

HERETAUNGA TRAMPING CLUB (INC)

BOX 447, HASTINGS

'P.O.H O K U R A'

Bulletin No. 139

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CLUB TRIPS

No. 1137 (a)

KAWEKA - MACINTOSH

9th April

A full truck load left Hastings and we headed for Castle Rocks Road while the weather was still deciding on what sort of day it would give us. We took a break half-way there and gathered some roadside mushrooms.

Arriving at the road end, we sorted out our gear and all except the 'two injured Perrys' headed for Kaweka Hut. The weather by now seemed to have made up its mind to stay overcast for the rest of the day.

Eventually everyone arrived safely at Kaweka Hut about 11.00. Some Scouts were staying there. We decided to carry on to MacIntosh for lunch, while the fast party headed for Kiwi Saddle.

Luckily it wasn't too cold as MacIntosh isn't very big and some of us had to have lunch outside. After Frank and Peter's water fight I think that was rather fortunate.

Lunch and water fights out of the way, we headed down to the swing bridge, almost drained the river in quenching our thirsts before the grind back up to the truck. The 'two injured Perrys' found their amusement for the day in sitting on a rock at the top and directing us all back to the truck on the most difficult path they could see.

Back down the road to wait for the other party while we collected more mushrooms. They weren't long in coming and we were soon on our way home.

Most of us arrived home in time to cook up our mushrooms for a scrumptious tea.

B.C.

Number in party 27. Leader:-- Beth Curtis
Remco Zuiderwyk, Christine Hardie, Heather Bryant,
Janet Brown, Marianne van Hatten, Joanne Perry, Frank Hooper,
Peter Berry, Alan Thurston, Sandy Parsloe, Susan McGovern,
Kevin Ayre, Chris Jones, Mike and Sarah Croucher, Geoff
Robinson, Glenn Wilson, Robert Davies, Kelvin Walsh,
Rob Snowball, Shona McAulay, Amanda Roberts, Christine Beattie,
Fiona Law, Joan Wilson, Glenn Armstrong.

No. 1137 (b)

At Kaweka Hut when the party divided into two, the faster party went up the ridge, towards the Tits. Fog enclosed the top of the ridge and it was fairly cold. From there we went up onto Kaiarahi and round to Castle Camp where we had lunch in brilliant sunshine in a patch of sheltered bush. We then set off across the main Kaweka ridge and after frequent pauses arrived at Kiwi Saddle Hut where a brew was had.

Climbing up the ridge behind the Hut Allan Holden was delighted to discover an unused tin of baked beans and sausages!!!

Out by 4,100, along the road to meet the others at the pine tree. Unfortunately they had beaten us to the mushrooms.

M.R.

No. in party: 9

Miles Robertson, Allan Holden, Dyan Coombes, Terry Cameron
Randall Goldfinch, Wendy Smith, Dave Wilkins, Clive Thurston
John Grover.

No. 1138 (a)

MID RUAHINES

22-23rd April

Russells reason for being late this time was very impressive, and fifteen minutes after the planned departure time, the truck was romping towards the Ruahines via Kereru and Mangleton.

From the road-end, the initial part of the track past Sentry Box Hut appeared very strenuous - this observation was spot on. One member of the party found the steep track, combined with an oncoming illness, too much and was escorted back to the truck. The remainder of the party waited in the shelter of mountain beech for the now exhausted leader and his noble companion. Climbing that track once is enough for most people, but twice !!!

Through the protective covering of beech forest many weary feet plodded ever upwards to the ridge top near Pohatuhaha. It was decided lunch would be had at Aranga hut (or Akarana, or Hut Ruin, depending on which sign you read !) Light rain

began to fall before the hut was reached, punctuating the already cold conditions. The hut is small, but the numbers were not, resulting in the pitiful sight of Russell sitting outside under a shroud of oilskins, trying to keep his lunch dry.

Here the group split into four parties. Two people staying overnight at Aranga, three heading for No Mans Hut, eight in the fast party, and the remainder in the slower party.

Under the eager leadership of Randall, the slower party was encouraged to leave before the fast group. The trudge over rain soaked tundra-like country was made even less pleasant by the cold wind and continuous light rain.

A small saddle provided some shelter, but the rest of the trip through Piopio and Trig U to Totara Spur was on open tops. Poor visibility and no track markers made navigation possible only by carefully following the contours and ridges shown on the map.

We reached Totara Spur by late afternoon and decided against sleeping out in tents etc., aiming instead for the Upper Makaroro Hut. Good time was made running down Totara track until, from a combination of failing light, open bush and going too fast, we deviated off the track, finishing off the day by bushbashing down to the Makaroro River, roaring below. Cold and miserable we tramped downstream for 5 minutes with the aid of torches, reaching the dry welcome shelter of the Upper Makaroro "palace" at 7 p.m., eleven cold, wet hours after leaving the truck.

Tea was quickly prepared and ravenously consumed (especially the spongey puds.) before a large warming fire. This is an enjoyable part of most trips, heightened in this case by grand company.

Continuing rain didn't encourage enthusiastic preparations for the new day. Eventually, and after persuading Malcolm that if another piece of timber was forced into the wood box the roof would be lifted off, we left our overnight haven. The river had risen one foot (or is it 30 cm?) overnight making the linking of arms to cross a very desirable idea. The cold water reached critical height on the shorter people first, but none were spared that most chilling of sensations.

The grunt up to Parks Peak Hut was over by lunchtime, when we walked in the door to find Dave Wilkins and two hunters. The copious amounts of hot water were much appreciated.

During lunch Russell and Wendy arrived from Aranga. Greetings were exchanged and somebody quietly asked how Randall and his fledglings were enjoying the weather. "But he is with your group isn't he?" "No, we thought he was with you at Aranga". There aren't any huts between Aranga and Upper Mak so speculation on the fate of our red haired racer was rife. A mild state of panic ensued during which it was decided

Russell and Dave with onepack would race down to the river in search of the owner of the golden locks and his team.

The remainder of the party tramped along the ridge top until we reached the track down to Sentry Box. A group of three were just about to depart to check Aranga Hut when a very breathless Dave Wilkins caught us up with the happy news that Randall's party had been located, fit and well. With that gratifying information we all continued down to the truck, being greeted with a hot drink by Peter Manning at Sentry Box.

The full party was reunited shortly after 5.00 pm and following a change into dry warm clothing, an unusually quiet trip was had back to Hastings.

G.J.

No. in party: 8

Leader: Greg Jenks.

Mary Madore, Glenn Armstrong, Dyan Coombes, John Grover, Allan Holden, Malcolm O'Dwyer, David Harrington.

OTHERS: Roperry, Wendy Thorn, Chris Jones, Shona McAulay, Carol Climo

No. 1138 (b) Party B. Randall Goldfinch.

22 - 23rd April

Sentry Box Hut - Aranga Hut - Upper Makaroro Hut - Parks Peak Hut.

Saturday, 1.30pm. After a late lunch at Aranga Hut the slower party of six left, heading south for a night in Upper Makaroro Hut. The weather had been cool with light rain and low cloud. Across the open tussock tops past the Trig, we carefully considered where the track was supposed to continue down a ridge, south to the Makaroro River, but no track was found. Hence the most likely ridge was chosen with the correct compass bearing and we started descending by about 2.30 pm. The going was reasonable and we came down into a small steep-sided stream at about 3.30 pm. Tramping down these water courses proved a real obstacle course with log jams, small waterfalls and steep sides slowing our progress. A little further down a larger stream came in from the true right and improved matters but darkness eventually caught up just as we reached a flat shingle terrace suitable to camp on.

Four in a tent and two under a makeshift fly had a damp miserable night with heavy rain which raised the river level 200 mm and changed it to a yucky brown colour. The big question on Sunday morning - to go back or continue downstream? We choose to continue. I considered it important to give the three younger ones confidence and by leading them carefully, tried to conserve their energy. Everyone in the party was wearing woollen clothing and most had water-proof trousers. The wet sleeping bags and clothes added to pack weights.

By about 10 am. the main river junction was reached and we continued on, making some tricky crossings and passing through several gorges. Just before reaching a large waterfall which we could not pass, we stopped for a hot drink and food, sheltering under a sheet of plastic.

I was very concerned about one boy's condition. He looked sick, weak and frightened of river travel so it was decided to climb up the true left of the river, heading east up a ridge. The going was good on animal tracks and good progress was made intercepting the track between Parks Peak Hut and Upper Makaroro Hut. Geoff and Clive went on ahead while I led the three younger boys, tramping very slowly. After a while Russell came running down the track to assist us by taking two boys' packs and soon we were feeding and warming ourselves in Parks Peak Hut. The faster party having become concerned about us not reaching Upper Makaroro Hut on Saturday night and with the river rising, were continuing back to Aranga Hut to retrace our steps to provide us with assistance. This was not needed now so David Wilkins had rushed off to stop them and return down to the truck. From Parks Peak Hut our party of six, moving at a much faster pace, continued along the ridge then turned down a track arriving at the road with the truck waiting for us and a hot drink provided by the faster party. It had been a grim trip but it was mighty the way the faster party had considered and assisted us.

Party: Randall Goldfinch, Geoff Robinson, Clive Thurston,
Kevin Ayre, Chris McIvor, Glenn Wilson

No 1139

WAKARARAS

7th May.

Yes, it was a great day for it! - duck shooting that is. It was quite windy, cold and rainy when we looked out of the warm truck, after an uneven trip from Hastings.

"Gee do we have to?" "Yep, Out!"

So off we went into a patch of bush and soon found ourselves heading up a ridge.

"Hey the truck's got a racing stripe!"

"I think I'll go back!", so we lost two more bods. Gosh, they really didn't trust me.

(Two bods didn't even leave the truck - sore heads?)

Further along we were able to see the extensive damage caused by erosion on land that used to be farmed.

Forced by hunger pains we stopped for lunch in the only sunny spot in the whole of the Wakararas. From where we were Tin Hut looked only an hour away, but no one seemed very enthusiastic about going there. So back to the truck, not forgetting the shingle slide, a quick brew up and a splash along a stream on the way.

Thanks everyone for not getting lost.

W.G.

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AHIMANAWAS TRIP

The truck performed well and a good weekend's tramping was had by all.

No. in party 18.

Leader: Geoff Robinson

Mary Madore, Michael Roberts, Sandy Parsloe, Danny Bloomer, Allan Holden, Wendy Thorn, Russell and Joanne Perry, David Wilkins, Glenn Armstrong, John Berry, Wendy Gordon, Beth Curtis, Chris Jones, Dyan Coombes, John Jones, Terry Cameron.

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No. 1141 (a)

RUAPEHU.

Queen's Birthday.

It's that time of year again. Off to Tongariro National Park for the usual burst of lousy weather. National Parks frequently seem to hold the rain back until we arrive then . . . but no! It's Saturday morning and there's not a cloud to be seen. Fantastic! Mind you, from where I'm peering in the comfort of the back of the truck, that frost covering all those bods sleeping outside doesn't look too inviting. We arrived last night some time, after a late journey from Hastings. The view from the bottom of the Tukino road, east side of Ruapehu, is breathtaking. The mountains dominate the scene though they're a little bare of snow for the proposed snow caving. Never mind. Everyone's keen, and this weather is neat!

Ten o'clock and the round-the-mountain party is dropped off at the beginning of the Waihohehu truck, half way up the Tukino Road. On, up to Tukino 'Village', a smattering of lodges and rock, to park the truck.

Enthusiastic bodies leap out, refusing to accept the reality of those whopping great packs until the last possible minute. Camera shutters click, extras in packs are quietly but firmly re-stowed in the truck and five routes are pioneered on a nearby rock barely four feet high. Crampons, ropes, ice axes and bash hats are conspicuously displayed, and Peter Boomen's skiing gadgetry is receiving lots of attention. But it is time to go.

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Lunchtime now. We're near enough to 7000', sitting scoffing sardines at the bottom of the snow slopes. The way up is clear, following this slope straight over onto the top plateau of Ruapehu. The going is reasonable - firm snow though ice lies not too far underneath. Lunch is a brief affair and all the bods are soon plodding in single file. Ice axes in the lead carve great chunks out of the air to smash the ice, creating a crystal staircase to the top. Some of us don crampons and elect the shaded slopes, icier and steeper, thrilling to the freedom and bite of steel on the mountain.

By three we are on the plateau, where a site is quickly chosen for tents. Tired forms lie slumped against pack frames, summoning the energy to set up camp and sort gear. But the fresh, cold air and a bowl of refresh soon revive us.

Bodies scatter in all directions. Some clamber up rocks, others set out for an initial exploration of the plateau. It's wide

and very long and there's so much to cram in; though very soon the wind has a bite to it, the sun says goodbye, and stomachs urge their owners towards tea.

By 5.30 pm our tents and bivvy sites are prepared and various tantalising odours waft by. We have four tents, each filled to the maximum, one ledge cleared and levelled and also heavily populated, and two assorted bodies just sort of anywhere. 7 pm. sees us all in pits - its freezing now but our weather is holding. The night sky is superb. Only a few gastronomic wonders are still simmering. . . .

Sunday.

"What an unholy mess we've made of that!"
No, this is not a comment on this morning's porridge, nor is it a comment on the newcomers' attempts at tying knots. It's a reference to the slope where we've been practising step cutting.

Having awoken to another beautiful day we have scoffed one of a variety of breakfasts and ambled across the plateau to gather here under the cliffs of Te HeuHeu. Murray Ball and Peter Boomen have offered advice to all on various techniques of step cutting and are now giving demonstrations of more advanced use of rope and equipment. Thanks to their persistence and experience everybody has learnt something new. Breaks in the programme provide ample opportunity for the whiz-kids to try glissading and plastic bagging. Whoopee --

After a fairly structured morning we look forward to the afternoon to ourselves and the group splits into parties which set out to stamp H.T.C. all over Ruapehu's icy flanks. Phil, Els and Michael Bayens, who have spent the latter part of the morning with us, and now are refreshed with lunch, are heading back down the western slopes to the Top o' the Bruce accompanied by Shona MacAulay and Fiona Law, our two Outdoor Pursuits enthusiasts. Everyone else spends the rest of the day sightseeing, taking in the Crater Lake, or the crevasses everywhere, and journeying across to the Dome Shelter. And once more, waning daylight and rapidly falling temperatures herald tea-time and rest. Two marvellous days so far. Could we expect three?.

Up at dawn - it's fine!

The day's programme is simple: free time in the morning, but everyone is to be down at the truck by 2 pm. Some elect to soak up the sunshine; some quietly set about accumulating scattered gear. Murray and I look hesitantly towards the ice cliffs below Te HeuHeu.

These cliffs are very steep and all ice and they beckon strongly. We had already observed teams of intrepid souls ascending them in previous days. Why not have a look ourselves before leaving the top?

Murray scoffed his breakfast while I hastily begged and borrowed gear to supplement my meagre supply. Then quickly

off across the plateau and onto the lower slope to set up a belay stance. This is my first time working as a climbing partner and the responsibility sets the adrenalin pumping a little faster. Away, up. Murray leads out; one doubt in for a runner; on to the rope end. My turn. Up to Murray; lead on through. This is great! Murray comes up again and takes the final length onto the top. It's ours, and it feels good. Perhaps it's not much of a climb but I have to begin somewhere and my appetite is satisfied for the moment.

A group of others has come around to meet us and we all descend the easier slopes together to return to camp. Gear is quickly sorted and we're all on the way down by 12.15pm. Some of the newer ones find downhill a little harder to cope with but old hands take control and the snow slopes are descended in fine style. Incredibly, the truck is ready to roll by 2.30pm. The weather is still fine. Off to pick up the others at the Ketetahi road-end, then away home. Hope everyone's photos come out....

R. P.

No. in party: 21 Leader: Russell Perry.

Murray Ball, Peter Boomen, Paul Richards, John Grover,
Chris Jones, Glenn Armstrong, Geoff Robinson, Frank Hooper
Clive Thurston, Cliff Epplett, Ken Couling, Ross Berry,
Dave Wilkins, Beth Curtis, Carol Climo, Fiona Law, Wendy Thorn
Shona MacAulay, Debbie Bayens, Allan Holden.

No. 1141 (b) TUKINO TO KETETANI.

Seven of us were dropped off at a point half way along the Tukino Road. The weather was perfect, and while it was cold enough to allow tramping in comfort in woollen trousers, it was also clear enough to give us magnificently extensive views. The desert-type scenery, though somewhat barren, had a stark beauty of its own, and, as we progressed further, contrasted strikingly with the green bush of the ranges to the east.

After some hours pleasant tramping, we reached Waihohomu Hut, just on lunch time.

After a pleasant lunch break we continued on to Oturere Hut. The track rose and fell constantly but gently, and we were rewarded with many memorable views. It was awe-inspiring to keep such close company with those three volcanoes, and to actually walk over the havoc they had created in the landscape. We had a considerable distance to cover that day, but the going was easy and pleasant. Moving rapidly we reached Oturere just before nightfall.

The hut was crowded, but some very bold and persuasive talking by Joanne secured us half a bunk each.

Sunday: At 8.15 four of us headed for Ngaruhoe country. We were to rejoin Les, Joanne and John that night, or Monday morning at the latest, at Ketetahi. Les pointed out the unlikelihood of successful hitchhiking if we were so foolish as to miss the truck.

At the head of the valley we turned away from the track and sidled up the steep frozen scoria south face of the Red Crater of Tongariro. We ended up so near the top it seemed silly not to visit it. We had to share our sightseeing with scores of day - trippers who stopped for a chat (and to recover their breath).

We made a rapid descent of Tongariro and crossing of the south crater. At this stage Ngaruhoe seemed a bit too imposing for our empty stomachs and weary limbs, so we opted instead for lunch at Mangatepopo Hut, with the possibility of a return to Ngaruhoe after that.

However time did not allow for that, so we decided to devote the rest of the afternoon to eating, resting, and climbing the nearby cliffs.

We spent a comfortable night at Mangatepopo, revelling in the luxury of a whole bunk each.

Monday: We made an even earlier start, and were off up the track at 7.15.

We regained the top of Tongariro's Red Crater at 10am, again in perfect weather. Our walk that day was highlighted by an exceptionally clear view of the North Island from Tongariro's summit. It was so totally good to be there that we stayed on top as long as the icy cold would permit, before reluctantly making our way down towards Ketetahi.

We explored everything. Cautiously, we discussed the world's problems, sitting in the south crater. Recklessly, we walked a few feet onto the frozen Emerald Lake. We looked at a lava flow, imagined it still molten and flowing. We walked around the shore of the Blue Lake just for kicks.

All this before the leader panicked at the sight of the sun's position and urged haste in getting to Ketetahi. Les greeted us near the top, having walked up to see if we were coming.

We all had lunch at Ketetahi, then made our way down to the hot pools, where some of us bathed our weary feet, to the amusement of some of the sight-seers from the road.

Then the seven of us tramped down through the tussock and down through the bush, and came out to the main road in perfect synchronisation with the arrival of the truck from Ruapehu. We were all very happy about our trip and will keep our memories of great tramping in great country.

Joan Wilson

Les, John and I left Oturere Hut soon after the other four and quietly plodded our way up to the Emerald Lakes. We sat there for a while just enjoying the view, the fine weather and the mere fact of being there. Then we crossed the central crater of Tongariro, up over the crater lip and dropped down to the

shore of the Blue Lake for lunch. From there it was a gentle downhill walk to Ketetahi Hut. There were plenty of bunks and it was still only mid-afternoon, so we went round to the Ketetahi Hot Springs for a look and a paddle. The stream was rather shallow so we built a dam to create a pool deep enough to lie in. Great for tired muscles but not so good for our clothes.

On Monday the others joined us and after another dip in the hot pools, we trotted off down to the road, meeting quite a few day-trippers making the two-hour walk up to the springs.

Joanne Perry.

Full party: Les Hanger, Joanne Perry, John Berry, Chris Melody, Joan Wilson, Julie Alexander, Colleen O'Malley

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No. 1142

KAWEKA FLATS

18th June

In spite of the steadily pouring cold rain, about 39 rugged individuals turned up for the trip, including several new faces, so that three cars were needed as well as the truck.

The relentless rain dampened the enthusiasm of many, but once we had dragged ourselves reluctantly from the warm shelter of our vehicles, and donned boots, parkas and packs, it ceased to worry us.

Very fast time was made to Makahu Hut, where our intrepid leader and several assistants tackled the fearsome task of counting the party - without notable success. We were finally released from this scrutiny, and set off through the pleasant beech forest on our way to Kaweka Flats. The rain didn't bother us in the bush, but when we came to the inevitable Kaweka Special - the steep clay and shingle slide, a stream to cross at the bottom, then straight up the other side - the going was a bit slippery, and lots of us got muddy bottoms.

However, it wasn't far to Kaweka Flats Livvy, and when we arrived some of the group were hungry enough to expose their lunch to the elements.

It was much too cold to stand around for long, so the party sorted itself into those who wanted to eat lunch, then go back the same way, and those who wanted to go on to Iron Whare for lunch. This latter party of adventurers set off at a great rate, having been solemnly promised that Iron Whare was only half an hour away. However, we very soon managed to lose the track, and spent considerable time and energy manuka-bashing in a huge circle.

Having decided that although not of course lost, nevertheless we didn't really know where we were, or how to get to Iron Whare. Maps and compasses were produced, and with them many divergent interpretations and opinions. So, as we were by now quite cold and hungry, we discarded science and

technology altogether, and resorted to tree climbing to decide which direction we should proceed in. This intelligent action, combined with an indeterminate amount of luck, brought us back on to the track along which we had come, and, after a good laugh at ourselves, we raced off to catch up with the other party.

It was potentially a very pleasant trip, but the weather has a lot to apologise for.

J.W.

Leaders: Chris Jones and David Wilkins.

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No. 1143

HOWLETTS

1st - 2nd July

Not bad for a change: Napier bods arrived at Hastings fairly close to 6 of the hour on a mild morning, or so one or two said.

While loading packs, yours truly saw a queer thing like a karrimat go sailing through the air and then the fun started-looking for my own. I was sure I had one! Yes, but it was still hanging in the shed where it was supposed to be.

After collecting this lost and found mat from home, David W. was next on the list then we were away to Mill Farm Road.

All out, packs included, to see the ground covered in what natives call frost. No takers for the dry track so it was down to the cold Moorcock Valley, cold water and very slippery stones.

Lunch at Daphne Hut in warm sunshine and a chance to drain and wring out socks before the climb that I loathe. Then it hit him. No boots. Oh well next time (Poor Russell.)

Seven takers for Sawtooth this time. The Daphne party, all but one, went to the top with gear out of the top crew's packs to help us up. But as I said I should know better. One stalwart made sure we were not going to have a wet floor to sleep on this time (everyone had to take their boots off first) and it stayed dry. The fire place was sealed off, four spirit stoves were lit, tea put on and the hut even started to warm up - or was it just the look of the flames? To bed early and one clock and wrist watch were set for 0300 hours. But talk about setting an alarm! This one you have to talk to. The alarm hand can't be shifted so the hour hand has to be set back or forward or was it the other way around to get it to strike the dreadful hour.

First off the loud one, no one stirred, the wind howled, then a whirling noise. It's blowing too hard, someone please have a look outside. It's too dark, too cold to leave this warm pit. If! Oh well, we can wait till daylight. Eight a.m. and still nice and warm. Breakfast anyone? Sawtooth under cloud.

Down we go, ~~forever~~ down. Lunch at Daphne, as some of the others set off to the truck. Then we followed. Anyone for the tops! No, next time. So out to the truck we trudged. Russ had taken a small party up to Tarn Bivouac and back down Rosvall's spur.

A party of three that came in late went into Hinerua Hut.

My trips are always fine!!! with good company.

L.H.

No. in party: 21

Russell Perry, Beth Curtis, Christine Beattie, Carol Climo, Keith Dixon, Cliff Epplett, Dyan Coombes, Chris White, David Harrington, Chris Jones, Terry Cameron.

Late Comers: Alan and Clive Thurston, Chris Melody.

Howletts Party: Geoff Robinson, David Wilkins, Janet Brown, Wendy Thorn, Allan Holden, Randall Goldfinch, Les Hanger.

DIVERSION TO TARN BIVVY

Sunday at Daphne Hut, and no one seems too interested in anything but sleeping. Keith lights a wonderfully smoky fire however, and gasping lungs soon drag their owners out to escape. Much discussion follows and it appears I can coax five others up to Tarn Bivvy on Black Ridge, and hence take an alternative route out via Rosvall's track.

Off we set, picking up the track on the next bend upstream from the hut. The climb was long, much like the Howletts climb, and indeed we had reached a similar height by lunch time. Plenty of snow around and cold gusty winds but refreshing all the same. The view of the ridge leading from Howletts over Tiraha and onto the Sawtooth were excellent, while Te Hekenga looked at least 12000' with the snow plumes flying off its summit.

Only David and I were keen to visit Tarn Bivvy which is further up Black Ridge from the junction of Daphne and Rosvalls tracks. We did this in pretty smart time, rejoined the others for lunch soon afterwards, then all headed down the pleasant, beech track of Rosvalls to the Tukituki again. Once in the river it only took three quarters of an hour to get to the truck at Moorcocks. A very rewarding day for all.

R.P.

Party: Russell Perry, Terry Cameron, David Harrington, Chris White, Beth Curtis, Carol Climo.

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No 1144

TE WKA

16th July

"Great trip for beginners, not much walking, see you all on Sunday" Well, I never thought of myself as a convincing speaker, but by the time the list arrived back I realised we weren't going to fit all the bods into our truck.

Sunday dawned beautiful and fine. A quick trip up to Oakmere Station (Mr. J.J.King) where we all piled out at the bottom, as we had plenty of time to walk up the hill. For the first half hour the party stayed as a group as the leader tried valiantly to count the exact number of people. After that the party spread over a fair distance, with two members deciding to take the ridge. The road which we were following led up into some quite scenic bush which was just full of native birds. Notably tuis and pigeons.

Approximately $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours later everyone assembled outside the Every Boy's Rally Hut with some members having followed a bush walk for the last $\frac{3}{4}$ of an hour rather than the road. A bite to eat was had by all and then we continued on up to the Te Waka trig and the associated microwave station. The limestone cliffs were then taken advantage of by the adventurous (which turned out to be most of us) who practised the descending technique of abseiling. After a fair time and a lot of feet dropped, we headed back down the road to the confidence course where a good hour was spent. Some members then headed over to an area of heavy erosion to see just how bad erosion can be even without deer.

The trip down to the truck was faster than the upwards trip, thanks to Newton. An enjoyable trip into an area well worth a day trip!

G.A.

No. trip: 55.

Leader: Glenn Armstrong

Kevin Ayre, Chris McIvor, Christine Thompson + 1,
L.Harrison, K.Harrison, Chris Melody, David Wilkins,
Russell Perry, Joan Wilson, David Meacheam, Glenn Wilson,
Michael Logan, Geoff Robinson, Clive Thurston, George Prebble,
Susan Mackie, Lynda Cooney, Alison Day, Cliff Epplett,
Craig Watson, Clayton Olsen, Greg Jenks, Craig Whittaker,
Shona Lowry, Beth Curtis, Julie Alexander, Ross Berry,
Christine Beattie, Janet Brown, Rob Snowball, Marianne van
Hatten + 8, Remco Zuiderwyk, Les Hanger, Peter Berry, Trevor
Flowman, Joanne Jepson, Colleen O'Malley, Paul Wolstenholme,
Wendy Thorn, Cherry Holder, Peter, Joan, Judith and David
Manning.

No. 1145

WAIKAMAKA - WATERFALL CREEK.

29th-30th July.

The trip was to the Sawtooth or Ranga - we were after snow! It was obvious early in the week there was not enough icy snow on Sawtooth so we decided to head for the Waipawa River.

Saturday at 6 am. was wet but 24 people turned up. On reaching Triplex base some decided to get their feet wet going up the river while the others went over Triplex Saddle to the Valley.

It was still raining but as we got closer to the Waipawa Saddle the rain turned to snow. No-one felt like stopping for lunch and the whole party had straggled into Waikamaka Hut.

by about 1.30

Somehow 7 keen (or silly) ones managed to drag themselves away from the fire and head out into the gently falling snow towards Waterfall Creek Hut. Finding the track up towards Rangi Saddle proved difficult in the soft snow. However once we got into the stream progress sped up - until we hit soft snow on the last stretch to the saddle. A quick chocolate stop was had near the top of the saddle where we were partly sheltered from the fine, wind-blown snow. Progress down the other side was rapid and the track to the left was found easily. A warm night was spent at Waterfall Creek Hut - we hardly even needed the fire.

Snow was still falling on Sunday morning so there was little point in going up to Rangi. The soft snow between Rangi Saddle and Waikamaka Hut was much easier to negotiate downhill - sitting down - and the snow on the uphill side of the saddle was not as soft so Waterfall Creek to Waikamaka took 2hrs. 5 mins.

The others had already left Waikamaka so we had a leisurely lunch stop then followed 17 sets of footprints out to the truck. (We met in the river Russell Perry, Joan Wilson and Frank Hooper who had been up to the tops for a quick day trip) The new awning on the truck had been erected and proved its usefulness in keeping us dry while getting changed.

A. H.

No. in party: 24

Leader: Allan Holden.

Waterfall Creek Party: Allan Holden, Wendy Thorn, Glenn Armstrong, Janet Brown, David Harrington, Mary Madore, Chris White.

Waikamaka Party: Joanne Perry, David Perry, Les Hanger, Chris Jones, Dyan Coombes, Geoff Robinson, Clive Thurston, Cliff Epplert, Glenn Wilson, Keith Dixon, Andrew Gordon, Clayton Olsen, Duane Olsen, Peter Berry, Ross Berry, Chris Melody, Terry Cameron.

No 1146

GOLDEN CROWN

6th August

We left Holts with the morning showing promise of a beautiful day, and headed up the Kereru Road and on to Mangleton.

Tarseal all the way except for four miles, so we did not have any dust problems.

We all left the truck at Sam and headed up the track, to first have a look at Masters Memorial shelter, which is resting in a patch of bush at the foot of Golden Crown Ridge. The shelter has not long been built, with the double barbecue not even used. It would make a nice family picnic outing during summer months.

After a look around we all headed up the Golden Crown ridge. The pace was slow and spirits high. Towards the top of the range, we came to the snow and it looked simply beautiful just

hanging on the trees. The toughest heart would have softened at the sight, especially with the bright sunshine making it glisten. All the effort to get to that height was well worth it.

At the track junction on top of the range, the faster members of the trip were all prepared for a snow fight when the slower members arrived... but the surprise attack was very short lived and snowballs were soon dispersed in all directions. A lot of fun was had in the bright warm sunshine. About 100 yards along the main track we got a magnificent view of Ruapehu in a cloudless sky. A few cameras clicked as such a sight could not be missed. We tramped northwards along the tops through bush laden with snow, until we came to an open area where we rested and decided to have lunch.

After lunch five fit members decided that they would like to go to No Mans Hut and back so they set off at a fast pace. Other members of the party were also going part of the way but after a short distance decided that the scenery was too fantastic and were contented just to sit and look. A few of the remaining members just sat in the sun and had an occasional snow fight. After two hours of this we headed back to the truck. Some of the party decided to go down Three Finger ridge, as a large shingle slide looked as if it would be quite thrilling. But alas the track had not been used for some time and was very overgrown. It was soon lost, so with Les leading the way, bush bashing was the thing all the way down. The shingle slide was missed by about a few yards, but we still enjoyed the bush.

We arrived back at the truck at 5pm and were soon on our way back to town, a little tired but very happy.

F.H.

No. in party: 19 Leader Frank Hooper.
Allan Holden, Paul Wolstenholme, Grant Middleton, Dave Perry,
Russell Perry, Christine Thompson + 2, Peter Manning, Joan Wilson,
Lou Harrison, Kristina Harrison, L. Holmes, Joanne Perry,
Christine Hardie, David Wilkins, Greg Jenks, Les Hanger.

NEWSPAPER PUBLICITY

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

TRIP REPORTS

Would trip leaders please remember that part of their duty is to write a trip report for the Pohokura. This must be legible, double spaced and handed in at the following meeting - or else...

TYPISTS for this issue were Joan Manning, Barbara Taylor.

Cyanide and Other Poisons

Nowadays, with large scale aerial and other trapping operations taking place in an effort to control deer, pigs, and opossums, all people making use of hill country and forest land run an increasing risk of coming across the various poison baits used in the control of these animals.

In general, all poisons that are broadcast in New Zealand are dyed a bright green, except for cyanide paste and granules. These green dyed baits come in the form of carrot cubes, jam, oats and pellets, and in general the poisons used are 1080, phosphorus, arsenic and similar poisons. The main thing with these is not to touch them and to make sure any children with you are kept well away from them.

More dangerous as far as trappers are concerned are the various types of cyanide. As with all poisons, should you find a container of this, it should be clearly labelled. However, all tins, tubes etc. should be treated with caution. For example, containers of cyanide crystals look remarkably like the plastic containers a lot of us get from the chemists to put food in. Should you be at all doubtful of a container, DON'T TOUCH IT. Keep upwind, mark its position, then report it to the nearest police station. If you notice a smell like almonds or carbide when entering a hut, RUN first. Better a live coward than a dead fool. Then thoroughly ventilate the hut until all traces of smell have gone before entering the hut to ascertain the cause.

Cyanide past is placed in pea-sized lumps on trees, roots, twigs or anywhere and is often marked by flour lure around it or a mark on a tree. So be careful, as putting your hand on a piece or merely handling a container and then brushing your lips could give you a lethal dose.

In conclusion, tubes of cyanide are white with bright red caps. Where poison is laid it should be sign-posted but it is of course easy to miss these signs, so be careful.

First Aid for Cyanide Poisoning

-Taken from 'Cyanides in Vertebrate Pest Control', issued by the Ministry of Agriculture.

When cyanide gas is inhaled:

- Remove the patient into clean air.
- If breathing has ceased, begin artificial respiration.
- If patient is breathing, break a capsule of amyl nitrate into a handkerchief and hold it under the patient's nose for 30 seconds. Repeat with further capsules every 2 to 3 min.
- Remove any contaminated clothing and wash cyanide from the skin.
- Keep patient warm.

When cyanide is swallowed:

- If patient is conscious, make him drink a large quantity of cold water and then induce vomiting by stroking the back of his throat with your finger. Repeat until vomit fluid is clear.

- Also break a capsule of amyl nitrate into a handkerchief and hold it under the patient's nose for 30 seconds. Repeat with further capsules at intervals of 2 to 3 minutes.
- If the patient's breathing has stopped or is difficult, immediately administer mouth-to-nose artificial respiration.
- Remove any contaminated clothing and wash any cyanide from the skin.
- Keep the patient warm.
- Get help and contact a doctor as quickly as possible.

N.B. If the patient survives an hour, he will probably live.

Symptoms From Swallowing Cyanide

No effects may be noticed for several minutes with a small dose. Then there is dizziness, headache, palpitations and difficulty in breathing, followed by unconsciousness and violent convulsions. The symptoms are the same for large doses except that they occur more quickly and you snuff it.

Peter Berry.

Primuses

Primuses for tramping use are best divided into three groups according to the fuels the use:- white spirits, kerosene and bottled gas (Gaz, Rock Gas, and others using aerosol-type cannisters). Of these, white spirits and bottled gas are the most popular because of their convenience.

Cookers using liquid fuels (white spirits or kerosene) must have the liquid vaporised and under pressure before it will burn correctly. Of course, the liquid will burn at atmospheric pressure but with a sooty, yellow flame. The vaporisation takes place in a tube between the tank and the nozzle where the fuel comes out. This tube stays hot once the cooker is up to temperature by conduction from the hot surfaces near the flame. However, when starting from cold these parts must be heated somehow. Methylated spirits is put in the bowl and burned on kerosene cookers. On white spirits cookers a little white spirits or meths can be placed in the bowl and burned. This heats the necessary parts to start the cooker but does not heat the tank so the flame is rather small. A small amount of white spirits burned around the tank solves the problem but can be dangerous. For white spirits cookers it is necessary to have the tank hot to pressurise the fuel. Kerosene is usually pressurised with a pump.

Cookers using bottled gas are very easy to light - simply turn the valve on and hold a match near where you expect a flame to appear. The gas in the bottle (propane, butane etc) is under pressure and is therefore liquid. When the valve is opened the pressure is released and the liquid vaporises. Of course heat of vaporisation is required but this comes mainly from the surroundings. For this reason, bottled gas cookers are unsatisfactory in cold conditions or at high altitude. Extra attention has to be paid to keeping the tank of a white spirits cooker warm in snow but they are much better than bottled gas cookers in the cold.

Price can be a deciding factor - white spirits cookers are \$45 or \$50 for two different models. Gaz bottled gas cookers are \$16.90 or \$22.75 for two models. A kerosene primus costs \$22. Bottled gas fuel in throw-away cannisters is expensive at \$1.45 per cannister for Gaz which lasts about 2 hours. Kerosene and white spirits are about 25c per litre (which lasts about 4-5 hours) in bulk from a garage but can be very expensive if bought by the bottle. When buying white spirits it is important to check that you have the correct fuel - 'Calite' and 'Shellite' are two trade names. Kerosene or terpentine are not suitable!

Two points about using white spirits cookers:

1. Always turn them down or off clockwise - the same as the taps at home. When turned too far anti-clockwise a pricker comes up to clean the jet on many models. Operating the cooker with this needle part way up wears it out.
2. If a flame starts burning from the safety valve in the filler cap, TURN THE COOKER OFF. This can be the beginning of the cooker blowing up. Tighten the valve and re-light the cooker.

Not many kerosene cookers are available in New Zealand. The ones that are available are a little large for tramping except for large parties. They are a little safer than white spirits ones but a small quantity of methylated spirits is needed for preheating. Bottle gas cookers are cheap to buy, convenient and safe but no good in the cold and the cannisters have to be carried home when empty. White spirits cookers can be messy to get started and are expensive to buy but are the best choice for New Zealand conditions.

Allan Holden.

SOCIAL NEWS

Births: To Sandy and Peter Jane - a son
To Alan and Beth Thurston - a son

Engagement: Congratulations and best wishes to:
Dave Perry and Marcia Browne

Welcome Home: to Graham Bailey, back from Twizel (missed us eh?)
to Liz Pindar from overseas. (See trip report p.23)

Bereavement: Our sympathy to Tui Maxwell and her family on the recent loss of her father.

NEW MEMBERS

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

Janet Brown
Quentin Daniells
Marianne van Hattem
Mary Madore
Sandy Parsloe
Rex Holden

PRIVATE TRIPS

Maropea Forks - Remutupo

Easter weekend Mar 24 - 27th

Friday: On the last day if the weather took a turn for the worse while we were on the tops, our escape route was to be down the Makaroro river. So it was decided to leave the cars at Cullen's farm in case we had to walk around and fetch them. So we began: Up Triplex Creek onto the Shuteye track, a short stop at Shuteye Shack which was just as cold and miserable as usual. By now the weather was turning for the worse with strong winds and driving sleet. The going along Buttercup Hollow and Armstrong tops proved quite exciting. Out of the wind, crouching behind a large outcrop of rocks we could still feel the sides of our faces stinging and our hands numb from the painful sleet.

Down to Upper Maropea Hut for lunch and a well deserved hot brew. It took a lot of will power and persuasive talk from the leader to leave the hut and face the many hours in the Maropea river. Taking the track at the back of the hut we headed down to the stream which wasn't wonderfully good being very bouldery and narrow in places. As more side streams joined in on the way down the trend was to a gentler gradient with more wide shingly places and less narrow rocky ones.

It seemed strange to have so much algae in the rivers so high up in the ranges. We think this may have been caused by rivers being so low with insufficient rain to take it downstream. We arrived at Maropea Forks Hut about 4.30 p.m.

Maropea Forks Hut was quite luxurious - six bunks and foam mattresses. With the smell of a good stew still lingering in the air we retired for the night.

Saturday: The weather changed overnight and we awoke to a brisk frost, no wind and the sky as clear as crystal. Leaving Maropea Forks Hut at 9 a.m. we started on the track on the other side of the North branch of the Maropea River. The track led us on a long climb northwards on to the ridge which heads westwards off the main divide between the Maropea and the next stream north. But this track then seems to go westwards along the ridge, so we left it and started to scrub-bash eastward towards the divide, through bush with a thick undergrowth of coprosma and clumps of slippery wet cutty grass. Out on the tussock tops we found a sheltered spot to have lunch, admiring Ruapehu in the distance and Remutupo close at hand. After disturbing one of the biggest, ugliest, fattest wetas you ever did see we decided it was time to move on. A track took us across to the saddle between Remutupo and the main divide and then down through the leatherwood into a small rocky creek. I can remember years ago there was no track and we had to bush bash our way down through the leatherwood. Following the creek down we came across the forks then the hut, which is situated on the left hand side of the forks. Arriving at 2 p.m. we spent the rest of the day lazing in the sun. The

hut was another 6 bunker with three extra foam mattresses which was just as well for we were to share the hut with five Varsity trampers.

Sunday: Fine with a light frost. Leaving Remutupo Hut at 8 a.m. we took the track which follows up along the right hand side of the shingle slide on to Te Atuahuru. About 50 yards from the top of Te Atuahuru we startled a grazing stag. There was a mad clumsy rush for cameras as it frolicked across the tops, but too late, it was gone.

We wandered back southward along the divide, and each time we went down along a saddle and then up on to the next hump, Maroparea, CrossRidge, Maropea, and trig 50 in turn we were a stage closer to our objective - Armstrong Top - which in the morning had seemed an impossibly long way away. The last saddle is very nearly impassable with very thick patches of young beech trees, then Buttercup Hollow.

We could have made it out to the road on the third day, but as we had an extra day it was decided to spend the night at Waipawa Forks Chalet. So from Buttercup Hollow it was down Shuteye and into the Chalet. We shared the Chalet with four hunters listening to "great shoots", you know the "one that got away" or "must have bumped my sights but I'll get the begger tomorrow." So we retired for the night.

Monday: A very relaxing day. Leaving the Chalet at 9a.m. we headed down the Waipawa River on to the North Block road. Dropping our packs on the side of the road we called into Triple Hut for a looksee then, returning to our packs, we moved onwards to the cars. Arriving out at 11.30 a.m. it was a well deserved stop off at the Ongaonga pub then home. Many thanks to Geoff for the use of his transport, a tramp enjoyed by all.

Geoff Goldsmith (Palmerston North) Geoff Robinson, Clive Thurston, Alan Thurston.

Temple Basin to Hurley River

8th - 9th April

After tea on Friday night I left Twizel and headed for Temple Basin picnic area which is at the northern end of Lake Ohau, about 8 miles south of Twizel. After playing rally drivers along the narrow winding shingle road I reached the picnic area at 6.30 p.m. where I parked the V.W. and waited for members of the N.O.T.C. to arrive. At about 9 p.m. I went to sleep in the rumdoodle and was woken up by the flashing of torches and voices. The time was 11p.m. so for once, I was early - four and a half hours early in fact - . I introduced myself, shook hands and went back to sleep.

Saturday: Everyone was up with the sparrows and cooking breakfast which was a monster tin of baked beans (cowboy tucker). They offered me some so I took up the challenge and had a scoff. By 7 a.m. we were tramping up the North Temple Valley and were heading for Temple Basin. After about two hours tramping we reached a little two man forestry hut

and had a cold drink before we started a 4000ft climb up to the saddle. While we were still at the hut I was looking through the log book and noticed that some guys who were in here last winter had written, "It's rather chilly in here because in the morning when we woke we discovered that the white spirits in the primus had frozen solid".

After the drink we started the rather long grunt up to the saddle. After a number of stops and starts we eventually made it to the top where we had a mighty view and took a number of photos. After a brief rest we headed down to the South Huxley River. On the way down I managed to get rather bushed (Bailey style) and was fighting my way through the scrub for quite a while until I reached the river and waited for the others. We found a good camping spot where we pitched tent and got a fire going to cook tea and talked about all sorts of things well into the night.

Sunday: Everyone was up nice and early and cooking breakfast and packing up gear. We then headed off down the stream and towards Huxley Forks Hut which was 3 hours away. I separated from the main party and tramped at a faster speed. While I was going through a large stand of beech forest, I noticed I was being followed by a fantail so I stopped for a while and watched him flittering about me. Eventually he came very close and was only an inch away from my hand. He stayed just long enough for me to get a photo and then moved away. I carried on until I reached the Forks Hut where I waited for the others to catch up.

After we had had our lunch and the sandflies had had theirs, we carried on down the main Huxley river. This was a very nice place for taking cracker photos of mountain and river scenes. We eventually reached the junction of the Hopkins and Huxley rivers. Here we met three members who had turned back on the Saturday and we all headed down the Hopkins to reach Monument Hut in time for a brew. After that we headed off home after an enjoyable trip.

Thanks to the North Otago Tramping Club who invited me to go with them, and for giving me a new name (Methane)

Graham Bailey

Maropea Watershed - Queen's Birthday 78

It was a cold frosty night and the sky was starry and lit by an aurora as we wandered up to Triplex Base. There were three of us, Brian Smith, Neil and Doff Kane. Next morning there was a hard frost as a promise of a good day. We started up Shuteye with the intention of circumnavigating all the Maropea watershed above the forks. The final stretch along the main divide would sort out an error made on a club trip in 1974 where we had an enforced return to top Maropea and were a day late as a result.

Just above Shuteye Shack we disturbed a morepork which flew to a convenient branch and waited obligingly while we photographed it. I thought it unusual to see one during the day and was even more surprised when we saw another one near the same spot two days later.

From Armstrong Saddle we headed south and lunched on the knob immediately north of 66. From here a long ridge leads NW, dividing the Waikamaka and Maropea streams. The ridge is partly bush-covered and along part of the bush section a track runs linking Centre Waikamaka and Maropea Forks huts. The open part of the ridge was easy except where a couple of rocky gendarmes had to be negotiated. In the bush it was reasonably open and we picked up the track in due course. The cut track and the discs do not coincide at all points (the track cutters obviously disagreed with the disc nailers) and this led to minor confusion. The distance along the ridge is considerable and it was growing dusk when the track at last turned down to Maropea Forks. It was a race against falling light to reach the river. It had been a 9 hour day. Another clear frost night. As the sun takes some time to reach Maropea Forks Hut, we allowed ourselves a late start and left at 10a.m. I was delighted to find a track now cut up the ridge to the saddle between Remutupo and Maroparea. This made it easy. Even better was the track down through the leatherwood to Remutupo Hut. We dined leisurely at the saddle and climbed Remutupo, but were disappointed that Lake Colenso could not be seen.

During the night there was light drizzle and cloud hung over the tops in the morning. Away by 8.30 a.m., we took the track to the main divide and were putting on overtrousers and parkas by 9.50 when we reached the top. The tussock was sheathed in ice and crackled like broken glass as we walked amongst it. Visibility was limited, sometimes it stretched as far as 200 yds, but we had little difficulty finding our way off Maroparea and over Orupu. In the saddle before Maropea, a small patch of bush gave us shelter for a quick lunch. Visibility was still poor but at least it hadn't rained.

After lunch we traversed Maropea then came to "Smith's mistake" - the knob between Maropea and Armstrong top. This knob is a bit tricky: a side ridge leaves the main divide at this knob and descends steeply into the Maropea Stream. But before descending it rises to a side knob higher than the main divide. With limited visibility therefore, it is easy to mistake this side knob for the main divide. Having done that, the mistake is not realized until you get below the cloud level to see the Upper Maropea catchment. As the saddle before Armstrong Top is deep (600') and full of stunted growth, it is interesting to speculate whether in 1974, if we'd found the right route, we would have had the strength to negotiate it!

Once on Armstrong Top we were treated to spectacle of the broken as the sun came out in the west. We paused to bask in its watery glow then headed off to the saddle, Shuteye and Wellington.

6. Brian Smith

A Run Around Egmont

Loopies take 3 - 4 days, trampers take 2 days and the record is 7 hours 20 min. Some people train hard for weeks on end, and some do it on the spur of the moment. It is the Round the Mountain Track on Egmont.

After working on it and around it for half a year and never having been right round the track, Ian McAlpine and I decided to go for a run around the mountain before I left New Plymouth. So on a wet drizzly Sunday morning we left the lodge at 8.45 a.m. wearing only woollen shirts, shorts and sandshoes.

The miles fell fast, the long sidle to the plateau and Dawsons Falls, the long grunt up to Kapnui Lodge, another long sidle over wet treacherous snowgrass to Mangahume Hut, and a long slippery descent to Owanui Hut. After a few biscuits and a drink of refresh, we were off on the muddiest section of the track to Kahui Hut. By now the weather was improving but we were getting tired, and our backs started aching at the bottom of our spines from the constant jarring as we climbed up to Holly. A 10 min. rest before the final stretch, a long climb and a final sidle around to the Lodge. A rest at last having completed it in a time of 8 hrs 32 minutes. We felt pleased with our effort in those wet and cold conditions.

Peter Boomen, Ian McAlpine

An Epic on Egmont

With the idea of climbing the Okahu bluffs in mind, one early Saturday morning saw Mike and I heading up Curtis Ridge and along to Syme Hut with heavy packs full of bivvy gear, rock gear and not very much else.

A quick brew and we were off along to Bobs Bluff and to Hughson's ledge where we decided to camp the night. Another brew and out came the rock gear. After a look around we decided on a warm up and a route on the nose of Bobs Bluff caught our fancy. So after a short walk around to the bottom of the bluffs, in went Mike's belay and up I went, climbing ever so lightly on the big loose blocks that looked as if they had been balanced there for years.

"Five feet to go," comes the shout from below, so in goes my belay and up comes Mike who then leads through and out goes another 120 ft of rope to the top.

By now the day was starting to get on so we headed back to our camp and we just had time to have a quick look for a route up the centre of the Okahu Bluffs which were just around the corner from us. Late that night the rain poured down and the wind hammered Mike's tent fly.

In the early hours of the morning over the fly went and it ripped in half. Just my luck it was my half that ripped - so much for trying to keep dry.

As the first morning light came the rain was still pouring down and the wind was blowing just as hard as it had been in the night. By now we were soaked to the skin and it was time to move, so move we did. Packing our wet gear in record time, we were off on the long sidle around to the closest shelter which was Syme Hut. Shelter was the only thing on our minds as the wind was hammering us about making it difficult to breathe. At last, after several hours walking

we struck Panthams Peak, and Syme Hut - shelter at last.

Mike had to break the lock as there was no emergency key. The hut was well stocked with blankets so we spent the rest of the day eating and sleeping. By the next morning the storm had blown itself out so we walked out early that day.

Peter Boomen, Mike Andrews

In Quest of a Hot Bath

Have you ever when you've been tramping stopped for a hot bath (in a real bath) then carried on tramping? Of course not!

Well we did and, - no, we didn't carry a bath in.

Eight boots tramped their way up the Mohaka one rather cloudy Saturday morning to the Mangatainoka hot pools with a stop at the Te Puia Chalet for a snack. Once over the swing-bridge the race was on to get to the bath tub which the Forest Service have conveniently placed there.

Eight boots immediately came off as did other coverings of the body while the bath was filling up. Check the temperature - A BIT HOT, but she'll do - throw in the bubble bath and get out the scented soap - who ever heard of smelly trampers? Ease the body in and it's marvellous - something out of this world in such perfect surrounds. Four bods fit in snugly but I'd say you could get ten in with a squeeze. Ten minutes in there and then run madly across to the Mohaka - quick dive in and you're about ready to run back to the bath when the one and only Wendy daringly suggests a swim across to the other side. Can't let a dare like that go by so we all swim like crazy to the other side of the Mohaka. Brrr - it's cold. What on earth are we doing here on this side when the bath's on the other side and blimey its cold. So the race is on back to the bath.

An hour and a half later we reluctantly left as time was getting on. At the Makino swingbridge we met some people who were in the area for a while so Allan told them about the hot bath while I leaned on my umbrella and Joan and Wendy put on the "Isn't it a good day for a hot bath and a stroll" pose. I'm sure they didn't believe us and thought we were mad.

The fun over with, we wandered out to the Hot Springs road where we conveniently managed to talk a ride out of a guy back to the haybarn. Of course it was dark by now, had been for quite a while but what the heck, a good trip and one hell of a good bath!

Joan Wilson, Allan Holden, Wendy Thorn, Dave Wilkins

Shuteye and Maropea

30th July

Joan and I left Hastings by 7.15 and were in Triplex Base Hut by 8.30. Two bods informed us that a Mr Frank Hooper had left just ten minutes before us to head for Shuteye. We quickly entered our names in the hut book and set out to catch him. Sure enough, by the time Triplex Saddle lay beneath our feet, Frank was within shouting distance and the three of us together headed for the tops.

Shuteye was reached by 10.15 where we had 'lunch'. Weather conditions were pretty lousy but we decided to push on anyway with the thought of possibly crossing over 65, 66 and 67 to the Waipawa Saddle. The big club party was in there somewhere and it would be nice to meet them.

By shortly after 11 a.m. we were plugging through the soft snow, heading up towards Armstrong Saddle. Once out of the bush, the wind caught us, throwing the snow at us in blustering horizontal sheets. It was cold, and breaking into deepening snow didn't help. However, trampers are strange creatures. We were thoroughly enjoying ourselves! (Try to explain that to a non-tramper!)

The conditions wouldn't permit an easy crossing of the tops. Leatherwood is nobody's friend and there's lots of it up there. Once at the saddle, Frank promptly fell in the tarn while 'testing the ice' and provided a brown blotch on an otherwise white environment with the muddy water oozing out. Cries of 'Pollution' and 'Environmental Impact' went out, but Frank's interest was centred on his own cry - "Damn! My gloves are wet!"

We left packs here and raced up the ridge, buffeted by the wind. Maropea usually gives a good view but the top provided no such thing today. Black cloud and squalls of rain and snow blotted out all except the ridge leading onto 65 to the south. Down Maropea again, pick up the packs and away back to Shuteye. We met some bods with some youngsters up there above the bushline. Some people take what seem unnecessary risks with children.

After advising them of the conditions further up, we continued down, and down, and down until we had passed through the Triplex Saddle and entered the Waipawa River. We met the club fast party and headed out to the cars. R.O.P.

Party: Russell Perry, Joan Wilson, Frank Hooper.

Hunting for Quinag

April '78

Canisp, Suilven, Quinag, Stac Polly - Stac Polly? Where have I heard that name - oh, yes, rock climbs. Right, let's go and find this crop of mountains - worth seeing from their names alone.

So Marilyn, myself and a hired Escort (car) went off the main (practically the only) road up the north-west Highlands

of Scotland; roads that are marked on the map as 'one way with passing places' onto roads marked 'narrow with passing places'. They mean that!

We had stayed at Ullapool Youth Hostel on the 6th April and overnight a seamist had come up, the horizons vanished and the colour vanished from the landscape. But as we went north across glacier-scoured rock with low brown heather, and lochans scattered like currants in a pudding, we saw vague shapes ahead in the haze. Ben More, Cul More? Flat landscape with almost vertical small mountains and snow on the tops.

Stac Polly we found suddenly, standing over a deep brown loch like a prehistoric creature - it even has a frilled summit ridge like a tuatara's back. At only 2,009ft it is an impressive bulk from sea level, and as we went up its lower flanks it got more so; the slopes are boggy with scree, both at once. We went up as far as the first shoulder but there was no view so we drove on to Achiltibue - I bet none of you have been there! It has a hotel (shut), a store (open) and a few houses, mostly empty. Perhaps it comes alive in summer as it overlooks the Summer Isles, flat green rock-edged pancakes on the edge of visibility - and never a tree in sight.

We had to return the same way for ten miles; the alternative road on the map was marked at the turnoff 'Not suitable for motors'. So we approached Suilven and Canisp by going around in a circle.

Gradually the light grew darker and the cloud became lower, until we could see only cliff bottoms across bogs and lochans. Quinag modestly showed its foot in a brief glimpse across Loch Assynt, all smooth and shining with moisture on bare rock faces, but we hoped to creep up and catch them unawares. We went to Lochinver, a little fishing town, found a bed and breakfast place and saw suddenly, in the murk, the outlines of both Suilven and Canisp, two almost conical peaks of 2,399 ft and 2,779 ft, rising above the little hills of the township.

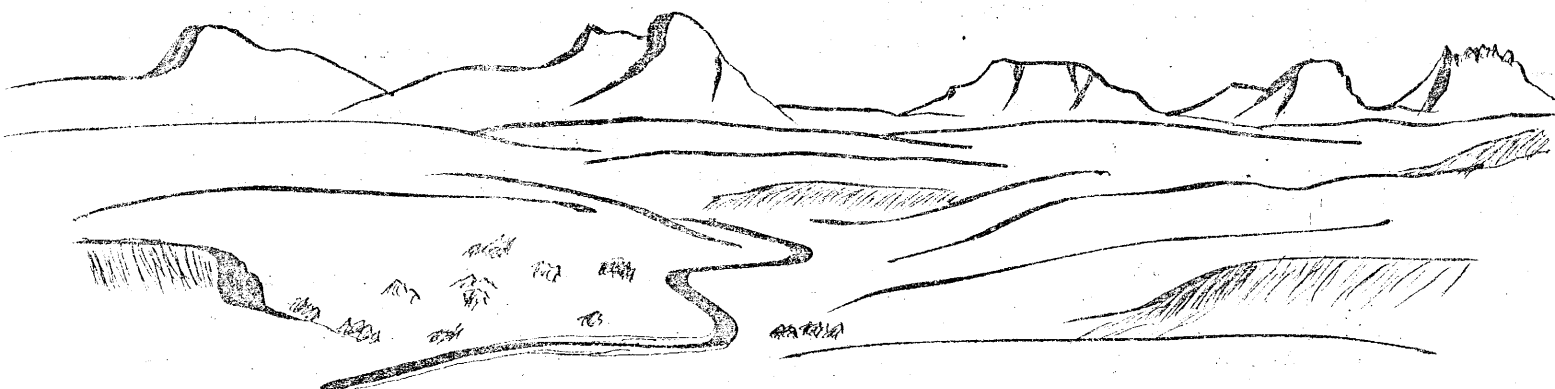
Quickly, let's find them. So in to the car and follow the road, but soon the road became rather less like a road; first a notice 'No caravans', then 'Experienced drivers only', then 'Motor traffic not recommended' and at that point where there was an obvious turning point, we stopped! Suilven was still faintly visible but Canisp had vanished entirely, so we retreated thinking 'Tomorrow will be fine'.

Tomorrow wasn't. And somehow neither of us fancied walking in bog and fog, and knee-high silver birch trees, fully grown, are very scratchy. So, we thought we'd find Quinag, 2,635 ft and only half a mile from the road. Surely it will show. Especially if we approach it from the back road, it may not hide if it doesn't see us coming. So, we took the coast road. I'm sure no-one has taken the coast road in April before; the two people we saw both STARED at us. Cliffs and white foaming waves, with little sandy inlets between them and a road that goes like a centipede among rocks and gullies - Stoer, Clashnessie, Neold: ah!. we are getting close to Quinag - is it that dark part of the cloud, or that? The cloud was now below

ground level! And the road made such sudden dives up and down gullies it seemed as if it was underground too. We saw a thickening in the cloud, stopped in the middle of the road (nowhere else to stop) and saw a slope, nearly vertical it looked, heading up into the cloud - it's coming into sight - we may be able to get to it, it doesn't look too boggy here, pile out of the car, quick, - and down comes the cloud, thicker than ever!

But we did see Quinag, or part of it - it's a very modest mountain!

E.R.P.



Canisp

Snailven

Caulmore

Caulbeg

Stac Polly

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

The 43rd Annual General Meeting will be held in the Radiant Living Hall, Warren St, North, Hastings following the usual fortnightly meeting on Wednesday, 18th October, 1978.

CLUB MEETING DATES

6 September
4 October
1 November
29 November
10 January

20 September
18 October
15 November
13 December

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
Liz Pindar, phone 67889

Russell Perry, phone 88828

TRANSPORT CONTRIBUTIONS: Unless otherwise stated, these are \$2.00 per person; trips outside the Bay, \$6.00 per person.

These contributions are payable at the meeting before the trip. If paid on the day of the trip or after, 50c is added. If you are unable to make the trip and notify the leader, your fee will be refunded. If the leader is not notified of cancellation, your fee will be accepted with thanks.

SEPTEMBER

10 Gold Creek - Ruahines

A chance to test your exposure theories ?? It's cold in here, but could be fun.

N 133

Leaders: Dyan Coombes
Russell Perry

23-24 Makahu- Kawekas

In through Castle Rocks Road, up over Kaiarihi and Mad Dog. Should be good if the snow stays there.

N 123

Leaders: Wendy Thorn
Les Hanger

OCTOBER

8 Mohaka River

Into Mohaka State Forest via Willowflat River to bluffs around river. (N 114 Tutira 825952)

Leaders: Rob Snowball, Frank Hooper

19-23 (5 days if possible, otherwise trip amended for 3 days)

Labour End of Mangaone Road, west to Ngahori on Waiau River,
Weekend north-east to Marauti, return via Waiopaoa.

N 104-105

Leaders: Glenn Armstrong
Peter Berry

NOVEMBER

-5 Cairn Trip

Service on Kaweka J at 11 a.m. then the day is yours. It always snows.

N 123

Leader: Phil Bayens

NOVEMBER

18-19 Southern Ruahines
 Into Mangatāwainui and over divide to Ngamoko. Out via
 Leon Kinvig and Makaretu to Happy Daze Hut.
 N 145 Leaders: Russell Perry
 Clive Thurston

DECEMBER

3 Shuteye
 Up to Shuteye Hut, then somehow into head of Triplex
 Creek for a bushbash and nosey.
 N 140 Leaders: Greg Jenks
 Janet Brown

16-17 Tararuas
 Danny says he's keen for us to come down so here's the
 big opportunity. Let you know soon what he's organising.
 Leader: Danny Bloomer

30-31 Local New Year Trip
 Jan 1-2 Into Boyds from Kuripapongo, out through Umukarikari and
 Access 10.
 N 112-113-123 Leader:: Graham Bailey

JANUARY

14 Lilo Trip
 River to be arranged. Leaders: Allan Holden
 Beth Curtis

27-28 Western Kawekas
 Over Te Iringa to Manson, maybe Otutu. Out via the
 Ngaruroro.
 N 123 Leaders: Chris Jones
 Mary Madore

FEBRUARY

11 Taruarau River
 Into the river from Sparrowhawk Range. Float or tramp
 out to N 133 705387 to (hopefully) meet transport.
 N 123-133 Leaders: Phil Bayens
 Chris Melody

24-25 North-west Ruahines
 Through Pukeokahu (N 133 476247) to Whakaurekou River
 and Colenso Lake. Out somehow??
 N 133 Leaders: John Grover
 Joan Wilson

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