

HERETAUNGA TRAMPING CLUB (INC)

BOX 447, HASTINGS

"P O H O K U R A"

Bulletin No. 137

December 1977

PRESIDENT: Mr. P. Bayens,
St. Georges Road North, Hastings
Phone 84498

SECRETARY: Mr. D. Perry,
43 Freyberg Avenue, Tamatea, Napier.
Phone 436156

TREASURER: Miss J. Smith,
1009E Heretaunga Street, Hastings
Phone 68249

CLUB CAPTAIN: Mr. R. Perry,
Lyndhurst Road, Hastings
Phone 88828

ANNUAL REPORTS.

PRESIDENT'S REPORT:

Our 42nd Annual General Meeting and we are still going strong. So strong in fact that I am looking forward to our 50th Anniversary.

Going through the Pohokura I am staggered at the distances being covered on some of the trips. Of course road heads are getting pushed further back, and this brings me to my first point. Are our National and Forest Parks getting smaller, or more popular? The second one is very true. On our overseas travels we visited some National Parks and the amount of sight seers was frightening. Some trails are temporarily closed down so that nature can recover from the punishment people give it. Let us hope we will never reach this stage in New Zealand.

As a Tramping Club we should consciously safe-guard our stamping grounds and beware of stupid acts of vandalism which unnecessarily upset Nature's delicate balance.

This brings me to my second point. By all means test your endurance and stamina on an all out trip, but at the same time don't forget to sit down occasionally and let it sink in what you are doing, or sit down on a high knob and look at the surroundings, unspoilt, untouched. It might not be there forever.

A club consists out of givers and takers. Takers very few (thank goodness) and very far apart, but occasionally one crops up:- takes everything, contributes nothing, has no regards for the feelings and wishes of other members; in other words is a menace to society and often to themselves.

Most members are givers at some time or another. The mere fact that they become members and support the trips and cooperate in general is already a form of giving.

Serving in the committee is another form of giving (the most honoured I would say). When asked to serve on the committee make sure before agreeing that you can spare the time and are willing to put in the effort. We do not have many meetings but at them the daily running and the future of the club is decided.

Attendances of members of the committee at four meetings:

L. Hanger	4	M. Taylor	3
P. Manning	4	E. Pindar	3
K. Thompson	3	R. Perry	4
J. Smith	2	R. Goldfinch	3
B. Perry	4	M. Ball	1
G. Thorp	4	G. Bailey	3
T. Plowman	3	P. Bayens	4

Further, I would like to thank all our committee members for their support, in particular Graham (and Marilyn) and Jackie - they have got quite a job.

P.B.

CLUB CAPTAIN'S REPORT:

The ease of the Club Captain's task is to me a measure of the support he receives. My year in this role has certainly been a pleasurable and satisfying one and I have always received this support in a willing and cheerful fashion. The calls for manning working bees on fruit bins and truck, the requests for supporting social evenings and taking part in out-of-club activities, all have been answered fully. The ground work to this success must to no small degree be accredited to Peter Manning, our 1976 Club Captain, and the amount of time he must have dedicated to this task. Thanks, Peter

Though the Club did not travel far afield this last Christmas, we have once again seen a good portion of the central North Island. The Kaweka and Ruahine Ranges have suffered our boots 7 and 11 times respectively, while the Kaimanawa, Ahimaniwa and Urewera Ranges, Tongariro National Park, and Glenfalls, Boundary Stream and Lake Waikaremoana have also been good venues for some interesting trips.

Trips have been well supported despite a particularly wet winter and an economy which seems bent on hitting the tramper through the chocolate biscuit, the sleeping bag and the price of petrol. The 12 day trips were attended by 323 trampers, and the 14 weekend or longer trips by 210. Both figures show a slight increase over last years's figures (30 & 1) and give us an average day and long trip attendance of 27 and 15. This lends support to the feeling that the Club is thriving and its active core is gaining fresh members all the time. Though the goals outlined in the fixture list have not always been adhered to, some very worthwhile tramps have been made such as

the East-West traverse of the Ruahine Divide in winter, and the pleasant day of explorations and rope instruction at Boundary Stream. The number of private trips made by club members is high too, and deeds of great skill and endurance have been completed. (!)

The increase in numbers of trampers, including many of a young and less experienced group, poses some questions which need to be thought about by all. Do we, by travelling to and tramping through a specific part of the ranges, have too great an impact on the environment of that area and extend too far the limits of tracks and huts? Should we deliberately plan two trips each time to share a common transport but move to different areas? It is probable that one trip would be for fit members and one for slower less experienced ones with a less ambitious goal. Should we then assign by (perhaps) a roster system 2 or 3 seasoned trampers to take this second party, to oversee its preparation and to go on its trip? This way the task would be shared by all and could be a valuable way of sharing our individual skills. Give these ideas some thought.

I would like to thank all leaders of trips, and a special thanks to those who make our trips so enjoyable - our team of drivers. I thank Kevin Ayre for reminding us we were all once "Pip-squeaks", and everyone for contributing their bit to the H.T.C. On behalf of the Club I would like to thank the N.Z.F.S. for the use of their huts and services rendered, and also land owners for their help and permission in crossing their land.

R.P.

SOCIAL COMMITTEE REPORT:

The Guy Fawkes party held at Te Awanga and the Christmas Party held at Dartmoor saw a fairly large crowd turning out for both. Most seemed to enjoy themselves. The social side of meetings has seen quite a few slide showings, occasionally broken by quizzes, and talks from the training committee on boots, packs, sleeping bags and food.

The two Mountain Safety films on river crossing and tramping were also shown. A talk by Mary Jeal on archaeological sites around Hawke's Bay was also arranged, and proved very interesting.

A slide competition failed to eventuate this year due to lack of quantity.

A rugby game between Hastings Boys High and H.T.C. saw a good turnout at the game and later at the Perrys' for a barbeque.

On behalf of the Social Committee I would like to thank those people who fronted up at short notice due to changes in planned events. Also thanks to the washers and wipers who have helped during the year.

D.C.N.

HUT TRACK AND FIXTURE:

This year we have again had more than our fair share of wet weather on tramps. Apart from this everything on the trip side is running smoothly. One weekend trip and one day trip were cancelled because of working parties repairing bins.

If you have an idea for a trip or some area you may wish to visit, your suggestion will be most welcome. A note handed to any member of the trip committee is the best method to bring results.

HUTS: Waikamaka hut remains in good condition with nothing in urgent need of attention.

Kiwi Saddle Hut needs a new window and steelwork on the new chimney requires painting.

Kaweka hut requires a complete repaint and the despatch of a family of rats which have taken up residence. Now that this hut is within very easy reach of the road, maintenance may be high because of vandalism.

Plans are also under way regarding two other huts in the ranges which require work urgently to keep them available for further use.

P.M.

TRAINING COMMITTEE REPORTS:

The training committee has held meetings as required during the year and planned a number of successful events. The compass courses at Tomoana Showgrounds began too late in the year to make full use of daylight saving but were enthusiastically attended. Lively debates have been held at Club meetings on the pros and cons of different packs, boots, parkas, sleeping bags and the suitability of the revised equipment lists. A number of films pertinent to good tramping were screened.

Topics planned for the future include first aid, orienteering and river crossing. A number of members attending the Mountain Safety Committee Bushcraft Course gained valuable knowledge. Experienced members have also attended Search and Rescue exercises, improving their knowledge of these operations.

These activities, combined with a continuing training programme during trips, will ensure a balanced introduction to tramping skills for our less experienced members.

T.S.P.

SEARCH AND RESCUE:

Land search and rescue is becoming more and more specialised as the years go by and it has now reached the stage where 90 per cent of the operations are being carried out by small fit and experienced teams with helicopter support. This fact

has been illustrated in the latest statistics released by the Police. These show that in the past year alone the number of civilian man hours involved in operations was reduced by over 9000 even though there was an increase in the number of operations. Helicopter usage increased by approximately 50 % over the same period.

The result of this trend is that clubs must now maintain their SAR teams at a higher level of fitness and experience if they are to continue an active role within the organisation. The number of organisations participating in SAR has meant that man power is not a problem anymore. It is now more a case of spreading the workload so that all organisations can participate in operations.

Future exercises will be concentrating on training team leaders with a greater level of experience and understanding of the problems involved with the running and control of the operations.

Over the past year the club has been involved in three rescue operations and several alerts for people overdue. The rescue operations involved a search for a fisherman who was drowned in the Mohaka River, the recovery of two men killed in a light aircraft crash near Te Pohue and a night rescue of two boys who were trapped on the cliffs on the way to Cape Kidnappers.

Club members have also attended two SAR Exercises one up the Willow Flat Road which was a combined operation with Gisborne and one in the Pohangina Valley which was a combined operation for most of the Southern North Island.

All club members who took part in the operations did an excellent job and I would like to thank all the members for their assistance over the past year.

G. R. T.

TRUCK:

We have wheels and we will travel, and we have travelled since the new truck has been on the road. A total of 3323 so far, with many more still to be done.

We have had fitted so far, a boot box that is just the thing for wet and muddy boots, a box cupboard come seat inside the canopy for the stretcher, tools and incidentals, intercom phones and a buzzer. The canopy has been lined, paint bought but still has to be applied.

All that remains to be done now is the top of the canopy to be welded just above the water trough, the canopy rubbed down all over and the final coat of paint and the monograms applied. Then we can stand back and look at it with pride.

For all that has been done by members and well-wishers of the club, many thanks.

But we still have the old one. Someone please buy it.

L. I. H.

P.S. The only work needed on the canopy now is the final coat on the outside.

GEAR:

- 6 -

During the year 30-9-76 to 1-10-77 club gear has been well used - a total of 124 borrowings, principally of boots. There were 61 separate hirings of boots which when broken down gives 13 for 5's, 17 for 6's, 6 for 7's, 10 for 8's, 5 for 9's, 2 for 10's and 2 for 11's, with 6 unspecified; 14 packs were borrowed 12 items of clothing mainly woollen trousers and a shirt; 11 ice-axe usages, for club trips; 15 tent borrowing; 5 for the sleeping bag; 4 for the ropes; and 1 each for lilo and sleeping bag cover. During the year a pair of crampons were donated and a frame pack and a pair of size 7 boots bought (a very useful size).

Unfortunately 2 pairs of small boots have gone beyond repair and 2 worn out frameless packs were discarded.

A decision has been made to let only club members or those going on club trips, use the gear hire service, as the wear and tear is greater than we can afford to buy replacements, as all receipts this year have been going to pay off the truck. Expenses = \$23.12 of which \$15.12 came straight out of receipts and \$8.00 from club funds.

Taken \$74.00 Refund \$1.00 \$73.00 profit.

E. R. P.

LIBRARY:

Receipts - 20c. Issues 14

There are interesting books available, preferably for a little donation, but the lack of space to display them and store them (as 40 or more cannot fit into the cupboard), is a hindrance to greater use. Have we any carpenter who could donate a large cupboard; as we received permission to have one in the hall.

We received a donation of 'Antarctic Adventure, by Sir Vivian Fuchs and have also acquired a new booklet on Land Search and Rescue and a pamphlet on the Tangoio and Boundary Stream Reserves.

E. R. P.

PUBLICITY:

When trip reports are handed to me early in the week, the newspaper reports generally come out the same week, although sometimes typographically and geographically rather confused. However, if trip leaders do not contact me, I am not going to chase them for a report, as the newspapers both prefer to have the material on hand and put it in where it fits. The vest publicity we had this however had nothing to do with me, and even had photos attached, as a cliff rescue was a bit out of the ordinary.

E. R. P.

PHOTO ALBUM:

Unfortunately, the Club photograph album has suffered another year of poor contributions. Three members have presented some excellent photographs with a few memorable

shots of Kaweka hut restoration. However, I am sure this represents only a small number of the photographs taken throughout the last year.

One clubmember has given approximately 30 slides and this seems to be the major contribution covering from the late 1960's to the present day.

However, I am sure the new financial year will be one of support for the clubs photographic record. Leaders, I ask that you consider it part of your responsibilities to ensure your trip is captured on film. By doing so, we shall maintain an exciting and historical record of the H.T.C.'s activities.

Dave Perry.

EDITORS REPORT:

This year has seen the Pohokura published in its new cover and new size, both changes forced upon us by the printing industry. But the magazines themselves have remained essentially the same with club and private trips just about balancing each other. An article on exposure was well-received and it also showed that we now have the facilities to use illustrations in the Pohokura. I would like to see these facilities used much more in future. I'm sure there must be some club members who can sketch, or draw cartoons, or even supply printed illustrations, all of which would add immensely to the enjoyment of reading. So please give me your ideas for future articles in the Pohokura.

Once again my thanks to all the willing helpers who staple and address so furiously and to Els Bayens and Joan Manning who do the duplicating. Thanks also to Ingram, Thompson and Berry for the use of their duplicator.

J.M.P.

ELECTION OF OFFICERS

At the Annual General Meeting held on Wednesday 19th October, 1977, the following officers were elected:-

<u>PATRON:</u>	Mr. R.W. Chaplin
<u>PRESIDENT:</u>	Mr. P. Bayens
<u>VICE PRESIDENTS:</u>	Messrs. A.K. Thomson, M. Taylor T. Plowman
<u>CLUB CAPTAIN:</u>	Mr. R. Perry
<u>SECRETARY:</u>	Mr. D. Perry
<u>TREASURER:</u>	Miss J. Smith
<u>AUDITOR:</u>	Mr. A.V. Berry

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE:

Messrs. G. Bailey, B. Perry, G. Jenks, L. Hanger, D. Wilkins,
G. Robinson, Miss E. Pindar.

SOCIAL COMMITTEE:

Messrs. C. Jones, G. Armstrong, D. Northe, P. Berry, and
Misses B. Curtis, C. Climo.

FIXTURE, HUT & TRACK:

Messrs. R. Perry, B. Perry, G. Bailey, D. Wilkins, G. Jenks.

TRAINING:

Messrs. R. Perry, T. Plowman, B. Perry, G. Jenks

TRUCK:

Messrs. G. Robinson, L. Hanger, P. Bayens

SEARCH AND RESCUE:

Messrs. T. Plowman, G. Bailey, A. Berry.

GEAR CUSTODIAN:

E. Pindar, Assistant - B. Perry.

PUBLICITY: E. Pindar

EDITOR: J. Perry

PHOTO ALBUM: D. Perry

LIBRARY: E. Pindar

MOUNTAIN SAFETY COUNCIL REPRESENTATIVE: L. Hanger, G. Bailey.

SCRAPBOOK: Jim Glass.

HERETAUNGA TRAMPING CLUB (INC.)
INCOME & EXPENDITURE ACCOUNT
FOR THE YEAR ENDED 30TH SEPTEMBER, 1977

1976 INCOME: The Club's Income comprised:

242	Subscriptions	514.00
73	Equipment Hire	61.95
88	Meeting Contributions	113.32
57	Donations - General	54.70
185	- Rotaract for stretcher	-
250	- Motere Trust for Huts	250.00
108	Interest Received	34.31
14	Profit on Maps & Badges	-
14	Profit on Transport	-
-	Library Fees	.40

1031

1028.68

EXPENDITURE: The Expenses incurred in running the Club were:

113	Rent of Meeting Room	150.00
18	Supper & Social Expenses	18.90
383	Equipment & Hut Maintenance	30.06
149	Purchase of Stretcher	-
10	Subscriptions: Royal Society, Alpine Club, etc.	12.00
90	F.M.C. Capitation	122.00
12	Insurance	16.58
158	Bulletin Expenses	195.28
-	Donations	15.00
43	Stationery, stamps, etc.	29.12
-	Loss on maps and badges	4.15
22	General Expenses	14.80
	Transport Costs	1588.47
	Truck Depreciation	780.00
		<u>2368.47</u>
	Fares Received	<u>1859.20</u>
	Loss on Transport	509.27

(998)

1117.16

33 There was therefore a Loss for the year of

\$88.48

Profit

HERETAUNGA TRAMPING CLUB (INC.)

BALANCE SHEET
AS AT 30TH SEPTEMBER, 1977

1976 At Balance date the Club owned the following Assets:

1796	Bank of New South Wales	-	
840	Eastern & Central Savings Bank	24.18	
73	Post Office Savings Bank	75.73	
97	Equipment	97.00	
6	Cash on Hand	8.83	
233	Stocks on Hand	175.35	
	Bedford truck & canopy, at cost	1290	
	Less Depreciation to 30.9.76	<u>1150</u>	
140			140.00
	1971 Bedford Truck at cost	9363.51	
	Less Depreciation to date	<u>780.00</u>	
-			8583.51
1000	Investment - Hastings City Council	-	
	Huts valued in the books as follows:		
	Kaweka	10	
	Kiwi	50	
	Waikamaka	<u>55</u>	
115			115.00
69	Projector at cost		69.00
4369	The total value of the Assets being		9288.60

However, of this amount there has been set aside for -

31	Accounts owing	301.98
69	Reunion Fund	69.00
-	Bank of New South Wales - overdraft	304.87
44	Subscriptions in Advance	42.00
647	Truck Replacement Fund	-
-	Members' Debentures	<u>200.00</u>

(761) 917.85

3608 Leaving a surplus of Assets over Liabilities of 8370.75

This figure represents the Balance in Accumulated Funds, which is made up as follows:

Balance 1st October, 1976	3608.23
Plus Truck Fund transferred	<u>4917.50</u>
	8525.73
Less Loss for year	88.48
Less Loss on Sale Investment -	
Hastings City Council	<u>66.50</u>

\$8370.75

AUDITOR'S REPORT

I report that I have examined the books and records of the Club and have obtained all the information and explanations I have required. In my opinion the Balance Sheet and Income & Expenditure Account show respectively a true and fair view of the Club's position at 30th September 1977 and of the results for the year ended on that date.

A. V. Berry A.C.A.
Auditor

CLUB TRIPS

No. 1121

Waikamaka

14th August, 1977

The prospect of a 6 a.m. start on time was good until a certain someone arrived without boots. However, it wasn't long before the boots arrived and we were on our way south. The weather was very good with only a thin layer of high cloud and this meant that there were good prospects for numerous trips in the area depending on the fitness and time involved.

The first stop was made at Triplex Base to see if anyone was interested in going to Waikamaka via Trig 66, but after several minutes of indecision we moved on to the usual stopping point above the Waipawa River.

It was around 8.45 when the 31 bods including Lindsay Going from Hamilton set off up the Waipawa. The good weather and the view of 66 with a reasonable coating of snow soon had some of the fitter ones looking towards the tops. A short stop was made near the Waipawa Chalet for a rest and time for the group to close up and then we moved on up to the forks where seven of the party formed up to climb onto 66 via the North Branch of the Waipawa. The rest of us continued slowly up the river to the Waipawa Saddle and after various stops for eats and other small problems we arrived in the Saddle around lunch time. A stop for half an hour was made and then the party split once again into two groups. One group of newer members went down to Waikamaka Hut with Les and the remaining 17 of us climbed up to the snow fields on Trig 67.

It's a bit of a push up the side of 67 compared with the climb onto the saddle. However snow conditions were perfect and we were very lucky to get up onto 67 just in time to see the others who went up 66 just proceeding down the very sharp part of the ridge towards Trig 67. Their progress was very slow because they had to cut steps down most of the ridge and it made a beautiful sight to see them slowly working their way down. The 66 bods did a very difficult trip as it turned out because they had climbed directly from the forks onto the Main Divide between Trig 66 and 65 at a height of around 5,400'. They then made their way round to meet us on 67.

While waiting for the others to arrive the rest of us spent an exciting hour testing the slopes with sheets of plastic. It is a good place to play in the snow because there are two big basins there which you can slide into without fear of running out over the edge.

Unfortunately the hour was up all too soon and I was forced to bring most of the group back to the Waipawa Saddle because the sun was moving off the slope of 67 and I was worried that someone without gear could slip on the ice that was starting to form.

Les' party left Waikamaka Hut at the same time as we left 67 and we all arrived at the saddle at near enough to the same time.

Once back to a full complement of personnel we then set off back to the truck and then back home after a trip which I think satisfied everyone.

Leader: Graham Thorp

No. in Party: 31

Those on the trip:- Wendy Thorn, Anne Johnson, Marcia Browne, David, Russell and Bruce Perry, Trevor Plowman, David Northe, Kate O'Malley, Shona McAulay, Quentin Daniels, Alan Holden, Joan Wilson, Danny Bloomer, Keith Thomson, Geoff Robinson, Peter Manning, Elizabeth Pindar, Kerry Riley, Eleanor Keen, Greg Jenks, David Wilkins, John Grover, Les Hanger, Wendy Chapman, Carol Climo, Fiona Law, Kevin Ayre, Les Rowlands, Lindsay Going.

No. 1122

Waikaremoana

27th-28th August 1977

Unfortunately, many of our trips into the National Parks of the North Island seem to be a signal for Huey to open the clouds and let all the water fall down. This jaunt to the Urewera National Park was to be no exception.

It was holiday time so Joanne and I left Hastings on the Friday to recce the area for the proposed trip into the Putere country. It rained continuously all the way; we passed many slips and flooded streams - the trip seemed doomed to a wet ending already. However, we followed the Putere Road in from Raupunga, turned right onto Waireka Road, down across the swollen Waiau river and up onto Mangaone Road all in the hope that the weather would clear, and to seek permission from the farmers there. Slips were evident here too. I had just managed to clear a path through one when around the corner came a tractor with a blade designed to do the task far better than my poor muddy spade. You can't win them all ...

The first farm house we stopped at, belonging to the area manager, was somewhat deflating. No, there was no way we would get vehicles up the road to anywhere near the track we wanted. A farm Toyota had been there only that morning and had found the track impassable. Back to the car. Fimmmmm. Half flat tyre. I'll change that now. Jack up car; new spare on; lower car..... psssssss!!! WOW! WHAT HAPPENS NOW???? PANIC! Oh, of course. Jack up car again-put-old-tyre-back on-lower-car ... Pss ... pss.....psss Right. Go like blazes back to Raupunga before it goes dead flat. Hey, there's a farmer along the road who has tons of junk around his place. I wonder ...

"Yeah. Got an air compressor over there. That do you?"

"Great. Thanks, mate."

Back to Wairoa on that lot, had the puncture repaired, looked up some friends of the family I hadn't seen for years and were offered a bed, and there went Friday. I rang Les in Hastings and we decided to bring the truck through to Wairoa and right on through to Lake Waikaremoana.

Saturday dawned with clear skies and much better prospects. The truck made good time to Wairoa despite slips in the Tutira area and by 7.30 a.m. we were heading towards Aniwaniwa to see which huts were full and where our boots could best be aired. Joanne and I did this trip in the car while the truck managed its tyre changing routine. Les had to do very little with such a highly efficient team backing him up. Thanks, people. We eventually stopped the vehicles at the Onepoto car park and by 9 a.m. all were heading up the steep Panekiri track. By now it was raining.

This very quickly sorted out the fit from those who hoped they were. The party split into three groups, one which planned to complete a circuit of the lake, one which planned to go over Panekiri and down to Waiopaoa Hut, and a third which had only Panekiri Hut itself in mind. The three trips were all good ones and suited the limitations within each party. Unfortunately it stopped raining. IT STARTED POURING INSTEAD!!! This turned an already muddy track into a quagmire the consistency of one of our stews, and we've wrapped our stomachs around enough of those to know what they're like.

The afternoon soon appeared and Panekiri was beginning to seem a long way from the sore feet and ailing bodies of the slow party. But with a little shuffling of packs and lots of "It isn't very far now", the ladder up the last stretch before the hut came magically to view. Everybody was there. The rain had stopped all thought of doing the planned trips. It still rained and was blowing hard out of the shelter of the trees. The views that Panekiri is famous for were invisible below the featureless grey of wind-whipped cloud. There was little point in continuing. The remainder of the day was spent enjoying good company, polishing off a large stew and playing intriguing games until pit time.

Sunday was no different. Still the rain fell. We cleared the hut and made off back down the trail to Onepoto. The trip was uneventful and all were at the truck by 1.30p.m. Further heavy showers confirmed the end of the trip and the truck and car headed for Wairoa and home. Thanks to Les.

No. in party 20. Leader: Russell Perry

Kate O'malley, Colleen O'Malley, Fiona Law, Carol Climo, Allan Holden, Joan Wilson, Miles Robertson, Beth Curtis, Dave Wilkins, Allan Brian, Joanne Perry, Graham Bailey, Ross Barradell, Garth Cooper, Craig Cooper, Frank Cooper, Les Hanger, C.C. Pharazyn, Geoff Robinson

No. 1123 Boundary Stream 11th September, 1977

We left Hastings at 6.30 a.m. and headed for Napier. After picking up the Napier crowd we made our way uneventfully but squashed with a full load, to Tutira.

After notifying Mr. Shine of Rangiora Station of our arrival, we set out for Boundary Falls (quite spectacular and bigger than we all expected, having a drop of a hundred metres).

The party split into two groups, six walked up stream and the remainder followed a track to the foot of the falls. Then there followed a trudge up a steep goat track to the top of the falls where we had lunch and a stretch in the warm sunshine. We then returned to the massive sand stone bluffs near the truck for some abseiling instruction and practice. We arrived back in Hastings at 7.30 p.m. after a good day.

No in party: 33 Leader: John Grover

Bruce Perry, Liz Pindar, V. Carlyon, L. Miller, S. Cronder, Quentin Daniels, Geoff Robinson, Russell Perry, Joanne Perry, Murray Ball, Allan Brian, Joanne Jepson, Fiona Law, Carol Climo, Glenn Armstrong, Eleanor Keen, Debbie Bayens, Chris Jones, Graham Bailey, Peter Berry, John Jones, Marcia Browne, Dave

Perry, Wendy Thorn, Julia Reading, Danny Bloomer, Shona McAulay, Kate O'Malley, Allan Holden, Joan Wilson, Frank Hooper, Les Hanger.

No. 1124 (a) 24 - 25th September

Ruahine Traverse - Purity Hut to Triplex Base

I don't think I've been early for a trip yet. This was no exception. I raced down to Holts at 7.05 p.m. to find Les was still filling the truck with petrol. By 7.25 all the gear was loaded and away we went for the Manawatu Gorge and up the western side of the Ruahines to Mangaweka and the Kawhatau Valley Road. Despite a few motor troubles which Les remedied at the roadside we made reasonable time and were all in our sleeping bags in the back of the truck around 1 a.m.

Saturday morning soon showed the uninitiated what Ruahine clag is all about. We arose to a morning of damp and dismal weather. The truck stirred into sleepy movement ...What! An all in early morning wrestle! Wowee!!! +%&()?" +.....

Breakfast was quickly devoured, the gear was packed, and away we went in the truck to the road end, 10 minutes away. We checked the access permission with the farmer and headed off into the rain. The way seemed fairly obvious but having made similar boobos before, we decided that a map check would not go amiss. Sure enough, we were headed for the wrong ridge. This was quickly put right and away we went once more. It was soon clear however that some weren't managing as well as they should have been and with poor weather to back up this, three parties were formed; one to attempt a full trip over Mangaweka and along to Hikurangi Hut, another to cross the range over Mangaweka and down to Waterfall Creek Hut, and a third which would be content with Purity Hut and an exploration of this side of the Ruahines.

These groups were soon under way and it was evident to us in the slow party that they were not to have an easy time of it. The track rapidly disappeared under ever deepening soft snow and made progress very difficult. This is of course the advantage of the last group. All the obstacles of the track are already cleared for you. There was no way that all groups would achieve goals in such conditions though, and when we arrived at Purity most had already changed their minds. One or two were feeling a bit poorly from the cold and the morning's efforts and were in their sleeping bags, while Bruce and Graham were the only ones rearing to go. Greg Jenks and I quickly swapped roles from the slow party to the fast party and by 12.30 p.m. we had said goodbye to the others, arranging to meet them on the other side of the ranges at Triplex if we didn't reappear on this side in time.

It didn't take very long to find out what the rest of the day was going to be like. The snow was deep, very soft and with lots of leatherwood and alpine shrubs underneath it. The wind was icy cold and strong. Graham and Bruce, like true gentlemen, shared the bulk of the lead between them, ploughing through deep drifts and plugging out of them on hands and knees in an effort to stop falling through to the deepest hollows. Every now and then, Greg and I would surge

to the lead for a hundred yards or so just to remind them we were still there, but the lungs couldn't provide what legs asked for and we stepped aside gratefully. Progress to the top of the range was slow because of this, though by 4'oclock we were crossing the last piece to Iron Peg. By now, continuing on to Mangaweka itself held little attraction. Bruce scouted out the eastern side of Iron Peg and found a possible route down to Trig Creek. We donned crampons for the beginning of an icy descent only to strike soft snow again just over the shoulder. The downward slope was very steep and, with large cracks beside us in the snow, four twinkle-toed trampers gingerly stepped out. Our method of descent was a mixture of glissading where possible and bum-sliding where not and four pairs of leggings grew thinner and thinner ...

The key to Trig Creek was down a final gully which provided a smooth and speedy passage, a pleasant end to the snow work. Greg loosened a chunk of snow as he came down which managed to smash my goggles quite efficiently. He nearly missed out on his jellybean ration for that. The worst was now over. We plodded down over snow plastered boulders and hidden spaniard to reach the Kawhatau junction and the final leg to Waterfall Creek Hut. This was but quarter of an hour away across the whitened flats beside the river and a welcome sight in the failing light. It was just after 6.30 p.m. The fire was quickly lit, tea was scoffed soon afterwards, and the hut subsided to blissful slumber.

Sunday morning. "Hey, it's absolutely flaking down outside!" And so it was. The deep footprints of the night before were mere depressions in what must have been a foot of overnight snow. The zips of the sleeping bags closed tighter.....

"Damn! I need a bog," came an exasperated voice from inside the Rumdoodle. A mass of wrinkled woollen wear, a tousled head and two feet emerged reluctantly from Graham's sleeping bag, slipped into a pair of vacant boots and disappeared through the hut door. Armed with a shovel, he forged his way to the loo, scattering the snow before him. He disappeared from sight.....

"Phew, I'm glad he went first. I hope he hurries." The Everest zip squealed and a black woollen singlet rubbed it's eyes and peered expectantly out the window.

"I hope he hurries too," thought the Explorer to itself. "There should be a good track by the time I get there. And so there should be. After all, I am the Club Captain. It's a mark of respectBut if that's so, why is Graham shovelling all the snow back against the loo door??? Curses and double curses!! I must speak to him."

The morning passed surprisingly quickly. No matter what Graham, Bruce and I did, Greg just wouldn't get out of his pit. Just because we were in ours is no excuse. We must refer him to the next committee meeting for defying the wishes of the Club Executive Representatives. But, despite all rumours, we were tramping by midday.

The route out over Rangī and Waipawa Saddles usually entails wet feet. This didn't appeal to us too much. Without going too far out of our way we managed to do the whole trip

dry. The deep snow and its accompanying difficulties were still with us and times were much slower than expected. The usual $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours trip to Waikamaka Hut consumed $3\frac{1}{4}$ hours. Fortunately our first sunshine of the weekend decided to brighten up the journey. A brief fuel stop at Waikamaka and on our way again up to the Waipawa Saddle. Once over the crest the amount of snow rapidly lessened and we made very quick time down to the shingle flats via some handy snow chutes. The walk down to the Waipawa Chalet was a mere formality now. We hoped still to meet Dave Perry and team who had mentioned they might come our way but, unknown to us, they were over the other side at Purity.

We checked the Chalet out and moved off over Triplex Saddle to avoid the stream crossing of the Waipawa river. We walked in moonlight by now and this proved a very pleasant way to end a great trip. We calculated the truck would arrive at the road-end at 11 o'clock so with time in hand, we prepared a hot meal at Triplex Hut. In dry clothes and well fed, the last half hour under the stars was quickly covered. We crossed the ford just as the truck appeared. Thanks Les, for driving the extra distance to pick us up. Our winter traverse of the Ruahines was complete.

1124 (b)

Having said goodbye to our four stalward comrades, outside sleeping positions were chosen for the night: Peter and two under his tent fly, Murray and one in his bivouac sac, Geoff in his pod tent and myself under a tent fly. Peter and I built snow walls around our site just in case the wind started to make its presence known. The others had a warm night by fitting three to a bunk to keep off a wet floor (a bit tight for some).

Having sorted all that out with the sun shining I thought I might as well go and have a look at the tops. But no takers could I find. This must be one of the few huts that is close to the tops. On reaching the Cairn I found the snow soft and holes up to thigh deep, so I tried to go around the pot holes, making my way to the base of Wooden Peg to see if the others were returning. When I got back to the Hut three others had joined our party: David, Marcia and Wendy.

During the night a heavy snow-fall appeared and it froze. Getting up in those conditions was a trying time, but nature has a way of moving the reluctant.

Breakfast out of the way, gear packed and we had the day to fill in. Our younger generation still did not wish to go on to the tops. Then along came a force to be reckoned with: David! Into the hut he did go, "Outside in ten minutes, we are moving out for the tops" said he and lo, out they came.

A stiff wind was there to meet us but we made it to the base of Wooden Peg where I and a few others stopped and tried out a sheet of plastic on a snow slope, the others going higher into the mist, returning in a hurry as it got colder and sleet began to fall.

Lunch consumed, we headed back down to the white speck in the distance, and the prospect of some warmth in the truck then the long wait started for the elusive four. The appointed time of six o'clock marched around, back passengers bedded

down, all systems moved to go and we turned for home.

First stop was Feilding for a bite to eat then it was North Block Road for our mates, Waipawa for phone calls and Holts at last. A pity the weather was not in our favour, but for all that it was a good trip in new country.

No. in party 21

Leader: Les Hanger

Organiser: Chris Jones

Traverse Party: Greg Jenks, Graham Bailey, Russell and Bruce Perry.

Main party: Les Hanger, Murray Ball, John Jones, Geoff Robinson, Raymond Foote, Carol Climo, Fiona Law, Shona McAulay, Kerry Smith, Dave Perry, Marcia Browne, Wendy Thorn, Stephen Brathwaite, Graeme Middleton, Peter Berry, Beth Curtis, Kerry Smith

No. 1125 Okoeke 9th October

It was a beautiful clear morning as we left Holts at 6.05 with half our load - the other half were waiting at Napier full of smiles with the promise of a good day ahead. 2½ hours later we pulled up at the parking area opposite the Okoeke stream.

Splitting up the party into two groups, the fast group headed up the right hand side of the stream at a very fast pace (running last time I saw them). We, the slow party, took the left hand side of the stream and after 10 crossings in chilly water we arrived at the foot of a waterfall 150 ft high, with quite a volume of water. The spray was drifting about 50 yards down the gully and the noise was quite deafening. The fast party had arrived 45 min before us and had boiled the billy and had lunch, so they decided to proceed further up the valley to see what was there. Our party was quite contented to just climb to the top of the waterfall and relax in the sunshine. Some members went to look for huhu bugs while others frolicked in the stream (screams of laughter) - they all seemed to be really enjoying themselves.

Two hours later the slow party headed back to the truck and this time only one river crossing was necessary. We made good time, arriving back at 4 p.m. The other party arrived at 6 p.m. changed clothes and we arrived back at Hastings about 8 p.m. A good day was had by all.

Fit party:

Once the remainder of the group had caught up at the falls it was decided that the fitter ones should move on to explore further upstream. We climbed above the falls and by following the stream emerged on to tussock flats surrounded by slopes of dead manuka. In the distance inviting us were lush stands of beech and greenery so off upstream we continued. This proved worthwhile. There is good tramping country in here and it just awaits our boots some weekend. However, time soon caught us and it was necessary to turn back. Rather than follow an identical route back, we attempted by dead reckoning to guess our way back over the ridge tops but unfortunately they lay contrary to our direction of travel. This only added to the interest of the trip for it meant great variety

with huge trees to admire and elusive possums' tracks to follow. It was a welcome change to navigate by bush skill rather than a well stamped trail. The group covered this terrain very quickly for the distance involved and emerged scratched and happy around 6 p.m.

No. in party: 40

Leader: Frank Hooper

Beth Curtis, Leon Smith, Kate O'Malley, Joan Wilson, Shona McAulay, Carol Glimo, Colleen O'Malley, Vivienne Jones, Rob Snowball, Bronwyn Barker, Geoff Robinson, Geoff Orr, Danny Bloomer, Wendy Thorn, Amanda Roberts, Joanne Smith, Wendy Bennett, Sally Brown, John Grover, Wendy Hill, Chris Jones Clive Thurston, Graeme Middleton, Peter Berry, Glenn Armstrong, Alan Holden, Julia Reading, Geoff Reading, Graham Bailey, Vivienne Tozer, Russell Perry, Andre Grossman, Joanne Jepson, Kevin Ayre, Chris McIvor, Garth Cooper, Marcia Brown, David Perry, Dave Wilkins.

No. 1126 (a)

Tararua Trip

22 - 25th October

The truck left Hastings at 5 a.m. on Saturday carrying 16 Lively trampers and, after a stop for food and a tulip in Masterton, we met Bruce and Russell at Mt. Holdsworth Lodge. Four of the party stayed at the Lodge, two returning to Hastings on Sunday and two doing a trip up to Powell Hut on Sunday and back down on Monday.

The remaining 14 left the lodge at 11 a.m. and proceeded up Gentle Annie until just below the Totara Flats - Mt. Holdsworth track junction. After a quick lunch there, 12 continued on to Mountain House and Powell Hut while two went to Totara Flats. Six left Powell Hut for mid-Waiohine Hut but two returned to Powell Hut before reaching Mt. Holdsworth. So, with four of the original 13 left, reasonably good time was made over Mt. Holdsworth and down the steep track to Mid-Waiohine which was reached at 6 p.m. (not long before dark due to the steep deepness of the valley). There were four hunters in residence and two got up at 4 a.m. on Sunday so we followed their example and were ready to leave by 6.30. Before we left we gathered some wood and broke it as best we could as Tararua Huts don't appear to have axes.

Having crossed the foot-bridge down river from the hut, we counted the contour-lines (the ones on the map, silly!) between us and Aokaparangi, told Wendy to stop smiling as they were in metres not feet, and set off. We periodically followed the "track" to the top which we reached at the same time as a party going north and one going south. As we sat down one of the W.T. & M.C. bods told us, "The ridge over there's got a track on it" "Oh has it? I'll correct it on the map". "It's right on the map, Bruce, we came up the wrong ridge."

Anyway, between Aokaparangi and Maungahuka are several deep saddles, and this, coupled with strong gusty winds, slowed us down considerably, taking us hours to get to Maungahuka Hut. Making and having a hot drink was quite a feat as there were 18 bods and packs in a small hut with no coathooks. With warnings about finding Concertina Knob in mist ringing in our ears, and feeling really special after having our photo taken by someone we didn't even know! we set off for Neill

Forks Hut. A compass check, a 3,000ft descent, and several hours later we crossed the footbridge and there was an empty hut. First one all weekend so we threw the door open and there were Dave and Marcia. The six of us were joined just after dark by six T.T.C. guys.

Monday: Being in the habit of early starts by now we left Neill Forks for Totara Flats Hut via Cone Ridge at 9.30. a.m. We reached Totara Flats at 12.00 and after a leisurely lunch winched each other across in the cage and continued on up Totara Creek and the watercourse to the Mt. Holdsworth - Totara Flats track junction then down Gentle Annie to the Lodge and the truck which we reached shortly before 6.p.m. to find not 12 but 2 people waiting for us.

The trip is a good three day trip for an average tramping party if Mid-Waiohine Hut is reached on the first day. If not it makes the second day too long or, if the night is spent at Maungahuka Hut where stoves are a necessity, the third day is too long. D.B.

Round trip party: Danny Bloomer, Wendy Thorn, Bruce Perry,
Dave Wilkins

To Neill Forks
and back: Dave Perry, Marcia Browne

To Powell and down: Allan Holden, Joan Wilson
Too bloomin late

(separate report): Murray Ball, Les Hanger, Amanda Roberts,
Vivienne Tozer, Beth Curtis, Wendy Gordon,
Glenn Armstrong, John Jones.

Home on Sunday: Russell Perry, Joanne Perry

1126 (b)

We left Powell Hut at 8 o'clock Sunday morning. It was very gusty on the tops so we wasted no time in descending to Mid Waiohine, arriving about 11 o'clock. After a short break we headed across the swingbridge and up to Aokaparangi. 1500 ft later we struck the Waiohine Gorge sidle track which was well blazed and disced for most of the way. Just as we were thinking of making camp we sighted an unknown hut. After much searching it got too dark so we gave up and descended into a stream to get water and then up the ridge to make camp.

After a bit of a wet night, and after learning that it is impossible to sleep on polythene on a cliff we had a quick breakfast (yummy crunchy granolla) then followed the stream down to Waiohine river. We soon saw that it was impassable so we sidled at 500ft. One member of the party was a little slow but we still had hopes of reaching the truck that night. However these quickly faded as the day wore on. We camped again on a ridge and hung out our wet sleeping bags from the previous night. They didn't take much drying in the gusty wind.

We got a lot more sleep that night and next morning we climbed to the top where we found the Hector river track, which we followed (thankfully).
Arriving at the Totara Flats Hut about noon, we ate

the remainder of our food and after a brew left for the truck up Totara Flats stream to just below Mountain House then down to the truck.

The trip was completed exactly one day late in adverse weather most of the way. Everyone handled the conditions very well
M.B.

No. 1127

Cairn Trip

6th November 1977

What can one say about the Cairn Trip other than it being a sad few moments spent in memory of past Club members who lost their lives fighting for a so called good cause. As an older member of the party it is surprising but pleasing to see so many young members coming out. To me the fallen members are just names on a plaque so what are those names to them.

Out of the 37 names on the list 26 managed to be at the service. The wind made it very unpleasant on top. Very little time was spent at the Cairn but on the lee side it was a totally different climate so we had a long lunch and admired the scenery. A few big patches of snow were a good excuse for a snow fight.

We took a different ridge down - Don's ridge across Don's stream, where the cool of the water enticed people to have a water fight. That water is mighty cold when you feel it trickling down your back. On the return trip we called in at the museum at Puketitiri and were home by 7 p.m. A most enjoyable day apart from the buffeting wind.

P.B.

No. in party: 27

Leader: Phil Bayens

Alan Holden, Wendy Thorn, Colleen and Kate O'Malley, Shona McAulay, Quentin Daniels, Errol Brockenhurst, Peter McBride, Greg Jenks, Liz Pindar, Kath McConnell, Carol Cozens, Geoff Robinson, Mike Croucher, Les Hanger, Russ Perry, Dave Wilkins, Graeme Soppit, Bruce Perry, Dyan Coombes, Chris Jones, Carol Climo, Murray Ball, Peter Berry, John Jones, Graham Bailey

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HELP YOUR COMMITTEES

TELL THEM WHAT TRIPS YOU WANT

- WHAT YOU WANT TO LEARN

- WHAT SOCIAL EVENTS YOU WANT

- WHAT IDEAS YOU HAVE

- - - - -

NEW MEMBERS

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

Mike Croucher
Fiona Law
Shona McAulay
Garth Cooper
Wendy Thorn
Kerry Smith
Kate O'Malley
Joan Wilson
Alan Holden
Miles Robertson
Carol Climo

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SUBSCRIPTIONS

Members are reminded that annual subscriptions are now due:

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

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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 to private trip reports for the Pohokura.

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

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As this issue goes to print there is a house in town that suddenly is no more. Last weekend the tramping club (Heretaunga, of course) descended upon it armed with axes, sledge hammers, crow bars and a certain amount of brute force and by Sunday night all that remained was a heap of ashes, two large concrete blocks and some rubble. The rest had been sold (by our Sales Manager, Mr G. Bailey) or removed to the dump. For this valiant effort we stand to earn \$350 and our sales will earn a further \$200 approximately. All this goes towards paying off our new truck. Thanks to all those who helped and to Mr Armstrong for getting us the job.

P.S. We still haven't sold our old truck...

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A MERRY CHRISTMAS TO YOU ALL AND WISHING YOU

HAPPY TRAMPING IN THE NEW YEAR AHEAD

PRIVATE TRIPS

Kaweka Nostalgia trip Queen's Birthday 1977

This was a real nostalgia trip. Paul Frude and I hadn't visited the Kawekas for some years, but for our companions Neil and Doff, it was a first trip. As we couldn't leave town until shortly before 2 p.m. Kaweka Hut seemed an appropriate place for the first night, particularly as this hut, built in the 1940s when people worked on Saturday morning, was purposely located half a day's tramp from the road. With a better road and a faster car than yesteryear, we had no difficulty in arriving at the hut from Swamp cottage (razed to the ground some years ago) in a mere $3\frac{1}{2}$ hours from town.

I was impressed by the improvements made to the hut. The floor, new fireplace and outer shell make the hut very comfortable while the original cut-on-site timber frame retains the hut's atmosphere. I was pleased to see the old circular saw blade still in place at the back of the fireplace. Carried in by Angus Russell when the hut was first built, it remains a link with the past. Unfortunately the clearing around the hut has enlarged considerably and recent attempts to fell live trees were very evident.

Sunday morning was cold and snow flakes swirled about us as we trudged up to the Tits. Cloud enveloped us but we had no difficulty navigating along to Kaiarahi. Everybody seems to have their own ideas on how best to reach Studholm Hut. We crossed the saddle, sidled then climbed a spur directly above the hut. A small slide then gave us a rapid descent.

The hut was in good condition and had not been visited for over six weeks. Despite its relative proximity to the road, this hut is little used, probably because of the detour required to reach it from the main divide. The hut book is still the original, dating back to 1960. We located records of our previous visits: my first for six years, Paul's for over 12.

After lunch the weather was threatening but a visit to the Cairn seemed like a good idea. Snow lay in patches along the tops and a cool wind gave us incentive to move quickly. We reached Kaweka J in an hour. The trig stood stark, erect and frozen against the now strong wind while the Cairn appeared a sad crumbling heap when compared with the proud photographs of thirty years ago. By the time we had returned to Studholm Hut it was raining steadily. Often regarded as a cold cramped place, the hut was to our small party warm and spacious.

At dawn the next day a good couple of inches of snow covered everything. But it was relatively calm and our planned visit to Kiwi seemed possible. A quick breakfast and a photo for the record and we were away. We moved down to the bivvy, then, recalling a navigational embarrassment in the visits of a previous trip, we proceeded downstream for a hundred yards or so before striking up to the ridge above Castle Camp. We eliminated possible confusion around Kaiarahi should the cloud descend suddenly from Castle Camp. It was a steady plod around to Kiwi Saddle. I was surprised to see how well the pine trees had taken: on my previous visit they were perhaps six inches high, now some are over

six feet.

Kiwi Hut was in its usual rat infested state. We had a quick lunch and a brew, standing around with cold wet feet trying to warm ourselves. It was no place to linger. Climbing up to 4594' (or is it something else now) the cloud enveloped us again, but soon gave way to sunshine. Presently we came across Alan Thurston and party and it was pleasant to meet up with old friends, also not seen for some years.

As the car was at Swamp Cottage, and for sentimental reasons, I wanted to follow the original start of the Smith-Russell track off 4100, down to Clem's rock and out to the Kaweka track. It would be an exaggeration to say we were on the track the whole way. In fact, we found little trace of it near the top of 4100. But Clem's rock stood out prominently so we bashed our way towards it. It was time for a last snack. A short traverse then led to a patch of beech where we found a few fairly-recent-looking discs. It appeared as if a track working party had run out of steam at the top of this beech. A quick descent then led to the Manuka and the track gradually became more evident until it reached regular highway status near Swamp Cottage. It is unfortunate that this track now gets so little attention.

All in all, a good trip.

C. Brian Smith

MOUNT COOK NATIONAL PARK August 1977

I left Hastings on Friday night, picked up Peter in Palmerston North and arrived at Mount Cook on Monday afternoon, after spending Sunday in Christchurch.

The weather had been gloriously fine for five days, which was very unusual for the time of the year, so we decided to fly in to Tasman Saddle Hut to get the most out of the fine spell and also save us two days of packing our gear up the glacier. (Besides our normal packs and climbing gear, we had an extra pack stuffed with food and two sets of skis, poles and one pair of ski boots to lug in, but no-one to carry it.)

We staggered the mile and a half out to the airport next morning with double loads and were soon airborne, skimming over the pressure waves of the Tasman. It was too icy to land on the glacier as the sun hadn't yet reached the landing site, so the pilot kindly gave us a grand tour of the high peaks - we zoomed along the Caroline face of Cook, over Tasman, then north along the divide and back over to the West Coast, the neves of the Franz Josef and Fox glistening in the early morning sun. We both felt we'd had more than our \$46 worth when we finally touched down on the Tasman.

The ski-plane landed only 600ft below, and about a mile away from the hut, but even so, it still took us two and a half hours to skin up with the first load.

After lunch we both skied down for the second pack. I found it exhilarating, but at times, also very frustrating.

I gave up counting the times I fell over. We spent the remainder of the afternoon taking in the view and soaking up the sun.

Wednesday 5 a.m. Another perfect day. We had breakfast, sorted out climbing hardware and set off for Elie de Beaumont. We skinned across the Tasman neve just before sunrise, but unfortunately, just as we were sidling around the southern slopes of Hochstetter Dome about a mile from the hut, Peter broke a binding on a ski, so that put a spanner in the works for that day. Peter retired to operate on his ski back at the hut so I shot up Hochstetter, 9258' for a look at the route on Elie. This is normally a very easy climb, the only danger being hidden crevasses but this time the steeper upper slopes were covered with a layer of windslab. This is wind-compacted snow which is not bonded to the older layers that are beneath and therefore, very unstable. I was nearing the summit when the slope gave a dull thump and slumped. A 2ft deep crack opened just before me for 30 yards across the face. I gingerly tiptoed the remaining few feet to the ridge top and traversed across to the summit. There were magnificent views of the main divide north to Arthur's Pass and south to Aspiring. I descended by traversing west towards Mt. Walter then down through a few slots to the hut. While I spent the rest of the day eating and lazing around the hut, Pete went skiing after finishing his repairs. (In the end he bound the boot to the ski with nylon cord after the binding broke.)

Thursday 5 a.m. Another fine day. We packed and set off once again for Elie de Beaumont, 10,200'. We skinned around Hochstetter and up the Anna glacier to below the icefall where we left the skis. We weaved and jumped our way up through the slots to the bergschrund below Walter - Elie Col. We traversed along the lower lip of the schrund until it narrowed enough for us to cross. We roped up and, safeguarded with belays, hauled ourselves over the schrund. Moving one at a time on shaft belays, we ran out full rope-lengths to the col, leapfrogging past each other.

On the col we removed the rope and wandered over to the western side to obtain a better look at the ridge on Mt Walter when Peter, who was leading, dropped into a hidden crevasse. He was in just over his head and managed, with a little help, to extricate himself fairly easily. We grabbed our packs and soft-footed it to the south ridge of Elie.

Two hundred and fifty feet later we struck our first obstacle - two feet of hollow sounding windslab on a 45degree slope with a gap between it and the rock. We backed off. I anchored myself with a snowstake and ran a shaft belay to Pete who led a very tricky ropelength. The danger of an avalanche at this stage was very real. I followed through and after another two rope lengths of front pointing on hard snow we struck our next obstacle and the crux of the whole climb one hundred feet of blue water ice at an angle of 50 - 55 degrees. We had two choices. We could either cut steps up the ice which would be very time-consuming or we could traverse to the right a few feet where the ice was covered with a foot of our old enemy, windslab. It was taking a big risk but we opted for the latter, chiefly to save time. Peter put in a psychological anchor and belay (I say psychological because we were doubtful they would

hold in an avalanche) and I started up, feeling my way more than anything else. It would have been safer in the event of a fall to have put in a runner or two but I wanted to spend as little time in the danger area as possible. I reached the crest and belayed Peter up. From here on we moved together on moderate slopes giving the cornices a wide berth to within 300 ft of the summit. Here we had a half hour break as we'd been going solid for over 6 hours and were getting pretty dehydrated. Shortly after 1 p.m. we set off for the top leaving the packs and rope behind as the final climb is mostly straightforward.

After victory photos we climbed down to our gear, jumped a small schrund and headed east across the neve of the Anna Glacier. We found a route down through the icefall until progress was barred by a twentyfeet ice cliff. I front pointed down on a tight-rope to test the snowbridge at the bottom and Pete abseiled off a snowstake. We were now short one snowstake but there was no other way we could get down safely. From here we traversed across to the East ridge and then belayed down to the lower icefall. Quickly we ran across the snowbridges down to the skis, unroped, then skied down the Anna and skinned back up the Tasman neve to the hut. Total time taken was a little over twelve hours. A strenuous climb but a great day for it. NICE ONE! Needless to say, Friday was a rest day.

Saturday 7 a.m. - Our objective today was Mt. Annan 9667'. It lay due south just across the Tasman so a late start was in order. We left the hut at 8.15 a.m. and skinned and skied around the head of the Tasman, taking a peek over into the Murchison glacier on the way.

We left the skis at the foot of the north face and strapped on crampons. We sidled round the schrund and began the long 1000' front point up the lower face to the couloir to the left of Annan buttress. The snow was firm and height was quickly gained. We had a break just below the couloir then tackled the second part.

This was the hardest part but only because of the heat. The threesided gut allowed hardly any air movement, and because it faces north, the sun just beat down on us. The climbing itself was steep but the snow conditions excellent so we didn't bother with the rope. One thousand feet later we were thankful to be on a ridge, and in a cooling breeze.

There now remained perhaps three hundred feet of mixed rock and snow to the summit. We left the packs and rope at the head of the couloir and started up. Leaving the rope was unwise as we soon found out. There were several tricky and exposed pitches but luckily no accidents. On the summit, after planning routes on Malte Brun and Darwin buttress, we cautiously descended to the packs, roped up and began the long traverse along the north-east ridge to Tasman Saddle.

However, we gave this idea up after a couple of rope lengths as being too dangerous. The ridge was very exposed, the rock rotten and covered in loose snow. You couldn't tell what was solid and what wasn't. We retreated to the couloir and began the descent. By now the snow was very soft and wet so we protected ourselves with shaft belays and

snow stakes for the length of the couloir.

At the top schrund we untied, as there was a good run-out, and plunge-kicked the final thousand feet to the skis, then skinned back up to the hut feeling very pleased with ourselves.

Sunday morning- Feeling highly satisfied with the climbs completed and since the weather was deteriorating we packed up and bid farewell to Tasman Saddle.

Skiing down the Tasman with packs weighing close to 100 lbs isn't easy for an experienced skier and since this was virtually my first time on skis I was having a pretty rough time. However, after the first thirty falls or so I managed to stay on and the final 6 - 7 miles were most enjoyable. Peter though, got most of his laughs from watching me.

We transferred from skis to foot opposite Haast ridge as it was now quicker to walk. The final grunt up to Ball hut over the moraine felt like the toughest part of the whole trip with our huge packs and we were grateful for the car ride out to Unwin, from two guys we met at Tasman Saddle.

Next morning at Unwin we woke to find a foot of snow blanketing the ground, completely transforming the whole landscape. We'd got out just in time.

M.B.

Peaks climbed - Mt Elie de Beaumont (10,200')
- Mt Annan (9,667')
- Hochstetter Dome (9,258')

Murray Ball, Peter Boomen.

Kiwi Mouth and Return November 1977

The trip started late, some exhaust problems that set the pace for the day - nice and slow and very relaxing. Unfortunately Joan's back was playing up, making tramping darned hard work for her but this did not worry us as we had all day, and it was far too hot for tramping anyway. The grind up to 4100 was well worth it, as we were rewarded by tremendous views of Ruapehu which still had plenty of snow on it. Down to Kiwi Saddle for a late lunch and a much needed billy of Refresh. Then on to Kiwi Mouth via Kiwi Stream, which was really pleasant with the sun streaming down. Life couldn't have been better.

No one else was at the hut and we soon had our gear spread around making good use of all coat hooks!! that were present. Much to my disappointment the good supply of reading material that used to be in the hut has disappeared. None the less an unorthodox tramping meal was cooked that night and enjoyed by all (we actually had a perfect instant pud) The night was crystal clear, ideal for tramping - so we went to bed.

Morning time and it's overcast outside. A visit to the swing bridge across the Ngaruroro to show Allan, Joan and Wendy the track to Manson. It was decided to take the overland route back to Kiwi Saddle. It is definitely a lot

slower than taking the Kiwi Stream route - ask Allan Holden about it any time. Anyway, we made it to Kiwi Saddle for a late lunch and a hot drink.
Note (Don't put plastic bowls too close to a primus as they melt on you).

We made good time out and even braved the icy waters of the Ngaruroro before our trip home.

It was a good trip in a relaxed atmosphere.

D.W.

Party: Dave Wilkins, Allan Holden, Wendy Thorn, Joan Wilson

A Weekend in the Northern Ruahines October 1977

The trip started by shifting two cord of wood on Friday night before I could go tramping for the weekend. This took only a mere 40 minutes - thanks, Kevin, Bruce and Dave Perry

Back to the hills, first stop was Sentry Box Hut and then the climb up to Pohatuhahawhich gave rewarding views of Hastings and that little town on the hill next to the sea! The weather was warm but cloudywhich made tramping really pleasant. Lunch at Aranga Hut and then we headed West to Pio Pio. As you travel from Aranga Hut to Pio Pio the vegetation is typical of an African Reserve and we half expected an elephant or a tiger to jump out.

A snack after Pio Pio and then we headed for Trig U. Time was now getting on so we didn't muck around getting down the Totara track to Upper Makaroro Hut for the night. A beautiful tea and then a much needed sleep.

The next day was perfect and this probably resulted in our late start as the area by the river was beautiful bathed in sunlight. Parks Peak was the objective, and didn't take long. We arrived there for a late lunch and headed back to the car via the hydrological track.

A good trip with a lot of new country seen.

D.W.

Party:

Dave Wilkins, Marcia Browne, Dave Perry, Mary Madore

Kawekas in Winter September 1977

17.9.77 I was feeling quite squimmy after the night before as we left my place at 6 a.m. and headed for Makahu Base. Driving up Little's Clearing Road we ran into snow (lucky he wasn't hurt bad. Poor Snow.)which got progressively deeper and eventually, to our shattering disappointment, we ran off the road.

"Damn and blast it. Aw well, s'pose we'd better start diggin'," said Pete. Ten minutes of digging later we were dug out and on our way again, reaching the car park about 8 a.m. At 9 we left the car and headed for Kaweka Flats.

It was snowing quite hard when we arrived at the bivvy and the six inches of snow on the ground made tramping a little tiring as we headed for Ihaka Spur. While climbing out of a gully Pete decided to get cramp in all four knees - this slowed the rate of travel quite a bit. Twenty minutes later we arrived at the junction of the Ihaka and Kaweka Flats track

and decided to make for Middle Hill Hut because of Pete and deteriorating weather conditions. Forty minutes later (1 p.m.) we arrived at the hut and proceeded to boil up and have a bite to eat. We soon decided to stay the night and have an early start in the morning.

18.9.77, 4.30a.m. Dingalingalingaling.....aling. That invention called an alarm clock goes off and reluctantly we crawled out of our pits by five. Brekky was devoured and over with by six and we were out of that hut by 6.20 hoping to reach Mangaturutu or even Te Puke or Harkness, maybe even Auckland for the night!

As we made our way up Bush Spur that stuff called (no, not spaghetti as some people mentioned), but snow, gradually got deeper until we were wading through $2\frac{1}{2}$ feet of it. Eventually we reached the tops, only to be confronted with sub-zero winds and hard driving snow. Wading through this stuff was hard yakker and it took only half an hour in these conditions before packs, parkas and all woollen clothing were frozen solid. Two hours on the tops saw us with cold feet, ice-cold faces and red noses (just like Dave W.). Finally we reached the turnoff to Ballards Hut and struggled through three feet of snow until we reached the hut which, to our surprise, was half submerged in deep snow. Inside, we were pleased to see a stack of dry firewood and kindling, thanks to Dave and Marcia who were the previous occupants. We made a brew and were in our pits by 11 a.m. The remainder of the day saw us eating, drinking, reading, writing and cursing at the foul weather outside. That night we tried to contact Peter Chard with the mountain radio we had, but without success. So instead we listened to the South Island radio service until we dozed off.

19.9.77 That damned alarm was set for 5 a.m. for an early start. Eventually it went off and we struggled out of our pits but one look at the weather and we quickly climbed straight back into them. Six inches of snow had fallen during the night and it was still snowing quite heavily as we went back to sleep. There was little chance of getting to Te Puke that day so we were hut bound again. We spent the day eating and eating and eating and reading in between times.

20.9.77 We were up bright and early at 4.30 and were determined to reach Tira Chalet or Rocks Ahead. The weather was trying its darnedest to fine up so we left the hut at 6.30 and ploughed and heaved ourselves upwards through deep, soft snow to reach the top in a good forty minutes.

We followed the standards for about $\frac{3}{4}$ of an hour along the tops until we found the Tira Chalet track, which went through heavily snow-covered beech trees. We plugged our way through knee deep and often thigh deep snow and we must have been about half way along the track when we came across wind-fallen trees and scrub blocking our way. To make matters worse, all the scrub was covered with about three feet of snow so, in anger and frustration we turned back and headed for Middle Hill Hut, arriving there about 3 p.m.. The rest of the day was spent gathering firewood and writing trip notes.

21.9.77 The dingaling went off and two hungry lads climbed out of their pits and started on brekky, which consisted of

not much followed by not much more. They chopped wood like good little boys and cleaned up the hut before they left for the cars.

Good progress was made along the track and we often stopped to take photos and to admire the view. Good time was made and we reached the car in $3\frac{1}{2}$ hours from Middle Hill Hut. The snow which had greeted us at the start of the trip had all melted at the car park and along the road which was a pleasant ending to a rather disappointing winter trip.

Maybe it would be a good summer trip but we enjoyed each other's company anyway.

G.B.

Graham Bailey and Peter McBride.

Tararuas - Reconnaissance 20-21 October

Bruce and I decided that with a large group moving into an area of the Tararuas not previously visited, we would precede the main party and do a little exploring of our own! This would give us a good five day stretch and would also be of some use to the others. Unfortunately, many holdups contributed to us not passing through Masterton until midday and we finally hefted our packs on at the Mount Holdsworth carpark at 1 p.m.

The afternoon's target was Mountain House and, depending on the evening light, on further to Powell Hut. These huts lie on the main route to the summit of Mount Holdsworth and beyond. This was not to be reached. In fact we spent no more than five minutes of the whole afternoon being anywhere near where we planned to be. It happened like this.

As you pass the luxurious Holdsworth Lodge, compliments of the Tararua Forest Park, you read a sign which says 'Lookout', and a rough sign to show direction. This corresponds, also roughly, with what appears on your own map, with the words 'Rocky Lookout'. Nobody told us there were two different lookouts and we blissfully followed the signed track to the wrong one. A couple of hours later our compasses reacted by pointing in a most unexpected direction. We were lost already! Turn around, bush bash down to the stream shown on the map (yes, we could read them) and follow this out. Time: 5.30p.m. and the end of Day 1's tramp.

Friday morning dawned a little cloudy, though otherwise promising. Breakfast was fired down the chute and once again we left Holdsworth Lodge. The time was 6.30 a.m. and we felt good. Making no mistake about tracks this time, we set off very quickly, carrying very big packs full of food for an intended dump by Angle Knob Hut.

Mountain House appeared and departed in a flash of glucose papers and orange peel. The weather wasn't so good now but the distance to Powell Hut is short and we raced on. This is a very large hut and obviously one which has given welcome shelter to many. With just two of us though, it was very cold and soon parkas and leggings replaced the bare tops and shorts of the morning. We checked the map before leaving to avoid a stop on the tops and away again. The track to Angle Knob was well marked on the map and should have posed no problems. It didn't. We missed it quite easily.

In the white-out on the summit and gale force gusts of icy rain to temper the spirit, we quickly dived off onto the 'obvious' route. This took us by a very steep peak-saddle route to the bush track leading down to Mid Waiohine Hut. Out came the compasses.

"We've done it again."

"Yeah."

"We'll have to go back over those knobs and saddles again."

"Yeah."

"They're all of 600' each and it's blowing a gale."

"Yeah."

"Lucky we can read maps and compasses."

A very tiring, wet, wind-blasted time later we again reached Mount Holdsworth summit. This time we made no mistake. The wind was now so strong that great sheets of rain were being driven uphill to greet us. We dodged from tussock hump to rock in an effort to utilize all shelter but it was almost futile. The wind threw us around bodily and called for some delicate footwork in the rougher ground. A long time later we reached the turnoff past Jumbo and headed down to Angle Knob Hut. The time was 4.30 p.m. and still it rained. The hut was full and the residents intended to stay, so this, plus the weather altered our plans again.

The food dump would no longer be useful because the club probably wouldn't come into here now, and we also wanted to get back to Holdsworth Lodge. This would mean a sleep-in in the morning and a quiet wait until the others arrived from Hastings. After a quick snack, away we went again. We were still moving fairly well but greasy conditions and heavy packs made it difficult. We arrived at Atiwhakatu Hut around 7 p.m. and in failing light. On we plunged in wet, heavy bush and grass and across fresh slips. By torchlight now, these frequent slips caused many delays in trying to negotiate them and pick up tracks afresh on the far side. What should have taken two hours from Atiwhakatu took us four hours. The final stretch across Donnelly's Flat, along the track and into Holdsworth Lodge seemed very trying. We had left the lodge 17 hours before, had had only brief snacks, coped with very rough weather of true Tararua legend and carried large, weighty packs. We were tired but happy.

We could now give the remainder of the club at least two suggestions on how and where to get lost. A successful reconnaissance?

R.O.P.

Russell Perry, Bruce Perry

R

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MEETINGS FOR 1978

The first meeting for 1978 will be held at the Radiant Living Hall, Warren Street North, Hastings on January 11th at 8 p.m. Fortnightly meetings will be held on:

25th January	5th April
8th February	19th April
22nd February	3rd May
8th March	17th May
22nd March	31st May.

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 PLOWMAN 435-817 THORP 434-238

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.

DECEMBER

18-19 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
Leaders: Alan Holden

24 Dec Christmas Trip Danny Bloomer
- 8 Jan South Island. Tramping, camping, climbing, relaxing
trip in the Matukituki Valley.
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
Mohaka or Ngaruroro Rivers. Leader: Trevor Plowman

FEBRUARY

4-5-6 Northern Kawekas
Mangatainoka Hut to Te Puke to Mangaturutu Hut to
Makino Hut. Hope you are fit.
Map N 113 Leaders: Glenn Armstrong
Les Hanger

FEBRUARY

12 Esk River
Exploring gorges above Eskdale. An easy trip and a good day for dunking the leader.... Peter Manning

25-26 Te Hoe River
An excellent river and bush trip for everybody in the Ureweras.
Map: N 104 Leaders: Les Hanger
Peter Manning

MARCH

12 Kiwi Saddle
A trip to our club hut for inspection and a looksee for newcomers.
Map: N 123 Leaders: Peter McBride
Dave Perry

24-27 Kaikouras
Tramping and climbing, lots of potential for everybody. Graham Bailey is organising it all.

APRIL

9 Southern Kawekas
Kaweka and Mackintosh Huts for slow party, Kaweka to Castle Camp for fit party.
Map: N 123 Leaders: Chris Jones
Beth Curtis

22-23 Mid Ruahines
(Anzac) In through Sentry Box to Upper Makaroro. Up Totara Spur to Aranga Hut and out.
Map: N 133 Leaders: Greg Jenks
Randall Goldfinch

MAY

7 Wakararas
Exploratory trip into an area visited little.
Map: N 133 Leaders: Wendy Thorn
Phil Bayens

20-21 Ahimanawas
A further look at the SAREX area in the Tarapapa River.
Map: N 104 Leaders: Graham Thorp
Geoff Robinson

JUNE

3,4 & 5 Tongariro National Park.
Snow Caving on Paretetaitonga, Mt Ruapehu. Intended as a snowcraft instruction and snow experience trip.
Map: Tongariro Nat. Pk., N 122 Leaders: Perrys.

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