

HERETAUNGA TRAMPING CLUB (INC)

P.O.BOX 447, HASTINGS

"P O H O K U R A"

Bulletin No. 165

April 1987

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XHRISTMAS TRIP TO EUCHRE FLATS:

Trip No 1366

The day before was beautifully fine, as was the day after, but as anyone who was there (not many) will know, the day of our Christmas BBQ was not. Some people walked in the rain to some caves, and some Canoe Club members arrived with canoes, but the whole affair went off like a damp squid.

We played with a frisbee in the drizzle, cooked sausages in the rain and went home straight after to warm up. I guess we are getting soft! Oh well, lets hope for better weather next time.

J.B.

Ed's Note: It was even too wet for Father Christmas!

.2.
NEW YEAR TRIP - TARAWERA - KAIMAI RANGE

31st Dec - 4th Jan

Trip No 1367

Peter didn't get us lost this time - Frank did instead - he just couldn't seem to find his way out of Mount Maunganui - but that comes later . . .

There were seven of us in two cars, and the plan was to meet at De Bretts, 7 pm New Years Eve. We arrived "Peter time" (i.e. ten to eight) and were subject to great "abuse" but then we learnt that the rest had only beaten us by ten minutes. The Commodore had found the road to Taihape just a little too much, and ended up being towed back to Waiouru. A very accommodating mechanic removed the seized thermostat and they were again on their way. A swim at De Bretts, some tucker at Taupo, and we were off to Waiotapu where we spent the night in Russell and Annette's batch.

A leisurely start next morning evolved into a late start when the Commodore refused to go. It was eventually coaxed into submission by Russell, and we headed towards Mt Tarawera. The road up Mt Tarawera is pretty rough, so we soon parked and proceeded on foot under the blazing sunshine. We arrived at the crater for lunch and then continued along the top of the crater to the summit. This accomplished, we walked to the western side of the crater, and then went down a shingle scree and into the crater itself. A short walk along the crater bottom, and then a steep haul up the eastern side of the crater saw us back at our lunch spot. We then re-traced our steps back down to the cars, with Peter making a most heroic detour to fetch us some water. At this stage one of the side windows of the Commodore decided to smash, with only mild provocation from Martin. Joy breathed a sigh of relief as three things had now gone wrong with the car, so therefore no more problems could be expected.

We camped the night on the edge of Lake Tarawera where Frank had to quell the lustful advances of a black swan, with a bucket of water. The girls started the next morning with a swim - it was too cold for the boys. A brief stop at the Blue Lake enabled another swim for some in the quietness of the morning. The stillness was soon broken by the buzzing of three ultralites, one of which Peter willed into crashing, (fortunately no injuries) so we continued on and spent the day sight-seeing on our way to Tauranga.

We camped in a paddock at Frank's sister's place at Tauranga, and once we had our tents up, we drove to the nearest beach for a barbeque. Not good enough said the others, so then Frank proceeded to lead us round and round and round . . . Mount Maunganui. It was eventually decided to have the barbeque back at camp.

The next morning (Saturday) we headed up to Katikati, and then went west along Lindemann Road to the Kaimai Range. We took a loop track up past some kauri dams, and then a steeper track back down a spur to the car park.
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It was a leisurely trip with Martin, our resident Aussie, keeping a weather eye out for snakes. The first kauri dam was in pretty poor condition, so we took a detour to a second one. It wasn't much better. The last one which was on the track back, was the best, and we got a reasonable idea of the workings. We also saw a log chute and a large hole, which Craig decided must have been dug for pit sawing. On the way down the spur track we thought we could hear a Kokako in the distance.

At the carpark another couple from Napier, offered us a most welcome cup of tea. We spent a second night at Frank's sister's and then on the Sunday we slowly made our way back to Hawke's Bay.

Leader: Glenda Hooper

Party: Peter Berry, Frank Hooper, Joy Stratford, Craig Hill, Heather Hill and Martin Van Steel.

* * *

TIMAHANGA - SHUTES

17 - 18 th January 1987

Trip No 1368a

The truck left it's overnight park in Havelock North, collected Peter, Glenda, John and Stan before arriving at Holt's and uplifting six more people and packs. After a quick stop to drop off the list at Tremewans we drove to Fernhill where Dave was waiting to be collected. Next stop was at Sherenden where Susan and Edward clambered into the back.

Past the Forestry Base, through Kuripapango and up over the "Gentle Annie" before stopping near Jack Roberts house at Timahanga Station. Jack escorted us down to the Pohokura Station Road, before taking Dave and John down to where the Taihape Road crosses the Taruarau River. Meanwhile the rest of us drove down the private road toward Pohokura Outstation. After parking the truck above the river we wandered, waded and walked our way downstream towards Shutes. Peter, Alan, Gavin and Paul were soon left behind to fish the pools and eddies.

Soon after entering the gorge, clouds rolled across and the wind strength increased substantially. Bushshirts were donned, and away we went again. The river appeared to be fairly low, although some of the deeper crossings proved a bit clammy for the shorter members of the party.

At about 2.30pm, the sun reappeared and the wind abated to a more tolerable level. Soon after, we spotted Raymond Lowe beside the red tape adorned waratah that indicates the track up to Shutes Hut. We left the river at this point and pitched our camp on the grassy terrace about 10m above. Raymond and his companions had flown in by helicopter earlier that morning for a two day photography session.

After pitching the tents, flies, etc, most of us spent an hour or so splashing around in a nearby swimming hole. Later on we wandered up to Shutes Hut, which was constructed of stone in the 1920's. The hut is about 20 minutes above the river.

cont.

.4.
Peter and Alan arrived with a 1.5 to 2kg fish, just as the rest of us were starting to prepare tea. The "evening rise" produced two more fish.

Sunday dawned windy and overcast and three of us were unsuccessful in our attempts at early morning fishing. Edward and Hamish left the rest of us and travelled out to the road via the Comet while the remainder retraced our steps back up the river. At about 10.30 am we met Clive, Lynette and Co, who were heading down to Shutes for lunch. Soon after this Alan landed his third fish of the weekend. On past Ikawatea and not far short of the truck we met Dave and John. They seemed to have enjoyed their trip through the gorge. Back to the truck for lunch and then a few of us wandered upstream to the Waipiropiro Hot Spring which is situated about 1km up from the bridge across the Taruarau.

We departed from the roadend just as the rain started to descend and by the time we arrived at the Comet Rd to collect Edward and Hamish, the cold front had all but passed over. The drive home was fairly uneventful with Sherenden and Fernhill being the only stops.

Thanks to John for helping with the driving, and especially to Jack Roberts for allowing us permission to travel across his property.

RB

Number in party: 15

Glenda Hooper, Peter Berry, Hamish Tait, Ross & Robyn Berry, Paul & Gavin McKay, Sue & Edward Holmes, John Berry, David Harrington, Allan Mouat, Stan Woon, and also Joyce Marsden and Sheena McChlery who were having their first trips with us.

* * * *

SIDE TRIP DOWN THE TARUARAU

Trip No 1368b

17-18th January 1987

Dave wanted to go the long way to Shutes, so I said I'd go with him. Jack Roberts kindly drove us to the bridge on the Taihape Road and away we went. The river was very low, which was just as well because it would be very dangerous when high or even at normal levels, but as it was, we had very little trouble with few crossings higher than our belts. We walked a couple of hours before starting to fish and caught one on the first cast, which was amazing, but even the fishing couldn't stop us from looking at the scenery, with massive cliffs and shingle slides going up into the Northern Ruahines on all sides.

We made camp about 5 o'clock, cooked tea, then went for another fish. Dave caught a beauty just on dark. Up early next morning and got another trout, then down the river again. The old pack was getting heavy by then with three fish and heaps of junk. Talking of junk - you should see the junk in the river - everything from a washing machine, to full cans of beer!

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The wind had picked up in the night but it was still fine and we walked on downwards towards the gorge. We were really impressed with the guts and pools, one after another, but many easy ledges enabled us to get by with only one pack float for a few feet. The boulders are the size of houses. Incredible! A quick look by Dave at the hot spring - apparently I didn't miss much - then onto the truck, dump gear and wander down to join the others!

P.S. If you find a gas cooker in the river it's mine (Karen's I mean)

John Berry & Dave Harrington.

* * * *

THE CHOPPER GANG '87

Shutes Hut 17-18th January

Trip No 1368c

As the last time I visited Shutes Hut was 61 or 62 Labour weekend, I decided I just had to visit it again. The party I crossed the Ruahines with then, lost one member, the youngest, in a motorcycle accident some years ago, and I wanted to see the old hut again and relive some memories.

Having had M.S. diagnosed last February, I knew I could not walk in, and a helicopter lift was my only chance. After pricing and conning two others to join - and pay - my daughter and I joined our friends and lifted off from Bridge Pa at a leisurely 8.00am. Our gear was dropped along with one member at the start of the Ngaruroro Gorge and we tried to take photographs for the Catchment Board in blustery conditions. The chopper dropped us in to the Taruarau just where the Shutes Hut track crosses. We set up camp and went for a walk to Shutes Hut.

I was dis-appointed to find at the hut, that we had not entered our names into the book, a photocopy of the original from 1958. Many old club members names appeared and I enjoyed reading the club trips. I took lots of photos with my big camera as the whole area is very photogenic.

To cut a long story - and a long wait - short, we waited in the gorge from 12.30 pm to 8.30pm Sunday for our transport that didn't arrive till 6.30am Monday morning, when I was still soundly sleeping. A very quick pack up and load up before another shuffle out of the gorge with gear and bods. We picked up our gear and spare passenger from the Comet and flew straight home to Bridge Pa by 8.00am. I would thoroughly recommend this way to tramp if you break a leg, but be prepared to wait.

Number in party: 4

Martin Smith, Tim Burns, Bronwyn Lowe and Raymond Lowe.

MOHAKA RAFT TRIP

1st February 1987

Trip No 1369

A total of 28 keen and eager trampers, and rafters, left Hastings/Napier for a day full of fun and sun, of which the sun was very hot causing many a soul to go home quite red.

We arrived at the Mohaka Bridge about 8.00am and dropped off our two canoeists who were going to canoe down to Fishermen's Flat, to get a bit more of an exciting trip. The rest of the party then carried on down to Fishermen's Flat, down Waitara Rd, where Frank, Jenny, Joy, Craig, Heather and Martin were camped out.

So after much huffing and puffing, tubes were filled and assembled into river barges (rafts). In most cases the rafts were finished except for the leaders team who couldn't make up their minds how to tie a huge amount of tubes together. The canoeists had arrived by the time the last lashings were being applied.

Then it was time to head off down river with a great deal of splashing to make sure everybody was wet and to ensure everybody knew they were in for a fun day. Approximately half way through the first rapid Frank decides he would rather swim than ride with his crew. The trip was quite eventful and even though the rapids weren't as big as last year, we all enjoyed ourselves much to the annoyance of the fishermen we passed on the way to Woodstock.

I would like to thank George Prebble for taking the rest of the party, the non-rafters, to Woodstock with the truck. It's always a problem with a raft trip as to who is going to take the transport to the other end. The people who went tramping all enjoyed themselves going to the old gold mine, and other various activities, with a swim involved in most cases.

By the time the trampers arrived back at the truck, all the keen rafters were out in shady spots catching up on forty winks or just enjoying each others company.

The rafting trips are always a great success provided all care is taken with no unnecessary risks. We are all looking forward to next years trip.

Leader: M Barrett

Party: Glenda Hooper, Peter Berry, Alan Mouat, Gavin Mackay, Rachael Hamilton, Sharon Charteris, Lew Harrison, John Berry, Adrian Brown, George Prebble, Joyce Marsden, Hamish Tait, Ross & Robyn Berry, Gerard Pronk, Alva McAdam, Gerald & Lynette Blackburn, Lee & Shelley Barrett, Clive Thurston, Sue Lopdell, Barbara Taylor, Sue Holmes, A Harris, V and G Goodall.

Overnighters: Frank Hooper, Jenny Lean, Joy Stratford, Craig and Heather Hill, Martin Van Steel.

BEACH TRIP

Trip No 1370

6-7th February 1987

The seven o'clock start on the Friday of NZ Day weekend was appreciated by all thirteen starters. We turned off the Hunter Road, Porangahau just south of Blackhead Point onto an access track to the beach. About 300 metres short of the car park the truck got stuck in the sand but assistance from a local landowner and his four wheel drive utility soon got us out.

Having parked the truck, most of us headed south towards the Porangahau River while the rest threw out fishing lines to feed the local fish populace. There was a strong wind blowing making an ~~fine~~ day somewhat unpleasant but we kept ourselves warm and amused running up and down the sand dunes. We had lunch beside the Porangahau River and then slowly ambled back to the truck.

The latter part of the afternoon was spent investigating the remains of an old shipwreck half buried in the sands at Blackhead Point. After this there was a few hits with a cricket bat and two of the resilient sex took a swim in the sea.

We spent the night by the truck, some in tents, some in the truck and Sue Holmes under a fly. Sue, however, after a nuzzling by one of the local inhabitants - rattus type - retired into the truck around midnight. The next morning a lot of man power and human cunning was employed to get the truck on firm ground heading back to Hunter Road. We ambled north, around Blackhead Point and along the wave platform towards Blackhead. This is an interesting stretch with many rock pools to explore but it is spoilt by the intrusion of motor vehicles which can drive for several kilometres along the wave platform. The boys had no success at paua hunting - seeing few undersized ones let alone legal sized ones. We reached Blackhead around 11 o'clock and most had a refreshing swim which was followed by lunch.

The dark ominous clouds overhead stopped all but four of us continuing their walk northwards. How wise they were - about twenty minutes from the truck it started to rain and we beat a rapid retreat to the truck. We then left for home reaching Havelock North around 3.30 pm. Thanks, Geoff, for driving.

Leader: Glenda Hooper

Party: Peter Berry, Susan Lopdell, Sue Holmes, Geoff Robinson, Clive and Karen Thurston, Clifford Holmes, Allan Mouat, Gavin McKay, Paul McKay, Adrian Brown and Joyce Marsden.

SHIPWRECK at BLACKHEAD - "MARORO" - scow

At 4.10am on October 24th, 1927, the schooner stranded inside Blackhead Reef, near Porangahau. All hands were saved. Her owners considered the task of refloating the vessel to be hopeless, owing to her damaged condition, and on November 23rd, the "Maroro" was abandoned to the underwriters, eventually becoming a total wreck. The Court of Enquiry found that the "Maroro" was beached through stress of the weather. She was a three masted, auxiliary, schooner-rigged scow of 230 tons gross and 176 tons net register, built at Whangaroa in 1904: length 126.2 ft, beam 29.4 ft, depth 7.6 ft. She was owned by the Maroro Shipping Co. and had been regularly employed in the intercolonial coal & timber trade. "NZ Shipwrecks"

1795 - 1970

.32.

PINUS CONTORTA - MT RUAPEHU
February 21st - 22nd

Trip No 1371

Once again the Club accepted the challenge of a working bee on Mt Ruapehu destroying the dreaded pinus contorta from spreading up into the National Park.

We left as usual on the Friday night, and travelled via Taupo and Turangi arriving at Ohakune at 12.30am, before bedding down at the Lodge, just up the mountain road.

Russell, Lew and Nigel had arrived over the Taihape Road, Maurice, Barbara, Judy and Karon had travelled over during the afternoon to arrive before us all.

Next morning we were all up early and drove down to Park Headquarters, to be warmly met once again, by Brian Norton, the Park Ranger, whom we have been working with over the last four summers. We travelled in convoy, out to the work site, joining up with another Club on the way.

After driving along the forest roads for some way, we made camp at the spot we had camped the previous year, and then tramped up to where we were to start work. The weather was nice and fine as we formed a picket line, before moving up the side of a large ridge, demolishing pinus contorta as we proceeded.

On arriving back at our camp site, we pitched our tents and prepared our respective dinners. We all spent a pleasant evening around the camp fire singing, with Russell providing the music on his guitar.

Sunday was a repeat of the previous day, with the weather giving us great views of the fresh snow on Ruapehu. Upon arriving back at our camp, we packed up and said our farewells before hitting the road by about 3.30 pm.

I had intended driving back via the Gentle Annie, but on arriving at Waiouru we found that because of a power failure we could not refuel the truck, so we were forced to travel back via Turangi and Taupo, arriving back in Hastings at 11.00pm.

A most enjoyable weekend spent with pleasant company and my thanks to Peter Berry for sharing the driving.

GR

Party: Geoff Robinson, Lew Harrison, Hamish Tait, Jenny Lean, Racheal Hamilton, Sharon Charteris, Adrian Brown, John & Karen Berry, Glenda Hooper, Peter Berry, Nigel Brown, Gavin McKay, Allan Mouat, Clifford Holmes, Michael Wooton, Judy McBride, Dean Hibbs, Mike Bull, Russell Perry, Maurice & Barbara Taylor and Pam, Brian, Cathy, Eileen and Julie Turner.

WITH JULIAN PICTURES WITH JULIAN PICTURES

RUAHINES - MISTAKE BIVVY

1st March 1987

Trip No 1372

Situated in the Northern Ruahines, in a bush covered valley, is Mistake Bivvy; a secluded bivvy and not often visited, as we found out by the condition of the tracks.

We gained permission for access through Big Hill Station and headed up the shingle road, towards No Man's Hut. It was just our luck - the shepherds were mustering sheep from the top paddocks down the road . . . we waited nearly an hour for 5000 sheep to pass us. The road into No Mans is shingle and very narrow requiring good driving skills, thanks Peter.

At No Man's Hut we organised ourselves into two groups, and headed on our ways. Dave Harrington headed off toward Ikawetea Forks Hut and beyond, and my group headed south along a short ridge heading toward Mistake Bivvy. When we reached the end of the ridge we took the direct spur down to the Bivvy. It took us nearly two hours to make our way down the ridge, because there were no defined tracks or markers. Keeping to the top of the spur was the easiest route, however we ended up skirting large patches of bush lawyer, so thick that passing through it was just impossible.

We spent about an hour at Mistake Bivvy sitting around having lunch in a nice sunny spot and had a cup of tea thanks to Jim's fire lighting skills.

Our route out was to climb the opposite spur and onto the main divide, so we headed off over the stream and bush bashed up the spur to the tussock tops and onto the poled route back to No Man's Hut.

A Most enjoyable trip off the beaten track and into an area most of us had never ventured to before.

CT

No on trip: 17

No in this party: 12

Clive Thurston, Peter Berry, Karen Thurston, Adrian Brown, Zane Cooper, Hamish Tait, Justine Brown, Carl Barrett, Israel Bentley, David Harrington, Glenda Hooper, Lew Harrison, Tony Manson, Raymond Lowe, Jim Glass and Ted

HOWLETTS- THE ONE AND A HALF DAY WAY

15-16th March 1987

Trip No 1373

Numbers have been down recently on weekend trips, so we looked around for some good ideas! This is the story of one of those ideas.

12.30 Saturday afternoon saw fifteen of us heading for Mill Farm. We were all suitably impressed by the new Daphne Hut where Stan and a Takapau Lions group were in residence. The last of us left there for Howletts at 5.30 pm. Mist and pitch darkness greeted us near the tree line and we continued on, using torches, arriving at 8.30. Mitch and Stan's friend Steve were already in residence along with a group from the forestry.

cont

Plans were made for Sunday morning but the perishing mist put paid to any sightseeing, so everyone went back down the track and the river with the added bonus of the mist turning to rain halfway out.

Tony, Tony, Hamish and I dropped straight off to the south, just below where the track enters the bush. Precipitous bush, followed by a rock gut and waterfall, then a beautiful patch of tree fuchsias. The creek was sort of half stream / half shingle slide and full of large logs which made ~~scree~~ running FUN ! All too soon the "Russell" country ended and a very short walk down the main stream brought us out at Daphne.

Party: Glenda Hooper, Dean Hibbs, Hamish Tait, Tony Hansen, Tony Cousins, Sue Lopdell, Judith Palmer, Israel Bentley, Allan Mouat, Gavin McKay, Adrian Brown, Jenny Lean, Karen Berry, Peter Berry, Carl Barrett, Mitch Barrett, Stan Woon and Steve.

Fruit Pemmican

- 1 cup chopped mixed dried fruit inc raisons, apples etc
- $\frac{3}{4}$ cup chopped mixed nuts
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup dried beef or chopped dates
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup flour
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup milk powder
- 2 tbsps wheat germ
- 2 tbsps bran
- $\frac{1}{3}$ rd cup honey
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup approx apple juice

Mix ingredients and add just enough juice to make a stiff batter. Spread into a lightly greased 20cm square tray. Bake at 150 C for 30 minutes or until firm. Cool slightly in tray and cut into squares before allowing to set. Wrap individually. Keeps well.

WANTED * WANTED * WANTED * WANTED * WANTED * WANTED * WANTED

50 th JUBILEE PHOTOGRAPHS

Please help us obtain photographs for our Club Album! We will pay!

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PRIVATE TRIPSNAPIER - BOYDS - PUKETITIRI

27 - 30 January 1987

I had wanted to go to Boyds for years, and during this past Christmas finally found the time to venture into the area. I'd been talking about it with Sue, Edward, Nigel and Robyn over the past month or two. The Aero Club at Bridge Pa quoted us about \$180 per load so Sue talked to a friend of hers, and arranged for us, two plane loads, from Napier at a lower price.

December 27th dawned fine and warm, with a little high cloud and after topping up our packs with stew, spongy pud and ready to pour custard, Robyn and I met up with Sue and Edward at the Napier Aero Club. Sue, Edward, Robyn and two packs made up the first load, leaving about 9.50 am. As they disappeared into the sky above, Nigel arrived, and we waited for Charlie, our pilot, to return. On the second load the three of us had the company of the other three packs. We flew straight over the Puketitiri Museum, Balls Clearing and Middle Hill Hut before skirting to the northern end of the Kaweka Range with Mangaturutu Hut to our left and Mangatainoka Hut down to our right.

Around the corner over a low saddle, and before us lay the green grass of the Boyd's airstrip, surrounded by mile upon mile of brown tussock. Nestled above the strip sat Boyd's Lodge.

After a quick thankyou to Charlie, he revved up the Cessna, dropped the clutch and away he went, back towards Napier.

Nigel and I waited for the others to return from the hut and after a quick lunch, we wandered along the river bank to the track leading up towards Tussock Hut. Over the top and down through the totara and rimu seedlings to Tussock Hut where we found four guys in residence. One of them had just returned with two rather dead looking Sika deer. Dark black clouds crept over the hills behind us, as we set off down the stream bound for Harkness Hut. About a kilometre out from Tussock the track disappeared and we had to contend with mud, pouring rain, a rapidly rising dirty stream, and long scrubby plants, over which we had to scramble.

About two thirds of the way down, the track reappears and meanders from one side to the other side of the Harkness Stream. We finally arrived at the junction 10 minutes below the hut. There it is, just up there! Splosh, splash, sploosh .. splosh, splash .. we had arrived. What a cosy hut, set well above the stream and with a loo with a view, too!

The next day, Sunday, dawned misty, but soon cleared to reveal a beautiful summers day. After five, or was it six, crossings of the creek, the track ascends rather rapidly toward Te Puke. The track is a bit similar to the one going up from Daphne to Howlett's. Once upon the ridgetop we gained spectacular views of Mt Ruapehu, Boyds area, North Kaweka Range and also across Poronui Station and further north into the Bay of Plenty.

cont

Over a few more humps and bumps before skirting the crest of Te Puke, 1501m. Sue and I went to look at Te Puke Hut while Edward, Robyn and Nigel carried on to look for a lunch spot. While at Te Puke we gratefully accepted some venison from the resident hunters. The tally bag of the hunters was 11 deer in 11 days, so meat was fairly plentiful. Further along towards Mangaturutu or so, we crossed paths with Russell Perry, Janet Brown and Dave Wilkins and talked for ten minutes or so. Crossing the plateau near Mangaturutu proved to be a real scorcher and the only available water was from the tarn not far from the junction with the track to Venison Tops.

Mangaturutu Hut was a haven after quite a long day (too long for one!!) In residence were two hunters. As we prepared our venison stew, they set out for what proved to be an uneventful hunt. They were quite happy to consume our surplus stew and also happy to complain how chewy it was. Little did they know, we had pulled out the nice bits of venison and left the rubbery pieces behind!

Early the following morning we descended down, down, down, to the Makino River, at it's junction with the Mangaturutu Stream. The three hour walk to Te Puia was fairly leisurely, with campsites, and fishing holes a plenty. The Makino River is fairly easy to negotiate, as long as you keep to the true right bank above the Waimatai Stream and to the true left bank from there to the Mohaka River.

Nigel, Sue and Edward shared the Te Puia Hut with a couple of rafters and the numerous "rats" while Robyn and I fly camped about 100m away. Far more peaceful!

Up and away by 8.00 am the next morning bound for the Blue Gums. We caught up with two hunters and stayed with them until we arrived at the road head, whereupon they offered to give us a ride in the back of their Subaru to Ron Pinks Hut where Maurice and Barbara Taylor were waiting for us to arrive.

We arrived home about 2.00 pm after a fairly uneventful trip from Puketitiri. A great trip in spectacular country. Thanks to Nigel, Sue, Edward and Robyn for helping make the trip so enjoyable.

RB

Ross and Robyn Berry, Sue and Edward Holmes, Nigel Brown.

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D.O.C or DEPARTMENT OF CONSERVATION

At present this department is having many teething problems. The Original idea was to establish a single department to be responsible for the conservation of the national, natural and historic resources that are, at the moment still under fragmented administration.

The Bill's title is a positive direction to a Department of State, to promote conservation and provide for the protection, stewardship and public use and enjoyment of natural and historic places.

continued . .

The main functions of D.O.C. are:

- .1. To manage forest parks and protected areas.
- .2. To manage National Parks and Reserves, in terms of the relevant facts.
- .3. To act as steward for all other Crown Lands and Forests, until long term land use decisions are made in respect of them.

Negative Side:- Bill protects "old school forest service"

Departments role as careful steward might be compromised by a commercial imperative.

Does not give full protection from timber industry, and many indigenous forests still being reduced in area too rapidly.

Wildlife officers will still work with rare birds in outlying islands and back country places.

There is still much organising, appointments to be made, and a settling in process that must take guidelines from the Environmental Defence Society, The Royal Forest and Bird Society and the Native Forest Action Council.

Shirley Hunt

..*.*.*

SOCIAL NEWS

Sue Potter is engaged

Dick Clark died recently - a year or so ago he donated us a collection of old club photographs.

..*.*.*

ODDS AND ENDS

Whanganui River National Park was created in early December 1986.

Keas are now fully protected.

Holdsworth Lodge in the Tararuas is now subjected to "User Pays" Overnight fees \$4.50, and \$2.50 for children.

N.F.A.C. is raising funds by collecting used stamps.

Compare our transport prices with the \$250 plus and petrol per weekend that Cross Country Rentals are charging. Hamilton Club each paid \$70.00 for Easter at Waikaremoana.

Our subs appear to be fairly modest when compared to those of other clubs. The average appears to be \$30-40 for adult members and \$40-50 for married couples.

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This year sees the start of celebrations commemorating the 100 years since the area now known as The Tongariro National Park, was given to the people of New Zealand. Centennial events are spread from mid 1987 - mid 1988.

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OVERDUE TRAMPERS

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 always make sure that any who may worry about them know this. Although usually earlier than 10.00pm, until then there would be no cause for worry. In case of concern, all new-comers should ensure that their contacts phone number is included in the list the leader leaves in town. For all enquiries about overdue parties please contact one of the following.

Berry 777223

Plowman 54303

Thorp 434238

FARE : CONFIRMATION & CANCELLATION

Fare; Local:\$10 senior, \$5 junior, \$8 Sec School student.

Other:Fare set by the trip leader to cover costs

You must confirm your intention to take part in the trip by paying the fare NOT LATER THAN THE THURSDAY PRIOR TO THE TRIP. (Meeting night 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 a plan.

MAY 9 - 10th NORTH KAWEKA

A trip into Te Puia Lodge on the banks of the beautiful Mohaka River, with a bath tub at Mangatainoka Hot Springs not far away.

Map.U20

Leader Gerald Blackburn 797245

MAY 24th- NORTH RUAHINE

Up Golden Crown Spur with good views over Mangleton, along beech covered ridge and down Three Finger Spur. A good round trip.

Map.U 21

Leader Nigel Brown

798239

QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY

A trip to the eastern side of Ruapehu with Eddie to find some snow after dropping Clive's party in the beautiful bush and tussock country of the Kaimanawas.

Map. T 20

Leader Edward Holmes

446032

Map. T 19-T 20

Leader Clive Thurston

89900

JUNE 7th EASTERN KAWEKA

A good round circuit to visit Iron Whare built approximately 1860, through kanuka and beech forest. A good trip for map and compass training.

Map. U 20

Leader Susan Lopdell

448763

JUNE 21st AHIMANAWA RANGE

A trip off the Taupo Road, up Stoney Creek, with good travel passing Hot Spring on the way, in Podocarp forest.

Map. N 114 (NZMS 1)

Leader Stan Woon

84680

JULY 4-5th EASTERN RUAHINE

An easy trip into our club hut, Waikamaka, with plenty of time look around or laze around.

Map. U 22

Leader Peter Berry

774183

JULY 9th NORTH RUAHINE

A trip up Sentry Box spur track to Parks Peak, then down Kaumatua track, travelling through beech forest.

Map. U 21

Leader Jim Glass

778748

AUGUST 2nd SOUTH KAWEKA

From top of Gentle Annie, climbing to top of Te Iringa for great views as far as Mt Ruapehu. May wander over to Te Manihi.

Map. U 20

Leader Geoff Robinson

87863

AUGUST 15-16th KAWEKA RANGE

A mid-winter trip along the snow clad tops (hopefully) to Ballard Hut. Plenty of time to play in the snow.

Map. U 20

Leader Ross Berry

750532

AUGUST 30th KAWEKA RANGE

A chance for day trippers to play in the snow and to learn snow skills from Makahu Saddle. Kaweka Flats available to non-snow lovers.

Map. U 20

Leader Mitch Barrett

60065

SEPTEMBER 13 th WAKARARA RANGE

An area seldom visited by the Club. We will climb the high peak in the range, Poutaki with a hut nearby for lunch. Great view all round.

Map. U21-U22

Leader Glenda Hooper

774183

SEPTEMBER 26-27th WHIRINAKI F.P.

A very beautiful podocarp forest with very good tracks and huts throughout the park. This trip is a must.

Map. N104 (NZMS 1)

Leader Selwyn Hawthorne

750544

OCTOBER 11 th EASTERN RUAHINES

A trip into Middle Stream with interesting and good travelling. A hut lies upstream, a small gorge lies downstream.

Map. U 22

Leader Clive Thurston

89900

LABOUR WEEKEND-SOUTH KAWEKA

Come and join the fun of building a new Kiwi Saddle Hut to replace our old club hut - 'Many hands make light work'

Map U 20

BoSS Edward Holmes

446032

MEETING DATES

Meeting are held at Hastings Boys' High School, 7.30 pm on the following Wednesday nights:

April	22 nd
May	6 th
	20 th
June	3 rd
	17 th
July	1 st
	15 th
	29 th
August	12 th
	26 th
September	9 th
	23 rd

HOW MANY APPLES DID ADAM AND EVE EAT IN THE GARDEN?

The Bible story reports only one, and puts all the blame upon Eve, but a discussion at a friend's place the other night increased the harvest considerably. Smith is one of those people who likes to show off his knowledge or smartness. He gave the answer as 10, since Eve ate and Adam too. Robinson said that Smith's argument was weak; what really happened was that Eve 8 and Adam 8, and the answer was 16.

Brown said that Robinson's total was more correct than Smith's but that both were wrong, because Eve 8 and Adam 92, which made a total of 90.

By this time everybody was entering into the fun of a mathematical problem, had quite forgotten the Biblical origin of the question, and were propounding various learned (or otherwise) theories. Mrs Larkin, who seldom descends to such frivolity, put forward the argument that the answer was 893, because Eve 81 and Adam 812.

It sounded rather conclusive until Jim Parker, one of our neighbours, discovered that Eve 814 Adam and Adam 8124 Eve, and the total jumped to 8,938.

Then came Miss Prim, a school teacher, who had been deep in thought for some time, and who said "Now here's the answer. You see Eve 8142 see how it tasted, and Adam 28142 see if Eve's enthusiasm was warranted by the new fruit, so the real total is 36,284."

I believe Smith would have staged a come-back had not our hostess announced supper at that time. But it shows you what wonderfully productive orchards they had in those days. - Fruit World.

THE KAWEKA. A TRAMPERS' HUT.

There's some who long for scent of gums,
Some for the scent of oak,
While others yearn to smell once more
Scent of manuka smoke.

That scent of hills and mountain vales,
Which holds the memory
Of winding tracks and lonely shacks
And bush fraternity.

The Kaweka, built in 1936, was the first of several high-country huts that have been erected by the now famous Heretaunga Tramping Club. The club which George Lowe, of Everest and Antarctic fame, joined as a youth, and of which he became a club captain. It was his early experiences with the Tramping Club, no doubt, that gave him a love of the wide open spaces, and were the foundation to some extent at least for his later career.

The hut is situated on the bank of one of the headwater streams of the Tutaekuri river, just south of the Cook's Horn spur on the southern slopes of the Kaweka ranges. It is 3,011 feet above sea level, and about a two and a-half hour journey with a light pack, in from where the track leading to it joins the Inland Patea road near Kuripapango. It is the biggest hut of its kind along the whole length of the ranges, and is capable of accommodating 24 persons in reasonable comfort. On one occasion, owing to a misunderstanding regarding tents, close on 40 persons spent a night under its roof.

The Heretaunga Tramping Club was formed in 1935, with Dr. D. A. Bathgate as its first president, Miss Greenwood secretary, and Norman Elder club captain. It was as a result of a proposal made at an early meeting of the club that the Kaweka Hut came into being. During the summer of 1935 thirty-six club members put in all their spare time tramping the ranges to make themselves

conversant with main routes, old mustering tracks, and to choose a site. During this early stage in the history of the club, the tramping experience and knowledge of the ranges of Dr. Bathgate and Norman Elder, added to Norman's gift as a map maker, proved invaluable.

The hut is a malthoid construction, with beech pole framework, concrete fireplace and iron chimney, all the materials apart from poles for framework, were got to the site and the hut erected by members. Among materials and gear carried in along the rugged scrub lined track, were rolls of malthoid and wirenetting, cement and iron, dressed timber for cupboards, door and table, axes, a crosscut saw, a big cast-iron camp-oven, windows and various other things.

On its first being tried out after erection, the chimney smoked badly. So one member, Les Holt, lumbered a big old circular saw in with the idea of making the fire draw better by placing it in the back of the fireplace. It worked; and it strikes me that if the man who performed the feat of carrying that great awkward saw in, had been with Hillery and Lowe on their first Himalayan trip, Everest would probably have been donged sooner than it was.

A builder member named Charlie Higgs, was the driving force in connection with the building of the hut. He and another member, Dave Williams, put in ten snow squally days on their own getting the framework, walls and roof of the building erected. They had a hectic time, especially when it came to getting the 24ft totara ridgepole into place. From memory, I may be wrong, I would say the hut walls are 10ft. high, and the roof feet higher to keep it steep enough to prevent its caving in during heavy snowstorms. With the result that the biggest and most difficult task was the felling, hauling in from the bush, adzing into a right shape and getting into position of that lumbering great awkward ridgepole. The day they got round to getting the ridgepole into position, their luck was dead out. Blizzardly snow squalls kept hindering them. However, the pair, like Robert the

Bruce, weren't for letting seeming impossibilities defeat them. They got going, and after a lot of manoeuvring, lifting, swearing and struggling with the blizzard howling about them, they managed to get the pole practically into position. Then it happened. The pole slipped and crashed back to earth. Again they tried, and again, just as they had it a bit nearer its rightful place, it got out of hand and crashed down. They scrambled down from their precarious perches and tried once more. This time luck swung their way. After a lot of heaving, pushing and bushman's lingo, which may have helped, the heavy green pole was got up and secured in its rightful place.

When it came to the erection of the chimney, trouble arrived once more. A large party was mustered to go out and do it, and other finishing jobs. Things went along grand until it came to the driving, from the inside, of the securing bolts for the chimney. With the idea of making the chimney draw, the vent of the large contraption had previously been made narrow. This resulted in the two who were deputed to do the job, having an awful lot of trouble in the confined dark space, in driving and securing the bolts into position. Bruised fingers and fierce arguments resulted. The outside workers started yelling instructions and useless advice. This, on account of the awkward conditions they were working in, got under the skins of the inside pair, which complicated matters badly. They reared up and roared in no uncertain language, what the outsiders should do. There was no need whatever for them to roar. The chimney itself was quite a sufficient amplifier. At this stage the older members decided it was time to send those of more tender years on jobs out of range of hearing, and persuade the outside workers to cease giving advice. This policy brought results. After saying a few things that would have been sufficient to set the fire going, the inside workers came to agreement and got the bolts driven home where they thought they should be.

The hut fireplace is a huge affair. So deep back that whoever happens to be on the cooking job, really

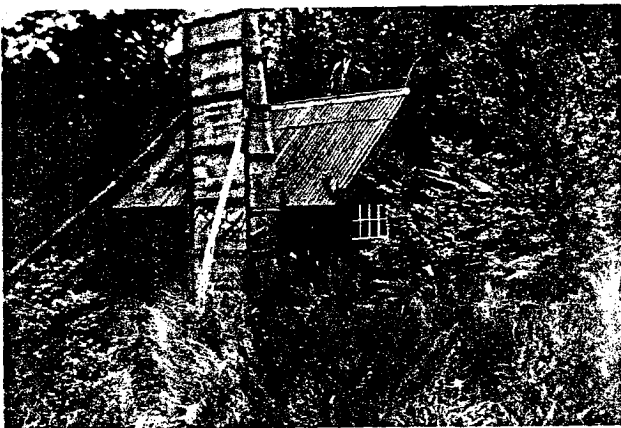
needs a long handled pitchfork or something to reach in to get the billies, camp-oven or whatever, off the bar on which they hang.

On completion, the roof of the hut was found to be unsatisfactory on account of the wind getting under the eaves, and tearing the malthoid. This led to the then treasurer, a far sighted type, on seeing an opportunity, splurging most of the club's reserve funds in the purchase of a quantity of second hand corrugated iron; and then, by use of more or less press gang methods getting a party of members together to not only lumber the long awkward sheets in from the road, but on arrival in a more or less exhausted state, of going right to work overcoating the malthoid roof with them. The idea was definitely a right one. Later, as a preservative, and also to make the hut more easily sighted from the air should need arise, the roof was painted a bright orange colour.

Many queer and amusing happenings have occurred in connection with the hut, and area about. Here are a few. One club member, Angus Russell, put in ten winter days on his own skiing on the snow slopes about the hut. In an effort to keep himself from getting frozen stiff at night, he collected large quantities of moss from the bush and plugged up the cracks under the eaves and any other holes he could find, to keep some of the cold air out of the dwelling. Another time, a couple of Government hunters who happened to be camping there during a cold spell; in an effort to keep themselves warm, pitched a tent inside the hut hard up against the fireplace. Then there was the small party of professional men, who, being too impatient to get full instructions about the track, lost their way and had to spend a cold night shivering in the scrub. That experience humbled them somewhat, and made them realise there were other kinds of knowledge than their own, that had worth. It did not deter them from trying again. This time, however, they had a look at the map and got full directions before setting out, with the result that they attained their objective without complications.

One very noticeable and interesting thing in connection with the hut area, is that prior to the erection of the hut, the floor of the bush had been eaten more or less bare by deer and other wild animals. Now, with so many humans traversing the area, deer, wild pigs and sheep are seldom seen, and the floor of the bush has regenerated to such an extent as to make it almost impossible to get through, and tracks soon become overgrown and need frequent cutting.

The popularity of the Kaweka hut can be gauged from the fact that about 2,500 names have been entered in the log book since it was erected. Among them as big a proportion hunters and other visitors as trampers. The original idea was to erect a hut that would last from 10 to 12 years. Already with a few repairs such as some new piles etc., it has stood the storms of 24 winters; and there is no reason why it should not last many more winters, and give enjoyment to many more thousands.



Early photos of
Kiwi Hut.

