

HERETAUNGA TRAMPING CLUB (INC)

P.O. BOX 447, HASTINGS

"P O H O K U R A"

Bulletin No. 168

April 1988

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CLUB TRIPS

KURIPAPANGA TRAINING DAY
December 6th, 1987

Trip no 1394

A 'full' load departed from Holt's at the ever ridiculous hour of 6.00am. Selwyn was at the wheel as the truck laboured up the Taihape Road. He was muttering about new points and plugs for the forthcoming South Island trip. (I wondered if they were for himself or the truck.)

We arrived at the picnic area before Kuripapanga around 7.30am after a couple of brief stops during which Dave Harrington conducted map and compass exercises. On disembarking, Dave lined us up along the truck for a pack inspection. Of course everyone had a complete 'day-pack' except for yours truly, but Dave knew different. At least all of us got the message - be prepared!

Shortly, we were joined by Pam Turner with a group of Hastings Girl Guides. Pam was to conduct the first aid course - an experienced tutor as was reflected in her talk. She soon put us through our paces. The party was split into groups of 3 to 4 and each group was presented with a practical situation where first aid would be required. These ranged from

the ever mundane foot blister to an aircraft crash. In turn, each group reported as to how they would deal with such scenario's followed by a general discussion. My own group's incident had as it's opening line, "Peter as usual had got the party lost . . ." Doesn't that ring a bell somewhere? Towards the end of Pam's course we were joined by a group of Hastings Scouts with leaders in tow.

Next we moved down to the banks of the Ngaruroro where John Berry discussed shelter building. This was a no nonsense and highly practical talk on how to survive under adverse conditions when the chips were really down. He also commented on the proper course of action for the lost trapper in the event of a search and rescue operation. Basically - use your head and don't panic.

One piece of equipment not included in the day pack was the telescopic fishing rod which John had at close hand. John's talk was concluded with a general discussion with Pam throwing in a few hints on opossum catching when the food stores had run out.

Dave Harrington took over again and gave a quick demonstration of compass use as the scouts and guides had missed out earlier. This was followed by a short orienteering course where we were able to practise our newly acquired skills. Having expended so much energy charging around after Dave's margarine lids, we stopped for a bite to eat.

After lunch, Clive Thurston spoke on the acquisition, operation and maintenance of various types of primus stoves, paying special attention to safety procedures. We then moved down to the campsites by the river and reviewed the art of firelighting. The scouts and guides were 'dab hands' at this. (Don't forget to put your fire completely out when finished.)

Next we had the river crossing which some of the younger ones had been looking forward to all day. Sandie, myself and some others were slightly more apprehensive. By the campsite the water level was reasonable so when David had explained the basics, we all had a go. Most of the scouts and guides crossed over and back. About 15 members of the HTC and a few of the older scouts and guides continued down the river and completed several crossings in deeper water with a bit of pack floating as well. As the world's greatest aquaphobic I was exhilarated to get all the way down. Thanks for letting me hold on, Peter, and sorry for nearly drowning you.

Between, and even during, crossings John and Peter tried their hand at a bit of fishing. John got lucky and hooked two. We left the river just before the gorge near the bridge and rendezvoused with the truck parked at the picnic area at the foot of the Gentle Annie.

After a good dry out and a quick brew we loaded up and headed for home. In the truck entertainment was provided by the Berry brothers (not again!) John gave a recital on his mouth organ. This was followed by me with the poorest selection of Irish jokes ever to fall from my daft lips. A sad end to such a good outing.

On behalf of the attending members of the HTC I would like to thank the training committee for a very successful day. Special thanks to Pam Turner, Dave Harrington, John Berry and Clive Thurston for their contributions. Well done to everybody that participated especially the scouts and guides. Muiris O'Ceallaigh.

Party: Gavin MacKay, Paul MacKay, Jake Perry, Glenda Hooper, Andrew Dacey, Selwyn Hawthorne, Heather Hawthorne, Tony Hansen, Heather Hill, Joy Stratford, Sandie Dungan, Bevis Stevens, John Berry, Frank Hooper, Darren Morris, Maurice Kelly, David Cormack, Andrew Cormack, Allan Mouat, Peter Berry, Darren Griffin, Claire O'Kane.

WAIKOAU GORGE

20th December 1987

Trip No 1395

The Leader (by default) didn't have a clue where to go - but still 20 bodies set out. A brilliantly fine Saturday led us to believe it would be the same for Sunday but we were fooled and it was a grey, damp day, although not cold.

The driver(also by default) did a stirring job and landed us at the right lake. But, once there, several members decided to stay at the truck - which they did under Frank's (of the damaged elbow) eye. We're not sure how they passed the time, but a water pistol was in evidence when we returned and there were rumours of strip poker!

The tough types took off up the road in the drizzle and a combination of skilled map reading, local farmer's knowledge and memories of two or three people who had been to Waikoau before, enabled them to find the river. Alva left the main group at the top and did her own trip to Blue Lake. The rest of us plunged into the river and carried on downstream.

Progress was not fast. There were several dead ends, back tracks and sidles. John and Bevis did some poking around a few fast pieces of river. Bevis and Malcolm entertained us during the lunch break with a dazzling display of rock climbing - and then found it was very much easier to go up than to come down! Parts of the gorge were too difficult for most of us to manage (especially with no ropes) so we pulled out and walked the last short distance over farmland to Blue Lake, where a trio of large trout kept the fishermen entertained. Then it was a long walk over farmland to the truck.

Overall, the stream is a good example of water wearing down through limestone layers, and leaving tomos and gorges well worth exploring. Definitely a warmish weather trip, however, because of the frequency of immersion.

And thankyou, Allan, for having the billy boiling when we finally reached the truck. Our last effort was having to push

and pull it to start, but we made it. AND IF I lead another trip, I'll make sure the younger folk don't wear socks on the way home. . . .

Leader: Christine Hardie

Followers: Glenda Hooper, Claire O'Kane, Bevis Stevens, Hamish Tait, Maurice Kelly, Liz Carr, Joy Stratford, Craig Hill, Heather Hill, Brian and Pam Turner and girls, Allan Mouat Paul MacKay, Frank Hooper, Alva McAdam, Malcolm Lightband, Racheal Hamilton, Sharon Charteris and Kath Hamilton.

SOUTH ISLAND TRIP

26th December 1987 to 9th January 1988

Trip no.1936

26th Dec: PB

Midnight. T'was the night after Christmas dinner and all through the house not a creature stirred, except for my spouse . . . lights. . . cold. . . shaking. . . Get up!

Hop into the car at Waverley. . . Rrrrr. . . push the car down the drive in the dark, bang into the fence (silly boy forgot to turn on the key; therefore lights didn't go and car didn't start.) Pouring rain and lights dim but we managed to scrape into Wanganui where we bought a new battery at 1.00am Boxing Day and took off to Ashurst, and presumably a waiting truck. Wait, wait, wait, worry, worry, worry, finally a vehicle. Hurrah! "Giddy, you guys waiting for a truck?" "Yep." "Well, they are broken down at Takapau - water pump problems." (This was the fourth breakdown, the first was at Otane, The second just after Waipukarau, and the third further along on the Takapau straight.) So we drove eastwards to meet the truck. 4.30am just east of Dannevirke, zoom goes a white flash identified by my wife as a low flying tramping club truck. A quick U turn and zoom goes us, back to Ashurst where our battery dies yet again as we pulled into the driveway where we were leaving our car. A mad scramble into the truck and we fly on down to Wellington, where we made the ferry with just TWO minutes to spare.

Across the strait, we spent another one and a half hours of truck repair at Havelock and then off to the Pelorus Bridge. The whole of Marlborough was awash after 6 inches of rain on Christmas Day and all the bays were dirty brown and the Pelorus River was high and brown and filthy - including one decomposing pig which the boys tried to capture (strange lads). We finally camped at a pleasant spot by Alfred Creek in the Rai Valley. A LONG DAY!

27th Dec:PB

Fine, cold and rather windy. Tahuna Beach saw us watersliding and bumper boating. McKee Domain at Kina was much more sheltered so we went there for lunch and a nap. The Motueka South School, situated next to Joy's sister, Ann, was our campsite for the night and there we had a wild wet watery polo game in the school pool and Zane made his acquaintance with the local talent. And HORRORS . . . Randall admitted to having slept with Christine and he says that she doesn't even move (or was that snore?)

28th Dec: GH.

We left Motueka at 8.30 am and headed up the Takaka Hill to the Ngarua Caves through which we had a guided tour. The caves are close to the surface and this combined with the clearance of bush overhead resulted in a rather dirty looking environment - but interesting never-the-less, particularly the moa bones.

From the caves we carried on to Upper Takaka and turned left up the Cobb Valley. A stop at the historic power station through which the operator kindly showed us and along the road again to the top of the Cobb Reservoir where we found an excellent camp site and a most helpful DoC ranger, Bruce. For tea that night we had an entree of trout provided by Gavin.

THE SIX DAY TRAMP

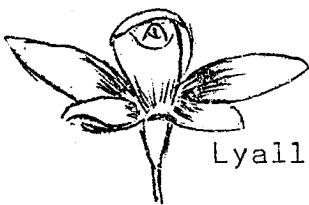
29th Dec: GH.

Finally at 9.00am we left. Up past Staff Hut and then the long but gentle haul up through the bush, and later the alpine tussocks, to the Peel Range. Delights in the bush included several kinds of native orchids, the purple tobacco pouched toad stool, and dracyophyllum, while there was an excellent display of mountain herbs in the tussock land. At the crest of the range a small group decided to carry on upwards to Mt Peel (through vegetable sheep, haastias and edelweiss) to a spectacular view and snow, while the rest sidled our way round to the Peel Lake and lunch. After an hour or so, 8 of the 10 six day party headed off to Balloon Hut (the other two were still making their way up Mt Peel) and the three day-trippers waited another hour for Joy, Adrian and Christine who were still up Mt Peel before giving up an heading home the way they had come. We took the Mytton Forest Walk to Trilobite Hut, a very interesting nature walk. Back at camp we donned togs and had a most refreshing dip in the swimming hole.

29th Dec continued:SL.

From Lake Peel the 6 day trampers set off to the Tablelands and Balloon Hut travelling across open tussock country with wide ranging views all round. Balloon Hut is an 18 bed hut with gas provided for cooking. Nigel and Zane finally arrived and we were on our way to Splu geons Hut. We traversed through patches of open tussock, then through beech forest along the tops, finally dropping down 3000 feet to the hut.

The hut was the best we were to come across throughout the six days. It is situated on a rock and the front wall is made of heavy duty plastic which can be rolled up to give outstanding views of the valley. It can easily sleep 10 people and the furniture has been hewn from a beech tree by some enterprising person. It was there, whilst cooking tea of Vesta and noodles, with instant pud for dessert, that we struck the infamous South Island sandflies that were to plague us for the rest of the trip.



Lyall's orchid



edelweiss

30th Dec: PB

An easy benched track soon saw us in the Leslie River. sizing up the multitudes of trout which refused to be caught. Lunch was had at Karamea Bend and after much discussion we headed off in two parties down the Karamea.

The Karamea is BIG with long lake-like stretches caused by huge earthquake slips, (fairly recent judging by all the tree trunks) followed by massive rapids. There was no track and the river was too big to cross so we bashed our way down the true right until we were slightly tired. Tea again was noodles and dehy, supplemented with trout.

31st Dec: PB

With daylight we saw more of the same but only worse and by the time we reached the Roaring Lion Hut we were all well and truly ready for a wash and rest even though it was still early. Below the hut, the Roaring Lion forms a lake, bank to bank with standing tree trunks with the enormous Garibaldi Cliffs towering above and the Karamea Valley in between - a truly magnificent sight.

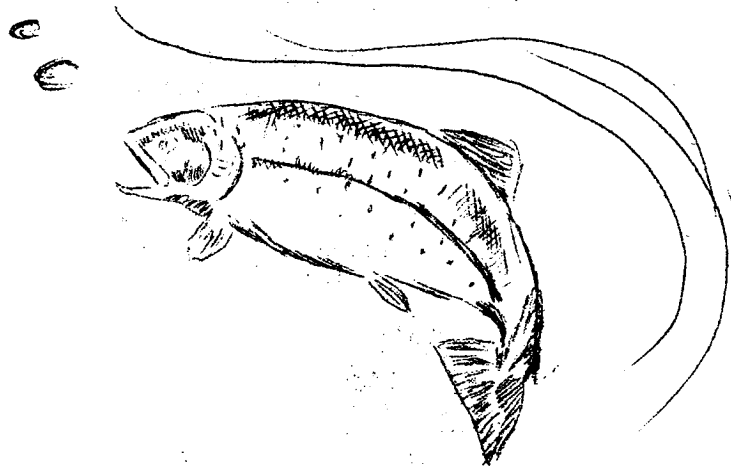
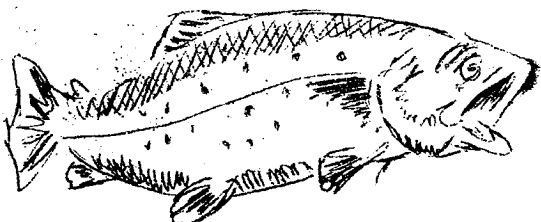
Later on we were joined by another tired party which had arrived from up river.

1st Jan: PB

The Roaring Lion is a beautiful river, pool after pool of elusive trout - dozens of them. Despite reports to the contrary, it was relatively easy and very pleasant going and we only had to climb above the river three times. Later on in the morning, I caught a big trout - talk about excitement. If I had lost that trout I reckon Randall would have thrown me in and stoned me!

Not long after this, while most of us were stuck up a cliff, Allan caught another six pounder (after which he finally agreed that, as the two trout were nearly identical, mine must also be six pound and not the five pound he had originally declared it to be).

We made steadily declining progress and finally crashed in taxidermied condition at Vampire Alley Campsite (so named by us). Several trophy heads were collected until the BIG sandflies started objecting to our picking on the littlies so we fried our trout in margarine and hit the pit.



2nd Jan: PB

Dawn arrived with the sandflies and robins. Grudgingly we moved slowly off and two hours later we reached Breakfast Creek, complete with a local inhabitant from further upstream. He said he was sick of streams so he headed off up the ridge.

Breakfast Creek is the PITS. Talk about slow going. Eventually we arrived near the top of it where it goes under a great jumble of rocks. A long slow grinding moment or two later we appeared above Lake Henderson where we pitched camp, admired the view and 'deskunked' ourselves in the lake.

3rd Jan: MK

NB (Please read this section with a strong Irish accent).

Another early start as Randall shoved a cup of luke warm tea through the tent flap - I think he should have tried unzipping it first. There was actually a slight frost as we arose to view a ~~mirror~~ image of Mt Cobb on the surface of Lake Henderson. A stiff climb up the saddle to 1500 metres through an armada of spaniards revealed a magnificent view in all directions. One small patch of snow still survived near the top of Mt Cobb. Amid the click of cameras, the sound of a tin whistle rose from the direction of the ridge leading to Mt Prospect. Two members of the Auckland University Tramping Club reunion party came running down the ridge. The Pied - Piper stopped periodically to give us a tune while his wife caught up with him. After having a good yarn, they headed up towards Mt Cobb giving us a couple of Irish tunes on their way. This was probably the most memorable point on the trip.

We descended to the small tarn and beyond looked down on to the heavily wooded Cobb Valley. Randall's aspirations to set up a logging company were aired yet again. "Would you look at all that timber". With home in sight, Randall, Zane, Allan, and Gavin disappeared down through the bush to arrive back at the truck a couple of hours before the remaining more sensible members of the party. We travelled in formation; Peter, Sue, yours truly, Selwyn and Brian at as slow a pace as possible without going backwards. Nigel was to return somewhat later than us, having stopped to take some more photos of the fine scenery. Without too much trouble we reached the boggy track by the river which we followed downstream along it's true right. A stream of limericks helped wash all thoughts of sore feet and blisters away.

At Chaffey's Hut we were met by a homewarming party of Heather Hawthorne and Glenda and New Years greetings were exchanged, some more intimately than others. Finally, Peter settled down and we had some lunch before setting off on our final leg (literally) back towards camp. We slogged steadily on before gathering speed to almost a canter as the truck came in sight. With Nigel's return an hour or so later, everyone had returned safe and sound from what had been a truly memorable experience.



'Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose"

- Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

THE 3 DAY TRAMP

30th Dec: GH

The two Heathers and I escorted Joy, Adrian and Christine, who were leaving for a three day tramp, up to Chaffey Hut. We finally left at 10.00am and followed the track along the bank of the Cobb River. This is a lovely wide valley with beech trees interspersed with tussock glades which were somewhat soggy in places. A family of riflemen feeding their young came within two metres of us in one of the beech areas. At Chaffey we had our lunch and said goodbye to the other three who headed up to Fenella Hut. We returned slowly back to the truck where another ~~six~~ or ~~seven~~ cars had arrived - apparently there was to be a reunion of members of the Auckland University Tramping Club 1960-70 vintage. Later in the week we were to be inundated with cars and a total of around 50 people associated with this reunion - a somewhat overloaded solitary loo resulted.

Three Day Trip Cont: JS

Christine, Adrian and I continued on from Chaffey Hut. We plodded, sloshed and generally squelched our way to Cobb Hut. In 1930 Cobb Hut was towed into position by a D8 bulldozer which was then used to build up the outlet of Lake Cobb. Twenty minutes later, Fenella was reached. She sits on a large rock formation with slate slab stepping stones around her.

The toilet is unique - patterned coloured glass door (Victorian) and stained glass window (purple, blue, red, yellow and orange). On it's own little verandah stands a red bucket in a wire frame. Just above, suspended from a tree, by a wire hook, a four foot length of alkathene pipe - hole at top end to be placed over water outlet built into the rockwall basin. Stones are supplied for holding the pipe firmly while the water flows into the bucket. Sit, meditate etc with the door open and looking at solid rock walls dotted with alpine plants - when finished, raise both lids, flush with now full bucket, replace bucket, hook up alkathene and lower lids, shut the door to discourage nighttime visitors.

The hut itself has a wet weather entrance at the back of the fireplace which is surrounded by reinforcing mesh - a terrific drying rack. Kitchen is well equipped - sink, cold water, pots pans, utensils, 2 camp ovens and a very efficient automatically lighting gas stove. Sleeps twenty without doubling up. Sunny verandah faces the rocky formations of Mt Xenicus and the Burgoo. Two furlongs away, a rock surrounded tarn makes a very attractive swimming hole - that is, for the top three feet - drop feet lower and they freeze!

Next morning we climbed the Kakapo Track, accompanied by Bruce, the DoC ranger, to the Waingaro Saddle. From here we could see Mt Snowden, the Waingaro valley and Kakapo Peak and beyond the Devil's Teeth suitable for experienced rock hoppers only.

New Year's Eve we celebrated with a game of cards with Val, Janet and Janet from the New Plymouth T C and with a roaring fire.

New Year's Day home via a rock scramble to the Cobb Lake. "My gosh" says Adrian, "Doesn't that river look interesting?" Reshuffle a few heavier items into the girls packs - and off he went. Deep, swift flowing pools, waterfall upon waterfall, slime covered rocks, nasty water shutes - and still he kept battling on ending up sidling and bush bashing on the true right.

He'd like to go back there with our master's of the rivers, Russell and Dave and to prove he can keep his shorts together next time!

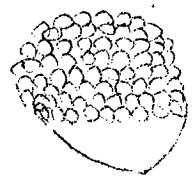
Lunch at Cobb Hut, then back down the Cobb River via the WET weather track, the beginning of which is also mud, and saw our intrepid Adrian in praying position, the result of navigating too fast through too deep mud! After that, he must have run back as he was home two hours before Christine and me. For, as we strolled back, we managed to find native orchids numbers eight and nine, and the local creeping lawyer in flower.

31st Dec: GH

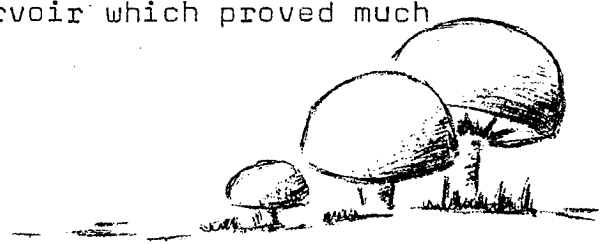
We left the truck around 10.30 am intending to walk the left side of the Cobb Reservoir and up to Lake Sylvester. After removing boots, crossing the river and rebooting, the going was very slow, first bush bashing through beech forest and then a bog walk through the tussock glades alongside the reservoir. Heather Hawthorne did a little fishing but the fish were not interested. The going was a bit faster at the reservoir edge although it did mean our dry boots soon got wet and it would have been much faster had the water level not been so high. After we crossed Sylvester Creek, we followed a possum line through beech forest full of deer signs. Finally, at 3.30 pm we made the track to Sylvester Lake but decided we had insufficient time left to get up there and back, so we decided to complete the circuit of the reservoir. We visited the plant garden where most of the alpine plants and herbs have been named, the inspected the dam and start-off down the road in the heat. A very kind lady at the N Z E D lodge revitalized us with a cuppa and Christmas cake and we reached the truck at 5.30. The view as we came over the hill at the camp ground was somewhat a surprise - a large marquee and about twenty cars ALL at our end of the camp ground - and just one loo to service all our needs!

1st Jan: H Hill

After a quick breakfast or an early bite of lunch, Glenda, Heather and I headed off up to Trilobite Hut and the Mytton Nature walk for a photo taking session. (What a pity Peter has never taught Glenda to use his camera!) We inspected a small rock shelter, then stopped while Glenda 'photographed' a bellbird from about three feet - uncooperative chap led Glenda a merry dance as he hopped through the trees. Further along the track, white, yellow, brown and black beech nuts littered the ground. These beech nuts grow on the trees and when ripe are yellow and drop off. A cluster of purple tobacco pouched toadstools captured our attention and Glenda tried Peter's camera again. A second lunch was had at a table under a tree. This walk takes 30 minutes - we did it grandiose style - in two and a half hours! Toasted sandwiches back at the truck made our third lunch. We had just finished when a dirty, black muddy creature arrived - under neath was Adrian returning from the three day tramp. We all changed and went swimming in the reservoir which proved much warmer than the swimming hole.



beech nuts are a fungus
'Aceria waltheri'



2 Day Trip: AB

On a hot summer's day, 3 bods, Heather Hill, Joy and Adrian left the carpark at the good early time of 11.00am for a rather leisurely 2 day stroll. The pace was very slow. We had a short climb to the top of the range and headed into the beech trees where we stopped for lunch. From then on the track was either down or nearly level. The Takaka River crossings were rather interesting wire bridges. Further on we came across a tent base that had the back of the chimney made out of slabs of wood which had caught fire in three places.

Later we arrived at a huge rock shelter that was to be our bed for the night. It was called Grid Iron Gulch. It had eight bunks, two open fires, a table and a swinging chair. The next day, I rose at ten past nine, gulped down last night's leftover tea for breakfast, and we were off. We met the two intrepid mountain runners, Allan and Gavin, at 10.30am. After that, we headed for Asbestos Cottage and home.

Sylvester Lake: GH

After a day's resting from the six day trip, I managed to cojole Maurice and Susan into accompanying me on a trip to Sylvester Lake - to be approached this time from the road. Susan and I left a little before Maurice and after walking a short way down the road a car stopped and there was Maurice who had hitched a ride. We all managed to squeeze in and the couple kindly drove us to the start of the Sylvester track. The track follows the reservoir for a little while and then heads upwards. The day was hot and Susan and Maurice found they had to adapt to a slower pace than they were used to as we slowly wound our way up through the beech trees to the open tussock and herffield tops. Much easier going on the tussock as it was relatively flat and there was a cool breeze to assist my overworked radiator. We reached Sylvester Lake for lunch, nestled as it was beneath a backdrop of steep and rugged hills - most picturesque.

After lunch we turned back and made a brief visit to Bushline Hut before heading back down through the beech trees to the reservoir - guessing as we went as to exactly where Maurice was when "he was nearly there" (twenty questions.) Maurice finally got "there" and after many more questions he eventually explained that "there" was the point where he had completely sucked through one barley sugar!

Back on the road again, Maurice flashed his legs again and obtained for us another ride and we were soon back at camp.

JAN 6th:

A quiet trip with a stop over at Motueka for new supplies, particularly of insect repellent and food. Thanks again to Joy's sister Ann, for ordering a new supply of fresh bread, for the vegetables from her garden and for taking our accumulation of rubbish. Nelson Lakes beckoned with a camping site near the mouth of the Buller River. 20 cent showers were welcome when not too many others had the same idea... the water was liable to run cold and we had had enough of cold water washes!

Jan 7-8th:

A quiet trip around Lake Rotoiti, with clouds overhead and the odd shower, stopping at Cold Water Creek to camp among the beech where protection from sandflies is a necessity. Maurice as usual played up to the many girls walking the track - in particular to one Swiss teacher with a shock of red hair.

"Just my type" said Randall. There was actually one New Zealander among 30 or so on the track - our National Parks are seemingly full of overseas tourists who are gaining an insight into our REAL N.Z., not just Rotorua and Queenstown. And as Brian found out - eyes open can be opened even wider with the tourists state of dress or should that be undress?

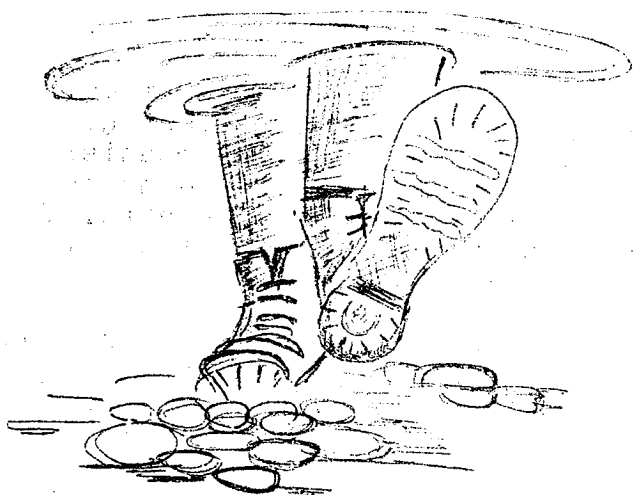
That night an interesting seminar was held by the rangers on the South Island kaka - slightly bigger than our North Island counterpart and whiter in the neck area. It is now under research in this area and is endangered by the common wasp which compete for honey dew. Individual kakas have been transistORIZED and may travel 60 km a day. Honey dew is their main source of energy for flight and a grub similar to the huhu which lives in kanuka wood their main protein. These kanuka stands may be sited up to 30km away from the beech where the honey dew is. A parasite has now been released for wasp control but it will be many years before the numbers of wasp decline to a level that will not threaten the existence of the kaka. Kaka take 13 years to reach breeding maturity and so far no young birds have been found. Flight corridors are being established with cooperation of land owners and foresters. Let us hope that action has been taken in time to save these birds. Afterwards, back at the truck, out came Heather's birthday cake to be shared with Zane and Brian, who had also had birthdays on the trip. Lollies joined cake, chippies, chocolate and a cuppa.

Gavin, Adrian and Allan elected to stay at the truck instead of walking round the Lake - they said it was so they could take the trout fly fishing lessons but as some girls also took the lessons, maybe there was a jack-up?

Jan 9th:

We were packed up and away to Picton by 8.00am. A quiet, uneventful trip home, arriving at Hastings by 9.00pm, after a fantastic two weeks.

LET'S START PLANNING THE NEXT TRIP SOUTH NOW!



"Accuse not Nature;
She has done her part;
Do thou but thine"

John Milton



South Island Trip - Statistics and Comments:

.1. Costs:	Incoming money - fees for 16	\$2891.00
	Outgoing money	
	Ferry fares (truck \$798)	\$1554.00
	Petrol at \$166 to fill tanks	505.00
	Food (see comments below)	874.00
	Miscellaneous (chipboard, guy ropes, donations ie fuel)	136.00
	Total:	\$3069.00
	Deficit:	178.00

The deficit was met from the \$824 Club working parties through painting Liz's roof and 2 garage sales.

.2. Food costs were kept to a minimum by only attempting to provide the basic 3 meals - any luxuries were to be supplied by each individual. The following 'specials' were purchased through various club members - our many thanks to them.

Vesta meals (sauces only) for \$36.00
Fresh meat - 3 meals (chops, patties, sausages \$39.00
Canned food, spaghetti, baked beans, fruit,
creamed rice etc for \$120.00
2 crates of oranges, bag potatoes \$50.00
Donated food from participants (veges, fruit,
Christmas left overs, honey, & a birthday cake)

The rest was bought at normal supermarket prices.

nb: We had heaps left over.

.3. Menu Breakfast: Porridge, muesli, fruit, toast

Lunch: Bread (7 days)

Cabin bread & crackers (6 days)

+ cheese, honey, jam, marmite, corned meat

+ 1 orange per day, 1 cup of soup

Dinner: Vesta meat sauces, 2 minutes noodles, dehy
vege- (8 days)

fresh meat and vege (4 days)

canned meat, canned vege (2 days)

+ instant puddings and fruit, or creamed rice

NB. 3 lunches bought individually while in transit

.4. Truck

We travelled 1178 kilometres and used 550 litres of petrol and about 200 litres of water!

Thus the truck used 46.7 litres per 100km or did 6.1 mpg.

.5. Comments: I think that most participants helped in some way with the smooth running of the trip, but extra thanks must go to Heather and Selwyn Hawthorne. Heather did most of the organising for the menus, telling us what to buy and the quantity - no easy task. Selwyn did all the driving as well as the many repairs. We certainly would have not made the crossing south without Selwyn - thanks, Selwyn. Thanks, Heather.

The old saying, 'You can please some of the people some of the time but you can't please all of the people even some of the time' was certainly appropriate in the planning stages. My advice for the future - don't try!

GH

Glenda Hooper, Peter Berry, Selwyn & Heather Hawthorne, Joy Stratford, Heather Hill, Susan Lopdell, Brian Culpan, Christine Hardie, Maurice Kelly, Allan Mouat, Gavin MacKay, Adrian Brown, Zane Couper, Randall Goldfinch & Nigel Savage (NTC)

RANGAIKA BEACH

15th - 16th January, 1988.

.13.

Trip No 1937

We left Carter Holt's at six, heading for a weekend of fun, sun and fishing. After arriving at Clifton Domain, the oldies of the trip quickly shouldered their packs and set off at a cracking pace. But the group of young mostly intelligent boys soon passed and left them behind. We waited for the slower group at the shelter but once they were in sight we headed off, planning to get some paua on the other side of the Cape. We reached the top, dropped packs and headed for the water. The rest of the slower group paused above us just as we had gathered our limit of paua, so we headed off up to catch up with them.

Everybody stopped for a fish at Flat Rock and a kind diver sent up five crays for us, with Gavin catching another one. After lunch we headed off for camp, set up, and lazed around in the sun or swim.

John hooked on to a big stingray but lost it. After tea was eaten and all the crays gone, Peter, Glenda, Alister and Zane arrived for the night.

The next morning most of us got up at a leisurely hour except for John and some swearing kid, who went fishing. After breakfast Gavin, Paul and Jake headed back to Flat Rock for more paua, followed later by Steven, Pete and the trip leader, the rest, except for John, piking out and heading for the truck. The rest of us got a limit of paua and then headed out - still not having to climb around the top despite predictions from the pikers. It was then a long walk back along Ocean Beach, eventually catching up with the rest of the club, who had stopped to watch the horse races. Most people went for a swim while waiting for Pete and John to arrive. The final thrill of the day was when the truck ran out of petrol half way up the hill out of Ocean Beach.

AM.
Party: John Berry, Andrew Dacey, Gavin and Paul MacKay, Jake Perry, Heather Hill, Joy Stratford, Craig Hill, George Prebble, Frank Hooper, Alister Moffitt, Glen Alder, Glenda Hooper, Peter Berry, Zane Couper, Steve Campbell.

KIWI OPENING

30 - 31st January, 1988.

Trip No 1938

"Wow!" What a thrill it was to fly over Kiwi Saddle and see the place alive with faces of the very young and slightly older folks looking up. There were bods everywhere one looked! The weekend was going to be a success.

After many weeks of cutting up timber, painting, flying all the materials onto site, digging, building, getting wet and building once again, Saturday 30th January 1988 arrived. Indeed a great day in the history of the HTC founded in 1935.

It was to attend the official opening of our new Kiwi Saddle Hut (Kiwi 2) that seventyfive people started tramping in on Friday and Saturday with their destination Kiwi Saddle. The offer of a helicopter to fly in a number of the older or incapacitated members was gratefully accepted. To get John von Dadelszen and Peter Lattey, two of our foundation members to the hut, was just as bigger thrill to the club members as it was to these two fine gentlemen. It sure was great to see you up there, chaps.

We also had three generations present in Maurice and Barbara Taylor, their daughter, Sue, and granddaughter, Claire aged three months. There were complete families, there were several members of the Berry family (there have not been many club trips since about 1951 when there has not been a Berry present and the new generation will rise in April.)

Around 5.00 pm a lovely afternoon tea was served by the ladies - where all the food came from, heaven only knows but it was very much appreciated. This was followed by the opening of the hut by John Cheyne of the Department of Conservation or DoC for short. As John said, the building of the hut is a credit to the club and it is in an ideal position for parties going further into the Kaweka Park. After the opening, the official party entered the hut and inspected the interior. Shortly after, the helicopter arrived to start ferrying 20-odd bods back to Kuripapanga, with everyone trying to get on the last load out. This left about 50 to sleep in and around the huts with tents and flys surrounding the hut area. Everyone had their sleeping spots bar one.

On the Saturday evening we had a massive trampers stew with everything tossed in "pre cooked", thanks to my good wife for assisting and supplying a fair amount towards it. For dessert it was icecream and fruit salad with a rush for seconds. By 10.00 pm most had settled for the night, that is, except for our immediate past president - no way was he going to hit the sack so early. Being easily led astray, I let him talk me into visiting all the camp, so off we went until midnight, when he wanted to inform folks that it was no longer yesterday today - that it was now tomorrow. A certain lady sleeping under the stars immediately crawled inside her sleeping bag and much muttering was heard. (What did you say L-zzz?) After some time, I talked our friend into hitting the sack. "But where the h... am I am I going to bed down?" he said. The hunt was on and after waking the camp up once again, Russell Perry finally slept in the new hut.

On Sunday morning, the old hut was pulled down, "crucified" - it was very sad to see. During its forty six years of existence it had given shelter to many people and some great yarns were told around the open fire while waiting for the billy to boil. I can well remember "Ang" Angus Russell telling us many a yarn and Lindsay Lloyd reciting poetry and on some occasions a singsong would start up. Or the time Ian Stirling and I just about set fire to the hut when the camp oven blew up and all hell let loose. Now, it's out with the old and in with the new.

Around 10.00 am some of the slower ones headed off for a nice quiet trip out. The water gauge was reached and a swim in the river was just what the doctor ordered. One party came out via the river from Kiwi Mouth and arrived at the truck at 7.00 pm.

To John Cheyne, Phil Mohi and staff of DoC, thanks for all your help and assistance in the building of Kiwi Saddle Hut. I only hope that this exercise is the start of a friendship between your department and the HTC.

To the club members, thanks for a mighty effort. The club spirit is still there. We have a hut to be proud of. Use it.

Stan Woon.

TUTAEKURI GORGE
14th February 1988

Trip No 1940

There are wee lessons to be learnt on every tramp, and the no. 1 for Sunday's trip was the importance of carrying a First Aid kit - and not just for the repair of human bodies. Even the truck needed a little doctoring this time when it burst an airbrake line hose, and a very natty repair job was done with elastoplast. We arrived at the Mackintosh carpark, unloaded and all walked down, down, down forever, until we finally reached the river. It was decided that a group would stay behind with Joy, who had kindly volunteered to drive the truck to the pickup point at Lawrence Road, so we who were to do the actual river trip all huddled nervously along the bank by the 3 wire bridge awaiting instructions. Dave and Pete had a scout round and somebody made the decision to enter the water from this side (it looked cold and very deep and was running quite high,) and gave the call to 'tighten packs and jump in'. Horror stricken faces looked up and down to see who'd take the initial plunge and I couldn't even say who it was. Your only concern was your own turn, and as each body disappeared with a splash and whirled off into the current, that turn came closer!

Now the hills are very high on both sides of the river and the morning sun (if there was any) doesn't warm it at all, so it was p-p-pretty b-b-b-bracing, in fact it quite took your breathe away! But we kept moving, and each time our singlets had begun to dry out a little it seemed was the time to do another packfloat and we were drenched again. We'd come out of the water, teeth chattering, knees knocking and march on till the next deep section. Wool singlets are hilarious - on the girls they become more and more revealing as they get tighter, and each time as they get wet, they also get longer and longer - in fact Andrew's was past his knees at one stage. Eventually the sun, as ordered by Sandie, came out - in fact it turned into a glorious day. The water was beautifully clear, and the crossings pretty straight forward. We did one rope crossing over a small but swift eddy, and had to climb down one waterfall on a rope. Another waterfall caused a bit of a dilemma until it was decided that we'd scale the bank to the right of it on a rope and come down the other side. John Berry almost hooked Brennan's eye out with the end of his fishing rod, and after surviving that near miss, Brennan climbed up the bank and over the other side, where he slipped on a large greasy rock and put a very nasty gash above his left eye. It was very tidily closed up with those marvellous 20th century inventions - peel and stick sutures, and since Brennan insisted he was fine, we all pushed on.

Time was getting a bit tight as the large number in our group meant that one by one crossing over difficult sections caused quite a bit of waiting around - so the more daring members put their heads together....

The outcome was that some would bale out and the rest would continue down the river. So Brennan (who by now had a very purple eye and a headache), Len and we girls set off straight up the hill to the road. Now Sandie, (whose leadership had hitherto only been a token gesture) had the opportunity to prove her mettle. And a grand job she did, too. This was bush bashing at it's finest! We all but crawled all the way to the top through what looked liked impenetratable scrub. We attracted the attention of numerous fantails who followed us all the way - probably enjoying the insects our movements stirred up - but we saw no other wildlife.

.16.

As the log book at Lotkow said, "Heap sign but no deen". Although we were simply to go straight up we had to check occasionally with the compass to ensure we were heading in the right direction. NO, we weren't thick, but the bush was! It took ages and finally the shout came. "I can see pines" and soon after, "I can see the road" and we all let out a yahoo!

We all flopped in the sunshine, every inch of our bodies in protest - scratches, bruises, nettle stings, chafing and wee complaining muscles you didn't know you had! Len lay on the grass pondering the madness of such self-mutilation in the name of freedom, identity, achievement and the great N.Z. outdoors.

And yes, it was worthwhile. We made the long hot walk back to the truck, stopping briefly to cool our feet in Gold Creek on the way and some of the others even walked back from the truck to meet us, offering to carry our packs. It seemed the group who had gone down the river had taken the attitude of "the quick or the dead" and made very fast time with Bevis apparently excelling himself with Hollywood-type stunts. They had arrived a little before us, bedraggled, soaking wet and sporting the biggest grins imaginable. The party who had stayed with the truck had a more leisurely day with two of the youngsters and David trying to go up river. However they were beaten by a waterfall unable to be sidled only 30 minutes upstream.

We were all loaded up by 5 and had a good drive home, the trip made quite entertaining by the Berry Twins and their inexhaustable repertoire of ditties.

JP.

Heather Hill, Joy Stratford, Darrin Griffin, Roger Pawluk, Bevis Stevens, Dave Harrington, Brennan Jenkins, Alister Moffit, Jill Preece, Len Frost, Julie and Kathy Turner, Andrew Dacey, Craig Murray, John Berry, Peter Berry, David Cormack, Andrew Cormack Frank Hooper.

MOUNTAIN MARATHON

20-21st February

Trip no 1941

October '87 was my first trip to check out a course that Ted set for the Mountain Marathon day two. It's from Ruahine corner Trig U - Piopio - Aranga Hut - Apias Creek - Golden Crown. Christmas Randall and I spent a few more days checking this course. It was too rough with bluffs, waterfalls and thick bush. Ted worked out another course from Ruahine Corner - Ikawetea Forks - No Mans - Three Fingers with Mistake Bivy as well for Course one. After several more trips into the bush checking out different routes and noting map errors it was all go for the big weekend of 20-21st Feb 1988.

19th Feb: Glenda, Jim and Stan travelled to Mangahane Station to check competitors gear etc. Tony, Hamish, Randall and one other manned a control at the Hermitage. Ross was radio operator at Ruahine Corner.

20th Feb: 25 of us left Hastings by truck and drove to No Mans Hut. Weather was good with high cloud. Russell and 6 others were based at No Mans with the control point about 15 minutes away. Nigel and his 6 headed south along the range to the top of Three Finger spur to man the control point there. Clive and Mitch

headed to the control point at Mistake Bivy. Eddie and six others headed down to the control point at Ikawetea Forks. Bevis and I travelled with Eddie's party for lunch, then climbed up towards Trig Y putting out a control point on the way. While travelling the tussock country we explored a few caves enroute discovering a Moa bone. We eventually arrived at Ruahine Corner Hut which was the overnight camp for nearly 200 people.

21st Feb: Morning was cold, wet and drizzly. Start time was delayed $\frac{1}{2}$ hour due to it being too dark to read maps. Eventually all the competitors disappeared across the tussock. Then we had breakfast, packed and left. There was Bevis, Hamish, me (Dave) and Janet Dobbie whose partner had pulled out due to blackouts along with Malcolm Ingpen with a broken ankle. We headed across the tussock to Trig Y where we met Randall cuddled in his sleeping bag with his radio - under a large rocky overhang. Here we waited until we had clearance from Ikawetea Forks that all competitors had passed by. A few hours later we were informed that one had gone missing. We set off looking for this guy and eventually all arrived at the Forks with the guy who had been lost for 8 hours. At 5.30 we left to climb up to No Mans arriving there in bad weather and semi-darkness. We arrived back in Hastings at 10.30pm. Thanks to Selwyn for driving.
D.Harrington.

Mangahane: Glenda Hooper, Jim Glass, Stan Woon
Hermitage: Randall Goldfinch, Tony Hansen, Hamish Tait
Ruahine Corner: Ross Berry, David Harrington, Bevis Stevens
Ikawetea Forks: Eddie Holmes, John Berry, Trevor Plowman, Allan Mouat, Gavin MacKay, Janet Brown, Andrew Dacey
No Mans: Russell Perry, Geoff Robinson, Selwyn Hawthorne, Claire O'Kane, Karen Thurston, Jenny Lean, Lyn Gentry
Mistake Bivy: Clive Thurston, Mitch Barrett
Three Fingers: Nigel Brown, Christine Hardie, Peter Berry, Adrian Brown, Mike Bull, Susan Lopdell, Zane Couper

NGARURORO RAFT TRIP:
28th February 1988

Trip no 1942

Sunday dawned a brilliant day; seventeen members boarded the Club truck at Holt's at 7.00am. Tyre tubes of various sizes and degrees of inflation joined members in the back. Our lady driver proceeded with instructions from the trip leader which duly had the truck stop at Kohatunui Station for directions. Directions gained, on we went. Mr Chris Beamish was waiting for our mob to arrive.

Frank and Joy had made arrangements previously for access across his property to the river. Without Chris's help and transport the trip would certainly not been the success it was. A small electric air pump was put into action and some 25 tubes were inflated fully. Meanwhile, Joy was transported back from the Otamauri - Ngaruroro confluence after taking the truck back there for the exit from the river. Thankyou, Mrs Beamish.

On the back of a four wheel drive Toyota with trailer attached, Chris transported us across his farm to a point above the Omahaki Stream - Ngaruroro junction. Down the bank on an old disused track, 17 people, wetsuits, life jackets and inflated tubes travelled - some faster than others.

Four rafts were constructed,¹⁸ some more stable than others, and off we went. Some wanted to get wet early, so Adrian saw to their 'request' and seemed to provide Brian and Christine with amusement most of the way. Stops were made at regular intervals. Some rafts seem to travel faster than others. Lunch was taken near the water guage and this allowed the non wetsuited members of the party to warm up. Wet suits should be a must for those Club members who feel the cold.

The afternoon section saw much fun as Joy's troop didn't make it around a tree and ended up upside down. Very hilarious, Joy! As the river braided, selection of the section of river to be followed proved to be paramount if no walking and pulling of raft was intended. Soon the truck was in sight and deflation of tubes, inflation of stomachs and dry clothes was the norm. By 3.00pm we were loaded and headed for home.

N.B.

Nigel, Adrian & Justine Brown, Brian Culpan, Christine Hardie, Bev Pawluk, Judy Moss, Heather Hill, Joy Stratford, Craig Hill, Fiona Sapsford, Jenny Lean, Alton Harris, Andrew Dacey, Lew Harrison, Len Frost, Graham

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OUTDOOR PURSUIT CENTRE - TURANGI: Club Sponsorship.

Sunday, 13th December finally came. I'd been looking forward to that day since I had been told I'd won the sponsorship 5 weeks earlier. I reported in about 5.00pm, tossed all my gear on my bunk, said "Goodbye" to the folks, and went to meet the team of 7 boys & 2 girls I was to be with for the next week. That night we sat round talking, not realising what the time was and finally getting to bed at 12.30.

Monday morning, 8.00am we all crawled out of bed, yawning, and stumbled down to breakfast of horrible concrete (porridge) Breakfast and chores over, we started our first activity, rock climbing the practise wall a few times, then we were taken to a nearby crag which was really steep and freaky to climb. After lunch we did a short orienteering course with some incredible obstacles. A few guys and I were the only heroes that went on (everyone thought we were insane and they'd be right!) Next, we went to a nearby dam, played a few games and all ended up wet.

Tuesday was the mountain day. We were going to try to conquer both Ngauruhoe & Tongariro, but because of the weather, we only climbed Tongariro. It was excellent, a pretty hard climb and boy was it cold! Once we got to the top, we played around in the snow, and three skyhawks flew over really low, making our ear-drums ring.

Wednesday was the coldest day - the water day! With two layers of wool and a wetsuit top, I was still cold. We started with rafting, tied a few tubes together, piled on and set off. All went well until we came to the last rapid, called by the instructors 'Killer Fang Falls', which was about 1 km from where we were to pull out. As we were going over the rapid, the raft fell to bits - tubes, bodies and oars all floating independantly. At the bottom, we all managed to catch a tube each, decided to make a new raft which we found impossible as the ropes had gone, as had the oars. So we just floated downstream to the truck. After lunch, we attempted canoeing, learning to roll which was a good idea as every time you tried to paddle you turned over because it was so rough! Then we went back to the Tongariro River and canoed

successfully down the course we had tried to raft. At 5.00pm, all freezing we packed up and headed for the heated pools to thaw out

On Thursday, we tramped for 5 hours, then dropped our packs, and went caving. After three hours of squeezing through narrow cracks and wacking our heads, we found our instructors had left us to find our own way out, and we did, after a few wrong turns and twice the time it took to get in. Twenty minutes later, at our campsite, under a huge rock complete with fire and leftover candles, we spent the night.

Friday, we headed back to the centre really early - it was a 6 hour tramp and we arrived by ten. We cleaned up, repacked, lunched, took group photographs, swapped addresses, piled into the truck and headed back to Turangi where Mum and Dad were waiting.

I would like to thank Russell for putting my name forward, and the Club for offering me the sponsorship. It was a fun trip, an exciting trip and definitely a trip that stretched my abilities. Thankyou.
Zane Couper.

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"RUAHINE MACPAC" - extracts from Ted Sapsford:

The "Ruahine Macpac" was conceived a few hours after the 1986 Holdsworth event in the Tararua's. Once the general route was decided on, I had 10 months in which to field check the area and set the courses. I gained a deep respect for the Ruahine and her moods. The last control site in the main crossing was confirmed the weekend before Christmas; four hours of driving, six hours tramping equalled one more white peg in place.

Maps were checked and altered by hand, then waterproofed.

It was realised in the early stages of organisation that the Hawkes Bay Orienteering Club did not have the membership and enough people with mountain experience to prepare or stage the event. Hence we joined forces with the Heretaunga Tramping Club who had the people and the expertise we needed. To provide an efficient communication and results network we later enlisted the assistance of the Napier Radio Club.

I would like to take this opportunity to pass on my personal thanks to Dave Harrington of the Heretaunga Tramping Club for his tireless efforts right through all stages of the project and also Randall Goldfinch of the Napier Radio Club for his meticulously planned and well organised network. Last, but not least, also to Peter Watson of the Hawkes Bay Orienteering Club who, as co-ordinator handled all the administrative roles of the whole event and with whom it has been a pleasure to work.

I enjoyed the whole project, though I must admit I did not know what sort of mountain lion I had by the tail when I originally undertook to organize the event. Many times over the period, I had the feeling it was me against the Ruahines and I was convincingly in second place. The time involvement finally faded into perspective as I watched those tired and triumphant pairs come down the last spur and through to the finish at the end of their long mountain run. To complete the courses one or two, was to beat the Ruahines regardless of race position.

Thankyou everybody.
Ted Sapsford, Course Controller.

.20.
PRIVATE TRIPS

TE PUIA -

and well beyond. Jan 1988.

"Now the mustering is over and the flock is all shorn,
Let us to the Ruahines with the coming of the dawn!"
So wrote Lester Masters more than thirty years ago. In our case
it was the Kawekas calling and with shearing finished on the
Saturday, for us it was packs up and away on Monday 18th Jan.
That night we spent near the Mangatainoka-Mohaka confluence,
half of it in the luxurious comfort of the hot tub, the other
half star gazing with the multitudes of glow worms on the bank
beside our beds.

*Tuesday 19th:

The beauty of the bush, the moss, the sunlight and the river
must have got us a bit - we didn't notice heavy packs or what
must have been slow progress. We went deep into the Mohaka
Gorge, photographing and looking for blue duck, then realised
we couldn't climb out safely. Back downstream, then up onto the
true right bank and round above the gorge on a reasonable deer
track. (The map shows the track on the true left but this is
more difficult.) Across a major tributary, over a saddle and
back down to the main river for a quick lunch stop. Here the
rain started. Soon the area was awash, reminiscent of Fiordland
Rain Forest. Log-jams, windfalls (both in the river and on the
banks), groves of onga onga and head high toitoi slowed us
further, made worse by the fact that none of us had been in the
area before and therefore didn't know just where was the best
route. We'd charge along a deer track for 50 metres only to find
the track shot off up a ridge, leaving us facing a windfall
barrier or a two metre drop back down into the river. Still the
rain poured and within a few hours the previously crystal clear
water was a liquid mud flow. One gushing waterfall was pouring
straight off a high fresh slip, staining that side of the river
a dirty yellow as the high concentration of clay was carried
downstream. We could hear and sometimes see the gale force wind
ripping through the tree tops high on the ridges above.
Thankful we weren't trying to battle along the tops, we pretended
to be happy, shuffling along in the gloomy valley. We were pretty
well thoroughly soaked by now, four/fifths of us having fallen
in to varying traps on the greasy rocks. Then IT happened -
ricocheting across the valley - the MOST BLOODCURDLING SCREAM!
Elizabeth, a little ahead, rushed back, blue eyes wide open
with fear, thinking somebody was badly hurt. Twice repeated -
never in all my years of going 'bush' had I heard the likes. To
me it sounded like bullets screaming overhead. Then some rocks
clattered down not far away. We could only put it down to some
irate Sika stag expressing annoyance that his domain was being
invaded by mere humans. Still the deluge poured and the river
was rising rapidly beneath our feet with crossings now well
above knee depth. By now we were convinced 'Gremlins' ahead
of us must be moving the hut up beyond each corner as we
approached! I had been counting the streams coming in but these
didn't tally with the map - big ones weren't marked and some
tiny little ones were - all very confusing! As time dragged on,
I began to think we must somehow by-passed the hut. I even
thought of returning downstream to one of two quite nice bivies
we had passed. At 1900hrs the rain stopped as quickly as it had
started. Forlornly the trees dripped, twigs bent with the
weight of water. 1915hrs "Pam, perhaps we should bivy here for
the night?" as we came upon a small mossy river terrace - only
the bottom contained water! Young (and old) legs were becoming
weary! We steamed inside our parkas in the humidity. "Oh lets
go on for just another 1/4 hour." At 1928hrs, we fell into
Mangatainoka Hut - not used for several weeks, left beautifully

.21.

clean with dry kindling stacked neatly waiting for us. A blazing fire, a billy of tea and laughter soon returned. During the night a sleeping child was heard to say, "Please help me I am going as fast as I can."

***Wednesday 20th:**

Dawned brilliantly with birds singing and the river returned to it's former clarity. Had it still been raining we probably would have rolled over and gone back to sleep. Instead, it was into wet gear and off by 0730hrs. Once the sun had reached the river we warmed up and could enjoy the beauty of the valley again. Travel became easier as the river 'thinned down.' Eventually we reached a bleary sign 'hut' carved into a tree and some meaningless initials. Again the stream system didn't fit the map but the general layout, ridges and compass agreed, so we toddled off uphill, leaving the Mangatainoka by the true left bank on a razor back ridge beside another tributary. The ridge was long but shoving through waterfalls and undergrowth along the top was even longer. We picked out boot damage on the odd root and a very occasional very old blaze here and there, compass still agreed with map, so we kept plodding. Lighter moments included a cheeky little robin trying to peep into Kathy's opened pack and a graceful sika yearling ambled around the knob below us. Finally, in the brilliant sunshine, we could make out the golden tussock of the valley below and soon the shape of Tussock Hut loo - never has a loo looked so beautiful! A long ambition of mine to visit Tussock Hut was fulfilled; the young stood aside and bundles me up the steps to be first through the door. Coming over from Harkness, gaping in disbelief, two hunters watched with apprehension as first 2 packs appeared heading towards 'their' hut, followed by two more. (They didn't see the fifth one - it was too short to register over the tussock!) They even put a stop watch on us and decided we were 'female' by the 'slow pace!' They arrived just 10 minutes after us, still not fully believing what they had seen until they actually talked to us! Locals from Puketitiri, and thorough gentlemen, they even gave up a bunk so we could have the mattresses! They had struck the previous day's storm while coming over from Venison Tops and had lost over an hour trying to find the track in a white out squall. A lasting memory is sitting on Tussock Hut steps watching kaka wheeling and soaring over the tree tops - silhouetted in the evening sky.

***Thursday 21st:**

Rolling mists cleared as the sun rose. The Harkness Valley looked it's golden best. Mosses and flowers were everywhere, making knobs resemble well tended gardens. A magnificent red stag wandered away, quite unperturbed that we had interrupted his early morning drink. He stood quietly by the bush edge watching our progress, (perhaps he sensed what harmless creatures we were) A family of ducklings, species not identified, were in the Ngaawapurua Stream. Mother took three ducklings downstream while the other three hid, only to resurface between Julie's knees as she was crossing. 27 stream crossings later saw us passing through Harkness Hut. Another 4 crossings later, lunch, change to dry socks and puff, puff up to Te Pukeohikarua. It was just marvellous having a clear track to follow after the previous two days of nonstop route finding and 'bashing.' Cold wet fog was rolling in as we descended the badly eroded track to the newly painted and most attractive Te Puke Hut. (The Atlas stove got scrubbed and polished that night.)

***Friday 22nd:**

Brilliant sunshine again as we returned to Te Puke trig for red photos. Ruapehu glistenly perfectly, Kaweka J rather nondescript among the folds of so many hills and Pakaututu Station so green. Just at our feet, the Makino Wilderness perfect in the early

22.

sunlight (long may it stay a wilderness!) A pigeon silently sat on a rock by the trig - taking a breather as it crossed over the ridge, before swooping down in undulating sweeps to the bush below. It was such a delightful amble along the tops, jarred only by the harsh repetitive screeching of long tailed cuckoos (and the silent screaming of Julie's blisters,) and finally to Mangaturutu Hut. That evening the resident DoC hunter brought in the most exquisite baby fawn. Less than two days old (we estimated) it's hooves were like polished coal, it's spotted coat, fur rather than hair. Too young to know fear, it quietly accepted our attentions, and by next morning was drinking quite well from a spoon.

***Saturday 23rd:**

It seemed a long steep way down to the Makino River. I was far too hot - having set off in my bushshirt - but reluctant to stop in case 'Bambi' became restless. As the hunter still had several weeks work, before coming out, he entrusted 'Bambi' to us, to bring out and rear for him. We had constructed a sling from a small sack and roped this to my pack straps so the little fellow was supported across my chest. Here he travelled very peacefully, mostly with his head resting on my arm. During feeding stops, 'Bambi' either walked around with us (legs had obviously become things to follow) or rested quietly between my boots. Beautiful campsites along the Makino River tempted us, as did the numerous swimming holes, but we plodded on, reaching Te Puia Hut early afternoon. Here a new problem reared its head and it became a full time job keeping well meaning 'tourists' - and dogs - away from 'Bambi'.

***Sunday 24th:**

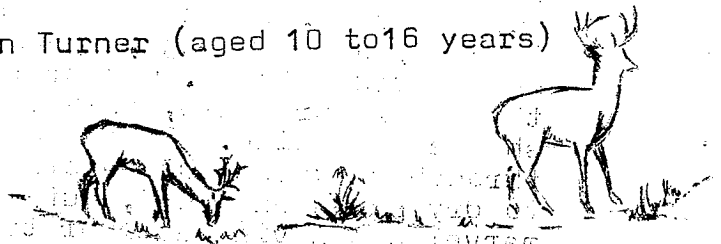
It was, reluctantly, back out to civilisation after seven days of roaming covering 60km. No time records were set but we all gained from the togetherness and the many challenges encountered. We all experienced ups and downs (luckily on different days) and it was great to see the young ones meet the obstacles and still come up smiling. Team work, job sharing was a credit to them (I only cooked one meal) and we regarded the whole venture as a fantastic holiday. Firsts for them included: robins, long tailed cuckoos, kaka, glow worms, blue duck and 7 wild deer. Other records claimed - first head completely under the Mangatainoka, first hookgrass in eyebrows, first going to loo on knees! Points for concern however were, the freshly chopped down huge kanuka at the tub, and beeches at Tussock Hut, and the large number of dogs being brought in - 7 parties = 6 dogs.

Sadly, despite all possible care, 'Bambi' did not survive, probably due to incorrect feeding at the very beginning - we only had diluted condensed milk for him.

Big Chief (alias "Poor Old Geriatric Durr") Pam Turner

Slaves: Elizabeth Whittle

Julie, Kathy and Eileen Turner (aged 10 to 16 years)



"It is a very good world to live in,
To lend, or to spend, or to give in;
But to beg or to borrow, or to get a man's own,
It is the very worst world that ever was known."

Attrib; Earl of
Rochester

TE PUIA

27-28th January 1988.

Sandie and Bev picked me up soon after 7 and we got away fairly quickly. I had by far the lightest pack-as usual I had an abundance of gear which I didn't use, including about 6 pairs of socks. I must have a neurosis there, but one sock did make an excellent pot mitt.

Anyway we arrived at the Bluegums car park about 10.00am with only a slight hitch when Sandie's wee car stalled in the first ford - a good heave and we pushed her out. A few vehicles were at the car park, and a couple of hunters who wished us well with, "Nice day for a walk, girls." We wished upon them to fall on their swords or trip over their gin traps or whatever. (WHY is it that men 'tramp' and women 'go for a walk'?) and we strode off.

Gosh, it was hot - by the time we'd got over the first 'up' we were all three soaked in sweat and I was puffing hard, and Bev, who was on her very first tramp, was looking sort of grey-ish and stunned. We had quite a few stops, we were in no hurry. Then on the flats we had a long lunch stop. Packs up and off, and we made good time, but still the heat was incredible.

We stopped at Te Puia for a short time (The new visitors book is filling up rapidly) then pressed on, unsure of the time but feeling it was probably around four. Sandie's watch was 40 minutes out, but since she insisted it was an hour fast and 20 minutes slow, or was that 20 minutes fast and an hour slow?... there was bound to be confusion. Just quietly, I think the trip took us six hours! How about that?

We parked ourselves right beside the hot pool, lit the fire, and put the billy on, and assembled our tents. Then out of nowhere bounced a wee girl in a bathing suit - she smiled and scurried on, closely followed by a man in wet underpants. It turned out that we'd camped right in their path from the hot pool to the river. This man and his two young daughters plus the school teacher of one of the girls had apparently got together and planned this trip at a school camp last year. They'd come in for 6 days, but had gone up the Mangatainoka for 2 days (where they met with the Turner family) - they'd left a lot of their gear at the pool campsite and had come back to find a big bag of scroggin gone. They asked us to look out for a BIG mouse with wind problems! Our evening was pleasant - a delicious meal a plastic cup of red wine and a long soak in the pool with our neighbours, after which we all donned longjohns and woolly singlets and joined them at their campfire for coffee and bikkies. In spite of there apparently being a full time possum trapper in the area, we had quite an audience of onlookers from the surrounding trees. We went to bed at midnight and didn't wake until about 9.30am. A quick dip in the river and a delicious breakfast of bacon, mushrooms, tomatoes and scrambled eggs - (one of those medicine bottles hold 6 eggs and the parsley you know).

We left well before our neighbours and made pretty good time coming out, but even so, they passed us at a great rate, 6 day packs, venison and all and then by the time we arrived at Te Puia, they were lounging around the lodge. We didn't wait around - Bev thought she might need to be carried out so we wanted to be ahead, but they soon passed us again. Gosh those girls were doing brilliantly - the lasses of today will grow up to women of a calibre that would have terrified our husbands!

The return trip was easier, but the heat was intense, and eventually we stopped again at the grass verge, got our gear off and went for a wallow in the river - boobs, bums, and boots - what a sight for any unsuspecting passerby! We got back to the carpark to find our neighbours waiting to escort us out - very considerate of them, we felt, knowing Sandie's concern over the ford. But no problems. Off we went, stopping at Puketapu for a nice cold lager.

Chief: Sandie Dungan.

Scrib: Jill Preece

Novice: Bev Pearce

KAWEKA BIVY and Back.

20th Jan 1988

We headed off from Makahu car park about 7.30am at a leisurely pace and it wasn't long before we reached the bivy. The weather was really great and we were feeling really energetic, so we decided to drop back to the last creek, follow that to Makahu Stream and reach the carpark via Pinnacle Creek. We were a little dubious as to whether the streams were alright to travel but we thought we'd give it a go. Soon the creek turned into a small overhanging gorge and about 500m down we came across a waterfall. Dave and I jumped down getting totally soaked, and Dad came down last, throwing his glasses into the water. We searched for about 10 minutes before I went on to see what was downstream. I came across an impassable waterfall, so we guided Dad up a steep slippery bank above the river so we could return the way we had come. We had to use a rope to get back to the river - I went second and broke the tree we had used for the rope, so David had to fall down the cliff. They reckon it's time I started that diet! The rest of the trip was relaxing with a long lunch break and a slow walk back to Makahu.

Noel, David and Sharon Charteris.

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Book Reviews: R Mudgeway

"The Walking Tracks of New Zealand's National Parks" by John Cobb

This book covers the whole range of walking opportunities in both the Maritime and the National Parks, as well as nearby reserves.

John Cobb, in compiling this book from his own personal background of enthusiasm for the natural world, has reflected this in both his writing and photography. Both are first class.

The book includes valuable information on walking times, the degree of difficulty of the tracks and walks, along with detailed maps.

"A Book of New Zealand Walkways"

The tracks listed in this book have been classified according to their degree of difficulty and susceptibility to extremes of weather, so that in most districts a choice is available to suit the avid outdoor enthusiast.

The maps are detailed, providing time and length of track, walk or route, location and mention of facilities available be they parking, picnic, toilets etc. The book is profusely illustrated with first class photographs.

"Northland Walks" and Bay of Plenty-Rotorua Walks - two Auckland Herald publications.

The publishers, Wilson and Horton Ltd, Auckland, detail a multiplicity of walks in the above regions. The maps, pictures (black & white) together with the descriptions and history combine to make the excursions all the more meaningful.

"CLUB CHRONI KILL"

After the last Pohokura's heap of nine new members, we have only a small mound this time, Paul MacKay and Julie Turner - welcome. Small quantity but oh what quality!

Continuing the club's baby boom, Trevor & Jeanette Plowman have a boy, David. When I rang to sort out the facts, I couldn't help but notice what good lungs David had - always a good start to a tramping career.

After the mountain marathon we had a very enjoyable combined function with the orienteering folks, in the form of a barbeque at Rowe Road. It was attended by all four of our latest additions plus a possible stop-press addition.

Clinton Manners and Tera Cornes are engaged - congratulations.

Randall Goldfinch has been deported to Hamilton. To celebrate his leaving we held a little function. Club night started with a few training slides. Then Russell interrupted loudly with;

"I'm sick of training nights" and everyone else who was in on the plan agreed, also loudly. Then, onto the screen flashed:

" RANDALL
THIS IS YOUR LIFE "

Now, Randall isn't a suspicious bloke by nature but when his Mum and Sister walked down the aisle he began to suspect something was up and accused us of a 'set-up.' Tut tut Randall, it was pure coincidence that we spent the night looking at slides of your past trips and reminiscing over some of the vast number of trips and working parties you've been on! Then some rotten person presented Randall with a big bag of his favorite food, chicken curry, which Randall, being a gentleman, had the grace not to hit them with. Actually, we were going to give him a large photograph of everyone at the Kiwi Hut opening, but as it wasn't ready, we had to send it to him later.

Good luck Randall, we all wish you well in your move to Hamilton and will no doubt see you or use Randall's Hotel on our northwards travels.

Also recently departed from our midst is Alva McAdam who has ventured also northwards to Wairoa. Alva served for many years on our committee and was good company to those of us who walked at the back of the parties. Hopefully we will still see lots of you Alva.

The following donations were gratefully received for Kiwi Saddle Hut.

DoC - to finance the verandah

Hastings City Council - Sport & Recreation Grant

Peter & Lesley Lattey

John von Dadelszen

Hastings Deerstalkers Association

Thanks also to everyone who helped instigate, design, prefabricate, build and Christen the hut - a great job and a great hut.

PB.

"It is prosperity that gives us friends, adversity that proves them"

proverb

Library: We have two new additions in recent months with Geoff Robinson donating "Waking to the Hills" and the club purchasing the latest N.Z. Alpine Journal. With the completion of the new church we are hoping to hear from their committee that we can store the library at the hall, which will make it so much more accessible.

Environmental: The following submissions have been sent on behalf of the club.

South Westland Forests - protection

Western Southland Forests - protection

Access and land allocation issues in the Wairoa region

A letter to DoC (Napier) supporting their stand on issues in the H.B. area. We were particularly concerned with maintaining access in the Wakararas as Timberlands appear loathe to provide it.

The mining campaign is still alive and, as with all submissions anybody who has strong feelings should approach Christine Hardie or Shirley Hunt with their ideas.

Truck: At the last committee meeting it was decided that the truck will no longer be available for non-club use. It was also noted that the cleaning of the truck after a trip is usually left to the driver - This is not fair. Everyone should help clean the truck on arrival at Holts.

Songbook: The songbook is to be revised and a subcommittee consisting of John Berry, Russell Perry, Peter Berry, Bevis Stevens and Selwyn Hawthorne are to work on it. Give your ideas to one of the above likely lads!

Duties: The roster appearing with the meeting dates has been prepared to spread the workload. Susan Lopdell (ph:350631) is in charge of the Host Roster and Christine Hardie (ph 434912) is in charge of the Supper Roster. If you can't make your scheduled night, find someone who will swap with you and phone Sue or Christine and let them know.

The Hosts job is to greet newcomers and generally look after them for their first meeting. Their names should be entered in the visitors book (held by the secretary) and they should be given an Introductory Booklet and a trip list if one hasn't already been posted to them. Obtain these from the secretary. Find out how experienced newcomers are and if necessary, discuss gearlist with them.

The Supper Roster supply milk and biscuits, make supper, do dishes and make sure the hall is clean.

PLEASE, don't let the club down - if you can't come, get someone to swap with you.

"Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long."

Oliver Goldsmith

MEETINGS:

Meetings are held at the Hastings East Parish Hall,
Queen Street, Hastings on the following Wednesday nights.

Date	Hosts	Supper
20th April '88	B Culpan, H McBride	G MacKay, R Perry
4th May	P Berry, L Gentry	J Lean, G Robinson
18th May	J Glass, C Hardie	C & K Thurston
1st June	A Brown, D Harrington	S Dungan, T Sapsford
15th June	H & S Hawthorne	J Preece, B Stevens
29th June	Kath Berry, G Preeble	S Hunt, H Tait
13th July	F Hooper, J Stratford	L Pindar, A Dacey
27th July	Spr E. Holmes, T Hansen	R & R Berry
10th Aug	C & K Thurston	J Berry, N Brown
24th Aug	Z Couper, D Charteris	S Lopdell, A Mouat

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 transport, it may take 2 or 3 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 newcomers should ensure that their contact phone number is included in the list the leader leaves in town. For all enquiries about overdue parties contact one of the following. Alan Berry 777223, Trevor Plowman 354303 or Graham Thorpe 434238

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. If in doubt, contact the leader or check at the embarkation point.

FARE: CONFIRMATION

Fare. Local: \$10.00 seniors, \$5.00 juniors, \$8.00 school students
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 the Thursday prior to the trip. Meeting night is preferred.

FIXTURE LIST:

APRIL 23-25th - WAIPUNGA FOREST:

An area off the Napier-Taupo Road with beautiful podocarp forest with the Matakuhia Stream flowing through.

Map-N104, N114 (both NZMS)

Leader: Bevis Stevens 775358

MAY 8th - KAWEKA RANGE: .28.

Up Rogue Ridge to Kaiarahi and back via Mackintosh
Spur. A Chance to see our Club hut, 'Kaweka'.
Map - U20 Leader: Ted Sapsford 798993

MAY 22nd - GOVERNMENT SPUR:

Up this beech forested spur to the tussock tops of
Black Ridge. See Tarn Bivy. Back Rosvalls Spur.
Map - U22 Leader: Russell Perry (0728)
68313

JUNE 5 - 7th - TONGARIRO N.P.

A circuit trip around Mt Ngauruhoe with lakes, springs
craters and many other sights. Three huts enroute. For
experienced persons a possible camp out with Russell.
Maps - T19, T20 Leader: Brian Culpan 84975

JUNE 19th - LIZARD & CATTLE HILL:

Dry feet! An easy day? It won't rain! A must for
everyone, - especially if you've been before.
Map - U20 Leader: Sandie Dungan 355209

JULY 3rd - HOLLOWBACK RIDGE:

From Rakautonga follow Hollowback Ridge down to Big
Hill Stream to be picked up. A navigational trip.
Map - U21 Leader: Tony Hansen 775714

JULY 16 -17th - PANEKIRIKIRI STATE FOREST:

A new area to the Club containing beautiful podocarp
forest. Panekiri Hut on tops, Lake Waikaremoana beyond
Map N105 (NZMS) Leader: Peter Berry 774183

JULY 30th - RIDE & POT LUCK DINNER:

Ride beyond the wilderness of Puketapu on your trusty
bike. (Round the Block) Start & finish at Ed and Sue's
place. Start 1.30pm Saturday, pot luck dinner etc.
Leader: Edward Holmes 446032

AUG 14th - KAWEKA 'J'

Our first chance to play in the snow (we hope) A good
fun trip on Hawkes Bays highest point.
Map - U20 Leader: Allan Mouat 1799391

AUG 27-28th - HOWLETTS HUT:

Come and spend the night in our warm cosy hut on top
of the Ruahine Range. Great views all round.
Map - U22 Leader: Ross Berry 774436

SEPT 11th - MT BRUCE BIRD SANCTUARY:

Long way to travel but well worth it to see our rare
native birds in the famous sanctuary.
Map - T25 Leader: John Berry 776205

SEPT 25th - SOUTHERN RUAHINES:

From Coppermine Stream following tracks to Wharite Peak
T.V. at lunch time? Maybe combining with Ruahine T.C.
Map - T23 Leader: Susan Lopdell 350631

OCT 9th - HINERUA RIDGE: .29.2.

A trip following a track along the beech forested ridge to a hut then a look on the tussock tops.

Map - U22 Leader: Jim Glass 778748

OCT 21-24th - NGAMATEA & PORONUI:

A trip in between the Kaweka & Kaimanawa Ranges with good travel all the way in beautiful country.

Maps -U20, N113 Leader: Selwyn Hawthorne 750544

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Alison Holst Muesli Bars

* In frying pan, heat gently and stir;
100 gms butter $\frac{1}{2}$ cup honey
 $\frac{3}{4}$ cup brown sugar $\frac{1}{2}$ cup peanut butter
Cook for 5 - 10 minutes. The longer cooked the chewier the bars.

* Toast separately under a grill
2 cups rolled oats 1 cup coconut

* Add to
1 cup rice bubbles 2 cups cornflakes or weetbix
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup dried fruit & nuts (crushed)
1 teaspoon mixed spice
1 teaspoon vanilla

* Mix all well and press into a sponge tin.

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STAN

After years of tramping our Stan got slack
and he hung up his five pound pack,
But still he'd dream of days gone by,
of the snow on the ranges and the clear blue sky.
And the Girls! the girls with whom he'd roam
far from the safety of mother and home,
So he decided to tramp once more
with the same old club as years before;
He brought out his pack and a pair of boots,
Then shot down the Taruarau into Shutes.
"I'm great," he thought, "Fit. Goodbye gut".
THEN our STAN decided on Howletts Hut!
"You'll never make it! You should have more Sense",
We said - to inspire some confidence.
Into Daphne, then the vertical climb,
Our Stanley said "He'd just take his time."
He'd just follow the girls on up the track
and make it with ease, with his five pound pack.
He did too, up Daphne Spur though he was feeling poor
But you should have seen him smiling in the old hut door!
Now his weekends, no longer at home are spent,
He's now our well loved President.
And at Howletts, when asked, "What does your pack weigh?"
"one hundred and fifty b----- kilos today!"

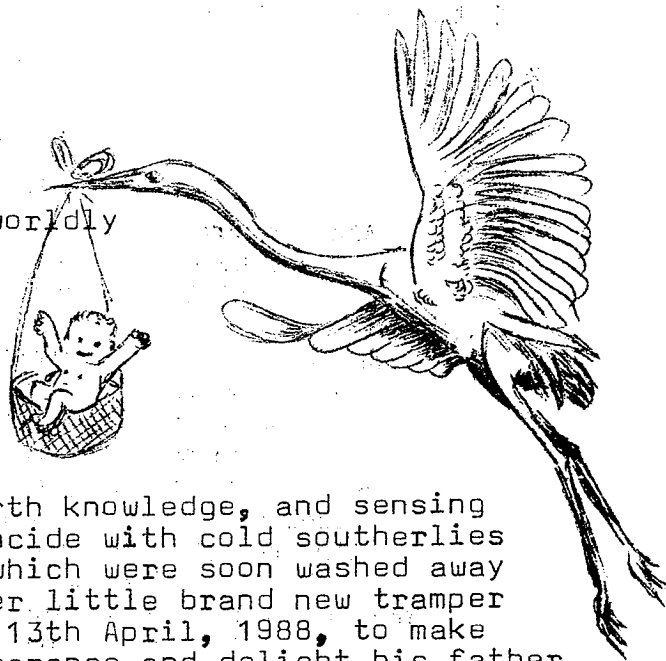
AMBLERS GROUP

We have a trip on the second Wednesday of each month for the next few months. Anyone wishing to join us please ring Kath Berry or the trip leader.

MARCH 16th - TE WAKA	Leader: Cecily Madore 447580
APRIL 13th - KAHURANAKI	Leader: Kath Berry 777223
MAY 11th - WAIPATIKI BEACH	Leader: George Prebble 86024
JUNE 8th - MT ERIN	Leader: Barbara Taylor 750329
JULY 13th 4100-KURIPAPANGA HILL	Leader: Judy McBride 69756
Aug 10th - MOHI BUSH - MARAETOTARA GORGE	Leader:
SEPT 14th - MT KOHINGA	Leader: Barbara Taylor 750329
OCT 12th - SHINES FALLS	Leader: Kath Berry 777223
NOV 9th - KAWEKA FLATS	Leader: Cecily Madore 447580
DEC 14th - MARAETOTARA STREAM	Leader: Mrs Lyn Gentry 750542
JAN 14th - ARAMOANA - POURERE	

LATE ADDITIONS!!

They say that babies share worldly experiences while still in the womb. This factor seems well proven with the much travelled DANIEL LLOYD BERRY, conqueror of the Ruahine, Kaweka and North West Nelson Forest park areas, thanks to the tenacity of his mother, GLENDIA HOOPER. With his pre-birth knowledge, and sensing that arrival on time would coincide with cold southerlies bringing our first snowfalls (which were soon washed away by persistent rain), this clever little brand new tramper chose to wait until Wednesday, 13th April, 1988, to make his eight and a half pound appearance and delight his father, PETER BERRY.



Or, was it the competition from Napier Tramping Club's Heather Osborne, who, on the very same day, presented Harry with a daughter?

Congratulations Congratulations Congratulations