

HERETAUNGA TRAMPING CLUB (INC)

BOX 447, HASTINGS

"P O H O K U R A"

Bulletin No. 136

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CLUB TRIPS

No. 1112

Whakatane River

Easter 8 - 11th April

It was clear and cold as we left Hastings on Friday morning and made tracks for Taupo in the new truck, or should I call it a bus? It is really fantastic in the back now - no dust, no fumes, good ventilation and a view that hasn't that hazy blue tinge to it.

We arrived at Murapara after an uneventful trip in time for a fill-up and feed. Somehow, when we left, the map turned itself upside down and soon Mt. Tarawera came into view so a hurried discussion was had and a quick U-turn had us back on the right road. At about 1.00 we got to the end of Mataatua Rd. (turn off 4-5 miles E. of Ruatahuna).

After a comfortable lunch in the sunshine, we left Phil and family to continue on to Lake Waikaremoana, while we set off down river or is it up river. I got confused all weekend with this - it is quite different going down-river and then back up-river when locally one walks upstream and then comes back down-stream. Anyway it was downstream to Tawahihi Hut on the banks of the Whakatane river for Friday night.

Despite complaints on Saturday morning, dawn's grey light saw us on our way to Hanamahihi Hut along the high, level track. This doesn't even vaguely resemble the doodlings of the N.Z.M.S. artist. After an early lunch, we

started the grind up and over the ridge. At the top there were some very inviting supple jack vines but after some use they were discovered to be rather weak. Downhill to the riverbed for our second lunch and swim, then off downriver chatting to people camped along the way arriving at Waikare Junction Hut (Hovel) with no bog and only two bunks not yet fed to the fire.

Sunday morning was an 8 o'clock start off across the Whakatane river and up the Waikare River to Waikarewhenua Hut, a nice six bunk Forestry Hut just 2 hours from Waikare Junction. Here the party split up:- Les Hanger and six others left for Tawahihi while five of us carried on upstream for 3 hours to Otenatea Hut where we had a late lunch then left for Taurawharanu Hut. We discovered several small gorges along the way and after wading through one about five feet deep, and then, watching an N.Z.F.S. culler trot around a track just above the gorge we decided that a bit of local knowledge would come in handy. We arrived at Taurawharana Hut at 5.00 with the rain starting to look as though it would set in for the night. So we just said 'Hello' to the occupants and continued upstream to make camp when darkness fell. The river rose considerably overnight but by 5.00a.m. on Monday it had stopped raining. A bowl left outside overnight now contained 4" of water. A hurried breakfast to the tune of boulders rattling in the creek wasn't encouraging, but after the first crossing it didn't seem so bad and we soon found the old sawmilling bridge and the road through Mangapohatu Station.

About four miles from the Station's first gate we met two Auckland chaps with a lovely big empty transit van. We had spoken to these guys the year before on the Rua's Track trip so a few 'Hellos' and the offer of a lift to the main road wasn't turned down. After an uneventful drive back to the truck (our friends heard all about the new truck so they had to come and have a look) - we swapped some watermelons and said goodbye to Whakatane River. The other party had arrived back at the same time so we all headed for home via Waiaketi and Russell Berry's house - many thanks for the afternoon tea.

Leader: Peter McBride      No. in party 13  
my party: Peter Berry, Beth Curtis, Wendy Gordon, Marcia Browne,  
Les Hanger's party: Leon Smith, Danny Bloomer, Rhonda Christian-  
son, Blaze Mouatt, Chris Jone, Glenn Armstrong, Debbie Bayens.

#### CENTRAL RUAHINES

No. 1113

23 - 25th April

Fast party: "Golly gosh, I can't find my boot! Come on you guys who's got them". "Not I" says Peter Berry between mouthfuls of chocolate, cold spaghetti and dried apricots. "Not I" says Alan Thurston while deciding if he should take four jerseys or just three and a swandri. "Not I" say us all, so Pooh Bear and Mole set off on their very long journey to Hastings, a journey which took many weary hours.

Back in the land of the living, the fitter hopefuls set off on their trek to the high country of Mangaweka and Hikurangi. Well we didn't get watery eyes from the speed we were travelling but Waikamaka Hut was reached in good time. By now it was obvious that Hughie had a grudge to settle and he was setting

about it with great amounts of enthusiasm.

A slower H.T.C. group led by Rob Snowball was due to cross Waipawa Saddle, and as Hughie was thinking of shaking out his snowy dandruff, the "hopefuls" abandoned their long trek and set about meeting the others in case any assistance was needed. Apart from a couple of sore feet which slowed the pace, this party crossed over the Waikamaka with little need of help and after donning leggings, we all returned to the hut in a cheery mood.

After a late lunch, Peter, Danny and Alan decided to remain with Rob while the first group headed off in miserable weather for Waterfall Creek Hut in an effort to make something out of the weekend. Dave Wilkins and Peter Boomen joined us amid flurries of snow as we crossed Rangi Saddle and hurried on to the warmth of Waterfall Creek Hut. Along with three trampers from Palmerston North we passed the early evening hours in conversation before retiring about 9.00p.m. Hughie was still in a lousy temper and busied himself through the night with snow and rain falls.

It was nice snuggling deep into a warm sleeping bag while watching the P.N. bods cook brekkie and leave for the Waikamaka. But before long we'd all been forced outside and by 10.00 a.m. breakfast had disappeared and it was decided that Hughie could do what he wanted but we were going to tramp up to Mangaweka anyway.

Some other H.T.C. members arrived as we were about to leave but eventually Greg, Randall, Marcia and I left with day packs, and headed down the fast flowing Kawhatau to Trig Creek. This creek provides easy travelling and access to Mangaweka Trig without even approaching leatherwood. The whole valley appears to have been scoured by some force with the upper slopes supporting grass and tussocks while the lower valley sprouts ferns growing over moraine-type rubble; yet the surrounding ridges are cloaked with leatherwood and beech.

At the head of the creek we donned leggings and gloves before climbing on to a convenient spur leading to the ridge top. About 10 cm of snow had fallen overnight. Despite the lack of views cold feet and cool wind it was a good feeling to be there - "better'n festering in a hut all day!" - and we celebrated with a small snack.

Arriving back at the hut around mid-afternoon, we busied ourselves collecting a large pile of firewood and made the hut comfortable for the night. There were only the four of us at Waterfall Creek and we had a great time inventing and playing card games.

Monday morning didn't please Hughie at all and he continued with the rain and quite a heavy snow shower as we crossed Rangi Saddle about 10.30 a.m. arriving at Waikamaka to find dying embers and a note saying the remainder of the H.T.C. group had left either an hour earlier or on Sunday, we pushed straight on to Waipawa Saddle and down to the Chalet. After a brew-up and feed (two things we were good at!) we tramped down river to the truck at the Waipawa road-end arriving about 4.p.m.

Hughie might have dampened our tramping ambitions for the weekend but he certainly heightened the pleasures of good company and hut life. A great weekend.

Leader: Dave Perry No. in party: 7

Party: Marcia Browne, Greg Jenks, Randall Goldfinch, Alan Thurston, Peter Berry, Danny Bloomer

Slow party: En route in the truck a consultation was held, resulting in the slow party jumping out at Triplex on Friday night. The idea was that the fast party would sleep in the truck at the roadend and be away very early in the morning without disturbing the rest. My party was to go to Waterfall Creek Hut in our own time on Saturday and return over Rangī and Three Johns on Monday, weather permitting. There were nine of us at Triplex including some young new faces. We had a pleasant but short night's sleep because all except the leader were up at 5 a.m. cooking breakfast.

Just before 7 a.m. four of the boys left for Waipawa Chalet over the saddle. The rest of us returned to the truck to change some gear and head up the river. The "fast" party had not yet left the truck, but did so about 7.30. Bruce and Russell Perry were last seen running towards Hastings to look for some boots.

We followed the others shortly afterwards and met our other four guys at the Chalet as arranged. They had seen Dave's group go through. The weather had deteriorated and one girl with sore feet and less fit than the others, had dropped behind. I stayed back and sent the rest on to avoid them getting too cold. The group did not keep together too well but were met by Dave just over Waipawa Saddle and he accompanied them down to Waikamaka Hut. We were grateful for Dave's wisdom in returning from Waikamaka to help us. After lunch in the hut the fast party decided to continue to Waterfall Creek Hut, but Danny Bloomer, Peter Berry and Alan Thurston stayed behind with us. Later in the afternoon Bruce and Russell arrived back with Bruce's boots, and were later joined by Murray Ball, David Wilkins and Peter Boomen. Peter and David left for Waterfall Creek Hut shortly afterwards. That night was cosy and warm with about 16 in Waikamaka Hut. Next morning, Murray and Bruce left fairly early for Waterfall Creek Hut. Another group of us set out later on but turned back just below Rangī Saddle. Others of this group returned to the Hut much earlier on. The effects of Saturday's cold weather had not worn off. Peter Berry and Alan had some fun on a shingle slide, but we didn't stay to watch - it was too cold.

That afternoon the girls and other younger members tramped back to Waipawa Chalet to be nearer the road end in case the weather deteriorated further. Everyone was more warmly prepared this time.

There were five left in Waikamaka on Sunday night, but after a leisurely breakfast and a quick trip across the saddle we rejoined the others at the Chalet late on Monday morning then we all returned to the truck to be welcomed by Peter Manning and his family.

Because of the atrocious weather the newcomers on the trip

got more than they bargained for. I think they learned a great deal as I certainly did this time.

Leader Rob Snowball No. in party: 11  
Party: Ross Berry, John Grover, Mark Poutts, Blaze Mouatt,  
Shona McAuley, Kerry Smith, Carol Climo, Kate O'Malley, Bruce  
& Russell Perry

TIMAHANGA

No. 1114

8th May 1977

Thirtyseven members left Napier at 7 a.m. in the new truck and Phil's car. The truck performed particularly well with Peter Manning at the wheel - no dust and adequate power. We arrived at the top of Gentle Annie at 9 a.m.

A small fast party set off for a long trip over Te Iringa to Kiwi Mouth Hut, then up to Kiwi Saddle and down to Kuripapanga.

The main party climbed slowly up to Te Iringa where we split into two groups just before lunch. There was 2-3 inches of snow on the ground. One group continued along the main ridge past Te Iringa and dropped off into Boyd's bush while the other party led by Peter Manning returned to the truck and proceeded to Timahanga Station where they tried unsuccessfully to find Boyd's shack.

The party which dropped into Boyd's bush consisted of 18 members. We started off by going too far down the main ridge before dropping off to the South - the old story of not finding the right ridge when leaving the tops in bush or mist. A sunny grassy clearing in the bush was found for a boil up and a mug of soup. After consulting maps and compasses, the party set off through Boyd's Bush to Hoodoo Saddle. It was a real 'bush bash' for 2 hours with lawyer vines taking their toll and Jackie hurting her leg. We must have passed very close to Hoodoo Saddle without knowing it then crossed a tributary of the Mangataramea stream and passed through more open bush to reach a logging track. We followed this until Timahanga Station was reached at 5.30 p.m. A small party of four fitter members returned via the Mangataramea Stream arriving at the Station just before 5.30. Peter Manning and his party were waiting with the truck when we all arrived.

The truck left Timahanga at 6 p.m. and stopped at Kuripapanga to await the fast party. By now it was quite dark although the sky was starry. We thought at times that we saw torches on the ridge of 4100 but eventually we convinced ourselves they must have been stars. At 7.45 we left for Napier (because of the large number of younger members on the trip) and were not to know that the Kiwi Mouth party would arrive a quarter of an hour later. The truck pulled into Hastings at about 10 p.m. and the Kiwi Mouth party was picked up next morning.

No. in part 32 Leader Keith Thomson.

Party: Phil Bayens, Els Bayens, Peter Manning, Russell Perry, Rob Marshall, Chris Melody, Marion Brown, Miles Robertson, Gavin Bailey, Kate O'Malley, Huia Peretine, Debby Lord, Wendy Bennett, Fiona Van Gills, Judy Randell, Geoff Orr, Ross Barradell, Beth Curtis, Sally Brown, Liz Hughes, Lynne Sewter, Joanne Smith,

June Lawrence, Carol Climo, Leon Smith, Kevin Ayre, John Grover, Les Hanger, Roy Frost, Jackie Smith, William Van der Mier.

Other party: "The fit party is off. They're away to a good start with G. Bailey holding a slender lead over the pack. Jones is going wide on the outside followed closely by B. Perry who is the favourite for the day".

Although a little spread out the party made good time to the top of Te Iringa. Because of the late start from the truck it was decided not to travel over to the Hogget Block, and instead we dropped down into the Raoraora stream.

Despite the snow-covered tops, the stream temperature was quite tolerable - not so however with the Ngaruroro River. There was no hope of keeping dry with the first crossing being over waist deep, and with every crossing draining our energy we reached Kiwi Mouth feeling about as blue as the river looked.

A good warm Manuka fire and hot drinks soon added spice to our spirits and the Ngaruroro didn't seem so cold after all. We knew the Y Club was passing through this way and met them shortly after leaving Kiwi Mouth for the H.T.C. hut on Kiwi Saddle, which all reached before 5 p.m. Here, there were strong cold winds blowing and little convincing was needed before longjohns stretched themselves over goose pimpled legs.

After another hot brew, the party climbed out of Kiwi Saddle to reach the tops just on dark. Ruapehu was silhouetted magnificently in the orange dusk, and this sight, followed later by the crisp, star-lit snow shrouding the silent beech trees, put warmth in our hearts despite the late hour. We felt privileged to be in such beautiful surroundings.

Torches were needed for the track down to Iron Gate where we could see the lights of the Club transport. After flashing our torches, car lamps blinked in response and we continued down knowing they were only an hour away. But when we were within ten minutes of the road, we were a little more surprised to see the truck and car head off towards Hastings. "Hey, what about us??"

After it had finally sunk in that we had to fend for ourselves, we moved down the Taihape Road to Kuripanpana House (N.Z.F.S.) where we had a cold but comfortable night. After walking towards Hastings for about an hour next morning, around a corner appeared Russell and Joanne, followed closely by Mr. and Mrs. Perry with cars to take us home. My parents had very kindly included hot soup and biscuits and these were eagerly consumed. We finally reached home before mid-day.

Despite the disappointing ending, the party thoroughly enjoyed the whole escapade - something to look back on and laugh about.

Chris Jones, Alan Thurston, Graham Bailey, Dave and Bruce Perry.

#### REMUTUPO HUT

No. 1115

21 - 22nd May

In drizzly conditions our large group of parka-clad trampers set off noisily for the Makaroro River and Colenso

track. The smiles faded a little with the many river crossings, but this did little to deter the majority of the party from electing to climb to the snowy tops and Remutupo Hut over the main divide.

If one doesn't become over-concerned with the upward gradient the Colenso track can be appreciated as a showcase of Ruahine flora, rising from the valley floor over 3000' to Te Atua-o-Mahuru. John Pascoe in his book Exploration New Zealand says of Hawkes Bay's most famous explorer "Colenso was ecstatic, not so much because of the view but because of the profusion of new flora, .... 'all in sight at a single glance'" (N.B. Colenso unsuccessfully attempted to reach Inland Patea in 1845 via this route. In 1847 he approached the Patea Maori tribes from the Taihape side of the ranges and completed the first European crossing of the Ruahines by climbing Te Atua-o-Mahuru and descending to the Heretaunga Plains via his earlier route)

The flora of the upper section of the track was buried in one to two feet of snow and we experienced fairly tiring conditions before reaching the trig of Te Atua at around 2.30 p.m. In poor visibility we discussed the best method of descending to Remutupo Hut. The shingle slide just south of the trig was in a dangerous state but we thought we may get down by keeping on the line between shingle and bush. No such luck however and the bush was quickly identified as .... "Help, I'm stuck!!" ... "Hey, I'm standing over a great hole!!" "Ouch! ! "Where is everybody??" .... leatherwood.

There are many ways of descending through leatherwood - from tunnelling down small streams to rolling hopefully over resilient branches to just plain painful bashing, but however we did it, it was not until after 6 p.m. that everyone arrived at Remutupo Hut. Certainly makes one appreciate tracks!! No one was unduly worried though and we quickly settled down to an enjoyable evening of gossip, hot drinks and magazine reading. With six bunks and nine mattresses we all slept well.

A not too early start next morning, a surprisingly clear sky - and a track just upstream from the hut (wish we'd known about it yesterday!) It was a fairly steep climb but everyone was on the tops in short time. Our clear sky turned sour at short notice causing us to scurry past the trig of Te Atua and back on to the Colenso track. We intended to turn off on to the Barlow track and head down to Centre Makaroro Hut. For the readers information the Barlow track is marked wrongly on the N.Z.M.S. 1:133 map. It should be shown much further down joining the Colenso at approx. reference N.Z.M.S.:133' 656124

We decided to head down a likely looking spur to Centre Makaroro Hut for lunch and were hopeful of stumbling upon the Barlow track. Although we split into three parties we found no trace of the track, meaning another bash, but this time through fern, not leatherwood. The bush was beautiful and despite the lack of an open route we enjoyed the tramp. Two of the groups encountered some interesting waterfalls before emerging almost at the back door of Centre Makaroro Hut.

It was now past 3 p.m. so after a hasty lunch everyone left for the truck. The Makaroro River seemed a little warmer

but it was still a longish trip downriver, the last members arriving just on dark.

One of my most enjoyable trips this year. Thanks everyone who came along and to Les for driving.

Leader: David Perry No. in party 16

Danny Bloomer, Marcia Browne, Bruce Perry, Russell Perry, Joanne Perry, Greg Jenks, Les Hanger, Glenn Armstrong, John Berry, Lynne Sewter, Debbie Bayens, Chris Jones, Wendy Gordon, Beth Curtis, David Wilkins.

### TONGARIRO NATIONAL PARK

No. 1116

4 - 6th June

Have you ever been on a trip when all it does is rain? Well this was one such trip with only one morning where the sun decided to come out.

On Friday night, after picking up all the bods from Hastings and Napier, we were off along the Taupo Rd with the truck not doing much more than 7 miles to the gallon. Les said it wasn't pulling very well and on inspection, sparks were found to be jumping from the coil along the hi-tension leads. After singing and dozing we duly arrived at the Taupo turnoff after what seemed to be one of the longest trips there. On into the night with a stop at Turangi then further on to the Mangatepopo turnoff. It had been raining in Turangi and up on the plateau it was a thick misty rain. The road in to Mangatepopo Hut wasn't too bad but heavy rain could have changed it quite easily into something of a bog. Most bods slept in the truck and quite comfortably too, while a few decided the hut would be more to their liking - and it rained.

Saturday morning dawned and could have been described as rather greyish and most definitely wet but everybody was happy. It was definitely cold and the only way to get warm was to have a fight - so everyone piled on everyone else - and it still rained. Breakfast was consumed and it was then that we discovered that most huts in the area were full. So we split into three parties for a day trip, with all hopes of the planned trip gone. Some went up Pukeaikiore, a couple of keen ones who had the gear and experience went off to climb Ngauruhoe while the rest of us decided to try Tongariro - and it still rained!!

Then it decided to snow and from reports from some people who had been on the saddle it was rather blizzardy up there so we decided against Tongariro but we still went for a walk for a couple of hours to pass the time away and then it stopped snowing - but it still rained!!=

Everyone assembled back at the truck more or less at the same time with two of the whole party having climbed Ngauruhoe that day - well done considering the weather - and it still rained!! Mangatepopo Hut was still full and the truck deck was rather damp. The party's morale was dampened and people needed a place to spread their gear out to dry. That night was spent in a disused school at Raurimu, west of National Park Township. This is a remarkable place that only costs \$1.50 a night per person.



We had a good sing song and were entertained superbly - and it still rained !!!

Morningtime, daily chores done and it looks like the weather is trying to break. Gear packed, the place cleaned up, and we all piled in the truck. Up on the plateau and "Hey!" "You can see the mountain". "Just look at all that snow - can't wait to get at it" Mangatepopo Saddle and snowcraft on the slopes of Tongariro was the objective for the day. The sun was out and it was just beautiful up there. Fun was had by all in many various forms - a couple went off to climb Ngauruhoe while the rest of us headed across the Southern Crater to slopes that were reasonably compact and had a good run out at the bottom. Snowcraft ranged from self arrests to stepcutting and step kicking. Most of us were just getting the hang of it when a blizzard hit us ! This was valuable experience as one minute conditions were fine and pleasant, the next minute, it was cold, with snow driving into our faces. One good point emerged from it though - everyone had the gear. So, reluctantly we had to leave as we could feel the cold cutting right through us and no one can stand up to that for long. A couple of fit ones tried for the top of Tongariro but were defeated by the gale force winds. Back to the truck at the Mangatepopo car park just as it turned dark and started to rain (again!)

The general opinion was to go home and this was enforced by the truck still being rather damp, the huts being packed and the weather definitely not showing any signs that it was going to clear. So, home we went, arriving in Napier about one o'clock Monday morning. And it was raining! Later that day I heard they were skiing on the golf course at the Chateau so it must have snowed again. A big thanks to Les for his tireless driving.

Leader: David Wilkins      No. in Party 19

Liz Pinder, Chris Hooper, Glenn Armstrong, Bruce Perry, Miles Robertson, Peter Berry, Beth Curtis, John Grover, Chris Jones, Sally Brown, Joanne Smith, Les Hanger, Russell Perry, Danny Bloomer, Marcia Browne, Dave Perry, Wendy Thorn, Bronwyn Barrett.

GLENFALLS - MOHAKA RIVER - GOLDMINE RIDGE

No. 1117

19th June

As always, when I lead a trip, it rained but 21 people decided they would be foolish enough to come. As we went over Titikura, having collected a key from Esk Forest HQ, the weather started to lift, becoming merely foggy - soggy by the time we were going along Waitara Road. We could have had a smoother trip up in the new truck, as it is not built to run on a petrol - diesel mixture.

We parked at a picnic ground about ten miles along the road and after half an hour following a formed road that had been washed out by rivers of mud we reached and followed a short steep spur down to the Mohaka River where a Tributary stream joins. (NZMS1:114 143887) Russ, Bruce and Trev did a great job tossing packs and bods across a narrow pool, and fixing a

rope to help us up and over a small bluff one by one. We followed the Mohaka for a few hundred yards, through another outcrop of bright red crumbly rock, and there was the mine (NZMSL: 114 150905) or what some hopeful shareholders and propectors had hoped was a mine with as much gold as Coromandel. Unfortunately for them, it never produced more than traces, but the old adit goes in over 50 feet. We went into the depths and a few girls flew out again much faster than they entered when someone kindly showed them the inhabitants just over their heads; there were some beautiful cave wetas and large spiders with elegant long legs.

After we had all had a good look, and as it was raining heavily again, we had a billy boiling competition a little further downriver. The winning group took less than an hour and all four groups did light their fires. Some people now know the difference between gorse and manuka and it was also discovered that if one falls on one's back in a river, one gets wet. By the time we had all eaten it was almost sunny so we went down the river about a mile, crossing several sticky mud flows. The mineral content of the rocks there must be interesting as the rocks are red, green, shiny like metal with white quartz bands. The mud flows are pink, red and purple. There is a surveyor's bench mark at one point, but investigations made by the MOW in this area showed that it is too unstable to build a dam here as the Mohaka is deviated here North East along a major fault line. Thick kanuka grows along the bank with some very large trees and many signs of deer.

After another drink at the lunch site we went back the way we had come and only one person swam in the little tributary (to prevent overheating on the upgrade?) Back at the truck we had a snap gear check and were back on the main road just after dark.

A better trip than I had hoped for with the weather prospects and the shortness of the walk.

Leader: Liz Pindar      No. in party: 21

Party: Fiona Law, Colleen O'Malley, Kate O'Malley, Shona McAulay, Alan Holden, Stephen Braithwaite, Graeme Middleton, Geoff Orr, Trevor Plowman, Lillian Blakie, Leon Smith, Kevin Ayre, Mike Croucher, Geoff Robinson, Peter Manning, Miles Robertson, Bruce Perry, Beth Curtis, Joanne and Russ Perry.

#### SAWTOOTH '77

No. 1118

2 - 3rd July

Due to my well built Russian alarm clock not ringing, yours truly ended up late for his trip, so the truck was half an hour late leaving Holts. The usual game of scrapping occupied us for the trip and a heavy downpour as we reached the mill about 6.30 am changed any ideas of an early start.

We finally left the truck about 8 am, Bruce and Chris heading up the river while the rest of us used the overland track. We split into two equal sized groups and all reached the Tukituki River in reasonable time. Numerous stops were made going up river to wait for and help new members. The fire and hot drink waiting for us at Daphne Hut was most welcome.

At 3 p.m. eight of us left for Howletts Hut and despite the deteriorating weather conditions we arrived in two hours. Malcolm got a beauty fire going and tea was quickly cooked and demolished. We sat staring at our empty plates and were happiness filled to the gastrobes.

Waking at 8 a.m. on Sunday we found a dismal day covered with a fresh fall of snow during the night. What had been a roaring fire the previous night was now covered by  $\frac{1}{2}$ " of snow and the billies had a film of ice. By 10 a.m. we were ready to leave and our feet were ready to drop off with cold. Suddenly like a cork from a bottle, the door burst open and six hot puffing sweaty bods appeared. "Hello" "Goodbye" "See you at Daphne" we chattered through our teeth as we left. By racing walking, falling over, getting up, falling, crawling -..... somehow, we reached Daphne by 11.30 a.m.

After a feed and a hot drink we got the slower members on their way by 1 p.m. River travel was slow and very cold, and even colder for those members who loved to fall in. Snow was falling and a strong gusty wind didn't help matters. Dave located the beginning of the overland track and this was much easier going than the river. A good track to know of in case of flooding.

By 6 p.m. both parties had returned to the truck, everyone wet and cold due to the southerly change. With darkness falling, Les, Carol and Russell, the last of the group to reach the Moorcock junction, realised that Alan and Geoff were a considerable distance back up river and out of sight still. Russell remained on the river flats to ensure they did not miss the turnoff while Les and Carol returned to tell the others of the situation. It was some time afterwards that he returned also to report no sign of the missing pair. A search was mounted immediately with two possible areas being covered but by 8 O'clock this was called off and the truck was headed for home.

#### Monday:

6 a.m. and Russell, Malcolm and Bruce and myself left for the mill to continue the search. We still had the Mountain Safety radios with us from the weekend and we held frequent radio schedules with Napier and Peter Chard. Russell and I searched from the Moorcock to past Ranunculus Creek covering both river and overland routes while Malcolm and Bruce covered the river flats downstream.

By 10 a.m. neither party had had any success so we returned to the cars to await Peter Chard who was readying a larger operation. Here we found Geoff and Alan who had arrived just 5 minutes earlier and none the worse for their night out. Hot soup warmed everybody up and then we were off to the nearest farmhouse to ring Napier and confirm all was well. Thanks, Mrs. Kirby, for the hospitality and the coffee. Back to Napier to return the radios, then home for a clean up.

Leader: Graham Bailey      No. in party 18  
David Wilkins, Marcia Browne, Dave, Bruce and Russell Perry,  
Malcolm Ingpen, Glenn Armstrong, Chris Jones, Wendy Thorn,  
Les Hanger, Geoff Robinson, Mike Croucher, Beth Curtis, Carol  
Climo, Shona McAuley, Alan Thurston, Lillian Blakie

HINERUA - SMITHS CREEK

No. 1119

17th July

Having got 29 bods aboard the truck on a cold frosty morning, we headed off, but not before a short detour to pick up the driver's boots. On passing through Waipukurau we were waved down by three strangely dressed characters who had missed the truck from Holts (that made 32). Bypassing Ongaonga we travelled out Lookout Road stopping to check with the farmer that it was alright to drive along his farm road. (Alder Rd). Having arrived at the road head after some skilful driving on Peter Manning's part, we disembarked and prepared for the long slog up the spur to the start of Hinerua track. At the roadhead were the push bikes of Marcia Browne and Dave Perry who had biked up the day before and planned to come back with us.

Peter Berry, Greg Jenks and Wendy Thorn started on ahead and climbed on up to Paemutu for a look-see at the snow. The main party made good time into Hinerua Hut, arriving about 11 a.m. and it was decided to continue on to Smiths Creek Hut for lunch. From Hinerua Hut the track drops steeply down into a rough side creek with many tree jams and small drops till it reaches Smith creek. Here some of the wiser of the group decided to have lunch in the sun with dry feet, while the rest of us headed upstream and after several cold crossings arrived at Smiths Creek Hut. This hut could easily be missed as it is set high on the bank back in the shade. So far back that the water drums still had thick ice on them and we decided to return to the stream and light a fire, having lunch in the sun. We did not linger over lunch for too long for although the sun was out and the air very still it was also very cold.

After heading a short way up a side stream most of us climbed up the steep sides to avoid the log jams and eventually came out on a ridge after a bit of bush bashing and travelled this till we were able to look down on Hinerua Hut where we met Russell and Bruce Perry who had been along Sawtooth and had come in from the Mill the day before.

We all tramped out from here with all the parties arriving back at the truck by 5 p.m. and after tying the two push bikes on to the back of the truck (that made 34) we drove back to Hastings after a very enjoyable day of tramping.

Leader: Geoff Robinson No. in party 32

Peter Manning, Danny Bloomer, Wendy Thorn, Colleen O'Malley, Steven Braithwaite, Graham Middleton, Beth Curtis, Wendy Hill, Graham Bailey, Les Hanger, Kevin Ayre, Elizabeth Pindar, Clive Thurston, Alan Thurston, Dave Wilkins, Greg Jenks, Jim McIvor, Sarah Croucher, Mike Croucher, Quentin Daniels, Sally Brown, Joanne Smith, Frank Hooper, Peter Berry, Chris Jones, Lynne Sewtar, Glenn Armstrong, Jane Ball, Dyan Coombes, Miles Robertson.

AHIMANAWAS

No. 1120

30-31st July

Slow Party: 'Mushrooms and Deerstalkers'

We left in rain, with a dash of moans, topped with a 4 a.m. Saturday morning start. There were the usual squawks from the H.T.C. choir and a few scraps from the wrestling section.

It took an hours steady tramping to Te Iringa Hut, leaving from Clements Access Road. We all stopped and tested the bog, had a brew and then decided to split into two parties. The fast party consisted of thirteen members and the slower one of three members.

In the slower party 'Pipsqueak' and myself managed non-stop conversation all the day long. We had an enjoyable trip with plenty of photo stops thanks to 'Robin', purple mushrooms being the highlight. We made Oamaru Hut in approximately six hours and arrived to find Les and Bruce who had decided to go there when they reached the Kaipo. We had tea, talked more deerstalking and then hit the sack.

Next morning we left early, tramping along the track past more purple mushrooms, over the bridge and back to Te Iringa Hut which we reached at 2 p.m. After a brew and some 'bush poetry' from the log, we headed out to the road where we waited for the fast party to return.

Leader: Marcia Browne ('Piglett')

Party: Dave Perry ('Robin'), 'Pipsqueak' (Kevin Ayre), Les Hanger ('Des'), Bruce Perry

Fast Party: 'Randall, with the bright red hair'

We had lunch five minutes after the swingbridge on the Kaipo then, led by our fearless, red-headed leader, we proceeded up the Kaipo to the Kaipo Saddle which took about five hours. The track wanders all over the place with big logs everywhere and the area would be good in the summertime with camps around most corners.

Just after dark we reached Dunkirk Hut which is a pleasant hut in a good position. Leaving late next morning we continued up the Tauranga-Taupo for about twenty minutes then left the river at a sidestream which comes in on the true right. This track begins on the opposite bank from the side-stream and climbs rather steeply, following a ridge northeast. The track then drops down into another stream which it follows out to Hinemai Hut. We had lunch when we reached this second stream and when we reached Hinemai Hut we were told that it took about ten minutes in a car to get back to the truck by the road. Well, 2½ hours later we arrived at the truck. It was just on nightfall and the weather had turned to rain.

A good trip, with a lot of ground covered and a good appreciation gained of the bush in that area.

D.W.

Leader: Randall Goldfinch      No. in party: 13

Party: Graham Bailey, Alan Holden, Danny Bloomer, Michael Roberts, Stephen McAlister, Dyan Coombes, Chris Jones, Dave Wilkins, Glenn Armstrong, Peter Berry.

No. 1112 - Les Hanger's party.

As someone had to pick up the truck and Rhonda, seven of us decided to cross over from Waikarewhenua Hut to Tawhiwhi and go out to the truck the next day.

We took the right fork and followed the river up to some waterfalls. A steep spur led up to a ridge that led up to the top, so we followed it. At the top we worked out where we were and set off along the main ridge. Five minutes later, just as it began to rain, we stumbled onto an overgrown track and after following this for a while we found a marker pointing to Ngahirimai Hut (half an hour from Tawhiwhi). By now it was beginning to get dark and either we lost the track or it stopped because we had to drop down into a creek which we followed to the Whakatane River. We came out of the creek onto the track and ten minutes later we were at Ngahirimai. A culler named John was in residence and he boiled up a billy while we struggled out of our parkas. We were soon fed and pitted down.

Les got up early on Monday and set off for Tawhiwhi before breakfast, having decided they would have a fire going when he arrived. We got up some time later, had breakfast, gathered some firewood and headed for Tawhiwhi. We passed many people between Tawhiwhi and the truck, which we reached just after Les and Rhonda and the other party.

D.B.

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OURS FOREVER?

We all too often take for granted that the Ranges and Mountains will always be with us. True, they cannot leave in that sense, but will they always be there as a source of pleasure, a means of relaxation and a stimulus of good companionship? What if the trails all become broad, mud-wallow highways? the huts a gathering centre for larger and larger usage? What if every corner became a fixed deposit account for the sardine tins, the orange peel and the enigmatic bottle in hills full of water? Are our demands on firewood upsetting the cycle of decomposition and regeneration? Do we thoughtlessly still head for that tall and straight kauri sapling for the tent pole?..... Lots of questions, but do we have the answers? More importantly, do our answers coincide with what ought to be, or is your can under a rock next to mine!

Overuse of our trails and huts is already manifest. Are we to act now, or wait until our ranges no longer offer us what we seek? As a tramping club of long tradition, do each of us ensure that we leave the trails as we find them? Do we carry out the rubbish which has no place there? Should we be thinking in terms of scattering into small parties and different routes instead of 'invading' with an army of 60 boots.

These questions were prompted on reading the information set out on the back of a 'backpacking' map from a Canadian provincial park. The notes provided by the Ministry of Natural Resources contain these three rules. Read them and think...

1. Designated Campsites: Camping is permitted only at sites designated by a metal fire grill, indicated on the map. One fire grill means one campsite only.

2. Camping Party Size Limited to Nine: The number of individuals permitted to camp at one campsite is limited to nine. Many people argue that even this number creates an unacceptable impact on wilderness campsites. Parties having more than nine individuals may travel together but they must break up to camp at separate campsites.
3. Ban on Cans and Bottles: Non-burnable, disposable eating utensils or food and beverage containers are not permitted, except when such utensils and containers are specifically designed for repeated use, (but not including returnable beverage bottles, even though a deposit is charged). This rule is at present under Government consideration.

Do we need rules?

Do we appreciate what we have?

Can we keep it without rules, or will there soon be three cans under that rock!

R.P.

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#### ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

The 42nd Annual General Meeting will be held in the Radiant Living Hall, Warren St, North, Hastings following the usual fortnightly meeting on Wednesday, 19th October, 1977.

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#### SOCIAL NEWS

Birth: To Pam and Brian Turner, a daughter. Congratulations.

Bereavement: Our sympathy is extended to David Northe and his family on the recent loss of their father.

Welcome Home: To Warren Bayliss, from an extensive trip overseas  
To Phil & Els Bayens from a trip to Holland and Canada.

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#### NEW MEMBERS

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

Debbie Bayens and Greg Jenks.

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#### NEWSPAPER PUBLICITY

So that reports of club trips can be put in the newspapers on the 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.

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#### TRIP REPORTS

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

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#### TRUCK FOR SALE

We have a new truck, SOMEBODY buy our old one. 1957 A3 Bedford, reliable, good canopy with windows and back curtain. Still many miles in this vehicle which was recently repainted and has no rust. Phone Phil Bayens, 84498.

### RAFFLE RESULT

Some of you may remember a raffle that the club ran when we were gathering fund for the truck. The results have recently come to hand and are:

One cord of wood (or more): Dorothy Landdown

One sack of pinecones each: Evan Crawford, Mary Ormiston, Sarah Taylor and Frank Hooper.

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### SOCIAL COMMITTEE NOTICE

Wanted: Pre 1970 slides for the meeting on the 21st September. Older members' contributions would show younger members what it used to be like. People and places, the earlier the better. Would contributors please phone Dave Northe, (438193) so that he gets an idea of the number of slides available. Thanks.

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### RUGBY GAME AGAINST HASTINGS BOYS HIGH

Question: What's the difference between rugby players and trampers?

Answer: Rugby players run up and down the field, trampers walk everywhere.

Result: We lost to Hastings Boys High because they run faster than us. However, our fearless Club Captain did manage to score a try, evading the whole team as they poured down upon him. Meanwhile, everyone else enjoyed the game, the spectators more than the players I think.

The game was followed by a barbecue at Perry's and pounds of sausages and bread were snaffled by about 30 hungry bods, who then tried to scare our neighbours with their singing. The game may be repeated at the end of the rugby season. Thanks to Chris Jones for organising it. Look out, Boys High!

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### CHRISTMAS TRIP

Would people intending to go on this trip please send a deposit of \$10 to the leader, Dave Perry, 43 Freyberg Avenue, Napier, by 31st August. This is to cover the truck booking which is already made and to help with early planning of food and equipment.

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TYPISTS for this issue were Joan Manning, Barbara Taylor and Joanne Perry.

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### FIXTURES FOR MEETINGS

7th September	2nd November
21st September	16th November
5th October	30th November
19th October	14th December

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### TOPICAL TALES FROM LIZ

If upon the cliffs you'd play,  
Or chase a goat on Saturday,  
First you should join the H.T.C.,  
They don't believe in falling free!

(another gem on P.26)



PRIVATE TRIPS.  
RUAHINE CROSSING.

Around about February.

Triangle Hut -- Sounds good. So I jacked up a trip. Rang up 'Bill' Bailey, then Murray; they thought the idea sounded good too, so we all zoomed down Highway 50 and Mill Road in Murray's car.

We started off along the Tukituki River, very pleasant going in the sunshine, reaching Daphne Hut for smoko. We met some Forestry Hunters here, they didn't seem to know much about this Triangle Hut. Never mind, she'll be right. All that Kiwi wisdom told us to go anyway. We aimed at Howletts for lunch and another natter with a hunter. ('Triangle Hut? Never heard of it!') Never mind, she'll be right.....we climbed up Tiraha and enjoyed the clear veivs of Hawkes Bay.

Then came the crunch: should we go along the Sawtooth and down to Tarn Bivvy?-or- Never mind she'll be right.... You guessed it! we opted for Triangle. The going was fairly easy, along the tops over Tetekenga until we dropped down into the headwaters of the Oroua River. However our arrival at the Hut was delayed that day because one small "fragment" of our party was misplaced. We struck leatherwood, lost Murray, and ended up camping out that night.

Next morning after a good feed, we climbed down the waterfall alongside our camp, and arrived at Triangle Hut in approx 5 mins. The "fragment" was in the Hut cooking breakfast so we sat down and discussed the situation.

Because of the previous days ordeal and the time of day we decided to go on down the Oroua River to Irongate Hut and then out through Apiti to Palmerston North and home.

The river travel was pleasant, and we arrived at Iron Bark to meet the Manawatu Tramping Club on a day trip. We lunched and then travelled on downstream with them.

We reached the road and began to hitchhike towards Palmerston, arriving in good time at my cousins. We had a few beers, a feed, and decided to stay the night and go home Monday morning. We arrived back in Hastings for morning smoko. An enjoyable trip to recall.

Party:- Marcia Browne, Murray Ball, Graham Bailey.

WAIKAREMOANA YACHTING EXPEDITION

Easter 1977

Friday. We cruised up to Lake Waikaremoana on Friday morning in Trev's No.3 tank, towing the good sloop Foxy Lady. We launched her at Onepoto about 12.30pm, in terrific weather and set sail for Te Puna hut on the arm of the Lake. The mainsail and spinnaker up caused the yacht to "skim" across the lake. While lunching in the vicinity of Te Puna Hut, we were joined by two tired looking trampers, both perspiring profusely. We headed for Marauti after looking round Te Puna, and the breeze was still good on the lake.

Arriving at Marauti we began to discharge cargo under the disapproving eye of six trampers. Faint mumblings of Lazy - - - - were heard. A mountain of odds and ends finally

emerged from Foxy Lady - it is surprising what can be stowed under the deck. The entire entourage consisted of one yacht (approx 20 feet long), one rubber dinghy towed behind (contents 3 packs), four people and food for four days of communal cooking, plus an emergency supply of "water", assorted sweets to keep the energy level high, a couple of tents, another pack and assorted and essential boating bits. eg. bailer. We spent a comfortable night in Marauti in the company of some Auckland Technical Institute trampers.

Saturday. Up at dawn, we went for a quiet paddle to see if the fish were hungry. A few were jumping and we had the lines out but the peace and quiet was shattered by Joe 90 and his Fizzy boat, as Trev is wont to call them. I could think of other unprintable names especially as the fish steered clear for the rest of the weekend. Putting in to land after paddling about 20 minutes, we ran over the ridge to the inlet the other side.

Returning to Marauti for breakfast which had been prepared by Di again. After cleaning up and saying goodbye to the A.T.I. bods, Chris and Di decided to walk to the Korokoro Falls. Trev and I decided we'd like to see if there were fish in that lake and arranged to meet Chris and Di down the coast by the track turn off. Leisurely sun bathing on deck with the line out the back, we slowly drifted towards Korokoro. We had a little bit of trouble finding the inlet, but we succeeded after a few circles of the immediate area. We had lunch on the sandy shore and joined the A.T.I. bods who were on the trip to Korokoro. Trev posed at the top for a picture then rejoined us.

We left the inlet and headed towards Waiopaoa for a look, thinking we might spend Sunday night there. The hut was full, but the inlet was a great anchorage. Hearing a few voices over the other side we offered one guy from the ATI party a ride across the inlet then headed back to Marauti. The weather had clouded over a bit, the temperature had dropped and the wind was a bit unpredictable. We had to sail fairly close to shore to make use of the available wind, the water not being too deep close in. I'm not sure how it happened but a discussion about whether anyone had fallen overboard from Foxy Lady came about. Trev at this time was standing on the bow of the boat holding the mooring line in his teeth looking for shallows. We could see whitish areas of clay to the side of the boat and being fairly close to shore we eventually struck a bit with the keel of the yacht. Trev looked a bit like a ballerina but couldn't quite keep his balance and belly-flopped into the cool, crisp waters of Waikaremoana. With a few curses he frantically climbed back on deck, only to be told that as he was already wet, he may as well push the boat off the mud. A few more curses and we got under way again. The wind by this time had picked up a bit and we made fast time back to Marauti.

Tea was organised and eaten and then some sat and festered while others went outside to gaze at the stars. It was a beautiful clear night, breezy with a bit of cloud. Trev came outside and suggested a paddle up the inlet to see if anything was happening in the Fizz boat camp around the other

part of the inlet. We left a carbide going onshore so we could guide ourselves back and paddled quietly up to the corner. Some trampers were camped on the peninsula, every thing quiet around their camp, so we paddled out further until we could see the lights of the "boaties" camp. One boat had lights on, floating out from shore. I had my carbide aboard, so I primed it up until it had a good head of gas, then let her rip. The resulting bang sounded like a .303 going off, and the echo lasted for about three repeats. The other boat's occupants swore loudly and we were pinpointed by a spotlight. We sure stirred up their camp a bit, eh what? It took longer to paddle back into a head wind, but luckily the carbide was still going. We anchored, then hit the pit.

Sunday: The weather was still holding off, but the wind was stronger and gusty. We loaded all the gear aboard, and heading for Waiapaoa for the night, after saying goodbye to the hut occupants. It was a bit tricky piloting out of the inlet. We had to tack which combined with the wind, made ~~the~~ life interesting. It was very gusty out of the inlet and we could see the wind gusting across the lake, stirring the water noticeably. We made Waiopaoa without shipwreck although I was slightly nervous. The wind was still fairly strong so we decided it was landlubbing time. Grabbing a parka and some chocolate we headed for Panekiri. It was a quick trip with no packs, three of us arriving in 1 hour 35 min. 1 hour 40 min and 1 hr 45mins respectively. Diane couldn't quite make it because of a sore ankle. It was not a very pleasant sight weatherwise from Panekiri, with clouds skudding across the sky. We said another hello to the ATI bods who were spending the night at Panekiri and heading out Monday morn for Auckland, then we headed back to Waiopaoa, Chris running all the way with a time of 55 minutes. Trev and I were slightly slower. We organised tea and spent a very enjoyable evening in the company of Rat, Dog and Kumera, with Watermelon for supper. Weather: raining lightly, wind strong.

Monday: It was not a pretty sight that greeted us. The wind was very strong with waterspout things out in the lake. We attempted to sail out on the jib as the wind was too strong for the mainsail to be used safely with four people and gear aboard. We didn't make much progress so we returned to Waiopaoa where Trev worked on rigging the jib as the main sail so the boat could be controlled better.

I decided about 3 o'clock that if they were sailing out in those conditions, I would prefer to walk over the tops. I grabbed my gear and took off up Panekiri, reaching the hut just on dark to discover that my carbide supply was sadly depleted. I spent a comfortable night in Panekiri and made an early start for Onepoto on Tuesday morning. On the way down I smelt a deer, and about 20 yards later, a noise in the bush to the right made me stand still. A fairly big stag was about 100 yards away through the foliage, and as I was downwind, he couldn't smell me. He stood there for a couple of minutes, and then moved off when I started moving down the track. I took 2 hours to go from Panekiri hut to Onepoto and was a bit surprised to find the Rover parked at the foot of the track, especially as I had the ignition key.

Apparently the wind had dropped about 5.00pm and the crew minus one had paddled to the narrows. With dark upon them and a new found wind, the yacht with the dinghy in tow had made good time across the main lake back to Onepoto. Navigation was with compass and judgement of the relative sizes of black

shapes eg. when Panekiri was 45° above they were 2000ft. out in the lake. Berthing at Onepopo they burgled the car and awaited my descent from Panekiri.

D.N.

Those participating were:

Trev Plowman Captain Chris Ward Admiral  
Dianne Prince Cook Dave Northe Stevedore  
and Foxy Lady - The fantastic flying fifteen.

### WAITOMO CAVES.

June 19th.

I spent Friday night in Rotorua then collected two blokes early on Saturday. Two hours later we arrived at Waitomo to be met by several more people and be abused for being late. After a quick bite to eat we changed into our cave gear at the Hamilton Tomo Club Headquarters and motored back down the road some way, wandered down a steep hill then across a swamp into the cave.

Lee's Swamp Cave is so named because the access to it is through this darned swamp. Once inside you are in a fissure about 3ft wide (average) and about 50ft high. There is always water flowing along the floor. There are obstacles at intervals, rock falls to climb over or to squeeze under through the mud. This fissure goes roughly in a straight line for  $\frac{1}{4}$  mile or more at different levels until it reaches a small cavern which has a large waterfall flowing down it in three stages.

From the bottom of the first stage you clamber down for about 20feet beside the falls, then you are lowered over a ledge on a rope ladder for another 20feet or so, this time down the falls itself. You reach the bottom soaked through, freezing cold and your lamp extinguished by the water. From here a gallery runs across the bottom of the falls about 6 - 8ft high and about as wide. A deepish stream flows through this.

We wandered off upstream for a while, seeing the occasional glowworm, then turned back when somebody suggested it. The icy water was waist deep in parts. The only way out was back up that darned waterfall again, returning to daylight four hours after entering the fissure. (I hope this is not just a winter sport). After an enforced dip in a cold stream I dragged myself, quite worn out, back to the ute to change my clothes.

Back at club H.Q. we had more to eat, listened to the last bit of the first Test, then headed back to Rotorua in time for liquid refreshments before tea.

Rob Snowball.

### EAST FACE - 66.

9-10th July.

This was one trip that had been tempting us for some time so it was an enthusiastic pair who steered the car in the direction of the Ruahines on Friday night. The East Face of 66 or Te Atuaoparapara, is one of the more challenging pieces of the Ruahines and had not been successfully completed for some time. So keen were we that cloud formations quietly crowning the range from its western slopes seemed in the

brilliant moonlight to be snow-capped peaks and great feats were planned....

The car was left at the roadside by Triplex Base and after a brief return to the car for forgotten items we were on our way. The route to Triplex Saddle and hence to Waipawa Chalet was chosen on the merits of dry warm feet and a roughly equivalent travel time by torchlight. Neither were valid. The time factor we won't tell you about. As for dry warm feet - the Saddle route still leaves one simple crossing to negotiate, and WE BOTH FELL IN!!! And this only a hundred yards from the hut too. Onto the mattresses we plunged with the alarm set for 6 a.m. and the theory of "We've had our bad luck - only good can follow" to sleep on.

Somehow 5 hours sleep never seems enough. Nonetheless, we rapidly cooked breakfast, sorted day packs, stowed spare gear and were on our way by seven. Determined not to repeat last night's dunking, considerable care was taken recrossing the Waipawa River. The rocks were well glazed with ice but some fancy footwork put the far bank in reach and we were onto the river flats of boulders and gravel. These flats are criss-crossed by smaller streams one of which will be long remembered by Bruce as he sat contemplating the future of the trip while its icy waters soothed his sweaty brow...and... back.. and legs...and...+"%&()@%&+ COLD (translated means "Rather chilly, what! "). Despite a dampening of spirits we pressed on past the forks and into the North Waipawa.

The bed of this branch rapidly narrows and progress becomes interesting. Boulder hopping and rock grasping skills are soon automatic until a second major fork is reached. Unfortunately, at this time Bruce was high on the bank and I was in the stream bed and the slope between us wasn't too inviting. Snow and ice were already presenting their difficulties. Having made our separate ways to this point, we decided to try and make our own progress up the right branch of the stream, Bruce via the leatherwood and myself via the waterfalls and creek. I made good progress but soon lost voice contact with Bruce. My calls went unanswered except for endless echoes in the small valley..Bruce, high in the leatherwood, heard my echoes coming from below in the stream bed, concluded I had problems or I wouldn't still be down there, and returned to investigate. I admired his restraint upon seeing me up the creek some 200 feet or so above him. He assured me however, that leatherwood had lost none of its characteristics and the creek climb offered better chances of an approach to the Face.

Working together, we rapidly climbed up the narrow gut. Crampons made movement considerably easier and the broad snow-covered slope leading to the steep rock and ice was a welcome rest and snack stop. The confusion below and the climb from the creek had taken the morning from us though, and the hardest work was yet to come.

Sidling across to the first of two long, narrow couloirs leading to the final section was enough to tell us we would be on crampons all day. The ice was thereto stay with the sun already off the face. The odd piece of falling rock and ice down these natural chutes kept us to the sides of them and added a little spice to the work. Leading in turns we

gradually cramponned up the first couloir. The top of this gave us a little amusement. Bruce cramponned backward down a narrow chimney to circle a difficult rock piece while I attempted to climb around. The sustained effort involved here and the final pull out to better ground shot my thighs into cramp. We both sat there and howled, me in pain and he in riotous laughter. Really! The humour of some people! Into some glucose tablets and chocolate, then away again.

The route to the second couloir led across some steep and icy slopes but with this done, the top was almost at hand. One long sharp front-pointing haul of 200' a couple of precariously balanced camera shots just for the record, and over the crest into a bitter Sou-westerly. Eight hours from the Chalet and the top was ours.

"This calls for a celebration. Here, have another glucose tablet."

With 3 hours of daylight left we decided on the longer return route of Armstrong Saddle, down to Triplex Saddle and back to the Waipawa Chalet this way. Unfortunately, two things slowed us up. The climb had taken more out of me than I had thought so a food stop was taken on the top, and secondly, the snow covering on the tussock and leatherwood was just enough to send you crashing through on every second step - very frustrating at this time of day. By the time we arrived at Shuteye darkness was falling. We stopped only briefly here for a further refuel then off down the track. Trying to avoid the use of torches until as late as possible however proved a costly mistake. There is a high trail which leads to Triplex Saddle and a low route which leads to Triplex Creek, and we ran right past the high trail turnoff. Didn't even see it! Running out of the bush onto shingle flats comes as something of a surprise when you expect to be hundreds of feet higher on a well marked signposted trail, particularly when the creek you see is recognised to be a whole valley over from where you want to be!

With a bit of thrashing around in the trees we located the flood route to Triplex Hut and covered this in pretty smart time. Just short of the Hut, we loaded all of our gear into my pack and I headed out to the car while Bruce returned over the Saddle to the Chalet for the remainder of our gear. The keys to the car were at the Chalet so, after unloading the gear, I headed up the Waipawa River to meet Bruce. He had made good time, and after scoffing a brew kindly prepared by bods already in the hut, was well on the way out when we met. Back to the car by 10 o'clock. 15 hours on the move, a few errors, but 66 was ours.

Russell and Bruce Perry.

#### A BICYCLE TRIP FOR TWO.

16th-17th July.

Once upon a time, a bandy legged frog (without any warts on his tail) and an oversized princess became affected by a spell of madness.

Leaving Napier on a cold misty night, two rattly bicycles weaved their way over to Hastings headlights barely glowing - a good night for goblins - we actually called into Glenn Armstrong's home and sat gobblin' cookies. Finally

arriving at my parents home, we pitched a fairly dry camp in the lounge and settled for the night.

Awake at the crack, snapple, pop of Sanitarium's good living Rice Bubbles, our two adventurous and slightly mad cyclists set off on their Tour de Highway 50 at approx, 9.30am. After a blowout and subsequent tyre repair, the Tikokino pub crawled into sight about 1.30 pm where we tested our eyesight on the pool table and quenched our thirst at the bar.

Rested, but not fortified, we pedalled in beautiful sunshine to the Wakarara Road junction. Here, Russell and Bruce had dropped packs and iceaxes earlier in the day. The madness started to wear thin as we contemplated the distant Ruahines and the weight of our gear, but....well maybe it wasn't that far to go....!

"C'mon Browne, wake up! Tea's ready", 10.30pm at Hinerua Hut. Thank you Alf Reeves for the cup of tea and the ride over the last five miles to the end of Alder Road. Alf farms way up the back there - he must be well into his golden years now - was around in '38 at the Armstrong plane crash - an acquaintance of Norm Elder, and of Marcia's grandfather ("as mad as a meat-axe" so he understood why we were in the Ruahines with two run-down push bikes and four run-down legs but still determined to get to Hinerua).

7.30am. "Are you awake?" "No!"  
"What's for breakfast?" "I cant answer - I'm not awake yet".

Not a bad day really. We left the hut about 9.30 and wandered up Hinerua ridge to Paemutu, passing Russell and Bruce who had crossed Sawtooth in the early hours of the morning. Some fantastic views of white-cloaked ranges and Ruapehu a focal point on the horizon.

As we descended from Paemutu, Wendy, Peter and Greg, part of the H.T.C. group in for the day, climbed past on their way to the top. They later joined us for lunch and hilarious sliding capers in the snow.

There is a limit to our level of insanity and we accepted the ride home from the H.T.C. with much appreciation.

"Shall we do it again sometime?"

"Yeah... maybe next year."

Dave & Marcia.

### SAWTOOTH.

July 16th - 17th 1977

We managed a not so early 11 o'clock start from Hastings, but as we were only hoping to reach Howletts Hut on Saturday, we weren't in too much of a hurry. Leaving the car at Mill Farm at about 12.30 pm we followed the Tukituki River up to Centre Tuki (Daphne) Hut. The river was fairly low and the hut was reached at 2.30 pm.

After a fairly lazy rest stop, we bombed off up to Howletts. Up to the bushline the going was good, but from there on a fresh fall of snow made rather hard work and caused much frustration as we continually broke through the crusty surface. We reached Howletts at 5.15 pm to settle in for

what we thought would be a cold night. However, a stiller night couldn't have been asked for and as the cloud below the hut cleared, the lights of the cities along Hawke Bay provided a fantastic view.

Not being able to sleep, I checked my watch sometime during the night, to discover that it had stopped. As we wanted to get an early start while the snow was still hard, we decided it must be time to get up, so we had a fairly hefty breakfast and headed off for Tiraha.

With crampons on, we reached the top of the main divide where we pulled out our torches to find the true top of Tiraha and the beginning of the Sawtooth Ridge. Now we were faced with a series of knobs to climb up and over some steep and some not so steep.

One thing puzzled us, though: where was the sun? We kept searching the horizon expectantly but we had got halfway along Sawtooth before the faint light of dawn appeared. Hate to think what time we got up - it must have been close to 1.30 am. Ho hum, can't stop for a sleep now.

We continued along Sawtooth, over Ohuinga and down to Hinerua Hut where we met the club day trip party. It was a beautiful day and after our early start, a 1½ hour rest for lunch was much appreciated. We then headed back to the car via Foot's Mistake and Mill Farm, losing about 45 minutes looking for the beginning of the track through the bush.

A very enjoyable and rewarding day.

Russell and Bruce Perry.

#### RECENT SAR OPERATIONS.

In the past few months S.A.R. operations have been taking a turn towards operations that the local organisation doesn't usually have to deal with.

The latest incident concerned two 15 year old boys who got themselves stuck on a cliff above the beach on the way to Cape Kidnappers. They had been walking home along the top of the cliffs and after taking a short cut found themselves stuck on the cliff about 100 ft. above the beach.

The Police notified us at 6.30pm on the Saturday night and after some two or three phone calls I managed to locate the Perry family who were just about to sit down for a meal of crayfish etc. So much for the feed - we were on our way from the Napier Police Station within  $\frac{3}{4}$  of an hour, heading for Clifton.

It appeared from early reports that the locals had the situation well under control with tractors at the top and bottom of the cliff. However on arrival at Clifton it was found that no contact had been made with the boys from above so we were given a ride on a trailer towed by a tractor which took us some two to three miles up the road to the Cape. From there we walked (aided by torches) towards the top of the cliffs above the boys. Unfortunately we ran into a couple of deep gullies which were 200 to 300 ft deep and this prevented us reaching the top of the cliff in the dark.

By this time however one of the Police SAR squad members



had reached the bottom of the cliff and he felt it would be possible to climb to the boys from the bottom so we retraced our steps and set off for Clifton domain and the beach, the return trip being made in and around the Hasting Fire Services Emergency Tender. Dave Perry was offered a lift back on the back of a trail bike so this gave him a bit of a head start and a chance to have a look at the cliff before we arrived.

By the time we arrived (somewhere around 9.00pm) Dave had tried one route straight up the cliff without success and was just in the process of climbing another route further along the cliff with the aim of getting above the boys and sidling around them. The climbing was hampered mainly by the dark and the soil condition of the cliffs. The cliff face is continually moving with various lumps of papa and clay dropping around the climbers all the time. Russell and Bruce both joined Dave on the face. Bruce followed up behind Dave to give assistance while Russell had a look at an "L" shaped slot. The main problem from the climbing aspect was caused by the lack of stable ground to get a good footing and all three found that the only way to climb was to use snow and ice techniques using ice hammers, crampons etc.

Russell's attempt turned out to be the most successful and after a sustained effort he managed to get himself up the first vertical section and into a steep-sided gut back from the edge of the cliff. Dave and Bruce then returned having not had much luck higher up and with the aid of a rope quickly they joined Russell. The three then climbed over a slightly easier part of the face to the boys who were then returned the same way and were lowered down the last part of the cliff after being given a quick course in abseiling.

The whole operation went off extremely well and every one returned to Clifton around about midnight. The club also got some very good front page publicity from the operation because a photographer from the Herald Tribune turned up to cover the complete rescue on film.

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The club also took part in a second operation to recover a lost aircraft which was reported missing on 8th July, 1977. The official alert was made at 12.30 am on 8.7.77 and we were advised that the Airforce would have a search aircraft operation over the flight path from 7.00 am on Saturday morning.

Initial investigation revealed that the missing aircraft had left Auckland earlier in the day for a direct flight to Waipukurau where it had arrived approximately 3.30pm. After a short stop on the ground it then took off for a return flight to Auckland. The only radio communication that was heard from the aircraft was at a point 25 minutes out of Waipukurau. At this point the aircraft was at 7000ft and the pilot was asking a Friendship for weather information.

An enclosed summary of the log outlines the operation that followed. A large number of personnel were taken into the field in case carrying was necessary. It took most of the day to complete the operation because nothing could be touched until the air accident inspector had viewed the wreckage.

G.R.T.

Summary of Events from Log:-

0050 9/7/77. Received advice from Regional Co-ordination Centre that aircraft was overdue.  
0600 Alerted all search personnel to be on 15 min. stand-by from 0700.  
0745 Monitored search operation from Control Tower at Napier Airport.  
0940 Airforce Devon located missing aircraft at map reference N124 080670.  
1005 Police SAR Squad left for scene of accident.  
1045 Search teams left for field  
1130 Visual sighting of aircraft.  
1200 SAR Squad arrived at aircraft and Confirmed that there were no survivors.  
1800 (approx) Search teams returned from the field after carrying out the necessary clearing operations.

Those attending included:

1. Cliff rescue: Russell, David, Bruce and Kevin Perry, Chris Jones, Glenn Armstrong and Graham Thorp.
2. Plane Crash: Russell, Bruce and David Perry, Alan Thurston, Geoff Robinson, David Northe, Peter McBride, Les Hanger, Peter Manning Trevor Plowman and Graham Thorp.

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More from Liz...

Dave thought the ice,  
Was very nice,  
And on it he did climb... till,  
With a roar and a bang,  
And a ho, hum, h.e.l.p.,  
He slid down on his .....

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NOTE FROM THE EDITOR

We now have access to facilities for printing pictures and drawings in the Pohokura. So anyone with even the slightest gift for sketching would be most welcome to contribute something for the next magazine. And so would anyone who likes to write an article or poem. Please don't leave all the thinking to me... This applies to members who are out of the area or who are no longer active in tramping but still have interesting things to contribute to the Pohokura.

### 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

Russell Perry, phone 88828

Liz Pindar, phone 67889

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.

#### AUGUST

27-28

Waikaremoana

From Putere up Waireka Road, walk through to Waiapaoa Hut on Waikaremoana. Fit ones up to Panekiri or on to Marauti. 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

OCTOBER

22-23-24 Tararuas

Mount Holdsworth is the target, but the trip will include as much as possible of the divide. Ideas on this one to the leader.

Map N 157

Leader: Danny Bloomer

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

19-20 SAR Exercise

At this stage, probably for experienced members only. Graham Thorp will give further information. Depending on those not going, a weekend trip may be possible as well.

DECEMBER

4 Tutaekuri

From Gold Creek junction to River Road. A chance to explore the lower Tutaekuri.

Map N 123

Leader: Bruce Perry

11 Christmas Party

A chance for the 77/78 Social Committee to show us their hand.

18-19 Te Hoe River

Pleasant, wet river trip. Good fun, beaut country. A popular trip last time.

Map N 104

Leader: Les Hanger

24 Dec Christmas Trip

- 8 Jan South Island. Tramping, camping, climbing, relaxing trip in the Matukituki Valley, below Mount Aspiring. This has endless possibilities and promises to be great fun.

Leader: Dave Perry

JANUARY

14-15 Kaimanawas

Randall is exploring possibilities around the Tauranga-Taupo River or Waimarino. Follow the red hair.

Leader: Randall Goldfinch

Maps: Kaimanawa Forest Park, plus N 102, 103, 112, 113

29 Lilo Trip

River to be chosen.

Leader: Trevor Plowman

FEBRUARY

4-5-6 Northern Kawekas

Mangatainoka Hut to Te Puke Hut to Mangaturutu Hut to<sup>2</sup> Makino Hut. Hope you are fit.

Map N 113

Leader: Glenn Armstrong

12 Esk River

Exploring gorges above Eskdale. A beginners trip, good day for dunking the leader... Peter Manning

25-26 Western Ruahines

To Pourangaki Hut with the possibility of a fit party going to Iron Peg or south to Pourangaki and down Dirty Spur.

Map N 140

Leader: Marcia Browne