

HERETAUNGA TRAMPING CLUB (INC)

BOX 447, HASTINGS

'P O H O K U R A'

Bulletin No. 143

December 1979

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Phone 84498

SECRETARY: Mr L. Hanger,  
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Phone 88731

TREASURER: Miss J. Smith,  
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Phone 68249

CLUB CAPTAIN: Mr R. Goldfinch,  
15 Arthur Hobson Ave, Pirimai, Napier.  
Phone 439 163

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ANNUAL REPORTS

PRESIDENT'S REPORT

Our 44th Annual General Meeting and the club is still going strong. In my opinion, stronger than ever. When we get between fifty and sixty young people at some of the meetings interested in the same thing - the love of the outdoors - then the club has got nothing to worry about.

The highlight this year surely must be the complete renovation of Howletts Hut. The speed and efficiency with which this was executed even surprised me. Also the fact that we entirely financed the project ourselves made it a greater achievement. I wish the country was run in this manner.

On the dark side, one member had a nasty accident which fortunately healed in the end but gave us all a scare and drove home the fact that we have to be constantly aware that we should not take the hills too lightly.

I would like to thank the Social Committee for the wide variety of activities they have introduced during the year - from speakers on welldrilling to ferret breeding and activities from a cycling trip to a social dance. The dance was thoroughly enjoyed by most of us and looking around, despite the fact that liquor was freely available, I saw nobody drunk or making a nuisance of herself or himself. My compliments. Any fool can drink, but it takes a strong man or woman to say 'No thanks, I have had enough.'

Finally I would like to thank all the committee members for supporting me during the year. In particular the secretaries, past and present, the treasurer, the club captain, the editor (who has a big job) and the truck drivers. At the end of a trip YOU go to sleep on the back of the truck while THEY have still got to drive the truck. Many thanks to everyone and happy tramping next year.

P.B.

CLUB CAPTAINS REPORT. 1978-1979.

The attendance figures for this season are 11 day trips with 299 trampers, average 27, 15 Weekend trips with 305 trampers, average 20, last year's figures respectively 30 and 19.

There is no doubt that this past year has been a busy and successful one, with tramping trips to most areas of the southern North Island. We have catered for members' needs with a wide variety of locations to suit the budding mountaineers, the bush bashers and the picnickers. The limits of time and transport have not really hampered our visits to National Parks further afield.

The organisation of tramping trips has proved effective with the trips dividing into groups to suit where and how far people want to go. This encourages members to become more independent, learning skills of bushcraftiness and never lacking the security of the other club members in the region. Our trips have not been without their dramas: to mention a few, Mt Egmont accident, trampers overdue and truck breakdowns, but on reflection I have been pleased at the way members have coped. Mishaps make better trampers.

Hard work and a great response to working parties has assisted the club to overcome hassles such as keeping transport costs down, and has made Howletts Hut renovations a reality in a short time.

My thanks to all those who contributed to make our tramping club what it is, during this last year. I have been grateful for the support and work other committees and people have done behind the scenes.

Thank you drivers for your reliable service and the trip leaders for your preparation and enthusiasm. On behalf of the Club I would thank the N.Z.F.S. for the use of their huts, and services rendered, and also land owners for their advice and permission to cross their land.

R.G.

HUT, TRACK AND FIXTURE.

Howletts Hut renovation has been our big project this year. With good planning and organisation we helicoptered all materials pre-cut to the site. Later on, in approximately five weekends of work, the hut was transformed from a dirty, small uncomfortable hut that slept eight people to a comfortable mansion accommodating twenty people.

Thank you, Social Committee for organising a mighty hut opening celebration.

R.G.

## SOCIAL COMMITTEE REPORT 1978-79

The first arranged event was the bonfire night on 5th November by the Tutaekuri River. Various members of the Social Committee helped to create a very life-like guy which was rather rapidly extinguished by our roaring fire. The event got off to a start with people challenging the rapids in their canoes - a few even found the water somewhat wet - no names mentioned! A few fireworks were let off and everyone had lots of food to barbeque. Later on people sat round the fire but it was not a terribly late night because the following day was the Cairn Trip.

Towards the end of the year a Christmas dance was arranged in Wendy Gordon's woolshed. Lots of people brought food and liquid refreshments and danced the night away with a square dancing group who did remarkably well, considering the small amount of space they had.

### MAY

Probably the highlight of the year was the Howlett's opening night for which so many worked extremely hard. Great plans were made to lug up masses of food for an enormous gastronomic orgy consisting of dips and saveloys, chickens, curry, chowmein, fruit salad, cheesecake, icecream (which Randall insisted we must have), all finished off by a superb Howlett's opening cake made by Wendy Thorn. The celebrations centred around the opening of the hut by radio from Hastings by our patron, Janet Lloyd, and the cutting of the ribbon by our president. There were thirty-two people crammed into the hut singing and dancing away and it was a very sweaty night for us all. The weirdest thing was going outside and hearing all the music and stomping in the middle of nowhere, 4000 feet up in the ranges. The following morning saw people still consuming the leftovers. One of the best parts of the celebrations was that so many people made it up there and this even included several temporary geriatric members of the club, i.e. Russell, Mary, Graham and Rob.

A slightly different event was held one Saturday afternoon in August - this was a bicycle rally. About twenty to thirty people took part in pairs over a twenty mile course in the Puketapu/Fernhill area. A set of questions had to be answered in the shortest possible time - the winners of the pineapple were Rob Clark and Janet Solar. It was a very enjoyable afternoon for everyone, including Russell and me patrolling in the car.

### SEPTEMBER 29th

The final event of the year was a dance, this time at the Deerstalkers' Hall at Roy's Hill. We had hired a band to entertain us with a variety of music and a little extra atmosphere was created by a roaring log fire and a few candles. It was good to see many of the past members of the club dancing the night away.

During the year the social events for the meetings have included such items as a Photographic Competition, talks, slides, films from different people within and outside the club on such topics as well drilling, jet boats, herbs, aerial mapping, Apple Radio, and of course tramping. We must

not forget a lively demonstration by a ferret. We also had the occasional game orientated towards tramping.

I would like to say a special thanks to all the members of the Social Committee either at present with us, or who have recently departed. Everyone has been extremely helpful in getting so many events organised. I would like to particularly thank Greg, who I feel has done more than his fair share towards making this year what it has been.

J. B.

### TRUCK REPORT

Once again our club truck has completed another full successful year of motoring, ranging over the lower half of the North Island, despite the fuel restrictions. Unfortunately we have had to raise our trip fares to cover the increased cost of petrol, although, compared with other tramping clubs, the fares are still cheap.

After one eventful trip back from across the Island, the truck required a valve grind and extensive tune-up. Also the alternator has been reconditioned and heater repaired. The rear canopy will require painting again this summer, and we will be calling for volunteers. New retreaded tyres are being fitted, so that we will have six good tyres on the road.

The truck is frequently hired out to schools etc for transporting tramping parties, which in the long run must benefit the Club through the interest created in tramping.

I would like to thank all the drivers and members who have assisted in keeping the truck going.

G.P.R.

### TRAINING COMMITTEE REPORT

Training instruction for new and old members has been done in many subtle ways. At meetings past trips have been discussed, equipment has been displayed and its merits explained. On tramping trips when the action is on, experienced trampers have instructed others in bushcraft and mountaineering.

R.G.

### SEARCH AND RESCUE

The past year has been relatively inactive from the S.A.R. point of view. Two operations took place which involved the support of the H.T.C. Both were of limited duration and as we were called out at short notice it amounted to little more than reconnaissance searches.

The first operation was controlled by Trevor Plowman and involved the rescue of an injured hunter in the bush to the west of the Napier-Taupo road about four miles north of Tarawera Hotel. The alert was raised at lunch time and it was late in the afternoon before teams entered the area. Fortunately we managed to flag down a passing helicopter just before dark to fly this chap out and this saved what would have been a long and difficult carry.

The second operation was held on Woodstock Station in the back of Glenfalls and consisted of a one day reconnaissance search of the station around the Taraponui area for one of the farmhands who, it was suspected, had committed suicide. However some of the initial information turned out to be slightly confused so the search was called off late in the afternoon and the person concerned was located the next day by the police.

A two day S.A.R.E.X. was held on 24th - 25th June in which several club members took part. Some were lucky enough to get a ride in an Iriquois helicopter, but unfortunately the cloud was down and this prevented the chopper making further flights into the field. The weather also prevented a demonstration of helicopter techniques taking place.

Once again I would like to thank all those who assisted in S.A.R. work over the past year, and I would like to remind everyone to keep me informed of any changes of address and phone numbers. The way searches seem to be going these days, if you can't be contacted on the first attempt it's likely that you will miss out. It is also obvious that your gear will have to be uplifted at a moment's notice.

G.R.T.

### LIBRARY

The club library is at last housed in its fine new cupboard, generously made by Ray Frost for the cost of materials only, so now I hope to see its use going up rapidly, as there is room to store not only books but the miscellaneous papers and club magazines which we receive. I have nearly completed a card catalogue of all the books we have in stock.

Carol Climo gave us a copy of "Patterns of Water" which I have covered, and all the books from the Edna Ansell bequest are now in the library. The signed copy of "Ascent of Everest" I am holding at home, but there is another copy in the library.

Fifteen books were borrowed, and \$1.64 received from borrowers' donations.

L.P.

### GEAR

As usual I have difficulty in adding up money received but I arrived at a total of \$125, which makes the highest ever receipts from gear hire.

Word has got around to schools that packs and boots may be hired and all the local high schools used gear this year - only a few people from each, but it makes a difference to the total use.

Three pairs of slightly used boots were donated, and a frame pack was also added to our stock. Forty-four dollars of repairs were done to packs by the Canvas Co such as renewing straps and replacing waterproof liners.

Hire charges were the same as last year. \$2.17 was spent on miscellaneous boot repairs and new laces. The use of gear broken down is: 44 hirings of boots - 3 for fives, 13 for sixes, 10 for sevens, 8 for eights, 5 for nines and 5 for tens, a change from the predominance of small fittings the previous year.

- 22 hirings of packs, 11 of which were frame packs.
- tents went out 8 times - three of which were club trips.
- sleeping bag and cover three times
- rope 7 times.
- ice axes 26 times ) club hirings principally
- crampons once
- lilo once
- clothing: 5 hirings of parka or trousers.

With some old and worn boots and packs discarded, I feel that the club gear is in fairly good form, and definitely a paying proposition. Thanks particularly to my parents, who cope with queries and dirty boots when I am not available.

L.P.

#### EDITOR

The Pohokura has appeared three times this past year, as usual, and my thanks are once again due to Els Bayens for managing the duplicating machine, to Ingram, Thompson and Berry for providing the duplicator, and to the many club members who man staplers and put the pages together.

There have been 41 club trip reports and 26 private reports over the year, including ones from club branches in Palmerston North, (Bruce and Denise Perry), Mount Cook National Park (Peter Boomen), and Fiordland (Joan Wilson). Most trip leaders have been prompt in giving us their reports which is most appreciated. May I take this opportunity to remind those writing reports that one of the main purposes is to provide information to others on access, tracks, huts, map inaccuracies, rivers etc, and these should always be included. Also, if a party splits could the leader please ensure that someone is made responsible for writing the different reports.

The December issue will be the last I will be producing before we head for the Rockies, and Wendy Thorn will be taking over the job. I hope she will receive the help and support that we have.

J.P.

#### SPARE POHOKURAS

I have about twenty spare copies of past issues of the Pohokura which members may like to have to complete their collection if they have mislaid any of their own copies. If so, just ring or write (176 Flaxmere Ave, Hastings) and I will do my best to send the copy you require.

J.P.

HERETAUNGA TRAMPING CLUB (INC.)

INCOME & EXPENDITURE ACCOUNT

FOR THE YEAR ENDED 30TH SEPTEMBER, 1979

1978     INCOME:   The Club's Income comprised:

514	Subscriptions	547.50	
2205	Working Party Proceeds	1499.41	
84	Equipment Hire	133.35	
111	Meeting Contributions	132.99	
367	Grants, Ministry of Sport & Recreation (2)	-	
6	Donations - General	50.55	
50	- for Howletts Hut renovation	-	
250	- Motere Trust for Huts	250.00	
64	- Truck Fund	-	
36	Interest Received	45.15	
-	Surplus on Dance & Film Evening	64.00	
4	Sale Route Guides & Song Books	-	
		<hr/>	
3691			2722.95

EXPENDITURE:   The Expenses incurred in running the Club were:

189	Rent of Meeting Room	225.80	
60	Supper and Social Expenses	48.78	
52	Equipment & Hut Maintenance	73.65	
20	Subscriptions: Royal Society, Alpine Club etc	20.00	
130	F.M.C. Capitation	130.00	
14	Insurance	19.62	
282	Bulletin Expenses	218.02	
20	Donations - Telethon	-	
23	Stationery, stamps etc	4.35	
26	Loss on maps and badges	24.74	
53	General Expenses	1.65	
	Transport Costs	2652.59	
	Truck Depreciation	780.00	
		<hr/>	
		3432.59	
	Fares Received	2440.68	
		<hr/>	
805	Loss on Transport	991.91	
(1674)			<hr/>
			1758.52
		<hr/>	
2017	There was there a Profit for the year of	\$	964.43
			<hr/>

STATEMENT OF ACCOUNTING POLICIES

1. The truck is being written off over 12 years at the rate of \$780 a year.

HERETAUNGA TRAMPING CLUB (INC.)

BALANCE SHEET

AS AT 30TH SEPTEMBER, 1979

1978	At Balance date the Club owned the following Assets:		
2253	Bank of New South Wales	1843.00	
25	Eastern & Central Savings Bank	435.87	
97	Equipment	169.63	
154	Cash on Hand	324.77	
99	Stocks on Hand	148.31	
140	Old Bedford Truck	-	
	1971 Bedford Truck at cost	9363.51	
	<u>Less Depreciation to date</u>	<u>2343.51</u>	
7800			7020.00
	Huts Valued in the books as follows:		
	Kaweka	10.00	
	Kiwi	50.00	
	Waikamaka	55.00	
	Howletts	1905.17	
115			2020.17
69	Projector at cost		69.00
-	Bookcase		177.23
10752	The total value of the Assets being		12207.98
	However, of this amount there has been set aside for -		
283	Accounts owing	446.68	
69	Reunion Fund	69.00	
-	Social Committee Funds	23.73	
12	Subscriptions in Advance	11.00	
( 364)			550.41
10388	Leaving a surplus of Assets over Liabilities of	\$	11657.57
	<u>This surplus is represented by the balance in Accumulated Funds:</u>		
	Balance as at 1st October 1978	10388.14	
	<u>Add</u> proceeds from sale of cabinet	20.00	
	<u>Add</u> profit on sale of truck	285.00	
	<u>Add</u> profit for the year	964.43	
			\$ 11657.57

AUDITOR'S REPORT

I report that I have examined the books and records of the Club and have obtained all the information and explanations I have required. In my opinion the Balance Sheet and Income and Expenditure Account show respectively a true and fair view of the Club's position at 30th September 1979 and of the results for the year ended on that date.

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



### ELECTION OF OFFICERS

At the Annual General Meeting held on Wednesday 17th October 1979, the following officers were elected:-

<u>PATRON:</u>	Mrs J. Lloyd
<u>PRESIDENT:</u>	Mr P. Bayens
<u>VICE PRESIDENTS:</u>	Messrs G. Thorp, T. Plowman, M. Taylor
<u>CLUB CAPTAIN:</u>	Mr R. Goldfinch
<u>SECRETARY:</u>	Mr L. Hanger
<u>TREASURER:</u>	Miss J. Smith
<u>AUDITOR:</u>	Mr A.V. Berry
<u>EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE:</u>	Miss V. Carlyon, Messrs G. Bailey, G. Jenks, P. Manning, R. Perry, G. Robinson, C. Thurston
<u>SOCIAL COMMITTEE:</u>	Miss J. Brown, Messrs G. Bailey, G. Jenks, D. Perry, R. Snowball, C. Thurston
<u>FIXTURE, HUT &amp; TRACK:</u>	Messrs R. Goldfinch, P. Manning, G. Jenks, R. Perry, C. Thurston
<u>TRUCK:</u>	Messrs P. Bayens, G. Robinson
<u>TRAINING:</u>	Miss V. Carlyon, Messrs R. Goldfinch, R. Perry
<u>SAR CONTACTS:</u>	Messrs R. Goldfinch, L. Hanger, T. Plowman, G. Thorp
<u>EDITOR:</u>	Miss W. Thorn
<u>PUBLICITY:</u>	Mr C. Thurston
<u>GEAR CUSTODIAN:</u>	Miss E. Pindar
<u>LIBRARY:</u>	Miss E. Pindar
<u>PHOTO ALBUM:</u>	Mr D. Perry
<u>SCRAPBOOK:</u>	Mr J. Glass
<u>MOUNTAIN SAFETY COUNCIL REPRESENTATIVE:</u>	Mr L. Hanger

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### NEW MEMBERS

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

Delia Findlay	Melissa Cooper
Heather McBride	Glenda Maras
Wendy McMillan	Gerald Blackburn

### SOCIAL NEWS

Death: It was with sadness that the club learned of the death of Martin Thyne in September. He was one of the earliest members of the club and our sympathy is extended to his wife and family.

Births: To Marianne van Hattem and David Andrews, a daughter, Marika Ellen in August  
To Mike and Sarah Croucher, a son, Finn, in July

CLUB TRIPS

No. 1171(a) HINERUA HUT INTO SMITHS CREEK HUT

12 August

The last section of farm road proved interesting with the truck getting stuck twice and needing a push - what a well organised circus! Never mind. We parked the truck in an empty super bin which provided shelter out of the wind for everyone to make preparations for the trip.

Walking into Hinerua Hut was great with the weather overcast and the beech forest providing shelter from a cold wind blowing off the snow-covered tops. At Hinerua Hut, which was surrounded by a light fall of snow, the large party divided. Group 1 continued up Hinerua ridge to the top of the range, group 2 continued down to Smith's Creek Hut following tracks, and group 3 continued down to Smith's Creek Hut by bush bashing down to Smith's Creek then up-stream to the Hut.

I followed Group 3, which certainly proved interesting. We headed North down through beech trees with large ferns to fall through. Eventually we crashed out onto Smith's Creek and continued up-stream to Smith's Creek Hut for lunch with group 2. The return trip was on tracks via Hinerua Hut back to the truck. Thanks to Miss Swinburn, Lookout Road (phone Ongaonga 753) for property access.

R.G.

No. in party: 27

Leader: Randall Goldfinch

Graham Stichbury, Allan Holden, Rob Clark, Chris Hardie, Terry Collister, Karen Lancaster, Jon Tucker, Rabi Ojala, Nick Jackson, Geoff Robinson, Peter Berry, Wendy MacWhirter, Elizabeth Pindar, Luke Holmes, Edward Holmes, Kristine Harrison, Lew Harrison, Clive Thurston, Cliff Epplett, Glenda Maras, Karen McBride, Ross Barrodell, Rob Snowball, Greg Jenks, Heather McBride, Maron Roos.

No. 1171 (b)

TO THE TOPS VIA HINERUA

Our party, (group 1), left the rest of the mob behind at Hinerua Hut. We were walking in soft snow just above the hut, and later found that the snow was knee-deep and soft above the bushline. Progress through this soft muck was rather difficult, but being men and women of large amounts of intestinal fortitude, we decided the tops were our goal.

Plodding ever upwards, the leader suggested it would be nice to have lunch in a large tarn basin further up the ridge. About twenty minutes after being shouted down about the existence of this tarn, we settled down for lunch in it. Ever seen a trip leader with smug grin while eating?

Three pikers left our stalwart team of climbers after finding the pace too much for them to handle. The remaining heroes were finding their goal coming closer, but also discovering the strong wind to be bitterly cold.

The top of the main range was gained by 2 p.m. Being fairly early we decided to trot along the hard snow to have a look around. We reached a high point overlooking the catchment area for Smith's Stream, and sat out of the strong wind

to have a nibble on some chocolate. With time marching on we elected to turn back and head down to Hinerua Hut. A long-winded snow fight delayed proceedings, but when the snow ran out we left.

After a warming drink, the crew headed out and down to the hot TK, ready for an eventful return trip over the wet farm track. A good romp with a good crew.

G.J.

No. in party: 13

Leader: Greg Jenks

Russell Perry, Dave Perry, Geoff Holmes, Mary Madore, Graham Bailey, Glenn Armstrong, Dyan Coombes, Nicholas Hay, Mason Lee, Janet Brown, Vicki Carlyon, Paul Wolstenholme.

No. 1172 (a) MIDDLE HILL/VENISON TOPS/MANGATURUTU 25-26 August

With overcast weather and a cold wind blowing, seven of us big uglies left Nicholas' hay-barn and tramped into Middle Hill Hut for morning tea. After the arrival of a slower group, we headed up to the Kaweka tops in the shelter of the bush. We reached snow just before the bushline and from there on conditions were not comfortable at all, with a strong, cold wind blowing across snow-covered slopes. We passed the Ballard Hut sign-post and continued down the ridge into bush and across and up to Venison Tops Hut for a comfortable night.

Sunday morning, with better weather, we travelled over to Mangaturutu Hut then down to the Makino Rover, following the track down a ridge through a nice bit of beech forest. After lunch in the sun, we continued down the Makino to the Mohaka River track then past Te Puia Chalet and out to the Hot Springs car park. We then had a long slog up the dirt road back to Nicholas' hay-barn - what a drag!

R.G.

No. in party: 7

Leader: Randall Goldfinch

Geoff Holmes, Janet Brown, David Harrington, Peter Linscott, Miles Robertson, Rob Clark.

No. 1172 (b) BALLARDS HUT

Weather wise things weren't looking very promising, and Huey, in his usual form, let us have all he had for that weekend.

We arrived at Middle Hill Hut from the haybarn just in time for a drink from Randall and Co and to bid them farewell - thanks for that drink. The trip so far hadn't been all that pleasant as a neglectful opossum trapper had left the area minus his opossums and skins which were strewn over the track right in the way of 12 boots and 6 noses - not a pleasant odour or sight for the senses to witness.

The weather had turned very cold and when you're sitting in a hut with a fire warming the whole of your body, apathy tends to set in - especially when the leader finds two war comic books!! So it was to climb up to Ballards and brave the elements, or to stay in the already warm hut - that was the question, and we were not very noble at that particular point in time. Ah, I remember it well and so do the other members of the party, I'll bet!

Anyway, to cut a long story short, we braved the elements, Huey dropped just about everything he could out of the sky, and we read the war comics at Ballards Hut, all feeling rather noble - and rather damp.

Morning dawned with snow on the doorstep and cold boots to hop into. The climb up onto the main Kaweka Range was a delight. Little things like the squeak of fresh snow under your boots, the way snow and ice forms on the plants and the marker standards, and even the footprints of opossums winding their way around the really soft patches of snow, made the time go quickly. We wandered down to Makino Hut which is sited on the edge of that beautiful grove of native bush. Lunch was rather late, so it was nearly dark by the time we took our boots and smelly socks off at the truck.

A good trip with good war comic books and fine company.

D.W.

No. in party: 6

Leader: Dave Wilkins

Dave Perry, Nick Hay, Vicki Carlyon, Clive Thurston, Peter Berry.

No. 1172 (c)

MAKINO/MIDDLE HILL

After quite a to do over who was going where, how far it was, how steep it was, how big the huts were, and would we return the same way, three parties set off to different parts of the hills.

Six of us made our way along the farm track to where the Makino track turns off the Hot Springs Road. A boost with some chocolate, off with rain coats, and the climb started. Then we were told by one bod that his stomach was a little upset and he might have to leave the track now and again. How right: he seemed to be more off the track than on it. But we still reached the hut at an early hour, and found there three hunters from Hamilton who were very entertaining during the evening.

Next morning we went back down the track to the forks and over to Middle Hill Hut. In between these two huts the bush changes completely. There is hardly any erosion and there are good sized trees with young trees growing well - very different from other parts in the area.

Middle Hill Hut for lunch over a two hour break, then we returned to the truck over farm land. Weather wise it was good for tramping with good company and high spirits to the fore.

L.H.

No. in party: 6

Leader: Les Hanger

Karen Lancaster, Wendy MacWhirter, Cliff Epplert, Edward Holmes, Jason Scott.

MEETINGS FOR 1980

January 9	March 5
January 23	March 19
February 6	April 2
February 20	April 16
	April 30

No. 1173

MIDDLE STREAM HUT

9th September

Sunday dawned wet as eighteen trampers assembled at Holts and the truck was soon thundering south of Hastings, after waiting ten minutes for Janet, who didn't turn up. Bodies were strewn comfortably around the truck for an uneventful journey, until we had to push the truck back on the track at Triplex. The truck was parked, wet weather gear donned, and, with many a groan of insanity seventeen trampers braved the great outdoors. (Peter Berry piked and stayed the day in the truck).

After futile attempts to boulder-hop the Waipawa River, the party climbed the farm track on the other side of the river. By now it had stopped raining, so we had a brief stop to remove rain gear. We continued across farm land to find ourselves smack-bang in the middle of a swamp. Cries of anguish accompanied members through the swamp as yet another person sank up to his knees.

From the swamp we descended into Middle Stream, and after continuing for about an hour up the river, we arrived at Middle Stream around 11 o'clock.

By now it was raining again and seventeen people packed into a four bunk hut for lunch. The fast party then continued on up the track toward Smith's Creek and, after a brief stop to gaze in awe and wonder at a 150 ft waterfall, we continued on to Smith's Saddle.

From there an old poorly-marked track was followed out towards Middle Stream and after a short bush-bash party we descended onto farm land. Detours were whole-heartedly enjoyed as the fast party (like the slow party before them) frolicked through nearby pine trees to locate two old brick chimneys. The fast party enjoyed the last hour of tramping in brilliant sunshine, as we waddled slowly back over farmland, discussing the wide world in general.

After a quick tussle with the truck, which refused to start, we were safely back in Hastings by 7.15 p.m.

G.H.

No. in party: 18

Leader: Geoff Holmes

Nick Hay, Peter Linscott, Rob Clark, Geoff Robinson, Edward Holmes, Luke Holmes, Gerald Blackburn, Carl Hopkins, Alton Harris, Lew Harrison, Cliff Epplett, Kay Farrer, Chris Thomson, Wendy McMillan, Karen Lancaster, Glenn Armstrong, Peter Berry.

No. 1174 (a)

BACK RIDGE HUT - ROCKS AHEAD

22-23 September

The truck left Holts at approximately 6 a.m. and, after picking up bods in Napier, we proceeded towards the Kaweka Range. The weather, looking overcast in Hastings, cleared by the time we reached the Makahu car park. Packs and boots came out in all directions and within a few minutes everyone was ready and eager to conquer the top.

"Now, which party is going where and who's going in what party?"

Les offered to take a party up Makahu Spur, head north along the tops and drop down to Middle Hill Hut for the night, then on Sunday to go out along Kaweka Flats to the truck.

Dave Harrington's group were looking for a challenge. From the "J" they continued past Back Ridge Hut and Back Ridge Bivvy to Kiwi Mouth Hut, where they spent the night. On Sunday they passed through Castle Camp, down to Studholmes Hut and up on to Mad Dog Hill, then dropping down Makahu Spur.

My party intended to reach Back Ridge Bivvy for the night via the "J" but unfortunately, due to fatigue in the party, we stayed at Back Ridge Hut. On Sunday we came back onto the tops, down to Studholmes Hut, for lunch and then made a slow return up Mad Dog Hill via Studholmes Saddle and out to the truck.

Yet another party, led by Geoff Holmes, decided to head towards Venison Tops and down to Rocks Ahead Hut, coming out via Back Ridge Bivvy and Back Ridge Hut.

Ballards Hut also had H.T.C. occupants who had split from Les' party.

Over all everybody enjoyed their trip. Splitting into manageable groups, each party spent a comfortable night not having to double bunk. The weather was great and on Sunday those who were on the tops were greeted with beautiful views of Ruapehu and Ngauruhoe. Each party arrived back at the truck within an hour of each other, enabling us to pull away shortly before 7.00 p.m. Our thanks to Les for driving the truck.

No. in party: 8

Leader: Clive Thurston

Edward Holmes, Cliff Epplett, Seann McKay, Peter Linscott, Janet Brown, Gerald Blackburn, Dave Harrington, Rob Clark.

No. 1174 (b)

#### VENISON TOPS

Our trio separated from Clive's party at the sign to Back Ridge Hut, some 400 metres north of the "J", and we made our merry way north towards the Mohaka.

Lunch was consumed slightly south of Ballards and we descended on Ballards some twenty minutes later. From there we waddled steadily towards Venison Tops, and arrived at Tira Chalet about 2.30 (we weren't sure as no one wore a watch). We dived inside, claimed bunks and tables, and debated over galloping on to Mangaturutu or holding the world Kaweka Frisbee Championships on Venison Tops. The latter was decided on, fire-wood was cut, and the hut prepared for the night.

The championships then proceeded and the trio chased, tumbled and tripped their way over the tops until Miles threw the Frisbee so hard that I nearly had to go back to Ballards to get it. Tea was cooked and shortly after dark we retired into our pits.

Sunday dawned with a bitter frost, and three pairs of eyes watched the sun peek through the trees. We left the hut about 8 a.m. and two of us stood with frozen feet while Miles pranced around taking photos (they'd better be good). We headed down towards Rocks Ahead and under the 1979 Selective Logging Act,

a few dead trees were selectively shunted to their graves. Logging stopped when one tree took a distinct dislike to Miles and fell on him.

Down at Rocks Ahead we closely inspected the twin wire bridge and decided it was safer to take to the water. So after a brief stop and a yak to a resident opossum trapper, we continued on to Back Ridge Bivvy. Lunch time found us taking it hard, lying on our backs enjoying Radiant Solar Energy.

Next stop was Back Ridge Hut, where Miles bemoaned the fact that we hadn't spent the night there as the hut was built like a huge meccano set, and through some foresight, he had an 8" crescent in his pack. He reckoned that with a few hours he could remodel the hut just the way he wanted it.

We continued toward the "J" with a stop for a snowfight and to build a snow woman. Finally on to the "J", and we busied ourselves sliding at 60 mph on backsides down snow banks. The adventurous frisbee was again unsheathed and raised to altitudes of some 10 000 ft. The fun over, we continued on the last stage to Dominie, Makahu and then the truck.

G.H.

No. in party: 3  
Miles Robertson, Chris Kitchin.

Leader: Geoff Holmes

No. 1174 (c)

MAKAHU TRIP

Eleven blue (from the wind) and true started for the tops while the fast party was still sorting themselves out.

Halfway up Makahu Spur a pair of new gummies forced their owner to stop to remove one pair of socks to prevent them pinching. A stop at Dominie for a snack and more warm gear, then over to North Kaweka tarns for lunch.

Out of the wind, a good hot drink was made, then we continued on to Whetu where we split into two groups, three going with me to Middle Hill for the night, and the rest going towards Venison Tops, but Ballards was beckoning.

The morning dawned clear and bright with no wind. With a light day ahead, a lie in bed was called for, with only one member having to be at Makahu car park by 3 o'clock for the return ride. Out over to Kaweka Bivvy for lunch, then on to the car park. We enjoyed the track which is well marked and easy. I should know for that is how I like them.

L.H.

No. in party: 4

Leader: Les Hanger  
Karen Lancaster, Wendy MacWhirter, Paul Wolstenholme.

No. 1174 (d)

BALLARDS

The intended drop into Middle Hill just didn't seem attractive at all to me. It's getting over into the back of the divide which helps give that "away-from-it-all" feeling which I sought. As I followed the others off the back of North Kaweka, Ballards Hut, or perhaps Venison Tops, seemed to be an answer so, with Les's consent, off I went. Behind

me followed six others! I wondered if they wanted to get away from it all too.

Leaving Les's four, we moved on ahead up onto Whetu. The pace was light for the fit ones, but by the time I had caught up for my rest, Les's muster were still within easy distance. From this stage onwards down the ridge leading west off Whetu, I attempted to persuade the others that I would be perfectly comfortable in Ballards Hut if they wanted to press on to Venison Tops. However, I had forgotten the spirit of companionship and generosity which exists in this club of ours. They wouldn't hear of leaving me. No, they would nobly keep me company in Ballards (lazy so n' so's, Venison Tops was only another two hours away!)

The rest of the afternoon passed away very pleasantly wandering among the beech stands, quietly preparing the evening meal, or basking in the spring warmth. A brief snow fall added immensely to the flavour of outdoor peace and well being. Some restful shutter-bugging of Ruapehu followed whilst the sinking sun quietly filtered out its colours from the landscape, replacing with myriad contrasts of grey and golden hues the hazed row upon row of crest and cloud.

In out of the cold, tea was hustled up in fine style and certainly made clear the disadvantages of boil-in-the-bags over dehyd food - you don't tend to leave dehyd food in the freezer at home. Clean up the scraps, bash up the feathers, a last "coming-for-a-glimpse-of-the-stars" and.....morning!

The new day was brilliant and clear with a biting wind just to keep things crisp. This morning version of Ruapehu held its own fascination and, on completing the climb back onto Whetu, we had a superb vantage point from which to view the Kaweka, Kaimanawa and Tongario Park tops. With the time just gone 10 o'clock we decided against following the usual routes back to Makahu. A spur dropping east off the southern half of the saddle between Whetu and North Kaweka looked enticing - open all of the way down, good possibilities of scree ferriage, and a stream at the bottom to wash lunch down. All proved correct. The tops were easy, the scree was beaut, and the water mixed with just enough quantities of mountain air to quench any thirst. The stream we followed for quite some time before lunch, and it included a final narrow gorge with its inevitable impassable waterfall.

After an extended lunch hour and brew, we moved on down the river to pick up the track between Middle Hill and Kaweka Flats Bivvy. The climb out of the stream up this track is steep and on this day very hot! Nonetheless, tops always appear sooner or later, and we romped our way across to the Bivvy to check that Les's crew had passed through safely. Wendy's problems appeared to be over. Once more a leisurely break, then across the final stretch to reach Makahu by around 4.30.

R.P.

No in party: 7  
Graham Stichbury, Karen McBride, Glenda Maras, Kent Bussell, Christine Thompson, Simon Barrett.

Leader: Russell Perry



No. 1174 (e)

KIWI MOUTH

This trip took us up Makahu Spur and along Back Ridge to Kiwi Mouth Hut, returning via Kiwi Saddle and Castle Camp. Although a lot of distance was covered, fine weather and the fact that much of the travelling was along the tops made this a comfortable weekend's tramping.

We reached Back Ridge Hut for lunch on the first day and also paused for 20 minutes at Back Ridge Bivouac along the way. Our main concern this day was to drop off Back Ridge down the correct track and, due to Dave's excellent judgement, we managed this.

Finding two Forest Service workers at the hut, we put up a tent outside to avoid overcrowding. After the usual boil-in-bags and spongy puds, everyone retired for a good night's sleep (except for Peter, who had to sleep in the hut and put up with attacks of flatulence from the other two).

A light coating of frost was on the ground next morning and the sky was cloudless. Peter kindly removed the tent for us and we lay there soaking up the early morning sun.

Getting away by 9 o'clock, we made our way up Kiwi Creek for some distance, then climbed up to Kiwi Saddle for lunch. After lunch we continued through Castle Camp down to Studholme Bivvy for a short break, then climbed up a spur behind the bivvy, up over Mad Dog and the "J" and down Makahu to home.

R.C.

No. in party: 4

Leader: Dave Harrington

Rob Clark, Janet Brown, Peter Linscott

No. 1175 (a)

KAIARAHİ STREAM

7th October

At the Mackintosh car park the bleary-eyed mob were draughted into three groups - one under Geoff Holmes' direction for a trip around the tops above Kaweka Flat to Kiwi Saddle, and one each under Chris White's and my leadership to cover the Kaiarahi-Kaweka Flat circuit in opposite directions.

My crew quickly dropped down the steep track to where the bridge crosses the Tutaekuri. From here we boulder hopped and waded upstream to the junction of the Tutaekuri and Kaiarahi Stream. The weather was cool but clear as we lifted up into this stream's narrow valley. After only a quarter hour we intercepted our first wee obstacle - a small waterfall. There was no way around this and the climb out was quite steep-sided, so six of us decided to take a plunge. This meant slipping with gritted teeth into the very cold water, clutching desperately at the rock while hauling towards the waterfall, jamming oneself in the narrow gap directly in the chute of the fall and heaving up above it to the neck beyond - chilling but not too difficult. But, once gathered at the top, we turned to see a huge waterfall just 30 yards on! No way through this one. We seemed to be standing in a great, dark, sheer-sided chasm - a hidden keep of Gollum's reign. No way out existed but to return the way we had come. It was much colder the second time.

Once dried off, we hastily lifted above the stream, following the scrambled trail of the others through the steep scrub. It didn't take too long to catch them and once together, the whole party completed the remainder of the creek to the Kaweka-Mackintosh track crossing easily. From here, refreshed with a drink and quick snack, we began the steep climb up onto Kaiarahi Spur and thence across to Kaweka Hut, meeting Chris White's crew on the way. Time for lunch.

Discussing possibilities for the return trip to the truck, someone suggested we follow the streams right from the hut to the Tutaekuri and then downriver to the Mackintosh bridge, completing a nice, neat circuit instead of lifting over the Rogue and going out via the road.

Down to the Tutaekuri was the easy bit. From then on it became very interesting. The club has navigated this section before but this time it was not to be. We reached a short, narrow rapid which dropped sharply down into a rocky gut - no way through without actually sitting in and letting the current take you where it might.

"No, thank you!" they all said. Out we lifted once more, but were forced higher and higher on the true left all the time while the truck waited for us on the true right. Eventually, Glenn and I dropped again to the river, just above a terrific waterfall which thundered mightily into a deep, narrow gorge. Just above this seemed a fair crossing so we fetched the others. This put us at least on the right side of the river but with an awful lot of bush-bashing, pine-shoving altitude to gain. The less said about it the better. Eventually, after much sweat and scratches, a forestry track emerged and then a lovely, white truck. Ah, we've finished.

R.O.P.

No. in party: 19                      Leader: Russell Perry  
Vicki Carlyon, Delia Findlay, Ross Berry, Rob Clark, Glenn  
Armstrong, Phil Bayens, Geoff Robinson, Edward Holmes, Mary  
Madore, Dave Wilkins, Lew Harrison, Karen McBride, Glenda Maras,  
Paul Wolstenholme, Randall Goldfinch, Wendy MacWhirter, Cliff  
Epplett, Maron Roos.

No. 1175 (b)

KAWEKA TO KAIRAHI

Due to the absence of anybody of sufficient calibre to hold in check a party of five eager slow party members, I was coerced into doing the job. We wandered off along the Lakes Road at a pretty leisurely pace towards Kaweka Hut where we discovered an axeman had been at work on a few of the live trees.

Lunch took about an hour or so and then we made our way along the Mackintosh track towards the Kaiarahi Stream. About two thirds of the way there we met the other party doing the same trip in reverse. Some of them appeared to be even wetter than usual after coming up the creek.

Going down the creek was easy, with only two gorgy bits, the second of which involved climbing a bit of a razor-back. The rest of the trip was straightforward enough down the Tutaekuri to the wire bridge and up the track. We were back at the Mackintosh carpark about 5 p.m. to find two pikers firmly ensconced in the back of the truck.

Overall, it was a good easy trip that wasn't too strenuous for new members.

C.J.W.

No. in party: 7                      Leader: Chris White  
Liz Pindar, Karen Lancaster, Wendy McMillan, Peter Manning,  
Desiree Hulford, Neil Griffin.

No. 1175 (c)                      KAWEKA TO KIWI SADDLE

Our select party of seven moved casually but steadily up to Kaweka Hut after moving farewells at the truck. Stomachs reminiscing of breakfast in rumbling tones induced a stop there and all concerned 'munched out' in a big way.

After an invigorating climb we negotiated the Tits and our continued progress added Kaiarahi and Castle Camp to our tally. Our illustrious H.T.C. hooves soon found themselves at Kiwi Saddle Hut where three hunters were in residence so mutual pleasantries were exchanged over lunch.

We then headed uneventfully in the direction of Kuripapango Hill. We did however meet two hunters carrying 45 lb packs. (Better than us!) The afternoon's inevitable course continued and, nearing 4100', it was decided to try to find the shingle slide. Soon after, Elton indicated a near vertical grot - I tried hard to recall seeing Elton's face on "Danger Freaks." We decided to stop at the tarn and an inevitable munchy break ensued. We then sat around fantasising about the possibility of grey, triangular fins cutting the surface, periscopes breaking water or cries of 'Thar' she blows' as spouts of water reached skyward. The absence of two doctors and a magistrate from our party struck me as fortunate. Our search for the shingle slide proved fruitless so our descent was conventional. A brief preamble along the road and we met the truck. I, for one, had had a most pleasant day despite the doubtful company periodically illuminated by erratic sunshine.

M.R.

No. in party: 6  
Geoff Holmes, Luke Holmes, Nicholas Hay, Heather McBride, Elton Harris, Miles Robertson.

No. 1176 (a)                      KAWEKA - KAIMANAWA TREK                      18-22nd October

#### Thursday

In two vehicles we travelled up to Jack Nicholas' haybarn and by 9 a.m. the party of ten had prepared our heavy packs and pulled on our boots. The plod into Middle Hill Hut was uneventful with everyone tramping at their own pace, arriving about 11 a.m. Continuing up through beech forest to the bush line, we had lunch and then finally grouped together on the tops above Ballards Hut about 2.30 p.m. The weather was mild and treated us finely as we continued down and up to Venison Tops Hut, arriving by 6 p.m. for a comfortable night.

#### Friday

Feet hit the bunkroom floor at 5.45, breakfast disappeared and by 6.45 a.m. we were off to Mangaturutu Tops. With easy walking we wandered on to Te Puke Hut for lunch at midday, getting a little spread out. Back on the track by 1 p.m. the group stuck together but for Chris Jones who had rushed ahead

at the beginning of the day. We did not see Chris again on the trip as he became lost and later returned out the way we had come in. We arrived down at Harkness Hut at 3 p.m. and enjoyed a well earned rest before the three hour jaunt to Tussock Hut for the night. The route follows up the Harkness Valley with many stream crossings, followed by much plodding through tussock.

#### Saturday

Leaving Tussock Hut by 8.30 a.m., two groups made their own pace over to Boyd's Mansion for an early lunch, using the track up through the beech trees to the ridge top then down to the Ngaruroro River. As we grouped up near the airstrip about midday, we met Allan and Wendy's group doing our trip in reverse. From here our route lay up the Ngaruroro River, then turned up the Mangamingi Stream which was level going but, with hot sun beating down, everyone was pleased to reach a good camp site by 5.30 p.m. The established camp site was at the base of the Mangamingi Saddle, nicely sheltered. Mangamingi Hut is only ruins.

#### Sunday

With a nice sunny day ahead, 8 a.m. saw us climbing up an easy bush track through Mangamingi Saddle then down an open ridge to the Mangamaire River. After a brief rest we turned upstream until 11 a.m. then turned up an open ridge to the west, gaining high tops where the going was easy. Later, after lunch, we bush-bashed down a ridge into the Rangitikei River and continued downstream to a good campsite close to where the track comes down from Ignimbrite Saddle.

#### Monday

After a brief shower of rain in the night we were up and away, climbing up a track to Ignimbrite Saddle then onto Junction Top. From here it was down to Waipakihi Hut for an early hot lunch. The weather had turned nasty and started snowing heavily but 'Never mind, we're nearly there!' Storm gear on for the final assault and by noon we were down across the Waipakihi River and heading up the track onto the ridge and along to Umukarikari Trig. Over to Sharp Cone Trig then thankfully we followed down a ridge into the bush. The winter storm conditions were a real trial for such a long time (about four hours), with no shelter from gale force winds loaded with snow and poles becoming difficult to find. Coming down the ridge on a good track in the bush, it was really great to be sheltered. We arrived out at Hydro Access Road 10 by 5.30 p.m. to be welcomed by Geoff's party in the truck.

R.G.

No. in party: 10

Janet Brown, Vicki Carlyon, Pam Menzies, Rob Clark, Paul Wolstenholme, Kent Bussell, Geoff Holmes, Edward Holmes, Chris Jones.

#### NEWSPAPER PUBLICITY

So that reports of club trips can be put in the local newspapers on the Monday following the trip, would trip leaders please contact Clive Thurston, phone 778-333, as soon as you get back from the trip or early on Monday morning.

No. 1176 (b)

UMUKARIKARI RANGES

20-22nd October

Having left Hastings at 5 a.m. or thereabouts and collected the Napier bods, we had an uneventful trip over the Taupo Road and down past Turangi to turn off at the Puketara Tunnel Portal Access Road. At the road head we met Bruce Perry who had driven up from Palmerston North.

Having donned our tramping gear, a unanimous decision was made by three that we do in reverse the trip that was done by the club a few years previously, as the contours would not be as bunched up climbing to Urchin as they would be climbing to Umukarikari. So it was back on the truck for a short tour to find the correct starting off point.

A long but pleasant climb up to Urchin followed and, as the going got a wee bit steep in front, we were able to feast our eyes on the panorama of the Tongariro National Park. We followed along the top of the Umukarikari Range for a short time before dropping down a steep track to the Waipakihi River where we set up a tent camp for the night. Some went exploring, some fishing - the fishermen extraordinaires (Kevin and Luke) sure were extraordinary....they didn't catch a thing.

Next morning we headed off up the Waipakihi River in brilliant sunshine with numerous face-filling stops. At one such stop Wilkie produced his nose cream which was quickly passed around to ward off the ultraviolet and we wondered why we had packed all that useless, heavy cold weather gear. (Little did we know.)

Before arriving at the Waipakihi Hut (lodge) we met a mob from the Hamilton Tramping Club who stopped for a chat. Finding the hut full of Auckland T.C. and police cadets encamped out the back, we took off up the north branch of the Waipakihi River in search of a more peaceful campsite.

That night we saw torch lights descending the ridge above the hut and, expecting it to be Randall and his crew, Russell, Chris and I took off back to the hut, only to find it was more bods from the A.T.C.

Next morning we were hurried along with our packing by a snow shower and so, in three groups, we headed off in different directions towards the tops of the Umukarikaris again. We soon encountered gently falling snow through which we could see Randall's party climbing down to Waipakihi Hut across the river. The snow was very picturesque at this stage and I thought, 'Oh my, how nice!'

By the time all three parties regrouped on the top, it was coming in sideways and not so nice. Time to put on that useless heavy cold weather gear. Unfortunately, three of the party did not put on enough of the right gear early enough and were to cause us some anxious moments later on. Nuff said. As the snow got thicker and the wind stronger, we were presented with magnificent views (of each other in the crud, all iced up) and, feeling decidedly unintrepid, we were starting to use very naughty words (like 'armpits and cold gummies') to describe our position and feelings.

We linked up with an Auckland mob who forged a path through the ever-deepening snow up over Umukarikari Trig (5,222') and sidled around Sharp Cone before thankfully dropping down into the shelter of the bush for a lunch stop and head count. There followed a steep descent down a ridge to the Waihaha Stream where Bruce's car was parked. I drove round to pick up the truck and returned to meet the gang as they arrived down. A short wait before Randall's five day party turned up and, after a chow stop at Turangi where we could look back at the now clear but snow-covered tops we had traversed, we had a good trip home.

G.P.R.

No. in party: 16

Leader: Geoff Robinson

Dave Wilkins, Peter Boomen, Cliff Epplett, Clive Thurston, Kevin Ayre, Perry Hicks, Russell, Joanne and Bruce Perry, Luke Holmes, Karen Lancaster, Karen McBride, Chris White, Graham Stichbury, Delia Findlay.

No. 1177

CAIRN TRIP

4th November

What can one say about a Cairn Trip other than that it amazes me every year that so many young people make the effort to come out and make this memorial trip, sometimes under ... : atrocious conditions.

This year was no exception and 27 left the cosy truck to face the fog, cold rain and wind to climb to the top. At Domini more rain gear was put on and no time was wasted. The top was reached by all of us in record time. It was too cold and miserable to loiter about or to admire the scenery - there was none. At the top we met Peter Lewis who had a welcome billy of hot water going for various brews. After the short service at the cairn we wasted no time in getting off the tops, except Peter Lewis who, contrary to accepted rules, decided to go by himself over the tops to the hot springs to meet another group. You cannot argue with an old....

The descent was also done in quick time and everybody was back by 1.15 p.m. A few people stayed down below and made a short trip to Boulder Creek.

P.B.

No. in party: 27

Leader: Phil Bayens

Karen Lancaster, Sandra Fletcher, Rob Clark, Paul Wolstenholme, Trevor and Jeanette Plowman, Randall Goldfinch, Sue Pickering, Russell Perry, Jason Scott, Liz Pindar, Peter Linscott, Nicholas Hay, Edward Holmes, Wendy McMillan, Vicki Carlyon, Delia Findlay, Peter Berry, Christine Kitchin, Karen McBride, Dave Wilkins, Les Hanger, Geoff Holmes, Desiree Hulford, Chris Jones.  
To Boulder Creek: Els Bayens, At van Rangelrooi and the Starnes family.

No. 1178 (a)

GOLDEN CROWN - NO MANS

17-18th November

After organising private transport a party of 16 left Hastings on Saturday morning for Marsters Shelter in the Ruahine Range. On arrival we divided into three parties: fast, medium and slow. The fast party, led by Randall, headed towards Shutes Hut via No Mans, the medium led by Rob Clark aimed for Ikawetea Forks Hut via No Mans and the slower group, led by myself, just hoped for No Mans.

The weather was overcast as we proceeded up Golden Crown which was a long, hot climb up to the track junction. Randall's

party powered on ahead taking leaping strides. We thought at this stage that they were never to be seen again but as it turned out, we caught them. (Slackers)

When we reached the open tops we were met by a strong wind which slowed us down considerably. Time was getting on so we decided to break for lunch on a sheltered tussock patch. Heading towards No Mans Hut, we had marvellous views of the Wakarara Range and a sneak view of Ruapehu. A past member of the club, Raymond Low, came up from Levin for the weekend. Many years ago he used to hunt and trap this area and was able to give us a rundown on the history and point out various peaks and ridges along the way. We reached No Mans Hut at approximately 1 p.m. to find both faster parties lounging around the hut. What a bunch of slackers!

After a general discussion on where they were going, they packed their bags and left. The remainder of us toyed with the idea of going down to Ikawetea Forks Hut but decided against it because the hut would have been overcrowded. So we spent the afternoon wandering down the four-wheel drive track to where the track to Dead Dog Hut branches off. Raymond Low decided to go down the track but unfortunately was unable to locate the hut. The wind had subsided a little and we were able to absorb the sunshine. After tea we wandered up to the top to see the sun set; a little late but we were able to catch the last rays over the horizon. Arriving back at the hut, out came the cards and soon we were playing a game of 'Cheat', yelling raucously until about 10.30p.m.

The following day we went for a walk along the Ikawetea Forks track. Being early morning, we had a crystal clear view of Ruapehu and Ngauruhoe while south, along the range, we could see Ruahine Corner Hut. Coming back from Tauwharepokoru we saw a sika deer and watched it wandering around in the tussock grass. It came within 120 yds of us before it scented us and bounded gracefully away.

After lunch we returned across the tussock tops and down Golden Crown Ridge to the vehicles.

C.T.

No. in party: 16

Leader: Clive Thurston

Karen Lancaster, Chris White, Randall Goldfinch, Dave Wilkins, Edward Holmes, Vicki Carlyon, Cliff Epplett, Janet Brown, Karen McBride, Gerald Blackburn, Geoff Holmes, Raymond Lowe, Matt and Moira Campbell, Rob Clark.

No...1178 (b)

NORTHERN RUAHINE

Saturday

After a long lunch at No Mans Hut with all the others, Edward and I left at 2.30 p.m. for Shutes Hut. The going was easy and we really motored along towards Ikawetea Forks Hut, finding the track ducking through beech trees then out on to the open rocky ridge top. After passing the Taruarau Bivvy, the ridge dropped down through manuka with a marked track to Shutes Hut. It was a mighty little four bunk hut with character, large pine trees and a grassy clearing.

Sunday

Returning back we left at 8 p.m., reached No Mans Hut turn-off at 1.45 p.m. and down Golden Crown by 4.30 p.m. with hot gummies.

R.G.

Edward Holmes and Randall Goldfinch

No. 1178 (c)

IKAWETEA FORKS

After climbing Golden Crown Ridge with the slower party, our party of four carried on to No Mans Hut for a late lunch. We found the fast party still in residence there, having lost interest in the idea of getting to Shutes Hut that night, so apparently also heading for Ikawetea Forks.

A good lunch and long rest later, we set off for the Forks with the fast party somewhere ahead of us. The walk down Ikawetea Spur was most enjoyable, the weather having warmed up nicely and the bush being open and easy travelling. On reaching the Forks we found only three of the fast party had gone there, the other two going to Shutes after all.

The next day dawned fine and warm, making the grunt back up Ikawetea Spur (2,300 ft) hot work. Once back on the tops we spent some time soaking up the sun and view - with Ruapehu and Ngauruhoe standing out clearly. We found a nice hollow with a stream running through it to have lunch by and then it was back to Golden Crown and down to the cars.

R.C.

No. in party: 7

Leader: Dave Wilkins

Rob Clark, Janet Brown, Vicki Carlyon, Geoff Holmes, Gerald Blackburn, Chris White.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT

Are you an active member, the kind that would be missed,  
Or are you just contented if your name is on the list?  
Do you attend the meetings and mingle with the flock,  
Or do you stay at home, and criticise and knock?  
Do you take an active part to help the work along,  
Or are you satisfied to be the kind that just belong?  
Do you ever go to visit a member that is sick,  
Or leave the work to just a few and talk about the clique?  
Don't be just a member, but take an active part,  
Come to every meeting and help with hand and heart.  
Think this over, member, you know right from wrong,  
Are you an active member, or do you just belong.

- submitted by Geoff Robinson



PRIVATE TRIPS

HOWLETTS BY LUNCHTIME?  
DELIVERY OF CARBONNETTES?

30th September

With exams temporarily out of the way it was "let's go tramping". "I know of a beaut spot in the Tuki for the trout fishermen." "We could take some carbonettes to Howletts".

By Friday night our team consisted of two and a half fishermen and two and a half trampers. At 5 a.m. on Sunday two pairs of bleary eyes peered out into an untidy bedroom. Breakfast was quickly eaten, but nothing happened until Brian arrived at 7.00. The other two had changed their minds and didn't feel like tramping. On the way to Mill farm the car ran out of petrol, but three gallons were purchased from a farmer, and at 9 a.m. we left Mill farm and headed along Moorcocks Creek. Unfortunately we turned downstream when we reached the Tukituki River. Must have been dreaming!

About turn and head upstream, past Moorcock Stream and up towards Daphne Hut. But halfway we piked!! We ended up back at Mill farm at 12.45.

Thanks to Mr Pederson for the gas and to Edward who carried the 25 lbs of carbonettes (no, they didn't get to Howletts).

L.H.

Luke and Edward Holmes, Brian MacKay.

Behold the fisherman.  
He riseth early in the morning  
And disturbeth the whole household.  
Mighty are his preparations.  
He goeth forth full of hope,  
And when the day is spent  
He returneth smelling of strong drink,  
And the truth is not in him.

L.H.

KAIMANAWA - KAWEKA CROSSING

Labour Weekend, 18-22 October

Four of us decided to do the club trip in reverse. We had a leisurely Wednesday evening start and, arriving at Access 15 off the Desert Road, we were surprised at the activity at 9.30p.m. We found a reasonable camp site (there are better ones around if you know where to go) and wandered off into the bush about 8.40 the next morning, heading up towards Sharp Cone.

Escape from civilisation seemed very slow because from the ridge we could hear a large portal fan at the power project. Paul even heard the noon siren! However the views of Lake Taupo and beyond were marvellous, and travel along the flattish, open Umukarikari Range was very pleasant - a far cry from what the others struck on the Monday. Waipakihi Hut seemed a good place to stay. We studied the map there carefully and amended our map of our route.

Friday was a long day. We started by crossing the ridge to the Rangitikei and then climbed out onto the Island Range. At about 5p.m. we dropped into the Mangamaire Stream, and couldn't face even the small climb over to the Mangamingi. The one available campsite had a lump where Wendy slept, but the rest of us slept comfortably after a pleasant natter round a campfire.

Saturday was still fine. Then up and over into the Mangaminga didn't seem to take long and the bush was a pleasant change from the open tussock of most of the area. The sun kept getting hotter as we wandered down the Ngaruroro to Boyds for lunch. We met the club party just before the hut and were a little surprised not to have met them sooner.

A long lunch and a brew - thanks Alan Lee - before we ambled off in the hot sun toward Tussock Hut. The girls decided it was time for a wash and Paul and I felt so guilty that we had one too - all over!

On Sunday we set our sights on Tira Chalet. We had a drink at Harkness then followed Chris Jones's footsteps all the way to Tira Chalet. It was an interesting if lengthy trip on the ridge.

During the night the weather turned bad and was snowing before we left. Travel along the ridge towards Middle Hill was cold but not too unpleasant. The weather was worsening though, so it was good to be in the bush at 10.30. Middle Hill's log book had an entry - "God must be a capitalist - it always rains on Labour Day".

Rain and snow and all, we reached the haybarn about 2.30 p.m. to find my car safe and sound, left there by the club party. We all enjoyed the trip - and we were lucky with the weather.

A.T.H.

Allan Holden, Wendy Thorn, Paul and Jenny McGuinness

#### RAFTING THE WAIRAUHARI

19-22 October

Thursday night saw the culmination of the dreams and plans of four ambitious rafting enthusiasts - Rob's big bedroom filled to capacity with tractor and truck tyre tubes blown up for testing, lifejackets, rope, personal and party gear, and his bed covered with light-weight, high energy food.

I left work at 3.30 p.m. Friday, and we drove across to Tuatapere and out along the south coast. A huge pizza was scoffed on the way in the car - we wanted to save as much daylight time as possible, so didn't stop for tea. Our spirits were high, but they soared when we discovered that the huge slip which had blocked the road on our last trip had been cleared, saving us 3 hours walking. So we drove right to the start of the track over the Hump Range. Packs were packed and weighed - 47lbs each for the two girls and right off the end of the 50 lb scale for the two boys. (The tubes alone weighed a total of 67 lbs!!) My pack now has a new name - "Brutus".

We started walking at 6.30 p.m. and were surprised and pleased to find we made it to the hut in the book time. It was a very steep climb of about 2,500 ft on a very warm night. We got lost once, and were very grateful to reach the hut at about 9 p.m. We heard a morepork close by, and he was kind enough to sit in the torchlight while we had a good look at him. Vast amounts of water and refresh were consumed and we went straight to bed, ready for an early start in the morning.

Saturday dawned perfect for strenuous tramping - cloudy, cool and windy. Once again backs bent under the loads, and we slowly made our way up another 1000 ft to the top of the Hump. Even at 7.30 in the morning, heat was reflecting off the tussock grass. The two of us who elected to go right to the top instead of sidling up were rewarded by long cool drinks of tarn water, and a magnificent view on all sides. Reunited again, we sat and admired Lake Hauroko down among the high, steep-sided mountains. This is the deepest of the southern lakes, and as beautiful as Manapouri. We had a morning tea of cake fruit and almond icing - very energising scroggin - before continuing down down down the steep spur to the southern extreme of Lake Hauroko where the Wairaurahiri River runs out. The descent proved almost as demanding as the climb had been, as huge packs jarred shaky legs down the ladder-like spur.

After a quick lunch at Teal Bay Hut, we moved on down to where the river actually flows out of the lake. We selected a very pleasant campsite on the shore and set about building the rafts. The sandflies were the only thing that could spoil the beauty of that quiet, bush-surrounded spot by the deep green river.

Some jet-boat-and-beer enthusiasts, who had heard of our intentions at the hut, came down with their movie camera, and filmed us as we prepared for our expedition. They were intrigued with the whole idea, and promised to come and see us off the next morning and do some more photography if it was fine.

Our tea of Alliance freeze-dried meals and instant pudding was quickly prepared and eaten, and by nightfall at 8 p.m., all was ready for the next day. Three tubes, securely tied to branches in a triangular shape, made up each raft, while four pieces of red plastic Thybenzol drums wired on to slender branches gave us our paddles.

After prolonged and very trying warfare with the sandflies we hopped into our sleeping bags under the tent fly and sweated away the night. No sooner had the sandflies given up and gone to sleep, than out came the mozzies in full force. Then came the rain, which continued all night, but did not encourage the sandflies to sleep in in the morning unfortunately.

We ate breakfast quickly in the rain, and packed our gear to keep water out (!?). In a most outlandish assortment of clothing, we tied our packs securely on to the rafts, and in a state of high exhilaration, set off, with two people on each raft. We had heard nothing but bad reports of this river, and its inaccessibility made it impossible to have any sort of preview.

The jet-boaties had had a look around the first corner, and warned us that once we saw the extent, velocity and ferocity of the rapids, we would probably change our minds about going down. So the elation at actually setting out on a "dream come true" was tinged with an apprehension, which in its own way added to the excitement. If we did change our minds it was going to be too late to change our direction!!

The pouring rain kept the jet-boaties in their beds, but we hardly noticed it as we floated triumphantly through the archway of trees. It soon became apparent that trees and logs were to be the biggest problem in this huge and very rapidly flowing river. The first few miles were negotiated without mishap, and in reasonable warmth and comfort. Sitting comfortably on the incredibly buoyant tubes, with paddle in hand and all concentration on the water ahead, we felt really in control -- a deceptive state of mind, as the use of all one's skill, experience and strength can at times be utterly ineffective against the force of the water.

Suddenly Kevin and I realised our raft was heading for the bank and it rode right up on top of a huge boulder. However, some determined rocking and a little help from the paddles got us over that obstacle, just as a bright flash and a mighty, sky-splitting crash of thunder almost scared me right off the raft. Just around the corner, Chris and Rob were aground in a shallow, bouldery piece, but with rafting all you have to do is jump off, drag the raft over, and leap on again before it gets away from you.

Kevin and I had a fast ride down our side, and then, thinking that the other two were getting too far behind, and that if they fell off we wouldn't be able to help them, we tried to find a still place near the bank to stop and wait for them. But the reward for our concern for them was a supreme piece of irony. A long, mean branch of a big tree stretched out into the water, and our most frantic paddling efforts made no impression on the merciless swiftness of the river. It hit me at chest level, and some crazy instinct made me think that if I grabbed the branch the raft would stay under me until I figured out a way to go under it. But of course the water just pulled me under and there was no way I could pull my head out against the force of the current. It seemed ages before I could go against the "drowning man's" instinct and let go of my branch, but as soon as I did I shot out from under it at what seemed like about 50 miles per hour. My paddle was gone forever, but there was the raft, skimming along just a few metres ahead of me. After a few moments of very fast swimming I caught up to the raft and managed to hook my good arm over one of the tubes -- my left arm was partially paralysed by the weight of my pack pinching a nerve the day before. I held on tight while the raft went through some rocky parts, then Kevin hauled me on board. My only emotion was extreme frustration at losing my paddle -- and it proved to be justified!

An island divided the river ahead, and the right-hand channel was the one to take. Poor Kevin paddled with all his very considerable strength, but we were inexorably drawn into the left-hand channel, which contained the greatest hazard we know of on rivers -- a log blocking the whole channel at surface level. With agonising inevitability our raft floated

in and came to rest against the evil menace. Kevin was shouting "Get off, get off" while I sat stupidly on the raft and said "why?" thinking it would rest there while we thought about how to lift it over. Then I found out why. Suddenly the whole raft was whisked under the log, and under I went with it. It was like being caught up in a huge, sucking slurp. My life-jacket pushed me upwards, but I was still under the water, and being more than a little surprised and disorientated, it took me a wee while to realise it was the raft that was holding me under. I fought my way to the edge and hooked an arm around the tube. I had just a split second to take in the image of black rubber, all loose and folded against the log instead of round and fat, before the ruthless current ripped me away from the raft and downstream out of sight. To be left behind the raft is one thing - a body floats faster than a raft - but to carry on ahead of it is another, and not much fun.

Then, miraculously, there was the bank, the water was only knee deep, and God or someone had planted a root right there for my hand. For a long time I just held it, feeling sort of surprised and vacant, but expecting Kevin to streak by any minute on what was left of the raft. Then I thought perhaps he'd already gone, as I'd better try and climb out. There weren't many places that the bank was climb-able, but luckily this was one of them. I crawled out a wee bit and fell back in. Immediately my legs were swept out from under me. I tried again, feeling utterly drained of strength. This time I succeeded, but when I saw the raft I felt as though I died inside. It was upside down, stuck on the downstream side of the log. I can't understand how it managed to turn completely over under the log without getting stuck and trapping me in the current. Two tubes were reduced to floppy bits of rubber, but fortunately the one holding our packs was intact. I certainly had not expected to see my pack again.

Then, unbelievably, came a shout from Rob across on the island. Their raft had gone into the shallows in the right-hand channel. By an incredible stroke of good luck, the disaster had happened in the one and only place where it had been possible to cross the river, and the others had seen us in trouble and been able to stop. So what had looked like being a very long and difficult walk out through thick bush and inhospitable terrain for me, and a perilous ride on one tube for Kevin, began to take on glimmerings of hope.

Rob and Chris dragged their raft over to the island and set it afloat in our channel. They both paddled hard to get across the ten foot channel to us, and as they were carried downstream from us, Rob threw a rope across and we managed to haul them in to the bank. Then while Kevin and I jumped up and down on the bank in an effort to lessen our uncontrollable shivering, Rob whipped out his pocket knife and had soon made a diamond-shaped raft by tying our one remaining tube on to the back of their triangle.

And so we continued down the almost continuous rapids in the heaviest rain I have ever experienced. The river was rising all the time and becoming very brown. The 4-tube raft was less manouvrable than the 3-tube ones, but even more

stable - and much more sociable. A big jet boat roared past with a live deer sitting up in the back, but the man in it didn't even wave. We later heard he is a very mean character with one arm and one eye, who bitterly resents people coming into the area, so we were glad he didn't run us down.

As soon as we came to a relatively straightforward piece of river, we decided it was scroggin time, so it was out with the cake fruit and almond icing. Rob had been sitting on his pack pocket and keeping it warm, so what with that and the general wetness of everything, the icing was somewhat slimy - but it still restored our morale and energy very efficiently.

Much sooner than we had expected, we saw the swing bridge, and knew the hut was beside it on the bank. Every atom of energy was applied to paddling, but the hut flashed past in less than a second. We knew that the river flowed out to sea in half a mile and that we just had to get in, no matter how impossible it seemed. We scraped through lots of trees along the bank, and at last got into water only a couple of feet deep. All four of us jumped off, and with a concerted effort, hauled our galant craft out of the current onto some logs. It had taken just  $4\frac{1}{2}$  hours to come down the 20 miles of river, including the long stop to redesign the expedition.

We were all very cold by now, and, leaving the dismantling of the raft till later, staggered off back along the bank to the hut. A couple of hunters were there and, having seen us flash by on the river, had a roaring fire going and a billy of water boiling.

Needless to say, the afternoon was spent in eating and drying things. The golden fruit biscuits were carefully separated and laid on plates to dry. Likewise, the box of toilet paper was separated with the greatest of delicacy, into sodden strips and laid tenderly on the oven tray to dry - a commodity little appreciated until there's none of it.

Our admirers the jet-boaties had told all their friends about our proposal, and 4 boat-loads of them came down to see us, bringing us some of their superfluity of beer. A leisurely tea was followed by an early night. I am constantly amazed by the amount of conversation that is generated by such an experience, as each aspect is shared and enjoyed thoroughly.

Rob got up at 6 a.m. the next morning and brought Chris and me breakfast in bed for a treat - except that breakfast was either porridge or muesli. We packed up again, and were dismayed to find that the weight of food we had eaten was easily made up for by the wetness of our gear. We were away by 7.45, an incongruous looking lot, carrying life jackets through the bush.

Apart from knee-deep mud, the going was easy. We were tramping along an old tramway which had been built over 60 years ago for the Port Craig Timber Co, and has recently been cleared again. We crossed 4 viaducts, the largest of which was about 130 ft high. It rained and hailed all morning and the wind was icy cold, so we were very glad to reach the old school house at Port Craig, which has been converted into a hut. As it was lunch time we had a hot Alliance meal there

and waited for the tide to retreat sufficiently to allow us to walk back around the beach - a most welcome alternative to the mud of the track.

Four hunters who were also waiting proved excellent company and we swapped tall tales and true for 3 hours. They were obviously not used to seeing girls tramping and one of them relieved me of my tube, making my pack feel more like a parachute. They were also very galant and heroic at helping Chris and me around the difficult parts of the coast. It was a laugh a minute all the way back, and we reached the road end by 7 p.m. Our good luck extended to a ride with them up the three mile hill to where the faithful Hillman was patiently awaiting our return.

It was a really memorable trip and has extended our ambitions to tackle the Shotover next time.

J.W.

Joan Wilson, Rob Powell, Chris Reymer, Kevin Knowler.

#### SHOOTING THE SHOTOVER

10-11 November

Chris and I bounced out of bed at 5 a.m. on Saturday morning, and after a hasty breakfast and a very haphazard packing of gear, drove over to meet Rob. We were in Queenstown by 8 a.m., and the weather was warm and sunny.

None of us had been up to Skippers Canyon before and we were all very impressed by the scenery. It really is spectacular. Progress was very slow, as we were constantly getting out of the car to look at the river, hundreds of feet below us, trying to familiarise ourselves with any possible hazards for the next day's rafting. The river was blue, deep down in the light-golden valley, and above us steep, stark hilltops jutted sharply into the sky. There was plentiful evidence of the gold-mining days - the remains of old stone cottages, huge pieces of rusted machinery, and an assortment of large and small pieces of junk in the river. The land itself, very badly scarred in places, seemed to be still crying out in pain, while the silent, resentful presence of the ghosts of the men who had laboured their lives away in that wild place could be felt all around us as we examined the ruins of their work.

We travelled on up the Shotover River until the river became shallow and wide, and we found a pleasant camping spot by the river under some trees where the grass was green instead of brown.

We had the whole afternoon ahead of us, as the rest of our team would not arrive until evening. So we blew up the tubes, and while Rob manufactured the paddles and Chris lay roasting herself in the hot sun, I read aloud to them. We have found this to be a very enjoyable way of passing spare time on trips. Once again, the hordes of hungry sandflies were the only thing that spoiled the pleasantness of the afternoon. Once the story was finished we tried unsuccessfully to ride on the flying fox which crossed the river, and, equally

unsuccessfully tried some gold-panning with one of our plates. Then we went for a walk further up the valley where we found more of scenic and historic interest.

We had a leisurely tea back at the campsite, and were in our sleeping bags before darkness fell - having hung a life-jacket in a tree above the road as a marker for the rest of the team, whom we expected at any moment. The night was fine and warm, and it was good to be sleeping under the stars in such a beautiful place.

By morning the others had still not arrived and we began to worry about them. Meanwhile, they were equally worried about us, as a small misunderstanding had caused them to camp at Skippers Canyon itself. By 10 a.m., we had lost all interest in the river, and only wanted to find out what had happened to them - almost all the tubes were deflated by the time they arrived. However, they were quickly re-inflated, and two sturdy 3-tube rafts built. Luckily we had 2 spare people to drive the cars out. We changed into our various weird rafting costumes, plastered ourselves with sunburn cream, and donned our lifejackets. It was a strange sensation, having totally un-psyched ourselves, to find ourselves pushing the rafts out into the current after all.

It wasn't long before we were into the first rapids. For several miles the river was just how we like it for a scenic trip - enough big rapids to keep up the excitement, but also enough calmer water to give us plenty of time to look around at the gold-mining remains and the nimble wild goats leaping up almost vertical rock faces, and to absorb the beauty of the place. The sun was warm on our backs, and this time the water splashing over us in the rapids was pleasantly cool and enjoyable, rather than the dreaded cold shower of previous trips.

After two hours of very enjoyable rafting we went ashore on a stony beach and scoffed a bag of cake fruit. We were now heading into unknown waters, as the road had left the riverside and this part of the river was quite inaccessible from above. This sustained uncertainty and slight apprehension about what might lie ahead, and the knowledge that, whatever it is, it's unavoidable, is a really exciting and challenging aspect of rafting.

We swopped partners, pushed our rafts out into the swift current, and leapt on again. The river was dropping more steeply now and we encountered many large rocks. Some huge rapids were successfully navigated, most of which were in very narrow rock-walled gorges - sudden drops of several feet with vicious stoppers curling back at the bottom. In one of them the raft tipped up so far that I slipped over the edge, but fortunately I had hooked my foot under a cross-piece, so after being dragged along under water for a few metres I could heave myself up on to the raft again. It was really exciting rafting now, demanding all our strength and skill. The corners were sharp and always steep, and the river was becoming ever narrower and therefore faster and whiter. Chris and Rob were in front now, and at one stage they and their raft disappeared completely from our view in the trough behind a pressure wave. Several times the tension peaked as we approached channels between rocks that looked impossibly narrow for our 3-tube rafts.



But each time the wild strength of the river pushed us through.

Then we got scared - ahead of us the water poured through a narrow channel with a terrible roar - and we couldn't see any water beyond it. One question filled each consciousness - how big was the drop?

Our raft was determined to go over backwards. We held on desperately as it slid over the 6 ft drop, and more desperately as it tipped further and further up against the spiteful stopper at the bottom. Once we started to slide we knew what was going to happen. The event went in slow motion for us, but to Rob and Chris, watching from further down the boiling, racing channel, our raft seemed to leap into the air and flip over to land on top of us upside down. After some time I struggled out from underneath and hooked an arm over the raft. I don't remember how I came to let go of it, but some distance further down, in one of the split seconds that my head was above water I was relieved to see that Kevin was on top of the raft again. Then I realised that I still had my paddle in my hand, and that really pleased me too. The raft was getting further away from me, but that didn't worry me - I think my brain was half-drowned. I felt my feet brushing against some rocks along the side and dimly tried to decide whether to get out or carry on in the river, since travelling that way was so fast. However my life-jacket wasn't doing much about keeping my head above water, so I struggled out and forced my body, which seemed completely drained of strength, to climb up the rocky bank. Then I saw what was ahead, and saw that I had made the right decision - the rapid continued for another 100 metres, with two more drops, more violent than the one we had gone down. I was overjoyed to see the others beaching their rafts below the turbulent water, but not half as pleased as they were to see me climbing over the rocks. They had been frantically trying to make preparations to rescue the battered body they expected to be ejected from the rapid. We all had another look and took some photos of the killer rapid. Rob and Chris had got through on their raft and Rob had not even lost his hat. The 3-tube raft is certainly capable of conquering some fierce waters.

I wasn't all that keen on getting on again, but I really was proud of myself for not losing my paddle as I did last time. Once we were back on the water my confidence returned and I thoroughly enjoyed the rest of the rapids. At one point we had to work very hard to avoid being taken into a tunnel down which some of the river flowed, and when we saw how it crashed out through a tail-race of rocks at the other end we were glad to have avoided it. The last major obstacle was a "graveyard" of huge rocks in the river, without a main channel, through which the raft picked a totally random and unpredictable course.

When we came to the section where the "Shotover Jet" runs its tourists through a couple of scenically spectacular gorges (but no rapids) we had to co-ordinate with the jet-boat driver to avoid meeting him in the gorges. My final adventure was trying to walk across some very quick quicksand - talk about getting sucked in!

We got out of the river at about 7.30 p.m. Greasies tasted extra good that night. There was enough daylight for us to have a good look at the Nevis Bluff area of the Kawarau Gorge, but perhaps we'll leave that to Mick Hopkinson to show us how it's done.

J.W.

Joan Wilson, Rob Powell, Chris Reymer, Kevin Knowler.

#### THE HISTORY OF NEW ZEALAND BUSH AND BIRDS

(Notes taken from a lecture by Sir Charles Flemming)

130 to 160 million years ago New Zealand was part of a land mass called Gondwanaland. This included the countries of Australia, India, South America, Africa and New Zealand. From studying bird and leaf skeletons, pollen and fossils, scientists have discovered that tree, mammal and bird species were similar throughout the continent. Kauri, tree ferns and conifers including totara, miro and a tree related to the Norfolk pine, were common in New Zealand.

70 to 80 million years ago moas, kiwis and tuataras were abundant in this country; however, dinosaurs and marine animals and plants had died.

After New Zealand had broken away from Gondwanaland the fuchsia came - probably from a seed carried by a bird - maybe from Australia. The New Zealand fuchsia, rata and pohutakawa are similar to those on islands off the coast of Australia. There are none of these species on the Australian mainland, but since the opossum has been introduced to New Zealand, it has been extinguishing these species, so maybe they did survive in Australia at one time.

20 to 30 million years ago was the warmest era in New Zealand. Palms such as the coconut, a relation of the kapok, and shells like small clams all survived here. Wrens, Kokako, Saddleback, Huia and Thrushes were prevalent.

About a million years ago the climate began to cool to form the last ice age. This cooling and the fact that the land was rising caused alpine plants to form. The North Island, South Island and Stewart Island and many of the smaller islands around these were linked by ice and snow. When the ice melted, the water level rose and separated New Zealand into several islands.

When New Zealand was joined in one land mass, the keas and kakas were the same kind living in the forests. After the separation, the birds in the South Island adapted to the alpine conditions (keas) and the birds in the North Island continued to survive in the lowland forests (kakas). This adaption process happened to a number of other species also, e.g. moas.

Blue Ducks and Wekas were abundant at this time because of the lack of predators for those large flightless birds. Many New Zealand native plants are spiky in their juvenile state to protect them from such birds, e.g. the lancewood grows to approximately 4 metres, then loses its spikes.

During the later part of the ice age, the Bush Robin and Pied Fantail (a sub-species of the Australian Grey Fantail) came from Australia.

Therefore the plants and creatures that exist in New Zealand today are a combination of changing climatic conditions and the consequent adaption throughout the centuries.

Wendy Thorn.

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SUBSCRIPTIONS ARE NOW DUE

Members are reminded that annual subscriptions are now due as from October 1st. They are:

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

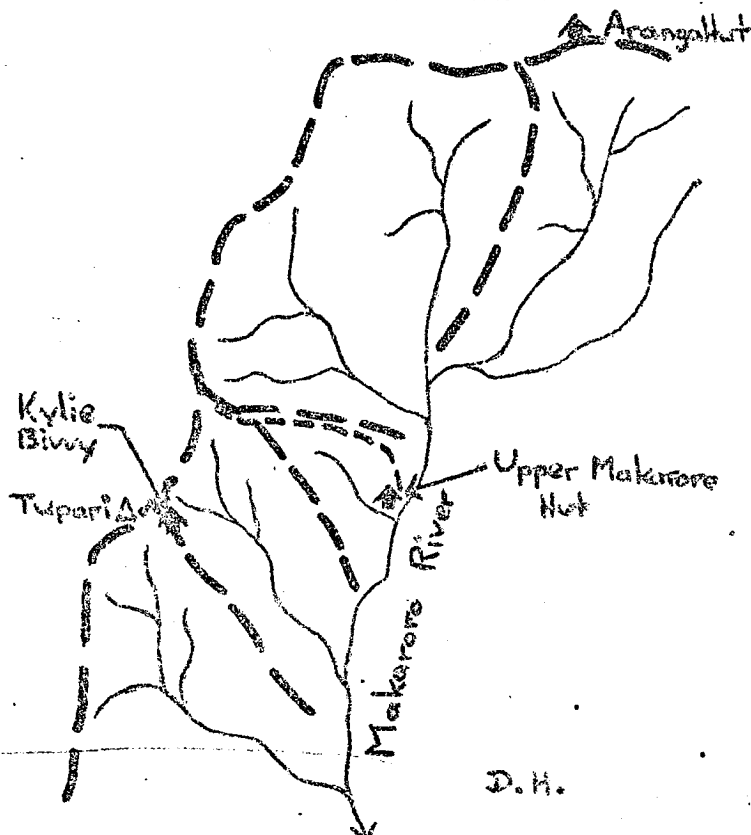
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RESIGNATIONS

It is with regret that the club has received the following resignations:

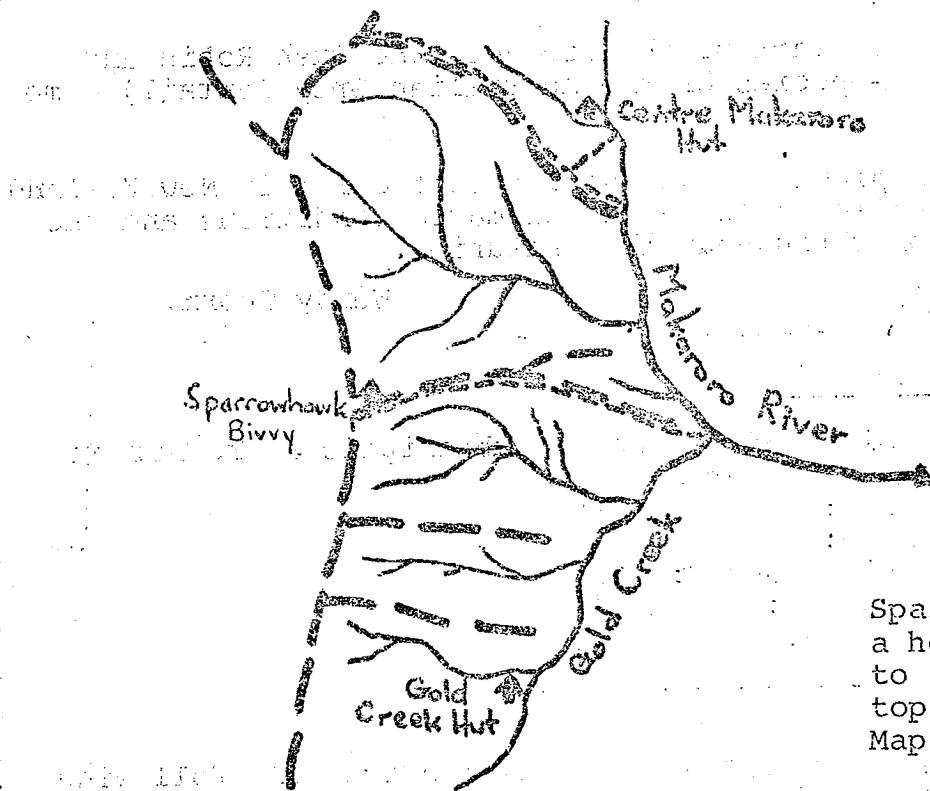
Greg Dolbel
Denis Galyer

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NEW BIVVIES - MAP REFERENCES

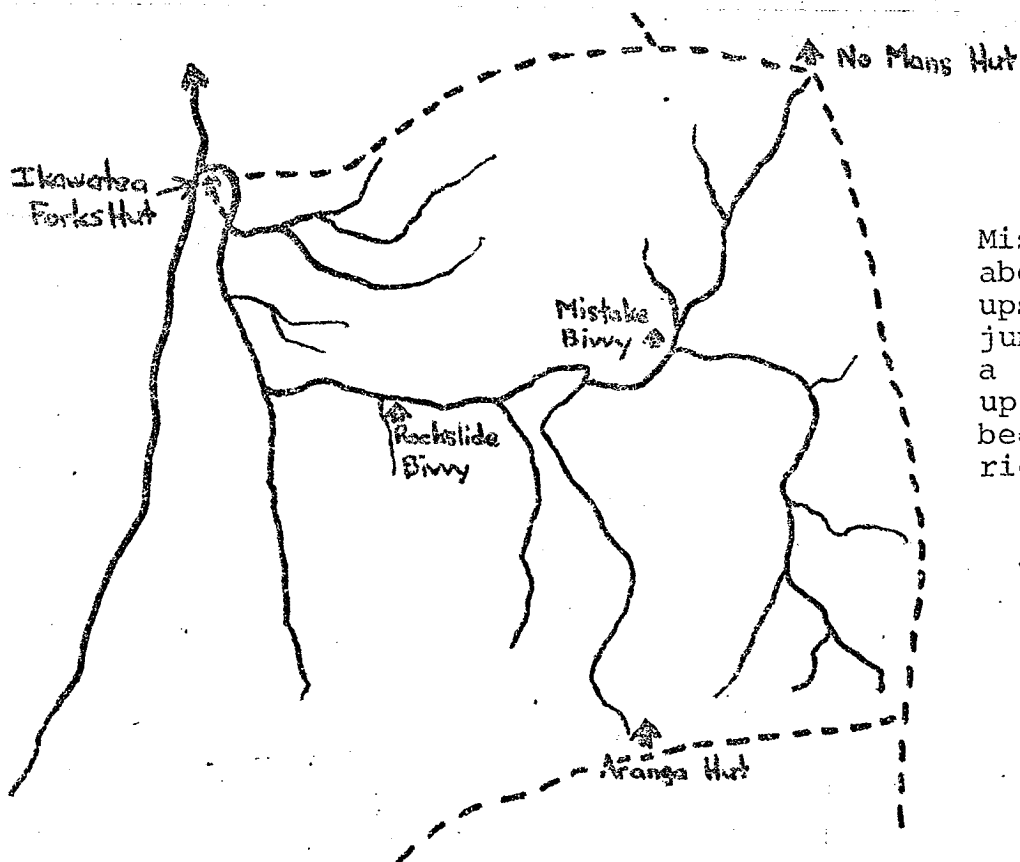
David Harrington has drawn the following three sketches to show the location of three new bivvies not shown on present maps. They are Kylie Bivvy  
Sparrowhawk Bivvy  
Rockslide Bivvy



Kylie Bivvy is about  
300 ft down a spur to the  
east from the main range.  
Map: N133 G.R. 655170.



Sparrowhawk Bivvy is in a hollow about 50 yds to the east from the top of the main range.  
Map N133: G.R. 637100



Mistake Bivvy is about 100 yds North upstream from the junction and is on a ledge about 15 ft up from the stream bed on the true right.

Map N133  
G.R.: 703255

SAM'S LAW

'Irrespective of the merits of any occasion or situation, one is always led to desire an alternative occasion or situation.'

or 'The grass is always greener on the other side.'

Sam (he will not be identified further) was (and is) an 'ordinary tramping bloke'. He is not given to excessive amounts of complaint or vociferous expressions of universal dissatisfaction any more than anyone else. He is, in fact, boringly normal in every way: in common with all good New Zealanders he votes Labour when National is in power and vice versa. He requests tea when only coffee is available. His very normalcy contributes to the verisimilitude of the formation of Sam's Law in a tramping context.

In the hills Sam is never satisfied. As the track climbs forever upwards in apparent verticality so that it seems a visit to the gods is the certain outcome (a destination surprisingly not mentioned in Moir, who describes a well-defined deer trail going nearly everywhere), Sam wishes with all his heart that the track would go down.

When the time comes for the inevitable descent, his knees scream, shoulders ache and toes move around in his boots as a slushy pulp, and he cries out for some uphill relief. Is he happy with moderate amounts of up and down then?

No, when this situation arises, he quickly tires, his calf muscles creak, thighs throb and back bruises: he prays for a change to flat terrain.

Once on the flat, however, with nothing else to think about, his pack grows, the primus transmutes to lead, his spare clothing proliferates profusely, the food doubles in volume and quadruples in weight (except at meal times when it rapidly shrinks to a fifth of the original size), and his sleeping bag still seems to have a sleeping body inside it. The weight cruelly cuts his sagging shoulders and bangs on alternate vertebrae, while the apparently new unwieldiness of the grossly exaggerated load causes him to stagger and stumble on invisible irregularities in the ground which seem to grow a thousand-fold in front of his boots and then, having tripped him, shrink back into insignificance.

Sam decides tracks are boring and starts bush-bashing with predictable results. Instantly he is swallowed up in waist high ferns and drops two metres between mossy, rotten windfalls to emerge upside-down with the long arm of a bush lawyer clinging tenaciously to his jugular vein. Shaking off the lawyer, he slides down a muddy bank over a small bush bluff and lands with the style of a connoisseur in a swamp with his pack (still with arms through the straps) on his chest, trailing 20m of supplejack. Muttering profane invective, he longs for the bushline.

Bushline duly arrives with its accompanying belt of sub-alpine scrub whose leafed arms, claws and fangs are poised like a rampant grizzly bear and, like that ferocious

beast, it tears savagely at the pitiful body which vainly struggles to force a passage through the well-intertwined barrier, extracting as its considered fair portion, copious quantities of skin, blood and self pity from the frequently helplessly impaled wretch. Oh! How he looks forward to the open rolling tussock tops where he hopes to wander unhindered.

Not so, though, for as soon as he arrives in this expected haven from the ravages of malignant vegetation, the meteorological elements vent their wrath on Sam's pitiful head. Howling winds which make even subalpine scrub bow in deference, carry almost lethal quantities of bitterly cold rain, to dump them unceremoniously but with great malevolence on Sam and any fragile shelter he has managed to erect. The violent gales seem to be laughing as they flatten Sam's tent with ease and distribute his sodden gear around the embattled mountainside. Very quickly the so frequently cursed bush below him appears as a welcome shelter from the tempest.

At meal times Sam's aura of dissatisfaction penetrates even to the deepest, darkest corner of the stew billy. He can taste the TVP so there isn't enough curry in the slops; on rectifying the situation he loses three layers of skin from his mouth as the fiery curry burns a new passage to his stomach. He objects to partaking of muesli every day but cringes at the glutinous, slimy, lumpy porridge billy when an alternative method of breaking his fast is attempted. Always the amount of food provided is insufficient and his rumbling alimentary canal protests but not as loudly as the screams of anguish heard from his shoulders as he tries to carry large meals for trips of lengthy duration.

All through his tramping life Sam is plagued by examples of his constant dissatisfaction, to his considerable disadvantage. He will brave icy torrents crashing whitely on greasy rocks to cross a river to gain a flat area 50 metres long, or avoid a 30m climb over a very timid bluff. Many are the days he has spent in transit to some renowned lake or river, only to utter angry expletives in quick succession as he bashes around its steep sides. Sam will pray to every god known to man for a fine day to do a much sought after climb, only to roundly curse the weather, when it is fine at 3 a.m. and his body cries out to roll over and resume its peaceful slumber. All summer long Sam waits in eagerness for the ski season, only to spend winter longing for the climbing season.

These examples and many more, which could readily be described for those sufficiently interested or idle to pay attention, show conclusively that Sam, the formulator of the law (who is a normal fellow like you and me) suffers from extreme malcontent. The cure for unfortunates suffering under the spell of Sam's Law is available from friends and/or tramping companions. It is a verbal one and can be imparted, one human to another, with the succinctness and perspicacity of four words:

"Stop your bloody moaning."

Extract taken from the Otago tramping and Mountaineering Club's magazine 'Outdoors'.

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      Randall Goldfinch, phone 439163  
Liz Pindar,      phone 67889

TRANSPORT CONTRIBUTIONS: These are \$3.00 per person on ordinary trips 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 fare will be refunded. If the leader is not notified of cancellation, your fare will be accepted with thanks.

Meetings are held fortnightly in the Sutcliffe School of Radiant Living in Warren St. N, Hastings at 7.45 p.m. on the Wednesday immediately preceding each trip. Members are expected to inform leaders of their intention of joining a trip at the meeting immediately prior to the trip. Usually, each person is responsible for his own food, except on very long trips.

29 Dec - Whirinaki Forest Traverse

2 Jan      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

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

FEBRUARY

23-24 Kapiti Island N 156 Leader: Greg Jenks

MARCH

9

Southern Kaweka

The Lizard and Miriroa.

N 123

Leaders: Chris White

Les Hanger

22-23

Urewera National Park

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

N 105

Leaders: Peter Berry

Randall Goldfinch

APRIL

4-7

Raukumara Ranges

Camping excursion to Hikurangi Trig area.

N 71

Leaders: Keith Thompson

Geoff Robinson

20

Kaweka

Into Puketitiri hot springs.

N 113

Leaders: Randall Goldfinch

Vicki Carlyon

25-27

Club Hut Repairs

Bunny Rigold Carpentry Book

MAY

3-4

Western Ruahine

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

N 133

Leaders: Dave Perry

Rob Clark

18

Northern Ruahine

Up Herricks Spur and down Big Hill Stream.

N 133

Leaders: Geoff Holmes

Les Hanger

31 May -

2 June

Tongariro National Park

Snowcraft and tramping.

NZMS 273

Leader: Clive Thurston

JUNE

15

Southern Kaweka

Up Te Iringa and back through Boyds Bush.

N 123

Leaders: Terry Cameron

Janet Brown

28-29

Eastern Kaimanawa Forest Park

In Clements Access Road, to Te Iringa, up Kaipo River.

N 103/113

Leaders: Rob Clark

Peter Manning

JULY

13

Southern Ruahine

Pohangina Saddle area.

N 140

Leaders: Paul Wolstenholme

Graham Bailey

26-27

Tararua Ranges

Area to be decided.

NZMS 274

Leaders: Allan Holden

Bruce Perry

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