

HERETAUNGA TRAMPING CLUB (INC)

BOX 447, HASTINGS

"P O H O K U R A"

Bulletin No. 138

April 1978

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,
1009 E Heretaunga Street, Hastings
Phone 68249

CLUB CAPTAIN: Mr R. Perry,
111 McLeod Street, Hastings
Phone 88828

CLUB TRIPS

No. 1128

TUTAEKURI RIVER

4th December

Well, it was ever such a nice day - no, come to think of it, it was very cloudy. Anyway, after the cloud went away, it was a nice day.

Most of the party were at Holts on time, and we progressed Kaweka-wise. We disembarked from our lorry-type vehicle and after a quick look at Lawrence Hut, headed off down the Tutaekuri to the River Road junction.

We couldn't even tramp past the first deep pool without everyone tearing their clothes off (well, some anyway) - lovely!! The joys of summer trips.

Lunch snuck up on us and we were so surprised we spent two hours recovering. Randall broke the land and water speed records when he got wind of a plot to dunk him. Everybody, wilfully or not, joined into a mass water fight - no deaths luckily - and we reluctantly continued downriver.

The river narrows for a while and boulder-hopping and rock climbing were most enjoyable. Unfortunately, the river opens up for the last couple of hours, but overall quite an enjoyable trip with cracker weather and company.

B.P.

Leader : Bruce Perry

Randy Redsparrow, Dave Spouthe, Wendy Prickle, Allan Holding, Joan Wilson, Dave and Marcia, Geoff Robby, Shona Mc, Meter Panning, W. McBride, Jackie Smith, Roy Peacock, Pipsqueak, Chris McIvor, Des O'Hanger, Wilky Pilks, Jenny Thomson, Jim McIvor + 1, Russ Perry, Carol Climo, Fiona Law, Beth Curtis, Chris Jones, John Grover, John Jones, Murray Ball, Glenn Armstrong, Miles Robertson, Dyan Coombes.

POURANGAKI

17 - 18th December

A 4 a.m. start from Holts was planned. The leader was last to arrive at 4.10a.m. - there were Perrys on the trip too! We were away at 4.35 a.m.

We got to the end of Mangakokeke Road (the same road end as for Purity Hut) soon after 9 a.m. The truck was parked half a mile further on, on Mr Youle's property.

Two trips were proposed - one up the Pourangaki Stream to Pourangaki Hut for the less keen, and the other up to Purity Hut, Wooden Peg, Iron Peg and round to Pourangaki Hut. After the pikers opted for the valley trip, six of us headed for Purity hut at ten past ten.

Purity Hut was reached in an hour 45 min in fine weather for an early lunch. The weather deteriorated while we were in the hut so we donned parkas and went to look for Wooden Peg. We didn't find it, so we carried on to find Iron Peg. We found that and pressed on in deteriorating weather.

After climbing a peak with a trig beacen on it we had a very hasty look at the map and decided that the spur to drop off was the one off the next high peak. We came to the next high peak and in strong wind and rain made a hasty decision to go down. The spur forked and another hasty decision was made to take the right-hand side.

It wasn't long before we hit leatherwood and it took an hour to get through that. Eventually we got to the Kawhatau Stream and followed it down till we found the track to Pourangaki Hut. We were pleased we had the six-bunk hut to ourselves, as it was raining outside. Pourangaki is a very good hut and seldom used.

Next morning was fine and clear so Randall and Graham eventually decided to go back the way we intended to come, i.e. up the track to the ridge. The rest of us climbed up to Pourangaki and down Dirty Spur. It is aptly named! It took us 3½ hours to fight our way down to the river. We eventually arrived back at the truck at 7.30 p.m. - only 4½ hours after planned arrival time!!

Good time was made to Fielding where we stopped for hamburgers. We eventually got to Hastings at 1.20 a.m.

Leader: Allan Holden

Graham Bailey, Randall Goldfinch, Dave Perry, Beth Curtis,
John Jones.

For future reference: Landowners at the end of Mangakokeke Road are:

Purity Hut side:- Goringe, ph Mangaweka 522

Pourangaki Stream side:- B. Youle (listed under Bayfield Station in phone book) ph Mangaweka 577

Mr Youle lives at the road end.

No. 1129 (b)

Second Party

After leaving the truck we headed off through farm land until we found the track leading to Kelly Knight Hut. This track is in great condition and passes through some pleasant bush while following high above a stream. The map shows Kelly Knight as just a bivvy but we were to find a nice new six bunk forestry hut and a good supply of books. After lunch, and with the weather still holding we headed off up a track that we assumed led to Pourangaki Hut. (Track not marked on map). This involved quite a climb and after some time and with the clouds opening up, four of us made our way back down to Kelly Knight. While enjoying a late afternoon snooze, we heard Christmas carols being sung coming down the track followed by a loud pounding on the door, and in burst most of the others dripping water everywhere. Russell and Carol had continued further on to the open tops before returning back down to the comfort of the hut. Next morning Des, Fiona and myself headed back via the track while the others departed via the stream, encountering several deep pools in which to cool off. Arriving well ahead of the others in the stream, we dropped down into the bed to show them the way up out of the gorge. After a pleasant lunch in the sun we tramped out to the truck, encountering a glider in a paddock which had been forced down through lack of wind, something we weren't short of.

A pleasant weekend of tramping was had by all.

No. in party: 9 Leader: Geoff Robinson

John Grover, Russell Perry, Fiona Law, Shona McAulay, Les Hanger, Danny Bloomer, Carol Climo, Wendy Gordon.

No. 1130

"NOT MUESLI AGAIN!!" Christmas/New Year

Not a bad trip really. Do it again? - yeah, I'd do it again. I reckon most of the others would too.

Maybe next time though, we'd get a bit fitter so we could climb a mountain instead of talking about ... "If we went up that ridge..." or "...put in a snow cave over on..." But despite the lack of names to reel off, we did achieve the main goal of the trip - to have a happy tramping holiday in the Matukituki area of Mt. Aspiring National Park.

Needless to say, I couldn't be in all places at once, so I have asked others to fill in the activities which I have not recorded.

* * * * *

Big trips of this nature often start off with an itch which can get quite contagious. About August last year, a few of us chatted about the coming Xmas break and it was decided to head south. The question was whether to make it a club trip, or private with only the few of us going.

Club trip it was. We thought we'd get a good number like ten keen people... but what a response!! Finally a limit was set at thirty.

There are a lot of things to organize for a trip of this size but they all got done - some things only hours before departure when the last of the food was packed - and we departed from Frank's yard in Havelock North at 2.00 p.m. on Saturday 24th December.

Food under the false floor. Packs stacked in the "loft". Travel bags strung up to the beams. We even managed to get some people in the truck.

The truck itself looked like Xmas with new paint, stereo, stacks of mattresses, wind-deflectors(?), and racing stripe on top. It even sported three flash club monograms.

After a feed at the Big Tex (she was a whopper) and a wee stopover at Paul's flat in Wellington, we boarded the Picton ferry at 10 p.m. for a smooth crossing.

The trip south was pretty uneventful, the features being the Kaikoura sunrise with the snow-covered mountains glowing pink, a spell in Christchurch to buy gear at Alp Sports and spin the frisbee, lupins at Lindis Pass, and coaxing the coin pump at Omarama.

Cromwell 8 p.m. 25th December. Thankyou to the Cromwell people allowing us the use of the District High as an overnight shelter and cooking area. After a massive Xmas Dinner (11 p.m.) we crashed into our pits.

26th - Trev organised the lunches. Great job. Twenty four people in the truck, four in the Datsun, and we were off to the Remarkables at 11.30 a.m. The weather was hot and everyone was tired and it was a long way up there and... only thirteen decided to carry two-day packs to Lake Alta for the night. Halfway up the others dropped off the ridge to camp beside a stream.

27th - Nearly all of the lower party joined the "Alta" group this day for fun and games in the snow and a look at Double Cone. The weather was a little cooler than on the 26th and everyone had a great introduction to this rugged range. A couple of falcons caused some excitement when we disturbed them on our way down.

It was time to play tourists and at 4 p.m. we headed for Arrowtown. This place was a little disappointing because its pioneering atmosphere was wrapped up in pretty bouquets and dollar signs, but it was a welcome stop for refreshments. Back to Cromwell for the night.

28th - "Whippee! We're off to the Matuki!" Leaving about 9 a.m. we travelled to Wanaka where the National Park Intentions Book was completed, post-cards were mailed, pies were scoffed and the truck admired. Then off up the shingle road to the Matukituki. A shelter belt of trees provided a fine windbreak at Raspberry Creek, the road-end where we established our base camp - home base for the next ten days.

From here, various activities were undertaken ranging from day trips to six day tramps, and from casual wanderings to more adventurous climbing. The following accounts cover some of the memorable happenings of these trips.

.
"Not muesli again."
"Pass the dixie."
"Who's got the beef curry in their pack?"
"Hell, my pack's broken the scales!"
"My sunglasses! I've left me sunglasses up there!"
"More T.V.P. anybody?"
"Who said Carol snores?"
"Me! Get snowblindness! No way!!"
"My boots?.....they're in me pack".
"Anyone for refresh?"
"Goodnight"
.....
"Bloody sandflies".
"Turn the cassette up".
"My turn in the front".
"Guide Perry - ex-Cromwellian!"
- - - - -

A full report on organization, menu, food quantities etc may be found in the club library.

Leader: Dave Perry

Wendy Thorn, Wendy Gordon, John Grover, Graham Bailey, Russell Perry, Bruce Perry, Allan Holden, Carol Climo, Fiona Law, Glenn Armstrong, Beth Curtis, Kate O'Malley, Colleen O'Malley, Shona McAulay, Peter Berry, Leon Smith, Paul Richards, Trevor Plowman, Les Hanger, Rob Snowball, Frank Hooper, Geoff Robinson, Joanne Jepson, Murray Ball, Kerry Smith, Dave Wilkins, Debbie Bayens, Anna Bloomer, Tony Connell,

I would like to offer my personal thanks to everyone who made the trip a success - to the drivers for transporting us safely, to the committees for doing a great job, to the members' families who assisted in a variety of ways, and to the trampers whose companionship made the trip such a warm and exciting adventure. See you all next Christmas.

D.P.

THE ASPIRING STORY

Paul and I had arrived at French Ridge Hut the previous evening, having returned from the Raspberry Creek New Year Celebrations. It was a chill, clear morning at 6.30 as we cramponned with Murray and Tony up the crisp slopes above the hut. The low angle sun was just rising over Mt Avalanche as we dropped off the ridge to sidle through the avalanches below Mt French. At 9 a.m. we emerged from the Breakaway on to the Bonar. Two miles across the glacier was Aspiring, rising 3500 ft dark in shadow above the glistening Bonar.

We studied the West Face. At the top of the face an exit left to the N-W ridge seemed possible. Crossing the softening glacier on two ropes, we started up the face. The slope steepened and kicked footholds led to cut steps and then front pointing. The view down between one's legs was impressive - unbroken slope for 1000's of feet. Nearly at the top of the slope which was becoming vertical, we separated, Tony and I ascending right, round an overhanging rock, were prevented by an unstable icy rock face. Retreating, we followed Murray and Paul over a steep lip on which Murray had skillfully persuaded crumbling iceholds to remain until he had pulled himself over the edge. The party, now on the relatively secure ridge, climbed the final few hundred feet to the summit. The weather had been breaking during the final stages of the face climb and on the ridge a bitter Nor'Wester made life unpleasant. On top was an all too quick experience - enough time for the usual poses and panoramic photos and then down. Already the North-Westerly had rolled cloud over the Bonar and had obscured all views west and north. Only Cook pierced through the sea of cloud to the north. Descending via the N-W ridge to the Bonar we considered spending the night in Colin Todd Hut. However, good sense prevailed and we slogged back up three - four miles of soft Bonar to the Quarterdeck. The Breakaway route was too

dangerous after early morning, being swept with avalanches off French. After a brief stop for a few bites at the top of French Ridge, we descended the 2500 ft to the hut, arriving between 8 and 9 p.m. for a good night's sleep. Next morning we ate the last night's dinner (which was not eaten due to sleep) and waited for the weather to clear. By 3 o'clock no encouraging signs were to be seen so Paul and I retreated to the truck leaving Murray and Tony contemplating the weather. Next day Paul and I tramped to Aspiring Flats in the East Branch to spend the remaining days.

Trev

FRENCH RIDGE

Pearl Flat receded into the distance with surprising rapidity at first as we scrambled up the series of steep pitches which are a feature of this track. Beech trees festooned with a hanging fungus resembling bleached strawberries gradually gave way to sub-alpine growth and coming around a corner we were treated to our first glimpse of the beautiful white rununculus which abounds in the area.....

At last we were on the tops. Hail! On with parkas and up the last never-ending grunt to the hut.

The sun rose beautifully (apparently) and we wandered out of French Ridge Hut and spent the day learning to self arrest near the brink of the horrifying Gloomy Gorge, aptly named. Then back down the track to Pearl Flat.

P.B.

Party: Anna, Debbie, Colleen, plus Peter

WEST BRANCH

Back up the West Branch we went, intent on getting up to Liverpool Bivvy, but our packs and the beauty of the scenery left us just enough time to bed down for the night. Next morning we set off on the track up to Liverpool Biv which was as steep as last time and absolutely surrounded by wild flowers. We had lunch there and enjoyed the view which was dominated by Aspiring off in the distance, and the Matukituki winding through its green valley beneath its tall peaks.

Next morning having been joined by John's party, we set off up to Scot's biv. This is an interesting trip with bush followed by an open bouldery, avalanche-swept valley, and a snow cave formed by a stream wandering under avalanche debris.

Then it happened! Anna's knee versus Rock. So we set off from the aforementioned rock which we'd been sitting under (Scot's Biv), Leon and I carried Anna very carefully as we crossed the stream but we started laughing so much we dropped her in. Then followed a slow but fortunately uneventful trip back to Pearl Flat.

Waiting for us were the "Grandad Brigade". They told us an old member of the club, Derek Conway, was staying at Aspiring Hut, and that he had known both Debbie's and my fathers. So Debbie, Beth, Colleen and I ran down to the hut and had a good old yarn while Beth ate the last of my chocolate and got to know Derek and his daughter quite well.

Colleen and Debbie left for the truck early. I left after lunch. Leon, Beth and Kerry left even later, but we all got there. All in all it was a great trip and coming up to the truck I asked three guys if they'd seen Colleen and Debbie and they said "so you're the guy they're waiting for, you lucky devilf...." and I had to agree. We had a great crew.

P.B.

EAST MATUKITUKI

Wednesday morning and only two days left before having to leave the valley completely, so Colleen and I decided to make our way back to the truck that day and hopefully Thursday morning head into the East Branch. After talking it over with Peter, who wasn't feeling the best and still in his sack, we made our way back to the truck on the condition that if Peter didn't arrive at the truck that night we weren't to go to the East Branch.

Back at the truck with nearly all hopes diminished, we heard the sound which was music to our ears - Peter's size 12 boots, and not far behind were Beth, Kerry and Leon.

Thursday, we were off with a deadline return time of 6 o'clock, Friday night. We had a great start. As we approached the car park, one of us asked who was carrying the billy. Peter took off back to the truck. Nothing more was mentioned about that.

Across the river just past Cameron Flat, some of us had a wash, with soap! and another of many snacks.

We had beautiful weather all the way. The incredible greeny-blue of the river, never ceased to amaze us, and the East Branch is less populated too. We had hoped to reach Rock of Ages Biv, but decided to spend the night at Junction Flat instead. This has good sites for tents and a ready-made fire place, but is as bad as Pearl Flat for being invaded by sandflies.

Early Friday morning four of us hiked to Rock of Ages Biv. We had heard the day before that this wasn't really worth while, but when we arrived all four of us were lost for words in trying to describe what we saw. The Rock of Ages Biv where we met Trevor and Paul is incredibly huge and has a great view of Aspiring Flat. After a hot billy full of milo, we followed Trevor and Paul up Rainbow Stream.

With time running short we left Trevor and Paul to pack up their gear and headed back to Junction Flat to pack up and have lunch. Being such gluttons the day before, lunch consisted of crackers with milo on top and licking our fingers

and dipping them into the milk powder, which turned out to be better than anticipated.

The heat on the way back was something fantastic. At one stage we all just dropped our packs - no time to take boots off - and ran madly into the river. Boy, was it cold!

We arrived back at the truck ten minutes before time, still wanting to quench our appetites.

S.M.

Party: Shona, Leon, Peter, Beth, Kerry, Colleen.

- - - - -

Stretched out on the grass in front of Cascade Hut, a group of trampers are discussing a plan of action regarding a proposed climb to Cascade Saddle. The sun is shining, the sky is blue.....

PSYCHING UP TO CASCADE.....

"Quite high isn't it."

"Shall we go up?"

"Well, I'd like to take a look further up the valley but I wouldn't mind a look up there either."

"Long way though!"

"Yeah."

"Packs a bit heavy. You takin' your bash hat?"

"Nope!"

"Mmmm.... me neither."

"Hot isn't it?"

"Getting hotter."

"Very warm indeed."

"Certainly isn't cold is it."

"No, quite warm really."

"Warm! I'd say it's pretty hot!"

"Long way up there."

"Packs still heavy."

"Who really wants to go up?.... I SAID WHO..."

"O.K. that's settled then. Up we go."

"Good."

"Righto."

"Cracker."

.....

"Um.... when shall we start?"

D.P.

CASCADE SADDLE ESCAPADES

Cascade Saddle? - all the way up there. Maybe I won't go. (Second thoughts). Finally after all the indecision we set off, hidden under our packs. We were going well until we stopped for a short 2 hour snooze and snack in the sun outside Cascade Hut. After a period of still more indecision and when the hottest part of the day came, we took off, up through the beautiful beech forest. However the track was steep and the beauty not fully appreciated. We met Rob, Geoff, Les and Frank coming down, and after a short conversation we continued through the beech to snowgrass with rocky patches. The track was well marked all the way. After about five hours we were at the top of the Cullers Route. The view of the head of the Dart and Matukituki Valleys was incredible and all the puffing seemed worthwhile. We dropped down to Cascade Creek and set up camp - consisting of two tents, a fly and a found snowcave. Three of us slept in the cave - talk about class too:- two doors! and a roof high enough for certain people to stand up in even. Who says we were mad?

The next day we rose full of no energy. Six decided to conquer higher Tyndall but it turned out to be sort of a long way away, so the team returned for lunch, leaving Russ to explore by himself above the Isobel Glacier. We were quite often invaded by a whole airforce of Keas who soon became film stars. Usually they left in a hurry with a shower of rocks and anything we could lay our hands on fired in their direction.

On 4.1.78 a 4 a.m. rise was planned by the enthusiastic climbers to ascend Edward. Graham and Bruce looked outside at the rain, then were quickly back in their pits. After breakfast Russell, David W, Allan and Wendy T. headed for Dart Hut. We crossed Cascade Creek, peered over Head's Leap and lingered around admiring the numerous beautiful alpine plants in the valleys. By the time we reached Cascade Saddle, the day had cleared and we decided to climb Plunket Dome. We went up a ridge with small plants on, then across a snow saddle to a rock outcrop where we had some lunch, then continued plugging steps up a snow slope. When we were nearly up, we saw the rest of the party following. We waited for them on the top of the Dome. Unfortunately Islington Dome had too many crevasses, and we had no ropes, so we turned back. Bruce, Graham, Wendy G and Glenn went straight back to camp, packed up and went back to the truck. Carol went back to the camp with them, but stayed and cooked a most appreciated tea. The rest of us went down onto the Dart Glacier and admired the tremendous ice-walls. "We must come back tomorrow with crampons". We headed back over the moraine to Cascade Saddle where Russell and Dave W decided to climb Ansted. Dave P, Allan and Wendy T went straight back to camp.

Russ and Dave made good time up the ridge to Ansted and returned via a breathtaking and, for Russell, award-winning route down. Two very proud but exhausted bods walked into camp about 11 p.m.

Next morning some of us emerged from our tents later than usual. Today's intention was to spend time on the Dart Glacier practising ice climbing techniques, in particular that much talked of art of chouinarding. This entails ice wall climbing using ice hammers or axes and crampons, usually on near vertical slopes. The glacier abounded with these of course and the morning passed rapidly. The pitches were always short and provided ideal practice for a skill rarely called for closer to home. Only Dave Wilkins managed to hide himself in a crevasse, in such a position that his burnt nose couldn't melt steps for him to get out. Poor Dave... Others' difficulties always provide a good laugh.

When the mirth subsided we fired the gear into the packs. It was time to head back and break camp. This was completed quietly, everyone appreciating the few days of peace and companionship we had shared among good friends up here. Then away up to the top of Cullers Route and down the far side to the Matukituki. As mentioned previously this is VERY steep and the descent far trickier than the ascent. Thankfully all was accomplished with no mishaps and we emerged on the valley floor by 7 p.m. Close to Cascade Hut we camped under the beech, and the sandflies again!

W.T., W.G., R.P.

Party: Wendy & Wendy, Dave & Dave, Chris & Glenn, Carol, Russell, Allan, Graham.

SHARKS TOOTH!

"Let's go. It's only 4 o'clock in the afternoon. Let's see how far we can get."

Off the four boys went with great haste and altitudinal illusions fleeting before their eyes.

"Maybe we'll even get to the top" they thought....

Dreamers all! The trip nearly finished very quickly when we found our steep ridge took us directly above a bevy of bathing H.T.C. beauties. Snow glare be damned! That's pink, not white! Dragging the feet reluctantly onward, the four climbed. The valley lay over 3000' below before we called it quits.

"That'll do us. We're bluffed anyway and those other blighters'll eat our tea". (We needed an excuse - we were only just over half way up.)

It was just after 6 p.m. so a leisurely descent was made, scrambling up and down rocks large and small just for the fun of it. Back at the truck just after 7.30 p.m. A good afternoon's leg stretch - and I left my sunglasses up there.

R.P.

Party: Glenn, Graham, Russell, Allan.

MT ANSTED BY NIGHT

Mt Ansted (7690') is situated south of Cascade Saddle in between the Dart Glacier and the Isobel Glacier. It has one definite summit and can be climbed by a number of various routes.

Time was moving by as we were climbing out of Cascade Saddle back to our tent in the Cascade Creek. Ansted was looming above us just waiting to be climbed. We had already done an eight hour day but were still feeling good. Russell mentioned something about climbing Ansted.

"Yeah, tomorrow Russ, it'll be fine."

"Why not now?"

I stopped walking and thought, "Why not?" We couldn't get anyone else to come with us so off we went. Up the snow-grass slopes first, on to a shaley razor-back ridge and then to the snow fields. These slowed us up. The snow hadn't formed a crust as yet - so it was back to the razor-back with one foot on either side.

Peaks rose up from everywhere. Mt Edward on the other side of the Dart Glacier, Moariri, Maori, Plunket Dome, Islington Dome and Liverpool all standing out clearly. Even though it was late afternoon a continuous roar could be heard as avalanches thundered down into the Dart Glacier from these peaks.

On the other side of the Matukituki River the twilight colours had an incredible effect. Mt Aspiring's south face was an apricot colour as were Rob Roy and Avalanche. These peaks seem warm and inviting when they look like this, making you wonder how they can ever be so cold and cruel and take a person's life.

The top was near now. We were getting tired but this didn't deter us. Up some shaley loose rock, 50' at a time, then a rest. On to the ridge overlooking the Isobel Glacier just in time to see Mt Earnslaw with its three peaks bathed in sunlight. What a terrific sight!

The final piece to the top is pure rock climbing on reasonable rock. A distinct chimney leads the way to the top. Russell went up first making full use of the rock and his never-ending supply of energy. I followed but retreated 15' from the top. My energy had run out and I could probably not have climbed down again in this state.

Russell reached his hand to the top, touched the highest rock and then came down the chimney. We had climbed it but the light had faded and a look at the watch showed it was 10 o'clock. Time to go down. We didn't want to bivvy out even though we were prepared for it.

Once on the snow we moved a bit faster as it had hardened up. We decided to drop off the ridge face into Cascade Creek by means of snow chutes, glissading most of the way. But a

couple of times we got bluffed. Once in particular.

Russ was in front and we had just crossed over onto some very steep snowgrass slopes from a snow chute.

"Make sure you don't slip on this stuff," says Russ.

"Yeah," I yell back.

Suddenly Russ takes off! Even though it was dark I could see him move into the self arrest position and ride his ice axe on the snow grass. He did this for about 20' and then disappeared over a rock bluff to land in a patch of snow 50' below. Meantime I had stopped dead in my tracks. He didn't move for a couple of seconds which seemed an eternity. Instinctively I yelled

"Are you all right?"

And then the tension was relieved by a typical Perry laugh. No scars or broken bones but a really neat bruise (you know where) was all he got out of that fall.

So we carried on down more slowly. In the valley there were three campsites. One had a torch going. We thought this wasn't ours and when we got down in the valley walked right past the front door of the tent and carried on looking for our tent site. We couldn't find it, so we went back to this tent with the torch on to ask for directions. To our surprise this was our tent and we'd walked straight past it. Thanks to Allan and Wendy who kept our tea hot for us. That was really neat and thanks, Russell, for the climb.

Dave Wilkins.

UPPER MATUKITUKI GERIATRIC TRIP

On New Year's Day I wanted to head up the East Matukituki, but there were no other takers then. So I joined Les, Geoff and Frank on Les' Trip. For the next six days we would do day trips from base camps along the West Matukituki, so as not to overstrain us elderly guys.

So after Geoff and I had gone to Wanaka that morning we took off to beyond Cascade Hut where we camped at the bottom of the Cascade Saddle track, about 15 minutes from Aspiring Lodge. At 6 a.m. next morning we were up and away by 7.45 to Cascade Saddle. This track is initially not very steep, but once past the bushline about 2 hours or so up it gets really steep on the tussock and snowgrass. We kicked steps up a patch of snow at the top to reach the ridge. Les was disgusted with me when he found me following the steps he was making for Frank, who didn't have an ice axe.

Lunch was had at 12.30, then we wandered up the ridge a bit to see Mt Ansted which looked a tempting shortish stroll through the snow. I did not have crampons and Frank had

neither crampons nor axe so the "stroll" was abandoned.

Coming down, all except me decided to sidle round the patch of snow instead of kicking steps down. This resulted in Geoff going for a skate and making a brilliant ice axe arrest on snowgrass about 3' from a large bluff. We got a bigger fright than he did.

Just below the bushline there were twelve bods ascending. This was about 4 p.m. They all looked properly STUFFED, less than halfway up. Their packs were all above 50 lbs. Russell had sore feet and Dave a sore knee (one or the other, I forget which). We were told later they made it to the top.

Frank and Geoff spent the evening at Aspiring Lodge and the next day (Tuesday) we went onto the already established Pearl Flat campside, booted the stragglers out of bed at 10 a.m., had lunch then went on to Scotts Bivvy at the extreme head of the valley. There is some nice bush and ice falls which would have looked better if the weather had been good. There was also a large group of bods escorting Anna back down with a sprained ankle. Scotts Bivvy was found by good luck more than good management. It looks like the rest of the large rocks among the dozens on the valley floor.

The night was damp at Pearl Flat.

Wednesday involved a trip up French Ridge, steep going through the bush but easier higher up. Tony and Murray were at French Ridge Hut when we arrived for lunch. They gave us their news and that of Trev and Paul who had climbed Mt Aspiring and taken off for the East Matukituki. There was some fun climbing above the hut and sliding down the snow which was too soft. The weather was now bright and sunny.

Next day I decided to help escort Anna back to the truck, so Shona, Joanne, Anna and myself set off about 10 a.m. Les, Frank and Geoff went up to Liverpool Hut and Mt Barff.

I believe they had some fun with a couple of Dunedin blokes they met up there. Frank and Geoff tried to climb Mt Barff with those two and got bluffed halfway by some rock outcrops. Les stayed and snoozed at the hut.

Meanwhile in the valley it was slow progress with Anna hobbling along but we made Aspiring Lodge for a long lunch and reached the truck about 6 or 6.30 p.m. Many were there already. Anna kept waking me that night "supposedly" to stop me snoring.

Friday morning, the deadline day. While some climbed Homestead Peak the hard way, I hitch-hiked into Wanaka to stay with relatives and to meet the truck in Wanaka first thing Saturday morning.

R.S.

Party: Les, Frank, Geoff, Rob.

HOMESTEAD PEAK

Well, it was the last day in the Matukituki Valley and Graham, Glenn and I had rested up the day before cos we was feeling a bit under-the-weather.

Anyway, lying back in the sun we couldn't help but look up at what we thought was Homestead Peak, but really wasn't, and we decided, "Yeah, why not?"

We headed off about midday and tramped for a full 5 minutes after crossing the Matuki' and sat down. Graham went back for his camera, and while he was retrieving, Glenn and I got to looking at the sawtooth ridge of Homestead. Once again, we figured - "Why not?"

The terrible trio headed for the sawtooth but even reaching the ridge was quite a grunt. Spaniard became a very close acquaintance here as we were hanging from or standing on it to keep from falling down again. We gained the ridge by 1.30 and boy, I mean wowee, cor, and all that! What a ridge! Almost overhanging on both sides, it was.

The ridge from here on was one rockstep after another, and we were moving hand-over-hand along some places, hanging from the top of the ridge. Another place, we had to scurry across cos if we had gone any slower, the ridge would have fallen away under us - pure poos!!!

After two hours of hot but really great rock climbing, we reached the said H. Peak which wasn't. We still had time in hand to be back at camp by 6.30, so we headed on towards true H. Peak.

From here the climbing was more demanding and time consuming and consequently with two major gendarmes left to climb over, we dropped off the ridge into the Rob Roy Stream. Views of Rob Roy Glacier were fantastic and avalanches plentiful. The stream was a raging torrent and totally uncrossable. We followed the track back down to the Matuki' Valley and camp.

We arrived a little bit late and missed out on a large part of our evening meal - very poor!!!!

Bruce Perry

FIXTURES FOR MEETINGS

Dates for meetings for the next few months are:

April 19th	July 12th
May 3rd	July 26th
May 17th	August 9th
May 31st	August 23rd
June 14th	September 6th
June 28th	

No. 1131

KIWI MOUTH - MANSON

14-15th January

The 11 bods arrived at the Ngaruroro River in two station wagons and left for Kiwi Saddle Hut by 8.20 a.m. Graham carried Kiwi's axe in. The weather was fine but very windy on the exposed tops and we were pleased to arrive by 11.30 a.m. for lunch and a natter. In the early afternoon we continued down to Kiwi Mouth Hut by 2 p.m. where everyone relaxed, sunbathed and swam.

But I wanted to see Manson Hut, so, heading up this steep track and along the ridge, I reached Manson by 4 p.m. I had a good peek-a-boo then returned back by 5 p.m. to Kiwi Mouth. Chris Jones had meanwhile joined the party. Come Sunday morning we made a late start after chopping firewood and cleaning up. We then wandered down the Ngaruroro River which was very low. We stopped in at Cameron Hut for a feed then continued on out to the cars.

No in party: 12

Leader: Randall Goldfinch

John Jones, Wendy Gordon, Les Hanger, David Wilkins, Geoff Robinson, Beth Curtis, Glenn Armstrong, Willa Maxwell, Graham Bailey, Colleen O'Malley, Chris Jones.

No. 1132 (a)

MANGATAINOKA

4-6th February

After the usual mucking around in Hastings and Napier we arrived at Jack Nicholas' place about an hour behind schedule. A suggestion that the leader go up to Nicholas' place and get permission to cross his land was carried out. At the hay barn the group broke up into three parties; one to head for Mangatainoka on the first night, through Te Puke to Mangataruturu the second night, and out via Middle Hill; the second group to go up to Makino, through to Ballards and out via Middle Hill; the last group was to do an easy trip up the Mangatainoka.

Some of the party were lucky enough to get rides into the hot springs. Other unfortunates had to hot-foot it all the way. Once at the hot springs the slow party regrouped and set off down the track to Te Puia Chalet. Lunch was consumed about an hour before Stagger Inn. Swims were frequent due to exhausting heat which seemed to radiate from the manuka. Later in the day thunder clouds could be seen building up on the horizon although it was still fairly warm. It was getting on to 3.30 p.m. when the weather finally broke. She was a cracker thunder storm, which seemed to set the weather pattern for the weekend.

The next morning six of us headed up river to the Mangatainoka, five stayed at Te Puia to do some fishing and Graham headed up a dirty Makino River to find a route to Mangaturuturu Hut where he hoped to meet the members of the fast party.

After travelling in drizzly conditions for 2½ hours the six Mangatainoka hopefuls decided to turn back. Travel on the way down was faster because we stuck to the river. At the Mangatainoka hot springs we met Les and company who had come down from Makino Hut. After a dip in the springs we headed back to Te Puia where we once again spent the night.

The next morning everyone was persuaded to head out via Makino. We left Te Puia at 9.30 a.m. arriving at Makino just after 11.00. A long lunch break was interrupted by the arrival of group number 2 who had based themselves at Ballards and done day trips to Mangaturuturu and Tira Chalet (Kelvinator Lodge).

The trip out was uneventful, the fast party arriving at the truck 45 minutes later than us.

No in party: 22

Leader: Glenn Armstrong

Randall Goldfinch, Graham Bailey, Peter Berry, Chris and John Jones, Allan Holden, Beth Curtis, Fiona Law, Dave Perry, Dave Wilkins, Steven Braithwaite, Graeme Middleton, Dyan Coombes, Bruce Readman, Les Hanger, Colleen O'Malley, Shona McAulay, Carol Climo, Cherie Barber, Christine Beattie, Clive Thurston.

No. 1132 (b) MANGATAINOKA-TE PUKE-MANGATURUTURU

"Where are you going?"

"Ballards".

"BALLARDS!! In this hot weather! You're mad!!"

"Where are you going then?"

"Dunno!"

The weather was pretty warm and I didn't feel too much like sweating up through the manuka to Ballards. Randall, Bruce and Graham had already headed off along the Hot Springs road and I had some vague notions of catching them as I set off in shorts, sandals and sunhat. The blue sky above was cloudless.

The tramp in to Te Puia Chalet was uneventful and even a swim could not dispel the stifling heat. Graham was suffering from a suspected disease, the thought of which made his tummy upset, and so we left this comfortable refuge at 3 p.m. for Mangatainoka without him.

"Splatt!"

"What happened to the blue sky?"

"Somebody's been running around with a wet blanket!"

We were just turning into the Mangatainoka Stream when the heavens opened up. And it poured... and poured... and... From a situation where we had plenty of time and light to reach the hut, the dark skies now meant we were racing against time to get there before nightfall. Cutting over a wee saddle just before the gorge we rejoined the river a short time later and with only one incident raced into Mangatainoka just on four hours from Te Puia.

The three of us scampered around collecting firewood and water and then settled into the cosy hut for the night. Spectacular flashes of lightning and fierce thunder accompanied the quieter clatter of stirred billies, scraping bowls and Randall's laughter.

A light rain dampened the grey dawn and we were reluctant to head into the wet bush and up 2500' to Te Puke. Still, it was to be all new country for the three of us between Te Puke Hut and our overnight refuge. We enticed ourselves out of the hut around 8.30 a.m.

Being unsure of the correct route we followed a course previously worked out on our maps and climbed steadily through reasonable bush conditions. We left Mangatainoka Stream at approximately 747818 (NZMS1 N113) and bush-bashed to meet a ridge at approximately 755805 where there were some signs of old blazes and the odd cut branch. With the thick bush and low cloud level we literally fumbled our way along the complicated ridge which twisted and turned in unexpected places. Finally we thought we were on the last climb up to Te Puke when the mist cleared and there, across the large gully to our right, Te Puke stood out unmistakably. Curses!

Finally we emerged onto the misty tops of Te Pukechikarua. Strangely, Randall was feeling the strain - possibly something to do with trying a summer tramp without a sleeping bag. It was a long stroll in cold wind over the exposed crest of Te Puke and we were glad to reach the shelter of the hut. Two forestry cullers welcomed us with a steaming billy and soon the only noises were slurps and gulps. All three of us dug into our food bags for a feed and Randall burst into life again.

An hour flew by and reluctantly we bid the cullers farewell. With heads down and parkas slapping we set a good pace for Mangaturuturu, where we intended to stay the night. Maybe we were just a little weary or maybe we weren't concentrating that well but instead of climbing directly over a point on the ridge we sidled and soon found ourselves on a fast descending spur. Wrong way - back we go - on the track again - heads down..."What's that hut?" "Curses! - that's Te Puke!" "No it isn't yes it is!" "WE'VE GONE ROUND IN A CIRCLE!!"

Two hours later we were stripping off at Mangaturuturu. Another culler in residence. A good tea. A great sleep.

Monday morning the weather was still dirty. I had only a swandri and did not fancy the continued exposure of a return trip to the truck via Tira Chalet and Ballards. Randall and

Bruce set off in that direction and I tramped in the direction of Makino via a freshly cut track leading down the Mangaturuturu Spur to the Makino-Mangaturuturu Junction. This is a beautiful track through a variety of bush, and it drops a long long way.

The Makino River was high and it was necessary to use a pole to cross. Rather than take the risk of tramping down-river alone with the river high and dirty, I located the track out of the Makino and up to the Makino-Ballards track. This track is overgrown in places but passes through open bush further up the spur and is generally easy to follow. (Marked with yellow discs). Four hours from Mangaturuturu to Makino Hut.

Nearing Makino, I heard the warm sound of an axe at work and shortly sighted (or was it sighted short..) Glenn swinging away. The hut was crowded with HTC bods whom I accompanied out to the truck.

D.P.

No. 1133 (a)

ESK RIVER

12th February

The truck left Holts reasonably close to 6 a.m., and, using the main Wairoa Road and the Kaiwaka road up Darkies Spur to Waikoau, we reached our access road into Esk Forest fairly quickly. Here the fit party disembarked.

The spur leading directly towards the river seemed most promising so, following animal tracks, we set off through the manuka, nettle and fern. Descent to a side stream was rapid and this soon led to the main Esk River.

The upper part of the river is shown as heavily gorged. We had headed in to find what the lower gorge offered and were pleasantly surprised. Years of water erosion have left some unusual formations and narrow gorges in the limestone. The first dunking in the chilly water was voluntary for those who wished it but it soon became obvious everyone would go the same way. Where limestone cliffs pressed close together tall people smiled benignly and short people gritted chattering teeth. Fortunately this did not happen too often. The sun's efforts at warming day and water alike began to show promise and it soon became difficult to keep our more eminent gastronomically centred biologists from examining closely the details of oscillating Anguilliformes and meditating and theorising profusely over fundamental peculiarities of local Anseriformes.

The eel unfortunately snuffed it. Two large rocks somewhat upset its somnambulant bliss, an' it oscillated no longer.

The ducks are still there (I hope). They are indeed peculiar. We first observed them swimming considerable distances underwater. They did not surface for at least thirty seconds and could move rapidly, even against the current. When this happened again and again our curiosity gained the better of us and we set to to catch one. Normal

ducks fly away when big idiots start chasing them. They didn't. This leads to two obvious conclusions: they couldn't fly or we're not idiots. Hopefully agreeing that the latter was correct we eventually caught the ducks hard up in the grass of the bank. Observations:

- a) they looked nice to eat.....
- b) they were in very good condition.....
- c) they were about the right size for my roasting dish...
- d) the ends of their wings were denuded...WHAT!!!

Let's look at this more closely. The ends of the wings were fully quilled but the barbs were gone. Whatever had happened had affected all the main flight feathers. There were no lice or other infestation apparent; it couldn't have been chemical because the other wings would have been affected too. What was it? Whatever had happened must have occurred some time ago because the ducks appeared to be completely adapted to this fishy way of life. If you have a theory please post to

Anseriformes Extraordinaire,
C/- Heretaunga Tramping Club,
P.O. Box 447,
HASTINGS.

.....and we let the little fellow go. After all, he may be something of a rarity.

Lunch sort of happened at a snack stop where people dived for small goodies in their packs and found bigger nice ones. From here the fit party split into two. The faster of the group were to attempt the full trip through to Esk Park. This was some distance away (full trip was 25km+) and we set off at a brisk pace. A second group, under Geoff's Travel Bureau Inc., were to climb up to the truck now parked high on the Waipunga Road, but that's their story to tell.

The journey down the river was fairly uneventful. With plucky resolve we wrung the best out of the journey and flew along the now widening valley. The day was very humid and many miles must have been covered just lying in the river and pack-floating. As cropped land closed in more and more on the river it became easier to seek alternative travel, and after a flagging leader had a much needed scoff, we trekked off along the Napier-Wairoa railway line. We reached Esk Park around 6 p.m. to a welcome brew prepared by the slow party, and just five minutes before Geoff's frustrated tourists arrived in the truck.

The head of the valley looks very promising for a summer wet trip if the gorge section which we travelled is anything to go by. Unfortunately, the river from the Ellis-Wallace crossing is largely farm land and of limited interest. For the fisherman the upper river has plenty of trout. N.B. Don't forget the duck theories.

R.P.

Full trip Party: 6. Graham Bailey, John Grover, Allan Holden, Joan Wilson, Carol Climo, Russell Perry.

Geoff's group had instructions to leave the river just before a bridge, climb a ridge, cross the railway line near the tunnel and find the truck parked on the Waipunga Road. We reached the bridge and were told that a truck with a party of trampers had crossed the bridge that morning. So we figured the truck must be parked just up this road that led to the bridge. Besides, it looked an awful long climb up the ridge. So we set off up the road. To cut a long story short: the map that we didn't have would have shown us that we were walking up Ellis-Wallace Road which is parallel to, but never crosses, Waipunga Road. After several weary miles we asked a farmer's advice and he kindly took us round to the truck. A quick jaunt to see over the ridge just where we had gone wrong, then we hurried back to pick the others up on the Esk River.

J.M.P.

Geoff's T.B. Inc: 6

Janet Brown, Marianne van Hattem, Joanne Perry, Shona McAulay, Phil Smith, Geoff Robinson.

No. 1133 (b)

Slow Party

Slow was the word! Having plunged down the bank in the wake of the fast party and finding it a bit insecure in sandals, seven of our ten went back to the truck, having misheard George's intentions, while he and two girls went right down to the Esk and up a spur further round. We waited at the truck, looked at the view (all rusty and opaque), listened to cicadas (fantastic variations in their calls) and waited. Finally the three wanderers appeared and we piled into the truck and took off back up Darkie's Spur to the dog-dosing strip where we left the truck for the fast party's dropouts.

Down we went over steep grassland under the railway by a cattle pass just before the tunnel, and past a farm where they were crutching (which we watched).

One person had a swim and we all paddled and wandered down the grassy banks until lunch time. A few yards from our lunch stop we found a waterfall coming out of a tunnel, which the males investigated while we watched and supervised! It was worked so that water could be taken from the fall to a duck pond (dry at the time).

Further down stream we met picnickers, first on foot, then in cars, as it seems a popular spot. Below the first bridge the going ceases to be so pleasant and park-like, blackberries are worse, and the grass is taller than oneself so visibility is lowered. We were pleased to see the big bridge ahead of us, and in no time at all the girls were in the water, as was one unwilling male.

No sooner had we put the billy on than the fast party turned up, and by the time the tea was made, the truck appeared with its crew.

E.R.P.

No in Party: 10 George Prebble, Liz Pindar, Marianne van Hattem, Moira O'Connor, Sandy Parsloe, Christine Beattie, Frank Hooper, Clive Thurston, Brigid McGovern, John Jones.

No. 1134 (a)

POHANGINA RIVER

25-26 February

The requested 5 o'clock start was adhered to faithfully and the truck departed from sleepy Hastings for the southern Ruahines. It was planned that the fitter party would begin at Kashmir Road end, whilst the rest of the muster, under Peter Manning's leadership, travelled by truck around through the Manawatu Gorge to where the Pohangina River emerges from the western flanks of the range.

We were walking by roughly 0800 hrs. A crisp morning ensured a brisk pace and plenty of valley fog. As we climbed above the farmland and onto the tops approaching Otumore and the Saddle Hut we emerged above the fog banks to a spectacular display of glistening cotton wool and distant sunlit peaks of the main divide. With such views to inspire, the legs moved all the faster and two hours out from the truck saw packs adorning the hut floor while feet and lungs took a breather.

Dave, Allan and Wendy decided that Otumore and the Divide looked inviting and their story continues later. This left seven of us to try the alternative - following the Pohangina River from its very headwaters right out to the truck.

Ploughing through the shrubs and grasses we found a tiny creek which must surely be the beginning. Almost immediately we struck problems. The loss of height here was via two waterfalls - impassable for us so that meant seeking a way through leatherwood and undergrowth. After the two falls though, the stream rapidly became easier travelling and opened out to reveal the surrounding ridges. No easy escape route there. That was never necessary, thank goodness.

The day's tramp down the river provided few highlights. Only twice did the gorge narrow sufficiently to necessitate rock hanging and taking a plunge. Once again it was proved that little people have definite disadvantages when delicately poising over waters of unspecified depths. They frequently can't quite reach the holds larger people before them have used. Results are varied and nearly always worth a laugh.

Leon Kinvig Hut appeared where it 'shouldn't ought to be' according to our map. We arrived around 1500 hrs to find two hunters well ensconced in the luxuries of helicopter service. They told of a new hut near the marked Ngamoko Campsite, named Ngamoko Hut, which we might like to continue on to. We had intended camping out but, being aware of the severity of fire risk and questioning the logic of creating a campsite so near to huts, we decided to move on. The hut was only a couple of hours away, and there was still a considerable distance to cover to get out on Sunday. We left a note at the hut for Allan's party just in case they dropped down to this weatherboard hut. No one there; /7 of a bunk each; neat, and lots of firewood - home for the night!

Sunday, and most were active early. Not much could be planned however until Allan's party arrived, because we had

planned to wait for them here. Much chopped wood, a scrubbed hut, cleaned windows and a second helping of breakfast later they still hadn't arrived. It was 1000 hrs so Chris and I decided to recce upstream to see what there was to see, and the others headed downstream to Mid-Pohangina Hut. After spending a happy hour scrambling around all the difficult pieces of rock we could find, and endeavouring to give a very large eel a headache, we sighted the missing three and all five returned to Ngamoko for a quick brew.

1115 hrs - depart Ngamoko

1215 hrs - arrive Mid Pohangina. We caught the rest of our party here and all scoffed lunch. Once again we split up. Chris and I were keen to add another hut to our credit so we opted for Cattle Creek, Allan's party decided again to stick together and moved off fairly rapidly, and the rest crossed the walkway just below the hut to follow the trail marked as following the ridge out. This trail was not easy to follow and they struck frustrating difficulties which eventually forced them to return to the river.

The two who wouldn't admit that their legs might have had enough, RAN (They're mad!) up the creek which joins the Pohangina just below the walkway. The map had shown that Cattle Creek Hut should be easy enough to find but after wearing the retreads off the gummies in the meanderings of this creek for over an hour, we gave it up for the time being and returned to the river too. After later consultation with the map we found we had gone much too far. The hut is not beside the creek as we had expected, but apparently well up out of sight on the bank. Never mind.

Upon reaching the river we maintained a brisk pace and soon caught up with the second group. The river is very picturesque in this section and the afternoon passed by pleasantly, wandering among huge boulders and frothing rapids. It was very hot and water proved refreshing but, as always, a fearful time waster. After lifting out of the river to dodge a difficult section and then returning once more, all that was left was to trudge what seemed endless miles out to the truck. I was very, very tired by this stage but its amazing how the sight of the great white monster with the red racing stripe can pick the feet up again. All out by 1800 hrs. A long but worthwhile tramp.

R.P.

Full party: Chris Jones, Dyan Coombes, Chris Melody, Robin Marshall, Leon Smith, Russell Perry.
Allan Holden, Wendy Thorn, Dave Wilkins.

No. 1134 (b)

POHANGINA RIVER / NGAMOKO RANGE

Dave W, Allan and I left the rest of the party at Pohangina Saddle Hut and headed up the ridge to the peak with the trig to find it was not Otumore as shown on the map, but a peak further south down the range. We headed down to a peak at 4950' in white-out conditions and took the wrong ridge. Luckily the fog cleared and we took bearings, so were soon back on the main ridge. The ridge top rose and dropped

a bit, but the tramping was fairly easy. We stopped for lunch just before Tunupo. Allan heard a motorbike fly past! - a two-stroke it was! (Bumble-bee). After climbing over Tunupo, the going became very easy. Fairy flat tussock country. We passed Toka about 3 p.m. and continued on down to Whaingapuna. We planned to take the track down to the Pohangina River, but didn't find it, and consequently spent several hours in the leatherwood. We dropped off the ridge and down a side-stream, to reach the main river just on dark. The Ngamoko Tent Camp was supposed to be just upstream according to the map, but it wasn't. We made camp anyway, had some hot soup and were soon in our pits.

After leisurely consuming breakfast and packing, we headed downstream at 10 a.m. to find Russell and Chris where we had entered the river the night before.

We continued on downstream with them past Ngamoko Hut to Mid Pohangina Hut. After a short break we continued downstream while they had lunch. The river was very pleasant. There were patches where we had to swim and some where we had to climb rock faces. The last section was a long walk along gravel flats out to the truck - a welcome sight!

Wendy T.

No. 1134 (c)

POHANGINA RIVER - PETER'S PARTY

After dropping the fast party off on our side of the Ruahines we motored round in behind Ashurst about 30 miles. From here we headed off up the flat river bed.

On the way up, Amanda twisted an ankle which slowed the party a bit. On reaching the branch in the river which leads to Mid Pohangina Hut we sent Peter B and Clive off up to our left to look for the track. Seeing no sign of it they signalled us to follow the river on up.

Shortly after this Peter Manning headed back out with Amanda as her ankle was too bad to continue.

Peter B and Clive had a hard job of it bush-bashing along the tops and finally spotted the roof of a hut way down in the bush.

In the mean time we had been slowed by a tricky gorge and waterfall. Frank led the girls on up a steep climb to bypass it, while Graham, Janet and myself negotiated a rock wall round the side of the gorge, where we waited for the others to complete their climb.

A couple of miles or so further up we came to a fork in the river and the remains of a foot bridge which had been washed out, plus an old camp site complete with toilet. I recalled that we should have had about another two hours to go before reaching the fork, but everything seemed to indicate that this was the right river leading to Mid Pohangina Hut. After travelling a short way up, out of the bush burst Clive, who had just come down from the hut they had seen from above on the true left bank.

We climbed back up the overgrown track to inspect what we thought must be Mid Pohangina Hut. It was quite a good little three bunk hut with "tar paper" covered walls and a new tin roof with open eaves. Obviously very old and as it turned out unnamed and not marked on the map; also no log book. Strange we thought, but it contained forestry supplies and the usual supply of randy books.

Although we were travelling fairly slowly, we still had plenty of daylight ahead, so headed off up this stream to look for Cattle Creek Hut. This was a great stream for boulder hopping, but as the going got tougher, two of the girls with Frank in attendance, returned to the hut at the forks.

With dusk coming on and no sign of the other hut (we were on the wrong stream) we found the only bit of flat ground above the high water level and made camp for the night in two tents and a couple of flies. Next morning we broke camp and, leaving our packs, we explored further upstream, climbing all the way until we were stopped by a rather large waterfall. The main party waited at the bottom, while Peter, Graham and myself climbed up around to the top for a look see.

We all headed back to the forks, picking up our packs on the way and started the tramp out. Being at the rear of the party I found the track leading off to the left and was later followed by Graham and Christine who had gone upstream in search of the fast party, who should come down that way. This track was a bit overgrown, but very good until it reached two wide slips. These were a bit hairy to negotiate when 200' above the stream bed. This track saved about $\frac{3}{4}$ hr at least and I whiled away this time trout fishing until the others turned up. From here it was a pleasant tramp out to the truck in the sunshine where, after a short time, the other party turned up.

We stopped at Ashurst on the way back for greasies and arrived back in Hastings at 1030 p.m.

G.P.R.

No in Party: 14

Leader: Peter Manning

Geoff Robinson, Graham Bailey, Christine Beattie, Sandra Parsloe, Joan Wilson, Peter Berry, Fiona Law, Amanda Roberts, Marianne van Hattem, Frank Hooper, Janet Brown, Clive Thurston, Moira O'Connor.

No. 1135 (c)

KIWI SADDLE

12th March

With the intended leaders not being able to make the trip, I was asked to stand in to drive and lead. This was to be an easy trip for any new members to have a look see at Kiwi Saddle, our club hut which has recently been repainted and fitted with a new window and frame salvaged from the house we pulled down in Wilson Road.

We were away by 6 a.m. and had a good drive up the Taihape road to the Water Gauge, where we met Graham Thorp and his policeman mate Peter Masurvey who joined us for the trip.

Peter Berry, Ross and Peter left us here to travel an alternative route. The rest of the party headed off up the track to Kiwi Saddle, struggling along in the hot sun, and getting some great views along the way as the weather was so clear.

We all arrived at the hut for lunch and as I'd carried up a chain-saw we proceeded to lay in a good supply of wood for the winter. Alan did a great job of splitting it all as it was carried back to the hut.

We got the slower ones away early and all met up further along the trail. We had decided to climb down the ridge off 4594' into the Ngaruroro River for a cool down and go out to the truck that way. All started off well, but the going in the bush got tougher the further we went. We attempted to follow a stream down but were forced back up onto the ridge again. Meanwhile Dave W and Greg took off down a giant shingle scree and apparently had a fairly easy time going out. It was dark by the time we got down into the river and after a snack, we started out to the truck. Although it was only about 2 - 2½ miles along the river, it took quite some time as it entailed several river crossings. With the aid of torches we managed to find the tracks which cut off the river bends in several places. This made the going easier. We all arrived back at the truck by about 10.30 p.m. but in the meantime Peter and Greg had hitched a ride to the forestry camp and phoned back to Hastings to say it looked like we would be out for the night, but this was not to be.

My thanks to Frank for driving back.

No in party: 22

Leader: Geoff Robinson

Clive Thurston, Alan Thurston, Glen Wilson, Sandy Parsloe, Marianne Van Hattem, Chris Hardie, Keith Thompson, Christine Thompson, Dave Wilkins, Russell Perry, George Prebble, Frank Hooper, Craig, Garth and Melissa Cooper, Beth Curtis, Chris Melody, Graham Thorp, Peter Masurvey, and Frank Cooper.

No. 1135 (b)

New Booties, size 12. Who wants to come up the river? Any takers? Ross and Peter. Great.

Off up the Ngaruroro to Cameron, then up to Kiwi Mouth, then up, up, up to Kiwi Saddle and out to 4100, where I left them and raced down to get to the truck at 7.05, expecting to find the others. Ross and Peter continued on down to meet us at 7.50, then we settled down to wait for the others.

P.B.

Peter Berry, Ross Berry, Peter Olsen.

No. 1136

MT RUAPEHU

24-27th March - Easter

Seven was all that Ruapehu enticed this Easter. The pressure of home, money and work kept many at home.

Off we set on Friday to Tongariro National Park. The trip was intended to be a leisurely one of rock climbing practice and a burst at any ice which still remained. The Chateau Road was reached by four o'clock and camp was set up by the old roadside. Tea was rapidly dispatched, then seven would-be tourists marched off up the road to the Chateau. It's amazing how feminine smiles open doors and flatter sparkling-vested servitors of the tourist regime. We gentlemen spent a surreptitious ten minutes eyeing ground floor constructions and assuring the above that we weren't heading for the house bar! Off back down the mile to the campsite under a brilliant starlit display that promised well for the weekend.

Saturday, and off up to the Top o' the Bruce. An unhurried reshuffling of gear took place and this only took us to 10 a.m., quite a fair start for a lazy weekend. The rock by the carpark provided an initial flexing of muscles, then we all popped across to Meads Wall. This is a common practice place for rock climbing skills. We certainly aired ours there. Four very pleasant hours were spent climbing, grasping, gasping and traversing. The rock was good, the day warm and the enthusiasm whetted deliciously. Marvellous fun!

With Meads Wall conquered, our gear was stowed into packs and off up Ruapehu we went until we reached the old Alpine Club site. Nearby we cleared two tentsites, set them up comfortably, and adjourned to the neighbouring ridgetop to cook Vestas in an amicable sauce of rosehued twilight and warm companionship....

The plan for Sunday was to practise some ice work before breakfast, then break camp and journey over to the Tama Lakes, but plans are made to be broken.

Seven noses unzipped the sleep from their eyes and drank greedily the dawn views of Ngauruhoe and beyond. Another fine day for us. A few biscuits and a piece of chocolate later we headed up to the frozen snow slopes. Packs held only basic gear and freshly filed crampons. It was only a matter of minutes before rubber soles were happily scrunching all over the lovely white stuff. Time was spent reabsorbing all the skills of kicking, stepcutting and cramponning, and instructing those of us less familiar with these activities.

Somehow the slopes enticed us on. In less time that it takes Chris Jones to find his socks we were at the Dome Shelter. (At the time of this report I still have his sock in my car!) Was there any point in going back down to break camp? Of course not! End of plan.

Wendy, John, Chris and I beetled across to the Whakapapaiti Glacier and set our eyes on the steep face below Paretetaitonga (9025'). Yes, this would do for us. The crampons twinkled across the glacier, heading pointedly for the challenge ahead. Unfortunately the closer we approached,

the less steep it seemed, but I guess 50° would be close. Up we pounded, front points etching their way over the glassy pieces until the top rocks met us. That was great. After sidling below the top rock band, we met Glenn and Shona who had climbed the Dome, descended to cross the very head of the glacier and climbed to meet us.

Re-united, we all contemplated the emptiness of our stomachs. It was almost 1 p.m. Oh well, we'll have a look at the Crater Lake while we're here.

And so off went the hungry six, one having returned to camp earlier, forging across the top plateau to the edge of East Pyramid. Despite pictures to the contrary, the top of Ruapehu in autumn is dirty, wet and unsightly. It holds a very earthy kind of fascination but a very mud-spattered one too. We sat, two hundred feet above the deceptive, grey water of the lake, dividing meticulously our meagre store of food and tossing stones into the murk.

Two o'clock passed by. Up once more, back across the plateau, around to Dome Shelter, glissade all the way back to camp, sit down! Whew! That was a tremendous day. Now for breakfast.

From 4.30 p.m. to 6 p.m. we abseiled over and climbed up the bluffs of the Amphitheatre. This was to prove the hardest climbing of the trip and a good deal of energy was expelled in a short time. Tea was prepared soon afterwards. As 7 p.m. approached, so did some very large cloud banks. Tomorrow spent in rain was not a welcome thought so a pack up decision was made. Tea was swallowed very quickly, tents were dropped and packs bulged once more. I have never seen a complete campsite cleared so efficiently and so quickly. We quickly threaded our way down the rocky trail to the Top o' the Bruce, dropping the 2,000' by torchlight. The night was spent in welcome quarters at Turangi.

Monday and homeward bound, but not before being treated to a tour of the Rangipo hydro schemes. Cousins are useful creatures when they can provide such experiences as these. All of us were suitably awed by the sheer size of the project and much impressed by the whole scheme.

A good, instructive trip in fine company.

R.P.

No. in party: 7

Leader: Russell Perry

Wendy Thorn, Glenn Armstrong, Shona McAulay, John Grover,
Chris Jones, Christine Beattie.

LEADERSHIP

Prospective leaders, you can obtain a useful information sheet from Russell. It sets out guide-lines to follow and the responsibilities a leader has. This applies especially to those leading their first trip and includes both leaders of fast and slow parties. Both leaders must research their trip and decide on gear and precautions to be taken.

To more experienced leaders - remember the leader's job is unfamiliar to many. Try to encourage and advise when asked but don't take over this first taste of leadership. Be there in emergency, otherwise in the background. Leadership is a privilege among such fine companions. Make the most of it. R.P.

SAREX 77

19-20 November

For this year's search and rescue exercise it was decided to repeat the exercise which was held in the Ahimanawa Range in 1975. The area is probably one of the most difficult that we have in Hawkes Bay from a navigation point of view. The 1975 exercise quickly showed that many of the members of the teams had an inadequate understanding of the problems involved with this type of country so back we went again to try and improve the situation.

Teams assembled at Te Haroto prior to going into the field and were instructed and tested on their ability in map reading as it pertains to S.A.R. Having passed the test and practical exercise, teams were then released to enter the field and carry out their assigned tasks.

The exercise progressed very well with all teams covering their tasks as required by the search controller. There was some difficulty in trying to get the lost party into a suitable position so that teams would not find them either too early or too late.

The teams in the Toropapa seemed to be going rather slowly compared with teams in the Ohara and due to a slight miscalculation the lost party was found about 3.30 p.m. This proved slightly embarrassing but it had already been organised that if they were found too early then one of the lost party would develop an injury (broken leg).

This meant that St John personnel were brought into action and a stretcher was carried out to the accident site while the other teams that were available made their way in to assist.

All the teams camped the night in the field and then returned to base on Sunday, the last team getting out at about 1.30 p.m. The exercise went off much better than that of 1975 and the lost party did particularly well to cover all the routes that were covered by the teams by 2.00 p.m. on the Saturday.

G.R.T.

H.T.C. members taking part: Lost Party: David Perry (and Malcolm Black).

Team Personnel: Marcia Browne, Peter Berry, Les Hanger, Greg Jenks, Mary Madore.

Base Personnel: Trevor Plowman and Graham Thorp.

- - - - -
NEWSPAPER PUBLICITY

So that reports of club trips can be put in the newspapers on Monday following the trip, would trip leaders please contact Russell Perry (88828) until July, then Liz Pindar (67889) when she returns from overseas. They must receive the report either when you return on Sunday night or early on Monday morning.

- - - - -

AS THE MORNING MIST AROSE, THE H.T.C. DEMOLITION
SQUAD SET TO WORK ONCE MORE!



HOWLETTS HUT

The Manawatu T.C. have relinquished the ownership of Howletts Hut. It is now in H.T.C. hands and already plans are underway to upgrade this very useful hut. Improvements include re-roofing and re-walling around the original structure, installing a pot belly if possible, building three Maori bunks, adding an extension to house wood, coats and a forestry cupboard, and maybe installing a water tank. The Committee look forward to receiving your erstwhile support in this venture. Keep an ear open for working bees.

N.B. Our Kaweka and Kiwi Saddle Huts have received yet another bright coat of paint from Randall and Peter and continue to be well used.

R.P.

SOCIAL NEWS

Engagements: Congratulations and best wishes to the following club members:

Warren Bayliss and Carolynne Hasler
Bruce Perry and Denise Robinson

Deaths: The club extends its sympathy to the families of Rex Chaplin and Diane Tresidder. Obituaries are on p.

Moves: Liz Pindar to Britain and the Continent for 3 months
Graham Bailey to Twizel
Dave Wilkins to Wellington (and back again)
John Jones to Canterbury University
Julia Reading to Otago University
Marcia Browne to Victoria University
Danny Bloomer to Massey University

NEW MEMBERS

We would like to welcome John Jones as a member of the club.

SUBS ARE STILL DUE

Once again, Jackie says subs are coming in slowly so please hurry them along.

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

ANZAC DAY POPPIES

Please hand your poppies to Dave Perry so that they can be used in the wreath that is placed on the cairn on the Cairn Trip.

ERROR IN POHOKURA

In the December 1977 issue on p.22 Brian Smith says in his Kaweka Nostalgia trip report that Angus Russell carried the circular saw blade to Kaweka Hut. This is incorrect and in fact Les Holt carried it in. Apologies for this mistake.

TYPIST for this issue was Joan Wilson.

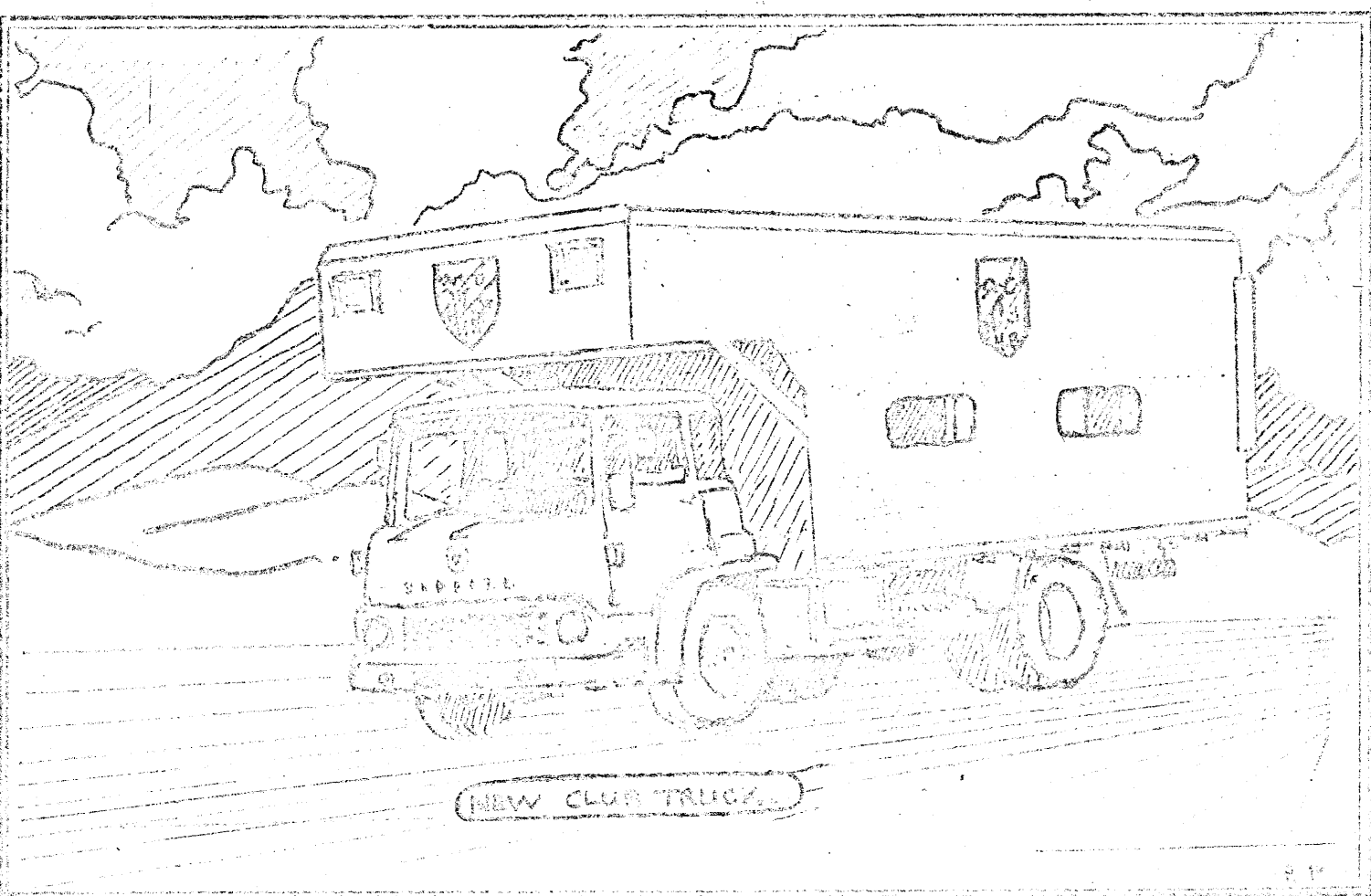
OUR TRUCK

The truck is now all ours. No longer do we receive statements of OD figures. With the extended club membership, from full member to friendly helper, our numbers barely reach 200 and to achieve a truck valued at around \$10,000 in just over a year's work is to everybody's credit. As you will have seen in the last Pohokura, we have turned our hand to house demolition. Since then another house has met our mighty hammers, earning us \$450 in a day and a half's work. We have returned to fruit bin mending, repairing 444 bins in another great effort. The supply of enthusiasm and willing workers has been all we have asked for and more, and the smiles and laughter are ever present.

The truck has already achieved a first for the club in transporting us down to Wanaka and beyond on our Christmas trip. That the trip only cost \$66 each is largely due to economical use of the truck compared to at least six cars. It provided comfort on the road and a worthy base in the Matukituki Valley. Many South Islanders saw our brightly painted monograms and North Island good looks and much favourable comment was made. Many tramping clubs showed particular interest. We could all smile and say, "Yep, that's our truck!"

For the many contributors who have not seen or ridden in the truck, the sketch below will give you some idea of it.

R.P.



TRAINING COMMITTEE

After much discussion the training committee has the following list for you. If your name appears there you should be thrilled, for you have been chosen to conduct a discussion on the topic indicated. Only the best and most skilled people have been chosen. It gives me great pleasure, on behalf of the various committees, to present you with:

Russell Perry	-Leadership	May 3rd
Dave Perry	-Climbing techniques	May 17th
Wendy Thorn	-Clothing	May 31st
Graeme Thorp	-Search and Rescue	June 14th
The Girls	-Food	June 28th
Allan Holden	- Primuses	July 12th
Geoff Robinson	-Tents	July 26th
Alan Berry	-Maps	Aug 9th
Peter Berry	-River Crossing	Aug 23rd
Social Comm.	-Weather	Sept 6th
to arrange		
Joanne Perry	-First Aid	Sept 20th
Peter Manning	-Shelter au naturale	Oct 4th
	-Navigation	Oct 18th
George Prebble	-Fires	Nov 1st
Trevor Plowman	-Access	Nov 15th
Shona & Fiona	-Fitness	Nov 29th

The topic is your responsibility. Be conversant with the latest materials, methods and ideas. This obviously entails a bit of research but we have found sports shops, manufacturers and knowledgeable bodies all too helpful. We have printed the list here to give you plenty of notice.

The topic will probably take a minimum of five minutes. In that time you are only responsible for instigating the discussion and seeding in your research findings. No-one expects a soliloquy. If you wish to develop the topic longer than 5-10 minutes, feel welcome to. Just let the social committee or me know well beforehand as it may be necessary to alter the 'agenda' or timetable it so everything fits in.

You may develop your topic in any way. If you need help with ideas or equipment, ask any committee member. Good luck! N.B. If you can't do it on the night specified, you must arrange a substitute. Do this in plenty of time. We're counting on you.

Mangetepopo Valley in a Blizzard (as an Anglo Saxon might have expressed it)

Black all is.
Petrified fall of frozen rock,
Rivers of no water, of no flow
But grinding down in world's end waste.

Bleak all is.
Lichen-hold on rock. Grey moss
Or red around the soda-bitten spring.
Nothing is human here. Only snow can soften.

Cold all is.
Snow sifts softly, deathlike swansdown.
All sound covered as the rocks are.
Ultima Thule - yet above broods source
Of all the desolation : black slopes
Of Tongariro loom.

E.R.P.

PRIVATE TRIPS

A Climb From Empress

- Up at 3 a.m., away by 4.
- Mike and Pat on one rope, Dave and I on another rope.
- on with crampons, what a beauty freeze
- up the side of Sturdee, just in time for the sunrise,
- Click click go the cameras
- the Sheila Face looks clean now and the Hooker doesn't look too bad, and what a beauty day.
- A fast descent down the west side, a traverse along, and a dozen or so rope lengths up to the top of Jellicoe.
- The sun radiates over the ridge now, and the snow softens by the minute.
- Back down the west side and time for lunch and a rest
- then up the side of Lowe with rope after rope length of very steep treacherous snow with ice beneath,
- over the top again, and by now the big one, La Parouse, is within our reach.
- Back down Lowe and across the La Parouse Glacier
- off with packs and on with the short ascent to the top.
- A big bank of cloud blanks out the magnificent peaks of Cook and Tasman from our cameras
- then the descent back to our gear.
- Great banks of cloud roll in from the west and within minutes we are engulfed in cloud.
- No time for stopping now, as we follow our foot prints back with a few detours en route.
- The cloud rolls away, but by now darkness sets in.
- Plod plod, step after step over Harper Saddle and Empress Hut is within easy reach.
- Our spirits lift, and the pace increases, with only the thought of a drink and sleep on our minds at the moment.
- At last we are there at 2 a.m. with 22 hours of sun, soft snow and dehydration behind us.

Peter Boomen

ANOTHER DAY, ANOTHER CLIMB

- This time the Hooker Face of Cook catches our eye, and we are away by 3 a.m.
- Our head lamps radiate their light over our foot prints that head to the upper Empress Shelf from the Recce the day before.
- Off we go, with rope on around slots, over snow bridges and around sides of ice blocks, all in the eerie darkness of early morning.
- By the time the light reaches us we are at the top of the shelf.
- The ice is hard but the weather is fine and we have plenty of time.
- Rope length after rope length we ascend the icy slope.
- At last we are on warm Mt Cook rock.

- Up we go using only the minimum of gear,
- the sun is shining brightly and the rock is abundant with holds.
- On with crampons and in with a screw, two ice pitches see us on the Summit Ridge of Cook.
- The day is wearing on, our packs are heavy, and we are tired.
- Out comes the bivvy gear and there we lie just along from the Middle Peak, watching the sun set.
- Next morning boots are frozen, we are frozen - big black clouds lurk just down the valley and the wind's blowing a gale
- no grand traverse for us today
- retreat, over the Middle Peak to the Low Peak,
- East Face looks steep, the Caroline looks icy, the South Ridge impressive
- retreat, down the South West Couloir to Gardiner, and out to the Hermitage.

Peter Boomen

NELSON LAKES

February 11 saw me motoring to Wellington via Taupo with seven other people to "tour" Nelson Lakes National Park. On Sunday evening we reached St Arnaud and took off to Lake Head Hut on Lake Rotoiti at about 6 o'clock in a light drizzle. We arrived just before dark and it rained heavily that night. Next morning was bright and sunny. Some of us had a nude swim off the jetty before breakfast. The water was very warm and because of the drought all the lakes and rivers were well below their usual levels.

Most days were spent doing a short tramp followed by a lazy afternoon with the sandflies. Thus the next two days in the Travers Valley we went to Upper Travers Hut via John Tait Hut in 4 and 3 hour trips respectively. One brown trout was caught by our two fishermen and Mr Travers was climbed by three of the group in perfect weather.

On Wednesday we crossed the Travers Saddle to spend the first of three nights at West Sabine Hut. This is a fairly new hut very near Forks Hut at the branch of the East and West Sabine rivers.

Next day was a full rest day for half the party but four of us had to make a fast trip down to Sabine Hut with empty packs to pick up a food dump. This had been dropped the previous day by the ranger on one of his regular boat trips up Lake Rotoroa. It started to rain just before we reached the hut, so after drying out and some discussion we decided to stay the night. Food was now no problem. We borrowed some cooking and eating gear, and slept between the mattress covers and the mattresses. A spare pullover worn like a pair of trousers is a helpful idea.

We were back at West Sabine Hut for lunch next day in fine weather. The others had not been too worried and had just hooked some more fish for tea, the last we ever caught. The following day we went up the short but fairly steeply rising West Sabine to the Blue Lake and Lake Constance. The Blue Lake is very pretty and extremely cold, being just a hollow in the valley at 4000' altitude, with the river flowing in one end and out the other. Lake Constance, just behind and 500' higher up, is a vast, bleak place with little vegetation

Next day was Sunday and we crossed Moss Pass into the D'Urville Valley. Moss Pass is a narrow gut on the ridge with

a steep climb up to it and an even steeper longer drag down the other side. It avalanches in winter and is not recommended for travel at that time of year. Ella Hut in the upper D'Urville is new, and two deerstalkers there gave us a leg of venison. We had the meat stewed that night and the bones boiled up made soup in the morning. We spent the next two days going down the D'Urville and around to Sabine Hut again. The D'Urville to me was the prettiest valley in the park.

At Sabine I slept the night on the jetty to avoid the mosquitoes but was awakened by wasps at first light. Mount Cedric, just behind the hut, is a long but satisfying climb. On a fine day from above the bush line you can see all of Lake Rotoroa, all the Sabine Valley, a lot of the D'Urville Valley and nearly all the mountain peaks in the park.

It rained that Wednesday night and all Thursday but we were to have a rest day at Angelus Hut anyway so didn't mind. Lake Angelus is a bleak bare place in the wet, but quite pretty in fine weather. Friday was sunny again for our final day out along Robert Ridge with splendid views all the way and back to St Arnaud. That night was hot showers at the camping ground and fresh food from the shop, and next day back to Wellington. Throughout the trip we saw abundant bird life, many bush robins, bellbirds, riflemen, tuis and pippits, but surprisingly few keas. The meals were all first class and really made the trip. It is amazing how so much could be made by the cooks from the basic dehydrated rations we had.

Rob Snowball.

WEEKEND ON BEN OHOU RANGE

11 - 12 March

After doing my car a mischief at Mt Cook last weekend I have had to ride an MOW push bike everywhere. This bit of machinery I use in the course of my exciting everyday career as camp chippy.

Well, I decided to go tramping. Hastily I packed and left after tea on Friday night. Whilst travelling north along the MacKenzie Plains I found it rather hard going with a 10 mph head wind, a half flat back tyre, a 35 lb pack, and one unfit tramper. With the pedals doing approximately 400 rpm at the top speed of about 15 mph uphill, I eventually reached the Mt Cook turnoff. I headed for a farmer's house to ask permission to cross his property. Permission was granted, and I kissed his gumboot and took off across his paddock on my bike. Before I could get half way, darkness fell upon me like a ton of bricks and with me riding in a strange paddock this could only mean trouble. Yes, that's right! I fell off! Once into a matagouri bush and again onto the hard ground. After that I walked until I found a suitable resting place for the night.

Saturday: After a comfortable night's sleep, I made good progress walking beside a fence for about 45 minutes and then I shot off up a valley and headed for a ridge. I started climbing and with frequent stops to watch the grasshoppers I eventually made it to a sizable rock. There I rested for four hours. As a matter of fact I was making a detailed research

of flies for the Twizel Fly Extermination Council. After my lengthy research I continued up the ridge until I found water and there I stayed the night. I had a cracker view of Lakes Pukaki, and Benmore, the MacKenzie Flats and Twizel. A comfortable night was spent on the Karrimat and in the Rumdoodle except for the nose which appeared from time to time for a breather and nearly dropped off with the cold wind.

Sunday: I watched the sunrise and cooked my breakfast, which was flies I caught on Saturday, and porridge. I packed up and headed for the next ridge, but on reaching the top of the ridge I had slept on, I found a 1000 ft drop into the basin below. So down we go, Trev, until I reached the bottom and there I had a drink before starting up the other side to the top of that one. One hour later I reached the top and my sweating and grunting was well rewarded with a great view of Mt Cook and the Alps. Here I rested long enough to have some glucose and drink then headed off Southward to the next ridge which was going to take me down to the fence. But time disallowed this and I dropped down into the valley and returned to my padlocked bike. It was a welcome sight because my feet were blistered and sore. It took one hour to bike from the farm back to the camp and I arrived there in time for tea.

Graham Bailey
your rep in Twizel

MILFORD TRACK

6 - 9 March

On the 4th and 5th March fourteen people gathered at the Te Anau motor camp. Seven of these were friends in their early 20s, the other seven being some of their parents.

There is no public transport out of Milford after the launch arrives from the end of the track. (The idea is you stay overnight at the pub!). We avoided that by taking four cars up to Milford and the drivers returned to Te Anau by bus before we started the track.

Monday the 6th was overcast but fine and all were up early. We had plenty of time before the bus left at 8.15 a.m. for Te Anau Downs, from where a launch goes to the head of the lake and the beginning of the track. The launch arrived about 11 a.m. and we had a two hour walk to the hut we were to stay at - Clinton Forks. While some got used to packs of 11 lb others in the party hoisted about 55 lb to their backs and headed off up the tractor track.

A quarter hour brought us to Glade House - the first of the THC huts. (To walk the track with the Tourist Hotel Corporation costs about \$120. You carry only personal gear and stay at "huts" with hot and cold water, showers and electricity. Freedom walking, using the Park Board huts is more like tramping).

A long swing bridge crosses the Clinton River near Glade House and the track then follows up the Clinton River. The river is about the clearest I've ever seen and we saw trout and eels in it. Lunch was taken about 12.30 p.m. in sunshine. We reached Clinton Forks about 1.30 p.m. The hut has about 36 bunks with rubber mattresses. Rock gas cookers are installed and a coal range - complete with coal which is brought up by tractor.

That afternoon a few of us wandered a small way up the North Branch of the Clinton. It was slow going because the bush in the area is very thick - mainly because of the high rainfall in the area.

On Tuesday some of the older members of the party left 30 minutes before the last leavers, about 8 a.m. as usual. After we had been going for $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours we were feeling like a "refresh" stop. So were they, but they didn't stop. Eventually we caught them and on the next two days they always stopped.

The tractor track stopped when we got to Pompolona huts (the second THC overnight stand). It was a pleasant change to walk on a track only a couple of feet wide.

Mintaro Hut was reached about 12.30 for lunch. It was our overnight stop too, so seeing the weather was fine five of us took off to have a look at the Mackinnon Pass in the afternoon. It is a climb of about 1500 ft and the track is a gently graded zig zag all the way. We had good views down the Clinton and Arthur Valleys and took some photos of Wednesday's part of the trip.

Wednesday morning we left even earlier than the previous day. The climb starts soon after leaving the hut - at the "13 miles" sign in fact. (There is a sign at the end of each mile all along the track with a picture of a native bird on it.)

Morning tea was well received at the shelter hut on the pass. It is divided in two - one end for THC, the other for the "Freedom walkers". The cloud cleared a little while we rested and the views were nearly as good as the day before.

The floor of the Arthur Valley is only about 500' and the highest point on the track is 3600'. An evenly graded track takes a long time to drop that far! When we reached the valley floor near Quintin Huts (THC) we left our packs and went up to Sutherland Falls - the second highest in the world at about 1900'.

Back to the packs and two miles to Dumpling Hut for the night. It was about 5 p.m. when we arrived. The women refused to cook tea that night, partly 'cos it was TVP and partly 'cos they were tired. The rain started as we reached the hut that evening, but by morning it had cleared. Several of us heard Kiwis calling that night but it was too wet to go looking for them.

Thursday morning we got away early again, aiming for the end of the track (Sandfly Point) at 4 p.m. to meet the launch and looking forward to a beer at Milford.

The last day is the longest in miles but there are very few hills. There is plenty of interest on the way - waterfalls, lakes etc and the bush is beautiful. We did get annoyed at the number of light aircraft overhead though. There is an airstrip at Quintin Huts, used to supply the huts. Joy rides are also run and there are scenic flights from Milford and Te Anau which follow the track.

We got to Sandfly Point about 3 p.m. which was a bit early as the place is well named. However, we survived.

The track surface is mostly stony and not pleasant to walk on, but I guess that is the only way to maintain a track for large numbers of people in a high rainfall area (about 500" per year). \$8.00 track maintenance fee, \$2.50 per night hut fees, launch fees at each end plus transport out of Milford don't make for a cheap trip.

However, the track passes through some of the steepest and most impressive country in New Zealand. Birdlife is abundant, the bush is very thick and lush, and waterfalls cascade into the valleys from the near-vertical sides. The North Island has nothing to compare with this area!

Allan Holden

ROUTE BURN TRACK 11-15th March

After a couple of nights in Murray Gunn's unique motor camp in the Hollyford Valley, a party of six went on to walk the Route Burn Track, starting from the Divide. Our parents accompanied us up to Key Summit, from which a wonderful panorama can be seen for miles in every direction, especially in that gloriously fine, warm, calm Fiordland sunshine which we enjoyed every single day of our trip. We left them there for lunch, and went on to have ours at Lake Howden. (They have an incredible new bog there with perfume cubes and toilet paper!!)

Our destination for the first night was Lake Mackenzie. Our pace was not hot because the weather was, and there was just too much to see. The hut was obviously very full, so we headed off into the bush and built ourselves a very comfortable homestead with a tent and fly. Lake Mackenzie is beautiful - green and horseshoe-shaped and surrounded by mountains. It looked even more picturesque as we climbed up away from it the next morning, out of the bush and into the alpine vegetation towards Harris Saddle. As the track sidled along gently upwards towards the saddle we had a magnificent view over the Hollyford Valley to the Darrans, with the mighty Tutoko reigning in the distance. After lunch at the Saddle we raced off up Conical Hill, a climb of about 800' out of the saddle. We almost felt we floated up there without the weight of our packs. The view from there is extensive in every direction.

Once over the saddle, the nature of the scenery changed completely. The Route Burn falls out of Lake Harris and tumbles down to a huge basin, across which it meanders through grasslands until it falls down to the flats below. At this season the great expanses of soft golden dry grasses contrasted strikingly with the rich dark green of the bushy mountain-sides, then up to grey rock, and finally the high permanent snow. That night we slept under the stars - millions of huge bright ones - and I could never wish to be in a more beautiful bedroom - too beautiful to let me sleep.

Our next two days were spent detouring up the North Branch of the Route Burn, and I think they were the best two days. The hot sunny weather, and the fact that we'd been on the go for seven days encouraged us to have a lazy day, so we wandered up the valley for about three hours to find Rock Bivvy Hotel, with the aid of a page of an old Pohukura from a previous trip by Russell and others. We then spent the afternoon basking in the icy river (with soap) and the hot sunshine, and washing and drying our clothes. After a short climb to inspect the waterfall above us, we ate TVP for the umpteenth time and went to bed when it got dark - Rock Bivvy sleeps 5½ people!!

The next day we felt more energetic, so, with only Allan and our next fittest member carrying light packs, we set off for North Col and Mt Nereus. We had to cross some old snow-fields to get up to North Col, but Nereus involved only rock and scree climbing. The view from the top surpasses all literary inspiration on such a fine day, so I will just mention that we could look across to many many peaks in all directions, including Aspiring and Tutoko. So many valleys and mountains....

On our way back down to North Col we had a lot of fun playing with some echoes we found bouncing back at us from across the Col.

The next morning we knew we had to get out to the road end and meet our parents. Every excuse we could think of for its not really being Wednesday didn't work. so, reluctantly, out we went. At RouteBurn Flats Hut we stopped for a huge feed of the raspberries that grow there profusely and were at the perfect stage of ripeness - some of us regretted that later. The last stages of the track were very easy, and the scenery idyllic.

In conclusion I say to everyone who reads this - don't let financial or transport problems prevent your doing the trip - it's more than worth it. And don't do the Route Burn without doing the North Branch.

J.W.

Joan Wilson, Allan Holden and 4 friends.

MOUNT COOK

11th February

On Sunday we decided to go up to Plateau Hut and check out this mountain they call Cook. Spent that night and Monday festering in a storm, then set the alarm for 2 a.m. By 3 a.m. we were cramponning across the Grand Plateau until we were beneath the East Face. We started up on 45° solid ice with patches of 50° thrown in - real ice screw country. 1500' and 6 hours later we reached the rock and took a break. The rock is actually quite solid but the ledges are full of rubble so we had to be very careful.

On the ridge now, we moved together to just above the summit rocks - only 1000' to go. We'd been climbing almost continuously for 12 hours and were feeling the effects of dehydration and realizing our fitness states were not what they should be - but we weren't giving up now!

Paul grabbed all the hardware and led off. We ran out 120' running belays, Paul clipping into each new ice screw until he ran out then I took over with the ones I'd taken out after him. By using this method we were still able to move together, thus saving a lot of time, but unfortunately losing some protection.

Arrived on top of New Zealand at 6 p.m. We were really thrilled but couldn't stay too long to enjoy it - the hour being so late. Photos all round, then back down the ice cap, summit rocks and across the Linda Shelf. Ran down the upper Linda Glacier, through the avalanche debris with the menace of the big guns always overhead. The Linda is a real deathtrap - even at night.

By about 10.30 p.m. we were in the lower Linda but here we lost the route in the maze of gigantic crevasses. There was nothing for it but to bivvy in the glacier. We found a flat spot in the centre relatively free from debris, and crashed.

We were glad to see the dawn. An emergency bivvy at 9000' is not exactly warm. The route through the slots was easy enough in daylight and we were soon trudging back across the plateau to the hut, which we reached at 8 a.m.

I am very pleased.

Murray Ball
Paul Bell

The route we took is shown in the picture at right,



COPLAND PASS

Easter '78

Well, Thursday finally arrived and at 4 p.m. two of us jumped in the VW Terror and left the fine weather of Twizel to head for Mount Cook. On the way the weather did a nasty and poured with rain. We met the other four in our party at the Hermitage, making a total of six. We had been going to Hooker Hut for the night but the rain stopped that and we bunked down at Unwin Hut. The rain stopped some time and Friday dawned with low cloud and mist, promising to be a fine day.

With my car loaded with trampers and packs we drove to the start of the Hooker track. Heading for Hooker Hut, we made easy progress up the loopy walkway and arrived about noon. The cloud soon lifted and we got a clear view of Cook. For the rest of the day we sat in the sun and out of the cold wind. People kept arriving most of the afternoon until 39 of us were bumping and climbing over each other. A change in the weather brought light snow showers and colder winds.

That night I slept outside with my sleeping bag cover over my pit. The weather cleared during the night and with the crisp air Cook loomed in the darkness with its snow glistening under the moon and stars. It was a cracker sight at 2 a.m.!

A kea tugging at my sleeping bag cover woke me but a sharp kick made him take off. We had breakfast and watched three other parties start the steep climb towards Copland Pass. Then we started our climb, making our way up slowly. I managed to get in front and carried on at my own pace. Soon I had overtaken the other three parties and eventually made it to Copland Shelter in $1\frac{3}{4}$ hours from Hooker Hut. I waited for 45 min until the others arrived then we had lunch and a hot drink.

I put on my crampons and climbed onto the ice at the start of the pass, waiting there for the others who were gingerly pussy-footing their way over to me. Together again, we tied three on a rope and started climbing up the hard snow. We soon got into the rhythm of step cutting and belaying and with five other parties already on the snow heading toward the top of the pass it looked like a swarm of ants climbing over a sugar cube. The climb from the shelter to the top of the pass is only about 700' but it was very slow with a party without crampons and it took us two hours. Eventually we reached the saddle and had a fantastic view of Mt Cook, Mr Sefton, Footstool, the Hooker Glacier and valley and the Copland Valley looking toward the West Coast and Tasman Sea in the distance.

We had a bit to eat, took some photos and trundled a few rocks over the other side before starting the long downhill slog to Douglas Rock Hut. I found a stretch of hard snow and glissaded about 200' and waited for the others to come down the hard way. We climbed over rocks and down steep scree slopes and after a long walk eventually arrived at Douglas Rock Hut just on nightfall.

During the day another party of three had been coming down a rocky scree slope when one of them fell backwards and badly cut

his hand. Luckily there was a nurse in the hut that night and she patched it up, temporarily. Next day he and another guy walked the seven hours to the roadend, where a ranger was waiting to take him to hospital.

Everybody slept in on Sunday morning because we only had a short distance to go that day - 3 hours easy walking to Welcome Flat Hut. I wanted to do it in the fastest time I could so I took off, carrying about 45 lb. I ran some of the way and walked flat stick when I wasn't running. At one stage I was running as fast as my little Dolomites would carry me, until they let me down and I tripped up and fell over. There I lay spreadeagled over the ground with my pack pushing my face into the ground. Eventually I got up and noticed I had an audience of two trampers on the river flat. I think they were laughing at me as I took off down the track for the hut. I made it there in 1½ hours, utterly pooped. Next move was to go and soak in the Welcome Flat hot pools which are only 30 sec down the track. There I sat and waited for the others to arrive.

During the rest of the day other parties arrived at the hut and in the area until there were 61 people milling about like lost sheep looking for a leader. At 3 p.m. the weather started to change, with high cloud and skud moving in up the valley and over the tops. By 6 p.m. it was pouring with rain with no sign of it letting up. That night it rained even harder and blew as well, blowing down some tents that were supposed to be keeping trampers dry.

Monday morning it was still pouring as hard as ever and the little stream that was a trickle normally was now an impassable raging torrent. The Copland River had risen about 6 metres, with waves washing over the swing bridge. I have never seen rain so hard in my life. The Sierra Mountain, opposite the hut on the other side of the river, was a mass of giant waterfalls about 7000' high. The sight was fantastic and unforgettable and my camera was going flat out.

A ranger was with us in the hut and he said it was far too dangerous for anyone to try to get out. So we all stayed put that day and got to know everyone rather well. Conversations sprang up everywhere and the ranger was doing much of the talking, telling us about the wildlife on the West Coast and in the Westland National Park.

The rain had eased off a bit on Tuesday and streams had dropped slightly. Three parties decided to try to get out so they put on parkas and disappeared out the door. About an hour later they came back, soaking wet, and said it was impossible to get out.

Much tea and coffee was drunk and by noon the skies had cleared. Several more parties shouldered packs and headed for the roadhead about five hours away. They all got out safely with little daylight to spare. The rest of us waited until next morning.

Wednesday saw us all up with the sparrows and milling around like sheep. Just as we were about to move out a chopper arrived with food for us but we didn't eat it as we wanted to get out to the road. The pilot said the food was supposed to have arrived the day before and that was when we had wanted it.

Twelve of us put on our packs, said goodbye to our newly-made friends and headed for the road. The track was rather wet but most of the streams had returned to normal. Some of us

made it out in $3\frac{3}{4}$ hours which was rather fast going. By 12.30 everyone was out and a bus that had been arranged for us took us all to the Fox pub.

After a few ales and pies we headed for Fox aerodrome and chartered a plane to fly us back to Mt Cook. The flight cost us \$30 each, a real ripoff and we told them so. But the sights were worth it - the glaciers, Mt Cook, the Minarets, Elie de Beaumont, Malte Brun, Tasman Saddle - many more but I don't want to bore you North Islanders (ha ha).

After landing we loaded the cars and headed for Twizel, arriving at 6 p.m. just in time for tea. We were two days overdue but it was a good Easter trip.

Amounts of rain that fell were approximately:

20 inches at Mt Cook in 24 hours

24 inches at Haast in 24 hours

30 inches at Welcome Flat in 24 hours.

Graham Bailey,
Your rep. in Twizel.

- - - - -
REGINALD WILFRED CHAPLIN

Rex Chaplin came to the rescue of the Club at a time when Norman Elder's retirement from office in 1958 left us without an active President. Although he had not previously been able to join us very often on Club trips, Rex accepted the challenge of Presidency with enthusiasm and the Club continued to flourish under his leadership. He retired from the position in 1960 but continued to serve as a vice-President until 1963.

Rex Chaplin had a great love for our mountains and our bush and those of us who were fortunate enough to share his company on Club trips during his period of active tramping also learned to share his ideals of caring for our forests and the birdlife they sustain. And as we passed away the evening by a forest campfire or enjoyed a few moments sitting on a sunlit top, we learned about the real Rex Chaplin - a gentle man, courteous, always ready to assist those less fortunate than himself.

Rex will be sadly missed by all who knew him and we extend our sincere sympathy to Mrs Chaplin, Rosalie and Tim.

A.V.B.

- - - - -
DIANE TRESIDDER

All those members who knew Diane will share with her family the deep loss of a person with a great love of the bush, mountains and outdoors. Whether at a working party or on a long tiring tramp, we will miss Diane's cheerful company, and we extend our sympathy to her parents and family.

P.M.

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 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.

APRIL

22-23 Mid Ruahines

Anzac In through Sentry Box to Upper Makaroro. Up Totara Spur to Aranga Hut and out.

Map: N133

Leaders: Greg Jenks

Randall Goldfinch

MAY

7

Wakararas

Exploratory trip into an area visited little.

Map: N 133, N140

Leaders: Wendy Gordon

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.

18

Kaweka Flats

Can be an easy day trip or a good lengthy energy burner. We haven't been in here for a while.

Map N 123

Leaders: Chris Jones

Dave Wilkins

JULY

1-2 Howlett's Hut
A beginning of the hut improvements. Scope for striking the first winter snows too.
Map N 140 Leaders: Les Hangar
Geoff Orr

16 Te Waka
An easy day trip - interesting bush and geology, and limestone bluffs for rope work. The training committee expects you.
Map N 114 Leaders: Glenn Armstrong
Trevor Plowman

29-30 Sawtooth or Rangi
The snow slopes of Central Ruahines. They offer lots of scope for continued alpine instruction.
Map N 140 Leaders: Allan Holden
Rob Snowball

AUGUST

(5)-6 (Sawtooth or) Golden Crown - Jumped Up
Good day trip around these two ridges. Pleasant bush country.
Map: (N 140) N 133 Leaders: Frank Hooper
Wendy Thorn

19-20 Snowcraft: (Sawtooth or) East Face of 66
If conditions are right we'll make climbers out of you yet. For slower ones there's lots of scope too. Based at the Chalet.
Maps (N140) N 133 Leaders: Greg Jenks
Peter Manning

SEPTEMBER

3 Gold Creek - Ruahines
A chance to test your exposure theories??? Interesting winter exploration.
Map N 133 Leaders: Carol Climo
Russell Perry

16-17 Makahu - Kawekas
In through Castle Rocks Rd, up over Kaiarihi and Mad Dog. Should be fun with snow still there.
Map N 123 Leaders: John Grover
Les Hangar

N.B. At any stage a trip may be altered to expedite the speedy reconstruction of Howletts Hut. Have your hammer on standby.