

HERETAUNGA TRAMPING CLUB (INC)

BOX 447, HASTINGS

'POHOKURA'

Bulletin No. 143

August 1980

PRESIDENT: Mr P. Bayens,
St Georges Road North, Hastings.
Phone 84 498

SECRETARY: Mr L. Hanger,
804 Ferguson Street, Hastings.
Phone 88 731

TREASURER: Miss J. Smith,
1009 E Heretaunga Street, Hastings.
Phone 68 249

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

CLUB TRIPS

1185 (a) Roaring Stag Lodge - Tararuas 23 - 24 February

We all had visions of the Wet Ranges and stories of people being overdue, but still twenty intrepid trampers headed south. A steady rate of travel allowed us to reach the area at 10.30 p.m. After finding the correct road, the farmer whose property we were on came to meet us. He is wary of vehicles at night as he farms deer and fears poachers. Being a very wet and miserable night, he took pity on our mob, and offered us the use of his woolshed for the night. FANTASTIC!

We were up and away towards the ranges, in alternating light showers and sunny periods. Our group was to follow the Ruamahanga River upstream to Roaring Stag Lodge, crossing the river two thirds of the way up to stay on the cut track. Our first view of the raging brown torrent told us we would not have a show of crossing and probably would have to remain on the true right all the way to a swing bridge outside the lodge.

Lunch was taken at the junction of Cow Creek and the Ruamahanga, which allowed us a closer view of the torrent. "Yep, looks like we'll be staying on the true right all the way". Progress was at a good rate with no real problems encountered on the way, although a keen eye was necessary to discern the track.

A large army of juvenile lancewoods standing at ease greeted us at Roaring Stag Lodge at 5.00 p.m. The large swingbridge over the river was a blessing.

A comfortable night was had by all on the Maori bunks and the lovely fire almost enticed me to stay longer.

As our trip out from Roaring Stag was shorter on the map than our previous day, a relatively late start was made. The track we were to follow led up onto a large ridge system, then branched off along a spur up to a parallel ridge to the east. The initial track was fantastic, much like a miniature highway. We were lucky to find the junction with our route, as it was no more than a small indentation in the bush, having only the slightest appearance of a track. After consulting the map, we decided this must be the one. With very careful navigation we emerged from the bush and 100 metres of alpine scrub (including the dreaded leatherwood) onto an open ridge, for lunch.

We had to follow this ridge south, remaining down the east side out of the scrub which covered the top. This action made progress a little tricky as false spurs had to be negotiated. Once again we emerged onto open tops to survey our route and progress. We had covered a reasonable amount of territory, and although running a little later than planned, thought we would still make the truck in time.

Heading east along a large ridge, we again dropped down into beech forest, with very few views of the surrounding country. Navigation was made even more difficult by having several spurs between us and the one we had to take. Thinking we were on "our" spur, the group dropped down about 100 ft. However the rapid loss of altitude and the lie of the spur didn't look right. After halting the group, Dave Perry and myself ran to the top again and, armed with maps and compass, climbed a tree. After considerable discussion and running around to find other alternatives, we concluded the party was on the wrong spur. By this stage morale was declining, as body fatigue and pains took over. We climbed back up to the ridge and continued along until we found the correct spur.

After more false leads we arrived onto another ridge overlooking farmland, and we could even see the truck. The time was now 7.00 p.m., and if anybody had said it would take $4\frac{1}{2}$ hours to reach the truck we could see, they would have been laughed down.

Continuing along the ridge to find yet another spur, was an arduous exercise. We seemed to be covering very little territory, even though we were moving at a respectable pace. Having maps with 50 metre contours makes hills look much flatter than they actually are, which added to the frustration.

After scouting around, we finally found a track which led down a promising-looking spur. We emerged from the bush at 7.45 p.m. and were obliged to dive straight into regenerating, tangled scrub. The only way to make progress through this rubbish was to follow a very narrow stream, with scrub covering above us, making it like a vegetative tunnel. The canopy compounded the already fading light problem, and by 8.30 p.m. we had to break from the stream as it was too dangerous to travel without light. Both hands were needed

for balance on the slippery boulders, so torches were of little use. Peter Berry and I had been watching a cleared ridge above us, and decided to head the group that way. We made good progress through gaps in the cut-over bush and with the assistance of a bright moon, arrived at the ridge top by about 9.30 p.m.

Discussing the choices available, we elected to return to the truck, which was just visible in the distance. But once again we were in trouble. It appeared from information gathered by the running Dave Perry that we were on top of a clear knob, with a not so clear bottom. We decided to carry on through what was initially knee high bracken. However, this rapidly turned into head high bracken interspersed with blackberry for variety. After many cuts and scratches and a 400 ft loss of elevation, we found ourselves on real cleared land.

At 11.30 p.m. eleven weary trampers arrived at the truck. Russell Perry was phoned to inform him of our safe emergence. We decided to have a short sleep before returning homeward.

We were up again at 4.45 p.m. and drove south about eight miles to pick up the fast party sleeping in a shelter. Back to the woolshed for a drink and tidy up and then we had the long drive to Hastings to arrive at 10.30 a.m. Monday.

Experience is always the hardest, but most effective teacher. A variety of circumstances decided this route would be taken, with little time for research. Future Tararua trips would best be undertaken only after consulting one of their local tramping clubs for advice on the proposed route. Don't trust the maps - they are misleading in relation to track conditions and topography.

Thanks to all those brave people who came along; it was a trip to be remembered, but hopefully not repeated. Many thanks to Mr Neill Trass who owns the farm on which we stayed. He kindly offered us the use of his woolshed, a safe parking place for the truck, and was even cheerful when woken at near midnight on Sunday by two smelly trampers who wanted to use the phone.

G.J., V.C.

No. in party: 11 Leader: Greg Jenks
Karen Lancaster, Vicki Carlyon, Graham Bailey, Dave Perry,
Luke Holmes, Cliff Epplett, Karen McBride, Peter Berry,
Sue Taylor, Robert Davies.

1186 (a)

Lotkow Hut

9 March

By about 6.15 a.m. 26 members of the HTC were in varying degrees of readiness for the trip that promised to be the day trip of the year.

8.00 a.m. found us at the road end near Lawrence Hut. The intrepid leader discovered, to his own consternation and the delight of his fellows, that he had left his shorts in the boot of the car!

We set off in great leaps and bounds heading for the open spaces. Five minutes from the truck we were at the swollen Tutaekuri River. Half an hour later everybody was finally across the swingbridge and heading towards Lotkow Hut. It is a well defined track and in places has recently been re-cut.

By 10.30 we were at Lotkow Hut where we stopped for a nibble and a rest. Luke decided to take his party through to Black Birch Bivvy and come back the same way.

It was decided, after talking to a couple of hunters, that my party would go up onto the ridge behind Lotkow and make our way along and down towards the Tutaekuri. For the first half hour or so we made good progress through young pine trees. After that things got more difficult and the track was less easy to follow. After a spot of bush bashing down the side of the ridge, we eventually got to a creek heading in the general direction of the river. Somewhere between this point and the river, a splinter group was "mislaid".

Finding a cut track, we wandered down to the river where we stopped for lunch. Deciding that the others had most likely gone out over the top, we moved on. As the river was too swollen for safe negotiation, we worked our way down the true left bank.

Although it wasn't quite as bad as the leatherwood epic coming out of Leon Kinvig last year, it was tough going. When we weren't pushing through hook grass or bush lawyer, we were warily side-stepping around onga onga, which seems to be pretty prolific around there.

The only other notable event in the 2½ hours spent following the river was the sighting of a deer browsing on a grassy flat on the river bed.

After all the rain in the area, some of the waterfalls from side-streams dropping into the river were quite spectacular.

We arrived back in time to see the tail end of Luke's party crossing the swingbridge, and after trudging up from Lawrence to the truck, found the splinter group there.

Thanks to Geoff and Paul for driving.

C.W.

No. in party: 26

Leader: Chris White

Paul Wolstenholme, Duncan MacFarlane, Janet Brown, Mr and Mrs R. Lowe, Rob Clark, Peter Berry, Susan Taylor, Karen McBride, Glenda Maras, Maron Roos, Dave Wilkins, Heather McBride, Karen Lancaster, Anne Lees, Bill Bristow, Dyan Coombes, Graham Bailey, John Berry, Tony MacKenzie, Nick Hay, Robert Davies, Edward Holmes, Geoff Robinson, Luke Holmes.

1186 (b) Lawrence Hut to Black Birch Bivvy 9 March

Our select party of nine waved good bye to Chris's party at Lotkow in time to have our packs carried by a landrover heading the same way. We went along the four-wheel drive track to the spur that leads to the Black Birch Range. Our feet quickly ascended the spur.

We stopped to exchange greetings with two sika hinds standing barking at us, then raced on to the trig, and down to the bivvy. The bivvy track takes off at the cairn 200 metres south of the trig. After lunch we headed back up to the cairn and along the tops. It was an excellent place to throw a frisbee, but in my haste to get away from the truck I had mislaid the trusty yellow disc. We dropped down to the hut for a munch and after cleaning it up, returned to the truck for another munch and a brew.

An A1 tramp with excellent company.

L.H.

No. in party: 9 Leader: Luke Holmes
Susan Taylor, Karen and Heather McBride, Nick Hay, Robert Davies, Peter Berry, Eddie Holmes.

1187 Urewera National Park 22 - 23 March

Twenty-three bods left Holts 5 a.m. Saturday and drove to the back of the Mangaone Lands & Survey block where we tramped to Waipaoa Hut on the edge of Waikaremoana. Then back again over bush clad hills to be home by about 9.30 p.m. Sunday.

Thanks to Geoff and Peter for driving and the manager of the Mangaone Lands & Survey block for permission to cross the land.

There's a hut by a lake
In the back of beyond,
And a bit further back still.
And to reach this grand place
In the back of beyond,
We'd to tramp half the day with a will.

Though the start was auspicious,
The leader got lost.
Water melon was ate 'neath the sun.
Then to be capricious
A creek was recrossed
He'd found where the track begun.

We were minus the four
Who were over the hill,
When the bush clad hill we climbed.
Then on through the ferns
To get to the hut
Our arrival at dusk was timed.

Most stayed in the hut
With a breast-fed banshee.
Little sleep was had that night.
Others camped on the beach,
Slept contentedly
Then had trout for a breakfast bite.

After piking a swim,
Wandered on home
About that and a bit more.
Karen's nose gave way
We had a ninginy noo
And a gruesomely bloody downpour.

There's a track to the truck
In the back of beyond,
And a bit further back still.
And to reach this grand place
Seemed to take all day,
We had to tramp over a hill.

P.B.

No. in party: 22 Leader: Peter Berry
Geoff Robinson, Karen Lancaster, Randall Goldfinch, David
Harrington, Vicky Carlyon, Dave Wilkins, Geoff, Edward and
Luke Holmes, Simon Barrett, Clive Thurston, Maron Roos, Sue
Taylor, Brent Shotter, Gerald Blackbourne, Glenda Maras,
Christine Kitchin, Karen McBride, Nick Hay, Fenton Wilson,
Peter Manning.

1188 (a)

Hikurangi

4 - 7 April

Seven o'clock start Friday night Ha! Ha! Then an
uneventful trip to where we left the truck at a shearing
shed on Pakihiroa Station. Having slept the night before
at Gisborne and breakfasted by the beach, we had only to
eat lunch and run up to the GC&TC Hikurangi Hut. Three
and a half to five hours later we were all at the hut which
was chocka - talk about a grunt.

Saturday morning we were still fairly tired from the
travelling we'd done. So a late start was in order with
everyone in the party heading up Hikurangi in cold misty
conditions. We didn't get much in the way of views but
had a very enjoyable scramble around the ridge heading up
to the trig.

Sunday dawned somewhat finer but no-one seemed very
enthusiastic with three going up to the top again, some
mucking around the hut, and most people returning to the
truck or having a go at Wharekia, a great slab of rock
thrusting vertically one thousand feet from the farmland.
Needless to say because of the steepness of it Wilkie and
Eddie were the only ones to get to the top in what was
rather an epic trip. They swear that they will never go
back. The day ended with most of us back at the truck.

In the morning about four a.m. I decided to go and see
the bods still at the hut and get some sunrise photos. Well
I got up there in time to come down again. Then when we
were down Miles and Geoff went up to get Miles's parka,,

which just happened to be still up there. Then Luke got his fingers cut quite badly so we had to call in at the Te Puia Hospital. Then a feed of last year's greazzies at Town Clock Takeaways, Gisborne. Home at 10.30 p.m. Thanks to Les and Paul for driving.

P.B.

No. in party: 22 Leader: Peter Berry
Geoff, Eddie and Luke Holmes, Sue Taylor, Miles and Grace Robertson, Heather McBride, Karen McBride, Chris Kitchin, Delia Findlay, Jill Garlic, Ross Berry, Karen Glass, Clive Thurston, Vicki Carlyon, Chris White, Karen Lancaster, Paul Wolstenholme, Dave Wilkins, John Berry, Les Hanger.

1188 (b)

"It Takes More Than Nerves"

6 April

Easter Sunday dawned and after several photos of the sun rising, the early birds of the HTC went back to the hut for breakfast.

Approximately 8.30 a.m. six bods went forth into the new day to attempt to climb Wharekia. A small detour was taken around a pair of large, evil looking bulls, and at 10 a.m. we could touch the walls of rock that somehow we were to get on top of.

After smoko we looked for a route of ascent, and finding none at an easy gradient, we decided that Dave Wilkins and myself would go up, and Heather McBride, Paul Wolstenholme, Ross Berry and Clive Thurston would carry on to look around the corner.

The sticks gave no end of trouble for the pair of us and the gradient got worse. We dropped to a considerably lower altitude and had lunch before finding another place to try.

A few small bluffs later we suddenly burst out of bush on the highest point of the range. With not much more than two feet to spare we were blooming careful and tried not to follow the rocks which we were pushing over the edge.

Moments later we struck a tight spot - a sharp ridge of rock about 20 feet long, with sheer sides dropping about 500 feet. With a leg either side and hands the same, we edged our way across, because no matter what, we weren't going back. After what seemed hours, we reached safety on the opposite bank, and were surprised to find the seats not torn out of our trou.

At about 3.30 we reached the trig, which is the lowest point and the only one with enough flat for a trig. We went down the north end. The track went over the bluff and we weren't game to follow it, so back to the trig and down a spur jutting out to the east. Some treacherous country and very dense bush were bashed through.

"Well, I nearly died". In turning around at a noise from behind I saw a pig following us, but when it saw me looking it took to its heels. Later the bush to our side

was shaken vigourously by an unseen creature. "By Crikey", I yelled, and we couldn't be seen through the smoke from our boot soles.

Finally, after more frightening experiences, we found out that our troubles were only goats, and now I'm beginning to wonder if it was a pig we saw first, or just a pig coloured goat like all the goats in these parts.

On breaking into the farmland at 5.45 p.m. we swallowed down ricebubbles with milk and plenty of sugar to relax our nerves which had been jumpy since meeting the bulls at 10 a.m. Torches were put at the ready and we started on the long trip to the truck, arriving just on dark. Curry and rice were waiting for us and so were our pits. (All in good faith, I don't recommend this trip for any other people).

E.A.H.

Dave Wilkins, Edward Holmes.

1189

River Crossing and Mapwork Course

19-20 April

A 6 a.m. start by the training committee ensured that when the rest of the party arrived at Kuripapango for the river - crossing course everything would be in order. By 10 a.m. the others had just left Hastings but we had braved the cold icy Ngaruroro and concocted a foolproof course guaranteed to make every trapper full of river crossing prowess.

After lunch the intrepid bunch headed for the river. A successful couple of hours was spent in river crossing practise with very few people falling in.

We warmed cold bodies around the stoves at the house and filled stomachs, emptied by the river-crossing exercise and vigourous games of frisbee, with a very filling COMMUNITY STEW!

The next day dawned clear and a compass course was held, during which we became proficient in the art of mapreading and compass work. The afternoon was spent in a variety of ways - from climbing Te Iringa to sun-bathing.

Thankyou everyone for attending. I am sure we all learnt something and everyone enjoyed the perfect weather, comfy house and best of all, the company.

No. in party: 27

Leaders: Vicki Carlyon
Randall Goldfinch

Bruce Perry, Dave Perry, Geoff Robinson, Clive Thurston, Peter Manning, Chris White, Grace Robertson, Miles Robertson, Dave Wilkins, Karen Lancaster, Joan Wilson, Peter Ber y, Christine Kitchin, Janet Brown, Rob Clark, Glenda Maras, Maron Roos, Bill Briston, Paul Wheeler, Keith Mitcherson, Edward and Geoff Holmes, Heather and Karen Mc Bride, Paul Wolstenholme.

1190 (a) Kaweka - Kiwi Working Party 25-27 April

The loo-menders had a beautiful clear day to go up to Kaweka Hut. We had the door off, the hinges re-bolted, and all screwed back together before 11 a.m., when a group of little scouts arrived. We left, now with Peter and Edward.

The steep rocky slope above Kaweka Hut caused a small problem for one of the party, who lost traction and skidded, until a tow-truck came to her rescue - never was a ridge reached more thankfully! A perfect view of Ruapahu met us, and a surprising number of small alpine plants, thinking it was spring, were in flower (bluebells, gentians and eyebrights).

We went around the ridge, over Kairahi, through Castle Camp's green little flat, and then we met Graham Bailey's brother and two friends. We all arrived at Kiwi Hut half an hour after sunset, which occurred dramatically behind Ngaruhoe.

On Saturday the boys dug a new hole and shifted the little house. The paths to it and the rubbish pit were re-aligned, graded and stepped and the lower waterhole cleared of mud. A lot of food was eaten and a game of stalking took place - inspired perhaps by the army helicopter which was out on an exercise.

On Sunday the weather had closed in, so we came out fairly early to the cars left on Castle Rocks Road.

A good weekend, with a satisfactory amount of work done.

No in party: 6 I.P.

Edward and Luke Holmes, Nicholas Hay, Peter Berry, Cliff Epplett and Liz Pindar.

1190 (b) Howletts Working Party

After much hassle and many phone calls I finally elected three other burly trampers to come with me to Howletts ---

Gerald and I left Hastings at about 12 a.m. and thundered South on our trusty steeds (motor bikes). We arrived at Mill Farm at 2.20 p.m. cruised up stream and joined Dave and Karen just starting the grunt. We arrived at Howletts at 5.00 p.m., then prepared liquid refreshments for Karen and Dave who arrived later. Tea was A-1 steak...

Saturday morning found the Howletts maintenance programme in full swing. Paint was splashed merrily from one corner of the hut to the other, the bunk ladder and cupboard were bolted, rat proofing was checked and

No. 1191

Howletts / Sawtooth

3-4 May

After a multitude of problems over land ownership, access, transport, and a general lack of interest, the planned trip to the Western Ruahines was scrapped. Instead on Saturday morning, four survivors headed for Howletts with the intention of going over Sawtooth Ridge if the weather permitted.

The main party reached Howletts shortly after mid-day, followed sometime later by their leader who had almost reached the bushline on Daphne Ridge before remembering his parka 1500 feet below. All this extra physical exertion left me in no state to do anything but lie in my pit that afternoon, so the rest of the day was spent around the hut.

Sunday dawned with clear sky above and a blanket of mist below; sunrise finding us half way up Tiraha enjoying immensely the fantastic morning.

Saw tooth ridge proved no trouble in that weather and soon we were relaxing on Ohuinga, soaking up the sunshine and view. The party then descended off Ohuinga onto Black Ridge - a very steep descent and, I imagine, one of the more difficult stretches when there is snow and ice around.

After lunching by a tarn on Black Ridge, we dropped down Rosvall's track (another steep one) back to the Tukituki then out to the car.

So, despite all the early hassels with the Western Ruahines trip, what we eventually did turned out to be most enjoyable, and left me longing for a crack at Sawtooth in winter.

No in Party; 4 Leader: Rob Clark
Joan Wilson, Edward Holmes, Paul Wheeler.

1192

Puketitri Hot Springs

18 May

Being unable to get into Hollowback Ridge as intended Geoff Robinson and I put various gears into motion, and came up with the most brilliant idea of all. Yes! ladies and gentlemen 'The Hot Springs'.

So at 6a.m. Sunday some of the club embarked for the exciting safari. With compliments to the driver, we all arrived at the haybarn happily, except those few with rather tarnished expressions.

A quite chilly wind galvanised us into action. Soon 14 pairs of H.T.C hoofs were striding strenuously down the road towards Pink's Hut. The fast party had left the remainder of us choking in their dust as we strode up to the lower springs sometime around 9 a.m. John and three others elected to stay back to fish a few pools. So that left a party of five of us to follow in the wake of the fast party.

We arrived at Stagger Inn just in time to see the fast party move from the hut into the bush. After a brief munchie stop, another three quarters of an hour saw the parties join at Te Puia Lodge.

With great piles of food devoured, the combined parties were to be seen heading towards to Top Springs, which is situated nearly half an hour from the lodge, farther up the Mohaka River.

We found the bath tub occupied by two boys who were staying at Te Puia, the springs! These flow over a small waterfall, by which has been placed over a large fibre-glass trough roughly 700 cms X 700 cms 300 cms deep. This is filled by a large diameter pipe, placed into a flow of water.

After deciding we wouldn't all fit in, 6 of us beat a hasty retreat, while 4 others enjoyed the delights of nature.

We all arrived at the bottom springs in daylight and trudged along the four-wheel drive track into the gathering gloom. It was pitch black by the time we reached the truck at 6 p.m. Thanks to those who made it a mighty trip.

G.H.

No, in party: 14 Leader: Geoff Holmes.

Luke Holmes, John Berry, Nicholas Hay, Peter Berry, Cathy Huck, Karen and Heather Mc Bride, Shane Bayley, Chris White, Paul Wolstenholme, Lou Harrison, Don Sullivan, Geoff Robinson.

1193 (a)

Ruapehu

31 May - 3 June

Twenty four assorted trapping-cum-climber types piled into the truck at 7.30 p.m. Friday night and totored to Ohakune (about 4 hours driving) and bunked down for the remaining hours at Hauora Lodge (P.M.T.C.).

On Saturday morning we drove to the top of the Turoa mountain road, where everybody armed themselves with at least an ice axe and proceeded to select a suitable slope for snowcraft. Conditions were "cracker" for this with firm slopes and fine weather. By the end of the day, everybody was reasonably proficient at self-arresting (and ~~stopcutting~~) (uphill and down) and some had had the chance to try out crampons and a bit of ropework ie shaft belaying and using ice screws.

On Sunday morning, those without crampons were dropped off at the Blyth Track turnoff, and those with, totored once again up to the mountain.

After three hours of looking uphill, we finally reached the crater-rim to be met by a cold wind blowing from the Whakapapa side of the mountain, bringing with it rapidly whitening conditions. However, since we were handy to the Turoa Shelter, we decided to spend a little time building a snow-cave. Before long, a number of people were getting cold and since we didn't have time to build one large enough for

eleven beds, six returned to the shelter. Six hours hard work saw a cave comfortable enough for the remaining five. An interesting night followed with lessons learnt on how to get along with people crammed together in a confined space, the effect of dehy foods on the trapped air supply and how scared people are of strange noises in the night ie the clunk of a metal spoon falling from the snow wall into a plastic bowl.

We had eaten breakfast, packed, and swept out the snow cave by nine o'clock Monday morning, and since weather conditions hadn't improved, we cramponned down to the shelter, regrouped and headed back to the truck.

Geoff's tramping party were all out by 2 O'clock so we motored to Waiouru where those who didn't fill their heads with army history, filled their stomachs with real food for a change, ie hamburgers, milkshakes etc

Thanks to Palmerston North Teacher's College for the use of the lodge, instructors for their help in snow craft instruction, the drivers and thanks to Huie for at least one fine day.

No in Party: 24

Leader: Bruce Perry

1194

SOUTHERN KAWEKA

15 JUNE

On Sunday 22 trampers set out for Gentle Annie at 6.10 from Holts. It was a reasonable sort of a day after the recent bad weather, we all set out for Te Iringa. We split up into two parties on top; 12 going on hopefully to meet the other party of 10 at Timahanga. We were told how easy it was to carry on for 20 minutes or so, then to cut down a ridge to Boyds Bush and out again, so we decided to have ago. We set off with high spirits and a foot of snow.

After pushing or crawling through snow, lawyer and bush for about 1½ hours, we decided to head back the way we had came as it was decided not to risk carrying on and risk staying the night in the bush. It took only about ¼ hour to get out showing how good the track was!!! We duly arrived back at Gentle Annie where Rob dropped his pack and ran on to inform the others where we were. We walked down to the bottom of the hill where we had a brew up, changed and waited for the truck.

T.C.

No. in party: 22

Leader Terry Cameron

Janet Brown, Rob Clarke, Paul Wolstenholme, Elizabeth Pindar, Peter Berry, Peter Arnott, Wendy McMillan, Vicky Gerbes, Yvette Reisima, Geoff Holmes, Robert Hawken, Miles Robertson, Paul Wheeler, Keith Mitcherson, Don Sullivan, Luke Holmes, Gerald Blackburn, Desire Helford, Geoff Robinson, Christen Kitchen, Les Hanger.

1195

Eastern Kaimanawa Forest Park

28 - 29 June

When we left the truck at the Forest Park entrance, the intention was for the entire party of 21 to go to Oamaru Hut (a 16 bunk hut). However, along the way their leader got to thinking about crowded, stuffy huts, hunters, airstrips etc., and began thinking up alternative plans.

After crossing the swingbridge over the Kaipo River I suggested to the party that we should split up at this point, with some continuing to Oamaru, the others heading upstream towards Kaipo Saddle. Unfortunately only 3 people could be persuaded to go with me on the latter route.

Our group of four headed upstream for a short distance then set up camp. Having done this we then continued on to look for a waterfall, returning as darkness encroached. The track along the Kaipo upstream from the swingbridge proved more challenging than the 4 lane highway to Oamaru Hut. In the short stretch we covered the track crossed the river several times requiring some delicate manoeuvres on log jams or single, slippery logs to keep dry feet.

The next day was a lazy one with much of the morning occupied by making porridge, tea, and toast without getting out of tents or sleeping bags (except for Dave who went up to the waterfall to get a picture).

Finally breaking camp at some ridiculous and unprintable hour we had a leisurely walk back out to the truck. On meeting the other parties and hearing about the invasion of the Boy-Scouts, we felt somewhat relieved that we had missed it all. Oamaru Hut, like Boyds Hut, suffers the disadvantage of having vehicle and air access virtually to the front door. This means you can never predict how many inhabitants you may have to share the hut with. For this reason I would suggest that perhaps the club avoids these huts where possible in the future.

R.C.

No. in Party: 4

Leader: Rob Clark

Janet Brown, Dave Harrington, Katie Law.

1195b

Leaving Rob and Co., we meandered down the true right of the Kaipo on a well formed track to Oamaru Hut.

What a welcome, - the hut full of deertalkers and scout-masters and about 300 scouts all over the river flats in tents. So out with "Safety in the Mountains" and we built a completely waterproof manuka and tussock humpy. It didn't rain so water didn't come in.

An indeterminate period after the sun had arisen and the scouts had been shown our biwi as an example (I'm not sure of

what), we wandered back through the gloriously green, moss-hung beech. A wonderfully alive forest with Robins and a Kaka flying around among some very large red beeches. Then up the Tiki Tiki and the Killer to Te Iringa where we met up with Rob and co. again.

P.B

No. in party: 17

Leader Peter Berry

Chris White, Karen Lancaster, P. Arnot, S. Barrett, C. Thurston, Paul Wheeler, Vicki Carlyon, Miles Robertson, Nick Hag, P. Berry, J. Berry, Karen McBride, Jeff Holmes, Edward Holmes, G. Blackburn, Dave Wilkins.

1196a

EASTERN RUAHINES

13th July

Mid week apprehension of the weekends weather prospects, followed up by Saturday's experience and weather office pessimism did not deter 32 trampers from fronting up at the Norriss road head. As tops conditions were estimated to be more than draughty, the party split into a Triplex contingent and a party heading towards the Flounder.

After crossing the wet paddocks to the Flounder the fit and the foolish bods climbed to the bushline and paused for the view and to congratulate themselves in avoiding the cool force-x southerly. Continuing, the party sidled along a snow paved track to the saddle above Gold Creek Hut.

The fit and the foolish separated here, with five opting to head via Patiki to Armstrong Saddle and Triplex. The remaining nine headed down to Gold Creek Hut.

After a leisurely lunch at the Hut, the party climbed the 750' to the saddle and returned to the transport at Triplex via the Flounder.

T.P.

No. in Party: 9

Leader: Trev. Plowman

Paul Wolstenholme, Keith Mitcherson, Graeme Frankvitt, Janet Brown, Rob Snowball, Michael Weakly, Geoff Holmes, Geoff Robinson.

1196b

FLOUNDER TO TRIPLEX

Five brave individuals left the Gold Creek Hut mob and headed up the ridge towards Patiki. Frequent gusts of wind through the trees forewarned us of what to expect on the tops. The higher we got, the deeper the snow until we found ourselves bush-bashing and plugging steps through knee-deep snow at the same time.

Struggling up over Patiki and on westwards towards the ridge leading to Armstrong Saddle we considered possible routes back to the truck. One idea was to descend a large shingle slide into Triplex Creek in order to avoid the strong winds that were blowing long trails of snow off the ridge tops.

However, as we climbed towards the top a decision was made to brave the elements and traverse below the ridge top along to Armstrong Saddle.

Apart from a brief, unintended slide by Wendy, the saddle was reached without much difficulty. Bum-sliding down Shut-Eye spur was good fun if you managed the turns and we were soon back at the truck, well satisfied with our expedition.

R.C.

No. in Party: 5. Leader: Allan Holden

Rob Clark, Wendy Holden, Rob Lusher, Don Sullivan.

1196c

THE SHUTEYE RIDGE

After leaving two parties at the end of Norris Road the truck was taken round to North Block Road and parked at the start of the track to Triplex Base.

Seventeen departed and met again at Triplex Hut, reorganised and started off up the track to Shuteye Shack. We came across Saturday's fresh snow after three quarters of an hour. From then on the forest was transformed with the sunlight sparkling on the fresh snow hanging from the trees and the soft squeak of every footstep as snow was compressed underneath boots.

Five had turned back by the time Shuteye Shack was reached where a break was taken to refuel with food and drink. We wound up the track with the snow up to our knees in places and every turn in the track bringing a new scene. Buttercup Hollow was reached after a short scramble above the bushline where we found snow up to our shorts and some very hard water in the tarn.

Another meal break was taken here in the shelter from an adventurous wind. More clothing was put on and seven departed along the ridge to Armstrong Saddle through thigh deep snow in places. The wind was even stronger here with the dry powder snow being whipped up and whirled around stinging eyes and faces. Skating took place on the tarn and an enjoyable half hour was spent in rather cool conditions.

Returning was easier, you could see where you had fallen in the deeper snow before and avoid it or at least be prepared for the sinking feeling.

On reaching Buttercup Hollow we found the rest of the party had departed so we wasted no time and left for Shuteye Shack finding some members had slid down the track in parts polishing the surface neatly, making it awkward for those that prefer to descend on their feet.

As we got lower, the air temperature increased and the

wind lessened making a pleasant ending to a sparkling winter trip.

Pete

No. in Party: 18

Leader: Peter Manning

Christine Kitchen, Karen McBride, Wendy McMillan, John & Peter Berry, Yvette Reisima, Vicki Gelbes, Pip & Gerald Blackburn, Luke & Edward Holmes, Katie Law, Sue O'Malley, Ross Berry and Jill Garlick.

' N O T I C E '

It has come to the attention of the committee that some members are dying at Club night meetings and are neglecting or refusing to fall off their chairs.

This practice must cease forthwith.

Any members found dead at a meeting in an upright position, will immediately be asked to leave the hall.

In future, if a member of the Committee, notices a body has made no movement for a period of two hours it will be his duty to investigate, as it is almost impossible to distinguish between death and the natural movement of some members.

Committee members are cautioned to be careful, investigating. Holding a 'Pohokura' in front of the corpse is considered the most reliable test.

There have been however, cases where the natural instinct has been so deeply ingrained, that the hand of the corpse has made a spasmodic grab, even after the rigormortis has set in.

L.I.H.

---oooOooo---

PRIVATE TRIPS

Mt Rainier National Park, Washington, U.S.A.
MAY 1980

We first saw this mountain from the ferry as we approached Seattle. It floats above the haze of that city, a stately reminder that another world exists beyond the toxic exhaust and the neon dollars. We would go.

Three days later, armed to the teeth with new equipment and dehydrated chemicals mixed with a little food, we enter the park gates. Huge cedar and douglas fir, hemlock and pine, line the quiet road as we hitch up to the ranger station at Longmire. A tiny service settlement marks for us the beginning of the Wonderland Trail: 100 miles of trail circuiting the 14,410' Mt Rainier. Planning on eleven easy days, confident in our Kiwi tramping skills, we go to register.

"Not a chance! The trail's under feet of snow almost all of the way. It's soft, there's considerable danger of avalanche and some bridges are out".

"Oh....."

But we'd come this far. We could at least have a look. Beginning at noon, we climb the steep trail onto Rampart Ridge. The huge packs torture our legs and lungs. We've been away from this too long. Striking snow on the top, we push further west, down to cross the Kautz River and up towards the next top. No trail is visible under the snow and we occasionally brake through to uncover bent saplings or running water. Nonetheless, we are navigating accurately enough to always emerge exactly on the trail in clear spots or on bridges.

Five o'clock. Progress is slow. Out comes the brand new tent, the brand new stove and the brand new empty wallet! We make a comfortable camp and snuggle up in our Kiwi pits, each thinking his own thoughts: mine on whether I've put the food far enough away and high enough that the bears won't get it, or us! Jo's on whether I've hung the food far enough away that.....

"Good morning, bear."

"Good morning, Pooh!"

Off into more snow, and more, and more. It's not too soft but we do fall through and the trail is not easy to follow. Making frequent reference to the map, we climb, sidle, climb some more, and lose all sign of the trail at last. Just miles and miles of snow and douglas fir, but the mountain looms magnificently above us. We sit and absorb.

By 2.00 p.m. we take a final reference and walk straight to the (locked) ranger's hut. Pleased at this, we took a further bearing on the public hut, 282° W on the map, approximately a quarter mile away. Two and a half hours later we return to the first hut, frustrated, weary, wondering why? Where? Our foot-prints are sunk over the white landscape in every direction. (We later find that this hut was burned down two years ago. Oh well....) Camp for the night. In two days we have just

reached our first day's objective.

We begin the third day wondering where the trail is and now not so confident of our navigating skills. We descent steep slopes then plough our way through to strike a bridge. A bridge! Yes, we were right on the trail. We chop down through six feet of snow to reach the planned log, cross and continue, losing and finding again, the trail down to Tahoma River.

The bridge is out of action. Rangers slacken the cable each winter to stop the weight of snow destroying the bridge so the boards hang almost vertically. We cannot cross so decide to pull off the Wonderland Trail and return later in the season. We walk along the moraine walls of the receded Tahoma Glacier, eventually crossing the river on a huge log which must measure at least 100 ft long. We hitch out to the road and continue our travels.

Perhaps just as well: Mt Rainier was within range of the blast from Mt Helen's eruption, thirteen days later.

Russell ! Joanne Perry.

West Coast Trail, Pacific Rim National Park,

Vancouver Island, Canada.

15 - 23 May

"On January 22, 1906 the 253 ft passenger vessel Valencia ran aground at Shelter Bight ... near Tsocawis Creek ... the loss of her 126 passengers and crew was attributed to high seas, rugged terrain and the inhospitable, remote area with an almost impenetrable rain forest ... on this infamous section of coastline ... with wrecks of 50 ships ... known as the 'Graveyard of the Pacific'."

The Lady Rose slips her moorings quietly. Just the pulse of the diesel engine felt through the feet tells us we're on our way. We leave Port Alberni (three giant pulp mills with a town) for a 4½ hour cruise down to Bamfield. We pass acres of log booms waiting to be chipped for pulp, for this is lumber country. At one of the many stopovers we let off two Indian women of sixty and eighty years. They nimbly board their tiny canoe and set off for their home 1½ miles away. This is the first stage of our trip.

We later hitch out of Bamfield to the start of the trail at Camp Ross. We register and leave civilisation for eight days. The trail is wide and resembles a nature trail for the elderly but this does not deter from its beauty. Cedar disappears into the green canopy above, small snakes slither into the grass, six inch black and yellow slugs dice with death at our feet. We meet a team repairing a bridge. The track is well maintained so far, following the road bulldozed in 1907 but since left to nature. (It was put in as part of a plan to set up communication along the coast and more than a few ship-wrecked sailors owe their lives to it and the telephone wire completed in 1908). We schedule ourselves to do about

seven miles a day and stop at 6.30 p.m. at Michigan Creek.

The days that follow are full of interest. It's relaxed tramping. Some days we don't start until 3.00 p.m., others we only do four miles. There's lots to see and we enjoy this time together.

The trail is 47 miles long. It follows the coast closely and, equipped with good maps and tide sheets, we take advantage of the miles of rock shelf and sand for greater variety. Tidal pools abound with large orange starfish, green anenomes and thousands of mussels. We race giant waves to gather the best for tea. We race the tide too, to get round Tsusiat Point through The-Hole-in-the-Wall; to round Carmanagh Point where the sea lions romp and bark; to cross the two tidal chutes, leaping from rock to slippery rock to safety as surging white froth towers above. We cannot cross the second of these so we're forced to cross under a waterfall while waves thrash below our slippery holds.

We see killer whales off the coast almost every day, mink scampering for shellfish, and seals in the kelp. We see bald eagles soaring above the trees and great brown toads scuttling in the twigs. Most of the high tide zones are packed with huge trees broken free from the log booms. They seem immovable until we climb above a steep chasm where the seas throw them at the cliffs like matchwood. Fresh water flows from streams every few miles so we camp where we wish, our backs to the fire as we watch myriad lights of salmon boats and lifebuoys flash across the ocean, echoing the night sky. We seek Polaris as we once sought the Southern Cross but the Big Dipper is still there to remind us we're only across the sea from New Zealand.

The names of the settlements and features reflect the Indian heritage of this area. It has been home of the Nootka Indian for hundreds of years and once a rich and unique culture was founded on its fabulously abundant resources of forest and sea. We pass the Klanawa River, Pachena Point, Tsuquandra Point, the Nitinat Narrows where we must wait until the Indian sees us and ferries us across (\$3.00 each, please), Whyac and Old-ooosq, remnants of once thriving settlements. But then the white trader came, and took, and did not replace. Otter pelts, whales, salmon, chum and the great cedars brought him and now the Otter is gone and the whales are few, the big cedar is cut and the rich culture is no more.

The trail itself crosses much swamp. Because countless boots would churn it to mire it is boarded so that in some places one hears nothing but the clump of rubber on wood for periods of half an hour or more. That's alot of clumps, alot of wood but alot less muck! Steep slopes are all ladderred, sometimes with as many as four or five flights of 25 steps each, some with single flights of over 50 - numbing on the brain but easier on the land. All windfalls have been imaginatively sculptured with the chainsaw, all rivers and creeks bridged or with cable cars. It's all been part of the battle to open the trail to the demands of those who need 'safe' hiking. Sometimes

we smile when we see a huge tree has impatiently smashed aside nailed timbers, but it cannot win.

The final seven miles is the domain of 'competent outdoorsmen' only but we follow it easily on our final day. Slippery logs are frequent and we cross some deep and green, slimy holes, homes of trolls and goblins. We climb high to a splendid view across the Juan de Fuca Straits to the U.S.A. We pass a huge donkey engine mounted on log skids twenty yards long. It has steamed and winched its way mightily upwards to the command of loggers but now it rusts. At last we round the final spur to see Port Renfrew just a few miles away and the end of the trail. But, what's that? Oh!

"Jo, get cracking, quick!"

"Why?"

"We've scared a bear."

"Hasn't the bear scared us?"

Women! They always argue! See you later."

Our first bear but he didn't seem in a talkative mood.

Finally, the Gordon River. We wait an hour for somebody to ferry us across: a quiet hour of reflection as the tide rises and an otter surfaces nearby.

Russell and Joanne Perry.

Lewis to Arthurs Pass.

May - 5 day trip

We bounced off the bus at the Poplas and had a munchy stop before 5 intrepid H.T.C., members set off on a relaxing wander? It was 1.00 p.m., bright and sunny when we left with heavy packs. Our aim the first day was Hope Kiwi Lodge - a mansion by North Island standards - fence, 2 loos all the works! We found a good track through beautiful bush and wandered along the Hope River seeing Three Mile and Broadleaf Huts on the far distant side of the river. It was pitch dark before we stumbled into the Lodge; luckily by the aid of a resident candlelight which enabled us to wade footsore through swamp and arrive safely.

A comfortable night - 40 mattresses between 6 people. The morning dawned clear and we romped along a four wheel drive track in an immense river valley, onto the Kiwi Pack track. A quick diversion was made down to Lake Marion - not quite so quick up again though. The day had started to clag in and we lunched on the shores of Lake Sumner with sandflies (enormous!) and drizzling rain. We headed onto No. 2 Hut. No. 2 Hut (imaginative names!) did not offer the South Island hospitality we were accustomed to - so we double bunked on broken bunks and drifted off to sleep with the sound of raucous 'Henry' and his

mates! We thankfully greeted the dawn and our own company - we followed Henry's directions 1600 ft up Terrible Knob (aptly named) to find we had gone the wrong way, furiously backtracked and lunched where we had breakfasted - bang went our easy day!

However we did have a relaxing hot swim and No. 3 hut was thankfully empty apart from the rats. Once again we double bunked (20 empty bunks!) to avoid inquisitive noses and sharp teeth.

Another fine day lured us onto Harper Pass - past Cameron Hut and a caput N.Z.F.S. biwi nestled in sunlit clearings on the Hurunui River. Onto the Pass where we could see Lake Sumner and the country we had traversed. Onwards to Arthurs Pass National Park where the weather and track deteriorated. We bashed through scrub that never saw the sun - completely different from the country we had been through. No. 4 Hut was dark and cold and a long night was spent in cold sleeping bags.

The last leg of our journey was upon us - lighter packs seemed to make no difference, the Taramakau River bed stretched endlessly for miles and miles. We lunched at Kiwi Hut and literally crawled out to Jacksons and civilisation in the form of cars and power poles.

We hitched to Otira to the comfortable warm surroundings of the pub and recovered from a great trip. Very pleasant and good company.

Vicki Carlyon, Karen Lancaster, Janet Brown, Clive Thurston, Cliff Epplett.

It all started back in '67 when they changed to dollars and overnight me overdraft was doubled.

I was just gettin' used to this when they brought in kilograms or somethin' and the woolclip dropped in half.

Then they started playing around with the weather and brought in Celcius and we haven't had a decent fall of rain since.

This wasn't enough. They had to change us over to hectares and I end up with less than half the farm I had.

So oneday I sat down and had a think.

I reckoned that with daylight savin' I was workin' eight days a week so I decided to sell out.

But to cap it all off I'd only got the place in the agents hands and they changed Kilometres and I find I'm too flamin' far out of town anyway.

EGMONT TRIP

19 - 20 July

The scheme was dreamed up on Thursday night, and by 5.30 Friday night, four hopeful trampers and a seemingly huge amount of gear had organised themselves into the car en route for Egmont. We spent the night in Wanganui, and reached the Dawson Falls road end soon after 9 on a gloriously fine Saturday morning.

We attracted a few laughs as we set off in all our mountain-type gear, including goggles with various "side-effects" attached in an attempt to dissuade the sun from burning our Wellington city-slicker faces. The snow was down to the bottom of the bush line, so it was not long before we were right into it.

The views became more and more delightful as we climbed, and plenty of telepathy was directed at Allan, Wendy, Rob and Janet and possibly other friends on Ruapehu. It was not long before it became necessary for us to put on our crampons, and this made the ascent of the steep, icy ridge much more pleasant. We zigzagged up and up, with the views improving and our feelings of elation rising with the altitude. The snow stakes had accumulated fascinating ice formations, and had become pillars 7' high and about 3" square. The rocky outcrops at the top were also heavily encrusted with wind-sculptured ice, and looked like house-sized cauliflowers.

We were aiming at Symes Hut for lunch, but it took longer than anticipated to reach the top of Fanthams in the very icy conditions. As we crossed the snow basin at the top, Rob noticed a strange shape protruding from the corner of a snowbank, and closer examination with the aid of ice-axes confirmed his suspicions that it was the hut corner. After much chopping and shovelling, Rob and Pete uncovered what they thought was the door, but it turned out to be a window shutter. Renewed efforts finally revealed the door, and we had soon removed enough ice and snow to be able to open its top section (it was like a stable door) and jump down into the hut porch. We were a little disappointed to find the hut securely locked (a key was provided behind glass for emergencies only), but we quickly turned our attention and energy to the possibility of snow-caving, which had been our original intention. We dug a cave big enough for two, but stuck problems with ice and an insufficient depth of snow for luxury accommodation. Conditions at that stage were still perfect, so Pete and I slept in the tent, while Derek and Rob settled into the hut vestibule.

It was extremely cold when we went to bed, and our hopes for a summit attempt in the morning were high. However, it seemed to get warmer during the night, and a blustery wind got up - which aroused our suspicions and a lot of snow off the ground. When Peter and I looked out in the morning, it was virtually a white-out, and I could not stand in the wind on top of the snow bank (that is to say, on the hut roof). It was bitterly cold, and we judged the conditions to be definitely unsuitable for either returning the way we had come, or exploring for a new route down.

So we unlocked the hut and hopped back into our pits to wait for better weather. We had plenty of food, which we proceeded to ration carefully, along with fuel and water. The day was spent in playing games, snoozing, reading and making up and continually amending a roster for turns at community services such as getting up to pass around the biscuits or make a brew.

We were very surprised when at about 2.30, three people arrived at the hut, and even more surprised when they said they could show us a way down that would take less than two hours and we wouldn't even need crampons. So it was on with all our storm gear, and out into it. Even with my pack on I couldn't quite walk where I wanted to around the top, but under the leadership of the local boys we were soon "assading" down a sheltered valley. Then a long zig zag slog down a treacherous slope with a few inches of soft snow lying on hard ice, a pleasant stroll down through the scrub, and the final descent of the stairs through the bush to the carpark.

Sure enough we were out before dark, and very glad to be down. Much eating and drinking were enjoyed in the car on the way home. It was a great weekend in a new area, with lots to be learned for all of us. Thanks to Brian and Andrew for their assistance.

J.W.

Joan Wilson, Rob Powell, Pete Coleman, Derek Bunting

SOCIAL COMMITTEE

Progressive Dinner

28th June

Forty four people gathered at Rob and Janet's place (Hastings) for a dinner, partly aimed as a farewell for Randall on his trip to the States. As people arrived the room got steamier and steamier as everyone jostled for saveloys and drinks. Eventually the 'Trampers' hopped in the truck to go to the next stop which was Rob Snowball's for soup and garlic bread. By this stage people were already rather full but still managed to down a superb main course at Wendy and Allan's in Napier - Chicken, vegetable and beef casseroles, potato croquettes (mouth watering yet!) A rest was needed here to allow for all the 'goodies' to sink a little before heading to Karen Lancaster's house. Here everyone was served with an incredible collection of sweets. Finally the truck went to Terry Cameron's house for coffee and anything else that could be squeezed in.

They party rounded off about midnight and the majority headed homewards to Hastings praying that the truck would not leave them stranded petrol - less between Napier and Hastings. Luckily it didn't.

Special thanks to all those who contributed to the organisation - a great effort.

J. Brown.

NEW MEMBERS

We would like to welcome Karen Glass and Susan Taylor to the club.

Resignations

It is with regret that the club accepts resignations from:

Dave Lynch
James McIvor
Paul Richards
Gavin Sharp
Warren Baylis.

CLUB MEETINGS

The club will meet at 8.00 p.m. at the Radiant Living Hall, Warren Street North, Hastings on the following dates:

August	20	October	29 A.G.M.
September	3	November	12
September	17	November	26
October	1	December	10
October	15		

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

The 45th Annual General Meeting will be held in the Radiant Living Hall, Warren Street North, Hastings following the usual fortnightly meeting on Wednesday, 29th October, 1980.

MAGAZINE TYPISTS.

Many thanks to Karen Lancaster and Debby Bayens for the typing of this magazine.

I N D E X

CLUB REPORTS	Page	1
PRIVATE REPORTS	Page	17
NEW MEMBERS	Page	24
RESIGNATIONS	Page	24
FIXTURE LIST	Page	25

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. Let any unexpected 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 is 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

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, Phone 88-731
Liz Pindar, Phone 67-889 Randall Goldfinch, Phone 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.

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 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
- 24 - 27 Tararua Forest Park
Holdsworth Lodge. Plenty of scope for everyone.
N 157 (Otaki) Rob Clark 88-239
Geoff Holmes 83-345

NOVEMBER

- 2 Cairn Trip
Annual memorial trip to Kaweka J.
N 123 Phil Bayens 84-4498
- 15 - 16 Waikamaka - Waterfall Creek Hut.
Back out over tops. Chance for new members to check out our Waikamaka Club Hut.
N 140 Janet Brown
Clive Thurston 778-333
Geoff Robinson 84873
- 30 Central Ruahines
Yeomans to Centre Makaroro via Pohatuhana Ridge
N 140 Wendy Holden 435-038
Edward Holmes 83-345

DECEMBER

- 13 - 14 Southern Kaweka
From Ngaruroro River water gauge to Cameron Hut, overland to Kiwi Saddle Hut and out. Fast party via Kiwi Mouth Hut.
N 123 Chris White 432-482
Peter Berry 778-772
- 25/12/80 - 7/1/81
Nelson Lakes National Park
Scope for everyone.
Rob Clark 88-239
Clive Thurston 778-333
Nelson Lakes National Park Map.

JANUARY

- 10 - 11 Howletts Hut - Sawtooth
N 140 To be arranged.
- 25 Esk
Te Kowhai Gorge - George Stream.
N 124 Ross Berry 777-223
Karen Lancaster 58033