

HERETAUNGA TRAMPING CLUB (INC)

BOX 447, HASTINGS

'P O H O K U R A'

Bulletin No. 159

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CLUB TRIPS

TAHUHUNUI RANGE - TARUARAU RIVER

No. 1316

8 - 9 December

After leaving Dave's mob who were heading further along the Tahuhunui Range to the Hogget, our group dropped off to the left towards the watersheds and streams that we were to follow down to the Taruarau river. It wasn't long before we were into some really scratchy bracken which finally changed to dead and dying manuka; this was becoming a magical mystery tour.

We stopped for an early lunch by a waterhole formed by an underground stream. This stream eventually surfaced and we were able to follow it with some difficulty through the fallen manuka till it reached a larger stream.

I knew from the map that if we kept turning left at each major stream we came to, we must arrive to the Taruarau river eventually. There were not many suitable campsites to be found along these streams and we had to negotiate three large waterfalls in the section. (GR 955 855 Map U20)

We finally made camp on a small flat sandy section, above the high water mark at about 5.45 pm still short of the main river. We all slept under the one larger tent fly and had a comfortable night. (I did anyway on my new air mattress).

Next morning we were away by 8.30 am and after only ten minutes travel we struck a really huge waterfall, where we had to climb really high to get round. From the top of the ridge we could see the main river and after a steep scramble down and a short wade along our stream we made the Tararua River, where we left a note for Dave's mob, who were still to pass that way.

This proved to be a pleasant and interesting river and with some tricky negotiating we were able to stay dry while climbing round the deep pools.

Ten minutes short of our transport we struck the only rain of the trip as the rest of the tramp had been in really nice weather.

Dave's group arrived $1\frac{3}{4}$ hours after us and after a bite to eat we were on our way back down the Taihape Road to town by about 4 pm.

G.R.

Leader: Geoff Robinson

No. in Party: 4

Marcus Reinders, Sue Holmes, Mitch Barrett

BOUNDARY STREAM SCENIC RESERVE

23 December

NO. 1317

The trip list stated (leisurely day and Christmas Picnic.) It became just that.

Everyone was allowed a whole hours' sleepin, in the case of the Napier members, a whole hours sleepin plus travelling time, what luxury!!

22 people finally met together outside Janet's place. Geoff and Mitch discovered on the way over that the radiator needed water. Thankyou Janet for the large amount we needed and you didn't know about, we thought you wouldn't mind.

So away we went at 7.30 am on a perfect day. We made good time until a call came from Peter that my daughter, in particular, was pretty white and the next yawn might be a liquid one. So an approximate 15 minute break at the Heays Access Road turnoff with the usual fooling around and people returning to their normal colours again.

We arrived to see a large prominent sign - no fires. I had checked out Lands and Survey Departement and they gave us special permission to use our BBQs.

Everyone took off up to the Shines Falls. A group of us out the back spent time on the Flora and Fauna - lovely.

Some people chose to get under the Falls even though the water was cold. Plenty of photos were snapped off and on we went floundering up a track with no signs. I had been there twice before, and it crossed my mind the vandals have had a field day removing the signs and also the walkway musn't be one of the popular ones as ongaonga was quite thick in places and we kept losing the sort of track!! Hmmm.

Made it to the top of the Falls, and a Shining Cuckoo kept us company for quite a way. We found the others in dappled shade perched on a small rise. Perry, Wyn and Shane had gone on. Everyone else dribbled in and flopped down. It became a lovely social with fast and slow parties enjoying the comradeship and lunch together.

Wyn and Shane, arrived back and Perry some time later. He had nearly got to the Pohokura Road.

On the way back most of us went hunting for the top of the Shines Falls (58m high). What a view and height. Some went swimming in the pools in the stream before the Falls. The general consensus was it was cold.

Floundered down around the hill again on sandstone cliff really, back to the Falls. More chat, another swim for Clifford than a race out to the BBQ site, but what are those walkway signs doing over there on the other side of the stream, everyone missed them on the way in. So folks, no vandals etc, they have redone the track on the stream downstream from the Falls.

A leisurely BBQ took place and after tea a few went off exploring and climbing the sandstone cliffs.

Geoff had to toot to call everyone back to base to a few groans and moans about the perfect sunny day and civilisation cooling, please couldn't it wait, but no, some had families to get home to, others work tomorrow and we left approx 6 pm.

Get along the road, funny, whats that noise? New one to me - ahh gone away.

Funny, that noise again - no, must have been imagining it, can't hear it now, no, surely it is getting a little louder, quick look at Geoff, eye contact, no words, noise again.

It's definitely louder and more persistent, I know I have a hearing problem. perhaps Geoff had too?

'Geoff'

'Hulloa'

'Geoff there is a funny noise I keep hearing'

'Yes me too, but it keeps going away.'

'yes'

'We'll have a look up at the Matahaura Road, Pohokura Road intersection!'

'Boy, it really is getting clanky now eh'

'Yes'

We stopped to discover water spraying everywhere, the water pump was breaking down.

The consensus was we would make a downhill run to Lake Tutira where we could fill up with Lake water.

We managed to start the truck again but about 200 - 300 yards on Pohokura Road the noise was intolerable and the truck wouldn't be going anywhere. Fanbelt had become loose too.

We had to get 22 people home so the ideas went from cars to station wagons to vans until Tony piped up and said my Dad does part-time driving for Nimons, he might hire a bus and pick us up.

So Peter, Glenda, Tony and myself went to the nearest farmhouse to sort it out and to see if we could get the truck off the road, only kids at home so over (up and down) farmland to find Dad. Finally Mum arrived home and she was marvellous. She kept the drinks coming and we were able to use the phone and sure enough, Tony's Dad hired a bus and gave us his time for free, we are very grateful. Even hiring the bus would be cheaper than paying private transport drivers, and we had the satisfaction of knowing that everyone got home between 9.30 and 10.30 pm.

The water pump was removed from the truck on the farmland, they discovered the fanbelt was being held on by one or two screws. Geoff, Mitch and his father went out the next day and fixed it and brought the truck home.

Thank goodness I stuck to my guns and asked for the truck to go to Shines Falls end, instead of the driver dropping everyone off at Pohokura end and the truck coming around to Shines Falls, it's a long way around by road.

It was a lovely warm evening and everyone seemed to enjoy themselves, and made the most of the evening with socialising, fooling around or just plain stretched out along the road edge.

Thankyou Geoff for driving.

Leader: Alva McAdam

No. in Party: 22

Malcolm and Frances Lightband, Glenda Hooper, Peter Berry, Clare Herries, George Prebble, Kaye and Richard Marks, Wyn, Lynda and Shane Cornish, Perry Hicks, Hamish Tait, Hetty Craig, Mitch Barrett, Clifford Holmes, Bruce Lowe, Clinton Manners, Graeme Taylor, Tony Alexander, Geoff Robinson.

LOWER TUTAEKURI GORGE

20 January

No. 1318

After the usual start we picked up Russell and headed up the Taihape Road to the Lawrence Hut Road end, where we started our leisurely stroll down the Tutaekuri. Brilliantly fine weather had greeted our arrival at the swingbridge and at the first pool we quickly set up the president for the trip with a swim.

The river was exceptionally low and warm, and this combined with the blazing sun seemed to make it practically impossible to walk more than a hundred yards at a stretch without falling in the river and being swept away downriver for several hundred yards bouncing along on our behinds through the fun rapids between the big limestone rocks. After lunch we continued on in a similarly wet fashion only really staying dry for the last half hour or so before we got back to the truck which Geoff had brought around to the bottom of Dampney Road. No drownings, lots of sunburn and heaps of bruises in unmentionable places combined to make one of the laziest and most enjoyable trips for a long time.

Thanks for driving, Geoff.

Leader: Peter Berry

No. in Party: 20

Jenny Lean, Rob Lusher, Graeme Taylor, Clinton Manners, George Prebble, Marcus Reiders, Hamish Tait, Stan Woon, Alva McAdam, Mitch Barrett, Andrew Doole, Bill and Hetty Craig, Janet Cornwall, Glenda Hooper, Russel Perry, Diana Bird, Bruce Lowe, Micheal Hendly, Geoff Robinson.

ARAPAOANUI COSTAL WALKWAY

2 - 3 February

No. 1319

Arapaoanui in pre-European times was an important pa with its ample supply of seafood. Its name means 'the thoroughly bashed kidney fat' a hangi was opened and the bodies were still twitching, thinking the victims were still alive the cooks fled. The Chiefs came forward to give the bodies a bashing.

We went there also to sample the seafood and walk the coast northward to the mouth of the Waikari River. The day before our trip had been the hottest day of the summer. Luckily for us we didn't get two in a row and the Saturday was a bit overcast, a good day for walking. After about half an hour you reach a small bay with a stream dropping over a waterfall into it. What was going to be a half hour stop

turned out to be an hour and a half swim in the pool below the waterfall, with one brave person jumping off the cliff at the side. The four members of the day party caught us up here.

After exploring a dark muddy cave which went in 100 feet or more we pushed on north past the section which is only passable 2 hours either side of low tide. Another stop, this time to gather seafood for tea. A fire was lit to have a prelunch feed of things called bobos and paua. The paua were just cleaned up, beaten, replaced back in the shell and placed on the fire cooking on either side for a few minutes. Very nice they were as well.

On along a hard bit of sand past Ridge Mount Station where we had lunch, and the day party left here to return to Aropoanui. A lot of the time on this trip you are walking on the old coastal bridle way. This must have been last used about the turn of the century so as you might guess a lot of it has been washed away. But where it is it makes good walking

We made an early camp as Selwyn had the job of returning next day to drive the truck around to the northern end of the walkway. A good campsite was found in a grove of tall manuka with a good stream close by. The rest of the afternoon was spent swimming, fishing, building rafts and generally enjoying ourselves. More paua for tea then a pleasant evening was spent walking on the beach or just sitting around the camp fire.

After a windy night we were all away by 8.30 am. Selwyn heading south the rest of us north again sometimes over rocks, sometimes on grass or sandy beach until we reached the big slip which came down in the 1931 earthquake. It is grown over with trees and scrub since then but the sea is still washing away at the face of it. To give you some idea of the size of it, it took over an hour to walk past the face of it and the cliff behind it is 400 metres high. When the tides are in they have cut a high level route across the slip itself but we walked on the beach.

After the slip we got onto a hard straight beach with a grassy strip between the beach and nice growth covered cliffs about 300 feet high. A stop for lunch at a camp half-way along them on we plodded to meet Selwyn coming towards us. After a swim at the Waikari River mouth we have to plod over a track to get to the end of the road. We had another swim in the pool where the river goes under the main road, then home by 6 pm after a very enjoyable weekend. Thanks again to Selwyn for doing the driving.

Leader: Jim Glass

No. in Party: 17

Malcolm Lightband, George Prebble, Selwyn and Heather Hawthorne, Ian Sugden, Clifford Holmes, Hamish Tait, Clinton Manners, Graeme Taylor, Jenny Weston, Geoff Robinson, Marcus Reinders
Day Trippers: Peter Berry, Glenda Hooper, Karen and Clive Thurston.

ABORTA CONTORTA WEEKEND

8 - 10 February

No. 1320

The truck left Hastings just after 6 o'clock Friday night and travelled to the Desert Road via the Taihape Road, to reach our camp site at about 11 pm. Twenty three of us travelled by truck while Graeme Taylor had travelled over in his car and Raymond Lowe and Peter Smith came over by car on the Sunday.

Our camp consisted of two 14' x 14' army tents although some preferred the comforts of the truck while others bedded down in the cookhouse. The Hamilton Tramping Club was also there for the weekend and they occupied another two tents. Saturday morning dawned brightly showing us the wonders of our ammenities:- the communal longdrop - five holes all placed side by side - and the communal showers - all cold. They breed them tough in the army.

Geoff had told us to be ready by 8 am so after a hurried breakfast we all gathered to wait for the truck which was to transport us to the pine trees. Two hours later our National Park's people, Brian and Karen, arrived and took us up to a track that comes off the Tukino Road in an old four wheel drive Army Bedford. The Hamilton group travelled in style in their cross country rental four wheel drive Nissan. The whole journey took about 30 minutes. We parked beside the Whangaehu River which was just a small stream but was very turbid and smelt of sulphur.

We had to walk a considerable distance across army land before we came to our pine tree patch. Once at the patch we formed a long line and then proceeded to walk southwards, removing all the pine trees we came across, from the very tiny seedlings to trees 6 inches in diameter. It was imperative that every last needle was removed from each tree or else that needle would enable the tree to survive. We 'aborted contorta' until five o'clock, with stops for lunch and afternoon tea, and then headed back to the truck which was even further away. It is an interesting landscape, dominated by the volcanic scoria rocks among which white gentians and silvery hebes were sparsely scattered. At one place the rocks were formed into large plate-like sheets stacked one upon the other.

Back by the truck the small Whangaehu River had had its flow replenished by melting snow and proved more difficult to cross.

We arrived back at camp to find that there was no water for showers so the more hardy of us had a quick dip in the nearby stream which was definitely snow fed! After tea the two tramping club groups got together for a yarn although many of us retired for an early night.

The next morning we were picked up at 8.30 am so we had a full morning at the pine patch. We continued from where we had left off the night before, again in the blazing sun, until about 3.30 when we left for camp. We then dismantled the tents, packed up the truck and then headed off to Hastings, this time via Taupo. This route is 60 odd kilometres longer but used the same amount of petrol and took the same amount of time.

This was an enjoyable way to make money for the Club and it was interesting to have a chance to compare Clubs. One point of note was the relative trip costs. The Hamilton Tramping Club use the four wheel drive rentals for all trips and consequently the minimum day trip cost is \$15 while a weekend trip will cost at least \$35.

G.H.

Leader: Peter Berry

No. In Party: 26

Geoff Robinson, Malcolm Lightband, Glenda Hooper, Alva McAdam, Frances Lightband, J Marshall, Gerald and Lyn Blackburn, Lee Barrett, Shelley Jones, John Berry, Dave Millard, Martian Glass, Clive and Karen Thurston, Tony Alexander, Clifford Holmes, Graeme Bailey, Hamish Tait, Andrew Doole, Andrew Windle, Graeme Taylor, Raymond Lowe (Sunday), Peter Smith (Sunday).

WAIKIU RIVER

17 February

No. 1321

An early start and fair dollop of long and winding road (4 hours) led to the lovely campsite by the Waikiu River an Maungataniwhu Station.

Unfortunately it was hosing down with rain but we started out on our motley assortment of tubes, rafts and lilos with the river running clear and a bit low. I expected the trip to take 3 hours but 3 hours went fast and we were still not through the first section of easy rapids and bush clad banks when a mud slide turned the river a sludgy grey colour.

When we reached the big rocks in the river we had a quick feed and then it was into it: a real beauty of a rapid which bruised and battered quite a few people, but no real harm done. This set the theme for the second half of the river with some good sharp drops and one really evil rapid with a big rock lurking right in the middle at the bottom. Which of course we had to do twice, wiping ourselves out really badly the second time. So, Seven hours after starting we arrived at the Otoi Bridge in somewhat finer weather, where Geoff had the truck waiting, and so off home. An exciting trip. Next morning I was scarcely walking, bruised from one end to the other but it was well worth it. Thanks to Geoff and Gerald for driving,

Leader: Peter Berry

No in Party: 19

Darren Morris, Alva McAdam, Glenda Hooper, George Prebble, Rachel Gawith, Rob Lusher, Israel Bentley, Jenny Lean, Mitch Barrett, Frank Hooper, Catherine Fitzgerald, Gerald and Lynnette Blackburn, Tony Alexander, Michael Wooten, Clifford Holmes, Hamish Tait, Dave and Graeme Millard.

HOWLETTS WORKING PARTY

2 - 3 March

No. 1322

Eddie, Susan and Nick H. had travelled up on the Friday night and tramped into Daphne Hut to get an early start up to Howletts Hut, where we were to install a dormer window above the maori bunks to give more ventilation and also to act as a fire escape.

As we arrived at Mill Farm on the Saturday morning we were confronted by the devastation of the normal parking area which had been caused by the felling of the pine plantation, and I promptly managed to get the Club truck good and properly stuck there. Fortunately we were able to waken one of the millers who very kindly towed us out with one of their larger bulldozers.

The window, framing and timber had been taken out to Gwavas Forestry Base and kindly flown up to Howletts by the NZFS during their annual hut resupply. We very much appreciated this helicopter service, it saves much hard slog. We are also very grateful for the supply and delivery of two foam mattresses to Howletts at the same time. Some timber and aluminium for the flashings had already been carried up, and Eddie had left a pile of tools for us to deliver, which disappeared into everyone's packs before we left Mill Farm.

On arrival at Howletts, Eddie and Nick had already removed part of the roofing iron and ceiling and between showers the framing and outside cladding were installed. We scraped the outer door down and painted it, then the outside was sheathed in aluminium as it had been cracking up due to the weather conditions up here.

On the Sunday the finishing touches were done to the dormer window as well as painting the inner lining. While this was going on, other workers were collecting and shopping firewood for future tramping parties.

I would like to thank everyone who came along for carrying in the tools etc, and for working so well.

Leader: Geoff Robinson

No. in party: 12

Alva McAdam, Nick Hay, Sue and Eddie Holmes, Andrew Doole, Michael Wooten, Rachel Garworth, Ian Sugden, Darren Morris, Stewart Sutherland, Hamish Tait,

WAIKOAU GORGE

17 March

No. 1323

With the torrential rains of early March just easing, I had my doubts about negotiating the waters of the Waikoau Gorge. Still, it sounded a fascinating place, and, judging by the numbers of enthusiasts who were making this their second trip there, it would be well worth the effort. As Geoff said, 'I've always wanted to see that place with a bit of water in it'.

And, so he did!

The journey to the area showed considerable rain damage, and our progress up Pohokura Road was eventually halted by a washout and a stuck CF (Must've been the driver!) We parked in the yards of the closest farm, with the kind permission of Mr Frank Olsen. Immediately I split the party into three groups under Clive, Peter and Jim, leaving me free to watch over everything. In mist and steady drizzle off they set, leaving Geoff, Rob and myself to lock up and follow.

I think it would be a good 1½ hours that passed before we saw them again! Something to do with lack of communication. Roy Peacock led them all off on a new path which neither Geoff, Rob nor I knew about. We expected them to use the usual route, which we took. Upon our reaching the stream and not sighting anyone, we headed upstream to look, reaching the farm community after 20 minutes. From there, Geoff and Rob went back downstream to our packs, while I covered a brisk (exhausting!; old age?) 5 km of hilly road, and still saw them not. I descended back into the stream to meet my two lonely companions, thinking all the while: 'I won't have to write the trip report - I wasn't on the trip!' and wondering what the locals I'd met on the road were saying at the Tutira store about the mad, be-whiskered and wet creature who asked whether they'd seen 26 trampers charging through the mist. In this weather!

Peter Berry! I see Him! I'm not lost! No, that's not right - I'm the leader?? He's not lost

'Don't worry, Peter! I'm here!'

My party apparently were awaiting my wisdom and experience a mere 300 metres upstream. Oh, the bliss of leadership. After the reunion, swapping of memories and address, and promising to meet again in the not too distant future, we all set off.

The gorge was certainly interesting. The stream was flowing with khaki soup and gave impressive action in the narrows. More impressive was the flood level of a few days before. The 500 mm of rain had sent the level up a good 2 metres in places. Could have made exciting river crossing. At 11.45, we reached a steepish rock which turned 11 of the party aside for a sojourn through the bush. 18 elected to plunge in (sorry) Plunge on. 'No, you shouldn't get too wet!'

Around the corner...

'Should've known better! Your trips are always bush bashers or pack floats, Perry!'

(Now, if I could get a supportive witness, I reckon I could go the speaker for slander. Volunteers, please)

After a few nice dunkings, we stopped for lunch. A quick fire, and, for the lucky ones, some warm nosh. The afternoon was spent well above the gorge on farmland, chasing slow mushrooms and viewing the picturesque blue lake. A view of a superb waterfall completed the scenic tour, then off back across the pastures to the vehicles. Home early. Thanks Geoff, for driving, and thanks, Mr Olsen, for permission to cross the land. Now, where's the next trip I can follow.

Leader: Russell Perry

No. in Party: 28

Geoff Robinson, Rob Vork, Peter Berry, Clive Thurston, Jim Glass, Glenda Hooper, Malcolm Lightband, Francis Lightband, Alva McAdam, Jenny and Paul McGuinness, David Griffiths, Susan Lopdell, Hannah Schmidt, Sue Combs, Thomas Davies, Jenny Lean, Hendy, Michael Wooten, Clifford Holmes, Hamish Tait, Glenda Gohns, Hetty Craig, Thys Vossen, Iain Dickson, Sheryl Rosselli, Roy Peacock.

OROUA RIVER TO HOWLETTS

30 - 31 March

No. 1324

As 6 o'clock ticked by 9 dozy trampers congregated at Holts carpark on a fine Saturday morning. After much discussion and a bit of a wait we decided that we couldn't wait and longer for the tenth person.

An hour and a half later three cars pulled up at Kashmir Road turn off on Mill Road. Two of us then drove to Mill Farm where we left one car and then drove around to Kashmir Road end.

By 8.15a.m. we were trudging up to Longview Hut in wind which was ever increasing in strength. Arriving at approximately 9.30 we had a quick bite, put on more gear and braved Otumore. The wind was gusting terribly, so we had to watch our every step otherwise that could have been the end of us. 11a.m. saw half-weary trampers atop Otumore in bleak conditions trying to hold down a map long enough to get a bearing. We then followed a bearing of 295° down into thick leatherwood where small pieces of track seemed to stop and restart in the strangest of places. (Which was usually where we were not).

After becoming entangled in a 100 metre stretch of leatherwood which took some 45 minutes to swim, plunge, wade and curse our way through we once again set off in the general direction of down.

Nearing the bottom we had a minor case of exposure which we diagnosed as lack of sugar. We then slowly and carefully keeping an eye on the victim headed off down once again, but this time we had an extra pack to take care of. Two had headed on and duly reached the hut and by the time the rest of us got there the fire was well and truly alight and the billy boiling for some 15 minutes.

Tea was uneventful as we had spent since 2.30p.m. getting all the jokes off our chests, and laughing until we could no more. Two hunters called in for a bite on their way out to Heritage Lodge and home that night.

Half past six Sunday morning 9 sleepy trampers gained consciousness and scoffed breakfast, packed up, cleaned up, cut firewood and were heading up the Oroua River by 8oclock.

Andrew Windle and Nick White had gone on hoping for Howletts via, Triangle Hut, Te Hekenga, Tiraha. The rest of us carried on upstream for what ended up being 5½ hours to Howletts.

The river is a beautiful little river, not in the slightest bit slippery, with hugh rocks to clamber around and channels to swim through. We watched the map extremely closely. Taking compass bearings off everything possible and thus were able to pinpoint our position at any time. After about 4½ hours we struck a waterfall which was for us impassible. Back tracking some 100 metres we climbed out up a face and into more leatherwood. A slip to one side took us most of the way to the top. Once more on top we could view the small bush-covered saddle to the north of Howletts Hut and immediately knew lunch wasn't too far away. Whilst traversing the few hundred metres north to Howletts we were lucky to roar up three stags from below in the south Tuki headwaters.

Lunch extended for 2½ hours till 3.30p.m., sitting outside in the sun on Randall's dining chairs. Still no sign of the two who were supposed to be there by now, so we packed up and set off.

Just over two hours later Michael and myself were back at Mill Farm and overjoyed when we saw Andrew, Nick and all three vehicles waiting to take us home.

Before long, three more bods arrived making a total of seven. Where are the other two? They were in front of the last three. Oh yes! I know where they will be, so I called Andrew and the two of us disappeared into the oncoming night. 45 minutes later we two plus two more rejoined the others thus making the same 9 who departed from Holts.

Andrew and Nick had taken a wrong turn in the river and had ended up back at Otumore once again. They had then spent 4 hours on the homeward slope lapping up the sun. They had then driven both the cars from Moorcocks roadhead back around to Mill Farm. A slow drive back to Hastings, delivered everyone on his doorstep by about 8.30p.m. An excellent trip in country seldom visited by us. Thanks Andrew and Nick for the use of your cars.

Leader: Ed Holmes

No. in Party: 9.

Nick Hay, Nich White, Andrew Windle, Andrew Doole, Michael Hawthorne, Michael Wooten, Hamish Tait, Clifford Holmes.

WHIRINAKI STATE FOREST PARK

No. 1325

5 - 8 April (Easter)

The trip got away fairly smoothly at 6.30 a.m. from Napier and stopped at Iwitihi to pick up the permit and check road directions. The roads are all clearly marked to Whirinaki now but it is necessary to check with forest headquarters if anyone wishes to do this trip.

After a brew-up at the starting point near Plateau Hut we sauntered off down to the river at about 11 a.m. The track is excellent along this section, being benched and wide enough for 2 - 3 people to walk together at some points. Interesting features on this part were meeting a dog with a bucket tied on to it's head, and visiting some caves en route. By 2 p.m. we had arrived at Central Whirinaki Hut, a fairly new and spacious hut where we had lunch amongst the wasps. The track from here wandered through a tunnel in the bank and then alongside the river gently meandering on its way. We had time to admire the enormous podocarps on this stage - David Bellamy's book tells us that this park is the only place in N.Z. that we can find the 5 great species of podocarp - Rimu, Totara, Kahikatea, Matai and Miro, all growing together to such a great size. It is therefore a unique stand of native bush.

We decided to camp at the first obvious camp site as the shoulders were beginning to ache with the weight of 4-day packs. We had a comfortable and not too cold night under canvas and got away to a good start at about 8.15 a.m. next morning. By this time Heather and Selwyn had decided to stay in the Whirinaki River catchment while the rest of us would attempt the round trip. This next stretch down to the turn-off took longer than anticipated although we stopped to view a waterfall on the way. At this stage we felt we were on a main highway meeting many day trippers who looked at our large packs in amazement.

The next leg of the journey over Mt. Moerangi the sign told us would take 5 hours. After $\frac{1}{2}$ an hours walk up a forestry road we came to another sign that said 3 hours to the hut, we felt so chuffed with ourselves that we had disposed of 2 hours of the track in $\frac{1}{2}$ an hour that we sat down to eat lunch, and incidentally put out a smouldering fire that some absent-minded person had left! The next stage actually did take about 5 hours - it was quite a long slow grind up Mt. Moerangi and an even longer grind down the stream on the other side. We followed Moerangi Stream down to a junction where we knew the hut was only a few minutes away. We had certainly seemed to be in real tramping country on this stretch although it was clearly marked. The hut was 'choc-a-block' with trampers and so was all the camping space around but we soon got ourselves organised. Dark descended on us while we were still having tea so it was quick to bed that night.

At this stage we began to have doubts about the whole group going all the way round and the next morning talking to other groups confirmed it would be difficult. The majority decided to return the same way and four of us - Malcolm, the two Andrews and myself - set off about 8.30 a.m. It had been particularly hard to get motivated that morning as the frost had frozen the tents solid and they had to be rolled up like cardboard to fit in packs. Various jazzergetics sessions were held to warm up the circulation, to cope with the cold dip in the river. The section down Moerangi Stream to Rodges Hut was excellent with the sun beginning to creep through the trees - a good time of 2 hours was made here. We had a quick snack there and then on up the Mangakahika River through beech country. Here the route was flat apart from one climb and apart from momentarily losing each other at one stage the going was good. Just before the hut we met a couple who were doing the route the opposite way and they gave us some good tips about the devastation in the Bulling Creek catchment.

From Mangakahika Hut, where we had a late lunch, we headed up to the headwaters of this river catchment and over into the Bulling Creek catchment. Here the track had slipped away in parts and it was a matter of just making your own way down. We arrived at the old site of Bulling Creek Hut and noticed some very strange times of the signs. It seems you only had to walk a few minutes down the track and you knocked off $\frac{1}{2}$ an hour on one's time!

The next stage was in and out of the river all the way, clambering over logs and slips everywhere. Apparently this used to be a really beautiful creek but the March storms have devastated it. After a couple of hours our legs were feeling decidedly weary and it was with great relief that we saw a sign - 10 minutes to Central Te Hoe Hut. We followed the Te Hoe River which had now joined our creek for the said 10 minutes but still no sign of hut or track. We eventually decided to barrel up through the scrub and bush lawyer after

seeing wisps of smoke emerging from above us. The old hut had been burnt down and in its place is a brand new hut - brilliant - except it had one major problem - the water tank was dry! It was back down to the very milky Te Hoe for our supplies - presumably it was okay as no one suffered any ill effects.

After an excellent night christening the new hut we got away about 7.30 a.m. the next morning. We were aiming to be out by 2 p.m. to meet the truck at the road end and we knew there were a couple of long climbs on the way. The first one over to Upper Te Hoe Hut was a real humdinger with a never-ending top but eventually (3 hours later) it did go down to the hut where we stopped for a brief morning tea/lunch. The last part of the trip was up a climb on a new benched track and was very easily graded so we made a good time out. The legs began to quicken as we saw what we thought was the truck. It was not to be and after waiting 1½ hours at the road end we decided to draw up contingency plans. The only possible choice was to head up the road to meet the truck (not a welcome decision) and we left at exactly 16.00 hours as our plan stated. This was perhaps as well because if we had left any earlier we would have missed our search party of Rob, Heather and Raymond who had left the truck to look for us. The truck was actually parked on a different road to the one we were on and some cross-country navigation was required to find us. Anyway we all got back intact - an excellent long weekend trip with brilliant weather. Many thanks to Selwyn for driving and also Heather for helping organising it.

Some learning points from the trip:

1. Don't believe all you read on the signs with regards to walking times.
2. Check all forestry roads before expecting them to join up!
3. This is a trip that really needs 5-6 days to be fully appreciated. We felt that the round trip was a bit of a gallop on the last 2 days.
4. Be prepared for established routes to be changed, washed out etc.

Leader: Janet Brown

No. in Party: 14

Selwyn and Heather Hawthorne, Rob Vork, Hamish Tait, Raymond and Megan Lowe, Malcolm Lightband, Tony Hansen, Andrew Doole, Andrew Boyd, Rachel Gaiwth, Ian Dickson, David Griffths.

PRIVATE TRIPS

SOUTH ISLAND TRIP

Dec - Jan 1984 - 85

Claire and I were fortunate enough to have five weeks holiday on the 'mainland' over the Christmas break. We spent some three weeks of this tramping and managed to visit every National Park. We did four longer tramps, these being Milford, Routeburn, Nelson Lakes and Abel Tasman.

Milford Track

This should really be called the Milford Highway because of the width of the track. Actually the track itself is kept in good condition considering the amount of rain and estimated 9000 people who walk it each season.

We arrived at the launch to take us across Lake Te Anau by 2 pm and were on our way promptly for the 2 hour cruise to the start of the walk. We were motoring along quite nicely, taking in all the scenery, when suddenly the launch's motors stopped and we glided to a halt. In answer to the 60 odd puzzled faces staring at him, the captain informed us that the motors were stopped because he couldn't hear the Auckland Cup on the radio. Everything stops for a horse race! We eventually arrived at the start at about 4 o'clock where 3 million eager and hungry sandflies were waiting to greet us. It was a leisurely 2 hour stroll along the Clinton River to our first stop, Clinton Forks hut. The walk was very pleasant and we made numerous stops to investigate the emerald green river. We spotted a nice sized trout, but couldn't coax him into leaping out of the water into my pleading arms. Oh well, dehyd. for tea tonight instead. We arrived at the hut at about 6 o'clock and settled in for the night.

The next day's destination was Mintaro hut, just on the southern side of Mackinnon Pass. The scenery was much the same as the previous day, quite pleasant, in easy walking country. We noticed a bright yellow object on the sky during the day which someone later informed us was the sun. However we didn't let our hopes rise, as the forecast was for showers. So it was off with the packs for a quick sojourn to Mackinnon Pass. The views from here were splendid and we counted 7 keas playing around. We could see the weather closing in so we made our way back to the hut. 85 mm of rain fell on our side of the pass and 135 mm on the other that night, effectively stopping our progress. We were confined to the hut for another day which we spent playing cards, chatting etc. The rain eased a little the next day, so we could move on to the Dumpling hut. Mackinnon Pass was most unpleasant; a howling gale coupled with rain and at times sleet. After a lunch stop at the Pass Hut, we

dropped down to the far side of the pass to Pompalona, or rather the Public Shelter where we could drop our packs for the side walk to Sutherland Falls. These were very impressive. So much water was coming down that the usual 3 leaps were only 2. It was impossible to get to the base because of the wind and spray caused by their tumultuous fury. Back on the main track and after wading through waist deep water at times, we arrived at Dumphling Hut for our final night.

The final day was rather boring as the track was very rocky, eyes were continually looking down. Another Falls were quite impressive with the great volume of water. We arrived at Sandfly Point for lunch and there we waited for the launch to take us to Milford. All in all quite a pleasant and easy walk and one which has given a new meaning to 'Aotearoa' - 'land of the long rain cloud'.

Routeburn Track

We walked this track from east to west as it is easier to obtain transport on the Milford Road. The bus from Queenstown dropped us off at Routeburn Shelter, where after dressing appropriately for the weather (it was raining) we headed off. We thought about staying at Routeburn Flats for the night, but we were ahead of time, so we carried on up to Routeburn Falls Hut. The beech forest was pleasant to walk through and the climb up to the Falls was not too difficult and we arrived there around 3 pm. This walk is as popular as Milford and accordingly the hut was overcrowded.

The next morning the weather cleared a little giving good views over Routeburn Flats and the Routeburn River. We headed off for Harris Saddle and our destination of Lake MacKenzie Hut. The scenery on leaving the hut was spectacular. Quite open country with rocky outcrops and meandering through the middle, the overflow of Lake Harris and the headwaters of the Routeburn River. Unfortunately Harris Saddle was clouded over so we continued along the track. The weather was starting to break and we were given intermittent views of what we could have seen from Harris Saddle.

By the time we were settled in at Lake MacKenzie Hut, the sun was shining and it was almost hot. It is a beautiful setting, with the emerald green of Lake MacKenzie nestled beneath snowclad mountains and wild-flower-covered slopes.

We awoke bright and early the next day to see sunrise giving an orange tinge to the snow-capped peaks of Mts Lyttle and Christine. Breathtaking! We made our way out to the Milford road this time seeing excellent views down the Hollyford Valley. We lunched at Howden Hut on the banks of Lake Howden, yet again a lovely spot. Our final stop before continuing out was Key Summit where we had a panoramic view of the Southern Alps.

An excellent walk without having to expend too much energy. For those of you thinking of doing Milford, forget it as the Routeburn is much nicer.

Nelson Lakes

We started this walk Kerr Bay on the shores of Lake Rotoiti. It was a brilliant day, and as the track continued along Lake Rotoiti, this called for numerous stops and I was even daring enough to have a swim. Not for long though as the water seemed to be only a few degrees above freezing point. We packed the tent and had no intention of using huts and so it was that after passing Lake Head Hut we set up camp just where the footbridge crosses the Travers River. The next day we followed the Cascade track up to Lake Angelus Hut, a gruelling climb of some 4000 feet. Frequent stops were made to dip the head into the Hukere Stream (I think Hukere means ice cold) which had an almost instantaneous effect of returning the body to normal operating temperature. After breaking out of the tree line good views were obtained of the valley and the St Arnard Range. It was quite stunning when we finished climbing and arrived in the Lake Angelus area. All was still and the Lake, surrounded by cliffs of shingle, created an almost eerie effect. With little or no vegetation on the cliffs, the area had a lunar appearance. Later on in the afternoon I wandered up the Robert Ridge track for a swiz. There were excellent vantage points to view the deep blue of Lake Angelus. Sunset was also spectacular, creating an orange/red tinge on the bare shingle mountain faces.

The next day we headed along the ridge tops, sidling Mt Cedric on our way down to Sabine Hut. Another perfect day enabled us to obtain majestic views of the Sabine Valley, Lake Rotoroa and even Lake Rotoiti. We had to descend the 4000 feet we'd climbed the previous day and this made for jelly knees by the time we'd reached Sabine Hut. We lunched there and headed off towards Howard Shelter and set up camp near there. The final day we carried on back to the car, passing Speargrass Hut and Paddy's Shelter before commencing the boring 2 hour walk back to Kerr Bay along the road.

Abel Tasman Coastal Walk

This walk should be high on the priorities of any person keen on relaxation. I'd recommend taking a tent as the huts are crowded and with so many beautiful camping spots, you'd always have peace and quiet. We did, and we did. We spent four nights on the track, catching the boat back from Totaranui to Tinline bay, which is half an hour from the car park at Marahau. Our first night was spent at Appletree Bay with its long stretch of golden sands. In fact the front of our tent was only about 4 metres from the high tide mark. I tried to convince Claire that the rhythmic sound of wave upon beach was meant to put her to sleep and not instill a fear that the tent was going to be swamped. It rained that night as it did for two other nights; however each morning dawned fine as if nature was saying 'dry yourself our my lad and be prepared for the next onslaught'.

The next day we continued on towards Bark Bay taking our time and enjoying the coastal scenery. I won't go into detail, just take it from me, it's beautiful. We spent the night at Tonga Quarry, last operated at the turn of the century. From here we headed off to Awaroa Inlet where we had to wait for the tide to go out further before crossing. We spent the night at Waiharakeke Bay beside the stream of the same name. We had the beach to ourselves so we boiled a brew and generally fooled around. The next days' destination was Separation Point where we had a sweeping view of the coastline back to Nelson in one direction and to Farewell Spit in the other. We toddled on down to Whariwharangi Bay and Hut for a look. This hut was once an old homestead and had been converted for use by trampers. Accordingly it has a lot of character. We had a leisurely lunch here before heading to Mutton Cove for the night. This was another ideal spot as we camped on a nice soft bed of pine needles not 3 metres from the beach. The next day was back to Totaranui to catch the launch. This was an excellent way to end an enjoyable walk as you obtained a different perspective of the bays and inlets you'd been tramping around previously. We were both sorry to say goodbye to Abel Tasman National Park.

Noel and Claire Marano

NORTHERN KAWEKAS

6 -10 February

The idea for this trip was born from me grizzling to Graeme that I hadn't yet seen the northern end of the Kaweka Range, so a few ideas were thrown around until we decided on a Makahu - Middle Hill - Te Puia - Mangatainoko trip, to take 5 days, so on a perfect Waitangi Day the team of 4, Graeme Thorp, Randall Goldfinch, Colin Tibbenham and myself (Mike Bull) set out.

In jest I had mentioned that we should check out 'Iron Whare' (derelict) mentioned on U20 map at 060107, so at 9 am we dropped off the 'Birch' from Quarry Road (075089) and headed for the Makahu River. The ridge bears west of north and boasts a track (not on the map) marked at the top, noticable in the middle and non-existent at the bottom (although we may have left it some where). We had to head north above the Makahu River in fairly thick bush for some distance to find safe access down to it, then headed down river to the junction of the stream draining the northern slope of Dick's Spur which joins the Makahu on its true left bank at 071106. From there we climbed up on a track of sorts finding one marker $\frac{1}{2}$ way up, and following the bush/scrub line, which worked out ok.

Iron Whare (derelict) was duly located, showing signs of recent repair and occupation. The beech forest is in pretty good shape through here, but with little vegetation growing on the forest floor. We tramped through on a compass bearing until we met the 'main drag', turned north and headed back down to the stream, the mouth of which we had left 4 hours earlier, and at 3pm we stopped there for lunch.

The grunt up from the stream was a real strain, steep and open. It took over an hour to climb the 260 metres under a fierce sun, so the forest shade was really appreciated as we moved on to Middle Hill Hut.

We arrived there just after 6pm, claimed our bunks, and found that the kanuka fire closely beat the primus stove in the billy boiling contest that developed. Randall had offered to provide the first night's evening meal. Tempted by thoughts of weiner schnitzel, tomatoes and onions we agreed, and the meal was a sheer delight. We did note, however, that OUR packs were no lighter in the morning.

Day two started at 9am when we headed off to Te Puia. There are three quite deep gullies to negotiate between Middle Hill and the junction with the Makino track. The deepest and last was 240 metres. The bush through here is very pretty and its shade much appreciated. Each stream was a picture and sometime was spent at each, taking in it's beauty.

The climb to Makino track seemed to go on a bit, but finally we were up to the trig and on down to Te Puia Hut, 490 metres down, and painful, and with the bush cover sparse we soon came to the boil as the sun did it's work. We found eighteen 3rd formers from Rudolf Steiner School in residence but we managed to squeeze in for the night.

Next day we went up to the 'Bath' where we had a lazy day hot dipping, enjoying each other's company and just repairing our tired bodies. Randall named it our 'health camp'. We camped under a fly for our third night. I was most impressed with the glow-worms which dotted the bank under which we had tucked our camp; I'd never seen glow-worms before.

Leaving a large part of our gear in plastic bags tucked out of sight, we headed up the Mangatainoka River, what a delight. The banks of the beautiful river are clad in good healthy bush. I have never seen so many rimu, some only 300mm high, most 1 to 2 metres high, and some grand-daddies about 30 - 40 metres high. Lots of totora too. We climbed around the gorge about half way to Mangatainoka Hut and stopped for lunch. The banks were covered in young toitoi about 1 metre high. Graham said that last time he was here there was no toitoi; maybe the deer numbers have been kept low enough to allow the forest floor and river banks to regenerate?

We followed a track back to the Mohaka River which made easier travelling than the morning's trip, re-stowed our packs, had smoko and another bath, and left for Te Puia.

The school kids had gone and a couple of Wellington hunters had moved in. We were well established when a Hastings couple and their two daughters arrived. I think Mum had been told: 'a quick stroll down the river, no trouble' trip as she didn't look at all enthusiastic. Just on dusk we had our first rain of the trip: 10 minutes. We had an enjoyable evening yarnning with our hut companions.

Sunday, day 5, was all of a sudden with us and we were on our way home. We must have been keen to get home to Mummy as we were away 1½ hours earlier than the other days. We were at the gum trees at 10am, the saddle 30 minutes later, and at 11am were parked under a pine tree alongside the Mohaka River. What speed! - well, we were helped by a Land Rover going our way. Our thanks to those chaps, it took about 2 hours off the tramp out.

Marilyn Throp arrived about 15 minutes later to take us home but we lazed for nearly 2 hours under the pine tree before that happened.

A delightful week with excellent company (although one of them tramped in his pyjamas).

Thanks to Graham, Randall, Colin and Marilyn.

Mike Bull

UPPER MAKARORO

23 - 24 January

Jane Severn, a friend from Otautahi, was staying with us in January and requested a two day tramp. 'Happy to oblige,' says I, so off to the Makaroro. I've been up to Centre Makaroro a few times, but never beyond, so that became the objective.

The initial part of the trip passed pleasantly and we arrived in a slight shower at Centre Mak, around 11.30. Early lunch while the shower passed, then off to Upper Mak. Janet mentioned that the gorge on the way was very pleasant, and so it proved. Wouldn't like to be caught there in high water though. We reached the 4 bunk hut around 2.30pm. Alas, we couldn't press on - I'd split my shorts from front to back and in the interests of decency, I spent the afternoon on the end of a needle. We made brief exploration of the tracks up to Parks Peak and Totara Spur, and debated how best to spend the morrow.

Late start: 9a.m. Up to Parks Peak, eh? The thought of a steep climb to begin with doesn't appeal though. Somehow, the boots crept up river and we had to follow them for fear of spending the day in smelly socks. Great decision. Ten minutes later, we were delighted by a family of whio, the blue duck: mum, dad and six kids! Superb!

By 11a.m. we reached the junction on the Makaroro where, if we took the eastern branch according to the map, we'd soon come across a track leading up to Aranga Hut. Thirty minutes of bush grovelling and waterfall viewing (nice!) later, we decided the track was marked wrongly and returned to the junction only to find the track! (It departs from the river at NZMS1 N133 683183, just slightly up the western branch) This track was somewhat overgrown and difficult to follow in places. We managed well, but one delay cost us a good thirty minutes. We eventually broke onto the swampy tops of Aranga, and dived around to the hut for a late lunch.

What was left of the afternoon was to be spent moving very quickly. We had to go all the way back to the Makaroro River, several kilometres away. We left Aranga Hut at 2p.m. and stopped at 7.30p.m., tired, bruised on the feet, and wind blown. Neither of us had seen wind quite like it. The beech trees on the ridge tops rocked and swayed, and their roots, scarcely held by the shallow soil, strained at the buffetting. The ground all around lifted and fell with this movement, and it seemed as though we were walking in some live and strange forest. Jane was lifted off her feet at one clearing and sailed almost out over Hastings before I hauled her back in.

A great trip, good company, new ground. Beaut!

Russell Perry, Jane Severn.

Don't forget the 50th Jubilee, Labour Weekend
Contact:

Jubilee Committee
P.O. Box 447
HASTINGS

OBITUARY - LINDSAY LLOYD

Time has carried away another of our stalwarts from the earlier days of the H.T.C. They were a hardy breed, these pioneer trampers - they had to be! No maps, no lightweight nylon tents or clothing, no plastic bags, no dehyd. For that matter, only a few rabbiters' huts in the Ranges - like the old Ruahine and Nomans etc. So they decided to build the first H.T.C. hut - Kaweka - and what a mighty effort that was. Especially when you consider the size of this hut. No air drops to lighten the load (though much of the necessary timber was cut and trimmed near the site); the rest was just hard, back-breaking slog, labouring under uncomfortable and often awkward loads. In those days of Saturday morning work, huts needed to be reached after an afternoon start from town; and this, combined with the necessity of carrying in materials, limited the choice of hut sites.

Then came the War - and our male stalwarts were not long in answering the call - Lindsay among them. We looked forward to their letters and write and sent parcels to them. But we missed their cheerful, fun-loving presence; their love of the hills and their delight in route-finding, mapping, track cutting, exploring, and generally enjoying our hill country, ranges and mountains; and our beaches too were not neglected.

For our Servicemen it was the end of their tramping club days. Those returning had to get their lives and jobs together again and make up for those missed years. As we approach our Golden Jubilee, we can rejoice that our present Club members are carrying on the fine traditions, laid down by our early stalwarts as they pioneered tramping in the Ranges. We remember them with affection and gratitude.

N.T.

Kaimanawa Trampers Please Note:

WILDERNESS MANAGEMENT IN KAIMANAWAS

The Forest Service officer-in-charge of the Kaimanawa State Forest Park, Dave Wilson, has written advising of management changes within the park (see Kaimanawa walkway/wilderness issue, 'FMC Bulletin' No. 79, Sept. 1984)

"The portion of the Rangitikei river catchment that lies within the Park is currently managed as a Remote Experience zone, and is being considered for Wilderness Zone status.

In accordance with Remote Experience/Wilderness Zone Policy, all tracks and routes within the zone have been or will be dismantled.

At present the main route into the area from the west is over 'Thunderbolt'; all cairns have been removed from this route, and percolat on the track above the Rangitikei river will be removed shortly."

FMC welcome this Forest Service action as an important step towards the achievement of a larger Kaimanawa wilderness area.

FMC Bulletin March 1985 No.81

NEW MEMBERS

Diana Bird
Anthony Hansen
Jenny Lean

Darren Morris
Jean Morris
Michael Wootten

Welcome! We are very pleased to have your company.

SOCIAL NEWS

Peter Booman and Fiona have set sail on Peters yacht, eventually heading for the Islands.

Dave Millard has been transferred to Rotorua - useful to have an H.T.C. hut right in town!

Peter McBride engaged to Karen Newell-Ustick (caught at last eh Pete)

Jenny Weston engaged to Dean Stairmand.

Peter Berry and Glenda Hooper about to get married.

Clive Thurston and Karen Glass married and off overseas.

Shelly Jones and Lee Barrett married.

Graeme Bailey and Tracy married.

SUBSCRIPTIONS

At present the subs are as follows:

Married \$14.00 Senior \$12.00 Junior \$5.00

Meeting Dates:

The Club meets at St. Davids Church Hall,
corner Queen Street and Park Road, Hastings, at 7.30 p.m.
on the following dates:

8 May	14 August
22 May	28 August
5 June	11 September
19 June	25 September
3 July	9 October
17 July	23 October
31 July	

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*      50th Jubilee - Labour Weekend      *
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*      Contact: Jubilee Committee          *
*      P.O. Box 447                        *
*      HASTINGS                            *
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EDITORS NOTE: Do you have any amusing or interesting stories
from your tramping days with the Club? If so
put pen to paper for the Jubilee Pohokura.

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 it could take two or more hours to return, plus any unexpected delays. Beginners should make sure that parents, or any others who may worry about them, know this. Although normally not nearly as late as 10 p.m, until then there would be no cause for parents to worry, but in case of some unusual delay all new comers should make sure that their phone number is included in the list the leader leaves in town. For enquiries about OVERDUE PARTIES please contact one of the following:

BERRY; 777 223 PLOWMAN: 54 303 THORP: 434 238

TRANSPORT CONTRIBUTIONS

These are, starting from May 1st 1985, \$10 per person for local trips, \$8 for high school students, payable at the meeting before the trip. 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 is accepted with thanks. Please pay on the Wednesday night.

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 prior to a trip. Enquire from one of the following for further information:

JANET BROWN: 51 926 PETER BERRY: 778 772
GEOFF ROBINSON: 87 863 RUSSELL PERRY: 797 158

MAY

12

TRAINING DAY: KURIPAPANGO

Excellent day last year. A good chance to 'brush up' on your bushcraft skills. Social evening on Saturday.

Leader: Lew Harrison 85 701

25-26

BALLARDS, VENISON TOPS, MAKINO RIVER

To Ballards via the headwaters of the Makino River. Scope here for breakaway parties. Maps N113, 123, U20. Leader: Andrew Windle 55 966

June

1-3

PUREDRA STATE FOREST

Queen's Birthday Come and hear the morning call of the kokakos. Refer Forest & Bird Society magazine Feb. '84 for information. Maps N93, N84, N102

Leader: Peter Berry 778 772

June

9

MYSTERY PA HUNT - TUTAEKURI - DONALD AREA

There's a pa in the Donald Tutae kuri confluence somewhere. Can the club find it? Authority Pat Parsons will provide the clues for a fine day of anthropological sleuthing. Map N123

Organizer: Russel Perry 797 158

22-23

WAIKAMAKA HUT, WATERFALL CREEK:

A familiar area to many but lots of scope for new routes. Maps N140, U22

Leader: Janet Brown 51 926

July

7

AHIMANAWA: OKOEKE STREAM:

BEAUT WATERFALL, good circuit potential. Maps N104, 114

Leader: Glenda Hooper 778 772

20-21

RUAHINES: GOLDEN CROWN

Up Golden Crown, thence wherever: fit to Ikiwatea, others: No Mans, or Arauga. Map U21

Leader: Ed Holmes 700 299

August

4

KAWEKA: COXCOMB STREAM

an exploratory trip. Map U20

Leader: Peter Berry 778 772

17-18

RUAHINE: SNOWCRAFT SURVIVAL COURSE

Survival course on Paemutu, otherwise over to Waterfall Hut or back to Hinerua. Test of gear and skills. Map U22

Leader: Lew Harrison 85 701

Sept.

1

RUAHINES

Up Tree Johns Spur, out via Rangi and Middle Stream.

Leader: Michael Hawthorne 750 544

14-15

TARARUAS

Into Mitre Flat area. Fit party onto Dorset Ridge, others to Cow Creek area. Maps S25, S25 Taraua S.F.P.

Leader: Dave Harrington 56614

29

MIDDLE HILL

Into Middle Hill from Pinks Hut. Straight forward trip - attractive area. Map U20 Kaweka S.F.P.

Leader: Noel Marano 86 099 (Bus)

October

12-13

JUBILEE PREP. AND HUT MAINTENANCE

Leader: Peter Berry 778 772

* Any day trip may be replaced with a 'mountain-skills' day if the weather is good and the snow is very good.

NEW YEAR TRIP: Raukumara Range, East Cape, if interest see Peter Berry.

1. The first part of the document discusses the importance of maintaining accurate records of all transactions and activities. It emphasizes that proper record-keeping is essential for transparency and accountability, particularly in financial matters. The text suggests that organizations should implement robust systems to track every detail, from small expenses to major investments.

2. The second section focuses on the role of technology in modern record-keeping. It highlights how digital tools can streamline the process, reduce errors, and provide real-time access to data. The author argues that embracing technology is not just a convenience but a necessity for staying competitive in today's fast-paced environment.

3. The third part of the document addresses the challenges of data security and privacy. It notes that as more information is stored digitally, the risk of breaches and unauthorized access increases. The text provides several recommendations for mitigating these risks, including regular security audits, employee training, and the use of encrypted communication channels.

4. The fourth section discusses the importance of regular reviews and audits. It states that periodic checks are crucial to ensure that records are up-to-date and accurate. The author suggests that organizations should establish a clear schedule for these reviews and assign specific responsibilities to ensure they are conducted thoroughly.

5. The final part of the document offers concluding thoughts on the overall importance of record-keeping. It reiterates that while it may seem like a tedious task, maintaining accurate records is a fundamental aspect of good management. The text encourages organizations to view record-keeping as an investment in their long-term success and integrity.