

HERETAUNGA TRAMPING CLUB (INC)

BOX 447, HASTINGS

' P O F O X U R A '

Bulletin No. 140

December 1978

PRESIDENT: Mr P. Bayens,
St. Georges Road North, Hastings
Phone 24498

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

TREASURER: Miss J. Smith,
1000E Heretaunga Street, Hastings
Phone 68249

CLUB CAPTAIN: Mr R. Perry,
111 McLeod Street, Hastings
Phone 28828

ANNUAL REPORTS

PRESIDENT'S REPORT:

Our 43 Annual General Meeting, it does not seem so long ago that I wrote the last report. The older one gets the faster the time seems to go.

My advice to you younger people is to enjoy life to the fullest, live every minute as if it is your last one. What ever you do, whether it be tramping, hut building, track cutting, leading a trip or participating in a working party. Do it with enthusiasm and to the best of your ability.

You usually get out of life what you put into it. Enthusiasm, enthusiastic results. Pessimism, pessimistic results. Meet life with a smile and optimism and you will be surprised how sunny the days are and how small your problems will be.

This brings me to the problem of worries, never let your worries get on top of you, the worst never eventuate. You think back about a particular period where you were depressed and worried and most of the time you will say to your self: "Was that all I was getting worked up about?".

Don't succumb to outside pressure to conform: what I mean is for example if you don't smoke you are a sissy, you're not a man if you don't drink or you're not with it if you don't take drugs. It's all rubbish, it is very easy to drift into health destroying habits, but once the bodily craving has been established it is almost impossible to kick the habit, only the strongest survive and they have a life

long battle ahead of them not to succumb again.

No doubt all the convenors of the sub-committee will cover their subject thoroughly, but I like to say how satisfying it is to be president of a club whose members throw themselves with such enthusiasm at the various projects, (building, working, truck and track etc.)

To profit from good advice, requires more wisdom than to give it. To be a good leader, requires more than to be a good follower. To be a good leader, requires more than to be a good follower. P.S. The Club is thriving.

CLUB CAPTAIN'S REPORT

The Club seems to have enjoyed an even more active season in the field this year than in the highly successful 76-77 season. We recorded an increase in activity figures then, and we've beaten that increase, emphasizing that the Club is thriving.

The 11 day trips enticed some 327 trampers whilst the 15 weekend and extended trips provided opportunity for a further 280 to wear holes in their feet. This gives an average day trip attendance of 30 and weekend attendance of 19 (up 3 + 4 from last year). This is terrific.

Playing around with statistics a little this means that someone would have to tramp solidly for two months short of four years to reach this same figure, or else place 1406 bods in the hills at once - "environmental impact"? Imagine washing the 5624 socks! And given an average pack weight of 25 lbs we've also shifted 35,150 lbs - an impressive 15½ tons over maybe 10,000 miles or more. No wonder we get tired.

This past year has seen for the first time the use of our own transport for the South Island Christmas trip. The new truck has opened fresh avenues of tramping for us by giving us faster travel in greater comfort, as well as providing a base camp for us in the Matukituki Valley. Closer to home it has taken us to the Kawekas and Ruahines 9 times and to the Ahimanawas, Ruapehu, the Tararuas, Te Paka Range and Esk Valley - everything from cliffs to tussock, volcanic rock to deep bush.

New Zealand's inflationary progress seems to have singled out the tramp to bear his share once again. Pack and boot prices are soaring, petrol and chocolate remain expensive items, and sleeping bags have settled on a lofty peak beyond our immediate means. When will it cease? It already poses a problem for the Club to consider. As new young members join our ranks we should insist, because of our safety codes, that they are properly equipped. On the other hand basic equipment can cost several hundred dollars. We must actively encourage all to build up their personal kits as quickly as possible and ensure that until this is done, they do not travel on trips where the limitations of their gear may be over-reached.

We can all help ourselves here. If you have a particular skill in producing or repairing equipment or clothing, make it known. Bush-shirts have been made, - why not other items? Our safety record has been good because we've adhered to the codes. Let's keep it up.

One final issue, though this may sound like a repeat performance after last Wednesday. Part of the reason for our safety record have been the precautions and planning of good leaders and old hands. Old hands always seem to be there when we need them but good leaders are not found just like that. They develop from training and experience, and this doesn't magically occur on one trip. What better place to learn the leadership skills than among friends, following an organisational procedure already listed for you, on trips which are "straight forward?". There's nothing surer than that one day you'll be in the hills in a situation which requires you to lead effectively and decisively so now's the time to begin. Once again I point out that trips are allocated to leaders on the basis of their experience in the Club. i.e. you do not get a trip to lead until I feel you can handle it efficiently. This doesn't mean you'll receive no help but it does mean the responsibility is yours to handle as best you can. It's a privilege to lead amongst such fine company. Make the most of it.

The reciprocal agreement of course is that we as party members, will support our leaders, advising if necessary with tact and respect but abiding by their decisions, helping in all ways possible. Then the leader's duty becomes a pleasant one, and so it should be. We have become a little complacent in fulfilling this duty. Let's all do something about it this coming year.

Finally my words of thanks to all who make our trips so enjoyable. Everyone contributes something of themselves towards them. The greater that contribution the better the memories of the trip will be. To our small team of drivers our appreciation of the hours put in behind the wheel is great. We couldn't do without you. To leaders new and "old" thanks for your preparation and enthusiasm. To my debating teams euphemistically called committees, their inexhaustible appetites and ideas keep the club active and our cake tins empty. On behalf of the Club I would thank the N.S.F.S. for the use of their huts, and services rendered, and also land owners for their advice and permission in crossing their land. Lastly my deepest thanks to Jo. Her contribution to the Club Captaincy is as great as mine.

Heres to a mighty '78-79' season.

R.F.

SOCIAL COMMITTEE REPORT

The Guy Fawkes party was held on Small's property at Tuki Tuki and the Christmas party at the riverbank by the Puketapu bridge. These two events started off the Social

Committees efforts for 1978.

There have been a number of guest speakers this year, giving talks on a wide variety of subjects, and also showing some excellent slides. The Social Committee has endeavoured this year to provide a wider spread of topics, and anyone with further ideas or suggestions, please see one of your committee members.

Other events have included a fancy dress barn dance, and a progressive dinner. Thanks to the hosts (and the many chefs) of the dinner, which was a great success. Thanks to the many speakers and other people who have contributed to the social side of the tramping club during 1978.

Finally, to the many people who have helped with supper duty, many thanks, and keep volunteering, (those who haven't had a turn yet).

D.C.H.

HUT, TRACK AND FIXTURE

Howletts Hut is the talk of all at the moment. It won't be long however before it will require not just talk, but active support. \$1500 is a conservative estimate of final costs. The Maraetotara demolition work organised by Grey Jenks will need many hammers and crowbars to raise some of this finance, and 400 fruit bins await us.

The hut alterations have begun in Peter Manning's back yard. Randall has poured his enthusiasm into draughting fool-proof plans - a result of much discussion and on-the-site measurement between he and Peter at Howletts. Graham Bailey and Pete have undertaken the initial preparation and already the timber is cut, and coded for construction. Confirmation from the Forestry is awaited before final preparations can be made.

Discussion has recently been raised at committee level on the recutting of some local tracks. Nothing definite yet, but keep the muscles flexed.

Fixtures for the year have encompassed the usual variation with an attempt being made in the latest forecast to enter areas never visited before. Let's hope they haven't been avoided because they're impassable!

R.C.P.

TRAINING COMMITTEE REPORT

Because our greatest concentration of members is at club meetings, our training sessions have been largely reserved for these. Pre-determined topics (see April 78 Pshokura) are presented by "volunteers" for discussion and the system is largely successful. Most topics are subjects of frequent debate and experienced and inexperienced ears stand to gain something.

For the most part our chairmen have been well prepared with innovative presentation and accurate research usually the case. Muddling through a topic is both inadequate and potentially dangerous. If you are selected, fulfil your responsibility.

Training in the field is haphazard. The most recent exercise - navigation towards a fixed reference - showed that map and compass skills were somewhat lacking. It could be accurate to say the objective was reached by commonsense, and the maps agreeing with this was coincidental. Therefore please expect over the summer season to be instructed in the use of particular skills. Support the instructor and offer your own suggestions. Once again where bush safety is concerned there are none of us who have nothing to learn.

R.C.P.

SEARCH AND RESCUE REPORT

This year started off on a quiet note and it had the makings of being an incident-free year for Search and Rescue. However the silence was broken a few weeks ago when a light aircraft was reported overdue on a flight from Hamilton to Napier. The wreckage was located by the airforce soon after first light in the morning, on the northern side of the Titiokura summit on the Napier - Taupo Road. (This is the third aircraft to have crashed in this area in recent years). Five club members assisted in the unpleasant task of recovering the bodies from the wreckage which took most of the morning to complete.

Two days later we were called out for a hunter who was two nights overdue in the Lotkow Hut area. Once again five members of the club were called out but the missing man was located by forestry workers in the Lawrence Hut area at about the same time as we arrived at Lotkow Hut.

A major change has occurred on the administration side of S.A.R. in the Napier district this year with the formation of an S.A.R. Committee. The committee consists of representation from all the organisations connected with S.A.R. and all the Search Advisers throughout the district. The responsibilities of the committee are two fold: The first is to co-ordinate all district activities that are connected with S.A.R. and secondly the committee representatives are to act as a liaison between the various organisations and the Police.

We have three members representing the E.T.C. on the committee, David Perry is our official representative and Trevor Plowman and Graham Thorp are automatically on as Search Advisers so if you have any questions as to whats going on in S.A.R. contact your representative.

In closing I would like to thank all those who assisted with S.A.R. over the past year and remind all those who are available for Search and Rescue to keep me up to date with

changes of address and phone numbers.

NOTE: There is a form to complete in this issue of Pohokura. If your address or phone number has changed or you are not listed on the enclosed list then fill in the form and hand it to Graham Thorp. You can't be called out if you are not on the call out list.

G.R.T.

TRUCK REPORT

Our new Bedford truck has completed a full successful, trouble-free year of motoring, ranging from the lower part of the South Island, to many parts of the North. Prior to the South Island trip of last Christmas, the canopy was painted inside and out by members and the cab was professionally painted in "safety" green and white. The club monogram was painted on the sides and the club name has now been sign-written across the front of the cab, attracting many waves from fellow travellers.

New shackles have been fitted to the rear springes and a new, improved intercom-phone installed, which makes things a lot easier for the drivers - special thanks to Randall.

We now have a canvas canopy, which can be connected to the side of the truck, and is a great asset when changing into dry clothes if it's raining after returning from a trip.

Four new foam rubber mattresses have also been purchased for the rear of the truck.

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

G.P.R.

GEAR REPORT

A total of 84 hirings must show that there is a demand which we are doing something to satisfy, but the occasional borrower (e.g. a visitor going unexpectedly tramping, with no gear here) could be better served if we had a greater range, especially a good parka. Most of the gear is suffering from wear and tear, or age and some updating could be done. We have added two day packs and one pair of boots this year, paid for by donations of \$12 by members at one meeting last October. The frame packs are currently being repaired.

Will members please note: confusion arises when the person who borrows the article doesn't return it directly, but gives it to another who may or may not use it, but who then may return it without the custodian being aware of who has possession of it, nor any records of its use. This is very inconvenient when someone rings up to know if something is available. Several potential borrowers have had to be turned down. Problems

have also arisen when gear has been left on the club truck - If you take an article, you are responsible for returning it, clean and dry!

Club trips account for most of the ice axe and rope hire, 14 and 7 respectively; otherwise the records show 11 tent hirings, 2 crampons, 8 packs, 9 articles of clothing, 5 sleeping bag hirings, 4 billy hires, and 23 pairs of boots of which size 6 is most in demand. No demand for lilo's this year.

The old poplin tents are in fair condition; they would be fine as light tents for use in gardens on the beach, or as children's play tents. If anyone wants an inexpensive Christmas present, contact the gear custodian - the more we sell the more new and nearly waterproof tents the club might be able to own.

\$84.70 was taken, \$82.50 handed over to the treasurer; \$2.20 spent on miscellaneous items.

E.R.P.

LIBRARY REPORT

With little space, and still no cupboard it is not surprising that few books are taken out. A folder of ephemera is missing (please return the folder, you may keep the contents) but the books donated last year still live in a fruitcarton beneath the librarian's bed. As soon as the cupboard appears the stock will be sorted and weeded, and I hope the issue of these worthwhile books will increase. These were two issues and 30¢ was taken.

E.R.P.

PUBLICITY

Newspaper publicity continues to show a fine variation in regularity, quantity and even accuracy, but if reports are not handed in on time to make the headlines early in the week, the reporters don't bother with stale news. The last two reports have been handed in typed - one went into the paper exactly as written, the next one I didn't see at all - which proves the shock tactics of my typing. However, please continue to contact the publicity officer as soon as possible after the trip - but always before Monday 8 am. That is if you are back from the trip; special runners giving the current situation, carrier pigeons are appreciated if there is any delay in your return.

E.R.P.

PHOTO ALBUM

Yes we've got two. Anyone want to put anything in them? Contributions have been slow and almost none from you S.L.R. guys.

Lets have a bit of enthusiasm for the coming year and fill up those black pages with happy faces, beautiful places and warm memories.

D.P.

ELECTION OF OFFICERS

At the Annual General Meeting held on Wednesday 18 October 1978, the following officers were elected:-

PATRON: Mrs J Lloyd

PRESIDENT: Mr P Bayens

VICE PRESIDENTS: Messrs A K Thomson, T Plowman,
G Thorp

CLUB CAPTAIN: Mr R Perry

SECRETARY: Mr D Perry

TREASURER: Miss J Smith

AUDITOR: Mr A V Berry

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE:

Messrs P. Manning, L. Hanger, G. Jenks, G. Bailey, A Holden,
G. Robinson, R. Goldfinch.

SOCIAL COMMITTEE:

Messrs G. Jenks, C. Jones, G. Armstrong
Misses J. Brown, D. Bayens, B. Curtis.

FIXTURE, HUT & TRACK:

Messrs R. Perry, A. Holden, G. Bailey, G. Jenks, P Manning.

TRAINING:

Messrs R. Perry, G. Jenks, G. Bailey, G. Thorp, T. Plowman.

TRUCK:

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

SEARCH AND RESCUE

Messrs G. Thorp, T. Plowman, M. Taylor.

GEAR CUSTODIAN: E. Pindar
EDITOR: J. Perry
PUBLICITY: L. Hanger
LIBRARY: E. Pindar
PHOTO ALBUM: D. Perry
SCRAPBOOK: J. Glass
MOUNTAIN SAFETY COUNCIL REPRESENTATIVES:
L. Hanger
G. Bailey

EDITORS REPORT

The Pohokura continues to be published every four months or so and my thanks are due to the faithful band of typists and to Els Bayens who does the duplicating. Thanks also to Ingram Thompson & Berry for the continued use of their duplicator, and to everyone who helps with stapling and addressing.

The April 78 issue of the Pohokura was the biggest yet at 46 pages and this reflects the number of good trips being done. There have been illustrations in the last two issues and I have had many favourable comments about them. Thanks to the artists and could I encourage other artists to contribute. Interesting items taken from our '10 minute' instruction talks have also been printed and I would like to see more of these.

In recent months, trip reports have been arriving very promptly which has been much appreciated and, may it continue. Thanks to trip leaders, for it is their reports that are the basis of the Pohokura.

J.M.P.

NAME:.....

PRIVATE ADDRESS & PHONE:.....

BUSINESS ADDRESS & PHONE:.....

AVAILABILITY:.....

NOTE: Those personnel who are available at anytime will be called first.

TRAMPING IS LIVING

The crackle of a log fire,
Flickering shadows dancing in the moonlight
The sudden chill of a spring evening
Tents flapping wildly.

All these contribute to the good feelings

BUT -

Meeting people -

Thats what counts.

The companionship of a group of people,

All completely different,

But down together by a quirk of fate.

Which caused one common link,

The love of tramping;

Yesturdays strangers are todays friends,

And isn't that what life is all about?

Carol Climo

NEW MEMBERS

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

Glenn Wilson	Cliff Epplett
Chris White	Colleen O'Malley
David Harrington	Keith Dixon
Lewis Harrison	Christine Harrison
Paul Wolsterholme	Christine Beattie
Tony Ormandy	

SUBSCRIPTIONS

Members are reminded that annual subscriptions are now due:

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

NEWSPAPER PUBLICITY

So that reports of club trips can be put in the newspapers on Monday following the trip, would trip leaders please contact Les Hanger, phone 88731 as soon as you get back from the trip or early on Monday morning.

MEETINGS FOR 1979

The first meeting for 1979 will be held at Radiant Living Hall, Warren Street North, Hastings on January 10 at 8 pm. Fortnightly meetings will be held on:-

24 January	7 March	18 April
7 February	21 March	2 May
21 February	4 April	16 May

TYPIST for this issue was Debby Bayens.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS TO YOU ALL AND WISHING YOU
HAPPY TRAMPING
IN THE NEW YEAR AHEAD

HERETAUNGA TRAMPING CLUB (INC.)

INCOME & EXPENDITURE ACCOUNT

FOR THE YEAR ENDED 30TH SEPTEMBER, 1978

1977 INCOME: The Club's Income comprised:

514	Subscriptions	514.00	
-	Working Party Proceeds	2204.82	
62	Equipment Hire	83.98	
113	Meeting Contributions	111.28	
-	Grants. Ministry of Sport & Recreation (2)	367.00	
55	Donations - General	6.00	
-	- for Howletts Hut renovation	50.00	
250	- Motere Trust for Huts	250.00	
-	- Truck Fund	64.00	
34	Interest Received	36.75	
-	Library Fees	30	
-	Sale Route Guides & Song Books	3.55	
1028			3691.68

EXPENDITURE: The Expenses incurred in running the Club were:

150	Rent of Meeting Room	189.00	
19	Supper and Social Expenses (18 months)	59.76	
30	Equipment & Hut Maintenance	52.03	
12	Subscriptions: Royal Society, Alpine Club etc	20.00	
122	F.M.C. Capitation	130.00	
17	Insurance	14.57	
195	Bulletin Expenses	281.86	
15	Donations - Telethon	20.00	
29	Stationery, stamps, etc	22.80	
4	Old maps written off, less profit on sales	26.08	
14	General Expenses	53.12	
	Transport Costs	1986.90	
	Truck Depreciation	783.51	
		2770.41	
	Fares Received	1965.34	
509	Loss on Transport		805.07
(1116)			1674.29
88	(Loss) There was therefore a Profit for the year of \$	2017.39	

STATEMENT OF ACCOUNTING POLICIES

1. The truck is being written off over 12 years at the rate of \$780 a year. No depreciation is being written off the old Bedford.

HERETAUNGA TRAMPING CLUB (INC.)

BALANCE SHEET

AS AT 30TH SEPTEMBER, 1978

1977 At Balance date the Club owned the following Assets:

-	Bank of New South Wales	2252.94	
24	Eastern & Central Savings Bank	24.85	
76	Post Office Savings Bank	-	
97	Equipment	97.00	
9	Cash on Hand	154.41	
175	Stocks on Hand	99.35	
	Old Bedford Truck at cost	1290.00	
	<u>Less Depreciation to 30.9.76</u>	<u>1150.00</u>	
140			140.00
	1971 Bedford Truck at cost	9363.51	
	<u>Less Depreciation to date</u>	<u>1563.51</u>	
8583			7800.00
	Huts Valued in the books as follows:		
	Kawaka	10.00	
	Kiwi	50.00	
	Waikamaka	55.00	
115			115.00
69	Projector at cost	69.00	
9288	The total value of the Assets being		10752.55
	However, of this amount there has been set aside for -		
302	Accounts owing	283.41	
69	Reunion Fund	69.00	
305	Bank of New South Wales - overdraft	-	
42	Subscriptions in Advance	12.00	
200	Members' Debentures	-	
(918)			<u>364.41</u>
8370	Leaving a surplus of Assets over Liabilities of		<u><u>10388.14</u></u>

AUDITOR'S REPORT

I report that I have examined the books and records of the Club and have obtained all the information and explanations I have required. In my opinion the Balance Sheet and Income and Expenditure Account show respectively a true and fair view of the Club's position at 30th September 1978 and of the results for the year ended on that date.

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

CLUB TRIPS

No. 1147

19-20 August

SNOWCRAFT - CENTRAL RUANIHES

The unavailability of people with the correct licence to drive the club truck resulted in four cars arriving at Holts ready to whisk people away to the ranges. However the arranged fifth car did not arrive, and one hour was spent unsuccessfully trying to start it. A replacement was found and the H.T.C. convCy departed shortly after 7 am. God bless all those who intend gaining their "K" Licence!

The Waipawa River greeted us with a short spell of fine weather, traditionally changing to rain as altitude was gained. Below the saddle, heavy wet snow was experienced, setting a pattern for the trip.

Dave and Allan left us at the junction with the North Branch to attempt a climb up the east face of "66". They were later forced back by waterfalls and falling rocks.

The remainder of the fast party headed up to the saddle to be blasted at the top by strong cold winds carrying particles of stinging ice. The well-clad group kept close together and made good time down to the shelter of Waikamaka Hut. Snowcraft was definitely not on under those conditions. Practice of the horizontal walk would have been more appropriate.

The fireplace at Waikamaka was soon aglow and lunch eagerly gulped. Even the more enthusiastic bods succumbed to the delights of warmth, shelter, food and yarning. Dave and Allan arrived to find the majority of the "adventurous" fast asleep in their pits.

Sixteen people spent a warm enjoyable evening in the security of the hut. The chatter of companions was broken only by the roars of snores and strong wind gusts. (Outside the hut!)

Sunday's most notable event was the great war declared between the top and bottom bunks. Amid much pushing, shoving and the odd hysterical scream, the top bunk was stoutly defended with only one casualty and a small loss of property.

Following a leisurely breakfast and tidy up the party left the hut amid cold rain to return over the saddle. The wind volacity increased with altitude reaching "Capital City Strength" at the saddle. There was a great rush over the top to the shelter of the eastern side.

The long snow chutes on "67" were too appealing for Peter Berry and I. We tried to entice other bods along, but without success. The relative calm of the leeward side of "67" made a summit attempt attractive, but the gentle slopes nearer the top proved to be too exposed to venture onto. With the knowledge of

a safe run out and good snow, glissading was the order of the day. The first run was so exhilarating lunch was abandoned and a second and a third run was made. Climbing most of 67 three times is fairly tiring and, feeling stuffed by our efforts, we rejoined the track and met the rest of the party by the cars.

A short stop at Waipawa for seafood and deep fried potatoes snack and we were all back in Hastings by 6 pm.

Thanks to all members of the party for acting responsibly under the conditions of atrocious weather.

Leader: Greg Jenks

No. in party: 20

Mary Madore, Christine Beattie, Graham Twizel Bailey, David Harrington, F. H. Holden, Wilkie-Pilks, Peter Berry, Beth Curtis, Wendy Gorden, John Jones, Colleen O'Malley, Cliff Epplott, Paul Wolstenholme, Tony Ormandy, Mike Roberts, L. Carrad, Glenn Wilson, Amanda Roberts, Alan Lee, Peter Manning

No. 1148

GOLD CREEK (RUAHINES)

10 September

The first thing I heard at ten minutes past six was Carol's voice on the telephone, "Dyan where are you? "Everyone's here except you!!".

Great start to leading my first trip with the club, but we finally left Hastings at 6.40 am. Arriving at the Makaroro River we divided into two parties, one going along the ridge east of Gold Creek and down into Gold Creek Hut, and the remaining five of us heading up Gold Creek. After a 'Gut Busting' trip trying to keep up with Graham Bailey we made the hut in two hours, to find two handsome hunters, Dave Perry and Chris Jones.

Not long after we arrived at the hut, along came the slow party minus five bodies. So we all settled down to lunch in the sun. An hour later the remaining five of the slow party had not arrived so Carol, Joan and I shot up the ridge to find them but without success.

Just as we were all leaving to go back along the ridge, looking for our lost five on the way, the stragglers arrived. They had missed the track and done a bit of bush bashing. Once all together again we decided to go back down Gold Creek to the truck.

Leader: Dyan Coombes

No. in party: 21

Russell Perry, Joan Wilson, Carol Climo, Geoff Robinson, Peter Berry, Graham Bailey, Clive Thurston, Christine Beattie, Cliff Epplott, Luke Holmes, Les Hanger, Glenn Wilson, Frank Hooper, Tony Ormandy, Lewis Harrison, Christine Harrison, David Meacham, Chris Melody, Sharon Clapperton, Paul Wolstenholme, Colleen Logan.

No. 1149 (a)

HAWEXA - STUDHOLME

23-24 September

"Look at that sunrise. Should be a beaut weekend." On this expectant note 22 people set off for the Kawekas. Les delivered his party (and an extra pair of boots) to the water gauge at Kuripaponga. The rest of us set off back to Castle Rocks Road, but were soon drawn back in search of those boots. However before long we were walking into Kaweka Hut. A pleasant trip for most of us, but not so good for the bod who tripped in the river.

After a rest at Kaweka Hut we headed for the tops. The first ones up were rewarded by pleasant views of Ruapehu, but the cloud came across and shielded the beauty from the rest of us. We sheltered in the shrubs just off the ridge and enjoyed a leisurely lunch.

The party then split into two groups:- one to head to Back Ridge Hut and the other to drop into Studholme Hut. The first party set off for Kaweka J but by the time we reached Kaiarahi strong, cold winds had blown up and the cloud was blanketing down over the trig, so we dropped down the ridge to Studholme Hut. The other party followed the stream down to the bivvy and then the track up to Studholmes, where thirteen of us spent a comfortable night.

Sunday we headed up onto the ridge and split into two groups just before the top. One lot the wind blow them back to Kaiarahi and down Mackintosh Spur. Some rocks provided a 'before lunch' challenge for the climbers amongst them. They had lunch at Mackintosh Hut and then on out to the truck.

The other group set off around the tops. We were surprisingly sheltered from the wind, and the cloud was high enough to provide good views out in all directions, so the trip was very pleasant, heightened by meeting Les and his party who were all cheerful and obviously enjoying themselves.

We lingered at Kiwi Saddle Hut for a leisurely lunch, and as we had plenty of time to walk out, the stops to admire our surroundings were frequent, except for Mary and Graham who walked straight out. We took the shingle slide off 4100. What a beaut! Yes I'll try that one again. We arrived out at the pine tree to find the truck had just arrived.

An enjoyable weekend in the hills.

Leader: Wendy Thorn

No. in party: 13

Mary Madore, Colleen O'Malley, Amanda Roberts, Graham Bailey, Geoff Robinson, Dave Wilkins, Clive Thurston, Joan Wilson, Christine Beattie, Janet Brown, Cliff Epplett, Chris White.

No. 1149 (b)

KIWI SADDLE - KAIARAHİ

23-24 September

On leaving the truck at the water gauge eight keen bobs looked at 4100 and all must have thought, 'Wouldn't it be wonderful if that climb was out of the way.

Checking that nothing was left behind, a pair of boots (good condition) was found. As the truck had left, one each was tied on two packs and away we went. At the new bridge down the track the truck was heard returning so young feet hoofed it back with our extra load.

On to the fork-up the ridge or into the bush. The ridge won by a nod. It was not as I had always thought - steep!!! That over, the young ones got their second wind and made it into the saddle in good time. Time for a bite and a look to see how the other party was doing. We could only pick up two going up the ridge behind Kaweka, heading for the tops. One more stop before the last climb and down to Kiwi Saddle.

After hearing about all the wood that had been chopped here I thought we would not have to get too much in. But the cupboard was nearly bare. So after lunch and a cuppa it was into the woods. With Frank and his boy on the cross-cut it did not take long to get quite a bit together. So much for cutting wood for others.

Next day dawned overcast and a good Westerly was blowing. With breakfast out of the way, but cleaned and the axe put where it can be found, we left for Kaiarahi.

The Westerly sure helped us along. No storm gear or jerseys were needed. A stop at Castle Camp for a bite then onto the tops.

Coming the other way was 'the fit party' going towards Kiwi Saddle with all their mecker on. It must have been cold where they came from.

Over the tops to Kaweka Hut for lunch, then the slow grind out to the truck.

Note for others that have just bought a white spirit stove. Do try it out at home first to see if you can get it going.

Leader Les Hanger

No. in party: 9

Frank, Garth, Peter, Melissa and Graig Cooper, Peter Gilman, Kevin Ayre, Paul Wolstenholme.

No. 1150

MOHAKA RIVER via WILLOWFLAT ROAD

3 October

After the leadership lecture the previous meeting everybody was eager to be helpful. Trip fees came in quickly and everyone appeared more or less on time at Holts. One member was hauled out of bed at 6.15 am but I think she may have been awakened and told that she was going.

Willowflat Road starts about 50 miles from Napier, on the

on the Napier-Wairoa highway just by Mohaka Forest headquarters where we stopped briefly to check that a forestry gate was open. From Willowflat Road we travelled along a forestry road to a prominent point marked on the map as Kokhitua. We arrived here before 10 am after making a wrong turning at one point.

We decided as an exercise to split the party into groups of five or six with at least one map and compass in each. The groups would proceed independently to a pre-determined map reference point on the Mohaka River for lunch. With expert help and advice from everyone we got organised and set off from two different points on the road. The exercise in map reading was not very successful in my party anyway. There was little chance of seeing anything of the terrain through the high scrub overhead, so we just followed the stream down, avoiding a couple of bluffs on the way. My group was first to reach the Mohaka in about an hour and a half. Everyone arrived within the next 45 minutes, coming out between two points about 200 yards apart. This caused lunch to be held by half the party at each point, one group by the stream outlet, the rest on a grassy bank further up the river.

The original idea was to tramp up river below the large bluffs then follow another stream or ridge back to the truck. We had dropped about 1800 feet in altitude from the road. The Mohaka looked forbidding flowing down through this gorge so some decided to head back for the truck under Dave Perry's leadership. Others stayed to abseil on a small nearby bluff. A very fit party might have completed the up river trip in the time we had left but it appeared too difficult for most of us present, so nine of us set off up stream above the bluffs instead.

It was easy going through kanuka and manuka with clean, grassy ground underfoot. Soon we were in a clear spot above a bluff about 600 ft above the river with a beautiful view. Half an hour later we resumed our walk, passing many Kowhai trees flowering in their full beauty above the scrub. It was just a matter of keeping to the top of the ridge and crossing the occasional saddle. We kept going steadily upwards to the high point of Kokhitua about three hours travelling from the bottom. We reached the truck at 5.30 pm, an hour behind the first group and an hour ahead of the abseiling group who followed our route up. The ride home was uneventful reaching Haults at about 9.20 pm.

The trip leader offered to take two people home but discovered his car battery was flat after everyone else had gone. This was followed by some embarrassment as attempts to start it failed and help had to be phoned for, with apologies to those concerned.

Leader: Rob Snowball

No. in Party: 32

Remco Zuiderwyk, Geoff Robinson, Clive Thurston, Jennifer Burson, Joan Wilson, Lewis and Kristina Harrison, Les Hanger, Cliff Epplett, Peter Berry, Christine Beattie, Graham Bailey, Janet Brown, Michelle Maras, Glenda Maras, Russell & Joanne Perry, Joanne Jepson, Luke Holmes, Glenn Armstrong, George Prebble, Mason Lee, Dave Wilkins, Carol Climo, Karen Lancaster, Allan Holden, Paul Wolstenholme, Wendy Thorn, Sandy Fletcher, Dave Perry, Colleen O'Malley.

No. 1151 (a) WAIKAREMOANA - WAIUAU RIVER Labour Weekend

Nobody could decide whether they wanted to go. Tuesday night two of us had decided to do a three day trip. But by Wednesday night we'd changed back to a five day trip and suddenly I was the leader. Six people were going.

Thursday morning and only four people were still keen. We stopped at Wairoa to buy some maps and got to Hopuruahine at about 11.30 am. Lunch was had at Whanganui and afternoon tea at Te Puna. We got to Marauti about 5 pm in showery weather.

Friday was to be our long day. We got away from Marauti at 7.40 am after being woken about 6.00 am by a guy in a wetsuit. Half an hour along the lake track there's a sign saying "Te Waiotukapiti Hut 10 hours". 'Can't be we thought - were fit'. To cut a long story short it took us 10½ hours. The track is good all the way to the Te Waiotukapiti stream. Then it mainly follows the Stream to the Waiau River which is a big river and there is no track. We worked our way slowly upstream and managed to cross in front of the hut. It would have been better to use the flying fox 300 yards up stream. (Not quite where a bridge is shown on the map).

Saturday was raining (like Friday) and we headed north along a ridge towards Te Totara Hut. There is a track marked on some maps - not the latest UNP one though. We found out why - it's overgrown, marked only with rusty tin lids and has lots of fallen trees on it. The deer and pig tracks were much easier to follow than the human tracks too - probably because there are more deer and pigs than humans. We finally got to Te Totara about 5.30 pm. We felt we were intruding on a possum trapper who obviously made the hut his second (maybe first!) home. We never saw him though.

Sunday morning and snow on the trees - It wasn't cold enough was it? This was where the trip was supposed to get interesting. We headed up the Te Totara Stream until we found the fork we wanted at about 2 pm, then headed up the spur in the middle of the fork. Spurs aren't very well-defined in the Ureweras so twice we started heading downwards in the wrong direction. By the second time it became obvious we weren't going to make Whakatakaa Hut so we dropped into a stream (headwaters of Te Totara we think) and excavated a campsite with our boots. After half an hour we had a platform not quite as big as my tent. It started raining so we cooked tea in the tent (Didn't have 13 people this time!). A damp night was had by most.

Next morning we found a promising looking spur which took us onto the ridge we wanted. Heading mainly north along there brought us to track markers, Hooray! We followed the most promising looking ones in a northerly direction. Unfortunately following them took us more and more east and then the track headed south. Whakatakaa Hut seemed to be a long way. After lunch, we realised we were actually heading for Marauti. It seems we had gone the wrong way when we hit the track. Pity it wasn't quite as shown on the maps. It was a long way down the

ridge to Marauiti and we arrived there about 5 pm Monday. "We should be at work tomorrow - tough - can't do much about it, one member has a sore knee".

Tuesday dawned fine and we wandered out to the road and made a phone call to allay fears (or hopes) that we were lost.

We all saw more wildlife on this trip than ever before. On the ridge leading to Te Totara Hut the ground had been rooted up by pigs in several places and we saw about five pigs near a large puddle. Three or four deer were seen during the trip in various places. There were also plenty of dead possums lying around, and while on the subject of wildlife, there are lots of rats in the lake huts.

The bush in the whole area is beautiful - huge old trees everywhere. Most of it is easy enough to move through but hard to see out of to navigate.

Leader: Allan Holden

No. in party: 4

Wendy Thorn, Tony Ormandy, Paul Wolstenholme, Allan Holden.

No. 1151 (b)

LAKE WAIKAREMOANA

About lunchtime on Saturday, nine of us started off from Hopuruahine on the "Round the Lake" expedition for extra fit H.T.C. members. It was "all boots off" for the river crossing but the shock of cold water - (up as deep as the arm pits for some people) made some people drop their boots in anyway. After about 40 minutes we reached the first hut - Whanganui, where we had a hot brew and snack. The next stop was Te Puna. The hut was full of boaties with all their modern gadgets such as Merosene lights, cookers, and cassettes (shirts, pyjamas etc) and running a sweepstake for the footy match.

We spent a hard night on the floor and woke to snow. Glenn and Mike took off early to Marauiti to drop their packs and begin their 16 hour marathon towards Whakatakaa. The rest of us plodded off through thick, gravy-like slush (with a quick blister break for Murray). We spent a two hour free-reading period at Marauiti Hut, then on and on to Waipaoa eventually. We ran into quite a bit of hail along the way, but made it to the hut just ahead of the crowd, in time to nab a bed each for the night. Glenn and Mike staggered in about 10.50 pm.

Next morning we made an early start up to Panakiri, so we'd have time to spend in the sun but the clouds put a stop to that, so it was down to Onepoto after snow-fights and a few daring photo shots. As it poured with rain, we retreated to the caves for shelter until the truck arrived.

Leader: Beth Curtis

No. in party: 9

Glenn and Paul Armstrong, Cliff Epplett, Murray Ball, Peter Boomen, Wendy Gordon, Michael Roberts, Beth Curtis, Chris Melody.

No. 1151 (c)

WAIKAREMOANA

We formed a break away group from the main party who were going around the Lake. Our intention was to head up to Whakatakaa Hut from Hopuruahine landing, then down to Marauiti Hut the next day and finally back along the lake to the starting point. Things didn't work out that way! We set off at about lunch time after having done our tourist bit around the Park Headquarters. The first problem was the river which was much higher than we expected and resulted in a rather wet Les. The climb up to the hut went well but the weather was very undecided about what it wanted to do. The fast pair got there about half an hour before the 'oldies' who arrived at about 6 pm.

We discovered that the hut was already occupied by three hunters and so prepared to sleep out. Dave and Mary made do with a bivvy log and plastic, Les and I had his converted bivvy which seemed like luxury and Luke slept under a bunk in the hut. I awoke in the middle of the night wondering why the tent was sitting on top of me to be informed that it was actually snowing outside! In fact there was about 6 inches of snow gathered on the tent. We ummed and ahed about who should get out to remove it when I very conveniently downed my boots and parka. Of course as soon as it was cleared there was another inch on it.

The next morning we were woken up by a rather cold Dave and Mary who informed us that the snow had been coming in their sleeping bags all night with the result that they were very wet to say the least. At about 8.30 am we leisurely set off to Marauiti Hut having consulted the map to see that it was mainly downhill. After getting to the top of Pahura Bluff we headed off thinking that the going would be relatively easy from then on. It was beautiful walking through the snow-clad trees until it decided to melt and we became thoroughly soaked. Mary and Dave decided to set off ahead of us and we plodded on at our own pace thoroughly enjoying the peace of it all but getting rather weary about all the ups which we reckoned should have been downs.

At about 12.30 pm we decided to stop for lunch right in the middle of the track, 'cause that was the only spot on which the sun was shining and where the snow was not melting. Who should come along but the two Perrys - Fussell and Dave? They had set off from Marauiti Hut about six hours previous and were heading to the hut we had just left. Since we were under the illusion that we only had about a couple of hours to go we decided that perhaps we wouldn't quite make it. We decided to head off back to Whakatakaa Hut and made that in good time - about 5.30 pm. We managed to cram in the hut and made it very homely with a fire and a delicious rice risotto. The hut which looked so grotty in the daylight didn't look half so bad in the firelight.

The next morning was beautiful and we had a leisurely walk down to Hopuruahine where we met up with the others at about 3 pm. Mary and Dave returned soon after, having had an epic trip to get down to Marauiti Hut in about 10-11 hours and then the walk back along the lake the final day. What we thought would be an easy

trip had in fact turned out to be much worse than anticipated due to the very cold and wet conditions. Nevertheless it was a thoroughly enjoyable trip.

Leader: Janet Brown

No. in party: 5

Janet Brown, Les Hanger, Luke Holmes, Mary Madore, Dave Wilkins.

No. 1151 (d)

A LONGISH WALK

A day and a bit from Hopuruahine to Marauti. "Hey Russ (or was that "Hey Dave.....") that's pretty slack, aye!"

"Hey, Mr Ranger, Sir, what's the track like up to Whakatakaa?"

"Well young man, it's a long way. A good track but if you do it under ten hours you're running."

"Mmmmmmm" says Russ.

"Ooooooh" says I.

"Watcha reckon?" says Russ.

"Mmmmmmm" says I.

Such intellectual heights. It must be all the fresh air.

"Snow!"

"Oooh, and me gumboots' are got cles in em."

We leave Marauti Hut at 6.35 am and gumbootle our way over Whakaneke Spur and round to Te Wharau Stream. Snow everywhere, quiet, the place still asleep under its white eiderdown. Someone must be awake though, cos there are tracks following us.

As far as uphill tracks go, this one gets full marks as we tramp steadily up through open forest. Soon we get to a turn-off and turn North toward Ngapuketura. Now the track slows down its ascent, the snow gets deeper, and the white markers begin to play games, with us as the pawns, except maybe the game is more like snakes and ladders than chess.

Sudden melting snow pours off sagging branches in white cascades and it is hard to keep warm, keep dry, and keep following this damntack.

Double six. Throw again. Wrong turn. Where's the next marker?

We stop for five minutes to grab some vital hunks of energy from our packs, then use it up stomping around getting warm.

Move on again. Snowfall pours on our heads, dribbles through parka seams and draws beady trails down arms and backs.

We have been going six and a half hours and see Mary and Wilky coming down.

"Giddyay".

"Giddyay".

Russ and I carry on up. Too cold to stop. We see a sunny spot and stand in it, feeling the warmth all over except our feet

in the gumboots with holes in them. In another sunny spot we meet Les and Janet and Luke having lunch.

"Fancy meeting you up here," says Les

"That orange looks nice".

"Want some?"

"Naacoweellokay just a bit. Ta. What else you got?"

We suggest they turn back to Whakatakaa Hut for the night and they agree. Russ and I go on ahead. This game doesn't seem to have any ladders or maybe they're under the snow, but it's a long way to "100". Following the others' tracks means we don't have to concentrate so hard but now our minds turn more to our tiredness and the last stretch seems too far.

The ridge keeps turning. We are past Whakatakaa trig and our gumboots are in low gear. At last we throw a 'three' to finish and the hut is there. Ten hours and two minutes.

"Want a bit of chocolate."

"Yeah".

"Good trip, aye!"

Me & me Brutha.

No. 1151 (c)

MANAOHA

Labour Weekend

After a fairly slow start we headed off up the Wairoa Road into the rain and mist and soon changed our minds about going to Putere and headed for Aniwaniwa.

When we reached Hoporuaikine bridge Sandy, Chris and I set off up the track to Manohā Peak and Hut. This proved a very interesting trip as the ridge climbs from lake level to Manaoaha which is the highest point in the Urewera National Park, being just a bit short of 5,000 feet. The ridge itself is very straight with almost no downs and we climbed steadily up through the changing scenery. Finally we came out of the moss-covered mountain beech onto a small patch of sub-alpine scrub just before the hut.

There were three guys in the hut so we pitched the tent and it was a chilling experience to wake up to six inches of snow. But we soon set off next morning following an ancient blazed track down a Westerly ridge which included a piece of ground that made our compasses spin in circles. Then we went South trying to reach Waikareiti Hut in the jumble of ridges, bush and swamp. We soon became very lost and it became obvious that we were in bad trouble. We were soaked to the skin from the melting snow. So we headed down as quickly as we could and finally, at 3.30 pm, pitched the tent after six hours without stopping.

Then we had fourteen hours sleep and a feed and headed down again, hitting the very end of the Mokau track two hours later. Then it was just an easy walk and hitch-hike back to the truck.

Leader: Peter Berry

No. in party: 3

Sandy Fletcher, Chris White, Peter Berry.

No. 1151 (f)

WAIKAREMOANA

Labour Weekend

A very late Perry start - we left Hopuruahine at 6.50 pm on Friday. Dave asked me if he should leave his shorts off for crossing the river. "No, it's only just over your knees". In we plunged and somehow we got wet to our chests - I wasn't too popular. But at least the rain didn't bother us any more cos we were now soaked. The light failed quickly, torches appeared and just after 8 pm we spied the lights of Whanganui Hut. A quick tea, change of clothes and into the pits.

Saturday dawned fine. The boys set off with great intentions but Joan and I caught them at Te Puna. They soon streaked past us again as we ambled round to Marauti but they waited for us at the hut and by the time we arrived it was too late for them to go on. So we all spent the second night at Marauti amongst fishermen, portable stoves, leather coats and two radios (tuned to different stations at the same time!!)

Sunday presented us with snow. The boys disappeared at the break of dawn, or thereabouts and the account of their adventures are on p21 - 1151(d). Joan and I left later and had a very pleasant walk round to Waiapaoa Hut. The weather was clear and sunny and the snow kept the air cool. We made a detour to the Korokoro Falls which are as beautiful as ever.

After a late lunch we left Waiapaoa at 3 pm, heading uphill toward Panekire. It was hot work and the snow provided frequent cool drinks. Unfortunately it was also beginning to melt and fall down our necks. The views were great and we arrived at Panekire Hut just on dark.

Next morning Murray Ball arrived having run up from Waiapaoa ahead of the other club party, who had been following us, unbeknown to us. We set off along the track and made a leisurely trip down to Onepoto, meeting Ursula Milner White on the way. Again, the weather was good but the track was rather wet from the snow.

Russell and Dave picked us up at the caves. A very pleasant trip that never fails to be enjoyed if the weather is good. Thanks Joan.

Leader: Joanne Perry

No. in party: 4

Russell, Dave and Joanne Perry, Joan Wilson.

1153 (a)

HOWLETT'S

18-19 November

The proposed Mangatew ainui trip is postponed. Pity, because it looked promising, but the panic is on for Howlett's Hut and it's necessary to prepare the site for the helicopter drop. The truck duly departs Hastings with an interesting assortment of tools, 30 kg of canned food for the builders on site, and all sorts of technical carpenters jargon which most of us not knowingly to,

and ponder deeply afterwards....(dwang - is that the sound of a poorly struck nail??).

Mill Farm. The truck disgorges its contents and is secured for a peaceful weekend. Clive leads his party away while the rest of us divide the remainder of the cans which Randall has deigned to leave us. We set off in pursuit of the bespectacled streak but see only gumboot prints with ginger tinged stream rising from scorched rocks in the Tukituki River. Graham and I forge ahead and find him extinguishing his soles at Daphne. The cool water didn't douse the expletives sent forth when he found he'd dropped his crowbar somewhere though. Randall departed downstream whilst Graham and I headed up Daphne Spur to Howletts. This is always a steep climb and Graham soon left me behind in an uneven competition with my flu bugs. Nonetheless the hut was reached in reasonable time, followed within the hour by the remainder of the party.

How to work. With such an enthusiastic team it was completed in fine style. First, large quantities of firewood were cut, then paths were cleared to the hut while an area was cleared for a helipad. This was accomplished without too much damage to ground cover and should grow back to normal fairly readily. Lastly the forestry cupboard inside the hut was dismantled, the food stowed, and its rubbish cleared. The state of much of the food was pretty grim, making a rubbish hole an immediate priority. This proved to be easier said than done, and does not auger well for the excavation of pile holes for the renovations. The cupboard took over an hour to complete, but this job is now one less to do when renovations begin, as they will very shortly.

Tea followed fairly rapidly with the work finished, and soon the rafters rattled to Geoff's snoring and Randall's thoughts about sleeping accommodation in the new hut for tall people. My rolling over in the bottom bunk and hitting his nose with my elbow first thing in the morning must have reinforced such thoughts considerably.

The weather was magnificent this morning and, with the exception of Dave who had tendon trouble, and Danny who kindly decided to accompany him down, we all set off for a romp across the Sawtooth and down Black Ridge. Unfortunately after descending the far slopes of Tiraha onto the Sawtooth, my flu bugs rebelled. I decided to call my feet to a halt and return via Howletts with Clive and company who had already crossed from their camp on Black Ridge. Three of my party turned back as well. The four who continued had a very speedy but enjoyable trip across to Chuinga, down to Tarn Bivvy, down Rosvall's track and out.

Our return to Howletts was a little slow, with weariness and extremely warm weather taking their toll. Lunch was scoffed, then on down via the same route of the day before to the river and out to the truck. Everyone else was already there supping hot drinks from Geoff's latest innovation - the truck's new gas cooker. Thanks drivers and workers - a successful trip.

R.O.P.

No. 1153 (b)

TARN BIVVY - SAWTOOTH

It was a rather cloudy morning as we left Hols at 6.10 am Saturday. The weather was unpredictable which made things difficult. After picking up a few boys along the way we continued our journey to Mill Road via Makaretu.

Splitting into two parties, we travelled up the Tukituki, soon leaving the river to start our climb up Roswalls track through the fern and beech trees. About 200 yards along the track the markers ended so, keeping to the ridge, we made our way to the top.

It was now raining and very windy on the exposed ridge. Out came the parkas and hats as we made our way along Black Ridge to Tarn Bivouac. Through the cloud we could just make out Howletts Hut on the opposite ridge. We reached Tarn Bivvy at about 1 pm and decided to stop there for the night as it was pointless continuing on to camp on the exposed ridge. So, after clearing the forestry supplies from the bivvy, we all climbed in out of the rain and boiled the billy. The weather started to clear late in the afternoon so we seized the opportunity to check on the working party. There we were, laying in the tussock grass, looking through binoculars at the working party clearing a helicopter pad.

Sunday: Rising at 6 am we were greeted by a terrific sun rise and clear sky. Looking down in the valleys below the world looked asleep beneath its blanket of fog. After a hearty breakfast we made our way along Black Ridge to Chuinga. We were greeted with an even better view of Egmont and Ngauruhoe standing like towers above the clouds in the distance.

"Shall we or shan't we?"

"Yes, we will". Sawtooth it was.

Two of the party decided to make their way down to Hinerua Hut and out to the Tukituki River while the remaining three started along the Sawtooth Ridge.

We stopped and rested half way across and, looking up to Tiraha, what should we see but a group from the fast party starting their descent on to Sawtooth Ridge. We had a chat and then continued up to Tiraha, while the fast party took off like a rocket to Chuinga, along Black Ridge and down Roswalls Track. When we reached Howletts Hut we stopped and had lunch in the blazing heat and saw that the working party had made a good job of the helicopter pad. Then it was down Daphne Ridge to the Tukituki River and slowly we made our way back to the truck.

It was a long day and everyone was feeling tired but content after conquering the Sawtooth Ridge.

Leaders: Clive Thurston
Russell Perry

No. in party: 15

Howlett's Working Party: Geoff Robinson, Greg Jenks, Janet Brown, Danny Bloomer, Dave Perry, Paul Wolstenholme, Randall Goldfinch, Mary Madore, Graham Bailey.

Tarn Bivvy Party: Joan Wilson, Les Hanger, Christine Beattie,

PRIVATE TRIPS

I. RAKAIA

Early December '77 Bert McConnell, three others and I set off up the Rakaia for a ten day tramp/climb to conquer Mt Arrowsmith, the highest peak in the range behind Mt Hutt (range of same name). The Rakaia flows out north of Ashburton and is certainly a mighty river. We left the Kombi van about the Whaleback and headed up the left bank. Plenty of huts - practically all hidden. You find the cairn marking the turn in from the river after leaving the hut. We came out of a warm Christchurch day and after failing to cross that icy river, walked right into a hail storm. We nearly froze to death - especially me. Reckon I was colder than Allan Berry on his first trip with E.T.C! I was wearing the usual two pairs of thick woollen socks, knee-high putties, Mountaineer woollen shirt and parka. But where were my woollen gloves - in the depth of the pack! And my b----- shorts were soaked and useless for warmth. I'm cutting down an old pair of woollen longs for future long trips. Note that we were not more than about 500 m. altitude and it was December.

We passed Lake Coleridge, noted the channeling in the Malthus and further up another impressive tributary, the Wilberforce saddling with the Waimakariri just south of Arthurs Pass. All these on the right bank (looking up river that is - I don't go in for this "true right bank" business - I'm not a ship!). The Rakaia saddles with the Rangitata with ice melt and flows NNE between the main divide and the Arrowsmith, feeds Lake Lyell, a steadily growing lake due to increasing N.Z. temperatures over the years, then turns round Meins Knob into Canterbury. Just below the Knob it is still well over a kilometre wide, and only 15 to 20 m. below source.

Fortunately there is a swing bridge at the corner but the water is colder a few km higher opposite another well hidden C.M.C. Hut - the Lyell. We adopted the only reasonable way of crossing this obstacle - shorts off. Don't know what girls would do! The Lyell Hut is typical Johnnie Pascoe type. Two little windows and the one at the far end that should have been letting in light was obscured by a massive great bag of provisions which read 'Don't touch till Easter' hanging from a rafter. We tried but couldn't budge it. I must say there was Novaroof stacked in the hut - and Bert nearly had a go at putting a couple of sheets in - without a hammer.

Weather was indifferent but we did climb Ramsay (about 2450 m - about 8100 Ft) and Kinkle (somewhat lower) on the main divide. Spectacular views of Evans and Whitcombe and down the West Coast. Also saw Arrowsmith!

Giant buttercups graced Lyell Hut and we got colour slides of the rare Blue Duck and Paradise Ducks. The male paradise did a poor broken-wing act. The mother however put on a great act - floating log trick and all, to protect her cute little offspring.

II. CROW HUT AND CLIMB OF ROLLESTON

Bert and I took off from Christchurch again after Christmas

with Madge McConnell and daughter Lara. Left from Bealey Corner and started tramping. Bert and I did the climb. A pleasant trip.

III MT EGMONT

May

A week at Egmont North Hostel with a group of Grewa College teachers and families. First day to the top - beautiful snow and views. Second day some gentle rock on Humphrey's Castle. I'm not a gun rock man, but one of the teenagers salvaged two rock pitons. The next day Brian Dunphy (another NEAC type) and I headed up and round to Holly and Kahui Huts, when I got back to Holly I'd had enough of an hours fading torchlight (My boy had exhausted my torch on the previous week's Herald run!) Must admire your gun boys Peter and Ian: Pohokura 139 pages 23-24.

IV RUAPAHU

August

My two daughters, Shelley and Rowan, wanted to go skiing so I also picked up a 23 year old son (W.T.C.) of a friend in Hamilton, Adrian Widgery, who climbed with Bert and party some five years ago in the Rangitata. So while the girls fought the rough weather of 21-25th Adrian and I headed from the Chateau to Whakapapa Hut at bush line. It misted and finally snowed - I got some splendid Christmas card colour photos at least.

Hal Christian

STONEY CREEK

Once there were three enthusiastic trampers - Shonks, Bonks and Conks (alias Shona, Beth and Carol). They set off bright and early for a long tedious trip in a bus to Te Horoto. Many hours later they reached the road and leading to the Climo's bus. A short cut was needed, as it was pretty dark, and Conks track wasn't appreciated by the other two "Whats wrong with Blackberry?" Reaching the bus on dark, they greeted the Climo's by knocking on the windows which made their hair stand on end.

We all spent the night in a hut not far from the bus. Conks complained as the other two decided that the smallest one should climb through the broken window. (that cut her little finger.) The powerful girl that she is, she managed to unbolt the door within an hour! Tea was cooked, after we learned how, and how not to light a primus. This is when we realised this trip could prove to be very educational.

Brekky..... that means lighting a fire for drinks etc.

"Climo's have a fire going"

"Yeah, and real milk!"

"I was going anyway"

The Climo's weren't that surprised to see us; half expected us, I think.

After Bonks being forced to kiss "Cuddles Bebe" (a lamb) we were taken to Stoney Creek, and left to fend for ourselves.. We were late starting, but the sun was shining brightly. It was like a gorge all the way up, and with the trees coming down by the water, it looked very beautiful. It didn't take long for us to realise that the whole area was over-taken by Cnga cnga, but we managed

to stay well clear of it. We also noticed lots of deer tracks, and it is said to be a good hunting area if you get permission.

Lunch was devoured in a beautiful clearing, and it was an hour before we moved again. From then on, time was taken climbing over or going around great piles of fallen trees etc. Two hours or so later we reached a nice clearing - good to pitch a tent; and seeing it was the only clearing we had seen since lunch we thought we had better stay there.

With a few hours of daylight left we decided to go further up the river, and we ended up having to climb a ridge. We saw what appeared to be pig tracks up top, and Shonks was so scared that we could run into one, that we had to go back.

The tent was pitched in no time, and the billy was boiling. Everybody had had their tea and were snuggled in their pits just as the sun went down.

We were off at a reasonable time the next morning as we had to walk right back to the bus. Going down the river seemed much faster than up river, but walking out to the Taupo road was so boring, and took quite awhile. As we reached the main road a Ministry of Works car with a loud speaker, went past saying.

"Enjoy your tramping girls"...

We all just about jumped out of our skins from fright. A little Landrover gave us a ride for a mile - which helped a little bit.

Friday we came home with the Climo's.

S.M., B.C., C.C.

RUARUHU RAMBLERS

"Golly gosh, what big packs! "

Graham and I set off up past the Top O Bruce, failed to con a foreigner into a ride up the lifts, and wobbled our way on up to Hut Flat for a wee break. Beautiful weather. Very warm.

"Maybe we can con these fellas."

Nope, we trundle slowly up past the Waterfall Chairlift.

Another pause at the bottom of Knoll Ridge. "Man, look at that loopy go..." A red toboggan slides crazily out of sight. Why are we up here in our woolly clothes and with big packs when all these loopy's are having fun in cotton shirts and cool jeans and no gear. Maybe that was the chapter missing from my 'Mountain-craft Manual! I hear it's being revised. Beautiful weather. Very very warm.

A couple of glissades, then we wander up Knoll Ridge. Strawberry Sparkles are real nice.

"NICE DAY."

"Yes."

"NOT FAR TO GO NOW."

"No."

"NOT ISN'T IT."

"Mmmmm."

"WANT A LIFT?" "Haha."
"GET ON BEHIND ME." (very pleasant wave).
"HAY YOU TWELVES ARE GOING SLOW." "Cheeky b....."
Some nice birds though. "Another sparkle?" "Mmmm yes.."

Millions of peoples wandering over the mountain. Hooray for zero population growth.

We inspect the gloomy, cavern-like top shelter still encased in crushing ice, then climb straight up to the crater lip.

Cooling down now. Cold. Freezing. Temporary whiteout.

Woolly clothes, parkas, legging, mitts..... guess there wasn't a chapter missing afterall. We start our snowcave just over the crater rim, facing Takurangi, digging chunk after chunk after chunk, throw out the rubble "Your turn" after chunk after chunk "Your turn, I'm freezing" after chunk after strawberry sparkle after chunk....
"Dawn, broken snow shovel. Big enough?" "She'll do."

We move across to the sunshine and get chased by shadows. It's getting late.

Our small white haven turns warm with candlelight, and the burr of the primus makes better listening than the seven o'clock news. Boil-in-the-Bag strikes again and we finish up with a warm drink.

"Where's me mitts? Where's me 'anky?" Goodnight." "Yeah."

"What a mighty day." "Lets go for a wander..."

Te Heu Heu. A bit of front pointing. Cathedral Rocks. Not much here except the view over to the Kaimanawas, but we saw that from the first peak. It's getting hot.

"Change packets! Want a mint sparkle? Run out of strawberry ones!"

We wander across Dome Shelter, round the lake to the saddle between Paretetaitonga and Takurangi. Come on Fughie, we only want one itey-bitsy cloud, just a wee puff (was that you again, Graham), just a bit of shade.

An hour dawdles past. So do two more sparkles. "Bleedin heck, me sultans have got weevils!!"

"Well, we can't sit around here all day." "Yes we can."

A cool breeze makes the climb up the southern rim quite pleasant, and we do over half of it with crampons, aiming for a "1 to 2" lunchhour atop Takurangi. Skiers have been up here. Not bad going. I'd sooner carry a pack but obviously lunacy is only in the considered nature of skiers going uphill because their downhill trail reads sheer exhilaration.

We plod down, ice then safe snow then ice, and elect to glissade down toward the lake and run across the basin out of the heat trap. Soon we are below Pare and it doesn't look far to the top.

It's daylight saving change-about-day so we adjust our watches

the wrong way and tip-toe up the crunchy windward slopes. Another skier. We have a poor glissade down, reconsider the time and realise our mistake, wind on two hours and race back to our snow cave.

We play a game called pass-the-billy, pack up and hurry down to the Top O Bruce. Russell arrives two minutes later.

Thanks Hughie. But just a wee cloud next time. Thanks for the ride Russ. Thanks for your company, Graham. Your turn to bring the sparkles next trip.

Graham Bailey and Dave Perry.

BOYDS LODGE OPENING

4-7 November

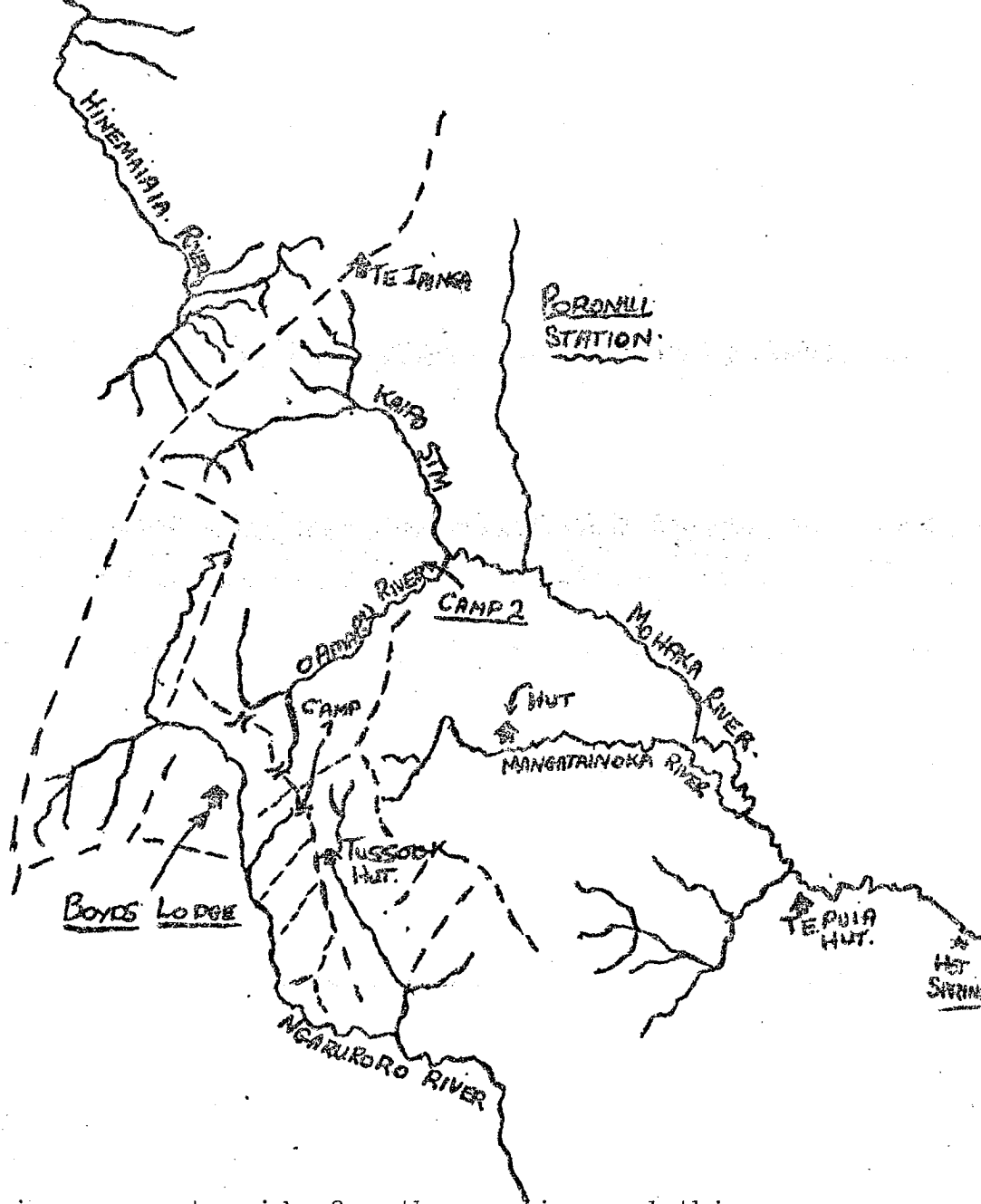
The opening of Boyds Lodge in the headwaters of the Ngaruroro River was held on Sunday 5 November 1978 in conjunction with a combined meeting of the Kaimanawa and Kaweka Forest Park Advisory Committees. The lodge was to be opened by the Director General of Forests but due to unforeseen circumstances he couldn't make it and it was opened by Mr John Rochell, the Conservator of Forests in the Wellington Conservancy.

The lodge is a nice new Lockwood style building which is raised up off the ground with a balcony in front of the building giving a beautiful view of the Ngaruroro River. The layout of the lodge is similar to other huts with a central living area and a bunk room on each end. Access to the bunk rooms is from the outside on the balcony.

The trip into Boyds for the Kaweka Committee began on Saturday morning when we assembled at the Forest Service Depot in Napier at 8 am and from there we were driven through to Taupo Airport where we joined the Kaimanawa Committee. We were then ferried into Boyds airstrip in three aircraft taking two loads each. The flight into Boyds was rather exciting, especially the landing, because although it was fine there was a strong westerly blowing and the planes were jumping around the sky. Landing at Boyds was only marginal because there was a strong downdraught just off the edge of the strip. The first plane only succeeded in landing on its fourth attempt. Nancy Tanner and I were on the same plane in the second flight in and we got on the deck first time. I think we were fortunate to have the more experienced pilot.

After lunch on Saturday we went to have a look at a camp site which Wally Romanes is hoping to use for a commercial track which he is going to operate within the Forest Park. The camp sites for the trek are shown on the sketch of the area and it is intended to have parties of up to fifteen people, doing five-day trips in the area. The two Advisory Committees spent some time looking at this project and although most members had misgivings about the idea it was decided to let the operation proceed on a trial basis for one season to see what effect it has on the area. It is still uncertain if the trek will proceed after the first season but it can be assumed that it will do so if the impact on the environment is only minimal.

LAKE TAUPŌ.



Sunday morning was set aside for the meeting and this was taken up with the policy to adopt for commercial operations in the Parks and also with live deer recovery methods which are now becoming popular with the high prices available for live animals. (Prices can be up to \$1800 for each animal at present.)

Sunday afternoon was organised for the return flight to Taupo but I joined Ian Wheeler from the Forest Service Office in Napier to walk out to the Puketitiri Hot Springs. We left the lodge at 1.30 pm for Tussock Hut which turned out to be $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours away.



After a short rest we walked up Tussock Creek to the head of its NE fork, and then crossed into the headwaters of the Mangatainoka River. We then travelled down the river to Mangatainoka Hut, arriving at 7.45 pm.

On Monday morning we set off down the river to Te Puia Hut which took a total of six hours. We spent the rest of the afternoon at Te Puia Hut and walked out to the Hot Springs on Tuesday morning. We were very lucky to have good weather every day except Sunday which made for a very pleasant four days tramping.

G.R.T.

HOWLETTS HUT RENOVATIONS

February 78 - Peter Manning and myself spent a weekend up at Howletts Hut measuring and recording details of the existing hut. We discussed different ways of improving the accommodation, and finally I prepared two proposal drawings involving different amounts of extension. The proposal showing extensions to both the Northern and Southern ends was chosen by the Hut, Track and Fixture Committee. June 78 - Drawings with accompanying letter were sent to the N.E. Forest Service for assistance and permission to proceed. October 78 - N.E.F.S. granted permission to proceed. I prepared further drawings to help with prefabrication and assembly on site.

November 78 - Graham Bailey and Peter Manning purchased timber, roofing and other materials and pre-cut all timber. Club working parties painted hardboard and chipboard, and packaged materials at Phil Bayens' sheds.

21 November 78 - On Tuesday evening about 18 bundles, each weighing 200 lbs were transported down to Moercock Forestry Base and after one false start, Helicopter lifting of materials proceeded on 27 November. Greg Jenks and myself assisted, by riding in with the first load, then storing the materials as the loads were lifted up in 600 lb lots. Finally we rode back in the helicopter.

Reconstruction of the hut will hopefully start in January 79.

Randall Goldfinch

THE LEGEND

On the arrival of the Takitimu Canoe, the newcomers, finding the land already inhabited proceeded further down the East Coast to locate a suitable site for settlement.

The most venturesome of them was Tamatea, known as Pokai Whenua - Tamatea the Map Roller - from the scope of his explorations.

On reaching Heretaunga he set off up country to pick up the lie of the land, eventually coming to a Pa called Otupae. Here, while he sat and rested, he put down the calabash which always accompanied him. In the calabash were his two pets, Kahu O te Rangi the Crayfish, and Pohokura the Lizard.

When Tamatea came to pick it up his pets had escaped.

Pohokura's outlines are visible today in the Rushmore Ranges, while the moaning of Kahu O te Rangi who lurks in the valleys of the Kaimanawa Ranges can still be heard when bad weather is approaching.

POHOKURA - LIZARD

On the Heretaunga Tramping Club's first outing to the hills east of Hastings, the party halted for a rest on a patch of bare rock. While sitting here they disturbed a lizard. Bearing the Legend of Tamatea Pokai Whenua in mind, it was decided to adopt the lizard or Pohokura as part of the Club's monogram. The name of Pohokura has also been given to the magazine the Club prints three times a year.

The following is the current S/R and Forestry Call out list for the Club. If your name doesn't appear on the list or the information is not correct then please fill in the form below and send it to Graham Thorp.

For Action or Information Contact one of the Following:-

Thorp, Graham	110 Riverbend Road, Napier	434 238
	P.O. Workshops	54 825
Plowman, Trevor	738 Shakespeare Road, Napier	54 303
	N.Z.P.C. Napier	53299/843
Perry, David	62 Oldham Ave, Napier	436 156
	Weldwell, Napier	53339/81
Berry, Alan	10 Nimon Street H/Nth	777223
	Ingram Thompson & Berry	84182
Taylor, Maurice	Leyland St Te Awanga HBN	829
	Napier Hospital (Garage)	54969

Search Personnel

Armstrong, Glenn	16 Evenden Road, HBN	89043
	Hastings Boys High	69671
Bailey, Graham	1017 St Aubyn Street	67941
	J.C. Mackersey	88152
Bayens, Phil	St Georges Rd Nth	84498
		84498
Berry, Peter	Arataki Rd H/Nth	778772
	Arataki Honey	777300
Brown, Owen	30 Georges St Napier	53908
	Napier Boys High	57814
Hanger, Les	804 Ferguson St HBN	88731
	Skelton Ivory Ltd	68029
Holden, Allan	44 Wycliffe St HA	435038
	N.Z.P.C.	53299/
Hooper, Frank	84 Duart Rd H/Nth	778107
	Frank Hooper Ltd	778682
Jenks, Greg	Te Mata Rd, H/Nth	778806
	Frank Hooper Ltd	778682
Jones, Chris	Riverslea Rd Sth HBN	66462
	?	
Lewis, Peter	c/- 90A Shakespeare Rd HA	56789
	N.Z.P.C. HA	58100
Manning, Peter	117 Gascoigne St HBN	82963
	Nolan Concrete	84368
Northe, David	212 Kennedy Rd	438193
	Whitcomb Ltd	?
Perry, Russell	111 McLeod HBN	88828
	Hastings Boys High	69671
Robinson, Geoff	112 Gonway St	84873
	Autobodies HBN	89772
Turner, Brian	1001 Gary St HBN	68995
	Hereworth	778138
Thomson, Keith	34 Plassey St H/Nth	775391
	HBN City Council	87065
Thurston, Alan	909 Avenue Rd East HBN	82332
	?	
Thurston, Clive	5 Ngaximu St H/Nth	778533
	J. Wattie Canneries	66959
Wilkins, David	Tollemache Rd HBN	84957
	Frank Hooper Ltd	778682
Melody, Chris	300 Beresford St HBN	88951

See page nine for Correction Form to be filled in if necessary.

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 10pm, until then 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 54303

THORP 434-238

FIXTURE LIST

On many trips parties may divide so that fitter members can undertake a more strenuous trip in the same area. Changes due to unforeseen circumstances could be made on the trip list from time to time. If you are unable to attend the meeting prior to a trip, enquire from one of the following:

Peter Manning, phone 82963

Russell Perry, phone 88828

Liz Pindar, phone 67889

TRANSPORT CONTRIBUTIONS:

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

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

DECEMBER

16-17 N.E. Tararua

To either Cow Creek Hut or Cattle Creek Hut.

Looks promising.

N 157/158

Leaders: Danny Bloomer

Les Hanger

DECEMBER

30 Local New Year Trip

JANUARY Into Boyds from Ohaka, through Mangatarutu, out
2 through Umkarikari.

N 112/113

Leader Graham Bailey

JANUARY

14 Lilo Trip

Probably the Mohaka River

Leaders Allan Holden

Beth Curtis

27-28 Western Kaweka

Over Te Iringa to Manson, maybe Otutu. Out via the the Ngaruroro.

N 123

Leaders: Chris Jones

Mary Madore

FEBRUARY

- 6 Field Day
Training and social committees.
- 11 Taruarau River
Into the river from Sparrowhawk Range. Float or tramp to N 133 705387 (hopefully) to meet transport.
N 123/133 Leaders: Phil Bayens
Chris Melody
- 24-25 North West Ruahine
Through Pukeokahu N 133 476247 to Whakaurehou River and Colenso Lake. Out somehow?
N 133 Leaders: Wendy Thorn
Dave Perry

MARCH

- 11 Eastern Kaweka
Into Middle Hill, across to Makino, out to the Haybarn.
N 113 Leaders: Glenn Armstrong
Randall Goldfinch
- 24-25 Southern Ruahine
Into Mangatewainui and over the divide to Ngamoko. Out via Leon Kinvig and Makaretu to Happy Daze Hut.
N 145 Leaders: Russell Perry
Clive Thurston

APRIL

- 8 Eastern Ruahine
Up onto Three Johns from Waipawa River.
N 140 Leaders: Graham Thorp
Geoff Robinson
- 13-16 Egmont National Park
NZMS 169 Leaders: Dave Perry
Rob Snowball
- 21
22 S.E. Ruahine
Tamaki River Basin, onto the divide, down to Stanfield Hut and out.
N 145 *Howletts Hut.* Leaders: Mary Madore
Chris Jones.

MAY

- 5-6 Whirinaki State Forest
Lots of scope for exploration, caves, derelicts.
N 104 Leaders: Graham Bailey
Allen Holden
less Hangar
- 19 *Howletts Hut Opening..*
20 Southern Kaweka
The Lizard and Miriroa.
N 123 Leaders: Peter Berry
Social Committee Russell Perry

JUNE

- 2-4 Tongariro National Park
NZMS 273 Leader: Greg Jenks

Howletts Hut

less Randall S.

At any time trips may be altered to provide manpower for hut renovations or working bees to provide finance for such.

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