

HERETAUNGA TRAMPING CLUB (INC)

BOX 447 HASTINGS

'P O H O K U R A'

Bulletin No:

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CLUB TRIPS

No 1261

Waikamaka Stove Installation

Part One

24 November 1982.

Tramped into Waikamaka Hut with mesh shleves, food and tools.

25 November 1982.

Removed chimney from hut and prepared rock base around old fireplace by removing most of the rocks and rubbish. Put grouting rocks into place, building it up, then put boxing around the edge to form a concrete nib that would support the timber framing.

26 November 1982.

Dismantled old chimney salvaging timber and sheet metal to reuse.

27 November 1982

Weather had changed for the worse with rain so I returned home in morning.

5 December 1982

Zoomed into Waikamaka in morning and spent the afternoon assembling part of the new timber framing and doing sheet - metal work.

Waikamaka Stove Installation

Continued:

6 December 1982.

The weather was perfect so all the sheet-metal came off the end of the hut and I assembled the timber framing for the stove alcove. By 11 am Sue and Edward arrived, after smoko more timber framing was done to the end wall to support a new window etc. With lunch over the end wall and stove alcove was covered with building paper and sheet-metal. Other members arrived about 4 p.m., fitting the window and lining the inside walls of the stove alcove with insulating board before night fall.

7 December 1982.

The stove was installed and promptly tested as outside was cold with rain. The new stove certainly made a difference heating the hut was no trouble. We all left for home by about 3 p.m.

People on the 6th and 7th December 1982.

Gerald Blackburn, Bill Bainbridge, Geoff Robinson, Sue Taylor, Edward Holmes, Lee Barrett, Craig Ball.

Waikamaka Stove Installation

PART TWO

11 December 1982.

The weather was cloudy and breezy as 9 bods made it into Waikamaka Hut. The sheet of Nova Roof on the rear of the hut was replaced, spouting put up near the entrance and some of the paint on the outside done before it started raining.

12 December 1982.

It continued raining all Saturday night and on Sunday morning we were keen to leave after an early lunch and clean-up. Returning out over the saddle proved nasty with wind-blown hail hitting the backs of our legs at high speed.

Down the Waipawa river we took the bush track to Triplex Hut, then the swamp track back to the truck at the road end, it was a pleasant change from rushing down the riverbed.

People on 11, 12 December, Geoff Robinson, Edward Holmes, Sue O'Malley, Karen Lancaster, Mike Bull, Les Hanger, Mike Henly, Phillip Henderson, Randall Goldfinch.

No: 1262

Waikoa River Gorge

28 November 1982

A cool wind was ruffling the surface of Lake Opouahi as we left the truck to walk about a kilometre up the road past the farm settlement that has as a barn an overhanging limestone cliff.

Taking the airstrip road the party dropped down into the head of the gorge, and splitting in half, one group went to investigate the sink holes, the other to follow the true right bank down the portals and past Cleo's Bath.

Waikoau River Gorge

The cloud cover started to break and down came the sunlight and lit the unusual rock formations and waterfalls. Crossing to the left bank we followed a goat track through massive rocks to reach our lunch spot just below 'The Taniwha'. It was just below here at Twin Falls that the party rejoined, the cave party floundering upstream, the downstream party still with the dry feet. But from here we all waded out to cross over to Blue Lake with its pinnacles, and only a dried-up waterfall in place of one of the largest in Hawkes Bay. From here the party climbed the ridge back to Lake Opouahi.

Leader: Roy Peacock

Party No: 16

Geoff Robinson, Mitch Barrett, Lee Barrett, George Prebble, Karen Glass, Clive Thurston, Peter Berry, Nancy McClean, Bill Bainbridge, Jackie Smith, A De Groot, Jason Stent, Casey Stent, Paul Chilton,

No 1263

Arthurs Pass New Year Trip

26.12.82 - 10.1.83

We left the ferry at 5.40 a.m. after having very little sleep, arriving at Klondyke corner at approximately 12.15 p.m. Not long after arriving at the shelter a car pulled up down the road, out hopped a chap who started to run up the way to Anti-Crow Hut, we gave out loud calls of 'Rob' but he just kept on running. While Perry was away at Arthur's Pass Headquarters reporting in and parking the car, a bus pulled up and two chaps and a young lady descended. The young couple soon left in the general direction that we were going; we struck up a conversation with the other chap and found that he was going in the same direction as we were, so I invited him to come with us.

His name was Nick Brown, he came from Wellington and was a member of the Hutt Tramping Club and he informed us that about 35 - 40 of his club mates would be at Carrington Hut within the next couple of days.

On Perry's return we sent off up the true left of the Waiamakariri River, and before arriving at Turkey Flat we crossed the river at a point where it split in two. We linked arms and used a branch that I found. In my mind I was happy that there were four of us to give us strength in river crossings. On crossing Turkey Flat the wind-chill factor hit us, we stopped to put on our windgear and mitts, also it started to rain.

Then we spotted the young couple returning back down the river to find a safe place to cross, so dropping our packs, we went back down on the river flats to assist them across. 'Quicksand' called out Harry, too late! Perry was floundering around in it of course we all stood and laughed, but after he had unstuck himself we all crossed over and helped the young couple over.

Arriving at Anti-Crow Hut N.Z.F.S. we had a early night, and in the morning we awoke to a lovely clear day with a touch of frost. We set off to Carrington Hut, stopping on the way to look at Greenslaw Hut H.Z.A.C. It was a pleasant tramp in the sun, and we arrived just before dinner to find Janet, Rob and Dave sunning themselves in front of the hut. Carrington Hut is a large Lockwood with seven main rooms and bunks for 40 - 50 people; also it has a radio. Rob asked me if I would like to climb Mount Murchison with them and I said I would like to.

Arthur's Pass New Year Trip

- 4 -

But that I had come with Harry and Perry who had different plans and that I had better stay with them. That afternoon we went with them up the White River Valley towards Barker Hut where the scenery was quite impressive. This was when we saw our first Mount Cook Lillies. We stopped for a few minutes to view the Kilmarnock Falls 152M; but as the afternoon was getting on we decided to return to the hut, I wished them well and said to Rob to take care; four days later we were shocked to hear of the accident. On returning to the hut Perry found an entry in the hut book by two people who had turned back from Harmon Pass that afternoon because of lack of gear to deal with ice and snow.

We were going over next day. Waking next morning we found a steady rain falling; it was stay and face 35-40 people or over the Pass in the rain. The pass won. In the weather we met it was a real route crossing backing and forward over the Taipoiti River, scrabbling over rock, ice and snow in constant rain and the wind-chill factor (this term was officially banned by Perry) was high.

On arriving at the Julia Hut it was interesting reading through the log book. Since 1971 it would be lucky if 60 people have crossed over; times varied from 4½ hours to 48½ hours we took 6½ hrs. A lot would depend on the weather. Next day was sunny and bright, which made it an easy pleasant walk through bush down beside the Taipo River to the Mid Taipo Hut where we dried out our gear from the day before in the sun. About 3.30 a.m. we were woken from a deep sleep by a helicopter spotlighting the river flats. When we officially awoke we headed off towards the 7 Mile Hut. One entry in the hut book a few days before by some chap said that he had tried to find the route down the river but had returned after no luck and was going to try again the next day.

We also had our share of fun with that route! At one crossing over the river we were swept off our feet and down the river we went. The only thing that saved us was the pole we were holding and the fact that none of us panicked and let go.

My feet touched the bottom and I yelled 'Turn, turn back for the bank' and we made it. To me it had been a good lesson in river crossing. Later we had to climb up out of the river-bed and it was a climb, hands and feet job. Someone said that the S.A.S. are paid to do this sort of thing. On arriving at 7 Mile Hut we had a short rest, something to eat and drink and then off again up a steep ridge through bush to the top of Keyy Range then along the top to the Carroll Hut where the tops we had a splendid view of the surrounding peaks and country side.

We spent New Year's Eve here and witnessed the sunrise for New Year's Day, surely a great experience. Next day it was a steep drop down to the road below where we had a clean-up in the Kelley's Creek before heading off to the West Coast.

No in Party: 3 Harry Osbourne, Perry Hicks, Lew Harrison.

A Few Of My Feelings About Rob

"I'll look for you in the sky above
In the tall grass and the ones you loved
Your'e gonna make me lonesome when ya go"
Bob Dylan

Rob to me was more than just a climbing partner, a fellow canoeist or mate - he was like an elder brother, we understood each other and his thoughts quite often expressed how I felt about life and events.

I can remember Rob on his first trip with the club; enthusiastic he was and in the so called 'fast party' (even though we got lost and travelled less distance than the slow party). But the snow clad peaks was where it was at for Rob snowcraft course at Mt. Cook within months of starting tramp- ing, and it was in this environment that he obtained his inner peace and satisfaction, his answers to his questions in life.

His energy and enthusiasm though weren't self centred, his thoughts always were of other people, all the time, always before himself. Rob knew what it was like to be cold, wet and shivering at the back of the party so everyone arrived safely at the hut, to wait patiently at a roadend for three days for an overdue group or to drive me to the hospital late at night after a successful crossing of Sawtooth Ridge and lend me his shoulder because my foot was so swollen I couldn't walk. He taught me a lot, although it's taken till now to realise it - now that he's gone.

If not planning a trip into the hills, it was tennis, running and canoeing. Rob held fears of the water - those boils on the Waikato River and the Fuljames Rapid maybe the most, but slowly and consistently he was becoming more confident and he knew the feeling of negotiating a rapid well. It was always Rob that would run down to pick the car up at the end of the road after paddling the Fuljames stretch in his wet canoeing gear in the rain.

Arthur's Pass held a special attraction for Rob, he visited the area numerous times and it seems fitting that he died there. It is also the area where I got to know him better, sitting out a Nor-Wester, then a Southerly for three days in Waimak Falls Hut. Rob did a fair bit of thinking and knew what was what. He was tuned in on things I'm only becoming aware of, things that matter in this world.

I will always feel privileged to have known Rob - Twentynine years in vain? No way. And the best part of it is I know I'll see him again and thats for sure.

" Like as the birds that gather in the trees in the afternoon
then at nightfall vanish all away, so are the separations
of the world". Kerouac. DAVE WILKINS.

No: 1264

Beach Trip

23 January 1983

Because of people who didn't turn up we were late leaving and decided to go to Arapaunui instead of Waikari but when we got there the wind was blowing the sand so hard along the beach that it was just obviously impossible to move on the beach at all. So we moved camp to the top of the Waipatiki Reserve and went for a walk there instead. We started at the top of the hill and moved down through the Kanuka into some quite nice bush which included a lot of Nikaus and bashed our way out again at the bottom where we had lunch on the grassland.

After lunch we jumped the fence again and straight away found ourselves in a pure stand of Nikau which were really beautiful with the dappled sunlight coming through the leaves.

Having enjoyed this spot we pushed on up through the bush which was predominantly Nikau until we were nearly at the top and came back near the cars to get home reasonably early, after a quick wander through White Pine Bush. An easy but most enjoyable day, apart from the sandblasting on the beach.

Leader: Peter Berry

Party No: 6

Jackie Smith, Sue and Robyn Taylor, Jason Casey, Paul and Peter Berry.

No: 1265

Makahu, Vension Tops; Rocks Ahead.

5-6 Feb. 1983

Two carloads successfully reached Makahu and started to climb to Kaweka J at around eight o'clock. On the tops the weather turned quite cold and windy and some were sorry they had left raincoats and mittens at home.

An overcast day or was it smoke? certainly smelt like it, saw us reroute our trip to Back Ridge where half of our party stayed the night, and the remaining four carried on down to Rocks Ahead. By now the smoke was getting quite thick, but hearing the day before that the fire was way over the Kaimanawas we carried on without another thought. Arriving at Rocks Ahead we piled onto a mattress and had a snore.

Next day our party split in half and two climbed up to Venison Tops then along the main range where they meet the others at Domini, who ambled up to Back Ridge, rested for an hour or so then with the other four climbed up onto the main range, still in smoke and wandered down to the carpark where we found notices on our car windscreen which told us to evacuate the forest park, yesterday. (Must explain why the helicopters were buzzing around this morning!)

Leader: Micheal Henly, Craig Ball, Party No: 8

John Feeny, Mike Bull, John Jones, Heather McBride, Michael Hawthorne, Peter Scarborough, Philip Henderson, Craig Ball.

No: 1266

Raft Trip Mohaka River

20 Feb 1983

Very soon after 6am we left Holts headed for Puketitiri and the haybarn via Napier. Inside the back of the truck we had assembled seventeen trampers, rafters, canoeists and an assortment of tyretubes, lilos, rafts and kayaks.

After stopping momentarily at the haybarn we continued down

Raft Trip Mohaka River

Continued:

The weather by this stage was looking a lot more promising, most of us wandered down the road to the hot springs, while Peter, George and Adrian went around to the Pakatutu Bridge where George and Adrian intended to go rock-hounding. We strode on up the track past the hot springs for about ½ an hour to the point where the track comes down to meet the river. Just above a rather exciting looking rapid the "H.T.C. White Water Rafting Fleet" was constructed and the end result was some interesting looking structures.

After successfully conquering the first rapid we proceeded on down the river, with many stops being made, either for photos, coldswims and even for a rest or two.

Surprisingly, despite our present drought the river level was high enough to carry us over most obstacles and many of the pools had trout or an eel in residence. After about three hours of river travel we drifted under the Pakatutu Bridge and shipped our oars and poles for the last time. We arrived back in town in the early evening after an uneventful trip home. A most enjoyable trip and thanks to Peter for driving for us once again.

R.B.

No in Party: 19

P. Manning, D. Campbell, P. Halliwell, P. Berry, R. Snowball, C. Thurston, L. Barrett, B. Bainbridge, L. O'Connor, G. Blackburn, K. Glass, M. Glass, R. Taylor, G. Robinson, G. Prebble, A. Vandeweerd, G. Sommerville, J. Eves.

No: 1267

Northern Kaimanawas

5-6 March 1983

Seven of us left Napier at 6 p.m. on Friday night leading to Taupo, we spent the night at a cabin at the side of the Tauranga/Taupo road. The next morning we awoke to a fine day and we continued our journey turning off onto Kiko Road leaving the vehicles at the end of it.

With our boots and packs on we started off on our way heading South East, climbing approximately 1500 feet to the top of a ridge which we followed along heading towards Ngapuketuria. We left Geoff Robinson and Micheal at a stream where they decided to camp for the night near the head-waters of the Rangitikei River. Meanwhile the remaining five of us continued on our merry way passing below Ngapuketuria, coming out onto an open space sighting a beautiful view over Lake Taupo.

We then continued along the track, this time leading North-East, dropping down to the Tauranga-Taupo river and spending the night at Cascade Hut. The next morning we awoke to another fine day and we headed back out the same way, apart from David and myself making a side trip by climbing to the top of Ngapuketuria where we had a great view around us from the top.

We all got out of the bush about 4 p.m. after a weekend which was enjoyed by all.

No in Party: 7

Leader: D. Harrington

Jenny Christmas, Goff Robinson, Gillian Sommerville, Peter Searborough, Micheal Hawthorn, Craig Ball.

NO: 1268

Forest Fire Operation

6 -7 Feb. 1983.

After many weeks of hot dry weather, and Barry Crump advertisements about the fire danger in the North Island the inevitable happened. It became obvious about tea time on Friday afternoon that the smoke coming over the Kawekas across H.B. and disappearing over the horizon in the East was more than just a controlled burn off. However despite the signs the radio still kept advising everyone that there was no cause for concern as the Army was having a controlled burn off at Waiouru.

Saturday morning dawned with lots of smoke around and by this time everyone knew that a big fire now out of control was raging in the Pinnacles. It seemed likely that the club fire fighting team would be called out, but I didn't ring the N.Z.F.S. as I knew the Army was well involved and it seemed that the manpower was not likely to be a problem. As it happened it probably would have been better if I had contacted the District Ranger as we would have been organised earlier and probably would have been able to call out more manpower. The District Ranger was nearly run off his feet during the day, and it wasn't till Saturday night when he contacted Trevor and Randal who then found the rest of us who were at all sorts of places enjoying a Saturday Night out.

Things were quickly organised and 11 were rounded up for a 5a.m. start. We went with the normal tramping gear and equipment the only difference was the inclusion of a long handled shovel. We all assembled at 5a.m. plus or minus 15mins. (to call for one who had slept in) a good half of us not having had much sleep. Never the less it wasn't long before we arrived at the Forestry H.Q. and it was there that we were equipped with fire proof overalls. This turned out to be a good move because if nothing else it gave us a type of uniform and an identity which made it easy to locate our group during the next two days.

From there we moved onto Ngamatea Station where all the action was taking place. The assembly area was full of activity, Helicopters queuing up to land, others loading and taking off, Army vehicles and personnel running around and Forestry personnel getting ready to water the fields. We reported in and geared up ready to fly to the fire line.

Our first assignment was on the south side of the fire working under Munga Cooper the 2.I.C. of Kaweka Forest Park. We were flown in in Jet Ranger Helicopters and dropped within twenty to 50 feet of the fire line. From the air it looked quite dangerous circling down straight above the flames, but the wind from the rotor actually pushes the fire back towards the burnt area and helps to slow the advance of the fire so it is reasonably safe to exit from the chopper right beside the fire.

Our job from then on was to try to dig a trench in front of the fire, and throw the dirt onto the burning area. Fortunately we were working in an area of mixed tussock and scrub and it was possible to have some effect on the fire, but it soon became obvious that with out some help all we could do was slow the advance of the fire. Help soon came in the form of monsoon buckets. These buckets are full of water containing fire retardant chemicals. The chemicals make the water stick to the foliage and removes the oxygen from the air to help smother the flames. They are very effective. As soon as the water hits the ground you can feel the air instantly go cold and although not every application fully smothers the fire it knocks the stuffing out of it.

*I, and I gives you time to dig a trench or knee
dirt on the fire as I must - ⁸ back into life*

Forest Fire Operation

Continued:

If you have sufficient manpower it soon becomes possible to halt the advance of the fire and hold it until bulldozers arrive to cut a proper fire break. Once they have been through we then moved onto another area and gradually as the day went on we moved right along the southern flank of the fire to Rocky Point.

At about 3.p.m. an Iroquois came in with a load of hot food (late lunch) and we continued working on hot spots until about 6.p.m. when we were picked up by a Jet Ranger and a Iroquois Helicopter.

On arriving back at base we found that Peter Berry and Edward Holmes had got back early and were all set to climb on our chopper and spend the night out in the field. They headed into the Golden Hills area.

In the meantime we all got cleaned up and then had a big tea. The Army were providing continuous meals and I think most of our team knew how to make the most of continuous food. It became pretty obvious next day when all sorts of fruit and things started appearing out in the field when we were getting a little hungry.

We all slept in the back of the club truck although things took a little while to settle down as the continuous roar of choppers coming and going carried on into the early hours (one pilot did 18hrs flying one day) and at midnight Peter and Edward arrived back having had a two hour ride in the back of an army truck from Golden Hills. For some reason they weren't very impressed with the ride!

Next morning we were up and away again after another big breakfast at the army field kitchen. Evidently the fire had got quite a hold around Otutu Bush area and it had flared up again during the night at Rocky Point. We were trucked to Otutu Bush and as the army had withdrawn its helicopter support from base, helicopters were at more of a premium. Eleven of us and one Forestry Office made up 3 Jet Ranger loads. Two groups went straight in and the last 4 of us had to wait while our chopper dropped in some fire tools and support gear to another area. The flight to Otutu Bush took about 5mins. and was about 9miles from base. Roughly 7miles of this being across the burnt area.

Fortunately for us I guess two bulldozers working into the night had all but stopped the fire and the only work remaining was to knock out the many hot spots. On arrival over the area our chopper pilot decided that it was not worth dropping us off with the rest of the team as the fire front had been quite wide during the night and he decided to look around for the worst hot spots before dropping us off. For 10mins. we roared up and down the bush line and spiraled up and down into creeks and gullies. The flight was quite exciting and I think the look on Lee's face from time to time said it all. We were finally dropped off on a spur down towards the Loruarau River where there were quite a lot of logs smoldering. The general idea was to dig up the hot spots and cover them in dirt or bury the logs in soil. This took some time and while we were working over the side of the spur the army came in, in armoured personnel carriers, to take over from us.

We worked together for some time and ended up riding on two bulldozers to an area where some bush needed to be pushed down. After we had finished the army arrived with some food and then they gave us all a ride on a personnel carrier back to where we had started earlier in the day. We then whistled up a chopper and three loads later we were

back to where we started earlier in the day
- 10 -

Forest Fire Operation

Continued:

The experience gained in this operation will be invaluable to those who attended. A number of lessons were learnt in addition to those that were taught us in the exercise at Kaweka base 15 months ago.

The Forestry Service did an excellent job of controlling the operation. The relatively short period it took to gain control of such a large fire was a tribute to the officers involved.

A separate list of suggestions to assist anyone else who may be called for fire fighting duties follows this report.

Those attending are as follows: Randal Goldfinch, Lew Harrison, Peter Berry, Lee Barrett, Bill Bainbridge, Gerald Blackburn, Edward Holmes, Alan and Clive Thurston, Graham Thorp, Ross Berry.

Further Suggestions For Those Called Out For Forest Fire Duties

- 1= The first priority is to wear all woollen clothing. Nylon is not suitable as it melts on your skin in the heat.
- 2= Goggles are also very useful to protect eyes from the smoke and flying ash. These were eventually handed out but were in short supply at the start.
- 3= We all found a small day pack was ideal to carry a little gear and some spare food. Food supplies became erratic and the extra gear gives some independence. It shouldn't be too big though because it gets in the way in the helicopters and while you are working on the fire line.
- 4= We were issued with fire resistant overalls which were a real asset for the extra protection and helped to make us look like a complete unit. It's worth getting fitted up with this gear.
- 5= The main tool for the fireline is a long handled shovel. Take one with you if you can. Other tools like axes and slashers would also be useful in each unit. If you can mix the tools carried by a group, it gives you a better chance of being effective in bigger bush.
- 6= Anyone who is given a task of filling monsoon buckets should take and wear wind and waterproof clothing even on the hottest day. The number of helicopters used at a fire can mean that they are lining up to be filled and this means that the crew on the pumps are standing under high winds from the rotors and water being thrown around by the wind makes for excellent exposure conditions.

No 1269:

Middle Stream Hut

20 March 1983

We all sweated, huffed and puffed as we struggled to get Derek, strapped into Neil Robinson's stretcher, down this very narrow steep winding track. The trouble with carrying a person down this sort of track is that you are either trying to stand on nothing or cling to the cliff above the track. No this was no rescue practice but the real thing.

Just before we reached Middle Stream Derek had stepped off a log and badly sprained his ankle. Unfortunately two of the fast group had gone on ahead so we had to send a small group on who caught them up at the hut and told them the story. Peter and Clive were dispatched back to the truck to get the stretcher. Randall went back up the hill to contact Graham Thorp on his radio to let him know what was going on, although I didn't think we were going to need any outside help. Water was fetched and a hot drink was made and poles were cut for the stretcher.

Middle Stream Hut

Continued:

After some discussion about first aid treatment his boot was removed and an elastic ankle support was put on to the fast swelling ankle. Plenty of cold water helped to ease the pain. An hour and half later the party arrived back from the hut with the news that a hunter name Alan Lee had a 4W.D. nearer to us than the truck. So sometimes using a crutch and sometimes using two strong shoulders we started slowly up the hill to meet the stretcher. With all the party together Derek was reluctantly strapped into the stretcher. Carrying in relays it took us two hours to reach the 4W.D. vehicle that Alan Lee from Napier Club kindly let us have the use. Back at the truck he was transferred to Clive's car for the trip back into town and hospital where it turned out to be a bad sprain and no break.

We all ambled back to the truck and to fill in the rest of the afternoon went for a most pleasant walk around the swamp track to Triplex Base then back to the truck.

It was unfortunate for Derek that his first trip with the club should end like this, but one good thing it gave us some much needed stretcher carrying practice. Would like to thank the group for carrying out this rescue without outside help. Thanks also for the help Alan Lee gave us.

Leaders: Jim Glass and Karen Lancaster Party No:23
Ann Flanagan, David Campbell, Randall Goldfinch, Tony Alexander, Nick White, Stan Woon, Derek Manning, Stevan Bowden, Graham Bailey, David Raikes, Russell Perry, Kate Cummings, Geoff Robinson, Roy Peacock, Karen Glass, Clive Thurston, Heather Hawthorne, Micheal Hawthorne, Sarah Hawthorne, Peter Berry, Martin Glass, Lew Harrison, George Prebble.

Foot Note: As a co-leader of this trip I would like to express my thanks to everyone who helped to carry Derek out without any grumbles. And to Alan Lee for all the help he gave us.

Thank you, Karen Lancaster.

Private Trip

"Packin In" (Eketa - where?) 28 Aug. 4 Sep. 1982.

Sunday.

We left Featherston heading north on a cold and over-cast day astride a horse each with the 3rd. in tow carrying gear. We lunched in Carterton and progressed north with the day clearing to become very pleasant. We arrived in Masterton on nightfall and tethered the broncs in a mates back yard.

Monday.

----- Under the watchful eye of a cold frosty dawn we breakfasted and saddled the horses. At a steady trot we went across the rail over-bridge and on up over Mount Bruce and lunched by the bird sanctuary. We arrived in Eketahuna, tied the horses to a tree and went in for a few ales before tea.

Tuesday.

We left Eketahuna and made good time to the Alfredton school where we boiled the billy under the porch of the headmasters office. Then on around to Pori Station, where we were to spend the night. Arriving about

(Eketa - where?)

Continued:-

Wednesday

We decided to give the horses a rest-day and spent the day mustering sheep and pressing dags, and even managed to get a spot of deer stalking in before tea.

Thursday

We departed from Pori Station on a crystal clear morning after leaving a horse and most of our gear at the house. About halfway we had problems with a horse breaking loose and stampeding back the way we had just come. We arrived at the Pongaroa Tavern where we met a fellow cowboy and talked of times of old for a good few hours, and then, after getting slightly lost, we arrived at our hosts place.

Friday

We left Pongaroa and headed north up to Weber for a pie and a pint, and then we headed out to the coast via Wimbledon. We were determined to get to Porangahau that night which meant riding until 9p.m. We camped out in a woolshed two miles south of the village.

Saturday

We cleaned up the woolshed, saddled up and rode down to the village and out to the coast along the Blackhead Road and then rode along the beach to Aramoana Station, the final leg of the journey. We spent the rest of the day wandering around the farm and stayed overnight in a beachfront bach. The next day we loaded the horse into floats and came through to Hastings. An excellent trip!

Luke Holmes and Barry Dixon. We'd like to thank.

Roddy Goldfinch- for the use of a pack saddle and for shoeing the horses. Mike Kitchen- for the loan of a horse and use of loading yards. Bill Lintern and Family, Paul Carins, Ian and Rosemary Dale. Derek Collins and Family. Mike Whiterorth and Family. Neil McHardy and Family. Thank you very much.

This trip was only made possible by your help and understanding.

Private Christmas Trip. 3-17 January 1983.

Ohikanui Trip.

Monday.

Travelled in Randall's Hunter down to Murchison where we stayed at the Youth Hostel courtesy of Nancy.

Tuesday.

Drove down Buller Gorge to the Ohikanui River, setting off fairly late in the morning. Bush-bashing through the damp bush we traveled fairly steadily upstream crossing Bucklands Creek easily, and setting up a fly camp about 4hrs. from the car. It was raining steadily by then.

Wednesday.

Dawn sogged its way down through the Rain Forest! the only cheerful note being a cheeky little bush Robin who hopped in to say hello as if to make amends for the Weka which had scared hell out of us the night before. The Ohikanui was in high flood so we decided to head back, and it was fortunate that the route goes down the true left bank all the way back to the car. The only trouble we had Bucklands Creek, which was only just crossable. Then we tried to dry some of our gear and shot into Westport where we stayed the night at the Motorcamp.

Fox River Trip.

Thursday.

With the sky threatening we drove down to Punakaki and headed up the Fox River which is part of the old inland pack track.

Fox River Trip.

Continued:

Rate flowering profusely along the banks stood out in stark contrast to green bush, and the gold on granite colours of the river. Higher up the river the hold of the bush became more tedious with more and more white and grey limestone bluffs towering above the river, packed with holes and caves, one of which we walked into a short way, but it didn't seem too safe so we came out and headed towards our objective, the Ballroom Overhang just upstream of the Fox River Junction where the nastiest crossing of the trip is. The rocks have really good grip but the river is mighty swift, deceptively so because it flows so smoothly.

How can I describe the Ballroom. The River and the base of the cliff are away from each other then come back together to form an ellipse 100 metres long and 60 metres wide. The half nearest the river is bush the half along the base of the cliff is short grass with a big fire-place in the middle. Hanging overhead the cliff curls to protect this grassy strip to form a dry campsite completely impervious to the elements 100 metres by 30 metres. It was just incredible, especially as the sun went down catching the shower of droplets falling from all around the outside of the overhang, turning them into a curtain of the finest gold. The sort you can only hold in your memories. And so to bed with the rain lashing down outside and the great weight of rock above us making us feel vaguely uncomfortable, mind you we would have felt a dam sight more uncomfortable if we'd been out in the rain, and the glow-worms sprinkled all over the roof gave me the impression when I woke in the night of sleeping in the open under a myriad of stars.

Friday:

A miserable day verging on less miserable on which we attempted to catch a goat upstream from the overhang. That night there was a tremendous thunder storm and after a big flash overhead we were quite relieved to hear only a small muffled boom then Crash! Booom! Kapow! and the whole place felt like it was falling apart.

Saturday:

Raining again, but the rivers were a bit lower. So off down the Fox River and up Dilema Creek. This was deep with many crossings some of which were nasty. Along the banks grew bush for a short way and then smack! both sides of the river rose vertically into gigantic almost unbroken limestone cliffs, a truly marvellous sight. After that the track leads up Fosul Creek, a nice flat mossy little creek that you actually walk up the middle of. Ah! a signpost! about time too! It's hard work walking up these rivers. Zoom, Zoom, Swelch, damn mud! Despite the mud we made good time along the old pack track through some regenerating bush with only a few stops for lunch and to photograph some Robins and a Weka.

Talk about a long way in. Then out onto some grotty farmland and grazed swamp then a short walk for miles and miles and miles down Bullock Creek and another 10k. at the end for poor old Randall to get the car while the rest of us mooched around the blowholes at Punakiki.

Note to Editor: I know, I know, I'm beginning to sound like Babara Cartland but the place tends to make you get carried away.

Private Trip Continued:

Nelson Lakes National Park.

Having left behind the rains of the West Coast, we spent the night with the fair Nancy again at Murchison. Next morning was fine so we did our washing and hung around until Nancy had to invite us to spend another night.

Then off to St Arnaud and round to Paddey's shack at the bottom of the Robert Ridge ski field. From here it is an easy walk through the beach forest, the track basically sidling till you hit Speargrass Creek. Speargrass is rather a nice little creek but it became a little arduous as indeed did all the rest of the day mainly because of the heat and the seven day packs. Lunch was eaten at Speargrass Hut, then over a low saddle into Howard Hut which is rather pokey and then a slow flattish climb to some rather swampy tarns and the long grind down to Sabine Hut at the end of Lake Rotoiti nine hours with seven day packs trying to keep up with Randall is somewhat tiresome.

There Are MICE IN ALL N.L.N.P. HUTS.

For further information ask author for the full and unexpurgated tales of Randall and Craig versus the tailed avenger.

Early next morning I actually had a Robin sitting on my boot eating sandflies off my longjohns, and I might add that that was the only good thing any of us found about the sandflies which plagued us for the entire trip. (except for Lake Angeius)

That day we did a six hour tramp to Morgan Hut up the Druryville River, the weather patchy but again very hot. It pays to stick to the track despite its wanderings up and down as we found to our cost. At Morgan we found a RAT! in residence in one side of the hut and also saw a pair of Falcons really close up.

Took us four hours to reach Ella Hut. An easy walk up grassy river flats. A very enjoyable day, but the weather was thinking of playing up. Grahame and I had a wash in the icy cold river sitting on a large rock in the middle while Randall and Craig had a look at the start of Moss Pass which takes you over to the Sabine River.

"Ah! thank goodness for that, the weather's back to normal again!" "How do you mean" says Grahame. "Rivers in high flood and it's pouring with rain!" Still we had to attempt Moss Pass so up the river and UP the track, more like a waterfall actually. Very steep and wet up through the bush. When we finally came out onto the tops it was cold and misty with a light breeze. We sidled around over falls of large rocks for a while and up through some boulder fields before coming onto the pass finally, a very steep climb. From Moss Pass you go almost straight away into a snow chute which would be a death trap in winter, a fact attested to by the bent snowpoles lying horizontal to the ground. Then you sidle right over the tussock, and drop down to Blue Lake Hut. All of which took 4½ hrs. so we slotted downstream through beech forest devastated by avalanches to the Forks Huts. Then down to Sabine next morning, everone keen, a fast trip. (the explanation of this keenness is a food dump)

Continued:

Nelson Lakes National Park

Saturday dawned misty and still and we climbed steadily up to the bush edge where it started to snow, so on with the gears and let's play spot the snowpole. Quite pleasant! take pictures of the lads on the top. Not far now eh! Two hours later we were playing spot the snowpole with a heap more seriousness and weren't so sure we'd been anywhere near the top when the photos were taken. Conditions were atrocious with blizzard conditions prevailing and a number of poles were missing. Then all of a sudden two Germans heading where we'd come from and the hut came into view

We were due out for lunch on Sunday but it was so cold and windy with the hut shaking continuously that we stayed till 10 o'clock in the freezing great barn called Lake Angelus Hut. (can't see why you couldn't see anything let alone a lake outside the hut.)

We left with full gears which we were mightily glad to have carried and slopped down the back of the hut into a creek leading into the Travis River. It didn't take long to leave the snow behind but it was still raining so when we reached Lake Head we gladly paid out \$10 to the water-taxi which happened to come along and dropped us at St Arnaud.

FOOD! Four pies each plus some eats. Accommodation! We finally got a bed for the night in Blenheim after being kicked out of a grotty old bed and breakfast place in Nelson because the old "Gentleman" running the place wouldn't let anyone with a beard stay there. Then Home on a lovely fine day. Thanks to Randall for the car and the driving, Craig for the organizing and especially the lovely Nancy for looking after us so well. Peter Berry, Grahame Taylor, Craig Ball, Randall Goldfinch.

TRAMPING CLUB EQUIPMENT HIRE

The following is a list of tramping equipment available for hire:

	<u>Charge per day</u>
Leather Boots	\$1.00
Lace-up rubber gumboots	1.00
Weekend frame packs	1.00
Day Packs	2.00
Ice Axes	1.00
Crampons	1.00
Tents	1.00
Billy	.20c
Lilo	1.00

If you wish to hire any of this gear, please get in contact with:

Mrs McBride,
101C Kenilworth Road,
Hastings.

Phone HBN 69 756

Mountain pool so clear and still,
reflected in the Pipit's trill.
Miles of tussock all around
in shades of Gold and Grey and Brown.

But what is this that man has done?
a pall of smoke occludes the sun
Greedy tongues of searing flame
the Pipit's life have come to claim.

So now it's gone. It passed so quick,
the tortured hills look black and sick
Desecration swept the plain
the sparkling river now a drain.

Blackened pool so deep and still
Polluted by the fire's kill
You will clear and live again
but the land will never be the same.

Anonymous.

Letter to the Editor

WAIKAMAKA ABLUTION BLOCK

I have been concerned to note in the pages of your August journal of late, the sometimes disparaging, often frivolous and occasionally completely libelous references to the FEARSOME LONG DROP at Waikamaka.

Let it be known that this structure is something of an architectural and structural miracle, not quite ranking with the Sydney Opera House but definitely way ahead of the Beehive. It was designed and erected by an engineer with professional qualifications (as an accountant) and ill-deserved the jesting and even vulgar comments that have appeared in trip reports from time to time.

Lacking privacy it may be, possibly even a little uncomfortable at times (although the bark should have long worn off the seat) and the chilly updrafts certainly do funny things to one's anatomy on a winter's morning. But where else in today's plastic and electronic society can one spend a few reflective moments in such awesomely primitive and rustic surroundings?

Scoff not, lest the delicately poised cantilever design be upset by your derision and plunge you to unmentionable oblivion for your sins.

A.V.B.

P.S. The trick is to wait until an easterly blows and than keep your eyes averted.

ACID RAIN - threat to life

When you go up the upper reaches of the Waipawa River and see the slime, or slip on algae in Gold Creek, don't start dreaming of the pure crystal streams and lakes of Norway and Sweden, or Nova Scotia; they may be clear, but they may also be dead - due to 'acid rain'.

In Sweden, in 1982, 9000 lakes were showing fish deaths and 4000 lakes were dead, but it is not an immediate effect of pollution, nor is it the Lake Tutira situation, with fertilizer run-off. The spring snow melt period is the critical time for lake damage to occur, when the soils become saturated and snow melt with several months accumulation of sulphuric acids, emitted from coal and oil-fired power stations and refineries, washed straight through the thin soils and into streams and lakes. The normal process during which the soil is acidified and water is neutralized does not have time to take place, but the aluminium which is present in soils, fixed as an organic compound, is converted into lethal non-organic forms by the deposition of acid. Fish die because the system for regulating salts in their bodies cannot cope with the toxic aluminium. Aluminium is deposited on the gills, the fish is unable to get enough oxygen, and suffocates.

Meanwhile the Scandinavian forests are flourishing, as the nitrogen content in the acid rain acts, in the first place, like a fertilizer. However, forests in England and West Germany, Czechoslovakia, and Poland, are now dying over large areas as the rain falls. It is not the sulphur dioxide directly which causes the immediate damage, but the destruction of the root system owing to the absorption of the highly toxic aluminium released by the rain. There are three phases in this process:

1. increased rapid growth from the nitrogen content;
2. the aluminium leaches the calcium and magnesium, necessary for the tree, and this causes yellowing of pine needles;
3. the sulphates combine with the soil acids and going into solution with the aluminium compounds, creates a toxic brew - the roots start dying.

If the soil has dominant calcium the rate is slowed down, but eventually the continuing acidification must take effect. Once the tree roots are damaged, they will be invaded by fungi and viruses, and the tree goes down under a combined starvation and disease attack.

The sulphur in solution in the rain may also directly attack tree foliage, and spruce, a major tree in more marginal forest areas is particularly susceptible to that.

The same problem occurs in the U.S.A. and Canada, where southern Ontario, and Nova Scotia are losing fish, and in parts of the Adirondak mountains and the Appalachian mountains, streams are devoid of fish. The Blue mountains of Virginia are badly affected also.

Unfortunately an agreement over the huge smelter at Sudbury (Ontario) the largest source of sulphur pollution in the world, has been turned down last year by the U.S.A.

The problem can be tackled by using lower sulphur content fuels, by using more efficient burners, and by removing sulphur before gases are emitted to the atmosphere, but all of these are costly and slow to set up. Whether it will be too late to save the European forests and Scandinavian lakes is the worry now.

The pH scale:	12	ammonia
	7	distilled water
	5.6	clean rain
	5	maximum toxicity in lakes
	4.2	aluminium released in soil
	4	lemonade
	3	vinegar
	2.4	most acid rain ever recorded near Pitlochry, Scotland
	1	battery acid

Source: New Scientist 12 August 1982

PHOTO COMPETITION

The photo competition this year was judged by Raymond Lowe, who, with his Camera Club experience, gave us very useful tips on taking photos, and warned us about the sneaky monster camera shake.

John Jones' slide 'Campfire' won overall, the runner-up slide was Russ Perry's 'Athabasca Falls', and the runner-up prints were 'Kinlock Falls' from Lew Harrison, and 'Bushfire' from Ross Berry.

ANNUAL PARTY

DRESS: UNITED NATIONS

Roys Hill Deer-stalkers Hall

Saturday 18th June 8 p.m.

\$5 per head

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 10.00 p.m., until then it would not normally 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 included their phone number. For inquiries about OVERDUE TRAMPERS please contact one of the following:

BERRY 777223

PLOWMAN 54 303

THORP 434 238

TRANSPORT CONTRIBUTIONS Local trips are \$6.00 per person, and and 10.00 dollars 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, 50 cents 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, your fee will be accepted with thanks.

FIXTURE LIST

April
23-25

Anzac:

Kaweka Manatamoka area. A trip that will take you over the top of the range into the back blocks of the Kaweka ranges. Map N113

Leaders: Peter Berry
Clive Thurston

May
1

Kaweka Kiwi Saddle. A gradual climb up 4100' and over the top to Kiwi Saddle hut, one of four of H.T.C. huts. Map N123

Leaders: Karen Glass
Raymond Lowe

May
15

Kaweka Te Iringa. Great scope in this area, Hoodoo Creek, Cameron Hut, Boyds Bush. Map N123

Leaders: Mike Bull
Graham Thorp

May
29

Ruahine Range Shuteye Shack. A visit to the new hut relocated in Buttercup Hollow. Map N140

Leaders: Geoff Robinson
Ross Berry

June
4-6th

Tongoriro National Park. At this time of the year there is a large variety of trips in a popular area. Map 112,122

Leaders: Gerald Blackburn
Bill Bainbridge

June
12

Ruahine Range: Makaretu River from Moorcock Base. The Makaretu river is an easy trip for beginners. For faster members try Pohangina Saddle and Rocky Knob. Map N140

Leaders: Janet Brown
Ross Berry

June
25-26

Ruahine Range Golden Crown, Hut Ruin. A good winter trip with plenty of snow. Test your survival skills. Map N133

Leaders: Gerald Blackburn
Russell Perry

July
10

Southern Ruahine Range Tamaki River. A pleasant trip up the river to Stanfield Hut an area seldom reached. Map N145

Leaders: Clive Thurston
Karen Lancaster

July
23-24

Ruahine Range Sawtooth- Howletts. A challenge for all members fast and slow, visiting the highest hut in the range. Map N140

Leaders: Russell Perry
Lew Harrison

August
7

Kaweka Range. Cattle Hill Lizard A good trip for all. Bring your woollies.

Map N123

Leaders: Les Hanger
Peter Berry

August
20-21

Kaweka Range. Ballards via Middle Hill. This is an excellent trip on snow covered tops. A slower party can spend time at Middle Hill Hut and explore the tops via Ihaka Track.

Map N113 , N123

Leaders: Edward Holmes
Craig Ball

September
4

Kaweka Range Kaweka Hut An old style H.T.C. hut. plenty of scope climbing up to the Tits, Kaiarahi and Studholm Saddle Hut.

Map N123

Leaders: Geoff Robinson
Jim Glass

September

17-18

Kaimanawa State Forest, Cascade Hut via Clements
access. An area seldom visited.
Map N103

Leader: Randall Goldfinch

October

2

Ruahine Range. Hinerua Hut From the hut you have
the choice of going down to Smith Stream Hut or
continuing up to Ohuinga.

Map N140

(15(-16)) to be announced.

Leaders Sue Holmes
Trevor Plowman

OCTOBER

21-24th

Labour Weekend, Kaweka Kaimanawa via Poronui-
Oamaru River, Boyds Lodge. This trip will
cover a lot of interesting ground for both
fast and slow groups.

Map N113

Leaders: Bill Bairbridge
Peter Berry

