

HERETAUNGA TRAMPING CLUB (INC)

P.O BOX 447, HASTINGS

"P O H O K U R A"

Bulletin No. 169

August 1988

Patron: Mrs Janet Lloyd

President:	Stan Woon	84680.
Imm. Past President:	Russell Perry	(0728)68313.
Vice Presidents:	Jim Glass	778748.
	Shirley Bathgate	778511.
Secretary:	Glenda Hooper	774183.
Treasurer:	Jackie Smith	68249.
Club Captain:	Dave Harrington	439999.
Editor:	Joy Stratford	778682.
Committee:	Geoff Robinson	87863.
	Edward Holmes	446032.
	Ross Berry	774436.
	Susan Lopdell	350631.
	Karen Thurston	89900.
	Bevis Stevens	775358.
	Allan Mouat	799391.
Gear Officer:	Judy McBride	69756.

o o 8 8 8 8 8 8 8 8 8 o o

CLUB TRIPS

PINUS CONTORTA

March 11-13th 1988

Trip No1943

We left Carter Holt's at 6.00pm on Friday for Tongariro National Park. On the way up the truck boiled twice which was pretty good for the truck! Around five hours later we arrived and Selwyn backed the truck right up to the door as it was raining. Just about everyone slept inside the lodge, except for a few of the 'oldies' who slept inside the truck.

Selwyn was first to rise as he was chief cook, and we had a choice between weetbix or stodgy porridge. (Actually, it was very nice.) We packed away the gear and cleaned the lodge.

We met the rangers at 7.30am and followed them to our allocated area for work. This is where we met up with the Taupo crowd of mainly older people who were good workers.

On the first day, we covered a lot of ground. The trees were a lot bigger than last year. Tony, the muscle man and Andrew did all the big stuff. The regrowth was thick in places and quite a struggle. By the end of the day everyone was tired - even Tony! Our chief cook prepared an evening stew which was good and for pudding we had custard and peaches.

There were tents dotted everywhere and some slept in the truck. A campfire and singsong was enjoyed with the Taupe group.

In the morning it was another early start. A couple of young fellows didn't get up early enough for breakfast and caught up by catching a ride with the rangers. It was a miserable day... it drizzled and was b..... cold We didn't cover as much ground and stopped early so we could make it home in reasonable time

On the way home we played volley ball with a fanta bottle (under the influence of Russell, of course.) Just about everyone had a little sleep. All in all, it was a good trip which raised \$1200 (less truck costs) for club funds.

I would like to thank Selwyn for driving and for preparing the meals.
J.P:

Selwyn Hawthorne, Darrin Griffin, John Berry, Christine Hardie, Lew Harrison, Len Frost, Susan Lopdell, Jenny Lean, Tony Hansen, Paul Mackay, Andrew Dacey, Judy McBride, Craig Murray, Heather McBride, Barbara Taylor, Russell Perry, Frank Hooper, Dave Cormack, Andrew Cormack, Joy Stratford, Heather Hill, Ben Preece, Simon Preece, Claudia Preece and a Preece friend.

The History of Tongariro's Exotic Invasion.

As big weeds go, pinus contorta (lodge pole pine) must be one of the biggest; and as far as the Department of Conservation's Ohakune office is concerned, it's one of the most threatening. Ohakune Conservation Officer, Rob McCallum, tells how the battle to save the Tongariro National Park from the onslaught of P.contorta is being fought.

High on the windswept south western slopes of Mt Ruapehu, a line of people across the landscape bent double in hard work. To many, the landscape seems sparse and worthless, vegetation being limited to a few stunted tussocks and low-lying alpine plants. To these people however, the land they toil over holds a special and revered fascination, it is undeveloped and in a natural state; and it is a National Park.

The group are pulling out small pine trees of the species P. contorta, which have spread up from the exotic plantations in Kariori Forest below. It was first introduced to New Zealand around 1880 at Greendale, in Canterbury. It was planted in Kariori Forest between 1925 and 1935 and began its slow spread across the tens of thousands of hectares of volcanic tussockland of the North Island central plateau. Mt Ruapehu and Tongariro National Park became slowly surrounded by plantings at Erua, Taurewa Forest and the Wairouru Military Reserve. It was not until the late 1950's that the slow but steady uncontrolled spread of P.contorta was identified as a problem. In 1962, the spread of P. contorta was quantified and a report by Dr Ian Atkinson was produced. The report conclusions painted a grim picture.

1. Lodgepole pine was well established in high concentrations on the western, eastern and southern slopes of Mt Ruapehu
2. The pines were thriving in the harsh conditions, growing well all the way to the 1,800m level, far above the native plant limits. Pines above 1,500m were growing at twice the rate of mountain beech in an area where beech could not even survive.
3. Most pines were seeding profusely within ten years of establishment and, on the lower slopes, some were seeding as young as four years of age.

The pines were growing so profusely and were so hardy that, if control measures were not taken soon, the area between 1,200m and 1,800m would be covered by pine forest at the end of the century. This would have disastrous effects on the aesthetic, recreational, educational and scientific values of Tongariro National Park as the trees grow so thickly they prevent all movement through them and smother all other life. In 1965, the Park Board began an organised programme to eradicate P.contorta from the Park. All manner of control operations have been trialed. A major breakthrough occurred in 1982 when

P contorta was declared a noxious weed and the Noxious Plants Council decided to provide 100 per cent subsidy for the removal of P contorta from two large blocks of Maori land just north of Kariori. Control is being undertaken in the Park and Maori lands with the use of helicopters, contract hand removal and volunteer groups. The volunteer groups are made up of environmental groups and tramping clubs who work long hours during the weekends to remove contorta. By employing these three main methods of control, the Park's P contorta problem has been drastically reduced, but by no means ended.

Whilst the battle is still a major one, much has been accomplished in the last twenty years. Areas that once resembled exotic pine plantations have now returned to their rightful status with a healthy covering of native vegetation. As with many noxious control programmes, there is a temptation, as the victory comes in sight, to slacken pressure on the target species, often under the guise of budget cuts, staff restrictions or other more pressing projects. It is imperative that the fight continue right to the end. To turn away now would be to undo over twenty years of hard work and the countless hours of volunteer labour that has freely been given.

From Monsanto Weed Talk March 1988.

KAPITI ISLAND

March 26-27th 1983

Trip no 1944

Seven o'clock start and it was off to Otaki Forks singing all the way. We made good time and after a short roadside stop for banana passionfruit it was up the winding road to the Forks for lunch. After lunch, many people went for short bush walks while a few of the lazy ones (like me) played cricket or tied poor innocent people (like me) up to the middle of swing bridges! It's nice to know who your friends are! The river is a real beauty but the bush has by and large been burnt in the past and although regenerating well, lacks big trees. We packed up by four and headed back up the road to Zane's uncle's place where he kindly let us stay for the night and also showed those who were interested around the farm.

All packed up and ready to go by seven, and off to Paraparaumu Beach where we were to meet the boat taking us to Kapiti Island. The trip takes $\frac{1}{2}$ hour one way, eight at a time, so with all the return trips we were there in an hour and a half. All the arriving groups were met by the ranger or his wife and given a short talk about the island, it's flora and fauna, and a few simple rules to follow. Unfortunately we couldn't talk with them as long as we would have liked because the island had accidentally been over-booked with some boating club members arriving too. This meant over 100 people on the island while the limit is set at 50.

Most people made the climb to the top of the island for lunch and the view of the island and the sea was truly magnificent! We feed bits of cheese and dates to the kaka and wekas. Some kaka are so tame they sit on shoulders or heads to masticate dates. Messy! Other bird life is also common with pigeons, tuis, robins, bellbirds, tomtits, fantails and even saddlebacks being seen by some.

All too soon it was time to return - no one got lost or was late, and after saying farewell to the ranger's wife and feeding a few last bits of cheese to the kaka, it was across the sea to the truck and home with a stop at Dannevirke for tea. Thanks to Geoff and Selwyn for driving and Zane for arranging our overnight stay.

JB

Judy McBride, Kath Berry, Alan Berry, Sharon Charteris, Robyn Berry, Geoff Robinson, Joy Stratford, Heather Hill, Susan Lopdell, Brian & Pam Turner with Kathy, Julie and Eileen, David Charteris, Allan Mouat, Gavin Mackay, Heather & Selwyn Hawthorne, Lew Harrison, Frank Hooper, John Berry, Andrew Dacey, Barbara Taylor and Zane Couper

.4.
EASTERN RUAHINES - GOLD CREEK

April 10th 1988

Trip no 1945

It turned out to be a wet cold morning. Seven of us waited at the carpark for everyone else, including the leader, who, on arriving, decided to go back home. As it turned out, it was to be an enjoyable trip and it did not rain in the ranges - sorry, sugar babies - you missed a good trip!

We left in John's and Dave's cars, picking up one of the Dannevirke trampers on the way, and parked at the end of Glenly Road. We headed off over farm land and found our way down to the Makaroro River. We had a bit of trouble here.

When at last we arrived at the junction of Gold Creek, we stopped, dead but still standing. A large tree withstood the force of dirty water surging towards the sea. Further up river on a slight bend, the water formed a roller coaster effect.

Having no leader, we now had a problem of deciding which way to go. After listening for some time, I decided someone had better make a decision, otherwise we would still be there. So I suggested splitting those that wished to go up the creek into one party, leaving the others to go up the ridge. Three took off up the creek and the rest started to climb the ridge. Once into the bush, we found a pleasant steady climb. As we gained height, the ferns became quite thick and we were at times waist deep in them. Before reaching the highest point, we dropped off down to Gold Creek Hut, meeting with the other party. We had dinner and then climbed up again, heading south. Just below the trig, we met up with the track which heads off down to the Flounder, and as it was still early in the day, we decided to drop down into creek 836544 which heads back to the cars. We had no trouble at first as we went down a couple of small falls. Then we came to a really good one which we had to climb around - then another one. At one stage, the undergrowth which I had hold of, pulled me out of the loose rock and away I went, falling on Bevis who managed to hold us both. After this, it was pretty straight forward, with the creek and bush around quite scenic. Lying in the creek was timber which had been polished smooth by the running water showing up lovely graining. Some of the trees were covered with delicate little lichens and mosses. One had attractive scarlet toadstools staggered like a small stairway running up it's trunk.

We arrived at the cars just after four and arrived back in Hastings about 5.30pm. Thanks, John and Dave, for the transport. It had been a pleasant day. LH.

Dave Harrington, John Berry, Nigel Brown, Lew Harrison, Bruce Cowie, Tony Hansen, Lyn & Kynan Gentry, Robin Strachan, Bevis Stevens

WAIPUNGA FOREST

April 23 - 25th 1988.

Trip no 1946a

This was a combined Heretaunga and Napier Tramping Clubs trip through the Waipunga Forest along the Matakuhia Stream with a side trip being taken by our illustrious Club Captain and his band of stalwarts.

After departing Carter Holts with the Heretaunga contingent, we proceeded to Napier to Odlins, in Taradale Road for the Napier pick up. Is there something significant about clubs using timber merchants for their pick up points? Heretaunga managed to outnumber Napier by 15 to 13 but that was the extent of the rivalry. For most it was the renewal of old acquaintances or the making of new ones.

We arrived at our road end about 10.00am, as the morning mists were lifting and the day was developing into a fine one. After being briefed by Bevis, we separated into our respective groups, the main party going down the Matakuhia Stream and Dave leading a side trip down an, as yet, unnamed stream. More of that later!

A good benched track led us through some beautiful mixed podocarp and beech forest to the top of the ridge where we had a brief stop to catch our collective breaths and replace lost energy whilst admiring some magnificent views and off, down the other side. The side trippers, namely Dave, Bevis, Tony and Heather McBride took off on their own detour. The remainder, apart from Joy and Shirley who were going to observe the flora and fauna and take the truck round to pickup point, made our way down to a side stream of the Matakuhia, passing a party of day trappers from Napier going in the opposite direction. (How did they do that?)

We had a welcome stop for lunch when we arrived at the stream. Following the sign, we headed for the Lower Matakuhia Hut. This was reached mid afternoon and found to be quite a tidy hut. . . but not for us. About a mile further on we came to the Matakuhia Stream where we were to camp for the night. We were joined by Dave and his party and proceeded to pick a decent spot on which to pitch our tents. Our campsite appeared to be part of a territory belonging to a pair of blue duck who were sighted briefly as they flew past, appearing somewhat upset at our unheralded intrusion. A good fireplace was built for the comfort of one and all. Meals were prepared to cater for all tastes, and mental notes on content and preparation were taken by yours truly. Any remains were disposed of voraciously by Bevis and Tony. Most of us elected to have an early night while the rest gathered around the fire and talked.

The following morning with lingering smells of bacon in my nostrils from an unidentified source, breakfast was eaten, campsites tidied and packs repacked. By a leisurely 8.30 we were on our way again staying with the stream all day, apart from the odd places where it was necessary to climb out round a log jam or such. Nearly everyone managed to have an encounter with onga onga - some to a greater degree than others. Chris Hardie rediscovered 'the famous five', alive and well and might even be part of future tramps!

The second nights camp was made just before the confluence of the Matakuhia and Paewai Streams and the Mokokonui River, and like the previous night, a warming fire was built for everyone's enjoyment. Some songs were sung and interesting tricks with a stick, by some of the more agile, were performed.

Another early night was had and, for Heather Hill, to dream perhaps of wetas!!!!

The final day and another leisurely start with Bevis' exhortations to Huey being regarded kindly once again. The stream was now getting a little deeper and faster as we went but, disappointingly for some, not deep enough for pack floating. Bevis, determined to get as much out of the trip as possible, was to be seen, scurrying from one side of the stream to the other, clambering up the rock sides and generally being Bevis!

An early lunch was eaten before our final leg of the journey, almost as if by a grand finale, through sculptured limestone banks fringed with ferns and bush, to emerge to the welcome sight of Joy and Shirley waiting above the river with the truck.

The trip along the Taupo Napier Road was relatively uneventful apart from one incident when the differential decided it needed a little rest and jumped

OUT of gear. The wide-eyed stares of the Napier trampers were worth seeing. They were quickly reassured that everything was O.K.

Our thanks to Dave and Bevis for arranging and planning the trip and for our drivers, Joy and Christine, for getting us there and back safely.
LF.

Trip no 1946b

Dave's side trip.

After ascending through stately podocarp forests, we reached a shallow saddle. Four intrepid trampers set off, after hearing Dave extoll the virtues of his diversionary trip. Upon leaving the others, we crashed our way down a spur, at times waist deep in harsh fern. The foot of the spur divided the creek in two, and picking a sunny bank, we had lunch. It was then that Dave mentioned casually that the name of the creek was "Sting Nettle Creek!" (aptly named as we were to later find out!) We noted, with distaste, the occasional flourishing onga onga bush.

Initially, the going was good, but the onga onga was on the rampage, and soon, the only way through was via the creek. Our rapidly freezing feet looked for alternative routes, but all to no avail. Then the narrow waterway became overhung and the battle was on. Sticks to the fore, and we slipped through with the occasional curse as a stray leaf shot it's load of poison into a protesting body.

It was close to four in the afternoon when we reached the main stream to see the rest of the party camped down on the river flats just below the junction. 'Stinging Nettle Creek' is NOT a stream I would recommend as it is likely to get worse rather than better as the onga onga spreads.
HM.

Christine Hardie, Joy Stratford, Len Frost, Sandie Dungan and Holly, Tony Hansen, Nigel Brown, Heather McBride, Julie Turner, Susan Lopdell, Shirley Bathgate, David Harrington, Bevis Stevens, Claudia Preece, Jon and Ray Slavin, Dvan Coombes, Sue Andrews, Kath Hamilton, Gordon, Tania and Carol Tapp, Daddie Simpson, Sandy Simpson, Murray White, Guy White and Alex Anderson.

KAWEKA - ROGUE RIDGE

May 8th 1988

Trip no 1947

A party of 17 assorted bods left Holts carpark near enough to the appointed time. It was a cool morning with a light high cloud coming from the north. As we got closer to the Kawekas, the sunrise managed to produce a very red sky which phenomenon frequently manages to produce the shepherds warning to damned accurately.

On arrival at the Lakes Carpark, we were welcomed onsite with a light shower. It was not much, so suitably attired, we set out along the track to Kaweka Hut. We crossed the Tutaekuri River with dry feet. A few hundred metres past it where there used to be a log bridge crossing a small gully, there is now nothing but a bed of shingle and a mighty slip to the west where an insignificant stream once flowed. Cyclone Bola had passed this way. DoC people have kept the route open but the next really heavy rain will be the test.

Shortly afterwards, we reached the Rogue turnoff and headed up the spur with the odd stop to survey the view and recover the breath. I must admit that this spur does not get less steep, but I can't blame Cyclone Bola for that! We had a breather and a bite at 1106, which spot height Christine added

to her collection. We then headed north along Rogue Ridge until we reached the main Kaweka ridge and then turned N.E. From then on, we were quite exposed to the elements and the wind was quite strong. About 300m further on, we found a clump of beech trees nestled below the E side of the ridge. This provided an excellent place for lunch. Once fed and fortified, we returned to the ridge and continued another 100m to the high point directly above the spur which leads down to Kaweka Hut. Here we lost five of our party who decided to drop down to Kaweka Hut and return to the truck via the track. Exit Liz, Fiona, Heather, Christiana, and Joy.

The rest of us carried on another 600m to the Tits and in the shelter of the west nipple, we decided on a further division of our group. Geoff was keen to descend the shingle slide south of Cook's Horn which ends in the stream north of Kaweka Hut. This was quite a popular route. Exit Geoff, Christine, Brian, Lyn, Kynan, Adrian and Alister. They scrambled around Cook's Horn, slid their shinle slid and met up with Liz and Co at Kaweka Hut.

And then there were five.; Karen, Jenny, Bevis, Robert and me, Ted. We continued north along the ridge until we reached Kaiarahi. The wind was quite fierce along here, and Bevis developed the 'wind propelled pogo hop', in fact we all tried it with varying results. I can recommend it! On Kaiarahi is a sign which states that Mackintosh Hut is one hour twenty minutes away. We left this sign at 12.30. The wind was strong but quite exhilarating and I am sure that this must have had some bearing on five bods intermitantly running and pogo hopping to the top of Mackintosh Spur.

The track down to Mackintosh is approached from the knoll at the top of the spur - the entrance is not definite. We followed the south edge of the contorta for about 20m and easily picked up the track which from that point is very definite and clear. Once we were on the track, it was like entering a semi vacuum without the wind roaring around us. The track skirts the base of a couple of impressive rocky outcrops - the track MAY go round the bottom but Bevis managed the direct route right over the top in both cases!!

There was something about the truck that gave us all itchy feet, for without any provocation, Karen or Bevis would break into a run with the rest of us in full pursuit. we finally reached the Kaweka-Mackintosh Track. I glanced at my watch, 1.40pm. "Hey, you lot. We have to reach the Hut in 9 minutes to break the hour twenty." Away we went again. Eight minutes later we reached Mackintosh Hut.

We had a 35 minutes smoko break and then back on the trail SW to the 3 wire bridge and up the bank to the carpark. Some 65 minutes later we arrived at the carpark to be met by the truck a few minutes later. We left for Hastings about 4 and as we got closer to Hastings the weather got worse. We had been in the right place!

Robert Glover and Christiana Stevens had their first trip with us - I hope they enjoyed their day as much as we enjoyed their company. Thanks, Geoff, for driving.

TS.

Liz Pindar, Joy Stratford, Fiona Sapsford, Feather Hill, Christiana Stevens, Geoff Robinson, Christine Hardie, Adrian Brown, Alister Moffitt, Lyn Gentry, Kynan Gentry, Brian Culpan, Karen Berry, Jenny Lean, Bevis Stevens, Robert Glover, Ted Sapsford.

GOVERNMENT SPUR

May 22nd 1988

Trip no 1948

Rumours are nasty, horridable things. There's one which has been in the minds of many and on the tongues of the wicked for too often of recent times - follow Russell and you either get a bush bash or very wet, and probably both! Despite all my attempts at dissuading people from coming on this trip, despite earnest protestations that the responsibility would not be mine if people got wet or scratched, despite conjuring up (with Big G's assistance) some real scungy weather, seventeen foolhardy souls came to prove that rumours aren't always based on facts. Silly people!

The packs were hoisted onto dry shoulders at the end of Mill Road and off we marched. Optimism abounded.

"Weather looks great, Russell."

"It's going to be fine after all. Who did you write to?"

"I knew it would clear. Met Office is always astray up here."

Oh, woe to ye tempters of fate! Within an hour it would be piddling down!

We descended to a dirty Moorcock Stream and followed it out to a very dirty Tukituki. Water levels were normal - there must still be some actively bleeding slips from Cyclone Bola to give this degree of discolouration. It doesn't take long to wander up river to Ranunculus Creek junction - three crossings and lots of shingle flats and there it is. (U22 814411) Heading roughly westward.

of the junction rises Government Spur which lifts onto Black Ridge (NB not Back Ridge - Kaweka) which in turn falls from Ohuinga on the main Ruahine Range. The climb up the spur measures about 1000m of vertical gain - probably too much for the slow party today. The track can be approached from slightly upstream on the Tukituki side of the spur point.

My team set off up in good style. It's always a thrill for the leader to see how keen his party is, and Adrian and Brian were most reluctant to let anyone else have a turn at brushing the moisture from the trail vegetation. What noble virtue! I lead from the back to keep an eye on the tail enders. If anyone tells you this is to prevent people turning back, try not to believe them.

The vegetation is varied and interesting. Rimu and miro seedlings give hope of verdant timbered slopes if we can keep the greedies out for the next thirty years. Lovely mountain cedars stand guard on much of the trail, sharing their vigil with a delightful range of trees too numerous to mention here. Peter shared much of his knowledge of flora with those lucky enough to be near, or interested enough to ask. We should take more advantage of these people who know.

Half an hour up the spur, it began to rain. Three quarters of an hour up the spur, the trail began to deteriorate. One hour up the spur we began to rediscover our affinity for clear trails and fine days or our love of the perverse and the challenging, depending on one's raincoat quality, what breakfast had consisted of, one's dubious levels of sanity, and / or how close we were to Eddie's storms of flatulence. "Please fasten your seat belts and extinguish all cigarettes. Oxygen masks are available under" Two hours up the spur three people apparently burst into a fit of melodic nostalgia and sang every piece of sentimental rubbish they could lay their enfeebled minds to. Strange are the vagaries of hypothermia.

. . . and oh, how it rained!

Eventually a stage was reached where munchies seemed imperative and evaluation of what to do next seemed necessary. Temperatures had dropped considerably and one or two needed a bit of T.L.C. to get the best of their day out. One of the neat things about trampers is the interaction and assistance which is so freely given at these times. Thanks to those who helped others here. It seemed that we would not all enjoy pushing on to the top and Geoff offered to take a party down. Only Jenny and Al joined him and they set off to have an adventure all of their own.

Eleven now remained to brave the tops. Soon we broke out of the trees into tussock, leatherwood - and cleared weather! Not perfect, mind you - cold, threatening, but nonetheless offering great views over Hawkes Bay and the surrounding ridges. Tiring legs pushed up the last slopes, adrenalin recharged to skip across the skinny rock ridge at the top, and there we stood on Black Ridge. Sawtooth Ridge looked really inviting, and several minutes were spent pointing out various features and reminiscing trips gone by. Also, it is not until you see Howlett's Hut that you really gain an appreciation of just how high you are here. It lay snugly on it's ridge across the Tukituki, definitely below our altitude.

We dropped down Black Ridge to Tarn Bivy fairly smartly. The bivy is in the first stages of serious disrepair and needs a bit of work if it is to last. A concoction of soup was made from various offerings and was enjoyed by one and all.

The final leg of the trip entailed continuing along Black Ridge to the top of Rosvall's track (U22 789412), down this to the Tukituki, then out. The weather was holding despite an ugly brew forming behind Te Hekenga, and reasonable progress was made getting down. The track is not always clear and this slows descent. It too, needs some work, but with DoC funds limited, we may have to do it ourselves (if we think it is necessary.) The Tukituki was definitely running higher when we reached it and darkness fell as we made the last crossings - a day used to the full. All were back at the truck around 6.00pm.

Thankyou, Ross, for your capable driving and to Geoff for my ride home.

Now about that rumour . . .
RP.

Geoff Robinson, Brian Culpan, Michelle Gibson, Alistair Moffitt, Adrian Brown
Jenny Lean, Christine - warbler - Hardie, Peter - crooning - Berry, Dave
Mullinder, Barry Thompson, Eddie Holmes, Ross Berry, Sandie Dungan, Russell
-nightingale - Perry

TONGARIRO NATIONAL PARK

June 4-6th 1988

Trip no 1949

Friday 3 June dawned bright and clear; the 1.00pm mountain forecast was good; the 4.00 pm one even better and the previous days discussion with National Park officials promising. Everyone gathered at the usual meeting place at 6.00pm and after picking up the Napier crowd we were on our way - all 19 of us!

We arrived at Turangi around 10.00pm where truck and trampers all duly refueled - trampers at the aptly named 'VOLCANIC TAKEAWAYS' - guaranteed to make your lava flow! These necessities taken care of we set off again and arrived at our destination for the night - the start of the track to

Waihohonu Hut, off the Desert Road. It was about 11.30pm., the mountains stood out perfectly against the star-lit sky and it was cold.

Barry and Diana Thompson pitched a tent, but the remaining 17 of us elected to stay in the truck - very much a case of "there were ten in the bed and the little one said ...". Only problem was that we couldn't get the moves co-ordinated. Some sleep was had, some aches and pains were born.

Morning came round quite quickly, very cold, but otherwise everything we could have hoped for, a brilliantly clear day with no wind, but some mist over the Kaimanawas. Lesson No 1 however, was quickly to be established - when choosing your overnight stop off, make sure there is an adequate supply of water to be had with relative ease. This problem was overcome by a decision to move through to Waihohonu Hut for breakfast - about 65-70 minutes away. It was while doing this that we came across Dave Harrington's "camp site by some bush" with a fast flowing stream close by. No longer accessible by ordinary vehicle however, although with 4WD capacity a very real possibility, such was the nature of the track.

We arrived at Waihohonu Hut around 9.00am, disturbed the lone trumper staying, and had breakfast. There was some talk amongst a few about dropping packs, going over to the Tama Lakes and then on to Otorere Hut, but after considering time and energy factors the idea was discarded. Selwyn was farewelled (he was driving the truck around to Ketetahi) and the rest of us took off round 10.00am for a leisurely trip over to Otorere.

A little diversion to find the Waihohonu Springs was not entirely successful but it helped to fill in a rather easy day. The rest of this part of the trip was very uneventful and we arrived at Otorere Hut around 3.15pm.

Barry Thompson once again elected to pitch a tent as did Tarata Burge. The rest of us however decided upon the warmth and comfort of the very pleasant hut. We were joined by another half dozen trampers and after our evening meal gave the "Irishman" a lesson in 500.

Sunday morning dawned equally as good as the previous day. Breakfast was quickly over and we were on our way again before 9.00am. The country between Otorere Hut and the Red Crater is fascinating, with a multitude of interesting and grotesque shapes formed by several lava flows. Despite numerous 'photo stops' we made very good time and were up at the Emerald Lakes by 10.15am.

At this point, the tantalising sight of Mt Ngauruhoe proved too much for Maurice Kelly, Jenny Stairmand, Barry Thompson and Julie Turner. They decided to have a go for the top and after dumping packs left the rest of us who thought the summit of Tongariro would be sufficient.

Following quite a strenuous climb round the edge of Red Crater, we were all rewarded at the top with a panoramic view of Egmont, Ngauruhoe, Ruapehu, the Kaimanawas, Ruahines and Kawekas. We dropped down into Central Crater, had a spot of lunch and then proceeded to the summit of Tongariro. Once again we were rewarded with a fantastic view and there was a definite feeling of elation within the party. After soaking in this feeling, and the sun, we decided to wander over to North Crater and drop back down to the Ketetahi Track. An interesting little scree slope provided some variety just prior to dropping onto the track.

We arrived at Ketetahi at about 3.15pm, and were met by Selwyn who had come up to join us for the night. However, the Hut was full with people who had come up for a soak in the Springs. The decision was made to head for the road end, following a quick dip ourselves. A note for the Ngauruhoe party was left with what looked to be a couple of trustworthy trampers and we headed off, arriving at the bottom in total darkness. Everyone, at this stage

was dog tired and the opportunity to pick up takeaways while getting water, proved too great for some.

About 1½-2 hours later, we were elated to see the remainder of our party turn up. They were apparently guided by a 'Kelly innovation' which rated the severity of drops and turns on a scale of 10!

A number of tents were pitched, Friday nights lesson still being very fresh in our minds, and as a result a much more comfortable night was had by everyone. The morning, once again, dawned clear and cold.

Following a leisurely breakfast, we took a short journey up the Saddle Road and stopped to have a look at Lake Rotopounamu. An interesting walk in beautiful bush, completely encircling the Lake filled in a couple of hours. Following this, it was off to De Bretts and a soak in the hot pools to soothe the aching bodies. Lunch at the Truck Park and we set off in time to reach Hastings by 5.00pm.

A most enjoyable weekend during which we were blessed with perfect weather. Many thanks to Selwyn Hawthorne, who drove and 'baby sat' the truck, thus giving us that much greater flexibility.

Jenny Lean, Karen Berry, David Cormack, Andrew Cormack, Christiana Stevens, Zane Couper, Nigel Brown, Christine Hardie, Julie Turner, Adrian Brown, Jenny Stairmand, Selwyn Hawthorne, Diana Thompson, Barry Thompson, Tarata Burge, Maurice Kelly, Robert Glover, Joy Stratford, Brian Gulpan.

LIZARD AND CATTLE HILL

June 19th 1988

Trip no 1950

For once the weather forecast was right! Sunday 19th dawned fine and sunny after a rotten southerly had nearly put everyone off the night before.

We arrived at the bottom of the Lizard at 8.00am and marched off behind our trusted leader - who took off with incredible confidence. We weren't far up the track when things started to get very slippery. Our leaders first "minor mishap" occurred here when she appeared from behind a rock with muddled shorts and bottom! Not a sound was uttered during this painful experience - she showed great self control and strength of character we thought.

The unusual rock formations on the Lizard were fascinating and the view from the top quite breath taking. And then - Cattle Hill - some of us novices nearly turned back for the truck when it was pointed out to us where we were going. After some deliberation, the party decided to split into two groups. John decided he would 'go straight down there - straight up that ridge - and up that face'. The writer and friend decided to stick with their trusted leader and go the 'easier' way - if only we had known!!! We bush bashed downhill to the stream. Every now and then a black singleted Dave would crash through on our left or right. He was checking on the slowies at the back and then he was up in front giving Sandie encouragement - well done, Dave. A very pleasant meander along the stream bed, especially for those of us wearing 'gummies' - not so good on slippery rocks though!

We found our contributing stream - the one that we were to climb up, and found that Cyclone Bola had done it's best to make things pretty difficult. At last we reached Dave's 'waterfall' and a few mountaineering skills were needed to climb up and over. Thanks again to Dave, we all made it. We found several deer signs and some recently carved initials on a clay face - great mystery - we never did find a two legged deer wearing gumboots.

We had to get Dave's rope into action a couple of times to get us all up and over a few more waterfalls and cliffs - great stuff!

We headed for a sunny spot to rest and eat lunch and decided on a delightful spot near the top of a large slip. Ahhh - packs off and relax in the sun. Two of the party were about to 'hoe in' when one noticed an eye (or socket) staring at them from about two feet away! Oh my - - a long time dead deer!!! It was sooooo rottennnnn! Of course we had to just happen to have in our party a twelve year old boy who just HAD to investigate to see if the antlers were still attached to the head. The stench was horrific and we all scampered to the side of the slip as far away as possible - yuk!

More bush bashing and then onto the tops which were supposed to be easier going - if only the leader didn't go so fast! We heard some other human voices about this stage and presumed it was John's party.

On reaching the top of Cattle Hill we found a note "left at 2.30" it said. We thought this was very strange as it was only 2.29 as we were reading it. Mind you, we believe there was an Irishman with the other party! We found Brian and Maurice shortly afterwards (or did they find us? More bush bashing and then at last we spotted the truck - miles and miles away!

The last part was very pleasant - a proper track and downhill all the way. The other party were back at the truck before us and had enjoyed their tramp very much. We had a couple of very plucky youngsters with us on this trip - well done Andrew and Angela. And well done, Sandie.

Sue Lopdell, Christine Hardie, Sharon Charteris, Racheal Hamilton, John Berry, Maurice Kelly, Julie Turner, Allan Mouat, David Cormack, Andrew Cormack and Angela Cormack, Dave Harrington, Liz Pindar, Len Frost, Michele Gibson, Brian Culpan, Ted Sapsford, Judy Moss, Bev Pawluk, Andrew Dacey, Bruce Cowie, Jim Glass, Kath Berry and Alan Berry.

DEAD DOG HUT

July 3rd 1988 Trip no 1951

A few eager people turned up at Christine's place at 5.30am on a mild morning, hopped on the truck and headed off to Hastings to pick up the rest of the party. The trip to Thorn Flat didn't seem to take long as we were occupied watching a spectacular sunrise over the bay. The reflections in the cracked window would have made an excellent photo but I was too lazy to get the camera.

As we drew nearer the stopping point, the roof of the truck started rumbling away, as it does in strong winds, and Ted's hat provided a little entertainment to those of us in the back while he opened the gates. Some of us discussed the rather appealing idea of staying in the truck and playing cards all day!

After several attempts at locating a suitable parking spot, we all piled out and agreed to go for a tramp after all. We surveyed a shearing gang pulling up in their "real cars" but couldn't decide whether they fitted into the HTC's new "real image" or not.

The wind sort of picked you up and dumped you each time a step was taken so it was necessity and luxury that a shed was at our disposal. Getting ready took quite a while as we tucked ourselves into woollen hats, gloves, parkas, overtrousers, except for one mad foreigner who decided to wear jeans, and flew off.

The wind was so strong you could hardly walk and the intelligent ones stuck in behind someone for wind breaks. For an hour we followed the farm road, through a few gates, finally reaching Herricks Hut. The hut was pretty run down and small. Some of the 'real men' ran off to find the track while the rest stripped off some of the layers of clothing.

The path along Herrick Ridge began by going up, and up, and up, and up. Then it began raining. The track began to be overgrown and with the rain, we became a little uncomfortable. Jenny damaged her ankle again so after the second stream, Christine and Jenny turned back to Herrick's Hut. It took a long time to reach the stream and after Dave promised us just one more hour to the hut, a decision was made to carry on. The stream bed was pretty open and easy to follow. It took only about 40 minutes to reach Dead Dog Hut. Dave, Bevis, Roger, Sharon and I arrived first. We knew it was Dead Dog Hut because of the skull sitting at the door. Everyone else arrived about 5 minutes later.

We had a great lunch with steam rising off all the wet wool making it a fairly typical New Zealand bush scene. Lunch was short and just after it had begun hailing, Dave, Bevis, Roger and Tony headed off up the range to follow Hollow Back Ridge. The rest of us were getting a little cold, so we headed on our way back down the stream. We started by trying to keep our feet dry, but that seemed a bit pointless as we were crossing the stream all the time. So in the end everyone was just ploughing through the water.

On the way back down, we came across some nice waterfalls and a fairly good sized cave. A hunk of sandstone with sea shells embeded in it also added some interest. Sharon was positive we'd come across an impassible waterfall, but the closest we came to a waterfall on the main stream was about 50 cm high, so we were lucky. In one area a slip had come down and the stream was backed up about 100m - pity it wasn't summer.

After a long time we realised that somehow we had to get out of the stream back up onto the farm track. However, all we could see as escape routes, were sheer cliffs and greasy gullies. Luckily Ted knew the area and found us a track to follow and within a few minutes we were back on the farm track. I think we were all pretty amazed at this as most were expecting a long hard climb out. It took ages to get back to the truck where we found Christine and Jenny sound asleep on three mattresses each and well wrapped up in blankets, in the back of the truck. We boiled the billies and waited for the fit group.

We found an interesting long drop with a spectacular sweeping view of the farm out it's boardless door. I'm not sure whether we persuaded our American friend to experience the great New Zealand long drop or not.

The others came around an hour later and we piled in the truck and had a short game of 500. The trip back didn't take long either as most of us lay down immediately for a sleep. Altogether it was a great trip, with great people and not a Berry in sight. Believe it . . . or not!!!

Christine Hardie, Tony Hansen, David Charteris, Sharon Charteris, Jenny Lean, Dave Harrington, Michele Gibson, Brian Culpan, Ted Sapsford, Robert Glover, Sue Lopdell, Tarata Burge, Roger Pawluk, Judy Moss, Bevis Stevens, Len Frost, Eric Burge and someone's American jean wearing friend.

"When liberty is gone,
Life grows insipid and has lost its relish."
-Joseph Addison

OAMARU HUT

July 16-17th

Trip no 1952

Sitting here writing this at home, I feel vindicated in not going to Putere because it bucketed down all weekend up there and we probably wouldn't have got the truck home. Anyway the decision to go to the Kaimanawas was based on the rain coming in from the east, so we decided to go west!

Only a very light drizzle was falling, as we passed through Te Iringa Hut, but it was very cold and the rain actually had a few lumps in it. Down the Tiki Tiki across the bridge and then the long long drag down the Kaipō. Near the end everyone was getting pretty tired and the weather took a definite turn for the awful. Once in the Oamaru Hut spirits lifted, with a good feed followed by a sing and some valiant if futile attempts at a lengthwise table traverse.

Dawn past unnoticed but not too long afterwards, we set out back up the Kaipō, Andrew heading off with Dave to follow the ridge above the river. The rest of us made steady progress back up to Te Iringa for a late lunch and then down through some massive areas of windthrow to the truck, from where we drove toward Hinemimia to pick up Allan, Gavin and Adrian. Up till then, the weather had been misty and cold, but all the way home, it poured down with lousy visibility.

Good bush, good company, and indifferent weather. 2½ out of 3 ain't bad.

PB

Brian Culpan, Michele Gibson, Len Frost, Christiana Stevens, Julie Turner, Robert Glover, Christine Hardie, Zane Couper, Adrian Brown, Andrew Dacey, Gavin Mackay, Allan Mouat, Shirley Bathgate, Doctor Zeus, David Harrington, Tarata Burge, John Berry, Peter Berry

o o o o o o o o o o

AMBLERS: NEWS

The great news is that it is always fine on Wednesdays, so we have had a lot of great trips, both scheduled and extras as someone suggests. "Let's go out next Wednesday!"

We have had between 5 and 20 people out, ranging in age from their 30's to their 70's. As most of us either have school age children and/or spouses to get home to, to cook an evening meal, most trips are from 8.00am to 5.00pm.

We've climbed Kuripapango Hill (4100) on a glorious day, and seen Ngaruahoe and Ruapehu clothed in snow; walked a round trip from Waipatiki to Arapaoanui and down through the Waipatiki Reserve; crunched our way over the snow to Thomas's Bush via Lake Opouahi; climbed Kahuranaki on the only day we have needed warm jackets; followed the Tutira Walkway in brilliant sunshine in mid winter; climbed up to Te Waka from the Taupo Road and followed the road down through lovely beech forest to Te Pohue; and followed the road along towards Cape Kidnappers coming back by way of Rabbit Gully and the beach.

As someone remarked "Amblers" is rather a misnomer but as yet no one has come up with a better name. Kath Berry.

o o o o o o o

Sitting quietly in the old hut, talking round the fire,

In bursts Roger Douglas, filled with wrathful ire,

"If you haven't got a pass, then it's straight back out the door".

My friends, they didn't have one, so they left me with the "law".

Out in the night they went, and left me all alone.

So I dropped my pass into the fire, and resolved to stay at home!

CLUB CHRONI-KILL

Engagements are the 'in' thing at the moment:

Glenn Armstrong to Delwyn Rowland
Chris White to Caroline Haig
Graeme Taylor to Janine Olsen
and Rob Snowball to Vera Jordan.

CONGRATULATIONS and while we're handing out congratulations, Lynette and Gerald have a baby boy, Mathew - well done! That's 4 to 2 in favour of 'real men'. No doubt they'll all be getting 36" chainsaws and black singlets for their first birthdays!. As for 'real women' if they all look like Christine Hardie did the other night, it's not surprising that there aren't many around (they've probably all been locked up to protect the general public.)

The travel bugs have been busy too.

Stan has been to Hongkong - notably to Stanley Street and Hamish has done over the Aussies with the Hastings Boys High rugby team. Adrian is being deported to China because of his haircut and Pete & Karen McBride are in Ross on Wye, Herefordshire. Earlier in the year Shirley shocked the Samoans, was undiplomatic to the French and Yanks, and behaved in a homicidal way towards an endangered species, fowls crowns, or the early rising Samoan Roaster.

And still our numbers swell, New comers this time are Christiana Stevens, Len Frost, Barry & Diana Thompson, Dave and Andrew Cormack, Claudia Preece, Jake Perry, and Fiona Sapsford. All are good keen trampers who we welcome wholeheartedly to our ranks.

Notable awards or achievements this quarter are:

David Charteris has earned and been awarded the Gold Duke of Edinburgh Award and Julie Turner the Silver - well done. Very few people attain these awards and we're very proud of you.

Bevis Stevens is in the N.Z. Youth Orchestra and is currently touring Australia with the orchestra.

o o o o o o o o o o o o o o o

EXECUTIVE NEWS

POHOHURA

As gesteners are fast becoming a thing of the past, we will, soon have to produce our magazine by other means. This could mean a change in format st that it's final page size is like that of the F.M.C. Bulletin. Any comments regarding these aspects can be given to the Editor (Joy Stratford.)

F.M.C. BUULETIN

We received the March F.M.C. Bulletin late and therefore missed including it in the April Pohokura. Many have since collected the bulletin at Club meetings but if you would still like one collect it at a meeting or send a stamped S.A.E to the Secretary. (F.M.C. Bulletins are paid for by all except associate members.)

TRIP LEADERS

A detail of the duties of a trip leader has been produced and is as follows. All members should understand what leading a trip involves.

BEFORE THE TRIP-

- .1. If you are not sure of the route or have other doubts about the country to be crossed, ask someone who knows the area for advice.
- .2. Obtain prior permission of landowners. The Secretary will tell you who to contact.
- .3. Outline the trip to members at the two previous club meetings, using a map or overhead projector and explain if any special equipment, clothing or overnight gear is required, start time, cost and fitness level.
- .4. Get to know and see any new members.
- .5. Collect the fares and hand to the Treasurer with the list. Retain two lists from the trip book.
- .6. Decide what party equipment is required and arrange with the gear custodian for its collection.
- .7. Organise a truck driver.

ON THE TRIP

- .8. Make sure the trip lists are checked, is completed and readable, then left in Hastings at Holts before the truck leaves. Take the other copy on the trip.
- .9. See that party gear is fairly distributed among the party, bearing in mind the relative fitness of members. Keep an eye on packs of new trampers to see that they are not setting out with a packful of unnecessary gear and if possible, allocate a buddy to share the trip with them.
10. The responsibility for the conduct of the trip is entirely yours. If in doubt though, don't hesitate to ask the opinion of other experienced members - the final decision must be made by you, but their advice may help you make the decision.
11. When on the move, it's the responsibility of the leader to choose the route and set the pace. See that the party does not become strung out and make sure that an experienced member brings up the rear to collect any stragglers. Share this responsibility.
12. Consider whether the party would be better split into fast and slow groups, having regard to the fitness of members and the country to be covered. If it's decided to split the party, arrange for a leader for the other group. The leaders responsibility is to the slower group.
13. You are responsible for the activities of any small groups that may want to break off from the main party to try a different route or to do a bit of exploring. Make sure that they are themselves capable and in the hands of a competent sub-leader before agreeing to their going - do they have a map and the correct party gear?
14. See that everyone shares in camp duties and make sure that huts are left in order, with firewood replaced and that all fires are out before leaving.

15. If it's obvious that the party will not reach Hastings by 10.00pm., phone and advise as soon as possible.

AFTER THE TRIP

16. On arrival back, see that all members collect ALL their gear AND help to clean out the truck.
17. Make sure that all equipment is returned to the gear custodian, billies cleaned and tents dry.
18. Write a report for the 'Pohohura', including a final list of the party and hand it to the Editor PROMPTLY. If you allocate the report, do it before the trip.
19. Be prepared for the oral report. Allocate parts of the trip if necessary but do it beforehand.
20. Report any damage to the environment, hut etc.

ENVIRONMENTAL

Submissions/letters of concern have been sent to:

- David Butcher re his stand on mining on public land
- the Department of Lands and Survey re proposed deletion of park boundaries, reservenames etc. on future maps
- the Secretary of the Environment re mining in the N-W Nelson Forest Park
- to DoC re hut passes.

KIWI SADDLE HUT

Our thanks go to the Napier Deerstalkers Club, The Hastings branch of the Forest and Bird Society and the Hastings Deerstalkers Club for their recent donations towards Kiwi Saddle Hut.

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

The A.G.M. is on the 16th November. General business will include raising subscriptions by \$3.00 so as to better recover the costs in producing the 'Pohokura'.

SPONSORSHIP

An annual sponsorship fund (limited to \$200 p.a.) has been started in order to promote outside club experience at a special level.

CHRISTMAS TRIP

Names are now being taken from those keen to visit Little Barrier Island with the club from the 26th December to 7th January.

RUAPEHU TRIP

The annual Sunday to Friday trip is to be 2nd to 7th October. We are collecting names now.

OLD MEMBERS NIGHT

This was very successful last year and we are going to hold another one on the 19th October. As the Labour Weekend trip is to be an old Club trip (Ngamatea to Poronui) we would like to be able to show a few slides of past trips. Please contact Stan Woon if you can help.

OBITUARY

Memories of John von Dadelszen, an original Club member come up with a picture of a singing tramper with a never failing sense of humour who could laugh at himself and who endeared himself to the whole membership.

John took great delight in the, to him, new found territory of bush and ranges, and for the next two years or so was out on nearly all Club trips and numerous private trips in between.

This experience transformed a non athletic office worker into a very capable reliant tramper who was a great companion on any trip.

In 1936 and early 1937, John was in two small parties on longer trips through the Kaimanawa and Ahimanawa Ranges which at that time were territories mostly unknown to the Club.

Having a good voice and a great collection of songs of all sorts in his repertoire, John quickly assumed leadership in the singing which always seems to break out in tramping parties in trucks or round campfires.

About 1937, furtherance of legal studies took John to work in Wellington for a couple of years and this curtailed his outings with the Club but his interest remained right through his life. This was shown in his attendance at the celebrations for the Club's 50th Anniversary and in the remark to a visitor during his last illness, that the Tramping Club had taught him the fundamentals of cooking - namely how to boil rice in a billy and how to make a stew!

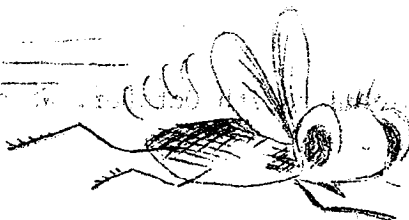
Peter Lattey.

MEETINGS

Meeting are held at the Hastings East Parish Hall, Queen Street, Hastings on the following Wednesday nights:

Date	Hosts	Supper
7 th Sept	G Mackay, J Preece	S Charteris, B Culpan
21 st Sept	J Lean, R Perry	P Berry, L Gentry
5 th Oct	S Dungan, T Sapsford	J Glass, C Hardie
19 th Oct	Annual General Meeting	
	B Stevens, S Bathgate	E Findar, A Dacey, G Prebble
30 th Nov	J Berry, S Lopdell	E or S Holmes, F Hooper
14 th Dec	A Mouat, B Culpan	T Hansen, Z Couper
10 th Jan	P Berry, L Gentry	D Charteris, G Mackay

Remember; Contact Sue Lopdell with changes to the Host roster and Chris Hardie with changes to the Supper roster - Find your own replacement.



to pay to stay
just ain't my way!

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, plus any unexpected delays, to return to town. Beginners should ensure that any who may worry about them know this. Leaders will try to get a message through to one of the overdue contacts if the return seems likely to be later than 10.00pm. In case of concern, all newcomers should ensure that their parents'/contact's phone number is included with the list the leader leaves in town. For enquiries about OVERDUE parties, please contact one of the following.

Alan Berry 777223, Glenda Hooper or Peter Berry 774183, Stan Woon 84680
Graham Thorpe 434238

FARE, CONFIRMATION & CANCELLATION

Local: \$10 Senior, \$5 Junior member, \$8 Junior non-member
Other: Fare set by trip leader to cover costs. Usually \$15-\$20.

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).

If you are unable to make the trip, notify the leader beforehand and your fare 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, opposite the Hastings Railway Station, at 5.45am.

FIXTURE LIST

The trips listed below are designed to cater for people of average fitness. Those people who want to cover more ground should get together on the Wednesday night prior to the trip and work out details of their route. For pre-trip enquiries contact:

Glenda Hooper or Peter Berry 774183, Jim Glass 778748, Geoff Robinson 87863
Russell Perry (0728)68313

AUGUST 27-28TH - HOWLETT'S 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

SEPTEMBER 11TH - MT BRUCE BIRD SANCTUARY

Long way to travel but well worth it to see our rare native birds in the famous sanctuary.

Map - T23

Leader: John Berry 776205

SEPTEMBER 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

OCTOBER 9TH - HINERUA RIDGE

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

OCTOBER 21 - 24TH - NGAMATEA & POFONUI

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

Maps - U20, N113

Leader: Selwyn Hawthorne 750544

NOVEMBER 6TH - CAIRN TRIP

To the top of Kaweka Range to hold a service in memory of the club members lost in W.W.2.

Map - U20

Leader: Stan Woon 84680

NOVEMBER 20TH - RANUNCULUS CREEK

This creek is between Government Spur and Hinerua Ridge and maybe we will find some ranunculus.

Map - U22

Leader: Russell Perry (0728)68313

DECEMBER 3-4TH - PANEKIRIKIRI STATE FOREST

A new area to the club containing beautiful podocarp forest. Panekiri Hut on tops. Lake Waikaremoana beyond.

Map N105 (NZMS 1)

Leader: Peter Berry 774183

DECEMBER 18TH - KURIPAPANGO LAKES

A pre Christmas get together at the Kuripapango Lakes. Ample scope for those wishing to exert themselves further.

Map - U20

Leader: Glenda Hooper 774183

JANUARY 14-15TH - TARUARAU RIVER

Good river trip, bring rods and fishing license. "Leave . . . at home".

Map - U20, U21

Leader: Stan Woon 84680

JANUARY 29TH - SUNRISE - '66' - WAIPAWA SADDLE

A great opportunity to complete this route without the need for ice axes and crampons. Time to sunbathe and to sit on the spaniard.

Map - U22

Leader: Ross Berry 774436

FEBRUARY 4-6TH - CENTRAL RUAHINES

Moorcock Saddle - Pohangina Saddle - Top Gorge Hut - down river - camp. Up to Ngamoko Range - camp. Back via tops. Very interesting area.

Maps - U22, U23

Leader: Bevis Stevens 775358

FEBRUARY 12TH - KAWEKA RANGE

Up Makahu Spur, north along Kaweka Range, down Camp Spur to Kaweka Flats track and return to carpark.

Map - U20

Leader: Ted Sapsford 798993

FEBRUARY 25 - 26TH - TARAU RANGE

In from Mt Bruce to any series of huts, Roaring Stag Hut or any other choices. Good fishing possible.

Map - U20

Leader: Allan Mouat 699391

0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0

"The test of our progress is not whether we add more to the abundance of those who have much; it is whether we provide enough for those who have too little".

Franklin Delano Roosevelt.