader: Glenn Armstrong

Makino Party: Les Hanger, Warren Bayliss, Joanne Jepson, Jim McIvor, David Brown

River Party: Keith Thompson, Christine Thompson, Lindsay and Kathy Neal, Ursula Milner-White, Jane Ball, Chris Jones, Beth Curtis, Wendy Gordon, John Grover, Dyan Coombes, Bruce Perry, Peter Berry, Murray Ball, Dave Wilkins, Susan Kingsford, Shona Maxwell, Graham Soppitt, Leon Smith, Elspeth Rogers, Graham Bailey, Liz Hughes, Peter Boomen, Russell Perry, Frank Hooper,

Michelle Thompson, Eleanor Keen, Nicky Lindsay.
Others: Jackie Smith, Shirreen Stent, Liz Pindar, Danny
Bloomer, Joanne Perry, Peter Lewis.

No. 1108

Umukarikari

12-13th February

Friday 11th we slept in cars and tents on Hydro Access 10, off the Desert Road, on a wet and dismal night.

We awoke to similar weather and after a drive past Waikato Falls and Beggs Pool, two beautiful natural water courses, we found our takeoff point for Umukarikari. The track begins close to an M.O.W. outstation where an enormous tunnel is being pushed through from the Waipahaha Stream.

The track climbs up through beech forest and then out onto the Umukarikari Range tops. A leisurely pace kept the party together and we had a lunch stop just before a final climb onto Umukarikari (5,222'). The Waipakahi Hut was spotted from the tops a little further on and the pace picked up a little with the thought of a cool dip in the river on several bobs' minds. The hut has two bunkrooms (12 bunk total) and is fitted with a large stove - a very clean and pleasant hut.

Sunday dawned fine and cloudless and five members left to tramp over Thunderbolt, a high peak on Middle Range, and then back down to the Waipakahi River downstream from the hut. Danny and Russell joined us later as we rested under the heat of the searing sun. However, when Thunderbolt was spotted in the distance, only two still wanted to carry on and they did so. The rest of us picked out a likely ridge (according to the map) to follow down to the river and found water for a very comfortable lunch rest. From here we decided to take an easier route downwards into a creek which fed the Waipakahi. This involved a reasonable bush-bash but was well worthwhile - we stumbled across a deer in the bush and saw dozens of small trout in the creek.

From here we followed the Waipakahi until we found the track leading up towards Urchin, another high point on the Umukarikari Range. The climb of 1500' took us about 45 minutes and the track is very steep to begin with. From Urchin the track is all downhill to the roadhead. We met Dave and Marcia just before Urchin and all headed down together. The other party had brought a car round from where we had left them (about four miles away) and we all headed for home, arriving about 2 a.m. Monday.

Thunderbolt

Marcia and I left Bruce's party about 11 a.m. and tramped steadily around to below Thunderbolt where we dined in the sunshine. From this spot, we had splendid views over the Tongariro National Park. Later on, we were also treated to far-reaching views of the Kawekas and Northern Ruahines.

Thunderbolt was climbed by 1.30 p.m. (Despite the spectacular name this point is insignificant amid the surrounding hills. Mind you, Egmont can be seen.) We left a memento inside a bottle and then ambled along the ridge toward the Waipakahi River, following a track all the way.

From the last high point on this ridge we spotted the party travelling down the river, and by yodelling we attracted their attention from a considerable distance away. However, by the time Marcia and I had reached the river, this party had disappeared.

After a brief rest, we moved down the Waipakahi to look for the track up to Urchin. Unfortunately we didn't move far enough down river and so failed to find it. With nothing remotely like a trail in front of us, Marcia cursed all the way up to the top - well there was lots of lawyer!

After a snack we moved around the open tops to Urchin, cursing louder as we spotted the proper uphill track on the way. On Urchin we rejoined Bruce's party about 5 p.m. and wandered down to reach the cars by dusk.

Dave Perry and Marcia Browne

Waipakahi River

After watching the 7 fit ones appear above the bushline on the ir way to Thunderbolt, Glenn and Dave Wilkins headed back up to Umukarikari to retrieve some gear Glenn had left at the lunch stop yesterday. The remaining 9 of us headed down the Waipakahi aiming to have a lazy day in the sun wandering down the river. The going was very easy with several stops on the way for swims. The water was crystal clear and reasonably warm and the river had many deep pools for diving. At one pool we all had to get wet anyway - there was no other way across the river - but we didn't object.

As we strolled along we kept an eye on Middle Range to our left, hoping to see the Thunderbolt party. At one stage we thought we heard shouts but we saw no-one so we continued on. We later found out that we had missed Dave and Marcia by about 20 minutes.

About 3.30 p.m. we arrived at the start of the track up to Urchin.. Fifty minutes saw us on the tops and a little later we were on Urchin. From here we could see the three mountains and Lakes Taupo and Rotoaira. After a short rest we started downhill. The track was a reasonable gradient and was well marked but somehow it seemed to go on for ages. It was only 2,200' down but it took us about 2 hours.

Glenn and Dave had got down ahead of us and miraculously had hitched a ride back to where we had left the cars. They hijacked Phil's car and came back to fetch us, which saved us about four miles of road walking for which we were very grateful. I stayed behind to pick up the Thunderbolt party and the others left for home about 7 p.m. after a very enjoyable weekend.

J.P.

No. in party: 18

Leader: Bruce Perry

Party: Dave, Jo and Russell Perry, Phil Bayens, Graham Bailey, Marcia Browne, Rhonda Christiansen, Peter Berry, John Grover, Liz Hughes, Beth Curtis, Chris Jones, Glenn Armstrong, Dave Wilkins, Anna Bloomer, Danny Bloomer, Murray Ball.

No. 1109

Aroapaoanui Beach

6th March

We left Hastings at 7 a.m. and after picking up the Napier bods we drove to Aroapaoanui Beach. The weather couldn't have been better as we all went for a walk north along the beach. About half an hour's walking brought us to a large waterfall with a big pool where we all had a swim. We returned to Aroapaoanui then everyone except myself walked south along the beach to Waipatiki. I took the truck round and we all had another one of the numerous swims of the day. The weather was still terrific. Feeling a little peckish, we decided to have a barbecue so we drove back to Westshore to pick up some food and had a cracker barbecue on the beach. We were home by 9 p.m. after a great day in the sun.

No. in party: 19

Leader: Peter Berry

Party: Beth Curtis, Bianca van Rangelroy, Debbie Bayens, Lyn and Leslie Sutor, Marcia Browne, Graham Bailey, Frank Hooper, Barbara and Knud Wool, Naomi and Tim Larkin, Leon Smith, Rob Snowball, Clive Thruston, Karen Smith, Geoff Robinson, Greg Jenks.

No. 1110

Maropea Forks

12-13th March

We left Triplex Base at 9.15 on a warm Saturday morning and headed up to Top Maropea Hut. We stopped for a quick lunch and two hours later set off for Maropea Forks Hut and maybe Otukota. On arriving at the first hut some totally thoughtless person said, "Pancakes" and the rot quickly set into the other (magazine-reading) seven. So much for Otukota.

Decidedly inclement meteorological conditions, including obvious precipitation and mobile air masses caused us to arise from our slumbers on Sunday morning. (i.e. When we woke up it was raining and windy.)

Good time was made up to the first fork where we had fire lighting practice with wet wood. Seven-eighths of the party got good fires going and Dave lit a candle. At Top Maropea we had lunch then started on down to Shuteye and Triplex. Crossing the tops, the first three of us turned around just in time to see the next three dive for cover as a gust of wind hit them. Later on, below Buttercup Hollow, we all sat down - we had to, it was so windy. Graham lost his hat. (If anyone finds a hat in the Wakararas please contact him.) We made a speedy descent to Triplex and after dragging a sheep from the bog (not the "bog") beside the four wheel drive track, we were homeward bound. Thanks for driving, Peter.

No. in party: 8

Leader: Danny Bloomer

Party: Chris Jones, Beth Curtis, Dave (candle) Wilkins, Graham (hatless) Bailey, John Grover, Frank Hooper, Peter Berry.

No. 1111

Leon Kinvig Hut

27th March

It was an uneventful but cool ride in the old truck down to the Makaretu River, west of Takapau in the Ruahines, where we left the truck at Tarata homestead, at 7.30 a.m. The procession wound up the Makaretu riverbed, bypassing the Happy Daze Hut up on the true right hand bank, until we reached Makaretu Hut at 11.a.m.

During a leisurely lunch, Graham Bailey, Bruce and Dave Perry were welcomed from a long-distance tramp. Later, the majority of the group followed up a tributary heading west up to Te Pohatu, a high point on the Ruahine Range. From this vantage point the Ngamoko Range and the Pohangina River Valley were viewed. Returning to Makaretu Hut, the party continued back down the river, diverting up the track to Happy Daze Hut then along a bulldozed track back to the river. After a short distance down the river we were back at Tarata homestead. Thanks to Mr Hilson and family for allowing us access across their property.

No. in party: 22

Leader: Randall Goldfinch

Party: Jim McIvor and brother, Leon Smith, Dyan Coombes, Marcia Browne, Danny Bloomer, Liz Pindar, Tim Larkin, David Brown, Rex Holden, John Grover, David Wilkins, Jane Ball, Eleanor Keen, Beth Curtis, Chris Jones, Peter Berry, Peter Manning, Peter McBride, Joanne Jepson, Keith Thompson.

Christmas Party 1976

12th December

After a lengthy discussion and a slightly smaller than planned turnout for the bin bashing the previous weekend, it was decided to complete the fruit bins at Whakatu before going out to the Christmas party.

This year it was held at Dartmoor on the riverbank beneath the bridge. Everyone turned out for the bin bashing and by about 3.30 p.m. we had finished clearing up and headed for Dartmoor. Phil had his barbeque set up and rissoles, sausages and chops were soon sizzling happily. A swim was had by a few, the others feeling the water was too cold.

After tea, with the help of a car stereo a few people tried to dance, but this later ended up with everyone sitting round the fire have a bit of a sing-song. This continued on and off until midnight by which time most people had gone home and the rest of us decided to follow. It had been a very pleasant evening.

Robin Marshall.

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,

NEW MEMBERS

We would like to welcome the following members to the club:

Beth Curtis, Jim McIvor, Geoff Robinson, Leon Smith and Wendy Gordon.

RESIGNATIONS

The club has received the following resignations from members and we thank them for their past support.

Tony Martin, Dr. H.G. McPherson, Madge and Bert McConnell, Joy Blair, Joan Bennett and Ray Dixon.

NEW BOX NO.

Would members please note that the club Post Office Box number is now 447. (The old one was 386.)

SOCIAL NEWS

Moves: Jill and Denise Robinson to Palmerston North
Peter Boomen to New Plymouth (watch out, Egmont!)

SUBS ARE STILL DUE

Jackie tells me that subs are slow coming in this year so she asks that members hurry them along, please.

Senior: \$5	Married couple: \$6	Absentee: \$3
Junior: \$3	Associate: \$3	

Do you have somewhere you've always wanted to go to? Submit any trip suggestions, in writing if possible, to the Fixture Committee and it will be considered for the next list. (Russell, Graham, Bruce, Peter, Randall).

The Christmas trip may look at the Matukituki Valley, If you are interested, see Russell.

Trip leaders are reminded that they are expected to have a slide or map of the area they are going into, to be shown at the meeting before the trip and again at the next meeting for the trip report. Ask for help if necessary.

P..S. If anyone fishing at the mouth of the Ngaururoro sees a seagull wearing a gumboot, a jersey and a wristwatch, and probably browsing through a comic, please refer to trip No. 1105 for an explanation and attempt to arrest the bird and return the articles.

Thanks, Bruce, Danny and Roger.

EXPOSURE

"The killer of the mountains."

"Exposure need never occur."

Which do we believe???

"General hypothermia, or depression of the inner climate body temperature, is critical and often fatal. Below 34°C (93°F) metabolic temperature control is unstable and, if cooling persists, is lost. Soon, cardiorespiratory failure, and death may ensue, even before the level of 31°C (88°F)."

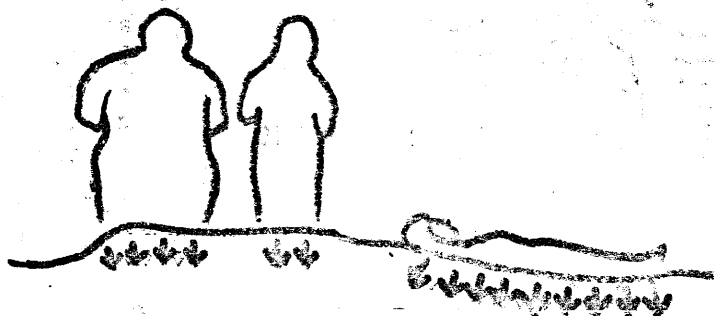
Encyclopaedia Britannica 7/750b

Every year newspapers report mountain deaths. Not all of these are accidents. Death by exposure is a result of poor equipment and ignorance. So, how does exposure occur? How can it be treated? How is exposure prevented?

From the tramp's point of view, cold is the major contributor toward exposure. The body produces heat and energy through the breakdown and use of food, and this heat is essential for optimum efficiency of the vital organs' functions. If the core temperature of the body is lowered by excessive heat loss, this efficiency is impaired - the person is hypothermic i.e. HE HAS EXPOSURE.

Excessive heat loss can occur in three basic ways:

(1) Conduction



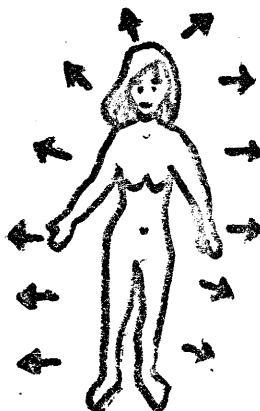
HEAT LOSS THROUGH CONTACT

The rate of heat loss by conduction depends on:

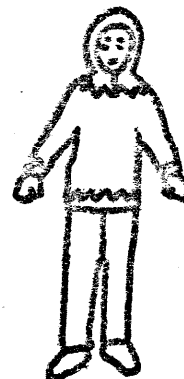
- a) the area of contact
 - b) the difference in temperature
 - c) the heat absorbing power of the cold object e.g. cold metal takes heat faster than cold wood.
- Snow or ice is particularly bad as it turns to ice-cold water instead of warming up.

(2) Radiation

The body radiates heat but receives little from a cold environment. Layers of thin clothing prevent this heat loss.



HEAT LOSS
FROM
RADIATION



STOPPED
BY CLOTHING

(3) Convection.

In still air the warm body warms air around it and this rises in a gentle stream carrying the heat with it.

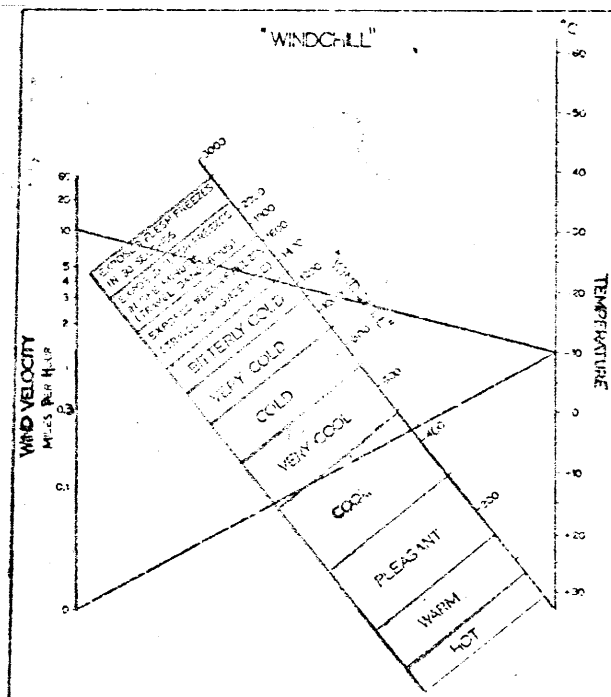
A fabric which traps air will prevent convection currents and stop this heat loss.



HEAT LOSS FROM CONVECTION.

Heat loss is even greater with wind and rain. Even a light wind moves air rapidly the body and the effects of convection are increased. Rain dampens clothing and ruins the insulating power of many materials. Moisture on the skin and in the lungs automatically absorbs heat from the body so, by keeping dry, we can keep heat loss in this form (evaporation) to a minimum. A combination of wind and wetness causes an estimated heat loss of 1 degree Centigrade per m.p.h.

The Windchill diagram gives a good illustration of the combined effects of wind and cold temperatures.



Windchill Diagram.



WIND

HEAT LOSS FROM WIND

Draw a straight line between the temperature estimate on the right and the wind speed estimate on the left. The intersection of this line with the right side of the Windchill scale in the centre gives the effect on the body.

e.g. Temperature: 10° below
Wind speed: 0 m.p.h.
Effect: Cool

e.g. Temperature: 10° below
Wind speed: 10 m.p.h.
Effect: Bitterly cold.

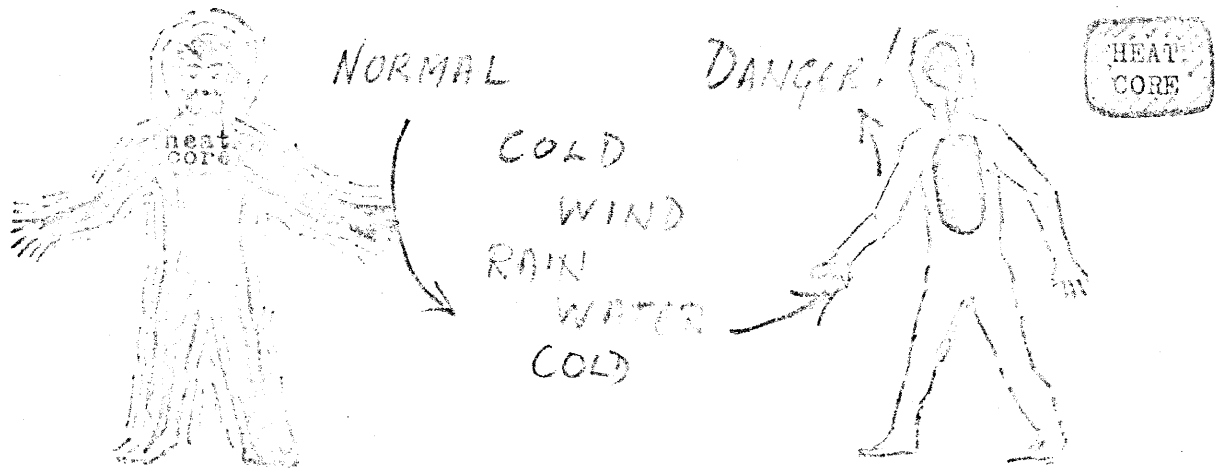
What happens to our body when heat is lost?

Normally the body distributes heat to maintain an even temperature of 37°C . If the body is too hot it disperses heat via the skin and the lungs. If it is too cold the body either demands through nerve messages to be clothed more efficiently or it sets up shivering which is a purposeless muscular movement which uses energy and produces heat. If the body becomes increasingly colder and nothing is done to compensate for this, the body protects itself by reducing its heat core to keep only the vital organs warm. The muscles of the legs and arms become progressively less controllable and the reduced muscle activity reduces the amount of heat produced, so heat loss continues. When the temperature of the heat core around the vital organs drops below 34°C the heart becomes unstable and unconsciousness and death soon follow!

Further Factors to be considered:

While wind, rain and cold cause heat loss by convection, conduction and radiation, three other factors need consideration:

- a) Hypoglycaemia (low blood glucose). To produce heat the body needs energy which can only be obtained from food. If it receives food which is insufficient and/or inefficient it cannot produce enough heat to make up for heat loss. People who have become hypoglycaemic tend to be unreasonable, a result of feeling befuddled and weary. (This happens perhaps more often than we care to admit).
- b) Lack of Fitness. In unfit people, their muscles cannot function efficiently enough to produce the necessary heat. They tend to utilise energy resources at a rapid rate and soon exhaust their oxygen supply because the lungs cannot meet the demand fast enough.
- c) Recent Ill Health. It requires considerable effort from the body to overcome the effects of illness and this takes time. Flu is particularly bad. Those who attempt the hills within 2 - 3 weeks of this type of illness are prime candidates for exposure.



Shivering is a normal reaction. Used as a warning of exposure onset the situation need go no further.

This reduced heat core is the result of mismanagement against cooling factors.
HE HAS SEVERE EXPOSURE!!!
Immediate treatment is necessary!

As the body cools various symptoms occur, leading progressively towards death:

- 1) reluctance to move
 - Muscles becoming starved of heat.
 - brain reacting.
- 2) Unawareness of danger;
feeling of wellbeing;
 - cooling of outer surface of brain
 - difficult to convince of problem.

- 3) clumsiness, loss of judgement;
 - continued brain reaction
 - cooling rapidly; heat core shrinking.
- 4) irrational; delirium;
(Recovery possible if action is prompt).
 - Intelligence factors diminished;
 - only instinctive and life support systems are functional.
 - heat core around heart, lungs, liver and brain, but cooling.
- 5) collapse and unconsciousness;
(Recovery uncertain. Not likely statistically).
 - Vital organs struggling to continue support.
 - heat production has ceased.
 - heart in danger of collapse.
 - only the core of the brain functions continuing heart beat and breathing.
- 6) DEATH !!!!
 - External cardiac massage if the
 - heart stops does not work because of
 - the metabolic conditions and
 - build up of lactic acid.

Heart temperature has reached minimum acceptability: "28° Centigrade."
Heart stops. Brain cold.

TREATMENT:

Symptoms 1 & 2 = Mild.

Symptoms 3, 4 & 5 = Severe.

Mild Case: the essential here is to prevent further heat loss.

- 1) Get him to an effective shelter: cave, tent, igloo or even plastic. This is urgent!
- 2) Change his wet clothing for any dry clothing.
- 3) Put him in a sleeping bag with a dry warm companion. This is the oldest and one of the best methods. Ideally the donor should be glowing from vigorous exercise. In theory, the less clothing both wear, the better the heat transfer, but an excellent sleeping bag and good ground insulation are required if you don't want two patients. The slow heat given from one body to the other though is considered ideal treatment.
- 4) Give him food and warm drinks. His vital processes are still working so he should be able to swallow properly and utilize Food converting it to energy and heat.

Severe Case: The victim is rapidly approaching the point of collapse. Most of his body is very cold. The vital core is cooling and, because of the phenomenon of "After Drop", will cool 3° - 5° more before it starts rewarming even with the best treatment.

Once more the immediate needs are:

- 1) Shelter
- 2) Dry woollen clothing.
- 3) Sleeping bag with waterproof cover.
- 4) Warm companion.

At this stage food and drinks may well do more harm than good. He probably cannot swallow and may choke. If the exposure is quite well advanced digestion has probably ceased. Food taken lies in the stomach and will later lead to vomiting and choking.

Care of the Heart:

KEEP THE PATIENT FLAT! IF SAT UP HE IS LIABLE TO HAVE A FIT AND VOMIT!
ANY PHYSICAL EXERTION OR STRAIN WILL LEAD TO HEART CESSATION!

This means that unless the patient is already under ideal shelter conditions these conditions must be provided, or he must be carried by stretcher to such conditions. Recovery to a degree where he can move himself takes at least THREE DAYS!

Give him food and warm drinks only if he is properly awake.

If he is unconscious, breathing must be under regular observation - that's every minute, 24 hours a day! Keep hands on his side and check that his airway is not obstructed.

Remember: SLOW STEADY WARMING IS CONSIDERED BEST.

Whether by a warm companion, warm air or even warm water, the reaction to this type of treatment is far preferable to rapid heating. Consider the dangers of the latter:

If sat by a fire, the areas closest to the fire receive the most heat and, because surface circulation has ceased, this heat is not dispersed by the blood and very deep burns result.

If placing by the fire does successfully restore circulation, then it will flush the warm blood from the core to the heated surface and the central area will be flooded with cold blood from outside the core.
Result: Heart Failure....

....and, in case you've forgotten, he shouldn't be sitting anyway!!!

BUT, after proposing all this, let us consider one thing.

Q. "HOW PRACTICAL IS ANY OF THE TREATMENT FOR EXPOSURE IF
THE PARTY IS ABOVE THE TREELINE IN A SLEETTY 30 KNOT GALE????

A. DON'T GET EXPOSURE!!!!

PREVENTION:

- 1) Have an experienced member in every party.
- 2) Parties should be no less than four.
- 3) Large parties should split for easier management and observation.
- 4) Keep fitness of the slower members in mind. Is the trip within their capabilities?
- 5) Have the right food. Check with people who tramp often for the types of food to carry.
- 6) Have the proper clothing. In a country of rapidly changing weather patterns this means being equipped for winter conditions in summer. Have windproof and preferably waterproof outer gear and WOOLLEN clothing to trap the warmth of your body. Despite modern technology wool still stands supreme in adverse conditions.
- 7) If tents or bivouacs are required, KNOW WHAT TO DO. Don't wait until fingers and mind are numb and then have to do it for the first time.
- 8) Check the forecast. Know the weather patterns for the area.
- 9) Learn the signs of bad weather approaching.
- 10) Read as much as you can on exposure. Talk about it.

When you're out tramping be alert for the signs of oncoming exposure. Be alert to the parties needs and the effects of the conditions on them. If you are leader its your responsibility to make the right decision early enough. Once conditions reach danger level be aware that you may already suffering initial symptoms too. Be aware that if one in the party has exposure, its likely the whole group is in danger.

KNOW HOW TO AVOID IT AND EXPOSURE NEED NEVER OCCUR!

Ref. "Exposure or Hypothermia." Manual No. 5
National Mountain Safety Council, New Zealand.
"N.Z. Alp Jnl." Vol 28, 1975.

Further Reading: "Frostbite." Encyclopaedia Britannica Vol 7/750b.

R.P. D.P. J.P.

NEW CLUB TRUCK

The new club truck is at last a reality. Members on its maiden trip at Easter were quite impressed with its reliability and comfort.

Fundraising for the new truck commenced in May last year and continued until March of this year.

The truck committee looked at many trucks before finally selecting this one which was purchased in Palmerston North. The cab and chassis had been used for transporting bundles of sacks from Palmerston to Wellington and had not been overworked. The canopy was obtained from Wellington; its origin is unknown.

The truck statistics are as follows:

Make: TK Bedford, 1971 model
Motor: 300 petrol
Gears: 8 forward, 2 reverse
Canopy: 18' long by 8' wide
Wheels: 20 inch
Capacity: 30 trampers
Mileage: 94,000
Petrol consumption: 8 m.p.g.

The following additions and repairs were carried out:

New radiator and gear box repairs	- Quinney Motors
Canopy safety frame fitted	- Percy and Henderson
Pack compartment strengthened	
Second fuel tank fitted.	
Back of canopy constructed.	- Roadair
Canopy repaired & strengthened.	
New deck fitted over old one.	
New deck in pack compartment.	
Added: ventilators, 4 windows,	
tailboard, step, parking light.	- Club members
Roof and walls insulated.	
Sides lined to top of windows.	
Ventilators prefabricated.	- Club members
Pack compartment lined.	
Light and telephone fitted.	

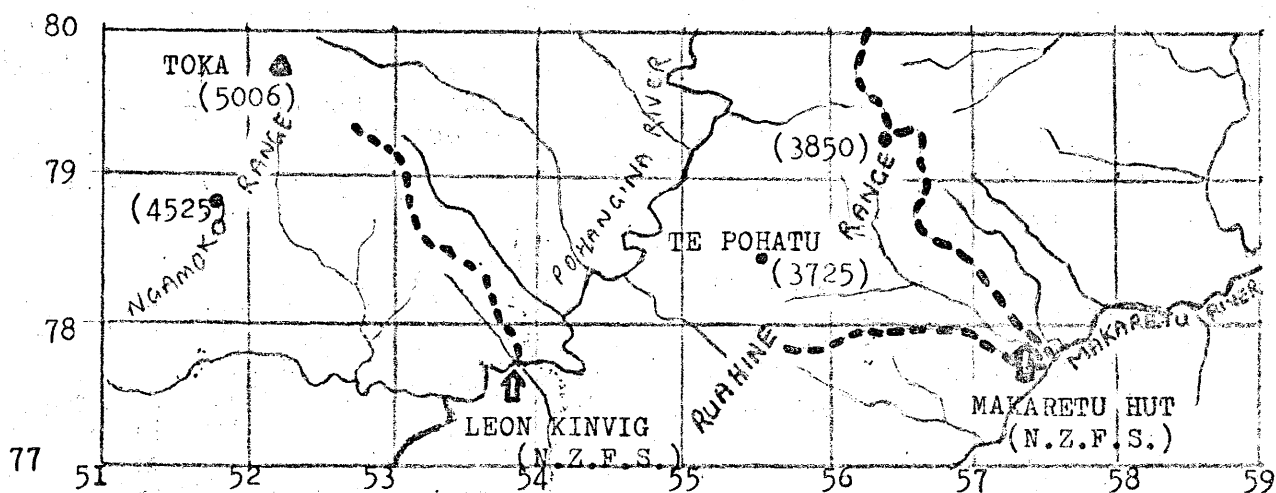
Work still to be done by club members includes painting the outside of the canopy, fitting a boot box under the canopy, constructing a box for the stretcher, iceaxes and first aid kit, and lining the canopy with plywood.

<u>Cost of truck & modifications</u>		<u>Sources of finance for truck</u>	
Cab and chassis	\$4,800	Accumulated club funds	\$3,680
Canopy	800	Sport & Recreation	
Roadair's work	2,200	grants: Hastings	500
Percy & Henderson	700	Napier	500
Quinney Motors' work	600	Havelock North	420
Miscellaneous	100	Voluntary levy	550
	<u>\$9,200</u>	Working bees	2,750
		Sale of old truck	800
			<u>\$9,200</u>

The truck is insured for \$9,000 (premium \$120 p.a.) and club members are requested to look after the new truck as it is by far our major asset.

A.K.T.

MAKARETU HUT,
SOUTHERN RUAHINES.
(N.Z.F.S.)



MAP: N.Z.M.S. 1 DANNEVIRKE N145

Map shows correct location of Leon Kinvig Hut (N.Z.F.S.), and new access routes to the nearby tops.

Remember: The club has maps of all the local ranges and these are available to club members at less than shop price. See the Secretary, G. Thorp.

KAWEKA HUT,
KAWEKA RANGES.
(H.T.C.)



PRIVATE TRIPS

Tutaekuri River - Gold Creek 12th December

Having seen no sign of the hot springs on the previous Tutaekuri river trip with the Club, Peter Berry, Paul Hanley (Kaweka F.S.), Dave and I decided to have a second look. Arriving at the end of the Lakes Road by 9 a.m., we dropped the girls off for their tramp, drove Pete's Holden round to the Gold Creek bridge on the Lawrence Road for end-of-trip transport and returned in the Datsun to the start of the Kaweka track.

We rapidly moved down into the Tutaekuri and covered the ground the club had searched in pretty smart time with only Peter dazzling us with his aerial skill before taking an accidental plunge. However our turn came as we all had to pack float around the section which gave such 'desperate' amusement for some people last trip. The Mackintosh bridge was reached by 10.40 and from here on it was new ground to us. There are some pretty interesting gorges and a couple of waterfalls which cannot be passed except by lifting out of the river a short height. This did not hold us up long, and after a brief lunch stop we were on our way again, arriving at the junction to Gold Creek shortly after 3 p.m.

"Ah, the worst is over..."

Let me introduce the uninitiated to Gold Creek. As you negotiate the first half hour of it the going seems to be a little slippery but relatively easy. It looks like a good fast trip until you hit the first deep pool, followed immediately by an impassable waterfall. Highly spectacular but it unfortunately means that you have to climb high through grass, trees and roots, using the few reliable handholds there are to best advantage, until at last over the top of the spur, you are now free to crash, roll and shove your way back to the creek again. This was just the first one and, after a day in the river and now wading and scrambling up Gold Creek progress was just a wee bit frustrating. By 5 p.m. though, we at last sighted the bridge and Pete's Holden.

Rapidly changing, and devouring the last of Pete's spaghetti, we drove up the road and around to meet the girls who had already completed their trip from Kaweka to Mackintosh and out and were waiting by the roadside. I'm afraid the hot springs must for the time being remain in the lore of past Pohokuras.

R.P.

Russell and Dave Perry, Peter Berry, Paul Hanley.

Waikamaka Saddle & River 19th December

Unable to make the club trip for the Saturday, Dave and I decided to make our way into the area in the hope of meeting the party on their return. Through a number of unfortunate delays we were very late in starting and it was almost 11.30 before we threw the packs on and hit the Waipawa River. We made reasonable time up the river pausing to note the flash

sign pointing out Waipawa Chalet, and observe the many varieties of native plants in bloom, then over the saddle and down the Waikamaka River to Waikamaka Hut. The time was now 1.15 p.m. so we snatched a bite to eat and headed downstream at a pretty fast pace. Though the riverbed is often greasy it provides relatively easy travel and we covered what seemed a lot of miles before calling a halt at 3.45 p.m. After dropping packs and having a peek around the next couple of corners, we decided that with time getting on and a long way back to the car, and with the others having almost certainly crossed over the ridge and returned via the Maropea, we had better make our return too.

Coming down into the Waikamaka was a small side stream which would almost certainly lead us high onto the Waikamaka - Maropea dividing ridge and rather than retrace our footsteps we decided to try this as an alternative route out. Dave had heard that one of the streams in this area had a number of waterfalls on it but being pretty certain this was 't the one, we headed off pretty confidently. We marked our progress with cairns and arrows just in case. Guess what was found twenty minutes upstream? That's right. Our first waterfall. After struggling up through the surrounding jungle and slippery rock, we progressed only a short distance to find, yes, our second waterfall.

"Dave, you know that stream you mentioned with all the waterfalls in it. Well I reckon, we've found it!"

The next hour and a half is best not remembered except to say that in climbing out of this stream, there is a lot of loose rock followed by endless stretches of leatherwood. Finally though, we emerged onto the top of the ridge and the way was clear to the top of 66, about forty minutes away. The wind was blowing strongly by now, and with rain clouds coming in and the temperature dropping we moved onto 66, then 67 and on down to the Waipawa Saddle by shortly after 7 p.m. With rain falling now we quickly covered the Waipawa River and reached the car shortly after 8 p.m. I won't tell you that the car got stuck in the ford at Triplex but it was 11.30 p.m. by the time we reached Hastings. All in all, a darned good trip.

Russell and Dave Perry.

Kaweka Hut - Mackintosh

26th December

In for a leisurely day trip, we used the Castle Rocks road for access to Kaweka Hut on a beautiful fine day. Peter and Russell did a little track work on the way in to detour around a slip across the track.

Alan and I headed for Kaweka and dismantled the forestry cupboard - an old, usually unclean and unused cupboard. The boards have been used to board up one of the old sacking beds and provide a little more comfort.

About three in the afternoon we strolled along the Mackintosh track as far as the Kaiarahi Stream and decided here to do a little exploring. The stream looked quite pleasant to begin with. About half an hour downstream we

were blocked by a dark gorge stretch which was impassable without special gear so we climbed out on the true right bank and skirted around the gorge.

Things appeared O.K. for a while until a second gorge loomed up ahead of us. Here the stream flows down a long, narrow chute and is once again impassable. This time we chose the true left bank and bashed our way upwards hoping to return to the stream in a short while. Steep rubbishy bluffs and drops prevented us from doing so, so we climbed upwards even further hoping eventually to reach the Mackintosh track above the Tutaekuri. This was no problem after being in the bush for about three hours. We reached Russell's car just on dark having decided to give Mackintosh a miss.

B.P.

Peter Manning, Alan Thurston, Russell and Bruce Perry.

Mackintosh - Kaweka

30th December

One afternoon up at Kaweka Forestry Camp, my lazy thoughts were interrupted by a car load of trampers.

"Come on, we're going to collect Bruce's sunglasses from Kaiarahi Stream."

At 2.30 p.m., Russell, Bruce and I left the Mackintosh carpark for Mackintosh Hut, carrying one pack between us. The girls left a little later for Kaweka Hut, aiming to meet us there later in the afternoon. We reached Mackintosh Hut well before 3.30 and were pleased to see a hut that is so close to the road in such good repair. The beech behind it is also very pretty with plenty of bird life.

Around 3.45 we departed along the Kaweka track with the intention of retrieving the sunglasses on the way. (Bruce had left them in the stream bed on his previous trip down Kaiarahi Stream.) After a little indecision, we followed the track through scrub-surrounded mud-flats and down to the stream where the glasses were found exactly as left. We swapped the pack around and continued on to Kaweka Hut in fine weather to meet the girls at 5.15 p.m.

After a cold "refresh", we tramped out to the car on Lakes Road - the girls following the normal Kaweka track to the Tutaekuri and we three returning to the Mackintosh track to follow the old track down the true left bank of the Kaweka Stream. By 7 p.m. we were off home.

D.P.

Russell, Bruce, Joanne and Dave Perry, Jill and Denise Robinson.

Pohangina Saddle to the Taihape Road 27/12-1/1/77

Monday 27.12.76

After an uneventful drive down Highway 50 to Moorcock Base, Graham and I left my car with a friend to drive home at 8.30 a.m. The weather was cloudy, windy and changeable, which didn't agree with high speed tramping. It was very pleasant wandering along the bulldozed track and then starting up the ridge track for Pohangina Saddle Hut. The view was good down the Moorcock

and the North Makaretu Rivers. Up on the tops the wind was gusty as we arrived at Pohangina Saddle Hut at 12.30 for lunch. The hut is in a poor state with a broken perspex window and the roof needs fastening down better. After a good feed we continued up to Otumore Trig then north to Howletts Hut for the night, arriving there at 4 p.m. We got stuck into a food dump left from a previous trip but a can of marmalade jam turned out to be the "mix 'n made" variety. Gr..Gr..

Tuesday 28.12.76

Leaving Howletts at 8 a.m. we climbed up to Tiraha Trig with the cloud ceiling low, but it dispersed as we reached the top, giving us a good view. The windy conditions were O.K. as we headed north along the notorious Sawtooth Ridge to Ohuinga Trig in 1½ hours. From Ohuinga we crossed a tussock-covered saddle and then up on to Broken Ridge where we had a boil-up about 2 p.m. near a tarn, then continued along rocky tops and down through a nasty saddle. Before we reached Rangi Trig the weather packed it in with mist, rain and high wind and then once we were over Rangi the hail came. We reached the Waipawa Saddle and were pleased to get down to Waikamaka Hut by 7 p.m.

Wednesday 29.12.76

The weather had not improved much as we plodded north from Waikamaka at 10 a.m., heading over to Top Maropea Hut. Climbing the shingle slide onto 66 was done on all fours as the wind was gale force. It did improve further on as we arrived at Top Maropea Hut about 2 p.m. and started work on the firewood. By 5 p.m. we had visitors, two men and two women, who were pleasant company.

Thursday 30.12.76

This was the big day from Top Maropea to Aranga Hut. The weather was cloudy, cool and really windy as we left the hut at 7 a.m. and got into top gear. As we left Armstrong Saddle I thought to myself "you fools, you'll never make it today". Our progress north to Maropea Trig then to Te Atiamahuru Trig for lunch was good considering the wind. Further along past Ina Rock we had a boil-up beside a massive tarn and then continued much revived. By 3 p.m. at Trig U we met a group of H.V.T.C. members. The weather had been very windy, overcast and cool but looking south where we had come from the weather was closing in with rain. This made us rather anxious to get to Aranga Hut before any rain. This we did by 6.25 p.m.

Friday 31.12.76

After a mighty breakfast of fried bacon and tea we headed for No Mans Hut and Shutes Hut. The weather was just the same but the track was sheltered except for the last part where it rained and hailed before No Mans. After lunch we continued on to Shutes Hut. For a while we had rain and a little snow to contend with but the going was reasonable. We had a look in at the Bivouac before continuing on what we later found to be the wrong ridge. So we bushbashed down to the Taruarau River. Walking downstream we found the track going up to Shutes Hut but with the time at 9.30 p.m. we made camp at the rivers

edge. It was very comfortable with a good fire and plenty to eat and there was only a brief shower of rain in the night.

Saturday 1.1.77

We left the camp site at 8 a.m. for Comet Hut and went upstream to get up a suitable ridge on the northern side of the Taruarau River. This took two hours. Once on the plateau and after a 30oz tin of peaches, it was easy going to Comet Trig and then down to the hut at 2 p.m.

We decided not to walk out to the Taihape Road as it had started raining and it would be too late to hitch-hike home. After a comfortable night at Comet Hut we wandered out in the sun to the Taihape Road, getting there in an hour. We then walked down to the N.Z.F.S. Kuripaponga base where a meat hunter kindly gave us a lift to Hastings.

Randall Goldfinch
Graham Bailey

Rongaiika

8-9th January

We left Frank's depot at 8.30 a.m. on his truck which was taken around to Ocean Beach for us later on, and wandered down the beach from Clifton to get to the Cape Kidnappers shelter for lunch. Then followed the stiff climb up past the gannets in the midday heat with a steady onshore pong. Down to Rongaiika by 2 p.m. where cabinbread paua were caught and fried for tea along with sausages and chops. After Monty Python climbs and fights and a normal waterfight and sing-song we all hit the pit.

And DOWN SHE CAME - we got soaked and a gale force southerly blew the sand everywhere. In the morning the sea was too rough to go around the point to Ocean Beach so we hobbled in jandals etc. over the stoney Summerly Station, arriving back at Clifton at about 7 p.m. Many rests were responsible for our late arrival.

Many thanks to Frank who had gone ahead and got his daughter to take him around to Ocean Beach to get his truck, which he had provided free of charge.

P.B.

Peter Berry, Danny, Anna and Helen Bloomer, Chris and Glenn Armstrong-Jones, Karen Browne, Anne O'Sullivan, David Northe, Shona Maxwell, Susan Kingsford, Chris Hooper, Beth Curtis, Wendy Gordon.

Waikaremoana

25-28th February

Leaving early is not our specialty and the Datsun didn't pull up at Hopuruahine until 10.30 p.m. Tuesday. Unfortunately this still wasn't late enough - we had to wait sometime before the noise of 50 Boy Scouts subsided into mosquito slumber.

Wednesday morning dawned wet and miserable, with puddles of water in and out of the tent. Having heard that the Lake huts were probably full this wet gear was added to the already bulky five day packs and by 10.30 we were walking. The first of many photography shots began soon afterwards

with frogs and oversize dragonflies filling the lens. Reaching Whanganui Arm Hut in an hour we stopped for a chat to those in residence, then wandered on to Te Puna, 2 hours away. "This can't be right! Te Puna is the first day stop. Let's go on to the next hut, eh? It's too early yet."

7 p.m. and there across the inlet was Marauti. Four hours of tramping to here from Te Puna, plus a swim and more photos had made for a great day.

Two "boaties" kindly offered to take our packs on to the next hut for us, so quickly sorting out some basic gear for the walk around was one of the more satisfying tasks to hand on Thursday morning. This walk from Marauti to Waiapaoa is through some of the loveliest parts of the Lake walk with beech giants that throw our Kaweka stands to shame. The Korokorowhaitiri Stream crosses the trail here and the hour it takes to go up the marked track to the Korokoro Falls and back is well worth the effort.

Lazing around at Waiapaoa in our second day of great weather only pushed the time on to 2.30 p.m. so we decided to push on again. With our packs on again by this stage we headed onto the Panekiri Ridge and along to Panekiri Hut. 4½ hours said the sign and 3½ hours it took us. With packs full of cameras, tent and other luxuries as well as 3 days food left, we felt pretty pleased with ourselves. The Urewera Park Board have installed a pot belly at Panekiri Hut to heat the place up but this has limited efficiency as a cooker and primuses are your best bet here. (All other huts have good open fire places.) The view from Panekiri included the endless Ureweras to the north and Cape Kidnappers and, later, the lights of Napier to the south.

Friday morning we were back on the track by 8 a.m., following the many ups and downs to Pukenui and finally down to Onepoto soon after 11 a.m. The panorama of Waikaremoana is breathtaking from this high track and it's fun to pick out the route around the huts and bays of the days before.

Luck was with us again and within ten minutes we had hitched a ride back around to Hopuruahine to find no scouts and one, small Datsun waiting to go home - and a flattie!

Waikaremoana being traditionally a trip of 4-5 days, Jo and I found it easily completed in two and a half, just 17 hours on the trail, with an hour here and there to muck around as we wished. This then puts it within the scope of any reasonably fit party for a weekend trip with a Friday night start, and still leaves time for all those photos.

Russell and Joanne Perry.

Around the Central Ruahines in a Day 12th March

The clacking of the alarm clock was interrupted by a shrill ring at 1 a.m. With a few mumbles three guys fumbled their way into tramping clothes and stumbled bleary-eyed out to the kitchen ... Bruce, Glenn and I left home at 2 a.m. heading for North Block Road and the Waipawa River. With moonlight filtering through the clouds we stumbled up the river

to reach the Chalet by 4 a.m. where the hut book was filled in. With the sky not looking at all promising and cold winds blowing over the Waipawa Saddle, Waikamaka Hut was reached in the early dawn hours. A snack was had here and then we proceeded up the creek to Rangi Saddle. After 10 minutes, it was quite evident that Glenn had still not fully recuperated from a bout of the 'flu and he reluctantly decided to return to the Chalet.

Bruce and I continued up the creek, took one wrong turning and backtracked, then climbed the 5,000' peak to the left of Rangi Saddle from where we had hoped to get some good views of the Hikurangi Range. However, the cloud base was swirling around at this height so we saw only Rangi Stream in front of us. This unfortunately was to set the pattern for the day with only brief glimpses of our surroundings being had on the very odd occasions.

Bruce and I reached Waterfall Creek $1\frac{3}{4}$ hours after leaving Waikamaka. We had a large and leisurely snack and then set off to Trig Creek at around 8.30 a.m. The initial stretches of the creek were littered with trees eroded from the bank but the upper reaches provided easy travelling. Foxgloves, spaniard (aciphylla) in bloom, euphrasia and many other smaller varieties of flowers gave this valley an appeal of its own.

By 10.30 a.m. we were standing beside Mangaweka Trig (1124m) with visibility restricted to 30 metres. The cool, moist wind caused us to don parkas as we turned southward to Iron Peg. Brief references to the map and compass were necessary because neither Bruce nor myself had been in this area before. From Iron Peg to Ohuinga, the ridge is very narrow and at times quite precipitous but there are no major saddles. We had a few views of the Kawhatau headwaters but no views at all to the west.

Visibility was very poor on Ohuinga and we actually climbed over it, past the cairn on top, and down into the saddle before Paemutu before realising we had even approached the peak. Needless to say, we were quite happy to have reached this stage of the trip because it was all homeward bound for the remaining distance. We had another large snack and set off to climb over Paemutu at 2 p.m. The cloud had lifted slightly and we could see the Heretaunga Plains bathed in sunshine.

The tramp from Paemutu around to Three Johns was at a slightly slower speed because we were starting to feel the effects of only a couple of hours sleep. Also, Bruce had very sore feet from rubbing inside his boots. After a small snack and drink at a tarn, we rolled over Rangioteatua and around to Three Johns, then down to Waipawa Saddle by 6.30 p.m. We consumed a very welcome tin of peaches then tramped down to the Chalet, needing torches for the last ten minutes.

Glenn was surprised to see us so early - we arrived just before 8 p.m. The three of us moved down river, using torches all the way but Bruce's feet were by now quite painful and so the Ute wasn't reached until after 8.30 p.m.

We had climbed over eighteen 5,000' peaks and covered a large stretch of country new to us in just over seventeen hours, carrying full sleeping out gear and emergency food.

Dave and Bruce Perry, Glenn Armstrong.

Makahu - Studholmes - Mackintosh and Return.

19th March

A late start and muffler problems but at least we were on our way to the Kawekas for a day tramp. In the cold pre-dawn hours we signed in at Makahu Hut and then began the climb to Kaweka J. Peter and Glenn were sharing a pack, Chris and I had light ones each so we moved fairly quickly up the first part of Makahu Spur. However, as we climbed onto the spur proper we encountered very strong gusty winds, often making it difficult to stand, let alone tramp uphill. These conditions provided us with a good excuse to make frequent stops which we used to good advantage for observing and photographing the changing hues of the horizon. But while the sun was climbing from its warm bed, Kaweka J was attracting a great deal of cold, wet cloud. Just below the exposed top we donned woollen hats and mittens and with our parkas flapping the four of us turned southward to Studholmes, arriving there at 9.30 a.m.

I was very pleased to note that the area around Studholmes Hut has been tidied considerably although whether this was man-made or natural improvement was hard to tell. We had a leisurely feed and then Chris and I left for an exploration of Kiwi Stream. We had a very pleasant stroll for an hour and a half, the stream having some delightful pools and small but interesting waterfalls. We returned to Studholmes Bivvy to meet Glenn and Peter at 11 a.m. They had been for a stroll up around the slopes of Kaiarahi.

After photographing some native flowers we left for Mackintosh at 11.30. Chris, Peter and I followed one of the tributaries of Kiwi Stream for a while before climbing above Studholmes Saddle to the Mackintosh turnoff. Glenn took a more direct route. In complete contrast to the morning we were now feeling the heat and, as we moved down the spur toward the hut, first bush shirts and jerseys came off followed not long after by our woolly singlets.

Mackintosh Hut was reached just after 12.30. We had a refreshing dip in the stream below the hut and then stretched out on mattresses placed in the sunshine. We all succumbed to the warm surroundings (and the effects of our early start) and it was not until 3 p.m. that we decided to move off back to Makahu. The tramp down to the Don River didn't take long and we decided to try following the river up toward the Makahu carpark. Had we known this area we would probably not have made such a decision for, after an hour of easy up-river travel we encountered a waterfall bounded by PRECIPITOUS BLUFFS. I don't think the beauty of the fall was fully appreciated as we looked for a feasible route up to the Range. A badly eroded streambed seemed to offer a reasonable passage and after some delicate scrambling over shingle-covered rock, and dodging

flying boulders loosed from above, we gained the scrub-covered ridge top.

After a little bushbashing we reached the track running from Mackintosh to Makahu. This was followed around to the carpark where we arrived at 6.30 p.m. to finish a very enjoyable day of tramping.

D.P.

Peter Berry, Chris Jones, Glenn Armstrong, Dave Perry.

Ngamoko Tops Roundabout

27th March

Saturday morning at 5.40 saw us heading up the Makaretu River on a moony morning and surprisingly, the water wasn't as cold as we expected. About 15 minutes up the south branch of the Makaretu we saw two deer which wandered off up the river bank and then turned around and barked indignantly at us. Had we been deerstalkers, they would have been easy meat.

We reached South Makaretu Hut at 7.45 a.m. and after a brief rest we headed up the creek on the northern side of the hut, towards the tops of the Ruahine Range. This creek climbs quite steeply and flood damage is apparent right throughout the Makaretu River. The leatherwood on the western side of this range is extremely thick and hard work to crawl and push through. We dropped down into the Pohangina River and followed this down to the Leon Kinvig Hut which we reached at 11.45 and took a well-deserved rest.

We left at 1.15 p.m. and picked up a track directly across the river from the hut which took us 2,500' upwards to Tcka, a 5,006' point on the Ngamoko Range. Heavy cloud now closed in around us and all hopes of views to the west were dashed. From here we followed the Ngamoko over Tunupo and onwards to Otumore - however Otumore proved hard to find with 30 feet visibility in heavy cloud. But about 6.45 we found the trig and, with a stop for firewood above the hut, we reached Pohangina Saddle Hut about 7.30 p.m. as it grew dark. Our intentions of heading for the roadhead were dismissed and we spent a cold night. However, the morning sun was welcome and we left about 8.a.m.

From here, we followed the Ruahine Range southwards along a newly-cut extra wide track for a couple of hours before dropping out of the bush directly opposite South Makaretu Hut.

We met the club weekend party here and tramped out with them.

B.P.

Graham Bailey, Dave and Bruce Perry

MEETING DATES

The club will meet at 8 p.m. on the following evenings:

4th May	13th July
18th May	27th July
1st June	10th August
15th June	24th August
29th June	7th September

Otutu Bush and Return

5th March

Chris and I left Hastings at 7.30 p.m. on Friday and spent the night at Lowry Lodge with the alarm set for 3 a.m. We struggled out of our pits to find a beautifully clear sky above us with a full moon - it was all on for Otutu!

We quickly packed up and raced down to the rainuaga at Kuripaponga and were away tramping up 4,100 by 3.45 a.m. The full moon provided a good light which meant we only had to use the torch in heavy bush. Conditions for tramping were excellent: clear and not a breath of wind. We could see Ruapehu silhouetted on the horizon as we arrived at Kiwi Saddle Hut at 6 a.m. A short stop here for munchies and sardines then on down the ridge to Kiwi Creek with daylight overtaking us as we were sliding down the claypans. We motored down to Kiwi Mouth Hut, arriving there at 7.25 a.m. to wake up three forestry guys who looked quite strangely at us when we told them we had come from Kuri and with disbelief when we told them of our plan.

We left the hut at 7.30 after draining a 3 pint billy of tang then crossed the Ngaururoro and began the long sweat up to Manson Hut which we reached at 9.20 a.m. We left 25 minutes later and plodded up to Manson trig. Now, many people have had trouble here, trying to decide which way to go to Otutu but we didn't have any trouble (thanks to Dave). You follow the signpost on the trig, heading west and keeping to the centre of the open ridge. You should pick up the track just below a rock outcrop at the top of the bush line (you may see a meat cellar here.) Follow this track down to the forks of a stream, cross the stream and go up the true right fork for a few minutes. The track to Otutu is on your left, zigzagging up through the trees and scrub onto a grassy top which you could see from Manson. Now head in a northerly direction for about 10 minutes and you should come to Otutu Hut nestling half-in, half-out of the beech forest.

We staggered into Otutu at 11.30 a.m. having done nearly 8 hours tramping and with the trip only half over. Down went the now customary 3 pints of tang and we left on the return trip shortly after 12 noon. Arriving back at Manson Hut about 1.45 p.m. we stopped briefly then ran-walked-staggered-crawled down to the Mouth in time for tang at 2.50 p.m. We had originally intended to return via Kiwi Saddle but we didn't feel strong enough so at 3 p.m. we left for Cameron Hut. Plodding down the river seemed to take ages but the water was very low and warm so it was a pleasant enough journey. Cameron Hut was left behind at 5.30 p.m. as we headed for the rainuaga. We reached the car at 7.25 p.m., the same time as one of the forestry guys we had met earlier at Kiwi Mouth, so he took the brunt of our boasting.

We both felt it was a really worthwhile trip with a lot of country covered in a short time (over half of it new to me) and terrific weather to go with it, though perhaps it was just a little too warm. Total time taken was 15 hours 40 minutes for anyone who is interested in doing the trip. M.B.

Murray Ball and Chris Jones

Ahimanawa Crossing

17-22nd March 1976

Blue in the distance, ridge after ridge; steep, heavily bush-covered, with high pointed tops often touching clouds, and shadows or morning fog often filling deep V-shaped valleys. For years and years the Ahimanawas had seemed fascinating but inaccessible, whether looking northwards across the Mohaka from the Kawekas or westward from Titiokura Saddle on the Taupo road. Closer, looking west from near Te Haroto or south-east from Rangtaiki then seemed quite forbidding and around Tarawera where the road skirts some of their lower outlying ridges the height and abruptness of the slopes is impressive.

The few club trips over the last 15 or 20 years into the fringes of the Ahimanawa had confirmed that the bush was thick, that saddles in the ridges led to problems of navigation and that to attempt to reach N IV (the highest point which, with Tunurangi and a few others exceeds 1,200m) and return in a weekend would probably not be realistic. Why not "stick our necks out", take some holidays and attempt a crossing from east to west?

Numbers dwindled from a possible five, down to two. Was this enough for safety? Not in case of accident; but then the least experienced of us was a veteran of 11 years tramping so that shouldn't be too likely. Some discussion of food: Liz decreed minimum packs and this meant short rations. Some complicated negotiations for permission from Maori landowners and then on a blazing hot day the old Beetle went roaring along a forestry road above Stoney Creek, and then high up a bulldozed track towards the ridge which divides the Omarowa and Momonanui Streams. After dumping packs, we decided that the car had better be taken back to below the "hairiest" parts of the track while the clay was still dry, in case the weather changed while we were away. So to the driver especially, the coolness of the bush on the top of the ridge was most welcome, when at last we reached it.

Soon after lunch, we were not so pleased with the bush, when the end of the faintly-defined hunters' track was behind us and our shins were painfully encountering the many large branches, broken off the trees by the exceptional snowfall of the previous winter, which were concealed among the waist-high fern fronds. Sunset wasn't far off by the time we had got over the high, pointed part of the ridge marked "3775" on Norm Elder's old map, and made our way down to our first campsite, in the first saddle west of it.

Organisation of our camps was no worry: the longest-legged person to look for water (the usual ten-minute-down-twenty-minutes-back chore) while the one most experienced in tree pruning cut a few ferns and branches for mattresses and cleared a fireplace. We had brought two half-gallon plastic containers, which proved a great asset; no risk of spilling a billyful of water just as one reaches the top of a steep gully! At this camp there was good water down the north side of the saddle; but alas! our luxury stew of fresh veges and beef was accidentally overturned into the fire, and after

munching all we could salvage of the half-cooked, charcoal-contaminated remains we were still quite hungry as we settled down to sleep under our sheets of plastic, with moreporks screeching and scolding in the big trees above.

Next morning we made the elementary mistake of moving on before consulting map and compass. The "Tutira" sheet showed no contour lines in the Ahimanawas, only indistinct shading, but if we had had the sense to look at Norm's map we would have headed north-west, instead of blundering on west from the next high point, down a long slope covered with fern above head height; all our efforts to peer out through gaps in the trees failing to save us from missing the second saddle and ending up down in the head of the Omarowa Stream.

The stream was uninviting, with log-jams, waterfalls and rocky falls showing high flood marks. A couple of hours struggling up the steep slope on the other side, submerged in dusty, slippery fern full of logs, holes, tree roots and bushlawyer brought feelings of near despair, but our mistake proved to be an advantage after all, because by the time we stopped for a meagre lunch of five little dry "Enervite" biscuits and half a small tin of sardines each, we had reached more-open bush on the top of a ridge, which later in the afternoon led us up on to the divide between the Omarowa and the Toropapa, at a point south of trig N IV.

At the foot of the last steep rise to N IV a rock chute on the Omarowa side provided a trickle of water to refill our two half-gallons. The upper part of the slope was covered with Coprosma bushes growing as thickly as a good hedge, costing us another hour of struggle as a flaring red sunset faded. Arriving too exhausted for despair at an open space under some old cedars a few metres from the trig, we scraped together some moss on the only level ground, not really big enough for two, wearily shared a tin of corned beef, and settled down under one sheet of plastic as fog gathered around the treetops and big drops of water began to plop down from the festoons of moss.

Next morning was worth all the discomfort; really the high point of the trip. The fog fell away below us as the yellow early sunlight streamed across it to colour the Kawekas, Makorako, Ruapehu, Ngauruhoe, Tauhara, Tarawera and Edgecumbe. Towards the sun, Taraponui and Tataraka were sharp black shapes contrasting with the pearly "sea" of fog. The moon faded and the sun rising higher cast the shadow of our peak, with an iridescent halo around it, onto the fog in the Totopapa valley. The steepness of the slopes disappearing below us, and the dark gaps in the fog, gave us a fantastic impression of being on top of the world. The foliage of the cedar trees near at hand, with its golden-green colouring, seemed almost to glow with a light of its own, in contrast to the greenish-black beech trees below. We took photo after photo, and couldn't resist staying "just a little longer" to look down on the remnants of fog trailing across ridges and shredding themselves among the countless thousands of treetops.

It was nearly mid-day when we finally moved on. The

wonderful morning gave place to an agonising afternoon. Coprosma bushes, unbelievably crowded, stiff and scratchy, mixed in places with jumbles of cedar logs, made our progress painfully slow. In many places it was not only impossible to get through while wearing a pack, but not even possible to turn around to drag it through after oneself; the only way was to try to crawl through, forcing ones pack ahead. Darkness caught us in an uncomfortable spot on a hillside; exhausted, clothes and packs torn, feeling quite miserable from the amount of skin we had lost, and not much over a mile from our previous night's camp!

The fourth day was no better, at first, but later we gave great cheers when we came upon a track presumably cut by 'possumers. However, this seemed to include many diversions and deceptive sections, and we wasted some time in starting to follow a ridge which later proved to lead towards the Owhe Stream to the north. Returning to the divide, we followed it, in beech forest with horopito undergrowth, over a high point and "dog leg" section, down to the saddle between the Pareranui, a tributary of the Okoeke to the north, and the Mokaro, a tributary of the Ripia to the south. This was a luxury campsite, with plenty of flat ground and good firewood.

Fifth day: an attempt to go back for a camera lens left behind the previous afternoon was abandoned when signs of a change in the weather developed. Picking up packs, we followed a meat-hunters packhorse track down into the Mokaro, emerged into tussock and scrub country, and continued down stream past where the Tunamaro joined it in a largish waterfall from the true right bank, to camp at the confluence with the Ripia. This was the only night we pitched the tent, and it didn't leak, though rain had arrived with a N.W. gale.

Sixth day: showery, but with a few glints of sun to brighten the golden tussock. We walked a greater distance than on all the other days put together, right up to near the head of the Ripia and then north-east over a low saddle on to the huge Lochinver Station farmlands. We still had a long way to go, though, to get to the Taupo Road, by which time it was dark and chances of hitching poor, so we slept at the side of the road with rain splattering on our plastic sheets.

Seventh day: over 10km of walking in the rain before getting a lift to Stoney Creek. Then roaring off to Taupo; into the hot pools regardless of our cuts and scratches; then an enormous feed:- potatoes, onions, tomatoes, steak, instant pudding, stewed fruit, cream..... WONDERFUL!

Peter Lewis, Liz Pindar

Sequel

10-11th April 1976

The camera lens had been left behind at a spot where a photo had been taken and a map reference recorded, but the only hope of reaching it on a weekend trip seemed to be to take the old Beetle as far as possible into the Okoeke valley. Three of us left it on a misty grey early morning and climbed to the top of a 3,000' grassy knoll which overlooks the Okoeke and Owhe valleys. Study of the map and the landscape

suggested a possible route, so we plunged into an ocean of manuka. Hours later we came into beech forest, followed up a stream to what we hoped was the right bend, and clambered up a slope which seemed like thousands of feet high because of the wet, slippery fern growing under the trees. Near dark, we reached the main divide: a couple of metres away lay the lens. It wasn't even in its case but seemed little damaged from three weeks out in the weather!

We camped right there, an entrenching shovel we had found in the scrub being a great help in leveling a site for Mary's tent. The way out next day, in pouring rain and almost non-stop from 8 a.m. to 2.30 p.m., was west along the divide to beyond the saddle between Mokaro and Pareranu, and then north along the ridge between Pareranu and Tunamaro. Peter Lewis, Matthew Porteous and Mary Madore (Y.T.C.)

New Year Trip Again 17-22nd January

Because I had work commitments over New Year we decided to repeat the club New Year trip during my holidays. It was new ground for me and there were a number of places that Russell wanted to nosey at. We left Hastings late on Sunday night, January 16th, and stayed with Dave at Kaweka Forestry camp.

Monday morning Dave wasn't sure what his work was to be for the week so we waited some time to find this out and eventually left Kuripaponga Base at midday. The trip was meant to be leisurely and the five hours to Kiwi Saddle Hut via 4,100' was in character with this. Dave cleared bits and pieces of track on the way and Russell took numerous photos. I was left to cook tea while the two of them headed down the Kiwi Mouth track, clearing considerable debris on the way. An hour of this soon worked up their appetites so they collected the now-filled buckets from the tiny stream and returned to help me. A few photos of the sunset after tea and there went Monday. It sure was good to be back in the hills.

Tuesday dawned fine and we headed off towards Kiwi Mouth. Dave went ahead, planning to meet us at Manson. We took the left hand fork in the track just before the drop into Kiwi Creek and ventured across country to explore some beautiful falls on a stream feeding Kiwi Creek. After some scrambling and shingle slides we got down to the creek and then to Kiwi Mouth. By now it was very hot and we stayed there for a while, trying to delay the hot climb to Manson. However, it had to be done, so about 2 p.m. we went down to the swingbridge and then set our feet upwards. The climb was fairly slow and rests frequent so we didn't reach Manson until about 6 p.m. Dave had come down from the hut to meet us and we had a pleasant evening. The loo has now been uprighted and the new water tank is installed and operating.

Next morning Dave had several attempts at sharpening a slasher and fixing a new handle to it but after several broken handles he gave up and decided to come with us to Otutu Bush Hut to collect the slasher from there. We left after lunch and made our way up to Manson. Several photos

were taken for references and we headed down the open ridge straight off Manson, towards Otutu Bush Hut. It was easy going until almost at the bottom then it was across the stream and up the other side to the tussock patches just below Otutu, and on to the hut for the night. Dave and Russell cut a large pile of firewood while I did the cooking then we all went for a walk in the dusk, flushing one deer just below the hut. Otutu Bush Hut is very comfortable and well situated on the edge of the bush and it seems strange that it is not visited more often.

Next morning we headed north from Otutu Bush, following the track behind the hut. This climbs slowly onto tops covered with sub-alpine vegetation and at this stage the weather closed in a little so we could no longer see the saddle on to the Ngaawapurua track. However, with some map and compass work we found our way to the saddle, to the east, and came out on the Ngaawapurua track just where it turns north towards the river and hut. Dave and Russell had done quite a bit of track clearing on the saddle and now Dave attacked the bush overgrowing the Ngaawapurua track. (During the following few weeks he completed this job and the track is now a major highway.) I was quite happy to just sit and enjoy the bush, catching up on all my letter writing. Towards teatime we headed back towards Manson along the ridge and then down to Manson Hut for the night.

Friday arrived and Russell and I set off to return to Kiwi Saddle. We left Dave behind to do some more track clearing and he met us at Kiwi Saddle that evening. It was a clear, warm day and the trip down to Kiwi Mouth and up the other side was uneventful but very enjoyable. Another comfortable night at Kiwi Saddle with a roaring fire in Randall's fireplace with Peter McBride's chimney keeping all the smoke outside where it should be.

Saturday, and we all had to go to a wedding in Hastings at 5 o'clock. Up early, we headed off in the mist, up and a along to 4,100' then down towards Kuripaponga. The cloud ceiling was very low and we didn't get out of it until we were nearly down. A quick look into Kuripaponga base with Dave and then we were homeward bound for a much needed shower.

All in all, it was a very pleasant way to spend my holidays. The weather was good and the country new to me.

J.P.

Russell, Dave and Joanne Perry.

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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 Manning, phone 82963
Liz Pindar, phone 67889

Russell Perry, phone 88828

TRANSPORT CONTRIBUTIONS: Unless otherwise stated, these are \$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

23-25

Hinerua - Waterfall Creek - Hikurangi Range
Into Waterfall Creek Hut via Waikamaka. Onto Hikurangi Range peaks (5,678'). Out via Rangi and Three Johns track.

Map N 140

Leader: Dave Perry

MAY

8

Timahanga

Dropping off at the top of the Gentle Annie, up over Te Iringa, regrowth rimu forest, out through Boyds Bush.

Map N 123

Leader: Keith Thompson

21-22

Remutupo Hut - Makaroro River

Hard weekend trip over divide to Remutupo and back over and down to Makaroro (centre or upper via Tupari, depending on fitness) and out.

Map N 140, N 133

Leader: Peter Berry

JUNE

4-6

Ngauruhoe

Snow traverses: Ketetahi, Mangetepopo, Oturere to Ketetahi.

Map: Tongariro Nat Pk. Leader: David Wilkins

19

Glenfalls

Mohaka River downstream from Taupo Road. Manuka country.

Map N 114

Leader: Liz Pindar

JULY

2-3

Sawtooth

Onto Ruahine divide via Pohangina Saddle to Howletts. Fit party over Sawtooth and out Black Ridge. Slow party out via Daphne.

Map N 140

Leader: Graham Bailey

17

Smiths Creek - Hinerua

Plenty of scope for fit and slow.

Map N 140

Leader: Geoff Robinson

30-31

Ahimanawas

Via Clements Access into back of Poronui. Two days of the Ahimanawas and Oamaru Hut for tea.

Maps N 103 & 113

Leader: Marcia Browne

AUGUST

14

Waipawa River

Day trip out of the river. Waikamaka Hut and return for slower party. Over top of Three Johns for a looksee for fitter group.

Map N 140

Leader: Graham Thorp

27-28

Waikaremoana

From Putere up Waireka Road, walk through to Waiapaoa Hut on Waikaremoana. Fit ones up to Panekiri or on to Marauiti. Maps: Urewera National Park Board: Waikaremoana, N.Z.M.S. 1, N 105

Leader: Russell Perry

SEPTEMBER

11

Boundary Stream

Hayes Access Road, just north of Tutira. Easy, Exploratory day. Good chance to introduce new ones.

Map N 114

Leader: John Grover

24-25

Hikurangi Range

Friday night start. In from Mangaweka into the Hikurangi Range. Lots of scope for everybody.

Map N 140

Leader: Chris Jones

OCTOBER

9

Okoeke Stream

We promise better weather this time. Beaut area off Taupo Road. Tributary to Waipunga.

Map N 104 (& 103, 113, 114) Leader: Frank Hooper

22-23-24

Tararuas

Mount Holdsworth is the target, but trip will include as much as possible of the divide. Ideas on this one to Danny Bloomer. Map N 157

NOVEMBER

6

Cairn Trip

Service on Kaweka J at 11 a.m. then the day is yours. It always snows! A chance to organise an interesting weekend if keen. Leader: Phil Bayens