

HERETAUNGA TRAMPING CLUB (INC)

BOX 447. HASTINGS

'P O H O K U R A'

Bulletin No. 142

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PRESIDENT: Mr P.Bayens,  
St Georges Road North, Hastings.  
Phone 84498

SECRETARY: Mr L.Hanger,  
804 Ferguson St, Hastings.  
Phone 88731

TREASURER: Miss J.Smith,  
1009E Heretaunga St, Hastings.  
Phone 68731

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

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EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE CHANGES

Greg Jenks and Russell Perry resigned from their positions on the executive committee. Thanks for all the great work you've done, Bruce Perry and Rob Clark have been elected into these positions. Congratulations.

SOCIAL COMMITTEE CHANGES

The social committee thanks Greg Jenks for his help and welcomes Karen Lancaster to the team.

CLUB TRIPS

No 1179 (a) Mackintosh to Lawrence Hut 2nd December

A fairly large group of people set off from Mackintosh car park at about 8 a.m. and stumbled their way down to the three wire bridge on the Tutaekuri River. The rate of progress over the bridge wasn't fast, and people started slowly up the track to Mackintosh Hut where we all assembled. A good 35 minutes wasted away before pushing on towards Lawrence Hut.

Water containers were filled and stowed away and a plastic bag containing about a gallon was carried for an hour or so until the party stopped for lunch. (Some water had escaped due to a small hole).

Over an hour had gone before we set off on our way again. Drag races in the front of the party took place and a very short while later we arrived at the Donald River with sore feet and jelly knees. After 30 minutes of soaking our feet,

we decided to move on. We had a short grunt over the saddle and dropped down to a swing bridge lower down the Tutaekuri by Lawrence Hut and the road end.

Here we had large snacks and some had swims. All parties gathered here and walked up to the truck we returned home about 6 p.m.

E.H.

No in Party; 18

Leader Edward Holmes

Gerald Blackburn, Les Hanger, Paul Wolstenholme, Anne Murray, Cathy Frykberg, Maron Roos, Janette Plowman, Karen Lancaster, Karen McBride, Kent Bussell, Heather Mc Bride, Glenda Maras, Phillipa Kyle, Dave Wolstenholme.

No. 1179 (b)

Donald River Trip

A so-called "fit" party were the last to leave the truck for the mad descent down the Mackintosh track to the river. Being silly, and recklessly daring ankles and knees to give out at each hairpin, we soon caught the others just above the bridge, faithfully queuing for their chance to fearlessly defy the laws of gravity above the raging awesome cataracts of the Tutaekuri.

The four of us tripped our way from boulder to boulder across the placid flow. Not a gumboot wet! Racing up the other side soon set hearts pounding and sweat pouring. Joined on the way by Alfred, the now five "fit" ones clocked into Mackintosh Hut just a couple of minutes ahead of the slow ones. The others looked so relaxed yet I was still desperately attempting to quell the thumping on my eardrums. Smile, "Yeah ages ago..."

The parties split; one to follow the ridge leading along the plateau towards the Donald-Tutaekuri junction, the five to head east and follow the Donald itself down to this same junction.

The track to the river is clearly sign-posted and marked. The long descent to the river is pleasantly graded and drops through some pleasant stands of beech. At last, the river, which is supposed to be full of rapids and waterfalls according to some. And so it looked. Within the first thirty yards of following it downstream we came to the first icy plunge. No easy way round, so into it. One gasp, then a frantic paddle and out to the gravel beyond. Bracing but not too bad.

Quickly we moved off- an attempt to warm up and partly to reach the next obstacle all the sooner. The adrenalin thrill was away. Soon to the next one, a clamber from rock to rock and another icy exit out for the end. Ah, this is what we came for ..... and that, alas, was what we got. No more. The valley flattened out. No waterfalls! No cascading torrents! Must be upstream. Dissapointment.

Lunch was eaten in a pleasant spot, basking leisurely in the hot sun. The afternoon came with Peter Mannings group meeting us on their way up stream.

The next few hours included a swim, a quiet tramp, some investigation of some unusual rock formations, then out to the Tutaekuri and down to Lawrence Hut to meet the others. Another swim, into the truck, then home. Pleasant trip.

No in party: 4                      Leader: Russell Perry  
Russell Perry, David Perry, Ross Berry, Alfred, and Trevor  
Plowman.

No. 1180

Oroua River

15-16 December

Thirteen of us headed out from Holts at 5 a.m. We were heading for the west side of the Ruahine ranges. Great day for it! We parked the truck and went from Paterson's Road to Heritage Lodge. After a break there, we headed towards Iron Gate Hut. It was easy tramping up the Oroua River. We stopped for lunch before we reached the hut.

We all decided to head onto Triangle Hut. It was easy going and great bush up to and past the first fork.

At the second fork we took the left branch and things got exciting, the stream narrowed so we were climbing boulders and wading through water chest high.

We carried on until we came to a small cliff. Some went around, while others of us climbed it. What's tramping without some excitement? Then onto Triangle Hut where we all shared meals and mattresses.

The next morning we split into two groups; one to go onto the tops, the other down the river. The tops were great once reached. We had lunch and decided to get down to the river so we could pack float through a gorge downstream from where we'd parked the truck. It took us too long getting down so we gave it a miss.

We met the other party at Iron Gate Hut- sunbathing, and all returned to the truck together. We arrived back in Hastings at about 11.30 p.m.

No in party: 13

T.C.

Leader: Terry Cameron

Jan, Edgar, Vicky Carlyon, Christine Kitchin, Heather Mc Bride, Peter Linscott, Dave Harrington, Rob Clarke, Paul Wolstenholme, Luke and Geoff Holmes, and Nicholas Hay.

No 1181 (a)

New Year Trip Into Whirinaki Forest 29 Dec-  
2 Jan.

SATURD. Y:

The weather was overcast and drizzling as we left Hastings at 7.00 a.m. on Saturday morning. Stopping in Napier we picked up a few bods and then proceeded to travel along the Taupo Road to the forestry base. We picked up Chris Hardie and a permit for access through the forestry roads and then made our way through the maze of forestry tracks to Plateau Hut car park.

After a hearty lunch we split into two groups. The faster was lead by David Harrington and the other by myself. Peter Manning waved goodbye and started his lonely trip back to Hastings in the club truck.

The rain was upon us again as we made our way along the track from Plateau Ht. On reaching the track junction

leading down to Upper Whirinaki Hut, we decided to split the group, enabling the parties to have a dry first night.

Dave Wilkins led a party of six down to Upper Whirinaki and my party, consisting of five members, continued along the ridge heading towards the headwaters of the Whirinaki River.

We passed a helicopter pad which was not marked on the map and continued to a small tin shack. We decided to spend the night as it was still raining steadily, but later found it leaked like a sieve.

#### SUNDAY:

The weather had cleared a little, enabling us to get a good view from the helicopter pad of the low lying valleys. From here we were able to plot our course down the ridge into the Whirinaki River. As we bush-bashed our way down we were confronted with bush lawyer and stinging nettle - very uncomfortable when wearing shorts. We decided to drop into a stream where we made slow progress climbing over log jams and avoiding clumps of stinging nettle.

Within about 250 metres of meeting the Whirinaki River we came across a huge water fall, which stopped us in our tracks. We decided to sidle around to the left of the fall, passing over a shingle patch to a tree area. At that time we weren't able to see down past the shingle area as it was covered with under growth. Three of us walked over the shingle area with ease. As Edgar proceeded to cross he lost his footing and slid down the shingle and over a bluff. On hitting the bottom he rolled over the rocks below and came to rest in the stream.

This scared the wits out of us. We reached Edgar within a few minutes to find he had pulled himself out of the stream and on to a bank. After examining him carefully, we made him as comfortable as we could. He had cuts and abrasions to his forehead and lower back and severe abrasions over his legs, and we suspected a broken arm (his right one).

My next thought was to get help. So leaving two of the party to comfort him, Randall and I raced down the Whirinaki River to Upper Whirinaki Hut where we thought the others may be.

When we reached the hut we found a hunter in residence. We told him the situation and he kindly volunteered to chase the other party to bring back help. Randall and I waited at Upper Whirinaki Hut for the party to return. This gave us time to write everything down, the extent of injuries, location, and names and number in party. The hunter returned with Dave Wilkins and Edward Holmes. The remainder of the party continued down to Central Whirinaki Hut. We explained the situation to them and decided that the hunter and I would go out and get help because the hunter had a vehicle at the road end. Randall led Dave and Edward to the scene of the accident.

It was approximately 7.00p.m. when we reached the Taupo Police Station where we relayed the information to the Murapara Police. They then told us to go back and stay the night at Plateau Hut where a Police Party and chopper would meet us at 6.00a.m. the following morning.

#### MONDAY:

On the dot of 6.00 a.m. the police arrived and a few minutes later the chopper flew in. The police party and I

flew into the area to locate the injured party. The chopper then flew us back to the pad, where we set up the radio and stretcher.

The pilot then decided to make an attempt to land at the scene of the accident. This was successful and they were able to lift Edgar out to the road end. I was fortunately flown back to the group and we continued the planned trip. The entire rescue operation was over within an hour. I must commend the pilot on his landing technique on a 45 degree slope. It was perfect!

After breakfast we continued down the Whirinaki River to Upper Whirinaki Hut where we left the remains of Edgar's food for the hunter who helped so much.

Central Whirinaki Hut was the next stop. We had lunch and boiled the billy. The bush scenery through out the area was a sight not to be missed. Native trees towered into the sky, and punga spread their ferns beneath them.

From Central Whirinaki Hut we started back down the river but found the going too tough, so we headed up on to a ridge on our right and followed that to where the Kakanui Stream flows into the Whirinaki River. We then stumbled on to a newly cut forestry track- like a main high way. We could walk two a breast.

It was getting onto 7.00p.m. when we came across a forestry work hut where we spent the night. A forestry worker was in residence and explained to us that the new track will eventually continue to Central Whirinaki Hut.

#### TUESDAY:

An early start. The weather was still lousy. It rained through the night until early hours of the morning. Leaving the work hut we made our way along the track which followed the river. Approximately three quarters of an hour from the hut we met the remainder of Dave Wilkins' party just breaking from their camp site. We exchanged New Years greetings and headed on out to the road end where we were met by Peter Manning in the club truck.

Within an hour Dave Harringtons party arrived from their long journey. We grouped together and travelled down to some forestry cabins half a mile out from Minginui Village where we spent the night.

#### WEDNESDAY:

A day for travelling- a long journey back home arriving in Hastings at approximately 2.30 p.m. Thankyou to Peter Manning our truck driver.

No in party: 14

Leader; Clive Thurston

1st party: Clive Thurston, Cliff Epplett, Randall Goldfinch, Edgar, Lyndsay Going.

2nd Party: Dave Wilkins, Geoff Robinson, Karen Lancaster, Christine Hardie, Nick Hay, Edward Holmes.

No 1181 (b)

New Year Whirinaki Traverse

29 Dec-2nd Jan

FRIDAY:

After moving farewells and cries of "See you next year", the four of us moved off along the Plateau Track. Ten minutes later, Stop! Raincoats on.

After travelling for over an hour we had a brief stop at a track cutters whare; then continued on non stop to Upper Te Hoe Hut. Delicacies consumed and we were all into pits by 7.30 p.m.

SATURDAY:

Breakfast devoured, packs all packed, photos taken, the foursome continued on towards Central Te Hoe. Lunch stop at Central Te Hoe, then on to Bullring Hut. Pleasantries were exchanged with some Auckland Deerstalkers then..... we hearties onward! One hour and 20 minutes later, after powering up a 4 lane highway over the Rodgers Saddle we sighted the hut. No sooner had we clambered inside Mangakahika Hut than it started to hose down!

SUNDAY:

We left Mangakahika Hut at 8.00 a.m., then flew down to Te Wairoa (Rodgers) Hut along a new bench track beside the river arriving about 10.20 a.m.

A brief " Council of War ", decided this was the half way point of our journey.

So it was fishing for Dave and Heather; Frisbee for Geoff and Luke. After lunch we started up the Moerangi stream, with a short stop to chat with camper half way up. We arrived at Moerangi Hut around 4.15p.m.- by now, as usual, it was raining. New Year's Eve Dinner was fantastic. After dinner we played follow the leader on a log jam high above the white raging torrent.

MONDAY 1st:

Being in no hurry to leave the hut, it was do your own thing until 10, early lunch, and then we commenced stage 4, the final leg of our journey to the Minginui Camping Ground. Four pairs of agile feet climbed steadily to the top of Moerangi. Forestry had again produced bench tracks, holes in huge tree trunks provided tunnels for our various uses.

As usual it was teeming down, with the occasional deep rumble of thunder. After dropping down a long spur we met the Te Whaiti Nui A Toi Canyon and a kilometre or so down the road the truck. An incredible journey, with fantastic company.

G.H.

No in party: 4

Leader: Dave Harrington

Heather Mc Bride, Dave Harrington, Luke Holmes, Geoff Holmes.

No 1182

Lilo Trip

13 January 1980

With a 6.00a.m. start from Holts we arrived up at Jack Nicholas's hay barn. What a relief! We unloaded all sorts of funny looking gear. Geoff Robinson did the honours of driving around to the Pakaututu Bridge and filling in the day until we arrived.

The group wandered down to the Mohaka River, then walked up the track to the first stretch of low level track near the river.

We were about to go when one tube died before reaching the water! My lilo let me down later so four others on two tractor tubes gave me a ride. It was really mighty fun.

Geoff's and Edwards two tubes clapped out so they had to walk down the river, I was most fascinated with riding on the raft with five of us on it. When we came to grief on occasions it was so easy to assist one another.

On the last stretch one of our four tubes gave up the ghost and died. In the late afternoon we reached the Pakatutu Bridge and were greeted by Geoff. What a great day with plenty of laughs.

No in party: 9    Leader: Randell Goldfinch  
Geoff Robinson, Geoff Holmes, Edward Holmes, Vicky Carlyon,  
Karen Lancaster, Brent Bailey. Graham Bailey, Tony Whitton.

26th-27th Jan

After Clive and myself had contacted the four different farmers whose properties we would be passing through we all set off heading south. About two thirds across the Takapau plains we turned off up Snee Road (was Makaetu River road). We left the truck beside the road and headed off across the paddocks of Allison's farm.

By 10.00a.m. we had reached Happy Daze Hut, for smoko. We then took off along the track dropped into Makaretu Creek and arrived at Makaratu Hut a little after 11.00 a.m.

From here the track climbs fairly steeply up through some very nice bush to come out on the leather wood- covered tops where the track peters out.

I left my umbrella hanging on a tree there thinking that I would be returning that way to collect the truck, but after bashing our way through the leather wood onto the top of a shingle scree difficult climb down a grotty stream filled with water falls till we reached Pohangina River and finally to Leon Kingvig Hut. I couldn't talk anyone into returning that way so we all decided to complete the round trip.

After a short break, we carried on and after about three quarters of an hour we reached a gorge which we were forced to pack float through. With the fine weather we were soon warm again and carried on to reach Ngamoko Hut at 8.00p.m.

This is a fairly new hut (about three years old) made of weather board and located on the true right bank one mile past Ngamoko Tent Camp.

The following morning we took off up a side stream opposite the hut for a short distance then the track climbed up the true left side to avoid some waterfalls and gorges before dropping back into the stream again. From here the going was very easy and pleasant. We followed the stream bed till we had a lunch break, then climbed out of the stream and broke out onto the tops and an old survey track which was

Snee Road End: , Mr G. Ellison (PHONE: 113x Takapau)  
Mr Ellison (PHONE: 841 N Orsedwood)  
Mr Harrison (PHONE: 113 G Takapau)

No in party: 11    Leader: Geoff Robinson  
Geoff Robinson, Edward and Geoff Holmes, Dave Harrington,  
Dave Jannet (N.T.C.) Randall Goldfinch, Karen and Heather  
Mc Bride, Christine Hardie, Peter Berry, Clive Thurston.

The truck left Hastings promptly at 6.00a.m. Napier at 6.30 a.m. and headed North to Tutira and then via Waikou and Moka Moka Road to arrive at Taraponui Station about 8.30a.m. The weather at this stage looked distinctly ominous but cleared as the day progressed and became warmer, which was just as well later on as river crossings became pack floatings.

However it soon became apparent that the distance was too great for a day trip, as progress was fairly slow through the gorge section. The first part was a series of ten foot to fifteen foot waterfalls- a challenge to negotiate with ropes but not for us this time so we sidled on the true left bank till we could drop back down to the river, and we viewed the waterfalls from a different angle. Not long after this, another series of falls meant we had to climb out, up a stream and down again- not so easily this time and the trip began to show signs of being a bush bash.

We had decided that with a smaller party we might still make it before dark, so seven of us carried on. From here on, the true gorge began because we became bluffed on both sides by several hundred foot bluffs. Had we encountered any further falls we would have had to retrace our steps to our lunch stop position and this thought was in the back of everyone's mind that afternoon as we went on. In several places the bluffs were only fifteen feet apart and hung over us quite eerily; the river here was often neck deep or higher.

However we reached the Waikoau area about 5.00p.m., which, had all been as easy as previously hoped for, would have been our lunch spot.



We decided that the quickest way to reach the truck, bar flying, was by rail - the hard way. Three hours sleeper hopping and three ultra dark tunnels later, we reached the Ellis Wallace Road

Thanks to Peter and the rest of the party for waiting for us 'cos it was after dark before we arrived at the truck.

I think in future a club party could spend a weekend in the Esk just exploring. Two days from Taraponui to Ellis Wallace Road would be reasonably easy going but definitely not on if the weather looked bad as a rising river could be a trap on the bluffed section.

No. in Party: 15

Leader: Bruce Perry

Marcia Browne, Karen McBride, Dave Perry, Russell Perry, Paul Wolstenholme, Joanne Perry, Al Harris, Kevin Perry, Luke Holmes, Tracy Streeter, Heather M. Bride, Sue Taylor, Glenda Maras, Peter Manning.

No. 1185 b

Tararuas

23 - 24 Feb.

Seven keen souls left the wool shed about 8.30 a.m. and walked up the track along the Ruamahanga River. When we got to where the track forks, we left a note in a plastic bag for the other party, headed up to Cow Saddle and down to Cow Creek Hut. The Waingawa River was up and muddy. The flying fox is very difficult to get to from that direction so we crossed safely upstream from it.

After a half-hour spell at Cow Creek Hut, we headed off towards Arete Forks. The track climbed some 700 feet before we came upon a sign to the hut. It continued to climb, but not so steeply. After two hours and surrounded by stinging nettle, a difficult decision was made to turn back to Cow Creek.

When we returned, our hut was occupied, but some of the other partycamped outside as part of their Duke of Edinburgh Award. Careful study of the hut log book showed that the middle track to Arete Forks Hut is bad and takes about 5 hours. Most people go up the river - "There is only one pool - and its only 2 hours!"

Next morning was fairly fine so we headed up the river. It was still up, but clear. After a cold hour in the water most of the time and being less than a quarter of the way, we gave up and returned to the hut. After a play on the flying fox, we climbed up the spur towards Blue Range and lunched on top. A lazy hour was spent at Blue Range Hut, in the sun, before heading for the Kuriwhakapapa roadend. There we ate the rest of our food, supplemented by blackberries which grow there - and wrote the trip report (Since the Editor was on the trip) while waiting for the truck. Times rolled on so we made ourselves comfortable in the shelter, to be woken by the noise and bright lights of the truck at 5.00 a.m.

No. in party: 7

Leader: A.T.H.

Dave Harrington, Rob Clark, Clive Thurston, Allan Holden, Wendy Thorn, Janet Brown, Heather McBride.

## PRIVATE TRIPS

### Eleven days of Kaimanawa and Kaweka

We bussed through to Turangi to begin the trip, uneventful except for problems inherent in keeping frozen food frozen in extremely hot temperatures. Somehow we succeeded. Waking at 5.00 a.m., a Perry cousin took us by car to Access 10 off the Desert Road, leaving us amoung a wondrously small pile of food, boots, clothes and packs. Was there enough there for 11 days? Too late now.

By 6.45 we were tramping. It seemed a long slog up the first 2000 feet and we took it fairly slowly, quietly feeling out legs, boots and encumbered shoulders. The highlight of the climb was the spotting of a longtailed cuckoo stridently warning us to keep our distance. The call of these beautiful birds was to become very familiar. At the top of the climb we played Frisbies, two Frisbies being part of "essential tramping equipment".

Once on open tops, the gradient slackened. The next thousand feet onto Umukarikari (5222') is gained by a series of short climbs and barren flats. The sun seared our skins as we tramped northward but the thought of a swim in the Waipakihi River at the end of the descent drew us on. It was worth waiting for too. The boys went ahead to Waipakihi Hut, sorted out bunks for the night, then returned to meet the girls at the river. A large deep hole enticed us so we just stripped off and dived in. Little did we know that this was to be our last (intentional) swim before the end of the trip.

The second day's target was Ngapuketuraa. As we climbed up to Junction Top, views of Taupo and the mountains unfolded behind us. Cloud on the horizon didn't concern us at this stage. However, by the time we had reached Ignimbrite Saddle, an unusual and interesting spot for our lunch, ominous dark banks had gathered to herald poor weather to come. By the time we made camp just below Ngapuketuraa the weather broke in the form of driving wind and rain. The fly did its job though, and a comfortable night was spent.

The third day it really poured down! As we lifted onto the tops the full force of the wind buffeted us from shelter to inadequate shelter; the kind of weather people can get lost in, so we did! Frequent cursory glances at the map and minimal visibility, combined with a very real desire to get out of the crud, resulted in some pretty basic navigation errors. We eventually located markers just where we "expected" them and followed these through two sets of very overgrown, very wet, very windblown, bush lawyered jungle until a final steep descent dropped us to a river junction we did not expect! We made camp here hoping we were on the Tauranga - Taupo, but doubtful of even that. Before we went to sleep we decided we had better ration our food. It was obvious we would not reach our intended day-four food dump (put in on the Kaipo River three weeks before from the Teiringa track).

The following morning we split up to assess as near as possible where we were. Joanne and Denise headed upriver on the

true left fork while Bruce and Russell set off to cover a lot of ground down river. Split up this way we could cover more territory and try to align this with the map. By the end of the day, having existed on a lolly and cold drink, crossed many times in deep running rivers, became wet through, hailed on and thundered at, the conclusion that we may be in the Waimarino was starting to arise - a ludicrous thought! This was miles from where we intended to be. Two choices presented themselves: follow the river out and abandon the trip, or return the way we had come from Ngapuketurua in the hope of pinpointing where we were. If that failed, we'd bail out via Umukarikari. The latter option won the debate. A slice of cheese and a quarter each of a small tin of fish for tea. What more could a stomach ask for?..

Away by 8 o'clock up the very steep slope behind us. The initial section was relatively free of ground cover, but all too soon we had to plunge into the lawyer-lined tunnels and wind-blown chaos of two days before. It was easier to follow the track upwards though sometimes we were on all fours to negotiate some stretches, pushing aside vines with scratched and muddy hands.

On finally emerging onto the first tops we speculated no longer. There was Ngapuketurua, and there off its main ridge ran our route we had missed two days ago. The weather was clear for the moment. We could see Nguaruhoe under a fresh mantle of snow. What to do now? Continue with the trip on bare rations or continue the retreat?

Silly people! We quickly negotiated lost ground onto Ngapuketarua. A magnificent red stag burst from the bush just in front of us on the way. Climbing to the ridge top proved tiring on our short rations - handfuls of snow berries helped only a little. Once up, we resumed the correct direction eastwards, taking in the terrific views. We made camp soon afterwards on the saddle from which the track to Cascade Hut runs. Bruce went for a wander to check tomorrow's track, Russell set up camp, and the girls washed up - clothes, bods and all. Just as they were doing this a helicopter passed over. Obviously the sight of two bare bottoms in this part of the hills is an unfamiliar one. The helicopter went all dizzy coming in for a second look. Its flight away was accompanied by the two guys doubled up in the ferns with laughter. To bed under a brilliant Milky Way.

4 a.m. Look up. No fly. Eh? No Fly? A howling wind and thunderous flapping of loose nylon meant action. Russell leapt out of the two remaining dry pits (two other bods were also squeezed inside) Jo and Denise grabbed for the fly. Bruce kept the last few pegs in. It now began to rain again. Russell hefted large rocks around the edges but not before the wind siezed the fly for one last burst, tearing out peg tabs and slamming the top hard down on the pole to go straight through. Back to bed once more.

At 6.30 a.m. we decided to suffer in real earnest instead

of merely pretending. In solid rain we packed up and moved off with only a lonely Tararua biscuit rattling around our empty insides. Them's good tucker, they be. They had to be. All that was left were two packets of glucose lollies, some milk powder and instant breakfast mix. We moved very slowly. The boys seemed to be perversely enjoying themselves but somehow it wasn't infectious. The rain really got cracking now, with severe gusts thrashing the fragile trees around us. With wet clothes, wet pits, no reliable shelter and no food, things could only look up. Four hours of this saw us finally across the Tauranga - Taupo and into Cascade Hut. Two hunters boiled a billy - thanks - and we mutely stalled the last dreg's, knowing full well we must continue on to the food dump by the Tikitiki. Off again, up the scenic Cascade Stream, onto the Kaipo Saddle and down into the Kaipo River. About from here to the dump, nothing much need be said. We crossed that damned river so many times, often up to our waists. We crossed logs too high for Denise's legs, crawled under low ones, plunged through mud and ongaonga. At last however, on very hollow legs, we reached the bridge across the Kaipo and knew food was just fifty yards away. We uncovered the cache, hauled out six tins of stew, heated and ate them sitting right in the middle of the track! Fabulous!

By nine o'clock, with failing light but with the rains for the moment ceased, we decided to head for Oamaru. Then began a nightmare. Bruce and Russell now had 20 lb cases of food on the top of their packs. By the light of one torch on an unfamiliar track, already tired and wet, this section proved a real misery. Negotiating windfalls took agonising, frustrating minutes of casting back and forth. Obstacles meant stumbling into the dark, wet undergrowth and mud whilst others rallied strength to haul you back onto the track. And it began to rain again - heaviest we had yet experienced. We splashed into Oamaru Hut at midnight - 16 hours on the go! The next two hours were spent thawing, drying out, inspecting feet and eating. By two o'clock, to the sound of rain on the roof but warm at last, eight feet winked their toes at each other and passed out.

Our seventh day now, and quiet and uneventful it was too. All of the food was sorted according to the dates written on them; much of the previous two days food eaten on the spot. Feet tentatively peeked at boots and decided quite definitely against tramping. Showers of rain persisted, the rivers were running high so the trout weren't biting, and so we let ourselves wind down - a pleasant rest day. A massive kumera and fish pie completed it nicely.

Hooray, the sun's shining! Pack up the shambles, sweep out the hut, and off up the Oamaru River. We wandered quietly across the grassed flats, spotting trout in the river (which still refused the fly dancing above them) and appreciating the unhurried feel of the day. We quietly climbed up along the gentle trail until at last we reached the Waitawhero Saddle. Here arrived our first spots of rain again.

The intended route was to drop off the back of the Ngaruroro River, follow this to the Purungetungetu Stream

and pick up the track around to Tussock Hut. However, on looking at the map, it seemed much more sensible to approach Tussock via the tops so after a bit of a chinwag, off we set. We quickly picked up a marked track which headed our way. Twenty minutes later, this led us right into the Kaimanawa Venture Treks "city!" Bruce's call of "twenty red tents ahead" was scoffed at until we saw them too! There they were, with two large marquees, cooking areas, small bridges, and so on. They offered us some fresh made scones and hot tea to which we just couldn't say no. Must have still looked hungry.

Leaving just as their new intake was arriving was interesting too. We really looked the part and received many an "admiring" glance and comment. From here on things began to become uncomfortable for Russell, the primary mover of coming this way. He had said it would be straight forward getting to Tussock, and it wasn't. It wasn't so much that we covered extra ground. It was just that the girls were tired, the boys were tired of the girls being tired, the girls were tired of the boys being tired that the girls were tired..... you know how it gets to be.

Later (?) we reached the ridge top. We came out well above the proper turn off and elected to break straight down to the valley floor. This was almost too much for some of us. When we finally emerged from the depths of that lot right at the back door of the hut, the boys "elected" to cook tea. It began to rain..

Ninth day and it's pouring for a change. A late start - tramping seemed to have lost a little of its glamour. Down the Harkness Valley we marched, refusing stolidly to register just how wet and cold we really were. We'd been told by many that this valley was "beaut in summer" but today this seemed a fanciful dream. We made numerous crossings in waist-deep, swift water which was rising all the while. The final lift out up to Harkness Hut at 2.00 p.m. seemed as much as we would do today.

But no, with a feed and approaching deadline, Te Puke Hut became the afternoon's objective. It's quite a climb and took us four hours. The rain refused to let up and the wind just laughed at our plight, adding another few knots for good measure. By the time we reached the hut it had reached gale force strength. Inside, to an offer of a snack of venison and batter scones, then tea and bed. The wind steadily increased in velocity until the hut shuddered with its force.....

Up next morning to slightly better weather. We cleared still wet clothing from the rafters to put on, then away once more. The wind was still strong and bitterly cold but we made reasonable speed and reached Mangaturutu by 2.00 p.m. We consumed a really delicious lunch of hot carrots and smoked fish. Try it some time. Instead of taking the planned route to Venison Tops we plugged instead for the Makino River. We knew there was a track down to the river and it proved to be a good one. We made the river by around 4.30 p.m.

Now, to cross or not to cross? Our information was that the true left was the easier of the two banks to follow down, so cross

it had to be. Not a welcome decision but Russell pushed us into it so we linked up and completed a hazardous and thoroughly dampening crossing. Russell spotted something on the newly gained bank which (at this point) made the crossing worthwhile. It was a 5 cm high multi-pointed, star-shaped, velvet-red fungus of the type none of us had seen before. Camera stop!

The pleasure did not continue long. All too soon we came to our first bluffed section, then our second, then third, then that was enough! It was 9 o'clock. Stop! Camp out under the fly. Only consolation - it hadn't rained for most of the day so the river was dropping and the possibility of having the car stuck at Pink's became more remote.

Russell hauled the fly off us at 6 o'clock. Our final day! Obviously he wanted an early start and without too much fuss we obliged. Today's route seemed easier. The couple of times our path was blocked was solved by some rather amusing scrambling on precarious roots up vertical banks. Eventually the flats were reached and soon the Makino Bridge and Te Puia Chalet too. The Mohaka was running high and dirty and the wire rope section was a couple of feet deep. At last though, the sun really gave us the works. A little bit late! All it did was loosen the last 4 days' sweat and that wasn't quite as appealing as it could have been. By four o'clock we had reached the Mazda, spirits at last lifting a little. It started at first turn and took us home to a feed of greasies.

The trip was a testing one on bods and minds, on one's determination and one's fragility. To overcome the difficulties of being "misplaced" and hungry was satisfying. The equipment we carried was adequate for the extreme conditions we encountered - the girls' packs weighed around 25 lb, the boys around 35-40 lb. Food was well planned and proved varied and nourishing. A menu is available if you want one. The country was magnificent! Not quite the sunbathing - fishing - swimming trip we had envisaged, but that N.Z. tramping.

Russell & Joanne Perry  
Bruce & Denise Perry

### Leatherwood, Greece & Snakes in the Grass.

Leatherwood has its interesting moments, but other countries have even nastier equivalents, or so it seems to me.

Last year, when I was in Greece, I had a bus trip round the Peloponnese, the southern part which is almost an island. The bus, a Greek one chartered by a travel firm, broke down (it's drive shaft fell out!) half way up a steep new road on a cliff over looking the sea. While the driver was trying to hitch a lift on the back of a motor scooter (already carrying two men) to find out about spares, we were free to explore.

The steep hillside was covered with scrub and pine trees, very aromatic under the sun, very slippery under the feet.

Among the trees grew rock roses, cistus, with bright pink flowers, little yellow daisies, a kind of miniature holly, (knee-high with spines along the edges of the leaf) and a thorny creeper. Up through the scrub, we had great views down steep gullies, with the sea shining below and the mountains of the mainland showing through the heat to the north, still with snow on the Parnassus Range. But although it was reasonable going uphill, it was very prickly. Coming down the thorns had multiplied; and then I thought of snakes, and heard rustlings in the undergrowth.

Down on the road again, we hitch hiked to our destination where a 'new' bus was to meet us. Marilyn and I had an interesting trip - in a flash German sports model with two Germans who did not speak English - we had a little communication problem for we wanted to go to Old Epidauros, not New Epidauros. From the back seat of a car it is difficult to point out the right road to the driver. However, finally we made it, and eventually the bus, the drive shaft and the passengers were reunited.

Another interesting experience with flora and fauna was at Bassae, an ancient temple high in the mountains and approached by a road where the bus nearly had to climb steps through a village. The view was fantastic - bare mountains with snowy summits, great quietness except for far-off goat-bells, and bees buzzing in the spring flowers; even wild grape hyacinths were there.

I went exploring up the the stone-covered hillside looking at flowers, butterflies, the view - and a SNAKE for goodness sake. What do I do now - scream? It was greenish with 'V' shaped patterns, longish, sluggish and enjoying the sun - and between me and the temple. So I stood on a rock and tried to pretend I wasn't there, and it slithered off - so very cautiously, I moved from rock to rock away from my snake.

We saw another snake later, while exploring one of the islands. Marilyn and I were looking at the delapidated mosaics and peeling frescos in the chapels in a deserted village, when a fat brown snake, draped across one small dome, let itself slither down into the chapel - (we did not go into that one,) We very cautiously walked back through the wild red poppies to the main path.

I found out later the green one, a viper type is very poisonous, the brown one only moderately so!

Given the choice, I prefer leatherwood to snakes!

Milford Track

30th Nov-5th Dec.

At the end of November I went South with two friends to see if the 'Finest Walk in the World' really was, and I am convinced of one thing: it is the "Wettest Walk....."

We left Te Anau on the bus to Te Anau Downs in the early

afternoon and at the Downs boarded the launch for 2½ hours of grand scenery; snow-topped mountains, crags, waterfalls and Rata in flower, seen through intermittent rain. At the head of the lake we sorted ourselves out into Tourist Hotel people and trampers. The pleasant bush walk past Glade House up to Clinton Forks Hut took about 3 hours as there were lots of robins and other small birds to talk to and photograph. The light drizzle didn't spoil the views of the surrounding peaks.

Heavy rain started that night and all 21 in the hut found it hard to get started - in fact a party of Swiss walkers (all elderly) kept overtaking us on and off to Mile Hut. But the rain got heavier and the views diminished (except of waterfalls).

We took one detour to see Hidden Lake, where we had wet bread and Tararua biscuits for lunch, and another to the Snow caves. This took a bit of extra time, as we found the later streams quite tricky to cross, and had trouble keeping our feet, in spite of linking arms. We were very glad to get into Mintaro Hut and dry off, especially as the trackman there (a man is stationed permanently in each hut during the season) had made scones on the big wood range. He also played the guitar, and sang - entertainment which came into its own over the next day or two. It poured all night, thundered sufficiently to shake the hut, and the wind was so strong you could hear trees crashing. Next morning the bush looked chaotic; branches scattered around and Lake Mintaro was 5 feet above the track. Normally it must be about 10-15 feet below it. The trackman, in radio communication with other huts, said 'No go' - winds too strong on the saddle, but some from the hut went up with him to check on conditions. Two returned when water reached their chests. The rest of us ventured outside as little as possible - even the track to the little house was a foot deep and flowing swiftly. Next night was nearly as rough, but the rain lessened, and we all left after our extra day. The lake was now nearly in its proper place but the track was covered in windfalls.

We climbed up onto the Saddle, which had battered Mt Cook lilies and mountain daisies everywhere. Then it hailed and snowed! A brief stop for snacks in the McKinnon Pass shelter behind tussock. No views of course! We continued down through soft, quite deep snow to Pompolona Hut, crossing some very peculiar bridges - one had been turned upside down and was awkward, to say the least! We took an hour's side-trip to the Southerland Falls. They were magnificent, almost in one huge leap with the great volume of water coming down, but when we reached the foot we couldn't see them! The force of the wind from them blew us over and the spray was solid rain. It hailed again! Are we the only people to get to the falls and not see them? Along by the Arthur River, the flood had gone down but a lot of damage had been done to the track, and there were two huge slips to get over before we reached Dumpling Hut and its weka population.

Next day, Boatshed Bridge had to be crossed with care as it had come apart at the seams, and most of the crossing places had been scoured out and bridges washed away, but the most amazing thing was the way the fuchsias had been stripped of all their moss and bark and were quite bare. The ground was covered



with moss from the trees, and many trees were uprooted or snapped off. The damage there was worse than on the eastern side of the Pass, because the wind had funnelled up the Arthur Valley.

We saw the Mackay Falls really foaming down, and Bell Rock. At Giant's Gate Falls the sun came out while we had lunch, but parkas were needed again by the time we got to Sandfly Point. The launch picked us up for Milford.

We then found out that there was no way out as the road had departed this life, and although we had booked hostel accommodation for one night we had only enough money for that, and for no extra meals or anything. However, we had a trip on Milford Sound 'on tick' the next day, and then found out that the little planes were stopping their relay service as bad weather was coming up again. So we got out on the last one to go (again on 'tick') and flew back the way we'd walked - It was interesting seeing Lake Quill, but I prefer to walk on my own two feet in those flight conditions!

Liz Pindar

Greenstone - Routeburn Trip Jan 3rd - 5th

We'd planned to start our trip on New Year's Day to coincide with the ferry crossing from Queenstown to Elfin Bay but our plans went astray when New Year's Day dawned and it was bucketing down. We rang the ranger at Glenorchy and asked him about the weather and he advised us to wait a couple of days till it cleared. We charged off up to Glenorchy the following morning (Thursday). The ranger told us that it was possible to get a power boat round from Kinloch to Greenstone Wharf (for a modest fee). Since it seemed better than walking the rather boring part along Lake Wakatipu, we decided to do this (the ranger provided us with very useful up to date maps of the whole trip.)

When we got to Kinloch the power boat man was away and on his return he wasn't so sure that he fancied the rather choppy ride. After his lunch he felt better and two pleading pairs of eyes plus \$16 managed to convert him - he was right about the lake though - it was the choppiest lake I've ever been on. The 15 minute journey took 30 minutes and we both felt decidedly seasick by the end of it.

We were ready to leave Greenstone Wharf by about 2 p.m. and the sky was beautiful and clear. It felt marvellous to be wandering into such a beautiful valley - a great sense of freedom of getting away from it all after the New Year bustle of Queenstown. The track up the Greenstone was clearly marked all the way that day. The track crosses the river, then goes on the true left all the way to the hut. It is slightly longer to go from Greenstone Wharf than from Elfin Bay and it took up about 5 hours to reach the recently built Greenstone Hut. It is not marked on the map but its position is about half an hour's walk

after the private Pass Burn Hut and just before you drop into Steele Creek. Its a smart 12 bunk hut which commands a magnificent view of the valley (through the sliding glass doors), all mod cons included. We had a pleasant evening chatting to a couple from California.

The next morning dawned fine and clear and we set off at 8 a.m. The going was good after we had crossed Steele Creek. The track is well marked most of the way and it winds in and out of bush. We had no problems with the 'ferocious' Herefords we had read about on previous trips and we had soon reached a swing bridge. Here we were supposed to cross to the true right side of the river but since we had already got ourselves there, we stayed where we were! We had a rest there and couldn't get over how beautiful the valley was - so wide open and green. Another hour's travelling brought us suddenly to Lake McKellar where we stopped for lunch and basked in the peace of our surroundings. Afterwards we wandered on and I suddenly remembered that it was my birthday and Paul hadn't wished me Happy Birthday. He promptly replied he was waiting to see how long I lasted before I remembered! After that little interlude we continued to Howden Hut and hoards of people at 2.30 p.m. We had originally planned on staying there the night but Paul got an extra burst of energy and decided he fancied carrying on. After reading other trampers' comments about how beautiful Mackenzie Hut was, we decided that we would go the extra couple of hours. The sky was still clear and blue and we made good going from Howden to Mackenzie. The views of the Darrans were really spectacular in the late afternoon and it was pleasant walking then when there were few people on the track. Earland Falls made a delightful stopping point on the way. We arrived at Mackenzie Hut about 7.00 p.m. and of course it was absolutely packed out, but we managed to find a spot to lay out pits down. We got talking to a couple and I discovered that the girl came from my hometown in England - it was quite a surprise!

The Saturday morning looked a bit doubtful and it seemed too good to be true that we could have perfect weather for much longer. The magnificent views of Ocean and Emily Peaks were obscured by the wispy clouds that were forming but the Lake still looked beautiful. It seemed a shame to leave such a paradise, but we headed off about 7.00 a.m. up to Harris Saddle. We met loads of people on the way which was to be expected. Lake Harris reminded me of the Scottish tarns and certainly was one of the most impressive sights on the whole trip. It seemed difficult to imagine howling blizzards blowing across the tops when we saw the peaks in such near perfect conditions. It all looked so innocent and harmless.

After a good rest at Lake Harris we shot down to Routelurn Falls Hut which was in a superb situation. We had a quick lunch there and headed off for Routeburn Flats Hut for a well earned dunk in the river - a lot icier than it looked. A couple of hours later we were out at the road end after seeing some of the most beautiful bush on the whole trip and superb views of the river cascading on its route downwards. We had done the whole trip - time wise in just over two days - we'd originally planned on four but we seemed to be making such good time and it was so

pleasant walking that we just kept on moving - or at least, I had to in order to keep up with my friend who never does any tramping at all!

To end the trip on a happy note we managed to get a lift right back to our car at Kinlock straight away and so we arrived back in Queenstown by teatime, ready for a well earned pizza.

Janet Brown, Paul Hewitt

Wanganui River Canoe Trip - Diary

- Fri 18 Jan

Fri 25 Jan

FRIDAY: left 9.00 a.m. uneventful journey to Tamaranui. Policeman asked us if we wanted to die when we enquired about canoeing down the Wanganui! Pitched tent at Cherry Grove (the established starting point). Checked the river further down (by car) evening - socialised with other prospective canoeists.

SATURDAY: up at 7.00 a.m. and Graham, drove to Raetahi and then Pipiriki to drop car. Returned via friendly Auckland training College Canoeists. Meanwhile I let down tent, packed boats and read books, Graham returned 12.30 p.m. and after lunch we embarked on our journey. Almost swamped at start by jet boat. Also quizzed by local newspaper man who thought I had come all the way from England to canoe the Wanganui!

We survived until rapid 15 at which I, hopelessly confused, took a backward spin and cascaded (upright) into lower reaches of this feared (by me) rapid!

Blinding rain for rest of journey. At one point - sign on right of river - said 'KEEP LEFT'! ably manoeuvred past submerged Tawa which had, encaptured in its branches, a landing craft and two elderly ladies! Te Maire Hut came into view and we clambered ashore. Continued to Waiari for night with canoeists from Paraparaumu. Very wet night.

SUNDAY: rained all night and awoke to more rain and rising river. Decided to stay put that day. Eventually rain stopped and we took a nosey at river. Quick session in rapids - just to show willing. Pleasant evening by fire.

MONDAY: rain held off. Packed and set off - 10.00 a.m. river dropping but still logs moving fast down river. Most rapids swollen and uninteresting. Stopped for lunch at Marae Kowhai to see Maori poles. Interesting crossing of Ohurs River mouth. On to Retaruke School House where we decided to stay night - rain falling hard. Visited crowd from Wanganui staying across river in woolshed - having quite a party!

TUESDAY: not raining. Got packed (always quite an operation in a canoe). Left Retaruke at 10.30 a.m. Wanganui crowd's surf boat just ahead and we manoeuvred up to them. Water fast, high, muddy, and punctuated with clutching whirlpools which put me in a state of inversion. Due to lack of shingle banks I proceeded downstream in an inverted position. Gallantly Graham hauled me

to awaiting banks (after slight help from surf boat). Water was duly removed. Gear had all survived. Then Wanganui crowd came drifting past - two or three members upside down. With aid of rafting method everyone reinstalled. We decided, for safety's sake, to continue with group. Rock island, shaped like man O'war, loomed up. Flashed past Kirikiroa camp site and rapid and swirlies caught many by surprise - including Graham who all but capsized. Onward to whirlpool rapid noted for turning even large steamers in days gone by before hole blasted out. One person came out and another did a few laps of whirlpool. Stop at Tamatea's cave was aborted - couldn't get all of party to stop - kept whizzing past 'cause river so fast. In afternoon came to only real rapid of the day - just before our camp spot - John Coull's Hut. By this time - mid afternoon rain was falling fast. Pitched tent well above river and tied canoes up. Gear fortunately still dry. Party in evening courtesy of Wanganui crowd - otherwise known as Rusty's River Rats.

WEDNESDAY: arose to a little blue sky to discover a very swollen river - had risen 15-20 feet. All canoes were floating and one of theirs missing. Quiet day staying put. More rain - large trees floating down river, huge whirlpools. Had to ration food now.

THURSDAY: river still high. Decided to stay put for another day - getting a little restless weather quite good.

FRIDAY: absolutely pouring down but river had gone down and we had to get going. Eventually set off about 9.00 a.m. Uneventful, but fast travel. One canoe capsized in attempt to go up a side river for a stop. Visited 'Bridge to Nowhere', built during depression - road not completed - beautiful bush walk. Pleasant travel in afternoon, sun actually came out. The best rapids Ngaporo and Autapu were in this stretch but virtually non existent cause river so high.

Arrived Pipiriki late afternoon and visited museum - we left our Wanganui friends to continue their journey down river. We were very grateful for their company with the river being so high.

Certainly a very enjoyable, but wet, trip! NB anyone wishing to do this trip would find the Canoe Association Booklet invaluable.

Janet Brown, Graham Stitchbury

#### ARTHUR'S PASS AND MOUNT COOK NATIONAL PARKS

14 Jan - 2 Feb

After two days of hard hitching, including a night of peaceful slumber at Seddon Railway station and another under the trees at Lake Lyndon, I arrived at the park headquarters, at Arthurs Pass signed the book and left some gear. By lunchtime I headed up the Waimakariri River wet weather track and, duly arrived at the 50

bunk palace known locally as Carrington Hut. (The superlative features of this particular structure would fill volumes). I spent the next morning in my pit, then I wandered up the Taipoiti River to Harman Pass, on to Whitehorn Pass, then back to the hut in the afternoon.

On Friday morning Dave and I strolled up to Barker Hut, with great plans of conquering Murchison in the morning. Alas, it was not to be, for Huey was on the job during the night, and we made a beeline back to Carrington, delayed only by two normally trickling brooks, which took over an hour to cross. Again it started to clear late in the day, so the alarm was set for Waimak falls and Mt Rolleston next morning. Plans were aborted once again by the weather, so we wandered down the Waimak and then out to Christchurch.

After a morning around Christchurch, I headed towards Mt Cook. I found Murray Ball (on "Desolation Row"), had a brew, and crashed.

Tuesday morning saw four of us heading up Black Birch Stream to do a bit of bouldering on "The Kea's Rectum", an apt name for a particularly grotty gully. The Alpine guides course started Wednesday lunchtime so I bought some gear, then we (three learners and one instructor) headed up to Ball Shelter.

We made a late start next morning up the Tasman Glacier to De La Beche Hut. We did a few climbs on the local boulder, top rope style, then spent most of the next day on the ice cliffs practising walking on crampons, front pointing, roping up, belaying using ice screws, and other such interesting pastimes for when one has ice around. Later we headed up the Beetham where we spent the night under a dubious-looking rock bivvy. The alarm was set and gear got ready for Aiguilles Rouges the next morning. We were into action at 4 a.m., when it started raining, so we retreated to a lower and better rock bivvy, which turned out to be a well disguised underground stream - by morning all our pits were sopping wet (the two dacron lads were still warm). It rained all morning, but later we managed to get our gear dry (Dacron gear anyway). Another night in the bivvy, then down to the Tasman and across the Freshfield Neve to Haast Ridge. We had a short climb up onto Glacier Dome, then dropped down the other side to Plateau Hut. We had to be very quiet for there were 16 sleeping bods who woke us before midnight and headed off to Cook. The snow was soft again after the night's frost, but we dumped our gear on Cinerama Col and had a crack at Anzac Peaks anyway. The inevitable retreat. We went down the Caroline, and traversed into Boys Glacier before crossing Ball Glacier to the shelter. The next day we walked out to Blue Lakes, then I hitched to Christchurch and on to Picton. After missing the last Ferry by 50 minutes, I waited for 24 hours for the next, and hitched through the night to arrive back in Havelock at 4.00 a.m.

The Alpine Guides course gave comprehensive coverage of climbing skills and would be very worthwhile for anyone wanting to get into climbing.

Peter Linscott.

## MOUNTAINEERING COURSE AT MT COOK

Alpine Guides (Mt Cook) run a series of mountaineering courses for all levels of ability from November through to April. I recently made a trip down there to do the basic course (cost \$165.00; duration - 7 days).

The first two days were spent at Ball shelter, above the Tasman Glacier. (One person on the course, on reading Murray Ball's name in the hut book, asked if the shelter was named after him!). After covering a lot of theory on glaciers, glacier travel, roping up, prussiking, knot tying, predicting weather etc., we went down to the glacier to practise cramponing and step-cutting. Just for fun we also abseiled over an ice overhang, then prussiked back up (very tricky!).

Due to a heavy snowfall on the second night we had to abandon plans of going up to Ball Pass to practise snowcraft. Instead we switched camps to Mueller Hut, on the Sealy Range, where we spent the rest of the course which comprised mainly of rock and snowcraft.

As a finale to the course we had intended to climb Mt Sealy, but "Old Hughie" was against us again and we instead opted for a day of rockclimbing.

Reflecting back on the course, I feel it was well worthwhile regardless of the expense. Although the weather can prove frustrating, good alternatives can usually be found if existing plans are thwarted. The course is ideal for anyone who wants a good introduction to mountaineering, and to experience real mountains.

Robert Clark.

WAIKAREMOANA

Feb 16-19

Marilyn, who paddled the Milford Track, also came round Waikaremoana with me.

We left Onepoto and went up the ridge to the lookout point (the last view we saw) then into cloud which changed to rain, and five hours later, dying of exhaustion, we came to the sign by the wire rope: 'Five minutes to Hut'. We spent the night there, undisturbed by the furry gnawers who are trying to eat away Panekiri Hut. The next day was equally wet, so off we splashed and squelshed down the steep part to Waiopaoa Hut, where it rained even more heavily. I found out why my parka felt different; it was an OS one belonging to one of the other party at Panekiri. They were still behind us. The sun shone, to the Korokoro Falls turnoff. These falls are worth seeing. Then it drizzled all the way to Marauti Hut. It was awfully hot that night; I put a mattress on the verandah, braving the rats and opossums, and heard Kiwis and More porks calling all round.

The next day it didn't rain solidly and we saw some bits of Panekiri Bluff, timing it well, we arrived at Whanganui Arm Hut

two minutes before a torrential downpour. Tuesday morning we did the final section through bush beside the lake, then up to Hoporuahine Bridge where we found the car of one of the people who was going the other way round the Lake. He'd given us his keys, so we drove round to Onepoto, had a swim and came home in the first constant sunlight of the whole four days!

Liz Pindar.

#### HOWLETS! "A SUCCESSFUL BASH AND SPLASH."

23 February

At 2.45 p.m. we set off from Hastings on the bikes arriving at Mill farm at about 4.30 p.m. Blow walking all the way, so on we got again and rode down the farm track leading to Morcocks Stream eventually reaching the Tuki tuki.

We left the bikes and two blokes made their way to Daphne Hut. We carried straight on up to Howletts, arriving just on dark at 8.45 p.m. By 11.00 p.m. we were both in our pits.

Sunday - we got out of bed at 9.30 and started painting at 10.30 a.m. By about 12.45 we had painted both sides and the back wall. Gerald climbed up the roof and leaning over the end, painted about the window, (where the Sunday picknickers before us had missed). We then cleaned up and had some kai.

2.30 p.m. and Howletts was enjoying its own company.

At approximately 5.00 p.m. we arrived at the bikes again, after having a chat with two deer stalkers. We were home at 8.00 p.m. feeling pleased that this trip had not been ruined by bad weather like all previous painting attempts had.

Gerald Blackburn, Edward Holmes.

#### ANOTHER AIR CRASH

It was 6.00 a.m. on Sunday 17th February that I was woken abruptly with the phone ringing. On the other end was Mike Wright from the Napier Police Station with the news that a Cessna 205 was overdue on a trip from New Plymouth to Napier. Regional Co-ordination Centre (RCC) in Wellington had been alerted on the previous evening and had requested that we contact them by 6.30 a.m. to arrange for recovery teams to go on stand-by and to be briefed on the plan of action for the coming day. RCC is controlled by the Civil Aviation and they handle all Class III searches until the search moves into the recovery stage.

The various clubs were alerted and an initial list of 22 personnel went onto stand-by. The preliminary organisational details were then worked out so that we could be ready to move if the aircraft was found in our area. This is the problem of course. The whole system required teams to be on stand-by to go immediately to the site of a crash where ever it may be. This means that the whole flight path must be covered as well as areas where the pilot may have gone should he have changed course due

to the problems involved in crossing the ranges. To this end we had teams on stand-by as far south as Waipukurau and similar areas were covered from Taihape. The main problem that we had to keep in mind locally was the possibility of any of the occupants of the plane having survived the crash and walking away from the crash site. This made things really difficult because a full search would be required and there is no telling which way a person would go if he left the site.

Reports soon started coming in on the aircrafts progress on the western side of the range and a number of reports came from around Omahaki Station on the Eastern side. The actual flight left New Plymouth at 1700 hrs on the Saturday evening and was due in Napier at 1750 hrs. There was a pilot and two passengers and sufficient fuel on board to last until 2200 hrs. Civil Aviation Authorities must have decided that something had gone wrong early in the piece because a search aircraft was sent out from Napier about 1900 hrs. The plane was to follow the planned route in reverse but due to heavy cloud was prevented from crossing the ranges following the Taihape road. It tried to get through the Taruarau Gorge and got as far as the Pohokura Valley, then it returned to Napier. This plane caused some problems as far as trying to sum up reports of sightings because some of the sightings were of this plane not the last one. Both aircraft were Cessnas; one green and the other blue. In the late afternoon in cloudy weather, they look very much the same.

Unfortunately low cloud and fog hung over the range for the next two days, and although a lot of air searching was carried out around the foothills of the ranges, it was impossible to search higher up.

The many reports given from the western side indicated that the aircraft followed the main roads to the south of Waiouru where it then started up the Taihape road. A radar plot gave a possible position of the plane at Makirikiri and a plane of the correct description was sighted at Kuripapanga by a forest Service Ranger. This may have been the missing aircraft but to this date there is nothing to confirm this.

Wally Drayton and a number of his men at Kaweka spent quite a bit of time checking out forestry roads on the Burns Range area, but they had no luck either.

Both Sunday and Monday passed without any sightings, and everyone on stand-by was obviously getting a little on edge waiting for something to happen. But searching on foot is an impossible task and all one can do is sit and wait until a sighting is made from the air.

I could sense that things down at RCC were getting a little frustrating with the lack of information. In these circumstances the search area tends to grow. Although the top of the range is still the prime target, there is still a possibility that the aircraft may be somewhere else.

Tuesday morning dawned a little better, with some of the



cloud starting to break up on top of the range. The Air Force Devon soon found the wreckage of the plane on the eastern side of the Main Ruahine Range about 10 mins walk SW of No Mans Hut. The plane had dropped its nose into the edge of the bushline about 100 feet below the top of the main ridge. The plane had been ripped to bits by the trees and had caught fire. There was obviously no chance of survival.

Unfortunately there was some confusion about the original map reference for the location of the wreckage and this meant that we had to leave for the site with more SAR personnel than we actually needed. The recovery was straight forward. Most of those present had done the job before and it was all over within about half an hour.

I would like to thank all those who went on stand-by over the three days; especially those who didn't get into the field. It was good to find so many in the club available and it shows that the system still works O.K. The club ended up with nearly 30 members on stand-by and only seven actually went into the field. The club truck was used to transport the teams into the field in better comfort than usual. This is the first time the new truck has been used for SAR.

Those actually called out for the recovery:- Geoff Robinson, Russell Perry (he did a good job as liason officer on the phone) Bruce Perry, Clive Thurston, Alan Thurston, Ross Berry, Geoff Holmes, Trevor Plowman and Graham Thorp.

#### A PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE

There are two seas in Palestine. One is fresh and teeming with fish. Its banks are adorned with trees; they spread their branches over it and stretch out their roots to its waters. Children play along its shores.

The River Jordan makes this sea with water from the hills, pure and clean. Life is happier because it is there.

The River Jordan flows south to another sea. Here the water is devoid of life; its shores have no trees, no birds, man or beast will not partake of its waters.

What makes the difference in these two seas?

Not the River Jordan; the same good water goes equally to both. Neither the soil, nor the country.

The difference is, the sea of Gallilee receives but does not keep the Jordan. Every trickle that flows in also flows out.

The other sea hoards everything received, nothing is passed on, all waters are kept.

The Sea of Gallilee gives and lives! The other sea gives nothing. The Dead Sea it is called.

There are two kinds of people in this world, those that pass on knowledge they have gained as assistance to others, their

quality of life thus enhanced. They seem more cheerful; life for them is full and goes easy.

The other people ----- we meet them sometimes.

- submitted by Peter Manning.

#### DAWNING - DAWNING

Stand high upon a mountain,  
as day is born anew...  
Kneel down and smell a flower,  
still fresh with morning dew...  
Run beside the river,  
so wild, and free, and blue,  
Reach out your hand,  
and catch the wind,  
it will not wait for you...  
Walk slowly through the meadow,  
till closing of the day...  
Reach out and touch the sunset,  
before it slips away.

Geoff R.

To some people a tree is something  
so incredibly beautiful  
That it brings tears to the eyes.  
To others it is just a green thing  
that stands in the way.

submitted by Geoff R.

#### NEW MEMBERS

We would like to welcome Desiree Halford and Kent Bussell to the club.

#### RESIGNATIONS

It is with regret that the club accepts resignation from Gay Culver and Allan Betts.

#### SOCIAL NEWS

Moves: Mary Madore and Greg Jenks to Christchurch. Greg was farewelled in fine style at the Apple Inn.

Russell and Joanne Perry to Canada and beyond. They were farewelled 'togan' style.

Thanks very much people for the endless service you have given the club and the help that you have given to the people in it.

Welcome back Debbie Bayens.

SAR and Forestry Call-out List

The following is the current list for the club. If your name doesn't appear on the list, or the information is not correct, then please send your name, home address and phone number, and work address and phone number to Graham Thorp.

FOR ACTION OR INFORMATION CONTACT ONE OF THE FOLLOWING:-

Graham Thorp	110 Riverbend Road, Napier	434 238
	N.Z.P.O. Workshops	54 825
Trevor Plowman	73B Shakespeare Road, Napier	54 303
	N.Z.P.O. Office, Napier	53 299/843
Alan Berry	10 Nimon Street H/Nth	777 223
	Ingram Thompson & Berry	84 182
Maurice Taylor	Leyland St Te Awanga HMN	25 829
	Napier Hospital (Garage)	54 969
Les Hanger	804 Ferguson Street, Hastings	88 731
	Skelton Ivory Ltd	68 029

SEARCH PERSONNEL:

Glen Armstrong	16 Evenden Road, Hastings	89 043
	Hastings Boys High	69 671
Graham Bailey	1017 St Aubyn Street Hastings	67 941
	Pacific Freezing, Whakatu	66 084
Phil Bayens	St Georges Rd Nth. Hastings	84 498
	" " "	" "
Peter Berry	Arataki Rd H/Nth.	778 772
	Arataki Honey	777 300
Owen Brown	30 Georges St Napier	53 908
	Napier Boys High	57 814
Terry Cameron	The Loop, Riverbend Rd Napier	----
	H.B. Farmers Meat Co Whakatu	68 168
Allan Holden	44 Wycliffe St Napier	435 038
	N.Z.P.O. office Napier	53 299
Frank Hooper	84 Duart Rd H/Nth	778 107
	Frank Hooper Ltd	778 682
Chris Jones	Riverslea Rd Sth Hastings	66 462
Peter Manning	117 Gascoigne St Hastings	82 963
	Nolan Concrete	84 368
Russell Perry	44 Flaxmere Ave Flaxmere	798 221
	Hastings Boys High	69 671
Dave Perry	5A Harvey Rd Napier	-----
	Weldwell Ltd Napier	53 339
Bruce Perry	Opp. Store Eskdale	
Geoff Robinson	112 Conway St Hastings	84 873
	Autobodies Hastings	89 772
Geoff Holmes	310 Pepper St Hastings	83 345
	M.O.W. Residence Garage	55 789
Keith Thomson	34 Plassey St H/Nth	775 391
	Hastings City Council Office	87 065
Alan Thurston	18 Von Dadelszen Pl H/Nth	778 195
	Ring Home then Clive Th.	-----
Clive Thurston	5 Ngarimu St H/Nth	778 533
	J Wattie Canneries	66 959
David Wilkins	112 Conway St, Hastings	84 873



### 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 TRAMPERS please contact one of the following:

BERRY 777 223      PLOWMAN 54 303      THORP 434 238

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### FIXTURE LIST

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

Peter Manning, phone 82 963      Les Hanger 88 731  
Liz Pindar, phone 67 889      Randall Goldfinch 439 163

TRANSPORT CONTRIBUTIONS: Due to rising petrol and other costs, these are now \$3.00 per person and \$8.00 per person for trips outside the Bay. These contributions are payable at the meeting before the trip. If paid on the day of the trip or after 50c is added. If you are unable to make the trip and notify the leader, your fee will be refunded. If the leader is not notified of cancellation, your fee will be accepted with thanks.

### APRIL

- 19 - 20 River Crossing/Skills Instruction Day - Kuripapango  
Don't be complacent - come to learn and to share your knowledge! The training committee expects you.  
Saturday - training; Sunday - trip to practise skills.  
N 123      Trip: Vicki Carlyon (775 916)
- 25 - 27 Club Hut Repairs - Kaweka, Kiwi Saddle, Shuteye, Waikamaka. Everyone will be needed! There'll be a job for everybody.  
Bunny Rigold Carpentry Book.

- 30 Golf Tournament - Social Committee

### MAY

- 3 - 4 Western Ruahine  
From Pukeokahu up Whakaurekou River, up Waiokotore Stream, navigate to Aorangi and back to road.  
N 133      Rob Clark (88 239)  
Dave Perry (53 339) (bus)
- 18 Northern Ruahine  
Up Hollowback Spur, down Big Hill Stream.  
N 133      Geoff Holmes 83 345  
Les Hanger 88 731

# CLUB MEETING DATES

April 16  
April 30  
May 14  
June 11

June 25  
July 9  
July 23  
Aug 6  
Aug 20

## Fixture List (cont)

May 31- Tongariro National Park

3 June Snowcraft and Tramping.  
NZMS 273

Bruce Perry 266 176  
Clive Thurston 778 333

## JUNE

15

Southern Kaweka

Up Te Iringa, return through Boyd's Bush.

N 123

Terry Cameron 436 458

Janet Brown 88 239

28 - 29 Eastern Kaimanawa (Forest Park)

In Clement's Rd Access to Oamaru Hut, return trip to Boyd's and back.

N 103 (104)

Rob Clark 88 239

Peter Manning 82 963

## JULY

13

Central Ruahine

Drop off at Makaroro/Gold Creek, up to Patiki, down to Triplex.

N 140

Trevor Plowman 54 303

Geoff Robinson 84 873

26 - 27 Ruahine Traverse

Te Parapara Rd (Rangiwahia Ski Club Hut) over to Mill Farm via Te Hekenga.

N 140

Dave Perry 53 339 Bus

Les Hanger 88 731

## AUGUST

10

Southern Ruahine

Pohangina Saddle Area

N 140

Paul Wolstenholme

Graham Bailey

23 - 24 Sawtooth

If the ridge is right it'll be all go! If not, a good look at Howletts and perhaps south to Otumore.

N 140

Allan Holden 435 038

Peter Berry 778 156

## SEPTEMBER

7

Southwest Kaweka

Lizard to Cattle Hill - a good day out if you care for a little off track exploration!

N 123

Peter Linscott 778 156

Edward Holmes 83 345

20 - 21 Kaimanawa Forest Park

Into Cascade Creek - Kaipo Saddle area. Beaut country!

N 113/114

Bruce Perry 266 176

Allan Holden 435 038

## OCTOBER

5

Ruahine

Up from Sentry Box, round to Park's Peak Hut, down to Kaumatua Creek.

N 133

Janet Brown 88 239

David Wilkins 67 921

19

Ahimanawa

Up Okoeke Stream to waterfall and beyond.

N 104

Kent Bussell 442 350

Vicki Carlyon 775 916