

HERETAUNGA TRAMPING CLUB (INC)

BOX 442 HASTINGS

"P O H O K U R A"

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CLUB TRIPS

OTAWHIRI STREAM(Waipunga S.F.)

Trip 1341

7-8th Dec 1985

Geoff picked us Napier lot up on time in the truck, then continued up the Napier - Taupo Rd, then forestry roads to our parking spot at GR.976085. At 9.20 am we wandered a short way to the end of the road to South Waipunga Hut, GR.980085 in fine cloudy weather. Here we started off on a wide bench track travelling N - NE, then E through a saddle north of Opureke and onto the top of a spur at GR. 999097. We left Geoff's party of five here and the five of us descended SSE on a ferny spur to a stream fork, down an easy stream to GR. 004087 then 215 degrees up and over a small ridge through thick fern to the head of the Otawhiri Stream.

cont..

After lunch here we wandered off downstream, a bit overgrown for the first four hundred yards with good flattish going until our first waterfalls at GR 998066. Those little falls were no problem to clamber down.

The next couple of miles were reasonable travel but slow due to many waterfalls, log jams, a gorge and a couple of waterfalls the first being about fifteen feet high, which we climbed down using a rope, now in very heavy rain. The second waterfall about twenty feet high was sidled on the true right with no problems. After the side stream at GR. 999036 the stream was easy going all the way to the old logging road at GR. 031994. The Otawhiri Stream took about five and a half hours to travel and we saw two deer on the way. Once on the old logging road we followed it to the north and at 8.00pm we made camp next to a side stream at GR. 035033.

Next morning beneath overcast skies we continued along the old logging road to Matakuhia Stream GR. 040045. **Here we picked up a good sidle track which headed up the Matakuhia Stream on the true right bank which took us to the Lower Matakuhia Hut GR. 041071.** We continued along on a benched sidle track to a track junction at GR 025091 where we ran into Geoff's party. Here Jenny and I stayed for a couple of hours while Geoff's party had a looksee at the Lower Matakuhia Hut and the three boys in my party had a looksee at the Upper Matakuhia Hut. Then we all had lunch together. From here we all followed the track out past Matakuhia Bivvy BR 013194 to the truck, arriving there at 5.00pm.

Thankyou Geoff for driving the truck to such a nice area.

Party 1. David and Jenny Harrington, Clifford Holmes, Hamish Tait and Tony Hansen.

Party 2. Geoff Robinson, Peter Berry with wife Glenda Hooper Andrew Doole, Mike Keehan

THE LAWRENCE CLUB PICNIC

Trip 1342

22nd December 1985

On a beautiful summers day, one of those that makes one realise how very fortunate we in N.Z. are, to be able to roam around the hills and rivers of our fair land, the early starters decided on a tramp up the Tutaekuri to look for a hot spring that was believed to flow into the river. After about two hours of swimming, rock climbing and river crossings we came to the junction of the Tutaekuri and Gold Creek. Peter took a party up the main river and after some considerable time returned unable to find the hot flow.

Meanwhile the rest of us just loafed around, ate lunch, talked and ate again. We slowly daudled back down towards the Lawrence area. After about an hour of ambling along or floating, we arrived back to find Mums, Dads and children swimming in the hole just above the swing bridge. Some went for a stroll along the Lotkow Track - - the rest were playing cricket and throwing frisbees.

Father Christmas came out of the bush and gave lollies to some very excited children and trampers. This was followed by a barbeque organised by the Social Committee. A great meal was consumed by all. Thanks to Heather for your very hard work - it was very much appreciated. We want more of these trips arranged for next summer, please - real lazy ones.

Thanks to Mitch Barret for driving and to Allan for stepping in at the last monent as Father Christmas.

No. in party 35

John, Karen, Chris & Phillip Berry, Jenny Lean, Heather Hawthorne, Sue & Eddie Holmes, Stan & Barry Woon, Miceal Wotton, Peter Berry, Glenda Hooper, Ross Berry, Kath, Allan & Jan Berry, Mauri, Mathew & Christopher Perry, Hamish Tait Marcos, Clifford Holmes, Micheal Henley, A Mood, Raymond & Megan Lowe, Gavin McKay, Liz Pindar.

RAFT TRIP - PAKAUTUTU & BATS

Trip 1343

18-19 th January 1986

A 6.30pm start (almost), then off for the hills with twentynine people, quite a truck full. We got to Balls Clearing about 8.30 which was a bit late but a frantic run through the bush for those that were interested was rewarded by some reasonable veivs of the bats. The glow worms and moreporks made the evening walk back a locely one. A peaceful night was spent both in the truck and under canvas or even under the stars. First light was greeted by an exultation of tuis singing and wheezing their hearts out, while wood pigeons stretched their wings by swooping out over the tents.

Not all heard **or saw** this of course but some swift kicks and a few threats got everyone up and ready to go by the time Stan met us at nine am and off up the Hot Springs Road to Pink's Hut where we all walked slowly under a heavy load of tubes and ropes and hot sur.

A leisurely lunch at the Hot Springs was followed by a bit of fishing and a long wait for some of the hardier souls who had taked their rafts up to the flats for a longer ride. All duly arrived but not before I was worried enough to go and look for straglers who had a bit of trouble in a suck but after a bit of reorganization we set off again. Joy, Heather and Liz left at this stage to take the truck round to Pakatutu (thankyou Joy)

The trip down was pretty tame but good fun, except for a couple of bad corners which gave everyone a few frights. However we all arrived safely in the end and got back home before dark.

A few hints for next year.. BIG rafts or BIG tyres are best Wetsuits help keep you warm if you can get one.

LIFE JACKETS.. A couple of young fellows who got sucked under were grateful for them when they came up again.

Leader John Berry

Party. Glenda Hooper, Peter Berry, Frank Hooper, Jenny Lean Ross Berry, Robyn Taylor, Jim Allan, C Manners, T Cornes

A Hansen, H Tait, A Mouat, Lynette Blackburn, Mitch Barrett, Kathy Fitzgerald, Michelle Harper, Sheree Harris, C Davis, Liz Pindar, Ed & Sue Holmes, Lee Barrett, Shelley Barrett, Joy Stratford, Heather & Craig Hill, Carl Barrett, Clifford Holmes Stan Woon, John Berry.

WAIKAMAKA HUT

Trip 1344

1 - 2 nd February 1986

Saturday morning saw six trampers home in on Holts yard at 8 am and within a few minutes had left for Waipawa in two cars.

On reaching Waipawa we bundled Karen in and continued on our merry way for North Block Road. We duly arrived at the road head over looking the Waipawa River and prepared ourselves and the two new arrivals for a leisurely stroll up the river. After about two and a half hours 9 trampers battled their way across the usually windy Waipawa Saddle and disappeared down into the headwaters of the Waikamaka River and within twenty minutes or so were tearing off clothing in an extremely warm hut.

After lunch was had a few disappeared up the river towards Rangi Saddle, whilst the remainder of us cut more than a ton of firewood from a beech tree which had blown over the rubbish hole.

Sunday morning dawned miserable following a night of extremely persistent rain. We had breakfast and were soon braving the elements with every piece of clothing we owned wrapped around us. The river was a raging brown torrent and it was necessary to link arms to cross.

We battled our way up the saddle once more praying that we would not see the Waipawa in flood but it was nine drowned rats who finally made it to the bank where the Triplex track takes off from opposite the Chalet. The river from there on was virtually impassable and would have been extremely dangerous to try, so upward we plodded and soon joined up with Sunrise Track.

From there on the trip was uneventful and we arrived back in Hastings mid-afternoon.

Leader. Edward Holmes

Party. Sue Holmes, Glenda Hooper, Judy McBride, Karen Cousins Joy Stratford, Hamish Tait, Frank Hooper and Andrew Doole.

PINUS CONTORTA WEEKEND

Trip 1345

8-9th February 1986

We left Holt's at 6.30 pm Friday night travelling through Napier and up to Ohakune via Taupo where we met Nick, Eddie and Sue as well as Dave and Graham Millard and the Hamilton Tramping Club. Some of us slept in the Lodge and the rest in tents or in the truck.

Bright and early in the morning all 23 of us met Brian and Karen, the Rangers, and headed through the Kariori Forest to the mountain.

The country that we covered was very rugged with good rock climbing and fortunately the pine trees were much smaller this year compared to last year, so we pulled and snipped rather than pruned and slashed. Some areas were rather thick and took ages while other places were virtually devoid of pine trees. The patch we were doing was on Maori land but some of the National Park land is so clear that the occasional sweep with a helicopter is all that is needed.

The pine pulling was hard work but we did some great rock climbing at lunchtime and everyone had a very enjoyable trip(except Clifford)

Thanks to Geoff and Gerald for driving and to all those who came along.

No. in party 23

John Berry, Jenny Lean, Peter Berry, Glenda Hooper
Sue Potter, Clifford Holmes, Allan Mouat, Gavin McKay
Micheal Wootton, Andrew Doole, Susan Lopdell, Lee
Barrett, Dave Millard, Graeme Millard, Geoff Robinson
Nick Hay, Sue Holmes, Ed Holmes, Hamish Tait, Gerald &
Lynette Blackburn.

*** JUBILEE POHOKURA IS AVAILABLE STILL @ \$6.00 ***

RANGAIKA BEACH TRIP
15-16 th February 1986

Trip 1346

We arrived at Ocean Beach around nine having left Holts at 8.00 am. There were ten of us plus Geoff who was to accompany us for the morning. The day was warm with high cloud and we made a leisurely pace northwards along the beach.

By noon we had reached the Whakapau bluff, said goodbye to Geoff and walked into the gut beside the bluff. A short way into the gut we scrambled up a very steep side to the ridge which would take us to the top of the Whakapau bluff. This ridge was steep and narrow with few hand holds and at least one of the party found it somewhat daunting. On reaching the top we looked down and saw that the next ridge north provided a much better passage up. This would have meant going much further up the meandering gut (3rd u-turn) before climbing onto the ridge.

We walked along the tops for a short while before descending the steep grass covered slope to the beach below where we stopped for lunch. After lunch we headed along the beach again until we reached the beach of Rangaiika. It didn't take long before most of us were enjoying a swim in the sheltered lagoon oblivious of the stingray that was to be sighted later. Some then went and set up the tents at a camp site right beside the beach while the rest went fishing or continued swimming. Previous campers were very evident at the campsite where broken bottles, plastic containers, tins etc rather spoilt the rather beautiful surroundings. The fresh water springs seeping between layers of papa on the beach were found to be not the most pleasant and left an oily film on the surface of the good old cup o' tea.

The rest of the day was spent in leisurely fashion with some fishing, some pauaing and some just lazing around and we all retired early to bed.

cont...

.3.

We awoke to a warm drizzly Sunday morning, finally managed to get Peter mobile around eleven and headed north again. We met the day party on the top of the hills just south of Kidnappers (they had made the trip to Kidnappers in just 90 minutes) and walked back to the shelter to have lunch. On the way up to the shelter, one of the party became separated from the rest of us when he stopped to put on his parka and he spent some time navigating himself to our lunch spot. We were just contemplating a search when he arrived.

After lunch it was time to carry onwards although we spent another hour just south of Black Reef waiting for the tide to go far enough out for us to continue. The stroll back was relaxing for all, except perhaps Russell, who had brought Racheal along and had to carry pack plus Racheal for a lot of the way - Racheal, however, walked about $\frac{1}{2}$ of the way herself, quite a feat for a four year old. On the way back we were joined (briefly) by Liz Pindar and by Robyn and Ross, who had come out on the motorbike, and then finally Geoff who had brought the truck round to transport us back to Hastings. (Thanks, Geoff)

Leader. Glenda Hooper

Parties. Weekenders Peter Berry, S Lopdell, H Cotter
H Tait, C Davis, C Holmes, A Mouat, M Baines, N Gedge

Day R Perry, Racheal Perry, S Holmes, J Lean
D Hudson

HOODOO SADDLE / KURIPAPONGA

Trip 1347

THE TRAINING TRIP THAT WASN'T

1st March 1986

This was originally supposed to be a training trip, BUT because of the poor response the five of us decided on a tramping trip in the same area. Randall and Dave duly arrived at my place just before 6.00am and we then went and picked up Gavin and Hamish and proceeded up the Taihape Road in my Land Cruiser.

cont.

We aprked the vehicle on the other side of the Gentle Annie by the new water culvert which has replaced the old bridge.

The rain was drizzling as we started off up the Kakakino Stream which was very slippery as the rocks were covered in brown slime. A good test for my new \$52.00 gummies (just a few years ago they cost only \$13.00)

The object of the trip was to follow Hoodoo Creek to it's source. Kakakino Stream soon joined Hoodoo Creek which was suprisingly open and easy going for the first half but gradually the banks and cliffs closed in.

One large waterfall made it necessary to make a long detour climb and two or three smaller ones forced us to do the same thing. These latter ones could have been climbed but for the large deep pools that lay at the base of each. Would have been great coming down on a hot day.

We kept following the main creek that led towards Mount Cameron, counting off the side streams so as to pin-point our position.

We made camp on a flat part of a leading ridge amongst large beech trees with the ground covered in thick moss and a stream only a few yards away on each side. (GR 916974) Kaweka Map U 20

On searching around for a spot for oue two tent flies we found the remains of an old campsite with two tin billies hanging in a tree and a large bottle of rice sealed in a jar at the base of the tree. I now referred to our campsite as the Chinaman's Camp.

Tea was enjoyed round a large fire and a comfortable night was spent by all.

As daylight saving ended that night we allowed ourselves a sleep-in and didn't break camp till 9.30am. By this time the sun was breaking through the cloud and it was decided that as the stream was getting grottier we would follow our ridge up.

As it was supposed to be a training weekend we put the younger boys up front for a bit of trail finding (and also to knock off the water from the bush)

cont.

.10:

Because of the thick bush with falls and snow damage, the first half of the morning was tough going. We eventually came out onto the tops between Mount Cameron and Te Iringa, just as planned.

While having lunch we had great views of the surrounding countryside and across to Mount Ruapehu.

Following lunch we gave the boys a bit of map reading and compass practise before heading off along the tops and down the ridge that comes out at the top of Gentle Annie. Then a walk down the road to the transport, a shared watermelon, a swim in the stream followed by a pleasant drive home.

An enjoyable tramp through new country.

GR

Geoff Robinson, Randall Goldfinch, Dave Harrington
Hamish Tait, Gavin McKay

KAIMANAWAS

Trip 1349

Easter 1986

"Boyd's? nearly, just about, by the long route, or just call me Russell"

Gavin forgot his boots and it was just as well his running shoes were brand new because by the end of the trip the soles were wearing rather thin. Never-the-less we set off amongst the various hordes from other tramping clubs up the track to Te Iringa. Oamaru Hut was reached without any hassle and we camped the night just past the hut.

Next morning saw us moving steadily up the "Oamaru" past a hunter carrying a deer over his shoulder (14 th gun sighted on the trip). The track became more and more ill-defined as time progressed and eventually we went up a likely side stream thinking to come out at Boyds. Instead a thousand foot of rubbish with more ahead sent us back down to the main river for the night.

cont.

.11.

Next morning we trooped off bright and early back down the "Oamaru" only to find the track again a couple of hours later. Talk about a highway . . we must have been asleep. Anyway we decided to go to Boyds afterall. However it took heaps longer than anticipated and we were forced to the reluctant conclusion that we had been up Jap Creek. When we finally looked out over the Ngaruroro valley it was getting on so we never did get to see Boyds but headed up river camping the night halfway to McNutt's.

Talk about COLD. The ice started forming at 5.30pm and at 7.00 o'clock in the morning boots had to be defrosted in the stream to get them on. Nothing daunted (well, maybe just a little) we pushed on through the thigh -deep tussock past the airstrip and onto Cascade for lunch. Then the long grind up that nasty deceptive track that lets you think you've made the top 5 times before you actually do, and out to the road end at ten past six. It is fourteen kilometres out to the Te Iringa carpark but luckily I was kindly given a lift by a hunter for the last third.

And so home, after a rather misdirected but most enjoyable trip with excellent weather.

We saw Whiteheads, Riflemen, Kaka, Kakariki, Tomtits, Fantails, dozens of Robins and a deer from about four feet away.

Signed. Mr Rector (Peter Berry)

Gavin McKay, Hana Cotter, Glenda Hooper or Miss D Rected.

NEW MEMBERS

Allan Mouat, Gavin McKay, Joy Stratford, Shirley Hunt
and Sue Potter
Resignation. Hannah Schmidt

SOCIAL NEWS

Jenny Weston now Mrs Jenny Stairmand
Robyn Taylor has tied the Knot with Ross Berry

Karen and Clive Thurston are back from overseas

Lost and not found

1 watch, 1 set of teeth on rafting trip, 1 set of teeth
at Ohope Beach - if found please give to our vice-president
who is obviously getting his teeth into the job!

* * * * *
* Down in the depths of the Mohaka green *
* There's the best set of teeth that you've ever seen. *
* Down in the depths where we all took a dip *
* Dear vice-president's teeth did a slip! *
* Down in the depths, so fast and so clean *
* In a deep deep pool some teeth all a-gleam *
* Down in the depths, too swift to reach *
* Another set of molars like the ones lost at the beach! *
* * * * *

Rokai Hut burnt down in February

New Laurence Hut has it's base poured and construction
is going ahead rapidly.

PRIVATE TRIPSKaweka J across to Kaweka North and Return.Abush for the Night!

Waitangi Day 6 Feb.

Eleven stalwarts in the older age group (3 men, 8 women) set off under the leadership of an experienced trumper and outdoor enthusiast to make a leisurely climb of Kaweka J, across to North Kaweka and return to the carpark of Makahu. The prospect was hampered by poor visibility, swirling fog created by high humidity, and low cloud continually forming and dispersing like fog. Nevertheless, everyone successfully made the grade to the tops. By 1.00 pm a lunch break in the vicinity of the H.T.C. Cairn had been taken, the group had been across to North Kaweka and returned to the memorial. It was proposed to make a leisurely return to the carpark where the group anticipated having afternoon tea around 3 pm before returning by their pool car transport to their respective destinations at Napier, Hastings, and Havelock North.

If that had been the case this report would never have been written. Two women in our group decided to return by the normal route to the carpark whilst the remaining 3 men and 6 women elected to follow the Leader down the Donald Stream and to the cars by that way. Such was not to be! A grave error of judgement had been made! The guide plunged down a tremendous scree slope with much enthusiasm and eight followers close at heel, while all around the fog and cloud was constantly coming and going. After some considerable effort and the elapse of much time, the appearance of a 60 foot waterfall in a narrow gorge barred further progress downwards. It was then the leader concluded we had entered the watershed of the Coxcomb River. Now, footsteps had to be retraced upstream, over boulders, log obstacles and through pools of varying depth all of which seemed to much easier to manipulate while going down. Eventually a spur covered in low forest provided a lead out of the river-bed. This, the party beat its way through, to finally emerge through wild tussock, low tightly knit scrub and so to the top of the main divide separating the Coxcomb River from the Donald River sources. What a climb and scramble! Although we should have continued climbing higher towards Kaweka J, and then perhaps return by the normal route already taken by the two women, the leader decided to proceed down the ridge, hoping, I think, to plunge down the steep northern slopes of the dividing ridge, down to the Don almost apposite the wide bench track which is but a short walk out to the carpark. Fog and cloud disoriented our leader and prevented us tackling this 'escape route', so, further down this ridge we trundled and stumbled, slipped and plunged, on down through low scrub through which one had to force a way necessitating much bush bashing, scrambling down somewhat precipitous slippery moss-covered rotten rack faces until we eventually emerged once again into the Coxcomb

river-bed some considerable distance below the aforementioned waterfall. Again, we plunged through pools, climbed over log debris and clambered over and around large boulders. By the time we arrived at the junction of the Goxcomb and Donald Rivers darkness befell us.

An enforced overnight sleep-out in the bush was a contingency not contemplated earlier in the day because when all is said and done, this day's outing was merely intended to be just that! Needless to say, as a private tramping group our collective previous experience enabled us to rise to the occasion, most of us having additional warm clothing, woollen hats, as well as drinks, fruit, and extra food. It's amazing what came out of some of the packs!

Our night camp was established about ten feet above the river on reasonably level and reasonably dry ground, with an overhanging bank above, and an abundance of shrub and tree shelter which provided a measure of protection. It was in this area that this group of over 50's spent a nine hour night to be remembered. Because we were fairly adequately prepared and the weather was generally mild the adventure was not too much of an ordeal. However, the writer did have concern for the well-being of the women who were tired, wet, and very much dead-beat after their 12-hour day 'on the hoof'.

And so the night wore on, until darkness melted to herald the dawn of another day. At day-break our weary party shambled about to limber up for the next onslaught, changed clothes once more, and with packs aback headed up the Donald River. A tiresome two hour scramble once more, over log barriers, up and over boulders, through both shallow and deep pools, sidling through scrub on narrow fairly level embankments on occasions, but more constantly wading through water, we came at last to the elusive bench track; and the sun shone! What a relief! A short respite was taken to remove parkas and other now unnecessary wearing apparel, have a bit to eat and something to drink, and then the party continued on its way to the carpark, reached, after a mere 15 minute walk. Out at last - time 9.00 am, Friday 7th Feb. - twentyfour hours after originally starting out.

But, let me return to the two members of the group who elected to return by the normal route from the tops to the carpark. Imagine the long wait and the concern engendered by the non appearance of the rest of us by the time darkness had closed in. It was realised the party was not going to get out so the prudent step was taken to drive down to a Puketitiri farmhouse where phone calls were made to respective homes/spouses of those of us spending the night in the bush. Our two contemporaries then returned to the carpark where they slept in the car for the remainder of the night. I understand, Kaweka Forest Park H.Q. was also notified of the situation, for information only. There was no cause for alarm! When day dawned and we were forging our way up the Donald River, one of the two women from the carpark made the climb to

Kawekani again, with the thought of gaining a visual sighting of our group since the morning was so calm and clear. We arrived at the carpark unseen by our party member.

They say, 'All's well that ends well' - so it was to be. By 10.00 am seven members of the group were on their way home; the lone climber returned to the park enabling the last four to make their way out and homewards bound by midday.

A debriefing of this outing and its consequences would no doubt reaffirm the following necessary precautions;

- * Identify the objective positively
- * When in doubt consult collectively and then assess all prospects and possibilities
- * Always carry more than sufficient food and liquid on a day's outing
- * Ensure adequate warm clothing is carried - woollen hat; dry sox; long trousers; bush shirt; parka; set of warm underwear; groundsheet and / or plastic sheet, or thermal bag.
- * Also make sure a small torch is available; candle; old piece of rubber tube and matches, for fire lighting should this be necessary

Don't panic or raise alarm unnecessarily.

Report filed by: Rex Ridgway

(All other names must remain anonymous)

Beyond and Back

15-16 Feb. 1986

'Don't forget be at place by 6.00 am'

'Yeah I will be there'

'Ring Ring' says the alarm. Slowly gaining consciousness I gaze at the clock 6.10 am. Hell!! After throwing everything in my pack it was a race to Dave's. 'Hi sorry I'm late. I set the alarm for 6.00am so I wouldn't sleep in or be late.' Packs in the back of Dave's jeep, 2 bods, and some weet-bix for somebody to munch on; we're off, arriving at the end of North Block Road at 8.00am after a slight detour around a new all-weather ford.

The objective for the day was to reach Otukuta Hut, which is quite a long way from North Block Road. By the time I had finished worrying about that we were on top of the Waipawa Saddle. Too cold here to spend the weekend.

We arrived at Waikamaka Hut in just under 3 hours. After a quick snack our boots were pointed in the direction of Wakelings Hut, and we set off down the Waikamaka River.

Lunch was had on some comfortable rocks beside the river. Only 25 minutes as well. What-ever happened to the dear old lunch hour? Wakelings was reached in 3 hours. The travel is easy going.

After a nosey in the log and a quick munch-up we set off. Dave kindly left the rest of his chocolate to keep the local rats happy. (nice lad)

A couple of hundred metres downstream the big game fisherman spotted a fish. Out comes the rod: first cast and it was hooked, then it wasn't - man these fish aren't stupid!! After the excitement Dave had a hopeful cast in every pool for a while but without success.

Easy going once again, then just as we were getting bored a log jam then a gorge section with boulder-hopping being the prime mode of travel. 'Wow some action!!' You should have seen his eyes light up, before bounce bounce and he was $\frac{1}{2}$ km further downstream.

Over 4 hours after leaving Wakelings two weary bods reached the end of the Waikamaka River where it joins the Maropea River. 15 minutes later we arrived at some arrows pointing up! The hut is only 30 metres above the river but after $10\frac{1}{2}$ hours tramping it is a long way to crawl!

Dinner over and we hit the pits and were soon having sweet dreams. We were soon woken by the rain pit-a-rattling on the roof. This changed our sweet dreams to nightmares of flooded rivers and the prospect of spending two days walking out over the tops.

Sunday morning and we were up bright and early to be away at 7.30 am. Thankfully the rain from the previous night had had little effect on the river which had risen only slightly. Progress up the lower section of the Maropea River was slow due to a session of boulder-hopping and fishing. (still no luck) Once out of the gorge progress was easy. We arrived at Maropea Forks just before lunch $4\frac{1}{4}$ hours after leaving Otukuta. In a pool at the forks Dave finally caught a fish (wonders will never cease).

Travel to Top Maropea is easy going and we were there in $2\frac{3}{4}$ hours. On the way we bumped into a couple of Blue Ducks, who escorted us up the river until they hid behind a sandbank. 'I thought they were meant to swim downstream not walk upstream'.

From Top Maropea two weary bodies ground uphill to Sunrise Hut. After a quick feed we felt the need for Fish'n'chips. With boots revved up and stomachs rumbling we took off.

'Just a sec. Where is the track?'

'I think it's over there'. We step onto a nice bench track, which soon became covered in tree stumps. 'Nope, this can't be the track'.

'Let's use the old track'. We bombed down the track and spotted the right track which has the remains of another track just above it. 'Man, this is confusing and I'm hungry'. We finally reached Triple at 5.30 pm $9\frac{1}{2}$ hours after leaving Otukuta.

Coppermine and Billy Goat Creek

5 April 1986

On Easter Saturday, Marilyn and I and a friend of hers went on a 'Knee testing tramp'. It had to be somewhere near to Palmerston North as students don't have much petrol money. (Marilyn is now at Massey) So Coppermine Creek called, and Wharite?

When we started Wharite showed clear, but soon vanished in low clouds, and we vanished too; on the wrong track, heading agully on the N. side. Back to the stream bed and up to the Hut about 3 minutes above the bed; and a heavy shower of rain was a good excuse for a break. Behind the hut, 2 tracks, one not labiled one 'Billy Goat Creek 1 hr'. Wharite was covered so we abandoned that idea, and tried Billy Goat Creek, it was uphill to a saddle, still on the N. side of Coppermine Creek, then down steeply, still on the E. side of the range, with a few obstacles like a huge fallen tree, took us about $1\frac{3}{4}$ hrs! Lunch on a shingle island in the bouldery stream, another shower, then back up - twice as steep this way! A lot of tomtits and fantails around, many bellbird calls, but probably only a very vociferous pair, and some riflemen too. Bush was mostly small hardwoods and miro, with multi-coloured berries everywhere, a real supermarket for birds; and lots of soft ferns like kidney ferns. No leatherwood!

We raced out down Coppermine Creek, and in the last section where we overtook picnickers in fancy shoes and jeans, we bounded through the stream crossings to show that we didn't mind wet feet! (Besides, it washed the mud off a bit, we all found out the Billy Goat Track tended to be negotiated on the rearend!)

ERP

Marilyn Dally, Neil Wedlock, Liz Pindar

Herricks to Nomans

1950

I had just come out of hospital with a crook leg, so my brother Bo', who was a tramper as well, and I decided that a quiet trip to Herricks Hut would be just what the Doctor orded. We had an old Model T truck which Henry Ford had made several years previously and it was still going but it had no warrant of fitness. Out Dad said that in no way were we to go up in 'them there hills' without one, so off we went down to a garage which was well known to give a warrant to any car. But NO! The old So and So would not give us one. Not even with a bit of bribery. Right, the King Pins were the problem so out they come and we wrapped some brass shims around them, hammered them back in and greased them up. One could hardly turn the steering wheel, 'But we got our Warrat!') Home again, out came the shims, in went some grease and off we went flat out at 40mph heading for Big Hill. Parked Lizzie in a shed as Big Hill was only used as a run off for stock and no-one lived there.

A short time after crossing the Big Hill stream we spotted a pig so we stalked it and both let rip at it with our old .303 rifles and then all hell let loose. The ridge became alive with pigs and after much excitement and about 30 shots later, over 100 pigs were still running. 'Not one did fall'. We'd aim at a pig then a closer one would come into view, but it certainly made the day.

We arrived at Herrick's P t just at the base of Herrick's spur. After a day of wandering around we were looking at a map on the wall of the area. Some notes by Lester Masters took our eye; 1½ hours up the spur to the top. We considered that if Lester could do it in that time then we could do it faster. The next day with an early start off we went. 5 hours later we reached the top; two weeks in hospital was taking its toll. Lester was not a mate of mine that day.

The maps of the 1940's and early 50's were very vague, just a few wriggles for the bush line and dots and dashes for the tracks. However we knew that if we travelled approx north for a while after passing a dozen clumps of snow grass and a couple of deer tracks we should come to an iron peg. From there travelling due north for about an hour we would arrive at No Mans Hut. We found the iron peg, then used the compass and after a while came across a horse-track so we followed it, putting the compass away. After an hour Bob, who was out in front, gave a yell that there was a hut or something just in front. Then we come around the hill and there in front of us was a hut but it was burnt to the ground.

Hell!!! 'wot we going to do now big brother?' I said and the fog by this time was rolling in.. We went back to the iron peg 1 hour away, stayed on our compass bearing and finally found No Mans. The next morning I stepped out of the Hut and looked just across the stream and there was a burnt out hut about 50 yards away.

We had been told of the fog in the northern Ruahines, we had just experienced it and we were still covered with it. We decided to head out so off we went and as we arrived on Herricks's spur it rained and kept raining for about 24 hours. So we stayed in Herrick's Hut for a couple of days and ate wild pork (boiled) without salt - never again did I go without salt.

We finally got out, and at the first opportunity I met Lester Masters and asked about his time up Herricks spur. He would be one of the great characters I have ever met. Lester would be about 5 ft tall, wore a felt hat, and rolled his cigarettes with a double paper making them about the same thickness as a cigar. Well, out come the bacca and papers and he said to me 'what's troubling you Stanley?' His answer was that he went up the spur on horse back. One couldn't get wild with Lester, he was such a great guy. It was around the early 1950's that Lester took a party from Hastings through the Hollyford area on horse back with the horses supplied by Davy Gunn.

However my recent trip to No Mans and Ruahine Huts which I enjoyed very much was in a Toyota cruiser. Many thanks to Jamie from work for inviting me. I only hope that the Forestry can keep a tighter control over the area as there were papers, packets and empty bottles in various spots. Oh for that old Ford Lizzie; she loved heading for the hills as much as we did. The only time she let us down was coming home, never going out.

Stan Woon

Tutaekuri Gorge (in association with Club trip No. 1348)

March 16

An intrepid three set off up the Rogue ridge with the intention of dropping into the Tutaekuri opposite Kiwi Mouth Hut. Drop being accurate in so far as the scree slopes went. A sika was disturbed in the beech forest adjacent to the bush line. Deer numbers in this area appear high if the density of pellets are any indication.

Once in the river travel was easy going until the appearance of a number of waterfalls. After negotiating the first - a small edition - there was much discussion on the second one just around the corner. 'Will it be feasible to belay from the solid red beech conveniently above the cliff?' Closer inspection of the 3rd waterfall further on and the sheer rock sides between resulted in a low sidle on the true right. With the lowermost slopes of continual and vertical cliffs, thoughts of uphill bushbashing lurked in our minds. Lo and behold, the deer are not silly, one advantage of high deer numbers, practically a main highway leading directly down to the river along the only route possible for many a mile. Once in the river footprints appeared of the other party who had reached the lowermost waterfall. All the 5 waterfalls occur in approx. 300 metres of river. Below and above them is good travel.

While Ross went back up to the truck, David and I carried on down to the three wire bridge. Needless to say, Heathers memories of one little dip up to the waist which evolved into two packfloats with waves lapping the nose are chilly. Two wet bodies eventually arrived at the MacIntosh carpark to see Randall and his radio talking to Ross via Napier! Much appreciated. A most enjoyable trip was had with the river in exciting form.

H. McBride

Heather McBride, Ross Berry, David Harrington

Sunrise Side Trip

An alternative route from Sunrise to Triplex carpark was mooted early Sunday morning. Vague wavings by Heather in the general direction of '66'. A shingle slide is mentioned with embellishments. A waterfall in passing - a mere point of interest. Obviously the cold/hard/damp/cramped night - or mixture of above mentioned had dimmed the adventurism of the majority. Four people end up being coerced into acceptance, probably in a weak moment somewhere between a yawn and a stretch.

As we traveled across Armstrong Saddle the misty tendrils disperse for the while and first glimpses of the route down the North branch of the Waipawa are mulled over. From the saddle inbetween Armstrong and '66' a deep scree steeply descends into the head of the stream. An exciting 2 minutes later it is time to empty the boots and into the stream proper. Nobody mentioned the presence of a rocky, grotty scramble down small cascades and log jams, did they? To top it off this area ends with a small waterfall requiring a controlled skid down a slippery rock face, skillfully excuted by Hana. It wasn't wet last time explains Heather apologetically as she inches along the tussock in a slightly more restrained manner. From here on it was an interesting rock hop down to the forks.

John was rewarded by the seeing of a pair of falcons in the area and the two pairs of binoculars had extensive use. Once onto the Waipawa River proper it was an amble down following the freshly imprinted spoor of Homosapiens trampations variety H.T.C.

H. McBride

Heather McBride, Hana Cotter, Karen and John Berry

OVERDUE GRAMPERS

22

Although returning parties usually plan to be out of the bush well before dark, safety considerations must always come first. Even after arriving back at the transport, it may take two or more hours to return plus any unexpected delays. Beginners should make sure that any who may worry about them know this. Although usually earlier than 10pm, until then there would be no cause for worry. In case of concern, all newcomers should ensure that their contact's phone number is included in the list the leader leaves in town. For enquiries about overdue parties please contact one of the following:

BERRY 777223 PROUSTAN 54303 THORP 434238

FARE: CONFIRMATION & CANCELLATION

FARE: LOCAL; £10 Senior, £5 Junior member, £8 Sec. School
OTHER; Fare set by trip leader to cover costs.

You must confirm your intention to take part in the trip by paying the fare NOT LATER THAN ONE MONTH BEFORE THE TRIP. (Meeting night payment is preferred).

CANCELLATION: If unable to make the trip, notify the leader beforehand and your fee will be refunded. On long trips a portion may be retained if costs have already been incurred. Rarely does the Club cancel the trip. If in doubt, contact the leader or check at the embarkation point.

FIXTURE LIST.

The trips listed below are designed to cater for people of average fitness. Those wishing to cover more ground should get together on the Wednesday night before the trip & work out their own route from the same starting point.

On many trips parties may divide to undertake different tasks. Though the area for the trip is generally adhered to, the suggested objective may change for a number of reasons. For pre-trip enquiries you may contact:

GLANDA HOOPER 774183 PETER BERRY 774183
GEOFF ROBINSON 87863 JIM GLASS 778748

ANZAC WEEKEND APRIL 29-27 NORTHERN PARKS We will go to Makino Hut for the first night & to Ballards Hut for the second night. The route back to Pinks Hut will go via Middle Hill Hut. Beech forests & open tops travel. Fast party - Ngahavelaiti?
LEADER Ross Berry 750532 MAPS U20 or N113 & N123

MAY 11 NORTHERN RANGES A day trip from Herricks Hut through regenerating bush & beech forest to Dead Dog Hut. Out via a similar route.
LEADER PETER BERRY 774183 MAPS U21 or N133

MAY 25 A. AMOHU FOREST - KAHARIKI This is a lovely area of beech and mixed podocarp forests and lots of Kahariki. The tramp will start off along the tops but we will cut down into the Whakahu Stream for an easy stream route back.
LEADER DAVE JARVINGTON 439999 MAPS N114

QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY WEEKEND MAY 31 - JUNE 2. TONGARIRO NATIONAL PARK
The route taken will be a low level one with plenty of moonscapes.
LEADER CLIVE THURSTON 89900 MAP NZMS 273 Tongariro N. P.

.24 . . .

JUNE 8 KAHE SADDLE HUT, KAWAKAS A day trip to one of our Club huts in the Kawakas. We will leave from the Lakes Road end, climb up 4100 to easily reach the hut by lunch time.

LEADER JIM GLASS 778743 MAPS U20 or N123

JUNE 21-22 CENTRAL RUAHINES We will leave from the old Watarara mill on the Makaroro River and go up the Sparrowhawk spur until we reach Sparrowhawk Bivvy. This is a lovely grassy sheltered spot, ideal for camping out. The wet weather alternative is Parkes Peak Hut while some may prefer to go to Centre Makaroro Hut.

LEADER ANDREW DOOLE 53132 MAPS U22 or N140 & N133

JULY 6 KAWAKAS. On this tramp we will visit Mackintosh Hut. The route in is through beech forest while manuka abounds on Mackintosh plateau.

LEADER STAN WOON 84680 MAPS U20 or N123

JULY 19-20 SOUTHERN RUAHINES We will leave from Ngamoko Rd and climb up to Leon Kinvig Hut which is in the ranges behind Norsewood.

LEADER EDWARD HOMES 700299 MAPS U23 or N145

AUGUST 3 NATIONAL WILDLIFE CENTRE. Instead of a tramp we are travelling down the Wairarapa to the NWC (formerly Mount Bruce) to look at the wildlife there.

LEADER JOHN BERRY 776205 MAP

AUGUST 16-17 KAWAKAS A trip to Back Ridge Hut is planned. Anyone who can do a day trip to the cairn can do a weekend one to Back Ridge Hut.

LEADER ROSS BERRY 750532 MAPS U20 or N123

AUGUST 31 CENTRAL RUAHINES Another real easy trip. This time it is to Sunrise Hut leaving from the Triplex carpark. The track up passes through a variety of forest types while by the hut, alpine herbs abound.

LEADER RUSSELL PERRY MAPS U22 or N140

SEPTEMBER 13-14 CENTRAL RUAHINES A weekend trip passing along the lower levels of the Ruahine Range through an assortment of bush cover. We will go in at the Waipawa River, tramp to Smiths Stream Hut, where we will stay the night & then come out at Mill Farm via Hinerua Hut.

LEADER SUSAN LODDLE 448763 MAPS U22 or N140

SEPTEMBER 28 AKIMANAWAS A day trip to an area of very lovely bush. Dave promises there will be a maximum of 3 crossings of the Ohoke Stream after which we go up a ridge track to visit Kaimatangi trig.

LEADER DAVE HARRINGTON 439999 MAPS N104 & N114

OCTOBER 11-12 KAWAKAS - Studholme Hut

LEADER RANDALL GOLDFINCH 439163

LABOUR WEEKEND OCTOBER 24-27 KAWAKAS - Manson Country

LEADER ANDREW DOOLE 53132

MEETING DATES: Meetings held at Hastings Boys' High School, 7.30 PM on the following Wednesday nights;

APRIL 23, MAY 7, MAY 21, JUNE 4, JUNE 18, JULY 2, JULY 16,
JULY 30, AUGUST 13, AUGUST 27, SEPTEMBER 10, SEPTEMBER 24,
OCTOBER 8, OCTOBER 22.