

HERETAUNGA TRAMPING CLUB (INC)

BOX 447, HASTINGS

' P O H O K U R A '

Bulletin No. 141

April 1979

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CLUB TRIPS

No. 1152

Cairn Trip

5 November

Thirty-five members faced the elements to spend a few moments with the club members who lost their lives during the Second World War.

Despite the bleak conditions and warnings from the leader, some members were ill-prepared for the cold and wet (even wet snow) on the tops. A short service was held and no time was wasted in getting down to more bearable weather. Some hardy and fit members decided to go down to Back Hut for lunch and be back at the truck by 3 p.m. I believe some of them ran all the way down from the Cairn to the truck. I wonder if knee and ankle joints are designed to take this kind of punishment and if we will have to pay for this at a later stage.

I have been on numerous Cairn trips and I reckon there is a 75% chance that it will blow or snow - so be warned.

No. in party: 35

Leader: Phil Bayens

Allen O'Brien, Shona McAulay, Colleen. O'Malley, Terry Cameron, Philip Herd, Karen Lancaster, Allan Holden, Mary Madore, Wendy Thorn, Chris White, Russell Perry, Greg Jenks, Chris Jones, Luke Holmes, Liz Pindar, Neville Dandy, Geoff Robinson, Ross Berry, Karen Glass, David Meacheam, Tony Ormandy, Clive Thurston, Lewis Harrison, Karen McBride, Janet Brown, Glenda Maras, Graham Bailey, Christine Beattie, Beth Curtis, Dyan Coombes, Les Hanger, Ursula Milner-White, Peter and John Berry.

No. 1154

Rocks Ahead

16-17 December

This trip, originally intended as a jaunt in the Tararuas, was diverted to the Kawekas due to reports of inclemency in the southern ranges. As it turned out, the nine assorted bodies that left Napier in two cars on Saturday morning enjoyed the only fine days the ranges afforded us for a somewhat extended period.

Upon reaching Makahu, we packed our feet into their respective boots, put on our packs and sallied forth in search of fun. After a warm climb to the tops the party split; two members, Dave and John, going to the Fridge and the rest descending on Back Ridge Hut to indulge in some tasty commestibles. Later, from above the bivvy, excellent views were to be had all round. To the south, the Kiwi Saddle region; to the north, thunderbunnies; easterly observation enabled the recognition of an easterly landscape but quite the reverse was true of the western quarter. There stood Ruapehu - resplendent in a lemon-tinted coat of snow designed by Jacques Frost. To her side, Ngaruhoe impressed the sunbathing viewers in a refreshing outfit of evenly cut cream and grey stripes.

Having spent a while inciting melanin action in our epidermal layers, we continued the descent to Rocks Ahead, passing through varying phases of flora while above us, flew such delights to the eye as a long tailed cuckoo and a brace of bush pigeons.

Arrival at the hut caused an age-old question to be raised - fishing or swimming? Feel the water, let the angler remain. The two trout we caught were possibly glad to be out of the Ngaruroro glacier.

Suppertime! An army of boil-in-bags. Reminiscing .... communal stews, subtly flavoured with wood smoke, ash and socks (on a good night).

Some time during the night, Sunday dawned. A cocoon stirred, then another; obviously the effects of the previous afternoon's scones was not permanent. Scones.... that's another story.

The end of breakfast was heralded by the arrival of the two from Tira Chalet and so, all together again, we subdivided into different groups, some heading back up to Back Ridge and others waiting to cut more wood - possible now as Dave had brought a new axe handle down from Venison Tops.

Congregating at the site of the previous days fashion parade, we had lunch while I boogied down to the bivvy for some water and Wilky tangoed along behind with J.J. doing the foxtrot cum trip up waltz somewhere on the leeward side.

Back up to the others and upwards and onwards. Half the party kept to Back Ridge all the way up and half (of nine?) dropped down to the hut.

"It's not far down."  
"Yeah, but back up is."  
"NO, we'll go up the other ridge."  
"O.K. then, let's go. Hang on, it's still a long way. Shhhh'."

Yet another conjunct at the J and then down Makahu Spur, smoke off gummies obstructing vision. Thence to the cars and home, stopping once to watch the club's young apiarist get stung by some bees. Fun!

Forgot to mention a minor intestinal upset that left the door handles a rather touchy subject.

No. in party: 9

Leader: Danny Bloomer

John Jones, Dave Wilkins, Cliff Epplett, Peter Berry, Dyan Coombes, Luke Holmes, David Harrington, Colleen O'Malley.

No. 1155

New Year Trip

December 30 - January 2

Clements Access Road to Puketitiri Hot Springs

Saturday 30th - The group departed from Clements Access Road about 9 a.m. for Te Munga Hut, arriving 11 a.m. For such a hot day, the benched and graded track was mighty, nicely shaded with native bush. After lunch at the Kaipo River wire bridge, we continued on down to Oamaru Hut, arriving about 3 p.m. with the party getting very spread out. As usual, Oamaru Hut was occupied by "loopys" that fly in, so with such good weather we carried on up the Oamaru River track for 2 hours, reaching the beech forest to camp in for the night. It was nice to swim in the river then dry off in the last of the sun, but later, when we got into our pits, the mosquito air-force attacked in grand style.

Sunday 31st - After breaking camp about 8.30 a.m. a good track led us up the Oamaru River to the Waitawhero Saddle at 11.30 a.m. where Boyd's Air-strip across the Ngaruroro River was seen. The track ducked to the right into the bush edge, then came out following down a ridge across the Ngaruroro River then up to Boyd's Hut by noon.

Blimey, what a mansion! Forestry sure built a beauty there. Lockwood construction, decromastic roof, lino floors, 16 bunks, aluminium windows, fly doors, stainless steel sink unit, wood stove etc. One young red-headed lady in the party strongly recommended staying here for New Year's Eve. How could I disagree?

We did some goofy things that night. Did you know that eleven people can easily fit into an out-house and close the door?

Monday 1st - Leaving Boyd's Hut at 8 a.m., the party went down the air-strip to the Ngaruroro River, following down to a stream coming in from the true left, where we ducked around the corner and headed up the ridge, later picking up a track which took us into Tussock Hut by 10 a.m. After refreshments we crossed the top part of Harkness Valley, heading north-east up through bush on to a bush-covered ridge which we followed until, picking our place, we turned East down a spur ridge into the Mangatainoka River headwaters for lunch at 11.30 a.m. Later we wandered down-stream, grouping up occasionally until we reached Mangatainoka Hut at 3 p.m. It was occupied by four shooters, so, with the fine weather holding, we decided to go for another 2½ hours tramping down to just above the gorge and camp in the beech trees. Three members of the party needlessly carried on to the Mohaka River.

A comfortable night was enjoyed with a fire and no mosquito air-force.

Tuesday 2nd - With a late start at 8.30 a.m. we took a track down on the true right past the gorge and were at the junction with the Mohaka River by 10 a.m. Motoring down good tracks we were soon at the hot bath for a dip. It's a really mighty set-up.

Later we continued on down to the Te Puia Chalet for lunch then we headed out, using the tracks mainly, but pack floating in the river to dodge the high climbing up and down, much to the astonishment of a visitor.

At the Hot Springs car-park we emptied water out of packs then walked out to the truck waiting at Ron Pink's Hut. Phil Bayens had provided cases of peaches which we really ripped into and enjoyed.

No. in party: 12                                  Leader: Randall Goldfinch  
Mary Madore, Allan Holden, Wendy Thorn, Terry Cameron, Paul  
Wolstenholme, Chris White, David Harrington, Greg Jenks, Dyan  
Coombes, Chris Jones, Allen Howell (Tararua Tramping Club).

No. 1156

# Lilo Trip

14 January

Hawkes Bay had had a week or more of hot sunny weather but the Sunday was cloudy. After a grand tour of Napier to pick up people who had slept in, the truck made it to Pinks Hut on the Hot Springs road about 9 a.m.

About an hour was spent pumping up tubes, fixing punctures and pumping them up some more. We all gathered with canoes, lilos, inflatable dinghy and tubes at the hot spring about 11.30.

Off we went down the Mohaka and after the first rapid and modifications to the tube rafts, things settled down for the rest of the trip.

A short break was taken but standing around out of the water wasn't enough to warm us up when the sun was behind the clouds and a breeze blowing.

It was obvious that we had plenty of time so those in canoes and rafts shot several of the good rapids twice. Those on lilos were too cold to bother - even wearing long johns, singlet and bush shirt.

Apart from a very large hole which Graham might tell you about, all reached the Pakaututu bridge without mishap and were glad that the sun managed to find a hole in the cloud.

A brew on the truck's cooker went down well - thanks to Les for driving and for the brew.

No. in party: 25    Leader: Allan Holden  
Dave Perry, Mary Madore, Kevin Ayre, Rose Warren, Terry Cameron,  
Liz Pindar, Les Hanger, Clive Thurston, Cliff Eplett, Joan Wilson,  
Russell Perry, Graham Bailey, Greg Jenks, John Jones, Chris Jones,  
Peter Berry, Peter Boomen, Michael Boomen, Dyan Coombes, Wendy  
Gordon, Garth Dean, George Prebble, Jackie Smith, Beth Curtis.

No. 1157

Te Iringa to Manson

January 27-28

We finally got away about 6.30 after waiting for a seedy-looking Geoff and his Camper Van. Geoff took us to the top of the Gentle Annie, where we left him so he could go back to bed and recover from the night before.

We were supposed to go across the Hogget Block to Manson, but due to people wandering off and being slow, we had to drop down into the Rarorora Stream and then to Kiwi Mouth. Due to the weather being so hot, we slept at Kiwi Mouth till 4 p.m. then four of us went on to Manson for a good night's sleep, which wasn't a good sleep; due to a very restless sleeper.

The next day was raining and windy, so after some more good sleep we headed back down to Kiwi Mouth and up to meet the others at Kiwi Saddle where we had lunch. Then we headed up over 4,100 struggling with the wind and out to Geoff, who was all tucked up cozy-like in his caravan.

No in party: 10                      Leader: Chris Jones  
Dyan Coombes, Graham Bailey, Terry Cameron, Geoff Robinson,  
Amanda Roberts, David Harrington, Peter Linscott, Cliff Epplett,  
Paul Wolstenholme.

No. 1158

Ngaruroro River

11. February

I nearly fell out of my tree when 24 peoples responded to my cryptic comments on low river levels by coming on the trip. Anyway, we all left on time and the truck headed for Omahaki Station. Here we donned packs and began the walk to the river. Apart from a stop to untangle a sheep from a coil of barbed wire and an anxious moment (when I lost some of the party), the walk was without incident.

After some time spent consuming lunch, people began changing into their wet suits and other aquatic attire and, after various amicable put downs, everyone began the descent. Much dry weather had withered up the river in the weeks prior to our trip so exciting moments were hard to find. Others were hard to avoid, like those right-angled rapids. The water seemed to get round O.K. but I'm blown if I could steer my lilo around.

The finishing point was a shingle pit by the river where a side road off Whanawhana Road provides access for the truck. Finally, a big thankyou to Frank who drove the truck around and made the trip possible in this form.

No. in party: 26

Leaders: Phil Bayens, Chris Melody

Kent Bussell, Mary Madore, Jackie Smith, Liz Pindar, Peter Berry, Karen Glass, Delia Findlay, Ross Berry, Clive Thurston, Jennie Bilkey, Geoff Robinson, Frank Hooper, Graham Bailey, Janet Brown, Cliff Epplett, Dave Wilkins, Joan Wilson, John Jones, Chris Melody, Glenda Maras, Robyn Taylor, Karen McBride, Peter Manning, Lyndsay Going and Christine Beattie.

No. 1159 (a)

Western Ruahines

24-25 February

Under Les' careful guidance, we travelled well over the Napier-Taihape road and then headed south and were in at the end of Mokai Road by 1 a.m. Saturday. A pleasant night's sleep and breakfast, then we set off as one party across the farmland and past Mokai Hut.

After an hour and a half we reached the bush edge and the place of separation of the two parties. Our party of five headed down to the Maropea River, crossed the bridge and headed up the spur onto the ridge on the other side. We followed the well-marked track down to Otukotu Hut, arriving about 1.30 p.m. A very restful afternoon was had by all.

On Sunday we headed back up the spur, and intended going back along the track we had come along on Saturday, then down the Whakaurekou River and back up the Rangitikei River to the truck. However we missed the turnoff and headed along the track to Maropea Forks.

When we realised our mistake, we had the option of turning back and doing the planned trip or continuing on to Puketaramea and down a ridge to the Unknown Campsite, thence to Iron Bark Hut and straight back over the farmland instead of down the river. As the river had been fairly cold, we decided on the latter. The bush was beautiful, as were views from the top of Puketaramea and the track up to the Unknown Campsite was very good. Unfortunately, the marked track from there to Iron Bark no longer exists. We tried bush bashing along the bank because we knew there was a waterfall in the river. This proved extremely slow travelling, so we found a way back to the river. The waterfall was easily sidled when we reached it. At Iron Bark Hut we had a few nibbles and then walked out to the truck, arriving just after 8.15 p.m. - somewhat later than we meant to be.

Our faithful friends turned up the gas and soon had a good brew bubbling. We weren't to realise just how much that was going to be needed. We had only gone a few kilometres down the road when the truck started complaining - and so the pattern of our return trip started. Drive, stop to the sound of overheatedness, jump out and attempt to cool it down, drive, stop, cool, etc. Our five hour trip turned into a thirteen hour ordeal, especially for our faithful driver. At 10.30 a.m. Monday Hastings was a marvellous site! (or sight? Ed.)

No. in party: 5

Leader: Wendy Thorn

Les Hanger, Cathy Alder, Cliff Epplett, Luke Holmes.

No. 1159 (b)

Six of us separated from Wendy's group with the intention of tramping to Colenso Hut. After a fairly steep drop off the slopes of Trig Check C, we settled in for a pleasant half hour at Iron Bark Hut in the sunshine.

The track obviously didn't go where the map said but a sketch in the hut book was more enlightening. After linking up to cross the river (not very high but too cold to slip into),

we headed upriver to the first tributary on the true right (visible from the hut) where the track takes off about ten metres up. We climbed pretty quickly up the steep slopes through pleasant bush and, as throughout most of the day, had good views of the surrounding countryside.

The track continued to deviate from the map as we sidled high to the north of the ridge we had climbed onto. With quite a lot of ongaonga evident, we must have been preoccupied with avoiding that, rather than concentrating on track signs, and as we later discovered, an innocent looking blue plastic bottle on a cairn of small rocks (how could we ignore it...but we did!) marked a drop down to another track sidling high above the Mangatera River (appears to go down a spur map reference 581179 approximately).

Well, we carried on our merry way to find we were following not a tramping track but a very open animal track which stopped in heavy bush, just as the cloud came down to make compass navigation awkward. After some discussion over the map and how accurate it wasn't, we thought we knew where we were and dropped into a saddle, hoping to pick up another track.

After a short bash through thick fern and scrub, we dropped into a creek just below the saddle, climbed up the other side about 20 metres and hit the track. From here it was a short climb to the top of a steep spur which we followed down to above the Mangatera and then along the well-marked track to Colenso Hut (4½ hours from Iron Bark).

Big mosquitoes appreciated our efforts in getting to the hut (four bunks) where we spent a comfortable night. Doug amazed us with a pile of sausages and a billy full of eggs and it was the pleasant sound of sizzling which made myself and maybe one or two others think twice about bringing dehydrate food on the next trip.

Sunday morning was fine but damp from the night's rain. The hut door was closed at 8 a.m. and we tramped off down a side track to visit the lake. Beautiful. Worth a visit anytime.

Somewhat reluctantly, we left this idyllic spot and returned to the steep spur we had dropped down the previous afternoon, where we came across a marked track which corresponded roughly with the map track above the Mangatera. This we followed to see where we had gone wrong the day before, and as it started to climb, so conversation began to centre on 'the blue plastic bottle'.....

"Curses! We ignored that! (Oooh, you silly lads !!!)

We wandered back along the familiar track and dropped down to Iron Bark again for another spell in the sunshine. Buckets of refresh later, we decided to move up the Maropea River to the swingbridge and maybe meet Wendy's group on the way.

Just over half an hour later we came to the bridge and no sign of the others. It was fairly obvious this river would be hard going in high water. About 30 metres upstream from the bridge the track climbs up to the Mokai Patea Range. (This

track is in better condition than the one we used down to Iron Bark from Trig Check C.)

We arrived back at Mokai Station at 3.30 with a few mushrooms, wet socks and smiles from a great trip.

Next time, Doug, make room in the frypan for another 30 sausages.

No. in party: 6

Leader: Dave Perry

Allan Holden, Doug Bennett, Graham Bailey, David Harrington, Paul Wolstenholme.

Footnote: Farmland must be crossed at the moment to go into Mokai Hut. (A public track should be put in within a year.) The farmer is Mr Bruce Corp, phone 741 Cheltenham.

### Operation Peach Rescue

11 March

Have you ever looked after a crop for twelve months and then lost it through bad weather? Well, that is what Golden Queen growing is all about.

Wednesday: I start organising pickers. Some members responded to my appeal.

Thursday: I need more pickers.

Friday: I'd better place an advertisement in the paper. I need about 30 pickers for Saturday to make an impression.

Friday night: Everything is alright and organised except the weather. Persistent rain is forecast - lovely!

Saturday: It rains all day. No pickers. Peaches are getting riper and dropping. What is a man to do?

Ah, the tramping club has organised a trip for Sunday, with the prospect of a wet trip. I wonder if they would mind getting wet in my orchard picking peaches instead? I put it to our Club Captain, tell him my troubles.

Sunday morning: Dry but overcast and 19 club members turn up. What a welcome sight. They pick 19 bins of peaches - 19 bins less which can drop on the ground.

It was not only the peaches they picked but the fact that 19 members turned up to help another member that made me feel proud to belong to the H.T.C. Not only proud but grateful and humble at the same time. Thaa.....nks!!!

Phil Bayens.

Peter Berry, John Jones, Dave Wilkins, Les Hanger, Janet Brown, Geoff Robinson, Russell and Joanne Perry, Dyan Coombes, Chris Melody, Ross Berry, Delia Findlay, Chris Jones, Glenn Armstrong, Greg Jenks, Joan Wilson, Mary Madore, Luke Holmes, Graham Bailey.

No. 1160 (a)

Pohangina, Leon Kinvig,  
Makaretu, Awatere Huts

24-25 March

Not being renowned for our early starts, (no Ferrys on this trip either) the tramping club truck travelled south in the careful hands of Geoff about half an hour behind schedule. Not to worry, that's why we had a 5.30 start so we could get away at 6 a.m.



Destination was the Ngamoko roadend but due to large amounts of rain during the week, river travel was out of the question, so Pohangina Saddle became a feasible alternative. Highway 50 couldn't be travelled on in parts so, after some crisscrossing of roads and heading in a direction away from the ranges, we managed to reach Moorcock Base, thanks to Geoff's good driving!

The day was surprisingly hot and the less said about the climb to Pohangina Saddle Hut, the better. Lunch was consumed at the new Pohangina Saddle Hut which is situated about  $\frac{1}{4}$  of a mile south of the old Pohangina Saddle Hut, sometimes referred to as Tin Hut. With the proposed trip being put by the wayside with the size of the rivers, new plans had to be made. Geoff's party decided to stay at Pohangina while my party thought we should at least go to Makaretu Hut and see what the rivers were like.

Just past Rocky Point on the range heading south, we caught a glimpse of the Pohangina River which was only 3-400' below. The river looked as if it was only up a little bit so the decision to drop down into it and travel to Leon Kinvig Hut for the night was made. The river was quite warm and, coupled with some pleasant scenery, the trip down to the hut couldn't have gone better, even though it was just on dark when the last ones arrived.

The next day brought fine weather and the prospect of some leatherwood bashing. The idea was to climb from the Pohangina River at map reference 546784 N145 onto the Ruahine Range at a point south of Te Pohatu. This map reference is where a creek runs into the river. It provided quite good access to the tops but it forks. We took the true left hand fork when instead the true right hand fork should be taken when travelling up. A bit of traversing had to be done to get onto some shingle fans at the head of the true right fork. These gave good clean going and then it was only 50 yards of bushbashing to reach the track going down to Makaretu Hut, where we had lunch.

Lunch consumed, we headed in the direction of Happy Daze Hut which is at the junction of the north and south branches of the Makaretu River. Once there, we headed up the north branch until we came to Awatere Hut. Good time was made over this long distance with only one bod injuring himself in the process. From Awatere Hut out various times were made with most people feeling as though they had accomplished something worthwhile for the weekend.

A good trip with good company which made for another satisfying trip into the hills.

No. in party: 13

Leader: Dave Wilkins

Allan Holden, Doug Bennett, Greg Jenks, Mary Madore, Terry Cameron, David Harrington, Murray Ball, Paul Wolstenholme, Peter Berry, John Jones, Cliff Epplett, Chris White.

Interesting thought:

Any car will last a lifetime if you drive it fast enough .

1160 (b)

Pohangina Saddle, Awatere Huts

Having all arrived at the new Pohangina Saddle Hut and had lunch, the main party moved off along the tops, leaving the six of us to enjoy the view and the company of two Waipukurau hunters and their three hard case sons. In the afternoon we went for a stroll over to the old hut and had a look round. A pleasant evening was spent playing cards and jawing with the hunters. The new hut leaves a lot to be desired, having only four squeaky bunks and a lot of waste space being built in the shape of an 'A' frame but with upright internal walls. It does have a good modern enamel wood stove.

Next morning the hunters were away early and by 8.30 we were away also. With the wind very strong on the tops we took the hunters' advice and dropped off down the ridge but not before attempting the wrong one and having to fight our way out of really thick leatherwood and scrub. Our ridge still involved quite a bit of bush bashing till we finally dropped into the stream and made our way down to Awatere Hut, where three hunters from Wellington were in residence. After joining them for lunch, we again crossed the stream, which showed the damage caused by the previous week's heavy rain, and climbed the ridge opposite the hut in brilliant sunshine. Then along the tops to the four wheel drive track which led back to the truck at Moorcock Forestry Camp.

No. in party: 6

Leader: Geoff Robinson

Luke Holmes, Geoff Holmes, Karen McBride, Karen Lancaster, Wendy MacWhirter.

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NEWSPAPER PUBLICITY

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

ANZAC DAY POPPIES

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

MEETING DATES

Dates for meetings for the next few months are:

2nd	May	11th	July
16th	May	25th	July
30th	May	8th	August
13th	June	22nd	August
27th	June	5th	September

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SNOWBLINDNESS (from 'Health')

Snowblindness caused by sunburn of the eyes is both painful and preventable. Everyone venturing onto snow slopes to ski, climb or just to play should be aware of snowblindness and prevent it; but first, what is it?

Our eyes, just like our skin, are sensitive to ultra-violet light; the higher we go, the stronger this light becomes and even through hazy cloud, the combination of direct and reflected light from snow and ice is sufficient to burn unprotected eyes. Some 6-12 hrs after exposure there will be swelling of conjunctivae (the delicate membrane lining the eyelids), blistering of the cornea (the transparent forepart of the external coat of the eye through which the light passes) and reduction of sight; the mild irritation and dryness giving way to tears, redness, a feeling like sand in the eyes, swelling of eyelids, and above all, pain. Snowblindness is extremely painful and the inability to see is frightening and may be serious.

The best treatment for snowblindness is to close your eyes; the condition will be healed in a day or two and no permanent damage should occur.

The use of anaesthetic drops is fraught with hazard - misuse of the drops often results in serious permanent damage to the eyes. No damage ever results from untreated snowblindness.

It is essential and simple to protect eyes from this ultra-violet light; dark glasses or preferably goggles with sides and bottom pieces to protect from the reflected light, are all we need. Some glasses sold are just not good enough because they let the ultra-violet light in around the sides of the lenses. Ask and make sure that the glasses or goggles you buy are satisfactory.

Protect your eye; no one is caught by snowblindness twice.



### CLUB CAPTAINCY CHANGES HANDS

Two and a half years as Club Captain of our tramping club has been one of my most continually rewarding experiences thus far. I have endeavoured to put myself fully to the task and this commitment has been endlessly repaid in friendship, loyalty, honest debate and unerring co-operation. Like those words? You deserve them.

I truly regret my being unable to further fulfil this role. My ankle injury has kept me out of action for three months now, and it's not improving. And I'm missing my hills and mates! (I'll say! Ed.)

But I'm mightily pleased that Randall Goldfinch has picked up the reins. A good man. Give him the same support you showed me and you'll find a better one emerges.

Many thanks and happy tramping.

Best wishes, Club Captain.

Russell Perry

### SOCIAL NEWS

Marriage      Congratulations to Bruce and Denise Perry.  
Present address: Flat 3,  
505 Featherston St,  
Palmerston North.  
Phone 71426.

Engagement      Congratulations to Trevor Plowman and Jeanette Watson.

Moves            Carol Climo to Nelson (and a broken arm)  
Beth Curtis to a cooking job up the East Coast  
Debby Bayens to the B.N.Z. Wellington

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### NEW MEMBERS

We would like to welcome the following members to the club:  
Terry Cameron  
Luke Holmes.

### SUBS ARE STILL DUE

Subs are due from October 1st and Jackie tells me that to date only about half of them have been paid. If you find an account with your Pohokura, please pay promptly.

### APOLOGY - ERROR IN POHOKURA

On p. 8 of the December issue of the Pohokura there is an error: Vice presidents elected at the last Annual General Meeting were Messrs T. Plowman, G. Thorp and M. Taylor. My apologies to Maurie for his omission.

PRIVATE TRIPS

South Island Manoeuvres

Winter 1978

Most of our trips to Anthurs Pass were washed out by West Coast rain but late in July, John Jones and myself managed to climb a gully on Mt Temple in the midst of a snowstorm and when the weather finally cleared, tramped up the Waimakariri and Crow Rivers to Crow Hut beneath Mt Rolleston.

In September, while instructing on an outdoor education snowcraft course, I soloed Temple Buttress and the next day, teamed up with Tony Connell (some of you might remember Tony from our '77/'78 South Island trip) and climbed Rome Ridge of Rolleston which is quite spectacular in winter conditions.

Summer

With Tony again I flew from Greymouth to Mt Cook in December and together with his flatmate, Roger Paton, made a crossing of Copeland Pass out to Fox Glacier. I was suffering from the 'flu at the time, so Welcome Flat hot pools turned out to be exactly that.

Just before Christmas Tony and I returned to the West Matukituki. Christmas Day found us atop Mt Avalanche after having climbed the mountain by its southwest face. A perfect day. Mt Tyndall is a high but easy mountain, as well as being a grandstand viewpoint and we climbed it as a fitness test from Aspiring Hut two days later.

I hitched up to Mt Cook for a New Year rage and snatched an ascent of the Footstool in early January during a short break in the almost continuous foul weather which persisted right into February. However, most of my time was spent either hut bashing or propping up the tavern bar. An attempt on Sefton early in February with Pete Boomen (alias 'the Grub') ended when we both got thoroughly soaked in a bivvy at 6,500' on the east face.

Back on Copeland Pass two days later with Kevin Conaglen and John Gamlen, we traversed the Main Divide over four peaks to Baker Saddle and down to Gardiner Hut. Hughie kept smiling and allowed us to make a Grand Traverse of Mt Cook over to Plateau Hut a day later.

The most exciting thing for me this summer was a new direct route on the south face of Mt Dixon that I was lucky enough to put up with Al Cutler. The climb involved the hardest technical climbing I have done so far. Some time later, four days of perfect weather enabled me to make a direct ascent of Mt Sefton's east face (my fourth attempt) with Guy Cotter and Russell Montgomery. Climbing this 8,000' face included two bivvies, the second on descent, and the round trip return to the village via Copeland Pass took three days.

I rounded the summer off with a trip over the Copeland with Peter to Fox. Torrential rain held us up for three days in the same storm what caused the major flooding and washouts at Fox and Franz Josef early in March.

Murray Ball.

The Highest Mile

(Grand Traverse of Mt Cook)

A good freeze, good route finding through the Empress Shelf and a 2 a.m. start see the team high on the Wdst Ridge by 7 a.m. even though an hour is lost negotiating a granddaddy schrund which is barring access to the ridge and the start of the rock. The rock is very clean, enabling us to move together almost continuously, except for one short steep rotten section, to a wicked looking ice lead at about 11,000'. After the usual struggle with crampons and frozen fingers, I turn to find John and Kevin tying off to a belay sling.

"Your lead," says Kevin, looking pretty smug as he hands me the gear sling. A short traverse on front points, doubek in, then go! The ice is steep and hard, the colour of faded denim. After another pitch, the gradient eases and we crampon together the final 500' to the Low Peak. What a blast. the slender summit ridge curves away in a gentle dogleg to the Middle and High Peaks, a mile and a quarter distant. Beneath us, sweet Caroline sweeps away for 8,000' ending in a chaotic jumble of seracs and avalanche debris.

Time is pressing and we begin the traverse. A short section of rock then hard, hard ice. Four hours of total concentration see us top the High Peak and collapse in the 'summit hotel' for much needed munchies and vitafresh. A short stop for photos and we must be on our way.

Plateau Hut is a tiny orange dot 5,000' below us as we inch along the summit arete and scramble down the summit rocks. Two pitches of steep ice to the Linda Shelf and the difficult climbing is over. A quick sprint through the gunbarrel with its forever active icecliffs poised above, and we are down, weaving through the lower icefall and out across the plateau to be greeted by friends with a steaming brew at the hut. M.B.

Murray Ball, Kevin Conaglen, John Gamlen.

Dixon, South Face, Direct

Two days rest and recreation at Plateau and I'm ready for more. John and Kevin have to leave so I team up with Al Cutler.

Two pitches of 70°+ water ice is a hell of a way to start a climb but the gradient relents soon after and we front point up to the rockband which virtually bisects the face halfway up. It looks hard. I cunningly tie off to a piton and award Alan the dubious honour of leading. The rock is badly iced and twenty minutes pass before I hear Alan's cry of "Safe". I clean the pitch and lead through on thin ice, front points scraping on the rock. Four more ropelengths of very delicate climbing find us just below the crux: fifty feet of ice cliff.

Alan runs out of steam and runners 30' up on desperate 80°+ ice and brings me up on a hanging belay. There is now 20' of vertical between us and the top of the cliff but to our right the gradient seems slightly less. I climb up a few feet and put in a doubek. Tensioning off this, I traverse right on steep ice. Another runner, a few more feet of gasping, strength-

draining desperate vertical and I'm over. I bring Alan up and after two more ropelengths the ice turns to easy snow and we pigeon-hole to the summit.

It was our hardest climb to date for both of us and a new route on top of that, so if our egos swelled a little - so what? It was a great climb.

Murray Ball

Rees-Dart Rivers

25 December-8 January

I had heard some rumours about a South Island trip coming up, but paid little attention, until Geoff rang me and asked me to join them. Two meetings were held at Geoff's place to organise money, food, gear, tickets and transport.

25 December - Seven bods arrived at Geoff's at about 12.15pm and we departed by Landrover and Viva soon after. Frank was missing as he had to stay home for Christmas. It was a fairly uneventful trip to Wellington and we arrived at the Ferry Terminal at 4.45p.m. All aboard the now luxurious "Aranui" for the 6.40 p.m. to Picton. Calm crossing and arrived in Picton at 11 p.m. First stop, Burger Bar. Slept the night under canvas at the Waikawa Bay launching ramp.

December 26, 27, 28 - Back into Picton to wait for Frank's arrival at 1.20. He eventually arrived and we headed for Queenstown via Nelson, Reefton, Greymouth and Wanaka. We stayed nights in the Buller Gorge and at Franz Josef. While up at the Franz Josef Glacier we watched a man being rescued by the Park staff from the rock face beside the footbridge. Talked to some keas in the Haast Pass and arrived at Queenstown at 5.15 p.m. on the 28th to spend the night in the Motor Camp.

December 29 - Away early to shop for supplies then we departed for the Rees River, stopping briefly at Glenorchy Park H.Q. Eventually we had Clive's Viva at Paradise and Geoff's Landrover and eight bods up the Rees Road. We left the vehicle at 3 p.m. and headed up the four wheel drive track to 25 Mile Hut. Full, and it's now raining. We crossed the river and headed up the true right bank until we came across an enormous overhanging rock which provided enough shelter for a good night's sleep.

December 30 - We spent about an hour trying to find a place suitable for river crossing and finally succeeded after the river won a gaiter from Geoff. Continuing up the four wheel drive track to the swing bridge, we passed Clarke's Slip and arrived at Shelter Rock Hut at 2.45. We camped beside the Rees River  $\frac{3}{4}$  of an hour above the hut.

December 31 - Leaving the campsite at 8 a.m., we continued up the track towards the Rees Saddle, arriving on top in cold conditions at 10.30. Chris, Colleen and Dave headed off up Mt Cunningham but the rest of us continued on down the track to Dart Hut. Another derelict shack - full.

January 1 - Fresh snow appeared on the tops overnight. We had a day trip up to the base of the Dart Glacier and Dave and Chris continued on up to Cascade Saddle amid very cold wind and occasional showers.

January 2 - It was raining as we left Dart Hut at 7.55 and continued almost non-stop (apart from where the track disappeared) to Daley's Flat Hut (20 bunk), arriving at 2.15, after a fantastic thunder and lightning display as we crossed Cattle Flat. It is 22 km between Dart and Daley's Huts.

January 3 - We left Daley's at 10.15 and endured a long boring 26 km hike out to Paradise, arriving at the Viva at 6 p.m. Clive and Geoff then went round to the Rees to collect the Landrover and we camped at Glenorchy.

January 4 - Shopping in Queenstown, a visit to the Motor Museum and a ride up the gondola before we left Queenstown in mid afternoon, heading for Christchurch via Pukaki and Fairlie. We slept in a barn just out of Geraldine that night.

January 5 - We continued on towards Christchurch and Alp Sports and most of us also visited Coberger. Then on to Kaikoura for the night.

January 6, 7, 8 - Through Blenheim to the Nelson Lakes and on to Nelson where we attended the Maadi Gras. Then to Motueka and Kaiteriteri Beach for lunch and a swim before we headed back towards Picton, where we sailed at 12.20 the next day. It was a moderately rough crossing due to a 50 knot wind in Cook Strait. We arrived back in Hastings at 8.45 p.m.

Thanks to Geoff for the organisation and the use of the Landrover and also to Clive for the Viva. R.B.

Geoff Robinson, Clive Thurston, Cliff Epplert, Dave Wilkins, Colleen O'Malley, Chris Melody, Ross Berry.

### Makino - Middle Hill

11 March

We left Napier at 7 a.m. as arranged the previous day and duly arrived at the ford across the Makahu River. After checking the depth carefully, we proceeded to drive into the middle of the stream from where we had to be towed out. After much drying of the electrical system and diagnosis of resultant faults, we arrived at the haybarn just in time to hitch a ride with a passing jeep to Pink's Hut.

Amidst continuing fine but cloudy weather, we proceeded toward Makino, noting the onset of autumn. Taking the well-marked turning 20 minutes before Makino, we continued along the track to Middle Hill Hut, marked '3½ hours geriatrics pace'. After lunch we began our return, admiring the flora and fauna as the clouds descended and mild drizzle began. Not wanting to stop long, we moved quickly on the downhill run to the road, arriving back at the car about 4.30p.m. Enjoyment of the trip was unanimous.

A.T.H.

Allan Holden, Wendy Thorn, Paul Wolstenholme.

Another interesting thought:

It is exercise alone that supports the spirits and keeps the mind in vigour.



Huxley Holiday

8-23 December

On Friday December 8 four of us waited at Baileys for the cloudburst to ease before boarding Graham's overladen car and heading south. This seemed to be an omen for the rest of the trip. Mr and Mrs Holden provided very comfortable lodgings that night in Wellington and on Saturday morning we crossed to Picton and drove to Christchurch. We still had a few hours for a look at Castle Rock - Christchurch's rock climbing training crag. That night and the next were spent on the floor of a friend's flat - much appreciated.

Sunday had been set aside for Castle Rock and several hours were spent climbing in windy conditions (not good enough for the locals) before the rain came.

Monday morning dawned wet as ever but we descended upon the shops in Christchurch that supply all the good gear. Lots of dollars disappeared from pockets and cheque books before we decided we could stand it no longer. We wheeled into Twizel about 5 p.m. and somehow dinner mysteriously appeared when we visited friends of Graham. After leaving Twizel we drove up beside Lake Ohau and up the Hopkins Valley to Monument Hut where the South Island member of the party (Rob) was waiting.

Next day, Tuesday, the decisions on where we were going, what we were going to climb and how much food to take took some time and we didn't leave the hut until about 10.30. Something had to be wrong - those packs were too heavy. We carried them regardless to Huxley Forks where we off-loaded a little food before continuing to Broderick Hut.

2.30 a.m. two of us woke - raining.

4.00 a.m. the alarm went off - still raining.

By 8 or 9 a.m. the rain had eased up so we decided to go up to Broderick Pass and maybe go further from there. Russell left his snow goggles behind so we had a long lunch on the pass while he caught us up. By the time he arrived it was snowing so we headed down. Mick (from Pongolia) had arrived at the hut so we were now six in number.

Thursday at 4 a.m. the alarm went off again. This time the weather was fine and we left the hut about 5.30 and in two hours we were above Broderick Pass and the cloud had come in. By 8 a.m. light snow was falling. We continued our way up Mt Strauchon (7,500') but the snow soon turned to a blizzard and we retreated. Our footsteps were covered in snow so route-finding was something of a problem. As we came down off the pass the sun came out again - just as it had the day before. Hot soup and a rest were enjoyed by all before we ambled down to Huxley forks for that night's tea.

The fresh snow on the tops meant there was no point in trying to climb on Friday so some settled for a stroll up the South Huxley while the others had a look at a ridge onto Boanerges.

The alarm was set for 4 a.m. Saturday but no-one in the smaller hut (there are two at Huxley Forks) heard it. I find that very hard to believe. We finally left at 8 a.m. to try to

climb Boanerges (7,200') but we were too late. Slush avalanches were coming off the whole time and when one rushed past Graham's feet it was time to retreat. Back to Monument Hut for tea and cold beers.

Sunday was fine and warm and nobody felt like doing much. It was agreed we would spend the morning being lazy at Monument and then amble up to Huxley Forks in the afternoon. The aim of the rest of the trip was to climb Mt Huxley (8,200'). On Monday we travelled up the South Huxley valley in the hot sun and camped near the base of Mt Huxley. Tuesday it rained nearly all day so we read books and played draughts on Glenn's karrimat with yellow and not-yellow lollies.

Wednesday morning 4 a.m. - raining; but by 7.30 it had cleared. "We'll give it a go." The snow was terrible after all the rain and the rock is pretty broken but three of us were on the summit at 1.20. It even stayed fine while we were there, affording some incredible views. We continued down the other side of the summit, traversing Huxley's northern ridge so that we could drop into the valley further up. The route was over intermittent soft snow and loose rock. Our return to camp was delayed by Russell spraining his ankle badly before the final descent but we still had tea just before dark.

Thursday - rain. We were going out anyway but it just made it that much less pleasant. The sprained ankle meant a long lunch at Huxley Forks for all but Russell before carrying on to Monument Hut. The next day was very long - I got home in Wellington about 10.30 p.m. and the others arrived in Hastings at something like 3 a.m.

A trip we all enjoyed and which changed our attitudes to weather and mountains.

A.T.H.

Russell Perry, Glenn Armstrong, Graham Bailey, Allan Holden, Rob Powell, Mick Hopkinson.

### Girls in the Huxley

I travelled down to Twizel independently of the boys but joined them at Castle Rock in Christchurch. We all spent the first night at Monument Hut and, once the boys had staggered off under their mammoth loads, our girls' party of two set off in a more leisurely fashion for ten days of pure luxury tramping in the Huxley and Hopkins valleys.

This is a superb piece of country. The clear, cold rivers flow through beautiful wide valleys, carpeted with long, soft golden-yellow grasses. Bird and insect life is varied and abundant, as are the flowers. Every step we took through the grass raised a cloud of tiny moths, a phenomenon which never ceased to fascinate me as I speculated on how many of these delicate little creatures must inhabit the valley.

The decor of the valley walls consists of the rich dark green of the tall, open South Island beech forest, giving way to impressive grey rock faces and crags, and splendidly capped with snow and ice peaks, rising to an average height of about 8,000'.

The huts are all very comfortable and pleasant. It was in this wonderland that we spent our ten days. The weather was not always good, but the company was good enough for that not to matter. For the first five days we remained with the boys' party as the weather conditions hampered their lofty aspirations somewhat, but after returning to Monument Hut to pick up fresh supplies, our party, now numbering five, set off to explore the Hopkins Valley, while the boys went to conquer Huxley.

A quick reconnaissance trip without a pack to see what the boys were up to on the last day brought me up to Huxley Forks Hut in time to meet our wounded warrior emerging from the bush. I bravely shouldered Russell's pack (just putting it on nearly broke me in half, even though the other boys had half his gear) and offered what moral support I could for the last four arduous hours of the painful, rain-soaked, bone-chilling epic trip.

Joan Wilson.

### Huxley

Might, giant hewn  
Etched savagely of time, wind, water.  
Dawn glows on snow mantle.  
Still.

Strength, tempered.  
High sides ripple in wind sped tussock  
Boulder scree small brightened in  
Buttercup.

Melt silver, clear  
Liquid ice spills, sparkles leaping in  
Cascade mirrors of  
Mountain  
Splitting rude paths through  
Valley deep beech and grassed shoulders.  
White thunder made emerald among mossed walls,  
Still late by calm  
Ohau.

Dawn.  
Dew diamonds.  
Shrouded sylphs weave wreaths over the giant.  
Last rains quieten yesterday's  
Summit joy.  
Food uneaten, uninviting  
Now joins nylon brightness in damp packs.  
Laces tightened for this last leaving.  
Faerie garlands of mist part,  
Reveal -  
Close again.  
Fulfilled.

Feet turn silently  
Porters to minds at peace  
Down valley  
Wiser in mountain  
Lighter for the part left there  
Huxley.

R.O.P.

Tararua Miniature

3-4 March

A 'North Island Meet' of all the present North Island members of the university club to which Allan and I had belonged at Canterbury was the excuse for a jaunt to the Tararuas in the first weekend of March. Wendy, Allan and I left Hastings after work on Friday, while two other friends made their way up from Wellington. We all met at the home of a couple in Masterton and had a very happy reunion.

We emerged enthusiastically from our sleeping bags on a beautifully fine Saturday morning, and after being filled with a huge cooked breakfast, we headed for the Tararuas, which rose so enticingly on the horizon.

After having taken considerable trouble to locate the landowner concerned (a Mr Perry!) who turned out to be completely indifferent to our proposal, we tramped off up the eastern bank of the Waingawa River. The water was beautiful - so clear that stones on the bottom could be distinguished from the track high above, and many deep, inviting swimming holes beckoned us as we went.

Three and a half very pleasant hours' tramping brought us out onto Mitre Flats. Unfortunately one of our party had suffered a sprained ankle on the way, so after a leisurely lunch in the sun, only three went on to attack Mitre itself.

Although the weather was sunny at Mitre Flats, thick cloud was being driven at a furious pace across the tops and the force of the wind was such that it seemed unlikely that we would be able to stand on the top of Mitre. However, Allan, Wendy and Derek set off with high hopes of conquering the mountain.

But on emerging from the bushline, even their robust ambitions were killed by the meteorological inclemency they experienced and a hasty retreat was necessitated - but not before the virtues of the view out over Masterton had been discovered.

Meanwhile, back at Mitre Flats, the remaining two of the party had chosen a homestead and were beginning to prepare a delicious meal in the kitchen, which was sheltered from the wind by surrounding bush. When the others came back from Mitre they set up a fly camp in the bedroom which was carpeted with beautiful soft long fluffy grass.

A truly magnificent meal was concocted from everybody's contributions (would you believe Christmas pudding and custard for dessert?). Then we snuggled into our pits and, under our wildly flapping nylon roof, prepared for the longest night of our lives - it was the changeover from daylight saving that made matters worse.

Zero sleep was had by some, especially those at the end of the fly which blew loose. As the roar of the wind was heard coming down the mountain it seemed inevitable that our fragile shelter would be ripped away. Wind-driven dust, and later rain, added to our misery. After 11 hours of it we had had enough, and were keen to get up and retreat to the relative shelter of our kitchen. Breakfast was eaten in some haste and soon after 7 a.m. we started on the way back, as the weather looked most

inhospitable, and we were unsure how our sprained ankle victim would cope.

The weather improved steadily as we returned to more open country and we were back in town by lunchtime. However a 'swim with soap' in one of those enticing swimming holes was excruciatingly cool and therefore very short.

This is a very pleasant area, well worth visiting.

J.W.

Joan Wilson, Allan Holden, Wendy Thorn, and friends.

#### Howletts Hut Private Working Trip 20-21 February

Arriving at Mill Farm by 5.50 p.m. was amazing but to tramp into Howletts Hut by 9.15 on Friday night was incredible. After a brew we jumped into our pits to await the dawn.

To our pleasure the morning was fine and sunny with low cloud down over the plains to the east. Graham and Allan started opening the wall cladding up at the hut corners, enabling timber piles to be positioned at both ends of the hut. The northern end was done first, then at the southern end the chimney and fireplace were removed before proceeding with foundations.

Luke made a great job of cooking for us, enabling much longer hours of work for the rest of us. Saturday afternoon was cooler with cloud but no wind, Sunday was clear with really hot sun.

Foundations at the southern end were improved with sheet metal and rocks for drainage. A ladder was built for future work on the roof and general cleaning up done. By approximately 2 p.m. we left for Mill Farm, arriving in  $2\frac{3}{4}$  hours.

R.G.

Allan Holden, Graham Bailey, Luke Holmes, Randall Goldfinch.

#### Footnote

The renovation of Howletts Hut is nearing completion. All the construction work, with the exception of a second window to be fitted at a later stage, is now done, including preparations for the installation of the stove. As far as can be ascertained from various rumours, the stove has been delivered up at Howletts.

The painting of the interior is mostly done, and the bench has been covered by very elegant sheets of aluminium. Door handles, and a ladder leading up to 'the loft' add the finishing touches of luxury. A new bog has been established (and christened).

Major works outstanding now are the installation of the stove, finishing the interior and exterior paintwork, laying shingle around the side and entrance where it gets very muddy and carrying up the goodies for the opening celebrations.

Joan Wilson.

IN BALANCE WITH NATURE

by John Carew

In the Beginning  
There was Earth; beautiful and wild;  
And then man came to dwell.  
At first, he lived like other animals  
Feeding himself on creatures and plants around him.  
And this was called IN BALANCE WITH NATURE.

Soon man multiplied.  
He grew tired of ceaseless hunting for food;  
He built homes and villages.  
Wild plants and animals were domesticated.  
Some men became Farmers so that others might become  
Industrialists, Artists, or Doctors.  
And this was called Society.

Man and Society progressed.  
With his God-given ingenuity, man learned to feed, clothe, protect,  
and transport himself more efficiently so he might enjoy  
Life.  
He built cars, houses on top of each other, and nylon.  
And Life was more enjoyable.

The men called Farmers became efficient.  
A single Farmer grew food for 28 Industrialists, Artists, and  
Doctors. And Writers, Engineers, and Teachers as well.  
To protect his crops and animals, the Farmer produced substances  
to repel or destroy Insects, Diseases, and Weeds.  
These were called Medicine.  
The Age of Science had arrived and with it came better diet and  
longer, happier lives for more members of Society.

Soon it came to pass  
That certain well-fed members of Society  
Disapproved of the Farmer using Science.  
They spoke harshly of his techniques for feeding, protecting and  
preserving plants and animals.  
They deplored his upsetting the Balance of Nature;  
They longed for the Good Old Days.  
And this had emotional appeal to the rest of Society.  
By this time Farmers had become so efficient, Society gave them  
a new title:  
Unimportant Minority.

Because Society could not ever imagine a shortage of food  
Laws were passed abolishing Pesticides, Fertilizers, and Food  
Preservatives.

Insects, Diseases, and Weeds flourished.  
Crops and animals died.  
Food became scarce,  
To survive, Industrialists, Artists, and Doctors were forced to  
grow their own food.

They were not very efficient.  
People and governments fought wars to gain more agricultural land.  
Millions of people were exterminated.  
The remaining few lived like animals.  
Feeding themselves on creatures and plants around them.  
And this was called IN BALANCE WITH NATURE.

### BUSHCRAFTINESS

The advice that follows, despite a possible grain of truth in it, should not be taken too seriously.

Let's consider equipment. The experts will tell you that in buying a pack you should select one large enough to carry all you'll ever need. Sounds good advice, but in practice you'll find that if you do get a big pack you'll carry far more than you need. What is worse, if you leave any room in it you'll finish up carrying the tent, the axe and everybody else's gear as well. It's better to have a moderate sized pack and scrounge what you haven't got. If someone gives you awkward things like billies and frying pans to carry, just tie them on the outside and let them clang together. Before long some sensitive type will offer to take them off you again.

The ice axe is another piece of equipment about which the experts often lead you astray. They'll tell you to choose one which is suitable for mountaineering. Wrong again; mountaineering is only a minor consideration. First choose an ice axe large enough and fierce enough to impress the tourists. Then consider its more normal uses. I have counted over thirty of these, but a few are: as a walking stick; as a prop when fording rivers; for spearing eels; for digging for gold; for ensuring a clear passage onto crowded railway carriages.

So far as ordinary axes are concerned, look for one with a sawtoothed blade - if ever you lend it, that's the way it will finish up anyway. Now for gear in general. The experts say you should be fully equipped before you leave home. That may be alright for the new-chum, but the old hand accumulates his gear as he goes. There's an old saying: 'First up, best dressed.' And another: 'If he leaves it lying around, he doesn't want it.' So if you are a new-chum take warning, and label your belongings with letters six inches high. And don't drape your wet socks in front of the fire to dry while some bloke's trying to do the cooking; before long they won't be in front of the fire, they'll be in it. Accidentally of course.



And now here are some tips to help the new-chum from being imposed upon out in the bush. If you're with a party heading for a bush hut, crack on the pace at the last moment and get there first. That way you can grab the best bunk or sleeping place. Don't worry if the weaker or more senior people complain - they're only being selfish. And don't feel guilty if the girls have to sleep on the hard floor. As soon as you've staked your claim to a bunk, whip off your boots. If you get them off before everybody else you can't be expected to go out again to fetch water or firewood. When it's time to light the fire keep well out of the way. If you do get caught, throw an armful of damp rubbishy wood in a heap, toss a match at it, and fan it vigorously with your plate until you blow it out again. Go for smoke - lots of it - not flames. After a time stand up holding the middle of your back, and say loudly: "I can't get the darn thing to burn!" Ten to one an expert will step forward. These blokes just can't resist showing how good they are. Don't ever discourage them.

But the worst job you can ever have thrust on you is cooking. Here's how to dodge it. If it's dinner, then you'll usually find that the menu says stew. First collect the meat. Don't worry if it's maggoty: maggots when properly cooked look like rice. Chop the meat up into small lumps - say four inches square. Roll these lumps in a mixture of wood ash and beech leaves. Add a few deer pellets. Next pop in the potatoes and other vegetables. Don't bother about washing or peeling them. If anyone complains, point out that all the goodness is right under the skins. As for the odd lump of soil, everyone in his lifetime has to eat a peck of dirt so he might as well get done with it.

Pour into the billy a pound or two of salt and hang the billy over a roaring fire. There's no need to watch it all the time as some people do. You'll know when it's cooked: the steam turns to smoke. Now comes the master stroke. Serve it out. When your comrades have nearly finished eating it, dig into the bottom of the billy - and pull out a sock. To make sure everyone sees it, say in a loud voice: "Well! Look what I've found in the stew! One of my socks!" In the uncanny silence, add "I suppose I'm lucky it wasn't one of my clean ones!" I doubt whether you'll ever again be asked to do the cooking. In fact I suspect that you'll never again be asked out at all. So all your problems are over.

From Taumarunui Tramping Club.

- - - - -

Now for some sensible, even essential advice. Take note.

#### WHAT IS STORM GEAR?

Storm gear is: 1. A full inner layer or layer of heat insulation i.e. wool socks, wool trousers, wool jersey, wool balaclava and wool mittens. 2. A full outer layer of wind and water proofs i.e. parka with hood, overtrousers, over mittens and boots.

Note: If a trip requires storm gear there must be NO compromise.



### 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 10 p.m., 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 that the leader leaves in town includes their phone number. For enquiries about OVERDUE PARTIES please contact one of the following:

BERRY 777-223

PLOWMAN 54-303

THORP 434-238

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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 798221

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

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

#### APRIL

22 S.E. Ruahine  
Tamaki River Basin, onto divide, down to Stanfield Hut and out.  
N 145 Leaders: Mary Madore  
Chris Jones

#### MAY

5-6 Whirinaki State Forest  
Lots of scope for exploration, caves, derelicts.  
N 104 Leaders: Graham Bailey  
Allan Holden

20

Southern Kaweka  
The Lizard and Miriroa.  
N 123 Leader: Geoff Robinson

#### JUNE

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

17

Taraponui  
The highest point (4,200') in the Maungaharuru Range in the back of Waikoau.  
N 114 Leaders: Paul Wolstenholme  
Dave Perry.

JUNE/JULY

30-1 Northern Ruahine  
Up Golden Crown to No-mans Hut and Ikawetea Hut.  
N 113 Leaders: Allan Holden  
Clive Thurston

JULY

15 Kaweka  
Into Kaweka Hut, maybe up on tops.  
N 123 Leaders: Dave Wilkins  
Terry Cameron

28-29 Ruahine (or Sawtooth)  
Over Armstrong Saddle and into the Maropea Huts.  
N 140 & N 133 Leaders: Russell Perry  
Clive Thurston

AUGUST

12 Ruahine (or Sawtooth)  
Hinerua Hut into Smiths Creek Hut.  
N 140 Leaders: Randall Goldfinch  
Greg Jenks

25-26 Kaweka  
Through Middle Hill to Ballards Hut, out through  
Makino.  
N 113 & N123 Leaders: Dave Perry  
Dave Wilkins

SEPTEMBER

9 Eastern Ruahine  
Up North Waipawa River to base of 66. May climb.  
N 140 Leader: Russell Perry

22-23 East Kaweka  
Makahu to Back Ridge Bivvy, navigate to Studholmes,  
then out.  
N 123 Leaders: Clive Thurston  
Peter Manning

OCTOBER

7 Kaweka  
Mackintosh to Kaiarahi Creek to Tutaekuri River  
Leader: Greg Jenks

20-22 Kaweka/Kaimanawa Crossing (5 day)  
Umukarikari  
Leaders: Randall Goldfinch  
Les Hanger

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