

HERETAUNGA TRAMPING CLUB (INC)

BOX 447. HASTINGS

'P O H O K U R A'

Bulletin No. 147

April, 1981

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CLUB TRIPS

1205

WATERFALL CREEK

15th-16th November

As we emerged from the truck on Saturday morning we were all but bowled over by the super strong gusts of wind. However we managed to muster up enough enthusiasm to get moving up the Waipawa River. By the time we hit the saddle we'd already been abandoned by two members of our party, Les and Peter, who returned to the Chalet and after battling the wind on the saddle we headed over to Waikamaka Hut for a leisurely lunch.

The afternoon saw us clambering our way through the spaniard grass and mud on to Rangi saddle where we paused to admire the view. By late afternoon we were cosily ensconced in the hut with enough wood to last us a fortnight (care of Randall). The evening was wiled away with past tramping stories "to make your hair curl!".

Sunday dawned fine but not too promising for a tops trip as the winds were still whistling around the hut. Geoff's party decided to return via the same route and only 3 stalwarts, Randall, Edward and myself, set off for a return over the tops. We left the hut at 7.45 a.m. and made good

time up the headwaters of the Kawhatau River (marked on some maps as Tussock Creek). The river becomes narrow and very winding just after leaving the hut but the going is easy and the scenery very pretty. We kept to the true right all the time until we came to an obvious creek (Tussock Creek) running into the river. It is easy to locate because of the high stone-walled entrance (and what's more there is a cairn!). Climbing upwards the valley soon opened out into wide tussock country and it ascended much more steeply than I appreciated. Keeping generally to the true right we headed up on to the top of Paemutu where we were just in time to see the mists clear to reveal some very steep razor backed country. The wind was still very strong but we decided after much umming and aahing to try out our original plan - to cross over the ridge towards Rangī and then veer off in the direction of Middle Stream. We clambered, stumbled, crawled our way down and along the ridge up to South Rangī. It was a case of hanging on to all loose articles of clothing in an effort to avoid them being ripped off. From South Rangī there was no doubt which way to go - the ridge between Smith's Stream and Middle Stream was very obvious. Off we trundled, stopping briefly for lunch where we had a good view of the track and then off into the bush. This part was not so easy as there was no clear track. By keeping on top of the ridge we made our way to the track going from Middle Stream to Smith's Stream - We thought our difficulties were over but the track had a magical ability to disappear at frequent intervals. With careful guidance from Edward we found a steep but clear deer track down to Middle Stream and then up on to the 4-wheel drive track leading to the Waipawa River Bed. - approximately 4.30 p.m.

On a calm, clear day this would certainly be a superb trip - the country has some amazing scenery.

Many thanks to our Guide Randall and to Edward for propping me up across the windy tops.

No. in Party: 12

Leader: J. Brown

Les Hanger, Edward Holmes, Gary Miller, Aaron Stark, Keith Mitcherson, Samuel Barratt, Geoff Robinson, Peter Manning, Jenny Christmas, Dave Harrington, Graham Thorp, Randall Goldfinch.

1206

MAKARORO RIVER TO CENTRE MAKARORO HUT

30th Nov.

After the decision to take the truck instead of private cars was made, we all piled in after waiting a time for people who never turned up. It was 6.30 a.m. by then and the blue sky was slowly disappearing behind a blanket of cloud.

We pulled up at the old mill at the end of the Wakarara Road and, after changing, a party of eight started off up the Makaroro River.

1206 (Cont.) Makaroro River to Centre Makaroro Hut

After about two hours we reached Centre Makaroro Hut, a normal six bunk forestry hut, placed on the true right of the river. Shortly after 11.15 a.m. we headed up the ridge, to get to the top 2000 feet later at the junction with Yeomans Track. Some trouble was encountered en route to this point as a slip had made the track difficult to find (we eventually found that it followed up the slip). We then followed Yeomans Track down to the lower Makaroro, crossed the river and were all at the truck by 4.30 p.m.

E.H.

No. in party: 11

Leader: Edward Holmes

Wendy McMillan, Sue O'Malley, Sue Taylor, Les Hanger, Cliff Epplett, George Prebble, Clive Thurston, Geoff Holmes, Gerald Blackburn, Peter Manning

1207

SOUTHERN KAWEKAS

13th-14th Dec.

After leaving the road end (water gauge) at 9 a.m., the party made good progress and were all up in Kiwi Saddle by lunchtime. After lunch and a chat to the resident hunters, four of us continued on to Kiwi Mouth and Randall and I went on from there to Manson Hut.

Early next morning we headed westward for about 10 minutes then cut directly through the top of Manson Creek to Mt. Meany. Lunch was had in a creek about 1 hour up from Rock - Camp Bivvy, then on to the Hogget, Boyd's Bush, and out through Timahanga Station to the car at the top of Gentle Annie.

G.H.

No. in party: 6

Leader: Geoff Holmes

Randall Goldfinch, Peter McBride, Heather McBride, Sue O'Malley, Anne Murray.

1208

NEW YEAR TRIP - KAWEKAS

1st-4th Jan.

A party of 4 headed out for Kiripapanga Base on Wednesday night for an early start the following day, the beginning of a four day trek through the Kaweka Ranges.

Thursday: Up at the break of dawn, a quick breakfast and off up 4100'. As the sun rose the heat increased and we slowed down. Les and Tim decided to call it a day at Kiwi Saddle and head for Studholmes the following day. Edward and I continued down Kiwi Stream to Kiwi Mouth unavoidably taking a few stumbles in the stream. After a quick lunch we crossed the Ngaruroro River using the swing bridge and headed up to Manson Hut at a very slow pace. We had intended to reach Ngaawapurua Hut but decided to stay the night at Manson to get an early start the next morning.

1208 (Cont.)      New Year Trip - Kawekas

Friday: The alarm rang at 5.00 a.m. and we were out tramping at six heading up to Manson Peak some 800' up from the hut. Dropping down a prominent spur we met the Ngaururoro River, crossing it again by a swooping swing bridge which led us to the door of Ngaurapua Hut. After a short break we headed on up the Harkness Stream. Approximately 500 yards from the hut we had the choice of following the stream or taking an overland route which climbed roughly 400' and sidled the stream. We took the overland route which we found later saved a lot of time. Harkness Hut was our lunch stop which was very rewarding. The sun was out in full strength with hardly any breeze at all. After filling our water containers we headed up to Te Puke Hut, a climb which took us longer than we expected. This brought out the blisters on my feet which hindered me for the rest of the trip. In residence at Te Puke were four hunters who over the past week shot 28 deer. The hunters had an easy trip in, they were flown in from Taupo to Boyds air strip at a cost of \$70.00 per head. After being dropped off, the plane then flew low over Te Puke and pushed their supplies out the door.

Saturday: Another early start to beat the heat. We made our way to Mangaturutu Hut. On reaching the hut turnoff, which was approximately 5 minutes down a gully, we decided to continue towards Venison Tops without visiting the hut to save a little time. Venison Tops Hut is very large with two bunk rooms on either side of the cooking area. We spent about an hour there to have lunch and dress a few blisters and then headed towards Ballards and up on to the main range. We met a group of scouts connected with a search and rescue exercise, who were looking for a lost party. It took a lot of convincing that we were not the lost party. We were able to use their radio to contact Graham Thorp at the search base to inform him of our intentions. Then off down to Studholm Hut only to find it occupied by six scouts so we continued to the bivvy where we were able to accommodate ourselves comfortably. There was another group of scouts camping around the bivvy who asked for our assistance to get to Kaweka Hut the following day.

Sunday: Heading out at 8.00 a.m. we made our way to Kaitarahi only to find very thick cloud which eventually made us turn down towards Mackintosh Spur. After a strenuous day we finally headed the scouts in the direction of Kaweka. Edward and I wandered out to the lakes road where Les and Tim were waiting, a rewarding sight after 4 days of hot tramping and sore feet.

Thanks Les for the use of your transport.

C.T.

No. in Party: 4

Les Hanger, Edward Holmes, Tim Stead, Clive Thurston.

1209

HOWLETTE WORKING PARTY

10th-11th Jan.

Nine trampers set out from Hols a bit later than planned due to a party at Geoff's the night before. At Mill Farm we sorted and divided gear so Randall could carry two gallons of paint while I took the window. We found the river completely different after the floods with many of the short-cuts gone. Daphne Spur was attacked in scorching conditions and two hours later we arrived at Howletts.

After lunch Randall attacked the three sheets of iron where the window was to go, and within two hours the window was in place and painted. Heather and Sue primed the roof, and the lock on the forestry door, which had been broken, was repaired.

Sunday morning arrived as hot as the previous day and Peter, Bill, and myself gave the roof its orange paint whilst the two girls cleaned up and made drinks. Randall and Geoff busied themselves making a shelf under the bench and Aaron and Gary went along the track towards Tiraha and dropped off into the stream for some water. The little outhouse had apparently blown over at some stage (according to the log book) so it was tied down, and then painted blue. There was also time to fix the hut chimney, improve the track to the loo, and clear the rubbish hole.

After lunch we headed home, accompanied by Gerald and Luke who had arrived at midday. Back at the TukiTuki swims were had and we then romped on home.

Many thanks to all on the trip for the co-operation and achievement.

E.H.

No. on Trip: 9

Leader: Edward Holmes

Sue Taylor, Heather McBride, Aaron Stark, Gary Miller, Geoff Robinson, Randall Goldfinch, Peter Berry, Bill Bainbridge.

1210

MOHAKA RIVER RAFT TRIP

25th Jan.

We arrived at Jack Nicholas' haybarn by 8.00 a.m. The day was fine and heating up already as we unloaded the rafting gear from the truck. A short while later Phil Bayens and a friend turned up with their Land-cruisers to transport us down to the Mohaka (thank goodness). From the picnic area at the end of the 4-wheel drive track we carried our gear up the river track for 20 minutes to a good launching spot.

After lunch and some swimming, the armada of rafts were launched. The water level was down a bit, and the water warm, which made it very pleasant. No problems were experienced on the way down as periodically stops were made to re-group, and swimming helped us to cool off.

1210 (Cont.) Mohaka River Raft Trip

The Puketitiri road bridge was reached by 4.00 p.m. and then we were off home.

Thanks to Phil Bayens and friend for the last bit of transport.

No. in party: 23

Leader: R. Goldfinch

R. Goldfinch, S. O'Malley, M. Delautour, K. Law, C. Armstrong, J. Jones, S. Taylor, I. Barrett, S. Barrett, C. Miller, A. Stark, G. Holmes, E. Holmes, M. Patterson, M. Poots, P. Manning, G. Robinson, G. Prebble, L. Harrison, P. Berry.

## 1211

WHIRINAKI FOREST

Riiiiing!! Blam! 4.15 a.m., time to arise, must be mad to be awake this early in the morning. Woke Delia and Yvonne who had arrived the night before, skulled breakfast and into town.

We left Hastings dead on 5 a.m. (a record?) with Peter Manning at the helm. On to Napier to pick up more bods. We were so unusually on time that we had people and taxis chasing us. An uneventful trip was had to Iwitihi Forestry Base where we had to check-in. Paul Wolstenholme (now a resident of Taranaki) was waiting at the base to join us.

Into the Kaiangaroa State Forest along Low Level Road and after many turn offs and criss-crossing roads we arrived at the road-end slightly S.E. of Plateau Hut. Here we divided into two parties and set off, leaving Peter to drive the truck around to Minginui via Taupo. Upon entering the forest we were confronted with 5 feet wide 3 lane bench tracks that lacked only a white dotted line. At the first junction we ended up with 3 parties. Two with intentions of going to Centre Whirinaki Hut and the other to Upper Te Hoe. We went to Centre Whirinaki via the cave and the others went via Upper Whirinaki Hut.

Our party of six barrelled straight down the track toward the cave, stopping momentarily in astonishment looking at the butcherous method that was used to build the track. Many huge native trees have had a large proportion of their root systems chopped off to allow the construction of the 'highway'. We finally arrived at the cave and found five forestry workers residing in a temporary four bunk hut aptly named 'Cave Inn'. The forestry workers had been in the area constructing the tracks. It was unanimously agreed that a push bike could be ridden from the carpark to 'Cave Inn'. After exploring the cave and throwing frisbees we set off on the next leg of the expedition, another bench track with no steps and no gradients more than 1:5.

1211 (Cont.)

Whirinaki Forest

The section between Cave Inn and Central Whirinaki Huts is a pleasant 2 hour stroll alongside a beautiful river. The trees were getting bigger by this stage with abundant regeneration, especially Lancewoods and Rimus. A few Tomtits, Fantails and Wood Pigeons were also seen. We arrived at Central Whirinaki Hut at about 3 p.m. The other party arrived at about 5 p.m. via Upper Whirinaki Hut and Taumutu Stream. It turned out to be a beautiful hot sunny afternoon with a few bods going swimming. Most people decided to camp outside due to the pongy condition of the hut. Edward used his carpentry skills and pieced together a makeshift frame over which they hung their tent flys.

It started to drizzle during the night and by morning there were many damp or wet sleeping bags. After much eating and discussing we finally left the hut at about 10.45 a.m. A few minutes down the track we came across a most unusual sight to trampers - a TUNNEL. The track had been dug through the bank instead of going over the top. The tunnel would have been 7' x 5' by about 25 feet long. It continued to drizzle most of the morning as we travelled more or less parallel to the river. Many of the party stopped and talked to a lady who used to tramp with the Club back in the late forties, early fifties.

We stopped for lunch at the proposed night's campsite but as it was still drizzling we decided to continue out to the truck.

The last 1½ hours of the trip was spent walking down a track which starts where the bench track ends at the Whirinaki River crossing. The track winds its way through some fantastic stands of huge Podocarp trees. Huge Rimus towering above the road. We finally arrived at the truck at about 5 p.m. where we found Peter making himself most comfortable in the back as he wasn't expecting us until the day after.

We spent that night at the forestry huts and the next morning was filled in by throwing frisbees, looking at mills, walking into Minginui etc.

At about 2 p.m. we went back to the road-end and picked up Alan, Wendy, Paul and Heather, who had come from Mairangi Hut.

The trip home was very uneventful apart from the usual back of the truck antics. We came home via Murupara and the State Forest, arriving back on the Napier - Taupo Highway at Iwitihi. We dropped Paul off and headed home after a most enjoyable and leisurely trip with beautiful scenery. Many thanks to Peter for driving.

R.B.

1212

SOUTHERN QUARINE

21-22 February

After dropping off a party at Moorcocks Forestry Base, the truck continued southward. A long while later, on the south-western side of the range at a place called Apiti, the truck reached its destination. This was where the other party was to come out after negotiating a large stretch of the Pohangina River.

After lunch we set off for Ngamoko Hut where we expected to meet the others coming through. There is a sidle track that starts at the Puripuri Stream and drops into the riverbed just down stream from Centre-Creek Hut. We followed this and arrived at Centre-Creek after 2½ hours. From there it is 2 hours up to Mid-Pohangina Hut and then an hour to Ngamoko Hut. (A sidle track from Mid-Pohangina to Centre-Creek was re-opened a week after this trip).

At Ngamoko we were greeted by stoney silence and it wasn't till after breakfast next morning that someone arrived. It was Dave Harrington's party. The party we had dropped off at Moorcocks still hadn't turned up. After waiting 1½ hours for them we went down to Mid-Pohangina for a long lunch, expecting the others to catch up. When they still hadn't arrived we carried on out to the truck getting there at 5.30 p.m.

Leaving Perry at the bridge with one mattress, a sleeping bag, food and a Readers Digest, we took the truck up the road to the farm house to ring home. We though the others may have come out on the other side of the range. Unfortunately they hadn't. Some kind Forestry chaps ferried us back and forth in their little Suzuki Jeep. They proudly showed us their motorbikes and made a really nice tea while we awaited a phone call from home. At 8.30 p.m. the phone rang, "Come home, all is forgiven". We did, stopping only for petrol and were home at 12.55 a.m. Monday morning.

The missing party eventually staggered out on Monday morning. They had run into trouble finding sidle tracks and had found the distance they had to travel rather too much.

Many thanks to Lyle Williams and John Rains of N.Z.F.S., thanks to Luke for being the telephone exchange, and especially thanks to Mr Taylor for collecting the overdue party.

G.H.

No. in Party: 5

Geoff Holmes, Dave Harrington, Perry Hicks, Judy Hansen, Jenny Christmas.



1213

BEACH TRIP / BARBECUE

8th March

After a civilized start from Hots at 10.00 a.m. we arrived at Ocean Beach and set off (bare-feet probably the most comfortable footwear).

Everyone arrived (eventually) at Geoff's place at Waimarama for lunch. The meal was a great success (thanks to Geoff for barbecue, salad, etc.) At about 3.00 o'clock we decided to wander around to Cray Bay but had to hurry back as the tide was coming in.

An enjoyable day with good weather making a nice family trip.

Leaders: Geoff Robinson  
Susan Taylor

No. in Party: 30

Karen Glass, Clive Thurston, Bill Bainbridge, Eunice, Esther, Edward, Geoff and Luke Holmes, Wendy Stevens, Raymond Lowe and family, Jackie Smith plus 4, Tim Stead, Gerald Blackburn, Eva Aires, Lyn Mayrick, Trevor and Janette Florman, Cliff Epplott, Peter and Joan Manning, Peter Berry, Phil and Els Bayens plus 1, Ross and Jan Berry, Jill Richardson.

\* \* \* \* \*

SOCIAL NEWS

- \* Russ and Jo are still at Dawson Creek, Canada. That's a long way from the Ruahines and I'm sure they appreciate hearing from their friends in the club. They're at Appt 221, 10109 13th St, Dawson Creek, B.C., Canada V1G 4R4
- \* Phil and Els Bayens are off globe trotting for a few months. Tramping in Nepal is on their itinerary.
- \* Many club members spent an enjoyable evening at John Jones' recently. John showed slides of his climbing exploits in New Zealand and Australia.
- \* Watch out for news of a planned bicycle rally - the last one the club held was a great success.  
(Especially since I won! - Ed)

PRIVATE TRIPSBACK RIDGE

20th ~ 21st December

Saturday dawned in a rain cloud. We loaded the car, filled up with gas and jaybees, and left in quest of some fun.

We cut straight up from Makahu hut to the top where we donned parkas and headed down to Back Ridge Hut, arriving at 2 p.m. Tramping was adjourned while we ate luncheon and after lunch it was decided to keep Rocks Ahead Hut as scope for future trips - the night was spent at Back Ridge.

Sunday dawned and the first attempt at breakfast was soggy cornflakes and sour milk. Breakfast mark 11 was bacon sausages and fried tomatoes sizzling in a wok. It brought us back to our senses. We went to Back Ridge Bivvy and were back again 1 hour 45 minutes later. The hut was cleaned and we 'ran' out to the 'J' where we consumed the last packet of jaybees. Then down Dons spur and back to the car.

L.H.

Party: Chris White, Gerald Blackburn, Luke Holmes.

A WET BOXING DAY WILL NOT STOP US. 26 - 28th December

Arriving at Jack Nicholas' haybarn at 8.45 am, the three of us donned wet weather gear and set out across the paddocks to the Middle Hill track. Once on that we were off down towards the creek which, at that stage, was just above our knees (it is normally at ankle level). We stumbled upon Middle Hill hut after 2 hours with water streaming off us. A fire was lit to dry out clothes and warm up bodies, after which we decided to stay put for the rest of the day.

On Saturday morning we set off towards Venison Tops after chopping some wood. It was pouring down again, and at the sight of the "Ballards 10 min down" sign we rolled over the edge into Ballards Hut, deciding it was far too wet and miserable to go on. We occupied ourselves by playing every game in the book with pencil and paper.

On Sunday morning we hustled back down to Middle Hill hut and stopped there for lunch. Off again at 1.30 we thought we would be out by 3.30 but were held up for 45 minutes crossing a flooded creek.\* Eventually we got home at 6 pm, just in time for tea.

E.H.

Party: Sue Taylor, Gerald Blackburn Edward Holmes.

\* If it took that long to cross, should it have been attempted. - Ed.

1981 SCOUT JAMBOREE.

This Jamboree was an ambitious project, combining both scouts and venturers for a period of approximately ten days. The numbers involved made organisation a major problem with something in the vicinity of 10,000 participating.

The club became involved about two years ago when I was approached to see if I would run a Search and Rescue exercise for the venturer section of the Jamboree. As the time approached it became apparent that around 80 venturers would be involved for 4 days. With the time involved, and the large

numbers, I approached club members for assistance with planning and for extras to act as a lost party. Randall came forward to help with the planning and he took over the organisation of the lost party while I organised the team instructors and trip assignments. We also had radio communications to arrange with the help of the Napier A.R.E.C. (Amateur Radio Emergency Corp). Three of their members, Mike Bull, Alan Meek, and Peter Scarrott took part. The new S.A.R. radios were used on the exercise and proved a good opportunity to try them out in the field.

After several evening meetings everything was organised. The search area was to be the Kawekas, with 8 teams covering an area bounded by the eastern park boundary, the Napier-Taihape road, and the Ngaruroro and Mohaka Rivers.

On the first afternoon the teams were instructed on the method of running a S.A.R. operation, radio technique, and so on. We were fortunate to have an Iroquois Helicopter provided for 6 hours flying in the field during the exercise. That afternoon the crew flew down from Auckland to instruct the teams in helicopter safety.

The lost party had left at 5 a.m. that morning to get a one day start on the venturers. Their route for the first day was up the Rogue, down to Studholmes Saddle hut, along to Kiwi Saddle and then Kiwi Mouth Hut. This turned out to be a long hot day for them and they had only just arrived at Kiwi Mouth Hut when we made radio contact at 8 p.m.

The operation went like a normal S.A.R. operation except that both the search controller and the lost party knew where all the teams were to go. The teams all went about their tasks very well. The main problem was the heat and each day two venturers collapsed with heat exhaustion and migraine headaches. These incidents kept the radios busy relaying information back and forth from the doctor in town to the team in the field. All but one recovered within 3 hours of rest and we managed to get each team to a hut at night.

The lost party moved into the Back Ridge Bivvy area on the Saturday while the other teams moved into the first search areas. They stayed the night here, listening to the progress with the search teams on the radio.

With so many teams in the field it was impossible to give the lost party a route that didn't cross the path of a search team. In the interests of giving all teams a worthwhile assignment, it was necessary, to have the lost party hide in the bush while a search party went past. This occurred around Back Ridge Bivvy and the lost party watched with great interest as a team arrived to check out the Bivvy.

One of the teams in Kaweka Hut had a few problems on Sunday but they were fortunate to run into Les Hanger who took 3 of them back to town, allowing the rest to continue. We also had a chat to Clive Thurston at one stage when a team passed him on the tops around Kaweka J. He helped a tramping party on the way out in the mist on Sunday.

Monday was set down as the day to find the lost party. I suggested to Randall that they should run into a team somewhere around 10.00 am. This worked out quite well and the team

called in about 9.35 to advise that they had found the lost party. The helicopter then arrived from Auckland at 11.30 am and airlifted the teams and the lost party to Kaweka Flats for the night.

Next day the teams walked out to Mahahu where they were delivered to base by army truck. After a short debrief and lunch all the teams were placed on buses and returned home to HASTINGS.

I think the whole operation worked out successfully, only one team failing to complete its task (because they had trouble finding the track to Macintosh from the lower Donald River and spent most of their time doing a river trip). The exercise could not have been carried out without the use of radios and to this end we had a first class team of A.R.E.C. operators from Napier who spent long hours on the radios for 4 days. Communication with the new S.A.R. radios were perfect which is promising for future S.A.R. operations.

Lost Party: Randall Goldfinch, Karen Glass, Heather McBride, Ross Berry, Luke Holmes.

A.R.E.C contingent: Mike Bull, Alan Meek, Peter Scarrott

Base Personnel: Keith Dixon & son, Marilyn Graham, Rachael, Allyson & Kim Thorp

#### WATERLOGGED CHRISTMAS

25 - 29th December

Plans had been afoot for sometime to raft the Mohaka from its source, at the confluence of the Oamaru and Kaipō Rivers in the Kaimanawa Ranges, down towards the sea. These Plans resulted in four slightly demented persons struggling up the steep track towards Te Iringa Hut (altitude 3,900 feet) on Christmas Eve. The packs were an awesome sight (and weight), bulging in all directions with tractor tubes, life-jackets, wet-suits, paddles and sundry other tramping and rafting items.

Christmas day was spent hauling the loads into Oamaru Hut, at which point I left the party to return (via the same route) to the car to get home for work the next day. The others spent the remainder of that day blowing up the tubes (with a foot pump), preparing Christmas dinner (turkey and Christmas Pud), and generally recovering from the walk in.

Next morning wetsuits, lifejackets and bash-hats were donned, and in nervous anticipation the raft was launched. Foremost in their thoughts was the waterfall rapid somewhere in the first stretch. An hour later the roar of tumbling water sent them scurrying for the shore (losing a paddle in the process) and they climbed out to inspect what lay ahead. It was the waterfall sure enough. The water thundered down in a series of steps with some rocks in the middle of it and a nasty looking hole at the bottom. No thanks, its a bit early for heroics - they portaged that one.

The rest of the day passed uneventfully (except for a flip just past the hot springs) and they arrived wet but happy at Te Puia lodge. Much to their surprise, an equally wet and happy Rob arrived via the Haybarn - work was off due to torrential rain.

All this rain was having its affect of the river which had now turned a dirty brown and was running very high. Surprisingly the river had only become discoloured after passing the Mangatainoka and Makino Rivers - indicating there had been much less rain in the Kaimanawas'.

After some discussion and persuasion it was decided, the next day, that Janet would walk out to the haybarn to collect the car whilst the rest of us would float down to the Pakaututu Rridge.

Float isn't quite the word. The river was unrecognisable compared to its usual level with big, muddy waves and nasty holes ( where the main current goes under the surface and tries to take you there too). A couple of these managed to flip the raft and there were some anxious moments before men an craft were reunited. It was three happy and relieved lads that hauled the raft out of the river at the bridge.

Here the adventure should have ended, but for myself and Janet it was far from over. I set off for the haybarn to meet Janet and, finding she hadn'd arrived, set off down the track towards the hot springs.

Janet had run into trouble at Mangatutunui Stream. The footbridge over the stream had bden washed away and the stream was thundering past in a frightening torrent. An attempt to cross had nearly resulted in the exodus of Janet from this world and it was a rather distressed person I found stranded on the wrong side of the stream. Not having a pack, I managed to cross via a fence spanning the stream, but we decided it was too dangerous to attempt again so the only alternative was to return to Te Puia Lodge - a soul-destroying trudge for two wet and exhausted people.

Meanwhile, Dave and John, realising something was wrong, had made a few enquiries, guessed what had happened, and had arranged for transport home.

Two days later we made it out, with the aid of Randall and some friends who had also come in to Te Puia to do some rafting (but had thought better of it). Even then 'Little Min' had to be abandoned on the wrong side of the ford where the road rejoins the Puketitiri Road ('cause the ford was washed out).

This little adventure taught us a few lessons. We had travelled along the track between the hot springs and the haybarn many times. Therefore we took it for granted that Janet would find her way out. A bit more thought could have anticipated the problems encountered. Perhaps the biggest fault was letting Janet go alone. Even familiar territory can be dangerous. We disobeyed the golden rule of tramping, "never tramp alone" with almost fatal consequences. Janet certainly learnt a lesson about attempting to cross a swollen stream. Fortunately everything turned out alright. Even 'Little Min' was rescued in time for the trip down South.

Many thanks to Randall whose presence and experience once again proved a great help.

R.C.

Party: John Howes, Janet Brown, Dave Wilkins, Rob Clark.

THREE PASSES TOO MANY

3 - 10th January

Unfit legs wobbled up the Waimakariri valley, attempting to support horrific burdens on fragile shoulders.

"Rob?"

"Yes Janet"

"I don't fancy carrying a pack as heavy as this over three passes".

"She'll be right Janet, you'll get used to the weight".

Seven and a half hours later we reached Carrington Hut.

"Janet?"

"Yes Rob"

"I don't fancy carrying a pack as heavy as this over three passes".

An un auspicious beginning to eight days of tramping in Arthurs Pass National Park. Earlier plans to do "The Three Pass Trip" (over Harman, Whitehorn, and Browning passes and out to the West Coast) were scrapped after that first arduous day. Instead we opted for several shorter tramps, Using Carrington Hut as a base (mainly to off-load the amazing amount of excess food we seemed to have brought).

Our first riip took us up the White Glacier at the foot of Mt. Murchison. This was followed by a day trip to Harman and Whitehorn passes. Whitehorn pass affords tremendous views of the hanging Cronin glacier, its ice-cliffs suspended menacingly above the valley floor. Waimakariri Col, at the head of the Waimakariri River, also received a visit from our crampons (with bodies attached) and as a finale we galloped up 3,000' from the village to Avalanche Peak to take some photos of Mt. Rolleston and its surroundings (a pity the film didn't come out!!! )

The highlight was undoubtedly Waimakariri Col. Waterfalls cascade down the valley walls as you progress up the river, and the lower Waimakariri Falls themselves are quite dramatic as they tumble out through a narrow slot in a great jet of water. Waimakariri Falls hut sits poised above another waterfall, in a valley of Mt. Cook lillies. Rolleston rises on one side of the valley, Carrington Peak and Mt. Armstrong on the other, and the snow covered slopes of Waimakariri Col. are at the head of the valley.

We spent an afternoon and a night huddled in that tiny 6 bunk climbers hut as the wind and rain lashed the flimsy structure. Amazingly it kept all the rain out, though it was less successful with the cold. In the morning we awoke to a clear sky and frozen snow, perfect for crampons and were soon standing on the col looking into the Rolleston River valley.

This was our second visit to Arthurs Pass, and in contrast to the first we were blessed with almost perfect weather. In the end we had done as much tramping as we could cope with in one stretch, and had covered a considerable area around the Waimakariri River. Much still remains to be seen though, and it won't be long before our boots are tramping up the bouldery river bed once again.

R.C.

Party: Rob Clark, Janet Brown.

SUMMER IDYLL.

Just north of Greytown in the Wairarapa, Swamp Road turns off the highway towards the Tararuas. From there, follow the signs to Waiohine Gorge. The last few miles of road to Walls Whare (which provides excellent road end accommodation) is the most difficult part of trip. Definitely not truck material!

A late, leisurely start in uncharacteristically benign weather set the scene for our trip to a spot which for me represents a summer paradise for trampers. On previous trips we had had to use the swing-bridge crossing about 15 minutes walk back up the road from Walls Whare, and follow the track up up up and down down down to the 3 wire bridge just across the river from the road end. But this time the river was low, we splashed happily across, scrambled up to the track which runs along the top of the gorge, and cruised along gently, letting our ears rest in the quietness, our eyes in the dim greenness, and our skins in the coolness.

The bush itself is not spectacular, although there are some very interesting sights to see, and lots of fine tall rimus. But for those of us who tend to fall in love with rivers, Waiohine is captivating. Even on this hot mid-summer day when on a Tararua Track, the only moisture to be seen was that which had been conjured out of the air by the spider webs, Waiohine flowed fresh, green-cool and clear - so sparkling clear that every stone of her bed could be counted from the track at the top of the gorge.

As the land flattened out a little at the top of the gorge, we abandoned the track and continued up the river bed. Soon we reached our home, one of those places where trampers leave their hearts while they go back to town to work another week.

A bushy spur cuts the Southern end off the Totara Flats proper, and this little flat is my heaven. The grass is tall, soft, golden and fragrant around a little area of deep green trees, and surrounded by the steep, dark hillsides. One lone tree spreads wide like an umbrella; this shelters the bedroom. Waiohine offers this spot one of the best of her many superb swimming holes.

Fiona and I had earlier succumbed to Waiohine's charms, and being now clad in our "Miss New Zealand?" outfits - togs and boots - we had only to drop our packs and abandon ourselves to the cool green embrace. Waterlogged boots dragged us deeper, deeper, deeper, but still not to the bottom.

Much later, an excellent meal was shared around a friendly fire, and much later again we lay in our beds under the brilliant stars which crowded the sky. The flats were bathed in moonlight - our torches lay untouched at the bottom of our packs.

Morning... breakfast... swimming...tramping in wet togs and boots down the river...immersion in a deep hole...hot sun riding down a rapid...best suntan of my life...another deep hole.. .

With water-proofed packs, I would strongly recommend an attempt at pack-floating out through the gorge if the river is low. I have not done it, but could find no evidence of obstacles.

A picturesque waterfall can be seen from the track just ups upstream from Walls Whare. Immediately upstream is another one of the best swimming holes. Dont miss it.  
(Walls Whare to Totara Flats about 2½ hours).

J.W.

Joan Wilson + 2

### Canoeing the Ngaruroro gorge.

We put into the water at the Kuripapango Bridge on the Taihape Road, I with a fair amount of apprehension as it was my first attempt while John and Dave were pretty calm and blase about the whole affair.

The day was perfect except for the usual wind down the gorge. The section is split into a gorge at the start, about 15 minutes from the bridge, with grade 2 to grade 3 rapids, followed by an easier stretch and then the bottom gorge which is all action, ending in a chute with a 5 foot drop, and finally the long flat paddle to WhanaWhana.

The first 15 -20 minutes was good and allows you time to settle into the flow of things but 'rapidly' livens up. The river has changed considerably with the Christmas floods and at one stage Dave simply dropped out of view in front of me and I found myself going over a 4 foot chute - all unexpected. It was very tight for a while and when it eased up a bit we stopped for a snack and checked our position on the map

I found time flowed by quickly as there is so much to see. It is very beautiful and reminds one of the high Southern Alps with its waterfalls cascading into turquoise green pools, and big granite boulders with shiny, shaley surfaces perched precariously in the river. The sides are steep, and not the type of country to walk out of. Alpine flowers grasp the sides of rocks in sunny positions, intermingled with the flax. It is truely a beautiful area.

The second gorge proved my downfall, and the end of my kayak. It is continuous rapids, with tight turns and many drops. Just over half way through I got caught in a hole (where the main currents goes below the surface) and it turned me over and pulled me down. I bailed out and had a nasty swim down two rapids before getting to the bank. My boat was wrapped around a rock and my paddle was wedged into a big boulder out in the middle of the river. Attempts to reach the paddle were unsuccessful and with the boat we tied a rope onto an end loop and pulled, but she was well and truely broken and one half carried on down river, leaving the other half in our hands.

I managed to get out of the gorge by climbing up then dropping down again, then on the back of John's canoe for the flat section to Whana Whana.

D.W.

Party: Dave Wilkins, John Howes, Dave Clarke



HOWLETT - THE MAN

We know all about Howletts Hut, our latest acquisition which sits perched on top of the Ruahines. Now, finally, we have the story of the man after whom the hut is named...

The son of an English clergyman, William Frederick Howlett was born at Torquay, England, in 1850, and was educated at Clifton and Marlborough Colleges, later graduating from Oxford with an M.A.

Emigrating to New Zealand, his first appointment was as third master at Nelson College for 1876-77, and he was a member of the Nelson Philosophical Society.

In 1883, having moved to Hawkes Bay, he became sole teacher at Makaretu North School, where it appears that he gave the children a good knowledge of the trees and plants of the bush surrounding them as well as bringing botanical specimens to the store he kept opposite the school, and training the pupils in the care of garden plots. The children were mainly Scandinavian, speaking little English, and he appears to have been popular with them, although not with some of the residents, for he wore unusual clothing such as "white silk suits which gave offence, and made passes at ladies".

Following a dispute with the local school committee over the disciplining of a pupil, Howlett resigned in 1886. The School Committee thought his punishment of a pupil too severe and ordered him to desist from corporal punishment; Howlett then closed the school for 3 weeks until an inspector came to see him, but as the school was undergoing alterations it would have been closed anyhow.

However, he was too independant for them - running the shop which had very irregular hours and sometimes even a list of debtors pinned to the door, as well as going on botanising expeditions to the bush. He had committed a worse sin though, for in letters to the paper he had ridiculed the Board, but at the Board meeting this caused great amusement "owing to the quaint manner in which Mr Howlett had described the affair". He was reprimanded but in January of 1886 a letter of resignation was accepted as from March of that year.

After this he was storekeeper and commission agent at Pahiatua, but came back to the Ruahines fairly soon, continuing his botanising and exploring. He wrote newspaper columns and letters to the editor, particularly to the Hawkes Bay Herald, where his column under the name 'Olla Podrida' referred to widely differing topics - trips in the ranges and the botany of the Makaretu region, politics, local body affairs, and particularly criticism of public services. He also wrote an essay 'Tirenicis' advocating zero population growth and restricted immigration as a solution to N.Z's social and economic problems.

In 1893 Howlett eventually completed the construction of his summer camp on the main Oroua-Tukituki watershed at the site of the present Howletts Hut, strongly built of split cedar slabs from trees growing close to the site, and roofed with shingles split at lower altitudes and carried up. A local bushman-carpenter was employed for the felling and splitting. A schoolboy, A. Stenberg, helped Howlett to build the hut. The hut was called Daphne by Howlett because of a profusion of native daphne, *pimelea buxifolia*, which had grown up after a major fire in the Tukituki headwaters in the 1880's, spreading from either Howletts Hut area or the head of the Moorcock Stream across the range into the head of the Oroua and further south across the Pohangina Saddle and into the head of the Makaretu River, an area of 5,000 to 6,000 acres. The spur was named Daphne for the same reason. The present Daphne Hut site had a Rabbit Board malthoid hut built in that vicinity about the turn of the century.

He founded an Alpine Club in the 1890's but it is not known how active it was or how many members it had. The idea was to make the headwaters of the Tukituki accessible.

Local shepherds were sometimes employed to pack in supplies to his hut, and although regarded as a bit of a hermit, he did not always travel the ranges alone. Sometimes a friend, sometimes a paid assistant accompanied him.

He lamented the lack of maps linking the H.B. side with the western settlements and was interested in making a route across the ranges to the Apiti district.

In 1894 he did a west-east crossing of the Ruahines and an account appeared in the H.B. Evening News. Howlett travelled to Feilding by train, then to Birmingham (now Kimbolton) by coach, where he met Mr A.E. Oldham and travelled to the bush edge somewhere behind Apiti. They climbed to the crest of the Ngamoko Range by a route somewhere near the present day Short's Track, then north to the junction with the main divide at Otumore. Descending to the Pohangina-Tukituki saddle, they travelled North to Howlett's camp at the Tukituki forks and out to Makaretu.

As a biologist Howlett was well informed and had an extensive library. He collected extensively and corresponded with Kirk, Cocayne and Colenso. The Colenso herbarium at the National Museum has the type specimen of *Podocarpus montana colenso* collected by Howlett, and Kirk's collection includes the type specimen of *aciphylla squarrosa* or *flaccida*. He also exported fern spores to England at high prices and botanical specimens and plants as well.

In 1902 he married Olive Helen Suisted (who was 21 to his 51) at Pahiatua, and it does not appear to have been the happiest of marriages. The honeymoon was spent at Howletts Hut and this is probably the occasion that a local man was employed to carry Mrs Howlett up the Tukituki over the numerous fords. They lived in Wellington for a while, later at Tane with the Suisted family on their farm, although Howlett went back and forth to Makaretu on his botanical work,

walking from Takapau and staying with Lane Petersen for 2-3 weeks (this Peterson was one of the packers who carried food and drink up to Howlett's Hut). Once there was a permanent spring by the hut but it disappeared, possibly in the H.B. earthquake of 1931.

Howlett never lived in the Makaretu district with his wife, although he returned to this district at intervals to about 1918, but the old Howletts Hut gradually fell into disrepair after 1906 when he gave up much of his mountaineering, and only the piles remained when the Ruahine Tramping Club built their hut in 1940.

Mrs Howlett died of heart failure at Porirua in 1922, and she was buried with her father who died 2 weeks before her, in Pahiatua cemetery. Howlett himself died in Wellington hospital, where he had been for some time, in 1935, aged 85. They had no children.

With acknowledgements to Dr J.F. Findlay, and kind permission of the Manawatu Group of the N.Z. Society of Genealogists.

Further information is in the HTC archives.

#### THE BEGINNINGS OF THE NATIONAL PARKS\*

Prior to the formation of national parks, conservation was usually confined to areas such as hunting domains for royalty and nobility. The New Forest in England is an example of this. Its ancient oak and heathland vegetation and deer population was reserved for royal hunting parties shortly after 1066.

The first national park was created on 1 March 1872, when the Federal Government of the United States proclaimed that the Yellowstone area of Wyoming was a "public park and pleasuring ground for the benefit and enjoyment of the people." This was the first time a political power had taken effective measures to reserve any territory in its natural state for such purposes.

Canada, Australia, and New Zealand were among the first countries to follow the U.S. example and found national parks in their rapidly diminishing areas of unspoiled landscape. Canada created Banff in 1885, Glacier in 1886 and Waterton Lakes in 1895; six parks were designated in Australia between 1879 and 1900; and here in New Zealand Tongariro in 1894 and Egmont in 1900.

The wildlife reserves in South Africa had their beginnings in 1898 while India in 1908 had a wildlife reserve set aside which has recently become a national park.

The primary aim of all these first parks was preservation for conservation, scientific research and tourist interest. Restoring animal communities was of secondary interest. However this aspect becomes of major importance in some later parks.

\*(Further articles on national parks will appear in later issues - Ed.)

ANZAC DAY POPPIES

Remember to save up your poppies so they can be used in the wreath that is placed on the cairn at our annual memorial service. Any poppies you wish to contribute can be handed to Rob Clark.

MEETING DATES

Dates for meetings for the next few months are:

13th May	8th July
27th May	22nd July
10th June	5th August
24th June	19th August

THANKS to Joan Wilson, Joan Manning and Judy Drake for typing this magazine.

NEW MEMBERS

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

Tim Stead	William Bainbridge
Don Sullivan	Keith Mitcherson

RESIGNATIONS

The club regretfully accepts the resignation of Peter Linscott.

SUBSCRIPTIONS

Subs are due from October 1st and as usual there are plenty of outstanding accounts. Please pay promptly.

MOVES

Peter Linscott and Vicki Carlyon to Canterbury University.

Rob Clark and Janet Brown to Napier. - new address:

23b Gladstone Road, Napier  
Phone 55 956

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 pm, until then it would not be regarded as cause for parents to worry, but in case some unusual delay should occur, all newcomers should see that the list left in town by the leader includes their phone number. For enquiries about OVERDUE PARTIES please contact one of the following:

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

\* \* \* \* \*

FIXTURE LIST

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

Peter Manning,	phone 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 have been raised to \$3.00 per person, and \$10.00 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.

MAY 30 -

JUNE 1

Tongariro National Park

Tramping around the mountains, or up into the snow. Ketetahi Springs, Mt Ngauruhoe, Ruapehu's crater lake, the peaks and craters of Tongariro.

N112 Ngauruhoe

Leaders: Clive Thurston

N123 Ruapehu

Ross Berry

14

Te Waka

Last time the club went here, 55 people came along - can we break that record? Try out the obstacle course, or, if you wish for a bit more excitement, how about abseiling?

N114 Tutira

Leaders: Peter Berry

Heather McBride

27 - 28

Northern Ruahines

Into Shutes Hut (made of stone) via Broom Hut and Ruahine Hut. Then, perhaps, along the tops to No Mans and down to Dead Dog hut (if you can find it!)

N133 Wakarara

Leaders: Geoff Holmes

Dave Harrington

JULY  
12

Bike Rally. 18 Sat.

Kawekas

A visit to Kaweka Hut, then a chance to get up into the snow (so bring ice axes and leave gummies behind).

N123 Ngamatea

Leaders: Peter McBride  
Sue Taylor

25-26

Working Party  
Doug Bixdley. 1st Aug.

Ruapehu

The Forest and Bird Society lodge (near the Chateau) has been booked for the weekend. Have a go at skiing, or bring a sheet of plastic. Maybe a walk up the mountain to the crater lake, or some climbing.

N122 Ruapehu

Leaders: Rob Clark  
Ross Berry

Liz Pinder

Peter McBride

AUGUST  
9

Central Ruahines

From Hinerua Hut you can go up to the tops or perhaps a walk through the bush to Middle Stream Hut.

N140 Ongaonga

Leaders: Karen Glass  
Edward Holmes

DB Heretaunga 14  
Friday - night.

22 - 23

Kaweka Range

Up Makahu Spur and across the tops to Ballards - pray the snow isn't waist deep!! The return journey will probably be at a lower level (e.g. down the Ihaka track to Kaweka Flats).

N123 Ngamatea

N113 Kaweka

Leaders: Janet Brown  
Les Hanger

SEPTEMBER  
6

Southern Ruahines

Tamaki River. Not an area we get into often. Take this opportunity. The weather should be getting warmer.

N145 Dannevirke

Leaders: Peter Manning  
Jim Glass

19 - 20

SAR Ex.

Howletts Hut

If there is any snow around, Sawtooth Ridge may be worth a try. If the snow is gone it may be a good chance for newer members to have a look at the ridge.

N140 Ongaonga

Leaders: Geoff Robinson  
Gerald Blackburn

OCTOBER  
4

Tutira - Boundary Stream

A beautiful walk. A trip for everyone to enjoy.

N114 Tutira

Leaders: Alan Berry  
Phil Bayens

17-18

Puketitiri Hot Springs

If you haven't tried the bath yet, you haven't lived. A pleasant tramp along the banks of the Mohaka.

N113 Kaweka

Leaders: Trevor Plowman  
Rob Snowball