

HERETAUNGA TRAMPING CLUB (INC)

BOX 447, HASTINGS

'P O H O K U R A'

Bulletin No. 142

August 1979

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CLUB TRIPS

No. 1161      Three Johns, Waikamaka      8th April

It was one of those days near the end of the long, hot summer spell when the days start to close in and you start to sense the onset of the cold, wet winter weather. With these thoughts in mind, 33 members and friends set off for the Waipawa River and Three Johns. The weather looked threatening throughout the trip but surprisingly, it never got any worse all day. At Wakarara we picked up Pam's mother and by 8.50 we were on our way up the Waipawa River.

A short stop was made below Waipawa Chalet for a breather and then on we went towards Waipawa Saddle. By the time we got to within about 500 ft of the saddle it became evident that the weather conditions were too cold to allow all the new members to go up onto Three Johns so we split up into two parties. The fit party (12 bods under Graham Bailey's leadership) went on ahead while the rest of us continued over the saddle into the Waikamaka and on down to Waikamaka Hut. We stopped for lunch and had a look at the shape of the river. Several reports had been received that it was cutting the bank away but it doesn't look much different than it did after the big flood that followed the building of the hut.

The fast party arrived from Three Johns and 69 around 1.30 p.m., just as we were getting ready to leave which took some of the load off the hut. The trip out was uneventful and soon we were enjoying a nice relaxing ride home in the truck.

It was also a pleasant surprise to meet Bruce and Denise Perry up at the Waipawa Saddle on the way in. They had been into Waterfall Creek for a stroll and were just making their way out.

G.R.T.

No. in party: 34 Leader: Graham Thorp

Geoff Robinson, Chris White, Allan Holden, Wendy MacWhirter, Karen Lancaster, Liz Pindar, Peter Linscott, Luke Holmes, Geoff Holmes, Les Hanger, Dyan Coombes, Delia Findlay, Joan Wilson, Chris Hardie, Philip Holland, Graham Bailey, Dave Wilkins, Ross Berry, John Jones, Christine Kitchin, Miles Robertson, Vicki Carlyon, Pam Menzies and Mrs Menzies, Paul Wolstenholme, Clive Thurston, Janet Brown, Rex Bannister, Randall Goldfinch, Nicholas Hay, Peter Berry, Shona McAulay, Michael Boomen.

No. 1162 Egmont National Park Easter 13-16 April

It was about five years ago that the H.T.C. last visited Egmont National Park, and while we had a marvellous trip then, I recall a few headaches as leader when one of our members slipped on the icy snow and narrowly escaped injury.

This time we were going to do as much as possible to reduce the chances of an accident while at the same time deriving the greatest pleasure from our activities within the Park. So, after detailing gear requirements and a final pack inspection before departure, we left in the early hours of Good Friday for the eight hour journey by club truck to North Egmont Chalet.

On arrival at the Camphouse, Hughie greeted us with low cloud and a biting wind. We huddled under the Camphouse verandah to discuss various trips and eventually broke into three groups after considering weather, personal gear and experience.

David Harrington and Graham Bailey were appointed leaders of the two experienced parties, while Geoff Robinson and I accompanied the slower party.

D.C.P.

No. 1162 (a)

Friday 13 At 1500 hrs our party left the truck and plodded up a 4-wheel drive track towards Taurangi Lodge. About half way along this road we turned off down a track towards Waipuku Hut. The track was overgrown but about two feet deep and six inches wide. After dropping down to a stream, up to a ridge, down to a stream, up to a ridge, down to the third stream then up to the next ridge, we finally arrived at Waipuku Hut at 1700 hrs.

Saturday 14 The morning brought us crystal clear weather with a good frost. After struggling out of our pits, we were back on the track within an hour, climbing 2,000 ft towards Taurangi Lodge. After bashing through leatherwood which had overgrown onto the track we finally came out onto the main highway (the Round-the-Mountain Track). We sped along this until we arrived at Taurangi Lodge, which reminded us too much of civilisation so we quickly started off on our 3,000 ft climb to the summit. After climbing for about 20 minutes, Cliff realised that he had left his ice axe back at the lodge. After retrieving that, we carried on up the scoria slope and onto that beautiful snow. At 1500 hrs we finally reached the summit with a fantastic view

all around us, and half an hour later we raced off down the soft snow and down the scoria slope, arriving at Taururangi Lodge at 1700 hrs. We were thinking of spending the night there but just on dark we left the lodge and wandered off down to the truck, arriving there 30 minutes later to spend the night.

Sunday 15 After watching a spectacular sunrise beside Ruapehu, the weather turned to overcast, drizzling conditions as we were packing up and it stayed like that all day. We wandered off down the North Egmont Road to a lookout site where we started following a maze of tracks, and after about an hour, we were on our merry way to Kaiaua Hut. We spent 20 minutes there before wandering off along a good trappers' track to Henry Peak where we had lunch. From there we carried on past Maude Peak, The Hump, Pouikau Range then dropped off down to the Ahukawakawa Swamp and over to Holly Hut. It was a very enjoyable seven hour trip.

Monday 16 Again, the morning greeted us with fine, sunny weather. After breakfast Doug, Paul, Miles, Geoff and I went for a morning jog down to the Bells Falls for a looksee. Arriving back at the hut with a 'it's too nice a day to go tramping' mood, we managed to leave the hut at 0830 hrs. We wandered along the Round-the-Mountain Track eating snow berries on the way, then we turned off at Taururangi Trip, dropping back down to the truck by 1100 hrs.

No. in party: 7. Leader: David Harrington  
Doug Bennett, Paul Wolstenholme, Geoff Robinson, Graham Stichbury, Miles Robertson, Cliff Epplett.

No. 1162 (b)

My party got away before I was ready and headed off to Taururangi Lodge via the vehicle track. But I had a good excuse to stay behind as I was waiting for Colin who was busy cramming gear into his weathered mule. Last of all, on with his gummies and we were off, like two startled apple thieves, up the northeastern summit track. After 1½ hrs tramping we reached Taururangi Lodge to find the rest of my party there and some members of the Taranaki Alpine Club, who were doing hut maintenance. After tea it was T.A.C. versus H.T.C. in a game of 'Where are you, Moriarty?'. Some vicious battles took place between competitors but in the end it was a draw between the two teams. Then it was into our pits for a comfy night's sleep.

Overnight the weather had changed to drier conditions and now it was a cracker day. 'O.K. Who wants to go to the top?' Naturally, the answer was 'Me!' 'Righto, off we go! ' And we did.

Up and up and after several munchy stops and a bit of step cutting we reached the crater. A cold wind greeted us there so we greeted it back. We put on parkas and mitts, had lunch then headed for the summit. After a rewarding view of the surrounding milking sheds and farmland, we headed down to the crater for some glissading which lasted about half an hour. By then it was two o'clock and the decision was made to go down the southern side and head for Syme Hut. We met four climbers who had just come up the south side and had cut steps all the

way. That suited us right down to the ground and, using their steps, we made good progress. Everyone was in good spirits and feeling confident.

Unfortunately, progress later slowed and with daylight rapidly fading and still a long way to go before we reached more level ground, I decided to glissade down to a more level area and then cut steps upwards to help speed my party's descent. But as I was motoring down I hit a rock which knocked me off balance so I rolled over to do a self arrest and hit another rock, which spun me around, head first, down the slope. That's when I knew I was out of control, tumbling, spinning and smashing into rocks. It was a particularly nasty experience. I didn't know where the hell I was going and, unable to stop myself, I was sure I was going to go over a bluff. Eventually I stopped and began shaking like an autumn leaf.

There was no way I could return to the party or even cut steps for them now, so I assessed my own situation. Much pain in my left side made me suspect a busted rib so, after a feed of sugar and a wee rest, I started making very slow progress down towards Syme Hut. Ice and ice-covered rocks didn't help matters: I slipped over twice and bloody near cried. It was about 6 p.m. and I had been going for about half an hour with failing light and considerable pain and shock. I decided to stop where I was, get into my pit and wait it out until the others reached me. A full moon was out and I was able to see their torches going and follow their progress. Three hours later Colin arrived, followed shortly afterwards by the others - I started to feel a little better. While Colin checked me over, the others set about preparing to bivvy out, getting badly needed hot drinks underway and of course, some good old munchies again. Yum, yum. But it was tough luck for me - I was only allowed the odd nibble and slurp of drink on Colin's advice.

It was bitterly cold and frost had formed on everything soon after it was dark. I was extracted from my Rumdoodle (with much difficulty - why don't they put zips in them?) and put in two other long zip pits and by about 11 p.m. everyone else was in their pit and starting to feel a little warmer. During the night people didn't get much sleep due to the cold and me waking them up and wanting things.

At first light on Sunday Dave Wilkins and Clive Thurston walked out to Dawson Falls Hut where the Ranger was notified and advised of the situation. Beck Helicopters Ltd of Ngaere were sent into action.

Meanwhile I was carried by stretcher to Syme Hut with the help of three other chaps who were only up there for the day. Members of the party prepared me for helicopter lift and later were highly commended by the pilot and Ross Beech from S.A.R. It took only 25 mins from the time Becks were notified to pick me up and deliver me to Stratford Hospital where nursing staff lifted me onto a stretcher and started making a fuss of me which was to last two weeks.

Many thanks to everyone in the party, Becks Helicopters Ltd, Stratford Hospital and the three blokes who helped carry me. And the nurses....

G.E.B.

After Graham had made his exit off the mountain at a rather rapid rate, the rest of our party, most concerned about getting down to him as fast as we could, carried on cutting steps (or should I say Colin cut the steps and the rest of us merely followed). The next three hours were no doubt some of the longest we had ever spent. If we could have fully appreciated the beauty of our position we might even have been writing poetry about the brilliant full moon which fortunately lit our way. Those weary hours were lightened by Dyan attempting to give us a rendering of Rod Stewart's latest hit and almost falling off the mountain in her efforts to keep us cheerful. In between the bad jokes we passed toffees in mitten clad hands and everyone complained because they couldn't get the paper off. (How ungrateful can you get?)

Finally we arrived at more stable and less icy ground where we could make more speedy progress and Colin zoomed off to discover Graham's situation. Fortunately he was all tucked up in his sleeping bag and Colin and Dyan adeptly treated his wounds whilst the rest of us make ready for a rather cold night. And a cold but beautifully clear night it certainly proved to be.

Early the next day Dave and Clive headed off down to radio out for a helicopter. Meanwhile three experienced climbers on their way up Egmont stopped to help us. They retrieved the stretcher from Syme Hut which enabled us to carry Graham over the rather difficult terrain towards the hut. We didn't quite get there because as the weather began to clear the helicopter arrived to whisk Graham off to civilisation.

After all the excitement we headed on down to Kapuni Lodge where we had lunch and then set off down to Dawson Falls. Feeling decidedly lazy, we allowed Colin and Chris to go and pick up the car and we returned to the Camphouse for a hot shower and a good cooked meal. Perhaps the events of the previous day had just been too much for us all!

J.L.B.

No. in party:8

Leader: Graham Bailey

Colin Jones, Dave Wilkins, Dyan Coombes, Janet Brown, Peter Linscott, Clive Thurston, Chris White.

No. 1162 (c) The Lowlanders

Time to unkink those travel legs. After deciding to sleep overnight in the truck, we opted for a wander up to Taurangi Lodge. Hughie was in a foul mood as we trudged up the Puffer. Multi-coloured parkas stood out like fiery beacons, warm travelling homes to all but wet noses and clammy cheeks.

A quick inspection at Taurangi. 'Anyone here know Pete Boomen?'.....'Oh, The MESS!', then we were off down the Summit Track (with its fascinating changes in vegetation) to the truck again.

Saturday After taking time out to refuel the vehicles in Inglewood, our group wandered up the Puffer again. Not quite as enthusiastic as yesterday with large packs on protesting

backs, but Hughie had at least condescended to blow away the clouds. The Lodge was a beehive of activity as T.A.C. members completed pre-winter maintenance. Here we met Dave Harrington's group who were about to climb Egmont and they mentioned that Graham's group were already well up the slopes.

As overall leader I took the opportunity to meet each group this day and so after our group had decided to leave for Holly Hut for the night, I dumped all but my climbing gear and basic requirements and followed up the Staircase behind Dave's group. After a bite to eat at the bottom of the Lizard I carried on up, hoping to meet Graham's group. The sky was clear but a cold breeze kept the temperature low. At the crater I struck very hard snow and on the summit itself my boots were leaving no impression. No sign of Graham's party at all and I assumed conditions earlier in the day must have been favourable for a descent to Syme. Not so now, however and I returned to Dave's group, advising them to descend by the route they had climbed.

After accompanying one of the slower members to the scoria below the Lizard, I glissaded down the last of the soft snow, chasing the long shadows of late afternoon. After jolting down the Staircase, I repacked my gear at Tahurangi and an hour and three quarters later I joined the group at Holly.

They had had an enjoyable day in the sunshine with great views and the hut smelled of delicious hot food as I arrived. We all agreed though, that the Boomerang Slip is an eerie place with its boulders poised to topple from unstable banks and teetering clay pedestals.

#### Sunday Overcast.

A morning for exploration... Those who had visited Bell Falls on Saturday wandered off to Ahukawakawa Swamp, while three of us left for the falls with instructions to look out for Luke's whistle - he'd dropped it after taking an accidental swim. The falls were a little disappointing in the dull light and to some, the Swamp was just a swamp. However, the value of taking time to read the National Park booklet plus a little background knowledge of plants, turned this same swamp into a natural museum for a couple of us where an interesting hour was spent amid the sedge, tussock and moss vegetation on the banks of the draining stream.

We decided to head down the Kokowai Track, returning in the general direction of the truck. Geoff, Karen and Wendy got a head start while the main group returned from the swamp, cleaned the hut and helped Peter seduce his salami sausage for lunch. Great piles of trampers arrived at noon, almost as though someone had blown a 12 o'clock whistle somewhere. The weather gradually worsened throughout the afternoon as we climbed the Round-the-Mountain Track to the Kokowai turnoff. Visibility was reduced to about 20 metres and emphasised the quick-changing moods of Taranaki, perhaps still pining for the company of pretty Pihanga. Descending the ridge, no-one failed to be impressed by the tortured kaikawaka (mountain cedar), their branches twisted and tangled and bone spines exposed to the strong winds. The track followed high above the Waiwhakaiho

River and eventually dropped down to where a wire bridge crosses its turbulent passage. Here we rejoined Geoff and the girls.

Rather than return to the truck a day early, we agreed to continue on to Kaiiauai Hut for the night. Under passing showers, we followed the bank of the river down to the junction with the Kaiiauai track, and turned west to arrive at the beautifully situated hut by mid-afternoon. We thoroughly enjoyed the quieter 'less cosmopolitan' atmosphere of this older hut and passed the hours away with games, hot drinks and storytelling.

Monday: There was no urgency to return to the truck with the deadline set at 12 o'clock but we dragged ourselves away by 8.30 into a morning of sunshine. A mighty vine of bush lawyer swung us around for about twenty minutes (with one or two showing up as potential candidates for Ridgeways Circus) then we wandered up to the wire bridge we had passed on Sunday, crossed that after some of our penguins took a swim (deliberately) and began the climb out of the Waiwhakaiho valley.

Two members from one of our other parties had come down to meet us and advised of Graham's mishap - a big shock to all of us. After stowing the great pile of packs and travel bags the rest of us left Egmont about 1.30 for the long journey home, leaving Graham in the tender care of the Stratford hospital staff.

D.C.P.

No. in party: 11

Leader: Dave Perry

Christine Kitchin, Vicki Carlyon, Christine Thomson, Karen McBride, Wendy MacWhirter, Luke Holmes, Peter Berry, David Weil, Geoff Robinson, Robert Davies.

No. 1163

Stanfield Hut

22nd April

Leaving Holts just after six we headed along State Highway 2 and just before Dannevirke we headed west, stopping at the end of the road, where the Tamaki River flows. Leaving the truck, we headed upstream at a lazy pace, heading for Stanfield Hut. Most arrived in about one hour.

After wasting time at the hut having a feed and a good time, David Harrington joined us, having just come over the tops. It was starting to get cold so we pushed on up the ridge outside the hut. It takes off rather steeply and gets worse as you go on. After reaching the top in approximately one hour, the weather deteriorated, reducing visibility to nil and beginning to rain. After travelling the tops, we came across a four-wheel drive track which took us to an A-frame hut where we sat eating lunch to the noise of everybody's knocking knees.

After bearing the cold for as long as possible, we went back up the track and took a ridge off to the east which formed into a shingle slide which got us down in safer, faster time to the Tamaki River. We strolled downstream to the truck then it was back to Hastings. A good little trip in new country for most.

No. in party: 27

Leader: Chris Jones

Allan Holden, Wendy Thorn, Graham Stichbury, Danny Bloomer, Randall Goldfinch, Karen Lancaster, Cliff Epplett, Terry Cameron, Geoff Holmes, Clive Thurston, Geoff Robinson, Nicholas Hay, Ross Berry, Christine Thomson, Christine Kitchin, Robert Davies, Dyan Coombes, Rob Snowball, Miles Robertson, Wendy MacWhirter, Chris White, Garth Dean, Liz Pindar, Delia Findlay, Doug Bennett.

No. 1164 (a)

Whirinaki Forest

5-6th May

A prompt departure from both Hastings and Napier saw us pull in at the Kaingaroa Forest Headquarters to obtain a permit to gain access through the Kaingaroa Forest to State Forest 58 - the Whirinaki Forest. This forest borders the Kaingaroa Forest (S.F. 120) beginning at Tarawera on the Taupo Road and extending through to the Waikaremoana road at Te Whaiti, the eastern border being the Urewera National Park. Signposts pointing out the way to S.F. 58 decorate main intersections in the permanently roaded areas. On the rougher pumice roads the signs point out the various hut names at the end of these side roads. We turned down the Plateau Hut Road and took a turnoff to the Plateau track parking area where we all piled out - after the truck stopped. Splitting up into three parties, we departed for our respective areas: the Whirinaki River, Upper Te Hoe Hut or Pukahunui Hut and derelict mill.

#### Whirinaki River Story

The track is well marked at the beginning with a new sign and all three parties follow this track for about three quarters of an hour to a junction on the ridgetop with the turnoffs to the Whirinaki River to the north and the the south for Pukahunui and Te Hoe huts.

A steep drop of 1,200 ft leads into the Whirinaki River at a main fork. We had lunch here in a very picturesque setting with the bubbling stream and trees full of birds. Ten minutes to the hut said the sign so we headed off up the true right branch, arriving after the said time. The hut has nine bunks and nine mattresses and the fireplace is almost large enough to park a mini in, but not quite. The area was inhabited by two hunters and 33,000 wasps so we left, but not because of the hunters. A new track has been marked and is due to be cut, starting fifty metres downstream from the hut and going to Centre Whirinaki Hut, 2 to 3 hours.

We moved off downstream, past our lunch spot, finding the river most attractive with grassy flats and large beech trees. After one hour's travelling, the river became gorgy with large greasy boulders and a few log jams. Two hours from the hut we arrived at the cave where we were due to spend a wasp-free night. The cave is practically hidden by forest growth, easily missed if the exact position is not known. Four years ago it was easily visible from the river. This is a real five star cave with running water, subdued night lighting provided by many glow worms, and leveled sleeping areas. The only thing missing is the bill when you leave. The girls became troglodytes for the night and slept in the cave. The blokes, being bone idle, thought it too far to walk the ten metres to the cave and crashed on the spot beside the fire.



A leisurely departure on Sunday morning at 10 a.m. and we proceeded downstream 100 metres and up the small sidestream leading to Plateau Hut. Streams can change a lot in four years: a lot of regrowth here and twice as many log jams. In places, wall to wall toitoi with a little bit of water in the centre and in many places the only way to go is in the river - not too good in heavy rain but it stayed fine, cloudy and warm for us.

We arrived at Plateau Hut at midday in time for dinner. The climb out of the stream is marked by painted rocks in the streambed and ten metres up the track is a sign which is obscured from view while in the river.

A half hour walk after lunch brought us to the truck and the Pukahunui party arrived within half an hour of us. Unfortunately we were in for a long wait as the Te Hoe party had got themselves temporarily confused on the forestry roads. They had virtually camped down about 8 km from us, having missed the turnoff on to Plateau Road and were further along on the way out. Geoff Holmes back tracked down the road and, finding the correct turn, arrived at the truck to direct us to their position.

A reasonably uneventful trip home, arriving in Hastings shortly after 10.30 p.m., concluded a good trip.

No. in party: 7                      Leader: Pete Manning  
Cathy Alder, Pam Menzies, Nicholas Hay, Glenda Maras, Heather McBride, Geoff Robinson.

No. 1164 (b)      Pukahunui Stream and Derelict Mill

Leaving the main group at Plateau track carpark at 11 am. our group of twelve tramped east along a ridge track through well-established native bush, passing a track turning down to Upper Whirinaki Hut on the left. From here our nice dry track headed south and with easy walking, we arrived at a helicopter pad for lunch. Shortly after that, just down a hill, we came to a two bunk hut. Moving on, we passed the track turning off left down to Upper Te Hoe Hut, and from here, the track seemed more overgrown until we intercepted a new track between Pukahunui Hut near the road and Upper Te Hoe Hut. Pukahunui Hut, occupied by two Forestry track cutters, was reached about 3.30 and we continued south along the road to the derelict mill building where we camped out under the stars.

Next morning we had a good look around the old mill and buildings then at 9.30, booted and spurred, we attacked the road, with saddles bouncing. Nose bags were emptied by a small stream while treating saddle sores and soon we arrived at the truck, were groomed and hopped into horse blankets to await the arrival of the hacks.

R.G. & L.H.

No. in party: 12                      Leader: Randall Goldfinch  
Clive Thurston, Ross Berry, Paul Wolstenholme, Christine Kitchin, Vicki Carlyon, Karen Lancaster, Miles Robertson, Graham Stichbury, Cliff Epplett and Luke Holmes.

No. 1164 (c)

Te Hoe Hut Adventures

It's the weekend again and we're out tramping and Upper Te Hoe Hut had better look out because six rowdy trampers are heading in that direction to rest their weary bodies for the night.

An eight hour tramp, so we're told, so it was all go from the truck until the lunchtime smorgasbord (would you believe crackers and sardines?). Lunch over with, and one hour more of tripping over tree roots and being caught in unprintable places of the human anatomy by bush lawyer, had us at some crosstracks (as opposed to crossroads). A progress report was the order of the day and it seemed by looking at the map that we'd already covered a considerable distance, so we slowed the pace and took in some of the remarkable scenery that is in the forest.

Greg, the botanical wizard of the trip, was in fine form and everyone in the party gained some useful knowledge of our native flora. Terry, on the other hand, got into a big hypothesis about the grass growth of the area and its connection with the deer population. An interesting discussion arose and before we knew it, we were walking on a newly cut track, which was very similar to the one in the Wellington Botanical Gardens. But we knew we were not there as the air was clean and the noise of overhead jets landing and taking off did not worry us at all.

A short time following this track (which took three months to cut) brought us to Upper Te Hoe Hut and the Te Hoe River which really is great. Where else can you slurp milk and listen to the honking of Blue Ducks? Nightly chores out of the way and the thought of sleeping took on an appealing aspect.

Morning comes slowly (we'd been in our pits for eleven hours before we got up) and tales of the night come out. Terry has a phobia about rats and reckons one ran over his head during the night, which brings back memories of experiences with rats that have been had in Daphne Hut in the Ruahines.

Everyone's in fine form again and we are at Pukahunui Hut by lunchtime. A couple of forestry guys are in residence and kindly make a brew which goes down very easily. A road goes from this hut to where the truck is and we're supposed to be there by 2.30 p.m. - it's three hours walk and the time is 1 o'clock. Not to worry, they'll just have to wait or go without us. Road walking is not much fun at the best of times and is especially worse when you miss the turnoff to the truck and walk for an hour more than you have to, then find that you are about as far away from the truck as you were at lunchtime and the time is now 3.30 p.m.!

Not to worry (well, we did a little bit) as Geoff kindly ran off into the distance to find his way back to the truck - it took him an hour and a half. Not much for us to do, so some pit bashing was about all we had in store. My, we must have looked a pretty sight, all pretending to be asleep on the side of the road as the truck pulled up! Pits back in our packs and we're off home after another enjoyable weekend in the hills with fine company.

No. in party: 6

Leader: Dave Wilkins

Greg Jenks, Terry Cameron, Geoff Holmes, Chris White, Dyan Coombes.

No. 1165

Howletts Hut Opening

19-20th May

During the Thursday and Friday before the trip the weather had been wet with the Tukituki River level up, placing doubt on the trip's success.

By Saturday 9.30 a.m. at Mill Farm the river level was O.K. with overcast, cool weather. The tramping up to Howletts Hut via Daphne Hut was uneventful with bods wandering along carrying large amounts of food etc and taking their time. Above the bushline the new season's snow was beautiful with the weather fine and by 3 p.m. all 32 people were in the hut, busily preparing for the celebration.

At 4 p.m., using a Mountain Radio, we contacted Mrs Janet Lloyd back home in Hastings with friends. After greetings were exchanged, Janet officially declared Howletts Hut open and the celebrations began. The Social Committee had organised the food on a massive scale with saveloys and sauce, chow mein, curry stew, coleslaw, cheese cakes, ice-cream and stewed fruit. After all this food we had a good sing-song followed with dancing to music, then the final highlight: President Phil Bayens cutting a cake shaped like the hut.

Sunday morning, after a massive clean up, groups of people made the most of the beautiful snow conditions by climbing Tiraha or wandering down to Daphne Hut and then up to Tarn Bivouac, Rosvalls Track, then back to Mill Farm by 4 p.m.

R.G.

No. in party: 32

Leader: Randall Goldfinch

Wendy Thorn, Alan Holden, Paul Wolstenholme, Chris White, David Harrington, Karen Lancaster, Mary Madore, Chris Jones, Peter Linscott, Graham Bailey, Cliff Epplett, Phil Bayens, Janet Brown, Geoff Robinson, Greg Jenks, Geoff Holmes, Les Hanger, Alan Thurston, Clive Thurston, Colin Jones, John Berry, Dyan Coombes, Vicki Carlyon, Peter Berry, Ross Berry, Luke Holmes, Karen Cooper, Simon Barrett, Gerald Blackburn, Rob Snowball, Russell Perry.

No. 1166

Tongariro National Park

2-4th June

This trip had been eagerly anticipated as recent cold snowfalls meant Ruapehu would be in good condition. The intention was to run a snowcraft trip with thorough instruction on basic principles. Even the bad weather forecast could not deter us. Twenty-six people aboard the truck ensured a warm trip, the remaining five hopefuls travelling by car.

The Tukino-Desert Road junction appeared in the headlight beams at 1.30 a.m. Saturday. A strong, cold NE wind hastened camping out procedures and all movement quickly and efficiently nestled into warm pits for the remaining darkness.

The leader was the first of the party sleeping under the truck awning to be woken by a 'passing shower of rain'. However, when an expanding puddle began to threaten sleeping bags, a general retreat to the truck was suggested. This first Retreat set a pattern for the trip.

At daybreak our flat, free-draining campsite was surrounded by water and a new rushing stream was passing only yards from the truck. The 'passing shower' was still with us. The prospect of dry gear getting wet and wet gear getting wetter made us decide to retreat to Turangi for breakfast. A phone call to Park Headquarters informed us of clearing weather and soft, slushy snow. After coming this far we couldn't give up. Presently the truck was again facing the mountain, transporting its passengers to the Ketetahi Track carpark. Spirits were raised by the growing periods of sunshine, the prospect of exploring Tongariro and of course, the thought of bathing in the waters of Ketetahi Hot Springs.

With all accomodation at the hut taken, our party began preparations for sleeping out. The colourful tents and shelters gave the area a carnival appearance, in miniature. A pleasant ochre sunset was accompanied by a freshening cold easterly wind. By midnight the wind had succeeded in collapsing half the tents, forcing their occupants to scurry around and make urgent repairs. The squall continued to gain strength, demolishing tents, sending loose items skyward, and making people dash to the shelter of the hut. The light rain being driven by the wind was efficiently wetting anything exposed to it. By daybreak only one tent and a tent fly were left completely intact. Some people had been kept awake and busy all night by the storm.

As the daylight gained strength the rain subsided, allowing an assessment of the damage: wet gear, torn tents and three carried-away karrimats. This, plus the size and range of experience of the party, resulted in the final retreat to the truck. Gear was stowed, clothes changed and we headed to Tokaanu for a hot swim. A late, lazy lunch on the shores of Lake Taupo afforded a view of the now beautifully clear peaks of the Tongariro National Park.

Trying hard to remain cheerful, pleasant comments were passed about the attractive sunset colours on the now distant snowy peaks as the truck sped towards Hawkes Bay.

Day three of the trip was spent by some members cleaning out the truck and reminiscing on more productive trips. Snowcraft instruction did not eventuate but everyone had first hand experience on some aspects of mountaintcraft and mountain weather.

Special thanks to Geoff Robinson for meeting us on the road with extra fuel supplies. G.J.

No. in party: 31

Leader: Greg Jenks

Dave and Russell Perry, Graham Bailey, Les Hanger, Dave Wilkins, Mary Madore, David Harrington, Terry Turbine Cameron, Wendy Thorn, Geoff Holmes, Glenn Armstrong, Randall Goldfinch, Miles Robertson, Ross Berry, Dyan Coombes, Chris White, Peter Linscott, Paul Wolstenholme, Graham Stickbury, Allan Holden, Karen

Lancaster, Wendy MacWhirter, Luke Holmes, Stephen Manning, Vicki Carlyon, Christine Kitchin, Christine Thomson, Clive Thurston, Peter Berry, Cliff Epplett.

No. 1167

The Comet

17th June

After leaving Hastings at 6.10 a.m. we stopped at the Kaweka Forest Headquarters to find that no key was required for the gate on the road to Comet Hut. After some skillful driving, the truck was left about half an hour's walk from Comet Hut. Reaching the hut about 9 a.m., we made the steep climb to assemble at the Comet. The group then travelled along the plateau, at times fighting our way through heavy, eye-level growth. The young pine trees scattered about the area provided no hindrance. A group map-reading exercise served to prove the inaccuracy of taking bearings on distant points.

Water and shelter from the chilling wind were found in a gully at the plateau edge. A leisurely lunch with hot brew was consumed there before returning to the hut in two groups. The fast party rejoined us there (having unsuccessfully looked for Shutes Hut) and we returned to the truck and back to Hastings about 6 p.m.

P.R.W.

No. in party: 22

Leader: Paul Wolstenholme

Luke Holmes, Christine Kitchin, Heather McBride, Delia Findlay, Wendy MacWhirter, Robert Davies, Les Hanger, Dave Wilkins, Cliff Epplett, Geoff Holmes, Gerald Blackburn, Edward Holmes, Mason Lee, Peter Berry, Scott Wilson, Rob Snowball, Rob Clarke, Peter MacIntyre, Miles Robertson, Clive Thurston, Karen McBride.

No. 1168

Ruapehu Ski Weekend?

29 June- 1 July

Enquiries in late April revealed that some of the clubs which own lodges will rent them to outside parties for weekends. The North Shore YMCA had a suitable weekend free so we posted off the deposit.

The red Fiat left Napier at 3.15 p.m. on the Friday and prepared a petrol stockpile in Taupo. The truck finally left Napier at 7.45 p.m. and the rowdy bunch woke us up about 1.45 a.m. at the lodge.

Saturday dawned misty but not cold or windy and breakfast was over by about 8.15 a.m. There was virtually no snow in sight from the lodge at Whakapapa so quite a few decided to go for a walk to Tama Lakes. Most ended up at Waihoenu Hut by various routes and had a fairly fast trip back to beat the darkness. Others went to the Top-o'-the-Bruce by mountain goat then went up two chairlifts to find some snow. It was enough to slide on with plastic but was fairly icy and had a few rocks showing through. Saturday's dinner was well received back in the comfort of the lodge.

Sunday morning was less misty than Saturday but with a cold wind. It was decided to take the truck to the top but there were no chairlifts operating and a cold wind blowing. A fancy jersey, some ski boots and other goodies were purchased before heading down again. Five keen types left the truck on the way down and tramped down the Whakapapaiti

Valley while those in the lodge practised some prussiking.

After lunch the lodge was cleaned up in double quick time and the truck left for Tokaanu hot pools and home about 2.30 p.m. There had been no chance to do any skiing but there was still plenty to do. Maybe next year we could get in earlier and arrange a weekend later in the season.

Thanks to the YMCA and to Geoff for two long drives.

A.T.H.

No. in party: 27

Leader: Allan Holden

Heather McBride, Glenda Maras, Delia Findlay, Robert Davies, Wendy MacWhirter, Karen McBride, Clive Thurston, Cliff Epplett, Dave Wilkins, Geoff Holmes, Christine Thomson, Miles Robertson, Alan Thurston, Lisa Thurston, Ross Berry, Wendy Thorn, Rob Clarke, Kent Bussell, Robyn Werry, David Harrington, Danny Bloomer, Terry Cameron, Christine Kitchin, Steven Manning, Paul Mooney, Geoff Robinson.

No. 1169 (a)

Kaweka & Kiwi Saddle Huts

15th July

The truck left late but good driving by Les had us at the end of the road at an early hour. My party was in at Kaweka Hut early and up onto the tops in extra good time.

Meanwhile, it was snowing but wasn't all that cold. Chris Jones was at the top above Kaweka Hut and he kindly led us to Kiwi Saddle by a new route that is quicker than going round Kaiarahi and Castle Camp ridge. The route follows the ridgetop above Kaweka Hut south until it reaches the Tutaekuri River. Then it follows up a side stream until it forks. Follow up this centre spur and it will bring you right up by Kiwi Saddle Hut.

Meantime the snow had kept on falling and things were pretty mean outside. But we didn't mind that much as we were in Kiwi Saddle Hut having lunch and slurping hot drinks.

Eventually we left, reluctantly of course, and made quick time back to the pine tree and truck via 4,100 and the shingle slide. The weather on the tops was really cold and pretty windy in parts.

A great trip and thanks to Les for driving.

D.W.

No. in party: 18

Leader: Dave Wilkins

Greg Jenks, Mary Madore, Janet Brown, Luke Holmes, Edward Holmes and friend, Peter Linscott, Dyan Coombes, Allan Holden, Wendy Thorn, Rob Clarke, Paul Wolstenolme, Chris White, Michael Roberts, Shaun Gilbert, Alan Lee,

No. 1169 (b)

Kaweka & Lawrence Huts

The slower party followed Dave's party into Kaweka Hut at a more leisurely pace then carried on to Mackintosh Hut for lunch. Then we followed along the Mackintosh plateau and, when we lost the track, made our way down into the Donald River and then downstream to Lawrence Hut. A short stop was

made before heading out towards the truck along the forestry roads. A pleasant trip despite the weather.

No. in party: 8

Leader: Geoff Robinson

Terry Cameron, Lewis Harrison, Christine Kitchin, Nicholas Hay, Christine Thomson, Remco Zuiderwyck.

No. 1170 (a)

Maropea Fork Hut

28-29th July

Our group of ten plus one dog left North Block Road about 8.30 a.m. tramping via Triplex Base Hut and Shuteye Shack to Top Maropea Hut. The climb up was O.K. with a shower of rain to start. After a brief stop at Shuteye, we climbed up to Buttercup Hollow for the 'parkas on' trick, then out into the prevailing wind. Down at Top Maropea Hut for lunch out-of-the-wind conditions were comfortable. Later we continued down to Maropea Forks Hut via the river, arriving at 3 p.m. This hut has really nice surroundings and for the record, the tracks in the area are well marked in the hut book.

Sunday morning dawned cool and damp after rain in the night. We left at nine, tramping up the Maropea River to the second tributary, then climbing up to reach the Main Divide around 11 a.m., on a good track. On the tops the weather was fine with a cold wind blowing and there were good views with no snow, thank goodness.

Continuing south along the tops, we climbed up and over a number of trigs and finally dropped down a big shingle slide into the true left hand branch of Triplex Creek headwaters. After a rapid descent, the group wandered downstream and across country past Triplex Base Hut back to the truck by 5 p.m.

No. in party: 10

Leader: Randall Goldfinch

Allan Holden, Wendy Thorn, Paul Wolstenholme, Terry Cameron, David Harrington, Peter Linscott, Allan Lee and Susy, Rob Clarke, Chris White.

No. 1170 (b)

Top Maropea

We left the roadside about ten minutes after Randall's flock. The short burst up to Triplex Hut soon separated the party into two distinct parts: the leader, and the others. .. Never mind... A hearty team talk about sticking together and looking after the slower one(s), all said without a hint of a blush, and we were on our way up to Armstrong Saddle. This track winds up the side of a spur towards the main divide and is well marked and easy to follow, though one must be sure to take the track marked 'Waipawa Chalet', not the one marked 'Armstrong Saddle'. The latter one takes you to the saddle alright but is steeper and less used, and links up with the other route anyway.

After forty minutes or so, a distinct saddle is reached on this spur. Here the track divides again, one leads down off the back of the saddle to the Waipawa River while the other leads up to Armstrong Saddle. Up we went. This climb is quite steep for a time and quite a test for lungs and legs but it soon lies behind us. We pause at the track junction

where the 'Armstrong Saddle' track lifts out of Triplex Creek to meet us, explaining to newcomers how easy it is to miss the main track on the descent. A quick snuffle of goodies, then up to Shuteye Shack where the faster ones of our party are well ensconced, primuses grumbling impatiently at water sluggish to boil while sardines a la sauce tomate slip easily into the gaps in balaclavas. It's cold here. The shelter is pretty basic but a welcome site nonetheless.

We stay here long enough for everyone to freeze then away again. It doesn't take long to break free of the bush but now the wind can reach us and it makes its presence felt. After pausing while some people take a small detour... 'Lost the track, haven't you?'

'NO. Mumble, mumble.'..... we race across to Armstrong Saddle. Once again we pause and laugh while we watch enthusiastic boots lead their owners astray. Some people just refuse to stay on tracks!

A quick conference is held by the tarns, where most agree to Top Maropea being far enough this time. Nobody wants to 'explore', so south we head to the top of the ridge leading down to the hut. Here, four bods leave us to head over 65,66 and 67 to the Waipawa Saddle and down to Waikamaka Hut for the night. We bowl down the track to Top Maropea and spend the afternoon putting in a huge stock of firewood. Peter Berry joined us at this stage, having come in by himself. A relaxing evening is spent putting some fine touches to some very edible meals, then into the pits.

It pours during the night. Dawn brings overcast, cold drizzly weather. Away by nine o'clock, back to the main divide. Ah, the cloud clears on the way up and hopes of a good day on the tops rise, but not so. As soon as we reached the ridgetop Huey let us have it, with rain and strong wind and nil visibility. So back round to Armstrong Saddle to teach newcomers the gentle art of handling screes. We didn't know we would also introduce them to that kindly vegetation known as leatherwood. Ah, what fun! Those tender white thighs bloodied and scratched. We of leatherwood experience afford a smug grin as others seek for the easy way to pass this new terror. We know. There isn't an easy way!

The shingle scree proved tricky to get onto but after some hairy moments followed by a few close shaves, we scrape through. Once onto it, lots of fun is had and a rapid descent is made. We head down into the true right branch of Triplex Creek, which proves a bit tricky in places, then out onto the main riverbed to sunlight and lunch..

Whilst on the river, we hear the whistle of the blue mountain duck and sure enough, there it is. We gently shepherd it into sunlight and soon Dave's camera is clicking. A further stroll, then lunch. On a little further, then some instruction and competition in firelighting. Somebody used a whole box of matches for the sum result of a puff of smoke. Nonetheless, the whole session proved to be useful. Dave, Peter and I each had different ideas to put forward and a good discussion followed over a good hot brew.



Finally, back via the high water track to the junction above Triplex Hut. It was still reasonably early so we decided to take the bush walk through the valley between the Triplex and Waipawa. Most had never seen this before and it proved most enjoyable. There are some good specimens of kahikatea and rimu, as well as many others. We followed the track through to the roadside almost at the Waipawa River, then wandered back round to the truck below Triplex, arriving around 4.30 p.m. A pleasant and varied trip.

R.O.P.

No. in party: 10 + 1

Leader: Russell Perry

Dave Perry, Joanne Perry, Nicholas Hay, Christine Kitchin, Jan Gouffe, Karen Lancaster, Karen and Heather McBride, Mary Madore and Peter Berry.

No. 1170 (c)

Waikamaka

After climbing to Armstrong Saddle with the second party and not looking forward to a cramped night in Top Maropea Hut, four of us decided, or were talked into, going to Waikamaka Hut.

In suspect weather, we headed off up over 65, 66 and 67. With the strong wind making going difficult, we made it down to Waipawa Saddle then to Waikamaka for the night. We shared the company of many rats, some of whom managed to chew through Edward's pack (which he had borrowed off his brother, Luke) to get to the chocolate biscuits.

Next morning Dave and I took off for Waterfall Creek Hut, expecting to meet Les' party on Rangi Saddle. We arrived at the hut to read that they had left for the tops via another route, so headed back out to meet Edward and Gerald on the other side of Rangi Saddle and we all tramped out via the Waipawa River to meet the others at the truck. Then followed the long wait until 8.30, hoping that Les' party would arrive, but when they failed to appear, we headed for Hastings.

G.R.

No. in party: 4

Leader: Geoff Robinson

Dave Wilkins, Edward Holmes, Gerald Blackburn.

No. 1170 (d)

Waterfall Creek Hut

The day looked vaguely promising when we set off up the Waipawa River towards Waikamaka Hut but soon it began to rain quite heavily so we donned parkas etc, only to find that it promptly stopped. We made reasonable time to the hut, stopping only to allow Geoff and Miles to try out their climbing expertise on the big rock. A quiet lunch at the hut and then we headed over Rangi Saddle to Waterfall Creek, arriving there by mid afternoon, by which time the weather was beautiful.

A quiet evening (I vaguely remember sleeping through part of it) and early to bed because we knew Les had plans for an early start in the morning. We were right - there he was - 7 a.m. and the brew on! Somehow he managed to coax us out of our pits with the temptation of a hot drink and from there we made haste to abandon the hut by 8 a.m.

We had decided that a return trip via Rangi Saddle would be rather boring and even though the day did not look hopeful, we decided to give it a go up Waterfall Creek, over the tops and out via Middle Stream Hut. This was not to be! After negotiating waterfalls, rock scrambles, leatherwood, shingle slides etc, we eventually reached the tops (or what we could see of them). Our proposed route did not look such a good idea without ice axes and leather boots so we decided on going out via Smiths Stream. However, the stream had different ideas for us and we had to do a fair bit of waterfall dodging, needless to say through thick leatherwood. Our journey was punctuated by frequent screams of agonising pain as a member of our party slipped off a branch for the hundredth time. In the stream again, another rather large waterfall brought the suggestion that we could try jumping over it - we dismissed that idea and took the rather longer route around. By the time we got to Smiths Stream Hut the light was beginning to fade and so we abandoned the idea of getting out to the truck by 8 p.m. and decided to spend the night in the hut and head out via Hinerua first thing in the morning. We dined that evening on anything we could find - soup, lollies, spaghetti, cheese etc. and got an early night.

Next morning Les was up to his usual tricks and we actually left the hut before 8 a.m. No problem getting out until we reached Moorcock Base and learned that we were unable to get a lift to the nearest farm, 3-4 miles away. An hour or so later we were ringing up Hastings, only to be informed that our inveterate search party - Russell, Dave, Geoff and Greg - (most concerned for our safety!) had set off that morning to come and save us. Only they were looking in the Middle Stream area. Luckily they caught up with us by about 5.30 p.m. and we enjoyed a happy reunion and a pleasant and refreshng journey home.

Special thanks to our farmer friends for plying us with cups of coffee and passing messages for us and of course, to our intrepid rescuers.

J.L.B.

No. in party: 4

Leader: Les Hanger

Janet Brown, Geoff Holmes, Miles Robertson.

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#### NEWSPAPER PUBLICITY

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

#### TRIP REPORTS

Would trip leaders please remember that writing a report for the Pohokura is part of their duty as trip leader. It is much easier to write an accurate report if it is done within a few days of the trip and the editor would also appreciate accurate lists of the people on the trip and accurate names of huts, rivers etc, together with some idea of how to get where you went - for those looking for directions in the future.

PRIVATE TRIPS

Mt Holdsworth

31st March-1 April

Holdsworth Lodge was empty when we arrived so we grabbed the one and only mattress - lumpy buggie it was too. We were woken at 11 p.m. and 2 a.m. by boisterous bods from the Wellington area with little respect for those already asleep.

We left the lodge at 9 a.m. and crossed the bridge over a flooded Atiwhakatu 'Stream'. It was raining quite heavily and very windy - typical Tararua weather! The track climbs quite steeply through some of the nicest bush in New Zealand. We took one of the four or so sidling tracks around Pig Flat, thus avoiding the risk of suffering certain indignities frequently associated with the muddy track here.

A quick snack at Mountain House and onwards to Powell Hut. Once above the bushline, the weather was pretty foul and cold: so we festered for the rest of the day and swapped info with a couple of Wellingtonians as they were interested in the Ruahines and we in the Tararuas.

Luckily the crowd from Holdsworth Lodge decided against braving the elements and climbing to Powell Hut, so a peaceful night was had - less mattresses which had been removed from Mountain House and Powell Hut, and less a fireplace, removed because of damage done by idiots using the hut for firewood.

Sunday dawned cloudy but fine so we wandered packless up to Mt. Holdsworth - views of Kapiti Island were unexpectedly had as the cloud parted momentarily. However, the weather broke as we headed back to Holdsworth Lodge, via Pig Flat this time because we had heard it was better, but it isn't, and Donnelly Flat - a picnic area festooned with concrete fireplaces.

Denise and Bruce Perry

Ruahine Roaming

7-8th April

We arrived at Triplex Hut at 8.30 Friday evening and headed up Waipawa River next morning, after sleeping in. We bombed up to Waipawa Chalet and suddenly found ourselves sunbathing and eating the hours away. About 2 p.m. we headed for Waikamaka Hut via Waipawa Saddle, had a snack to eat and carried on towards Waterfall Creek. Unfortunately, two members of the party weren't as fit as they used to be and they found Rangi Saddle at a rather dark and tired 8 p.m. The weather looked good so camping out was the caper and we had a most enjoyable night under the stars.

Waking early, as one does with a cold wind on the tops of the Ruahines, we climbed up onto Rangioteatua. The wind was really picking up now as we crossed over 69 and down through thick Spaniard which has really taken hold of this area, and across to Three Johns. About halfway down to Waipawa Saddle, we spotted thirty-odd bods, or was it thirty odd-bods? Anyway, who should it be but an H.T.C. party, accompanied by the easily recognisable chap in the striking blue and white singlet. A lengthy chat, then down to the Waipawa for a welcome brew, then off home.

Bruce and Denise Perry.

Ruapehu

13-15th April

We took the car up the Tukino Road to where the tracks to Rangipo and Waihohonu Huts meet and headed round the mountain clockwise. The track to Rangipo is quite exposed over sand and pumice country and cuts through an area of rocky bluffs. A small swingbridge enables us to cross a swollen Whangaehu River, although it proved a little hair-raising for Jill. We reached Rangipo Hut about two hours later and Denise's feet were already beginning to trouble her. From here we headed for Mangaehuehu Hut, a four or five hour tramp depending on conditions.

Unfortunately, sore feet, foul weather and lack of fitness meant we had to camp out at about 9 p.m., not knowing how close we were to the hut. We spent a very warm, comfortable night under a tent fly and woke to frozen boots, socks, gaiters and iced up fly and billy water. We had a brew and decided to breakfast at Mangaehuehu Hut which we reached after five minutes tramping!

We now decided that if nothing could be done to help Denise's feet, we would pull out of our round the mountain trip at the Turoa Road. Bandages and elastoplast were applied to no avail so we headed for Blyth Hut for Saturday night. The hut was quite full but the view of the sun setting behind Egmont was fantastic.

On Sunday, after scoffing our remaining Easter eggs, we headed down the track to the Waitonga Falls and via a boardwalk, out to the Turoa Road. A ride in a ute put cold wind through our hair but saved us a three hour walk to Ohakune, where we organised a trip to the Tukino Road. An hours walk and one ride to the car and we were Palmerston North bound.

Denise and Bruce Perry, Jill Robinson.

Moir's Mate

Easter

The peaks tower above us and the rock is so sheer - everything seems so close. For this is Darran country. Homer Hut is situated in the centre of it all with a large patch of beech trees surrounding it. What an insane place.

No early alpine starts needed here! John and I left the hut at 10 a.m. and had a pleasant walk to Homer Saddle which is just above the Homer Tunnel. From there a climb along the ridge to the bottom of a shorter climb on the cliffs on Moir's Mate.

In goes the belay and up I go, laden with hardware. Protection was difficult, but at last I got a No. 5 stopper in, not the best! No time to waste, so a difficult slab traverse followed, with my friction boots working like a dream and in went a 9 hex, a bomb proof runner!

'Twenty feet' comes the yell from below.

At last I find a good belay stance..... 'Belay on'

'Climbing', comes the reply so up comes John and leads through.

After two more pitches we got onto easier ground, off

came the rope and we soloed up to the top, around and through large blocks of smooth rock.

On top we sat for some time soaking in the view. By now the weather was fast closing in, so down we went. After two abseils we were down on the ridge then an hours walk took us to the hut, arriving just as the rain started.

A most enjoyable day's climbing.

Peter Boomen.

### A New Addiction

Eight hopeful people invented various reasons for leaving work early on Friday afternoon and headed out through the Invercargill rain in search of fine weather and adventure. We travelled up through Roxburgh and Alexandra under clearing skies and by the time we reached the Cromwell Gorge, the moon was shining incredibly brightly, rendering the scenery even more fascinating than it would have been in daylight. On up through Russell and Joanne territory and over the Lindis Pass in the magic moonlight. We made camp beside the Ahuriri River just north of Omarama.

Morning dawned overcast but mild. We collected some strong branches and headed for the spot where the Ohau River runs out of Lake Ohau. After some lengthy delays and some very tense moments while trying to share the road with huge motor-scrappers and graders working on the power scheme construction site, we parked our cars and built our raft. For such a big river as this we tied four tractor tubes together with branches and rope, so that five people could ride on it while the other three went back with the cars.

The water was glacial-blue and freezing cold. So it was on with the long johns and life jackets and into the swift, flooded river. It's incredibly exhilarating riding up and over huge pressure waves - feeling yourself inevitably being drawn into wild contortions of water from which there seems no chance of emerging in one piece. But the raft is unsinkable and invincible. It was a relatively peaceful ride (as I found out the next day) and it gave us a supreme sense of wellbeing as our raft rotated us down the river, so that we could take in the scenery on all sides.

By the time we got out a couple of hours later, frozen but happy, I realised that the rafting game is going to get me addicted in the same way as tramping has.

We chopped the raft into two sections of two tubes each and tied them on top of Rob's Datsun. Then we headed for our next camp, stopping off for a little celebrating on the way. We found a little hut beside the Ahuriri River in which to cook and eat. Then four of us slept under Rob's tent fly, so we could still see the stars and the moonlight. The night was very clear but waking up to find our sleeping bag hoods thickly coated in frost was no deterrent to our plans for rafting over the Ahuriri Drop.

Sunday was beautifully fine. The Ahuriri Valley was all golden and grassy, with some spectacular snowy mountains at the top and such a blue sky - heaven on earth. Rob and I took a walk up the river to investigate the river's possibilities. We found that it was constantly very exciting and demanding for about a mile, with some really wild corners and gorges, and the Ahuriri Drop itself, which was most impressive. It would only be about six feet high but carrying a vast amount of water - the whole river was flowing fast and furious and the water was really raging over the drop, forcing a great hole in the water below, then foaming and curling back on itself. A real challenge.

Rob and I formed a team and were lucky (or skilful) enough to negotiate all the corners without tipping out. The front person does the paddling while the back person is responsible for leaping off and disengaging the raft if it should get stuck on obstructions. As we entered the 20 metres or so of really violent pressure waves before the drop, it was completely up to the river what happened to us. The only thing to do is hang on to the raft and have faith in it. Disaster seemed imminent as we struck the rock dividing the passable channel from the impassable one and spun right round. Then, to Rob's chagrin, I got over the drop before he did - I was sitting on the back of the raft! Down we went backwards, with Rob leaning right back to keep our centre of gravity low, and it seemed as though we were going down in slow motion, right to the bottom of the river.

Then, unbelievably, our mighty raft rose up again, and there we were, still sitting on it with dry hair! With a feeling of exhilaration greater than I have ever known, we went on rocking and bucking crazily down the river, while the spectators on the shore went insane with relief. The guy who had gone down before us had fallen out three times, so he ran along the bank throwing rocks at us, while we indulged in some very uninhibited expressions of delight. It had been such an exciting ride that we weren't even cold.

So that was a sufficient dose of elation to get us through another week's rain in Invercargill before our tramp next weekend.

Joan Wilson, Rob Powell & friends  
- Southland Rafterers.

#### To Ballard Hut on Crampons

26-27th May

Our intention was to travel up Makahu Spur to the J and then along to North Kaweka and west to Ballard Hut for the night. We came upon Dave Wilkins and Peter Berry at Makahu carpark, their thoughts involving a stroll up to the J for a romp in the snow and down again the same day.

Travelling up the spur was straight forward, that is, until the snowline was reached. In the snow we found strange little hollows with sharp, well-defined edges. Surely these couldn't be cut steps, especially as we haven't even reached Dominie Hut yet. (altitude 4,800 ft). All it took to convince us that these were indeed cut steps was to venture on to the untouched snow. Yep, no doubt about it. That funny white

stuff was in fact very hard, slippery ice. We were obliged to follow the steps cut by Dave and Peter up to Dominie Hut where we had a 'how to get to the summit' conference. Under these conditions crampons were essential for speed, so we said 'bye bye' to Peter and Chris, who were silly boys for not bringing their sets. With the aid of 24 points of hard steel we reached the summit by midday, after climbing over many very hard patches of ice.

The walk around towards North Kaweka still required crampons for speed and safety, although some of the northerly slopes were now becoming softer. Weather conditions were perfect, allowing magnificent views from Panekiri Bluff at Waikaremoana, around to Mounts Edgecumbe, Tarawera, Tauhara and the Tongariro trio. Further to the west lay the snow-capped high country near the Desert Road and Wanganui and then south to the Ruahine Range. Altogether, a magnificent view.

The snow on the ridge directly above Ballard Hut was softer and balling up under the crampons, so we removed them for the first time since leaving Dominie. Although very cold, the evening was clear, with a fine sunset over the snow-covered Venison Tops country.

Sunday had weather and views as perfect as the previous day. The snow had softened enough to make crampons unnecessary, except for one or two patches of ice, one requiring step cutting for about 100 yards. Kaweka J was reached shortly after lunch, where we practised snowcraft and generally had a good time at 'the playground'. As Makahu Spur was in the shade for most of the day, we donned crampons before leaving the tops and made a rapid descent over the ice down to the snowline, and then to the cars.

From information gathered after the trip, it appears this was one of the few times crampons have been necessary in the Kaweka Range. This fact, plus the incredible weather conditions made this trip a very memorable one.

G.J.

David Harrington, Mary Madore, Glenn Armstrong, Greg Jenks and Chris Jones for a short while.

#### Top Maropea

2-3rd June

Seeing the club trip off to Ruapehu on Friday, we chuckled at the bad weather report, thinking things would be better in the Ruahines. No such luck. Anyway, armed with instructions from Randall, six of us headed out to Wakarara, aimed for Top Maropea Hut, with Janet especially determined to reach the hut after a previous unsuccessful attempt.

The weather was warm but drizzly as we passed Triplex and headed upwards towards Shuteye, where we had lunch. Progress was fairly slow as this was my first trip in at least six months due to exams and work. We continued up to the tops, followed Randall's instructions to the left of the first tarn, and made it along to Armstrong Saddle. Views were glorious all round - if you like rain and mist! Janet realised her previous mistake so we headed south from the saddle and found the first decent

patches of snow - much to Melissa's delight. In no time at all we came upon a rather tattered plastic sheet marker on the ground. Randall hadn't mentioned this in his instructions and we couldn't see a thing past about 5 m but it didn't seem that we had come far enough to be at the spur going to Maropea, so we continued along the ridge, following a track.

To cut a long story short, the track ran out, we headed downwards on the northern slope, hoping to get into the Maropea River but all we found was leatherwood (the continuing story?). By 3 p.m. we hadn't got very far so we decided to about turn while there was still time to get back to Shuteye.

Coming back, we had a second look at the marker and spied a cairn a wee way off. Quick scouting showed signs of a track so we took the risk (at 4 p.m.) of finding a hut at the end of it, and off we went. Second time right (third for Janet) and we reached Top Maropea Hut about 5 p.m. Three other guys were already there so it was a rather damp squash for the night. There is even room above the door for Janet and I to sleep comfortably!

Next morning was still cold, wet and windy but at least we knew our way back. Tramping along the tops I suddenly found myself enjoying being back in the hills, wet boots and all. I hadn't realised just how much I had missed tramping and I felt really good, despite the weather.

An uneventful trip down past Shuteye and out to Triplex just as the sky cleared and sunshine pierced the rainclouds. Oh well, better weather next time. A slight delay while Frank's car was assisted through the swollen Triplex ford, then we were off home. Thanks, everyone, for a happy re-introduction to tramping.

J.M.P.

Frank and Melissa Cooper, Rob Clarke, Janet Brown, Karen Cooper, Joanne Perry.

#### No Mans Hut

30th June - 1 July

A leisurely drive via Kereru and along Mangleton Road brought us to Marsters Shelter by about 9 a.m. and five of us set off in brilliant sunshine for the climb up Golden Crown spur. Dave and Graham disappeared off ahead, carrying their rifles and we had high hopes of venison stew for tea. Unfortunately, they didn't fire a shot, although they had fun looking for deer.

At the top of the spur we turned right onto the main highway and headed round to the open tussock clearing for lunch. Dave and Graham soon appeared from behind us. The view was good, the weather fine and warm and we had hopes of making it to Ikawatea Forks Hut. However, as we were heading across the tops toward Ohawai Trig, a white mist suddenly rolled in from the NE and quickly obliterated our lovely views, reducing visibility to one snowple distance. It didn't actually rain or get very cold and it was even rather intriguing striding along in our own little world, pretending that the rest of the world wasn't there.



Suddenly, we emerged onto a road and the illusion was shattered. We turned left, heading for No Mans Hut we thought, and a few minutes later our illusion disappeared completely to the sound of an engine approaching. A land rover hove into view, making easy work of the deep muddy ruts and large boulders in the road.

'Where are you headed for?' he asked.

'No Mans'

'Well, you'd better about turn and jump on the back. You're going the wrong way.'

'Oh.'

Five minutes ride took us to the hut and Dave and Graham arrived ten minutes later. Our possum trapper friend left to head into town so we had the place to ourselves for the night having decided that Ikawatea Forks was too far with the weather turned nasty. No Mans is a six bunk forestry hut, very clean and tidy, considering it's beside a road.

During the night it began to rain and rain and it never stopped all day Sunday. It also turned decidedly cold. There was nothing for it next morning but to pile on all the gear, including leggings which I hate wearing, and with heads down, we headed off into the weather. We got absolutely soaked and it was too cold to stop for long so we found ourselves back at the car in just over three hours. A change of clothes and a hot drink improved our situation and we were homeward bound again, after another happy weekend in the hills. J.M.P.

Les Hanger, Graham Bailey, Dave, Russell and Joanne Perry.

#### Nearly Luxmore

6-8th July

Six hefty trampers and all their gear in one car? Yes, if it's big enough. Luckily the night was fine and calm and the moonlight quite brilliant as we cruised out of town close to midnight on a Friday night, as it took quite some time to unload all the gear, change a tyre, pump it up and pack up again. So we changed our destination from the rather remote Eglinton Valley and by 2.20 a.m. were snuggled into our pits under the tentfly beside Lake Manapouri.

Next morning we decided it would be nice to climb Mt Luxmore (beside Lake Te Anau) even though we didn't have a map, having planned our trip in another area. (Brought back memories of an H.T.C. friend who tackled a trip to Kiwi Saddle and Kiwi Mouth armed with a Ruapehu map!) This was essentially a social tramp and no-one seemed too perturbed when we emerged from the bush to find ourselves at the top of the mountain next to Luxmore. It was late in the day, so we set up a very fine camp just at the edge of the bush. Luxmore was well covered with snow and provided a spectacular view in the moonlight as darkness fell while we cooked and ate tea - our traditional favourites of mince and cheesecake. Three slept in the tent but for Chris, Rob and me the night was so beautiful that sleeping out was irresistible. That campsite now ranks with Routeburn Flats as the two most delightful of my whole tramping experience.

The next morning the weather was beginning to close in so, as we were not exactly an alpine party, we wandered back down the way we had come, leaving Luxmore as a promise for another time.

Joan Wilson and friends.

Kiwi Saddle

9th July

Russell had Monday as mid-term break but I had to be on duty at 2.30 p.m. on Saturday, Sunday and Monday with Tuesday and Wednesday as days off. No prospects for tramping you may think but where there's a will...

On Monday we reluctantly leapt out of bed about 5.15, ate a hearty breakfast in case we did not have time for lunch, and headed up the Taihape Road. By 7.15 our boots were plodding up 4,100 and we were eyeing the glow in the eastern sky. There was a strong sou'westerly blowing and we feared a break in the good weather but fortunately this did not happen. But as soon as we popped our heads above the bushline we found just how cold the wind was and our woollen gear was quickly found. 8.45 found us on 4,100 but we still had quite a way to go so we hardly stopped. It was an exhilarating, if rather cold, sensation, moving through the open beech with the bright green moss peeping through a thin layer of snow. And my lack of a pack added further to the spring in my step. Over 4594, down and up, round a bit then down to the hut by 10.15.

There we found Dave and Chris who were in the deerhunting business. We had brought them their fresh vege supply and enjoyed a quick cuppa with them before heading back. Kiwi Saddle Hut had provided shelter from the wind but we were still very cold and it took my hands a good half hour to warm up once we started, even with mittens on.

It wasn't as much fun tramping in the middle of the day as in the early morning but we had to keep moving and by midday were saying goodbye to Chris and Dave on 4,100. Then it was down and down and it was a relief to get below the bushline and out of the wind. Despite my knee threatening to give out, we reached the car by 1 p.m. and were home in time for a quick lunch before I reported on duty. And that satisfying feeling that being in the hills gives you kept me going cheerfully for the next eight hours. (Tuesday, I slept till noon.)

Russell and Joanne Perry.

North Borland

13-15th July

Gear was organised on Thursday night and food bought in the lunch hour on Friday. Good old glide time was very much appreciated as Rob and I headed out of town at 4 p.m. and only a stop for greasies interrupted our progress to the Borland Valley near Lake Monowai. We have since decided that leaving Invercargill in sunny weather is a bad omen. The tops, and also the valleys, were shrouded in very inhospitable-looking blue-black cloud. However, armed with torches, ice axes and lots of enthusiasm, we left the car at 6 p.m. to get as far up the valley as we could that night - our hope for that weekend was to climb Mt Titiroa.

The track was good but we lost it several times where trees had fallen across it. One river crossing was successfully accomplished but at about 8.15 we lost the track again and decided to stop. The deep luxurious moss made a very comfortable bed and the light rain didn't penetrate our shelter. We had to laugh the next morning when we found we had tied the fly to a tree with a track marker on it, and there was the track, right beside us.

Saveloys and bread, and the latest favourite - milo made with condensed milk - were for breakfast. Muesli seems to be a despised food down here.

A fairly deep river crossing first, then it was up, up, up through very pleasant beech forest. The rain started drifting rather than falling and soon it was snow. We emerged onto some rocks at the top and were rewarded with a view down a very narrow gorge which dropped down vertically 800' below us. The snow was really thick now - too cold to stand round admiring it.

Another hour's tramping brought us to the edge of the bush. By this time we were becoming hungry and a bit weary, but as it was very cold and I was quite wet, we decided to try to reach the hut a couple of miles up the flats for lunch. It was hard going through the tussock-clumps-on-bog all covered with snow, and very, very cold. That tiny corrugated iron hut with its two bunks, fireplace and table was a most welcome haven. There was no possibility of attacking Titiroa in this weather, so we lit a fire and settled down for a late lunch, a rest and tea. Then about 11 p.m. Rob made a delicious flaked rice pudding (with condensed milk - yummy!).

When we looked outside it was still snowing heavily - at this stage every branch and blade of tussock and shrub was thickened with snow, but still individual. The night was very light and exquisitely beautiful. It snowed heavily throughout the night. All around us branches were dumping their loads on the ground and springing back to collect more. By morning the whole valley was blanketed and all the trees loaded to their fullest capacity.

By now the question of an attempt on Titiroa was quite irrelevant, so we stayed in our pits late, then reluctantly decided we couldn't honestly be classified as snowed in. So it was on with overtrou, hats, parkas, mittens and overmitts and out into it again. By now the gaps between the tussock clumps had partly filled in, and the going was a little easier. Also, we stayed in the bush as long as we could.

We tramped at our best comfortable speed, and after a long, steady climb, considered we should be warm enough for a lunch stop. However by the time we had scoffed a quick snack, we were painfully cold and had to almost run for about half an hour to warm up. Darkness closed in before we got out to the car but that presented no difficulties. In spite of not achieving our goal (again), it had been a spectacular and very enjoyable trip.

Joan Wilson & Rob Powell

Success at Last

27-29th July

Once again that ultimately good feeling of cruising out of town at 4 p.m. on a Friday. This time our objective could be easily achieved in two days, so we stopped for a while for tea in Te Anau, then a wee while more before travelling up a very cold Milford Road and making camp beside the Eglinton River.

We awoke to a light brushing sound on the fly - rain! Oh well, we are in Fiordland after all. Except when Rob went outside he didn't feel as though he was getting wet, and as it grew light we found it was snowing heavily. We had a quick breakfast and drove on up the road before the MOW had time to close it.

We put on parkas and overtrousers, hats and mitts and set off up Mistake Creek, following a sort-of track here and there, and heading for U Pass. A tricky river crossing and some messy bush (lawyer) bashing added to our coldness and wetness and slowed our progress, but no way did we want to give up this time.

At 1.15 p.m. we struggled out of the bush to be confronted with scrubby flats covered with fresh snow, lowering clouds full of even fresher snow, no more track and no visibility by which to find our way to the pass. To be determined is one thing, to be foolhardy is another, so, feeling very disappointed, we ate a very quick lunch and turned back.

We set up our fly camp down beside the Milford Road again, cooked tea and snuggled into our pits to eat it. Our plan for Sunday was to attempt Dore Pass - the sneaky way to get on to the Milford Track.

The weather in the morning was misty, which turned out to be most suitable as we had no snow-goggles. The first 1,400' of our climb was a very steep but well-marked bush climb. We emerged from the bush at the 2,600' level and stopped for a quick snack. It only took a couple of minutes to get ourselves almost frozen, so we pulled on all our snow gear and set off through snow-covered scrub. We couldn't see any sign of the pass, and as it was off the edge of the map we had brought for our intended trip, we had no idea of what to expect. That was probably a good thing, as I would never have believed I was capable of getting to where we got to. The mist permitted us to see from one standard marker to the next. We got out of the scrub and the snow got deeper, and the climb steeper. Rob was plugging away in front and I was struggling behind him, getting increasingly frustrated at the difficulties of climbing out of waist-deep holes that I made myself. A little traversing provided a change, though not exactly a rest, and I was really beginning to feel I couldn't go any further when we came to a corner from which we could at last see the pass, having climbed above the mist into the sunshine. We looked at it and decided it would take us an hour. Rob had just extricated himself from an armpit-deep hole - was it worth it?

All around us startlingly steep mountains jumped out of the mist, all snowy and rocky.

The next couple of hundred feet was alternating a few

steps with a rest all the way. But it was amazing how much nearer that alluring saddle became with each spurt. The top was icy, and we had to cut a few steps to finish our ascent. We reached the top in only half our anticipated hour and after 2,000' of very hard work climbing through the deep, fresh snow, we were very pleased to be there. There was no view down to the Clinton Canyon and Milford Track - only mist. We just had time to scoff two biscuits each before the extreme cold sent us speeding down the mountain. It was like being in another world, way up above the clouds with only the cold mountain tops for company.

Exhilaration and a sense of fulfillment enhanced our descent, and prompted our aspirations for further conquests in the future.

Joan Wilson and Rob Powell.

### The Kapiti Experience

Invitations to visit Kapiti Island are about as rare as sightings of kokakos. So when presented with this opportunity, Mary Madore and I found it an offer we couldn't refuse. The other members of the group were friends of my brother from the Victoria University Biological Society. All were ferried over to the island in a small boat, an adventure in itself with a reasonable swell.

A greeting from the Ranger included a brief history of the sanctuary and an indication of activity to look for. The bird life on this island is nothing short of amazing. Kakas fly freely overhead, sometimes accepting handheld food. Wekas follow visitors as you move through their individual territories, taking food from the hand, or pack if you are silly enough to leave it open. North Island bush robins hop daintily around on seemingly ridiculously thin legs, foraging for insects whenever the forest litter is disturbed. High in the trees kakarikis, fat kererus and flocks of whiteheads make the sky seem alive. The reasons for the abundance of birdlife is the lack of major predators (notably cats and ship rats), and abundance of food from the rich, diverse bush.

The bush that exists today regenerated from what was cleared farmland 80 years ago. Northern rata, tawa and huge kanuka trees form the shelter for the slower growing trees. These shade-loving young trees include infants of the forest giants that formed the original cover, namely miro, matai, rimu, totara and pukatea and others such as kohekohe, rewa rewa, pigeonwood and numerous shrubs.

Amusing stories gleaned from the ranger's children included an account of their claustrophobic meals with many hungry kakas staring longingly through the dining room windows. Their timing for meals is apparently quite superb. One bird even has the habit of scurrying up the vertical aluminium part of the ranch slider door, and glaring at the family sideways. Another story relates to wekas killing Polynesian and Norway rats by spearing them with their bills, so creating some sort of balance.

As referred to elsewhere, the 'Kapiti experience'

cannot be explained adequately on paper. It is an important part of our heritage, it is there for the taking and when encountered is a very personal experience. It is like visiting New Zealand 100 years ago. Should anyone else wish to visit Kapiti Island, please contact me for any information needed.

Greg Jenks.

#### NEW MEMBERS

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

Doug Bennett	Peter Linscott
Vicki Carlyon	Graham Stichbury
Luke Holmes	Christine Thomson
Geoff Holmes	Nicholas Hay
Christine Kitchin	Mason Lee
Karen Lancaster	Edward Holmes
Karen McBride	Rob Clarke
Wendy MacWhirter	

#### RESIGNATIONS

It is with regret that the club accepts the following resignations:

Geoff Richards  
Noel Evans  
Grant Fraser  
Clyde Nicholls  
Sue Hammond

#### SOCIAL NEWS

Marriage Congratulations to Trevor and Jeanette Plowman.

Moves Welcome back to Joy Breayley

#### CLUB MEETING DATES

5 September	14 November
19 September	28 November
3 October	12 December
17 October	11 January
31 October	

#### ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

The 44th Annual General Meeting will be held in the Radiant Living Hall, Warren St, North, Hastings, following the usual fortnightly meeting on Wednesday, 17th October, 1979.

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### 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 should occur, all newcomers should see that the list left in town by the leader includes their phone number. For enquiries about OVERDUE PARTIES please contact one of the following:

BERRY 777-223      PLOWMAN 54-303      THORP 434-238

- - - - -

### FIXTURE LIST

On many trips parties may divide so that fitter members can undertake a more strenuous trip in the same area. Changes due to unforeseen circumstances could be made on the trip list prior to a trip. Enquire from one of the following:

Peter Manning, phone 82963      Russell Perry, phone 798 221  
Liz Pindar, phone 67889      Randall Goldfinch, phone 439163

TRANSPORT CONTRIBUTIONS: Due to rising petrol and other costs, these have been raised to \$3.00 per person, and \$8.00 per person for trips outside the Bay.

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

#### SEPTEMBER

- 9      Eastern Ruahine  
Up North Waipawa River to base of 66. May climb.  
N 140      Leader: Dave 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.  
N 123      Leader: Greg Jenks
- 20-22      Kaweka/Kaimanawa Crossing (5 day)  
Umukarikari      Leaders: Randall Goldfinch  
N 112/113      Les Hanger

#### NOVEMBER

- 4      Cairn Trip  
Up Makahu Spur to Kaweka J Trig for the annual  
memorial service.  
N 123      Leader: Phil Bayens

NOVEMBER

17-18

Northern Ruahine

Up Golden Crown to No Mans Hut and Ikawetea Hut.

N 113

Leaders: ~~Allan Holden~~

~~Clive Thurston~~ ✓

*Peter Manning*

DECEMBER

2

Kaweka

Into Mackintosh Hut then down the Donald River to Lawrence Hut.

N 123

Leaders: Glenn Armstrong

Graham Bailey

15-16

Southern Ruahine

Down the headwaters of the Oroua River from Te Hekenga Trig.

N 140

Leaders: Terry Cameron

Truck driver

29 Dec -

2 Jan

Whirinaki Forest Traverse

Leaving Minginui via Whirinaki River and out to Kaingaroa Forest.

N 95/104

Leader: Greg Jenks

JANUARY

13

Lilo Trip

River location to be decided.

Leader: Randall Goldfinch

26-27

Southern Ruahine

Happy Daze Hut via Makaretu Hut, Pohangina River to Leon Kinvig Hut. Down Pohangina River to Ngamoko Tent Camp then out to Ngamoko roadhead.

N 145

Leaders: Geoff Robinson

Clive Thurston

FEBRUARY

10

Esk River

Past Waikoau to drop into Esk River following down to second bridge on Ellis Wallace Road.

N 114/124

Leaders: Bruce Perry

Peter Manning

23-24

Western Ruahine

From Pukeokahu up Whakaurekou River, up Waiokotore Stream, navigate to Aorangi and back to road.

N 133

Leaders: David Perry

Rob Clarke

MARCH

9

Southern Kaweka

The Lizard and Miriroa.

N 123

Leaders: Chris White

Les Hanger

22-23

Urewera National Park

From Mangaone to Waipaoa Hut, Lake Waikaremoana, return by similar route.

N 105

Leaders: Peter Berry

Glenn Armstrong

APRIL

7

Ruahine

Into Central Makarora then east onto ridge for return to roadhead.

N 133

Leader: Chris Jones