

HERETAUNGA TRAMPING CLUB (INC)

P.O. BOX 447, HASTINGS

'P O H O K U R A'

Bulletin No. 171

April 1989

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* * * * * TRIP REPORTS

RANUNCULUS CREEK

20th November, 1988

Trip No 1960

Despite the fact that (once again) the intrepid leader had no previous knowledge of the area, more than a dozen little bodies were willing to follow into the unknown. The newly overhauled truck behaved magnificently and we arrived at the road end with no problems.

The river was low and an overcast sky later developed into persistent but not heavy drizzle. Some had misgivings about the difficulty of the route chosen, but the stream turned out to be fairly easy going and very attractive, just as Russell had promised. Plenty of interesting plants to observe and some deer sign. We came across the spectacular remains of a large Bola-induced slip that has tipped right across the riverbed. However it was negotiated without problems, although of course things could change with severe weather in the future. Dave H., Oliver and Tony went ahead to do some epic travel of their own, but left clear signs in case the rest of us forgot where to go. The leader delegated people to count the side streams so that we could make the correct turnoff. (The truth is she can't count past two before losing track of what she's counting).

The side stream we went up was new territory to everyone. There was an initial scramble up some high rocks and then it was steadily on and up. Eventually the stream forked and became very steep, so we all climbed out of the water (falls and all) and up a ridge through the bush. Surprisingly the undergrowth was not too thick and superb co-operative bush-bashing and navigation led us to the track to Hinerua. ("I think I recognise this," the leader screamed, thus restoring complete confidence among the followers).

A very short stroll led us to the hut by about 1pm and who should be there but the other three explorers who had an interesting trip of their own. We had lunch together and left in clearing weather to return to the truck via Adrian's (Foot) Mistake.

Leader: Christine Hardie Driver: Selwyn Hawthorne
Followers: Joy Stratford, Heather Hill, John Gray, Christianna Stevens, Sacha Nolden, Jenny Lean, Heather Hawthorne, Michele Gibson, Brian Culpan, Sue Holmes, David Harrington, Tony Hansen, Oliver Bacchus.

KIWI SADDLE

3-4th December 1988

Trip no 1961

Every time I have climbed Kiwi the weather has been hot and dry and this trip was no exception. Even though Len Frost was not feeling very well at first, he made a great recovery and I am sure that the view of the Ngaruroro River from the top was the tonic needed to make the rest of the trip successful. We had lunch on the clay pan just through the beech bush and pressed on to the ridge above Kiwi Saddle from where we could see signs of activity down at the hut. Jenny Lean and Karen Berry had travelled up on the Friday night and walked in as far as the beech bush where they camped overnight and then set off early the next day to enjoy the sun at the saddle. It was really neat to have a cuppa waiting when we arrived.

As most of us were still feeling reasonably fresh, Ted, Karen, Jenny, Andrew, Eddie, Heather and I decided to push on down to Kiwi Creek for a look. When we came to the open ridge about 1/2 hour from Kiwi Saddle the thunder clouds had really closed in. Heather and Eddie turned back - oh, how wise they were for in a very short while we were caught up in a quite frightening thunder storm. As Ted was the tallest of our group we presumed that he would be the obvious lightning conductor. Actually, a lightning bolt hit the ground only 20 metres in front of us! Now, that DID make our minds up for us. We shot back up the track like a quintet of startled weasels. By the time we crashed in to Kiwi our party had increased by two - No Karen had not had her baby. Our visitors were Graham and Micheal Ware, both of whom had decided to pop up into Kiwi for the night. Good to see them and enjoy their company. The various meals that night were a pleasure to behold. Young Andrew topped that night with a three course concoction that looked really choice.

Up and away early next day, we had excellent tramping conditions as everything had had a real freshen up with the rain overnight. We had originally thought of coming out at the watergauge via Cameron but as Glenda had suggested on Friday that it would be unwise due to the high level of the Ngaruroro, we headed out via 4100 or should it be 1249.68? No, I'll stick to 4100, the other figures look like a grid reference gone wrong! The three novice trampers, Christopher Frost, James Chittenden and Craig Double acquitted themselves really well and we wish them good tramping. Karen, of course, held up a family tradition by carrying yet another prospective tramper every step of the way. We wish you well for July, Karen.

SH

Then and Christopher Frost, Ted Sapsford, Eddie Thomas, Andrew Dacey, James Chittenden, Craig Double, Heather and Selwyn Hawthorne, Karen Berry, Jenny Lean.

KURIPAPANGO LAKES

18th December 1989

Trip no 1962

It was just the day we had ordered. The tar on the road was already melting as we left Holt's at the leisurely hour of 8.00am. Forty two of us were to eventually gather at the lakes, 23 went by

truck while the rest used cars. We stopped at the track on Kuripapango Road so that those intending to have a truly lazy day could toddle off to the Lakes. Fourteen more energetic souls remained in the truck to be dropped off at the end of Lakes Road. As their mildly energetic excursion was to walk down the Tutaekuri River gorge from the Kaweka Hut track to the three wire bridge, John drove the truck to the Mackintosh carpark and was brought back to the Lakes by me. Someone had kindly carried Daniel, all our gear and our two kayaks down to the lake, so we quickly joined them.

Still people kept arriving - it was a real family affair. We eventually had four babies there and even Maurice somehow managed to get to the Lakes making 3 generations of the Holmes/Taylor clan. Stan's sister-in-law and husband also joined us. With such a hot day the lake water was very tempting and I think nearly everyone had a swim. In order to say that we had been tramping most of us made a circuit of the Lake at some stage plus a visit to the second lake - this lake had no beach and was more suited to wildlife than recreation. The kayaks were in great demand - particularly by the fishermen (yes, even a fish was caught) as was a "fe-airful" crocodile.

The river walkers arrived back shortly after lunch (the low river level had meant only two pack floats) and were soon engaged in some form of aqua-batics. After further tomfoolery and lazing around, the kayaks were "spirited" back to the truck and at about 4.00 when the last of us were preparing to leave, Russell and Joanne Perry & family finally arrived. After a quick chat we left them to have a swim in peace and headed back to town after an excellent day of R & R.

Glenda Hooper & Daniel & Peter Berry, Sue, Eddie & Claire Holmes, Jenny, Dave & Nicki Harrington, Greg & Erica Bristow, Josie Boland, Karen, John, Chris & Phillip Berry, Alister, Susan & Erica Moffitt, Joy Stratford & Heather Hill, Lyn & Regan Gentry, Steve Clayden, Shirley Bathgate, Stan Woon, Dan & Raewyn Ricketts, George Prebble, Brian Culpan, Michele Gibson, James Chittenden, John Gray, Alister George, Randall Goldfinch, Robert Marshall, Chris Hardie, Judy Woodward, Lindsay Going, Maurice & Barbara Taylor and Selwyn Hawthorne

MEETINGS are held at St Mark's Parish Hall, corner of Queen St and Park Road on the following Wednesday nights.

Date	Hosts	Supper
17 May	Eddie/Sue Holmes	Sandie Dungan
	Len Frost	John Berry
31 May	Jenny Lean	Robert Glover
	Nigel Brown	Ted Sapsford
14 June	Ross/Robyn Berry	Susan Lopdell
	Alister Moffitt	Lyn Gentry
28 June	Bev Pawluk	Russell Perry
	Judy Moss	Oliver Bacchus
12 July	Jim Glass	Heather & Selwyn Hawthorne
	David Cormack	
26 July	Alan/Kath Berry	Joy Stratford
	Glenda Hooper	Jenny Lean
9 Aug	Brian Culpan	Len Frost
	Shirley Bathgate	Geoff Robinson
23 Aug	Bevis Stevens	Adrian Brown
	Tony Hansen	Nigel Brown
6 Sept	John Berry	Peter Berry
	Lyn Gentry	Glenda Hooper
20 Sept	Roger Lawluk	Judy Moss
	Susan Lopdell	Alister Moffitt

CHRISTMAS TRIP

.4.

LITTLE AND GREAT BARRIER ISLANDS and KARANGAHAPE GORGE

26th December 1988 - 6th January 1989.

Trip no 1963

'Like a ball of mince rolling down a hill,
so was the start of our Christmas trip'.

R.G.

26.12.88:

8 left Geoff Robinson's at six with the truck stopping at Sue's for two more bodies. At Taupo we stopped for a cuppa, then headed on to Randell's mansion at Hamilton, arriving at 11.45am. Tea and hot water all laid on - except in the spa! Off again at one with Randell and Christine, gathering Alister George, hereafter called 'Scotty' to avoid confusion, in Hamilton, (he'd been for a job interview) and Oliver at Pukeno. Next stop, Omahu Beach where Selwyn's sister, Julia has a holiday house, arriving a whole six minutes early. Kevin, Julia's husband, rolled out the gas barbeque, and beefburgers were consumed by those with ravenous appetites before the remaining were served with potatoes, beans and tomato. Camp was then set up by some for the night. My, how the fourteen on the trip, like moles, settled in various holes, for the night - some on the floor of the garage, lucky Christine got the sofa, Selwyn and Heather a bed and the rest in the truck for the night.

CYCLONE DELILAH WAS COMING!

Storm warning were out and during the night winds gusts were very severe. The truck was more like my waterbed when the cat has a jolly good scratch! We'd contacted our skipper, Harry Verny - he'd reckoned we'd have no trouble - but, "take the Marzine tablets" - and even more cheerfully - "I've got stronger stuff on board!"

Next morning, and interesting weigh up of packs saw much hasty repacking by some. They ranged from 30 to 54 pounds, the latter already lightened by some 6 or so pounds the night before, was again hastily brought down to a more acceptable 48 pounds - pity about the binoculars though!

J.S.

27.12.88:

Breakfast at 7. STORM WARNING STILL BEING BROADCAST. On-loading, off-loading, on-loading etc. Bouncy trip to Great Barrier. It will l-o-n-g be remembered by the 'three bucketeers'!! Overcast, rain threatening. Set off along the road from Fitzroy, feeling every pound (kilo?) in our packs. It was a case of step, step, stop ... step, step, stop for a while anyway.

THEN; the women were keen to carry on, the men were keen to stay. There must be a moral here somewhere.

BUT! the men struck a blow for liberation and won. We stayed!

C.H.

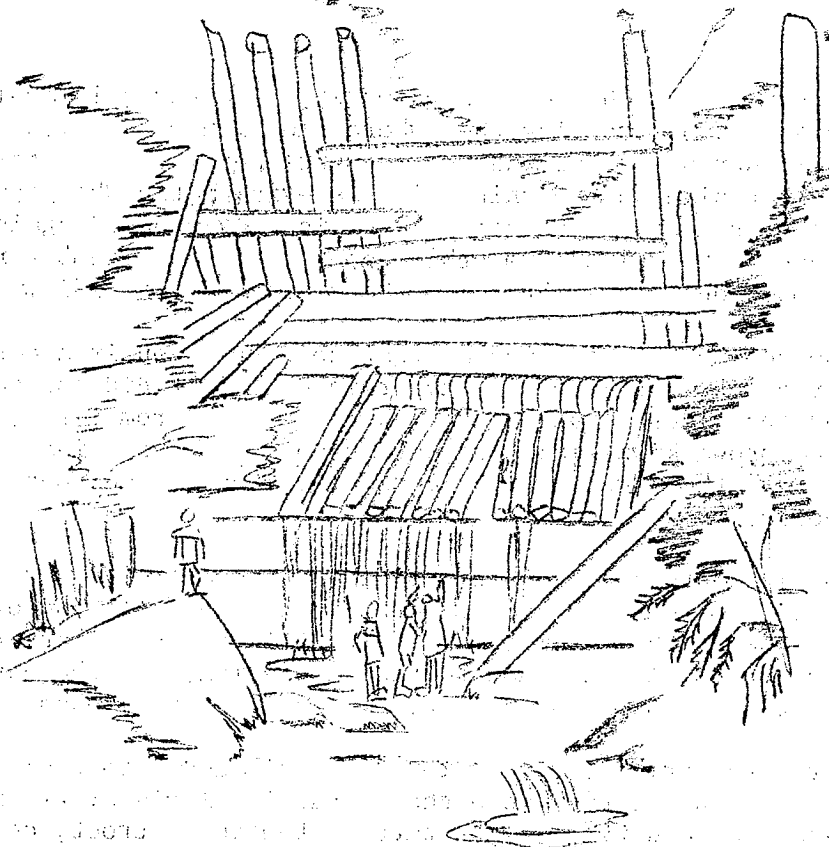
28.12.88:

We woke up to horrible, dark, wet drizzly day. We had planned to go to Kawa but because of the weather we changed plans intending to keep away from the weather thrashed eastern side of the island. We headed to Kaiarara Hut via Couper's Castle, (no prizes for guessing that Zane wrote this and Couper is really Cooper) and the kauri dams.

It was a pretty uneventful trip apart from hearing a kokako, Alister trying to do backstroke in a stream and Geoff getting the record for slipping over. The ridge track was either exposed or with some protection from scrub or huge rocky outcrops, one of which was Cooper's Castle. The game dropped packs and

went up the rocky knob ... game because had we been able to see the straight drop of a few hundred metres, some, like the two men who clung to trees, not doubt would not have ventured that far!!! Oh, how comforting clouds can sometimes be, Selwyn and John!

Next item of interest was the kauri dams



All of us visited the lower dam which was in the best condition, so Christine's son and Oliver who visited all three later informed us. This dam even had the original key still bolted on it. Randell, 'Scotty', and a couple of other fool-hardy types climbed over the wet timbers - one wonders if they saw the warning signs well posted on the track approach.

These dams form a monument to the days of milling, as they dam the Kaiarara Stream, directly below Mt Hobson. Made from kauri logs, this, the largest of these dams is the lowest and was last used in 1927.

On arrival at Kaiarara Hut, we put our gear out to dry - including tents - (don't wet tents weigh a lot!) A certain mad Scotsman chopped wood for the fire and the kitchen soon resembled a laundry with all the extra drying lines which were soon erected and filled.

And the nude bathing that hot, humid night - 3 girls coming up on a white tornado - we knew there were whiteheads in the area, but this was a bird with a different name.

Z.C.
29.12.88:

At Kaiarara Hut, weather conditions had changed - scudding low clouds, some high wind cloud and ? clearing weather. Rain forecast for H.B. Hooray!

With much activity, packing and having breakfast, we left by 8.30, heading up DoC's 4wd track east, then south. Progress was good with stops to look at kauri trees, brew ups, and good views out to Fitzroy and Whangaparapara bays.

From a ford at Wairahi Stream, we followed a pack track to Whangaparapara Hut and continued on a DoC track (an old railway track from a silver mine) and around the western side of the Whangaparapara Harbour to a DoC campsite, near a stream of dubious qualities. At 3.15 camp was set up, some went off fishing, others lazed around.

R.G.

30.12.88:

The fishing party returned empty handed. Apparently, Zane was gainlessly employed snorkling lines out and dropping them where the fish were. Even an attempt to buy fish from a trawler base was unsuccessful. Shame, Al. From comments flying around that night and morning, it was evident the Whangaparapara mozzies dined well on the trampers. No tent was sufficiently proofed against them. (From the Aotea News, the island's monthly paper comes the November rainfall for Whangaparapara - 154mm on 15 days bringing the years total to 1915mm.)

The wood stove in the cooking shelter was a great comfort, even if a certain young ladies shorts got a little toasted! Heavy rain overnight did not deter the (native) bird life, and the oldest tramper got a great thrill from early, early morning calls from brown kiwi, morepork, and a kokako. Never mind, John B. did see a banded rail. And the kingfishers' nests - spotted by the youngs excrement and their noise.

Well, frantic packing in tents and the shelter did see us all on the track with rain again falling, by 8.30am. It was a wet slog up the hill, and over the other side for a brief look at the remains of the Oreville stamping batteries. On the way down through the lovely wet bush to the big decision at the Hot Springs turnoff, where the only taker was Christine - truly a real he-she woman!

With encouragement from the trip leader, Selwyn, we dribbled into Claris. What a burg!!! Some bought postcards, some the fantastic Claris-everything-burger (contents; 1 sesame seed bun, 1 meat pattie, tomato, beetroot, coleslaw, egg, cheese, complete slice of bacon - each in very, very generous proportions) and the writer rang home for news of gradchild no.2 - a girl of 6lb5oz!

In spite of burgers and icecreams, feet were now very sore and in danger of dissolving. But we all made it to the camping ground at the south end of Medland's Beach. Sorry folks ... no huts! But, there is a shower ... in the middle of the grounds, one of those simplistic single pipe and head types!

The mid afternoon was spent pitching wet tents, drying wet gear, walking the beach, checking the local fishing and for some, making the acquaintance with the Waikato T.C. We found other trampers had different menus! Our alternative cooks battled on with the dehy. We look forward to the delights of Tryphena and New Year 1989. A.M.

31.12.88:

The last day of the year. The decision to spend another day and night at the camp was welcomed by those with blisters and sore feet. Most of the day was spent just lazing around, while a few went for walks along the beach. The sea was far too rough for fishing or diving. Two boats were lying at anchor in a small bay, sheltering from the storm. The W.T.C. packed and left at 11.20 for a 3 1/2k walk. The weather deteriorated throughout the afternoon, and by teatime it was miserable. An early night was had by all.

CYCLONE DELILAH HAD SPLIT INTO TWO - AND HALF HAD RETURNED!

1.1.89

.7.

The storm raged throughout the night, and we crawled out of our tents in the morning to survey the damage. Fortunately, for us, it was restricted to one torn tent fly. Other campers tents had blown down, and many were very wet. A forty foot yacht in the bay had been blown out to sea during the night and a land rover had had the tide right through it.

A quick breakfast was eaten and we packed up our very wet gear and headed for Tryphena on the other side of the island. On the way, we passed many abandoned cars and motorbikes. Geoff's eyes lit up at the sight of all the cheap spare parts - pity we couldn't carry a few.

We arrived at Tryphena very wet and miserable but to our delight found a tea rooms. Hot coffee, banana cake, and muffins - yum - they really went down well. A few others had walked to the second shop and bought fresh hot bread. This was eaten as it was bought - piece by piece out of the bag.

The next stop was the Mulberry Grove School tool shed. We rigged a fly over the open side and spent the afternoon sheltering from the heavy rain. During the few hours we were there, we were visited by stranded tourists and campers who had tickets to return to the mainland on "Supercat Two". Unfortunately, this vessel had broken down and was reported somewhere off Coromandel. One couple tried to obtain a refund so they could buy tickets on "Sea Flight" but Fullers would only refund their tickets on the mainland! So they used the last of their money to obtain tickets on "Sea Flight" only to hear that the sea was too rough and that option too, was now cancelled! And guess what!!! Civil Emergency had now been declared!!! By this time we were beginning to wonder if our man, Harry, would come over.

We had another delicious meal of dehy and even fed another five wet and starving people, who had also been at Medlands. They told us the campers had all been collected and taken to the Kaitoke School, as the emergency had developed. The lack of facilities under these conditions is absolutely deplorable, particularly on the part of the big charter companies who bring large numbers of tourists over each day. 'Refugees' were now being collected (and had to pay bus fares) and taken to the Tryphena Hall.

Our boat arrived right on schedule despite the atrocious conditions, and were we happy to see Harry! Harry, "broke me duck" - what a character! The Barry Crump of the seas! I doubt that many men would have risked boat and life to come out under those conditions to pick up a motley group of smelly trampers. He was very helpful and entertaining. Many took the advantage of the proffered hot shower, while some fished, with success. The weather had forced yet another change of plan and we anchored in a protected part of Tryphena Bay, and had a much needed night's sleep.
H.H.

2.1.89:

After much pill-popping, especially by the 'three bucketeers', we set off towards Little Barrier - it was a much quieter voyage of 18 k's with a three metre swell running and the weather brightening. We arrived at the north landing at Little Barrier where we were ferried to the island slipway by Alex Dobbins, the Ranger, the first time in five days we all had dry feet. After getting ourselves settled in the hut, and our wet gear hung out to dry, we divided up into small groups and wandered off in different directions, keeping strictly to the tracks as we had been asked to.

We saw moreporks, tomtits, bellbirds, stitchbirds, whiteheads, robbins, a petrel kakariki, pigeons, pied shags, and tuis, tuis, tuis. Around the hut, kakas kept us amused with their antics. The vegetation was similar to Kapiti, but with good stands of kauri trees, orchids-a-plenty, the vegetation being so lush due to the humid atmosphere.

A few had a dip in the sea. After warm showers, we dined on tinned casserole and veges, which had been stored on Harry's boat, and belatedly celebrated New Year. Just prior to retiring to our bunks, we were greeted by the rare brown teal just outside the porch. So ended our first fine day for a week. S.L.

Background information:

2-4 million years ago the Hauraki Gulf experienced a great ocean floor upheaval. The island that was to become Little Barrier began to grow. Lava dykes are seen today in Bald Rock and Mt Hauturu. Extensive kauri was milled in the 1880's. Pa sites and food/water holes are still seen today. The island consists of 2817 hectares of which only 27 at Te Tetoki Point are flat. The highest point is Mt Hauturu at 7722.4m. The island's Maori name, 'Hauturu' means 'resting place of the winds' and there is often a cloud cap across the highest peaks. The coastline consists of sheer cliffs or beaches of smooth boulders.

The coastal forest is luxuriant pohutukawa. The valleys are mostly rata and tawa, whilst the higher ground stands of kauri with beech are dominant, giving way in turn to tawhero forest on the tops. Ninety different ferns have been recorded. Nearly one third of the forest has been destroyed at some time, but this has reverted to tall kanuka reaching maturity and being replaced by other species. It is completely free of browsing animals.

Eradication of feral cats successfully concluded in 1981. Recently, kokako and saddlebacks have been liberated in an effort to ensure survival of the species. At certain times when natural nectar is not available, bird troughs in the ranger's garden are filled with a suitable substitute. The kiore, or Polynesian rat is the only rodent. Tuataras have not been seen for several years but there are smaller lizards, skinks and geckos. Three kinds of wetas are found. They include the giant weta which can grow to 230mm in length. Colonies of short and long tailed bats sometimes are seen at dusk on a warm evening.

The island has been a bird sanctuary since 1895. The present Ranger is Alex Dobbins. An average of 500 visitors per year require a permit from the Hauraki Gulf Maritime Park Board before landing. (Or is it from DoC now?)

Associated reading; "Little Barrier Island" by Ronald Cometti.

Quote; "Above the island's girdle of sea cliffs, hills climb steeply to form a great massif, culminating in a circle of seven peaks that seem to soar even higher to gather a misty halo of passing clouds. Valleys and ridges are covered in lush dense forest, unspoiled by browsing animals, and bird songs echo through the hills, ebbing and flowing like the waves that wash the island's shores far below."

With an introduction like this, and a complete coverage of volcanic history, ice age effects, Maori occupation, flora and fauna, this book is a magnificent and worthwhile follow up to read.

J.S.

3.1.89:

Up at 4.30 to listen to the dawn chorus but it was raining as usual. So back to bed till 8 o'clock, then breakfast. Four of us set off up Valley Track, a bit after nine, with light cloud and the odd patch of sunshine. Many birds were seen on the track with saddle backs being the highlight for me. We also saw four dead Cook's petrels on the track along with hale and hearty pied tits, moreporks, whiteheads, riflemen, stitchbirds, longtailed cuckoos, fantail, and it's hardly worth mentioning the tuis, bellbirds and kaka as they are everywhere. As we climbed to the confluence of the Hamilton Track, the bush changed from high kanuka and broadleaf to kauri and hard beech with kidney fern becoming more common. As we got more into the cloud forest, the track followed the stream for a short time then went fairly steeply up a ridge. After joining the Hamilton Track it got even steeper. The last bit of the track changes to towai, quintinia ixerba, podocarp with the odd big kauri, magnificent ferns and undergrowth everywhere.

Large trees were blown over, exposing the same large boulders as lined the shore. We bumped into most of the party at various places along the track, had lunch near the top, then wandered back down the Hamilton Track by about 3. The dominant sound is the continuous shrilling of the longtailed cuckoo.

Christine saw dolphins playing by Te Tetoki Point, chasing piper the Ranger thought, and kaka caused lots of laughs as usual, eating bits of cheese from our fingers. One kaka dropped a kaka poo on Joy to everyone else's delight. After tea, two brown teal came for bread and potatoes and later, after ten, we looked for bats (no luck) and we could hear the Cooks petrels calling as they came overhead on the way up to their burrows up near the tops. J.B.

4.1.89:

Aroused at 5 am. by the wakening display of the "Hairy Berry", a member of the early bird family - this consisted of; a. continuous rustling of bedding, b. grunting, c. slamming of doors. The display is intended to awaken other birds in the roost and succeeded magnificently - truly a miracle of nature!

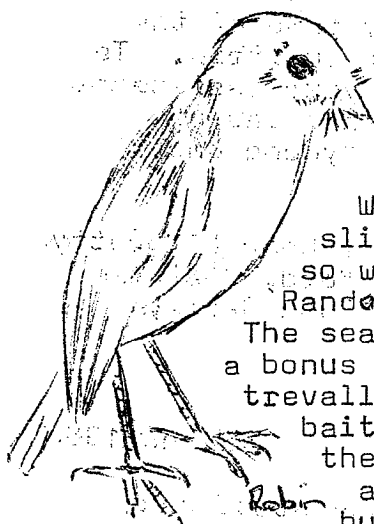
I slept in till 8.00am to find a deserted dormitory - everyone was off to finish their explorations before our lunch time departure.

After yesterdays exercises, I spent a quiet morning packing and wandering along the beach absorbing the tranquility of the island. (I wonder if he spotted the black skinks in the boulders)

We had an early lunch, tidied up and headed for the slipway to wait for the "Frae". More swell was evident so with a hope and a prayer, I swallowed my marzine.

Randall took prescription jobs supplied by Harry.

The sea wasn't as rough as it looked and we even managed a bonus hours fishing near the island, while we caught cod, trevalli and yellowfin (and a petrel who chased our fish bait.) Randall conked out completely and we set off for the mainland. This was probably just as well for Randall as it was pretty bumpy at times. However the 'three bucketeers' survived intact and the journey over was beautiful. A large shark lay basking and a couple of penguins were spotted.



Our main thought on arrival was 'greasies' so off to Warkworth we went. Kevin and Julia had brought the truck back to the Spit, and had taken the cruise out with Harry. I have no recollection of the trip out of Auckland to the 'Hairy Berry's roost' near Paeroa - I slept all the way! The old nest site seemed pretty well intact, so we crowded in and perched for the night at the end of a busy day.

A.G.

5.1.89

From my mattress on the floor of the Hairy Berry's nest' at 6.58am people were seen to stir. After racing through the night to this shelter, most people were very weary and slow to move. Bad weather was chasing us down the island, Cyclone Elijah now downgraded to severe depression status, so plans were now made daily. After breakfast and a clean up, a 'team talk' resulted in a walk through Karangahape Gorge and the goldfield areas to Owaharoa Falls. (9 kms) Rain set in about two.

E.T.

6.1.89

Discussions had and decisions made last night - if weather did not improve we'd go home early. Early morning forecast said it all - expect 140mm in the next eight hours or so! Trampers being brought out of the Kaimais.

Hit Randall's by 10.00am and Taupo by 12.15. Lunch with a hot swim for five. Back in Hawkes Bay by 4.30pm.

SUMMARY OF THE CHRISTMAS TRIP

Many people learned many things on the trip, which I suppose just goes to show that you are never too old to learn. We were very fortunate that the weather although wet, was very warm. A similiar trip in the South Island could have been disastrous. I can see why the locals on Great Barrier Island call visitors "loopies". We met at least three groups of people who could have been in dire straits without a little help from our party. Optimisism is an attribute but one group was right out of it's tree to the extent they hung wet sleeping bags out in the rain to dry!!! The constantly wet feet gave trouble either on the trip or after we had arrived home and there is no doubt that the amount of road walking contributed to this. The jewel in the crown was Little Barrier Island - what a tonic it was. Our charter skipper Harry Verney deserves a medal for the way he looked after us. Of course before any trip gets away there is the preparation - if only people knew how much goes into planning a big trip. I want to thank Heather for the many hours that she put into planning meals, calculating daily requirements, bringing it all together to shopping list stage and then dividing it all up, and at such a busy time of the year. I may be biased but she was the unsung hero of our trip. To Karen Thurston and Sue Mouat, my grateful thanks for your assistance in keeping the cost of the trip down. Randall's guidance was of course of great value as always and didn't our three "young ones" do well.

SH

Selwyn and Heather Hawthorne, Alister Moffitt, Alister George (Scotty) Geoff Robinson, Zane Couper, Oliver Bacchus, Joy Stratford, Heather Hill, Eddie Thomas, Susan Lopdell, Christine Hardie, John Berry, Randall Goldfinch.

TARUARAU - SHUTES

14-15th January 1989

Trip no 1964

Fifteen left Holt's at 6.30am heading for Timahanga Station up the Taihape Road. The weather report was not good as heavy rain was predicted. But the leader in all his wisdom had promised wet feet and good weather. After a pleasant trip we arrived at Timahanga, drove in and met Mrs Roberts, dropped some bread and fruit off to show our appreciation for being allowed to travel through their property. Over the last 54 years the Roberts family have been very good to the HTC giving us access through their property and helping in many ways. These are privileges we must appreciate and not abuse. After being warned of the stock movements on the road, we headed off down to the Taruarau Bridge to drop pff some of the party who were to travel downstream and two others who were heading around the Sparrowhawk area, then back up the road again to the Pohokura turnoff where we met up with Kath and Alan. The weather was overcast, but looking towards the Ruahines there looked to be some heavy showers in the area. Arriving at the Taruarau it did not take long to get the party on the move. I thought the river was carrying more water than the last trip - it's just as well we did not have ?? with us as she wouldn't have made the first crossing. Some very dark clouds passed overhead with a few rain drops but the parkas remained in the packs. After about 4 hours, we made it to the campsite below Shutes. Camp was set up, cups of tea all round, then off up to Shutes - this so-called twenty minute trip turned into an hour. Someone keeps moving these huts further away as the years roll on. After reading and hearing the many tales about this hut, it certainly didn't dissappoint us. It just looked a hut that had history and plenty of tales to tell. Reading the log book this was certainly true - one of the best would have to be Malcolm Ingpen, a club member come deerstalker, well worth reading.

Back to camp, cooked dinner, that finished we decided to cook up Al's trout - wrapped in tinfoil and about ten minutes on each side in the ashes and it was just great. What, no wine!

The usual chat around the fire, then off to bed. Many thanks to Len for making room for me in his tent - very much appreciated. After a good nights sleep we woke up to a bright sunny day - remember that's what the leader had promised us! Four decided to go out over the Comet. The remainder strolled upstream at a leisurely pace eating and drinking, stopping, sleeping and fishing . . . this is what tramping is all about. Half way we were very rudely woken up by a day party coming in ably led by that old fellow, Jim Glass. They were heading in to see Shutes. It was around then that Al, who had been flogging every pool trying to get another fish to replace the one we'd eaten the previous night, hooked onto Taruarau Jaws. Thank goodness he lost it - we would have been there for at least another hour or two eating it. Our condolences for your loss, Al. We stopped at a very pleasant spot and had lunch. Alan just had to mention that the big rock on the other side of the river was Tamatea's Crayfish, so three decided to go and climb it. I have now wandered along Tamatea's Lizard "the Ruahine Range" and now his Crayfish. After another half hour tramping at a slow pace we arrived at the truck. After picking up the rest we arrived back at Hastings at a reasonable hour. Good weather, interesting area and good company. Thanks to the Roberts family and to Selwyn and Joy for driving.

SW

Joy Stratford, Heather Hill, Al Moffitt, Bruce Almond, Len Frost, Christopher Frost, Andrew Dacey, Dave Harrington, David Charteris, Heather McBride, Shirley Bathgate, John Berry, Heather Hawthorne, Selwyn Hawthorne, Stan Woon, Kath and Alan Berry.

Sparrowhawk Range

Trip no 1964'b'

After being dropped off on the Napier-Taihape Road, we quickly found the track up the Sparrowhawk Range. Following this was easy at first but further on you had to use your eyes. We soon reached the beacons on the tussock tops with grand views all round, including down the Taruarau River where John's party was. Further on was thick scrub followed by low scrub but a track through it made it all easy. On reaching the southern end of the Sparrowhawk Range we followed a spur down to a knob (GR 879863). Most of this was good due to scree and an overgrown horse track except when we lost it. We descended SW down two good scree slopes. At the bottom was supposed to be a hut but it was a large clump of toitoi instead. Towards the river through the scrub we got absolutely covered in hookgrass. Four hours after leaving the road we arrived at the Taruarau River just above the narrow gorge. After lunch we spent the rest of the day fishing and swimming.

Next morning at 8.30 we headed off down the gorge with three pack floats and fishing as we went. We stopped for a while at the Waipiropiro Hot Springs which was quite pleasant if you don't mind the mud and slime. Continuing down river, we arrived at the truck at 11.30. Leaving our packs here, we headed up the Timahanga Stream with map and lunch. It's great not carrying a pack. Travel was flat and easy and boring after a while. Finally at below Jim Deere Hut the stream changed to deep rocky pools and gorge. Great stuff until we hit a waterfall that we couldn't climb. We climbed out round it and in again. At two we arrived at the bridge with no sign of the truck. We decided to continue up stream entering a bouldery gorge. After climbing a few waterfalls and wading deep pools, our luck ran out at a large waterfall with large bluffs all round. We headed back down to the bridge where the truck arrived shortly afterwards. A great trip with great weather. David Harrington, Heather McBride.

SUNRISE - 66 - WAIPAWA SADDLE

29th January 1989

.12.

Trip no 1965

As often happens, a rather dubious forecast is followed by an absolutely magnificent day. We were lucky enough to have the clouds over the tops clear as we drove down Highway 50. What followed was to be one of the most successful day trips, that the club has had for a while. Lyn Gentry (Mr), Mike Bull and Regan Gentry had gone up to Sunrise on the Saturday, with 30 more of us heading up via Triplex on the Sunday. Even by this stage we were fairly well spread out. Some of us went up the 'staircase' but the majority wandered up the wheelchair track, past the moa pits.

After quite a few puffs and pants we were all assembled in the vicinity of Sunrise Hut and Buttercup Hollow. After a munch and nibble, most of us set off towards Armstrong Saddle and the tops. We were soon split into three parties and at our leisure stopped for lunch amongst the leatherwood and flowering gentians. The last 30m of the 1020m climb from Triplex is almost hands and knees stuff. From the summit of Trig Point '65' we could see as far as Mt Egmont Pureora and the Ureweras. A magnificent day with hardly a puff of wind. We even had a Skyhawk flying below us up the Waikamaka Stream. A good day for sunhat and zinc cream manufacturers.

Continuing at our leisurely pace we strolled across the tops towards 66, frequently looking down the sheer east face towards Sunrise and the distant Waipawa Forks Chalet. The location of our Waikamaka Hut was pointed out to some of the newer members of our club. Over the 66 summit and down a fairly steep rocky scree, made somewhat easier by the sixty boots before me. We finally dropped down to the Waipawa Saddle by about 4.00pm, where the front runners were waiting for us. Most of us were quite pleased to beat a hasty retreat down into the trees and river valley, relishing any patches of shade through which we walked. Past the Forks Chalet and down to the truck where the last of us arrived at about 6.00pm. An excellent trip that accomplished quite a major traverse. Lets do the same trip in winter some time.

RB.

Mike Bull, Christine Hardie, Sue Holmes, Brian Culpan, Michele Gibson, Roger Pawluk, James Chittenden, Heather Hawthorne, Selwyn Hawthorne, Sara Hawthorne, Tracy Wilson, Al Moffitt, Bruce Almond, Gary Roselli, Glenda Hooper, Simon Gälliver, Lyn & Lyn Gentry, Kynan Gentry and Regan Gentry, Ted Sapsford, Graig Double, Robert Marshall, Fiona Sapsford, George Prebble, Andrew Dacey, Arch Lowe, Josie Boland, Adrian Brown, Robyn Berry, Scott Lowes.

POHANGINA SADDLE?

4-6th February 1989

Trip no 1966

The trip planning started while I was in Woodville, milling a tree with phone calls from Mum and Dad saying the whole tramping club was ringing them up asking whether I was still leading the trip. Well, I was, even if I wasn't going to get home until the day before we left. When I did get home, however, low and behold, my trip had been hijacked! Yes, and the route and purpose had been changed to suit the hijackers as well (for a working party at Howletts.) Well, what could I say, especially when I didn't really mind anyway.

So that is how it came about that we arrived at the end of Mill Road by about 8.00 for a race to Howletts so that we could vandalise it's coat of paint with hundreds of bits of wire before the tailenders arrived to repaint it. The weather wasn't... so Daphne Hut provided a brief stop to eat in the dry. Over the years I have come to wonder how correct peoples memories of horrific cliffs are, and have come to the conclusion that trampers may as well become fishermen if their roitous immaginations are anything to go by.

So what was I really on about? Well in this case, it was the track from Daphne to Howletts Hut. I tend to take things as they come, but was surprised when this almighty 'cliff' only lasted for fifteen minutes before levelling out to a nice upward stroll. (If I was thirty years younger, Bevis, I might 'just' agree - Ed). After, just over an hour, I arrived at Howletts to disturb three hunters who took off a few minutes later when Tony arrived. Adrian soon followed and work began on the roof. Two deer, one young, the other younger appeared to inspect the exquisite squeaking our wire brushes were making - they just stared in disbelief and total distain before walking sedately away. We finished wire brushing soon after the caboose arrived and it wasn't long before the hut glowed from a new coat of orange paint. In the meantime the overfilled toilet had got mobile and shifted itself somewhere else. I think Bruce-dippity-poo, Selwyn, Heather and Dianne were responsible for this. Here, I should say thanks cook (or was it cooks?) for making welcome cuppas.

Night came and the hunters still hadn't returned, though shots had been heard hours ago. We may as well have not gone to bed for 10.30 came and went before the last arrived saying,

"I'm stuffed".

"Why", asked the one who had arrived first.

"Oh, I got stuck in a shitty creek".

"Ha!" said the first. "Didn't I tell you that in the Ruahines you stick to the tops?!!

"Oh" was the tragic reply accompanied by laughter from the mattresses.

In the morning we discovered they had shot 4 deer and only carried the hind quarters and back steaks out!!! Shall I say no more? Now the party split into two - 7 coming with me to Longview Hut and 5 staying behind to add a second coat of paint and maybe do Sawtooth. (And to share venison steaks for breakfast -Ed.) The trip to Longview was cold and wet and the clagg gave us plenty of navigation practice. When we arrived, sopping wet at Longview, the furthestest we could see was the tip of our noses, for the fireplace produced smoke and heat at the ratio of 100 parts smoke to $\frac{1}{2}$ part heat. The hut was evacuated all except for 'Lucifer Tony' who stayed to play with some avgas he had perloined off a ridge top. I pulled the chimney apart and put it back together again slightly differently (less two bits of wire and a tin can) and before we knew it, the heat/smoke ratio immediately switched round. We still couldn't sit too close however, as the frequent wind gusts made the fire spit long flames in dragonlike fashion into the room.

A peaceful night was had before being woken by sun streaming through the window. It was only a clever trick, however - more of that later. We made a late start as we had lots of time to spare. We collected firewood, lost and found one axe head after it went whistling into a clump of snow grass, and fixed the chimney up again. We had a great shingle slide into the north branch of the Makaretu River on our way to inspect Awatere Hut. We also sought Black Stag Hut and found it resurrected by some hunter who liked his bed made from beech poles and sacking. We reached Moorcock Saddle in time to be given a lift to Moorcock's Base by a friendly hunter. At the base a brew was made from Manuka (Tea tree) as we awaited Selwyn and his merry band. Well, appear they didn't, so when (and here's the clever trick) the sun gave up 'hide and seek' and the cloud particles suddenly found an attraction for 'terra firma', we up and away, walking to Mill Road, our philosophy being walk and stay warm. It was getting late, 4.30, and I was beginning to be concerned. Mill Road was reached, in about an hour, just as the truck appeared around the corner. Here apples were passed around, with thanks to Alister.

On the way home I worked out that it was occasionally an advantage to follow the leader as my group did about 2½ hours tramping that day while Selwyn's party were on their feet between 5 and 6 hours battling a high Tuki Tuki River.

BS

Bevis Stevens, scribe and leader, Tony Hansen, Adrian Brown, Dianne Coombs, Heather Bilcliffe, Selwyn and Heather Hawthorne, Bruce Almond, Joy Stratford, Heather Hill, Alister Moffitt, Julie Turner

ESK RIVER

12th February 1989

Trip no 1967

6.15 am. It's a little nippy and quite dark. Claudia and I load up our packs, sling our boots over the handlebars and pedal off round to Sandies. "A wee warm-up" says I, feeling just a trifle nervous about my first tramp after 6 months of nil exercise. Robert and Judy have also decided to use Sandie's house at Westshore as a pick-up point - it saves the long drive to Hastings and allows us to set our alarms quarter of an hour later.

The truck arrives on time, the back doors open and we are greeted by a sea of faces. Blimey, what a lot! It takes quite a lot of shuffling and squeezing and heaving and sighing before we find a gap each and settle down for the trip. 32 people - it must be one of the biggest groups squashed in the back of the truck for a while. Since I haven't tramped for quite some time there are a few people I've not met, several of them new young members. It's good to see.

The trip takes about 1½ hours before we turn off the main road, then after a little confusion (and a bit of information from a farmer on horse back) we are on the correct track and the truck parks. We all tumble out, lace our boots, tighten our packs and we're off. A small group of ten decide to attack the north branch. Alister has his fishing rod so he doesn't plan to go far.

The day, in spite of the weather forecast of low cloud, is clear and warm. It's only a short walk to the river and we're into action. The water is fresh and sparkling and not too cold, so wet feet are no problem at all. What is difficult is the size of the rocks - they are neither big enough to boulder-hop nor small enough to simply march across, so it's essential to watch every step! Soon I have a stiff neck from constantly looking down, and my ankles are tired. Don't ask me what the scenery was like - I wasn't looking. I'm so unfit, I'm ashamed of myself, and my biggest battle is to keep up with the last person whose back is constantly disappearing from view. I've always blamed my lousy tramping on my lousy boots, but now I have a good comfortable pair it's my body that's letting me down.

Through the blur of exhaustion, at one stage we have left the river and are crossing farmland. It's hot and the footing is no easier. We are passing through an area of newly planted pine forest littered with branches and burnt off stumps. Up a hill, down a hill back into the river. The cold water soothes my sad feet.

Eventually, some bright soul suggests it's time to stop for lunch. By the time I have caught up, lunch is almost over. I find myself a smooth rock and start eating. And I eat and eat and eat. I'm ravenous! My pack is getting lighter. We are in a superb spot with a minute swimming hole, just large enough for 2-3 people to have a wallow. Several of the young kids leap in and they're obviously having a ball. I should join them but I'm bushed and I've eaten so much I can barely move. So I sit on my rock, a fat little garden gnome without a fishing rod. The sun shines down. I can't budge.

Above the noise of the rushing water comes the sound of whistling and yahoing, and into this idyllic scene comes Peter, closely followed by Joy, Len, Heather and Christopher. A decision is made to split up into two groups. There are too many to continue down the river, and some of the party are simply too slow (was that me they were talking about?) Dave takes the names of volunteers who will continue down the river. I am not one of them, but Dave diplomatically makes the offer. I decline. Judy and I decide to bale out via the hills taking with us a bunch of kids. We follow Joy and Heather. I'm too miserable to enjoy the scenery. The kids roar off at a great rate of knots. Len urges me on. The gap is widening but I don't mind.

Eventually we are back at the river. Alister has caught no fish. We flop by the waters edge and I rummage through my pack for food. Nothing left - I've scoffed the lot! Judy offers me some scroggin. Len gives me an apple, so I sit munching happily away while most of the others have a swim. In dribs and drabs we wander back up the road to the truck and by the time we've changed our clothes (and I've managed to score a Mars Bar off Sue, and a piece of pizza off Holly) we move the truck to the end of Berry Road and the first bods from the other party start to appear from their river trip. JP

After a very long lunch in glorious sunshine (and some of us had a swim), Joy and a couple of others from the small party emerged above us on the hill. They joined us for a while, then agreed to take some of the main party including the kids back up with them to the truck while the rest of Dave's crew were going to try to go along the cliff tops for a while and find a way back down into the river. No sooner had we climbed out of the river than there was a possibility of a return. Dave set off ahead and sure enough the mountain goat didn't fail us and off we went again. A pack float was the first thing we saw and seventeen heads were soon to be seen bobbing through the water, some doing it for the first time. For the next four hours there were at least twenty pack floats (or only about twelve if you were tall), lots of fun and no more waterfalls. Some members of this forward party found the last $\frac{1}{2}$ dozen pack floats at least 6 too many and were warmed with a hot drink made beside the river by Dave Cormack, before they continued on for the last hour. The very last gorge and pack float was extra long and very pretty, silent, with the water calm and cool. A duck was enjoying the tranquill scene and dived under the water and popped up again behind us.

It had been hard avoiding the rocks under the murky waters and everyone was pleased to be able to rest bruised shins and don dry clothes again. We were home by 7.30 (at least the Napier people were) after a fabulous day. Thanks David, and thanks Geoff for driving.

SD.

Jill Preece, Sandie Dungan, David Harrington, Fiona Sapsford, Jenny Lean, John Berry, Robert Marshall, Gary Roselli, Andrew Cormack, David Cormack, Glen Bixley, Bruce Almond, Craig Murray, Robert Glover, Claudia Preece, James Chittenden, Judy Moss, Roger Pawluk, Sandy and Chris Pawluk, Holly Dungan, Joy Stratford, Heather Hill, Geoff Robinson, Len Frost, Christopher Frost, George Prebble, Peter Fitzpatrick, Sue Holmes, Al Moffitt, Adele Davidsom, Mick and Margaret O'Rourke.

..*.*.*

"We have won against the most dangerous of our foes.
We have conquered fear".

Franklin Delano Roosevelt

PINUS CONTORTA

25-26th February 1989

Trip no 1968

Selwyn missed the guide hut and from the feel of it, we got half way to the crater before turning around and bedding down for the night.

Waking to the sounds of the bush and the bubbling of porridge, we were met by Rob McCallum and his feminine counterpart, and introduced to Peter who was to look after us for the weekend. Saturday was fine, with small trees to pull and at the top of each sweep there was more walking than bending. When we returned to our usual camp ground by the stream, Selwyn had tea progressing favourably. In the morning there was ice on the billies and our lunch lettuce was slimified. By the time I got us all lost and found we were warm enough and we proceeded to pull back and saw our way through some sizeable specimens in an area near some beech forest and on the boundary of a production forest.

By the time we returned to camp we were really hot and some of us were silly enough to go for a swim. We travelled both ways via the Taihape Road and received \$506 for our trouble. Thanks to Selwyn for driving, organising and cooking and to everyone who came, especially the young ones who worked uncomplainingly and hard with a smile on their faces right through both days.

PB.

Selwyn Hawthorne, Peter Berry, Oliver Bacchus, James Chittenden, Judy McBride, Robert Marshall, Len Frost, Jenny Lean, Mike Bull, Lew Harrison, Bruce Almond, Julie Turner, Al Moffitt, Dave and Andrew Cormack, Holly Dungan, Glen Bixley, Tony Hansen

DONS SPUR - DICKS SPUR

12th March 1989

Trip no 1969

Sunday morning dawned warm and clear. Seventeen assorted trampers left Holts and a further 8 were picked up at Taradale. We collected Sue Holmes on route. As we approached the ranges, the southern tops were clearly visible with a bit of cloud over the northern Kaweka ridges. We drove through mist going up the Black Birch and arrived at the Makahu car park to clear conditions, and a reception committee of three of the local Gentry.

At 9.00am various groups left Makahu for different destinations. Sue Loddell and Glenda Hooper ventured forth to rediscover the fabled "Iron Whare" in the Kaweka Flats region. I believe this was achieved and with dry feet as Sue had always maintained was possible. Dave Harrington and three others decided to allow for the potential heat of the day by an aquatic exploration of the Makahu River and selected tributaries.

My party of approximately 23 people followed an old forestry track south-west from the car park. The track led onto the lower slopes of Dons Spur. Sandie Dungan took the lead and took us through some typical mountain goodies, sliding shale - pinus contorta growing 100mm apart. Despite this, Sandie took us up to her objective, a small knoll shown on the map but not obvious from below until actually reached.

From this point on it was a straight forward route NW to the top of the spur. The younger members of our party, Holly Dungan and Portia Foote managed the ascent like old hands, in fact they were heard exhorting further effort from their respective mothers. By 12.30 we were enjoying lunch on the east side of the summit in near perfect conditions.

After a 35 minute lunch break we split our party. Selwyn Hawthorne and 8 others explored the region around Kaweka 'J' and returned to the carpark via Makahu Spur. Our group of 14 continued approximately 3k. in a northerly direction along the main Kaweka ridge to the top of Dicks Spur. Lyn Gentry navigated this section. This may sound simple but if Lyn had not kept his eyes open several of our number would have continued past the unmarked turn-off point. We turned onto Dicks Spur and headed E towards Kaweka Flats about 3k. away. It was a long careful descent down a desolate eroded spur. No track, just crumbling broken rock underfoot most of the way.

About 1/2k. west of the trig near the base of the spur, we saw glimpses of bright coloured packs moving along the trail north of Kaweka Flats Bivouac and we were close enough to make out Dave Harrington's party. In the space of a couple of minutes we had all dropped 120m. of height from the trig to the edge of the scrub at the foot of the spur. At this point we were separated from the other party by 1/2k. of choice scrub. We crossed this last section in 3 separate groups departing at intervals using a line of sight compass bearing with the bivouac as the target. Slight variations were used in each case, with no loss of accuracy.

At that stage a general rest or smoko period was observed to allow feet to catch up with owners and vice versa. According to the hut book Sue and Glenda had passed through a couple of hours earlier - everyone was on the home trail.

After about 20 minutes our enlarged party took to the Kaweka Flats track and headed SW to the Makahu Saddle and carpark. Quite a pleasant walk through manuka and secondary growth for a while, then a 1/2k. river section and the last 2 1/2k. through beech forest. A pleasant contrast to the barren country over which we had been travelling most of the day. At the carpark 45 minutes later, we were met by the peaceful scene of the other groups either resting or refreshing themselves.

I enjoyed the day, the terrain and the company and it was pleasing to see several new faces with us and I hope they will come again. A special thanks to Selwyn Hawthorne for driving.

Miscellaneous trivia section:

Climb from Makahu Saddle to Kaweka 'J' via Dons Spur is 804m.

Group 1 climbed 1180m over a total route and travelled 14 kilometres.

TS.

Trip no 1969b

Dave wanted to 'sus' out the Makahu River for next month's trip and called for volunteers. He got three of us. We set off from the car park at 8.45. When we reached Pinnacle Stream we had to decide whether to head down there or to carry on to the Makahu. After some hesitation we opted for the Makahu.

While the going for the first hour or so wasn't particularly tough, it was quite slow because the rocks were very slippery and several trees had fallen across the river. As we scrambled up and down the banks, we were showered with water from the branches we grabbed onto. We stopped for lunch beside a nice pool. Three of us decided to have a quick dip, and a quick dip it was. The water felt much warmer tramping through it than swimming in it. We sat on the rocks and dried off in the sun for a while, then headed off. After a few minutes tramping we reached the stream which headed back to the main track. Not very far up the stream we struck a waterfall which we decided to go up. An old tree had been washed over the

waterfall forming a very steep bridge. I managed to climb up this in monkey fashion. Dave had meanwhile thrown a rope up which I tied to a tree. Dave pulled himself up to join me. Fiona began hauling herself up with James pushing from below but she slid back down again, losing her bone pendant in the process. Dave suggested it would be easier climbing with no boots on and jumped down to help. With some extra pulling and pushing everyone got up. However, Fiona wanted to retrieve her pendant, so we sat and waited for the pool water to clear. We couldn't see the pendant from the top, so Fiona had to go down again. It didn't take her long to locate it but actually getting it was another story. Dave and I of course shouted out lots of advice and encouragement. After several attempts, Fiona finally came up cold but triumphant.

Dave told me to lead and see if I could find the track. The going was quite easy now and we soon reached some markers by the river but I couldn't find the track. Dave and Fiona found it nearby and we began our climb out. This was the most arduous part of our trip. Several times we caught sight of the party coming down Dicks Spur. We finally got to Kawek Flats bivi at 3.30 where we waited for the rest of the party to arrive. After a suitable rest we all set off back to the carpark and home.
RP.

Trip no 1969e

After sleeping in till 6.20am, feeding the cat, packing and trying to get dressed simultaneously, I didn't hold up the truck at all - thank goodness it had come directly to my doorstep. With no breakfast inside me and the prospect of a long hard trek in brilliant sunshine across the tops, I decided to accompany Glenda on a leisurely reconnoitre along Kaweka Flats. Mind you, it was my first tramp since Great Barrier Island. We wandered through the beech forest, still heavy with dew, the undergrowth in lush condition especially the varieties of fern.

We passed a couple of hunters on the way to the bivi and continued on for another 20 minutes till we reached another patch of beech, turning off to our right in the direction of Iron Whare. With Glend's skillful use of a compass and with my map reading we arrived at Iron Whare at 11.30am in time for an early lunch. We still wonder how people can't find it!

After lunching, we navigated our way back to Kaweka Bivi where we stopped for a breather. Unfortunately some nameless persons had thrown something into the nearby scrub producing a putrid smell and a horde of blowflies. We had a pleasant wander back to the truck arriving about 3.30pm and settled down with a thermos of hot tea to await the others arrival.

SL.

Ted Sapsford, Christine Hardie, Lew Harrison, Greg Bristow, Lyn Gentry, Regan Gentry, Mark Craven, Len Frost, Glen Bixley, Mohana Thirvchelram, Sandie Dungan, Rhonda Foote, Peter Fitzpatrick, Craig Murray
Selwyn Hawthorne, Heather Hawthorne, Liz Davis, Sue Holmes, Raewyn Elliot, Holly Dungan, Portoa Foote, Lyn Gentry, Kynan Gentry
David Harrington, Fiona Sapsford, James Chittenden, Roger Pawluk
Susan Lopdell, Glenda Hooper

"It is the greatest good to the greatest number
which is the measure of right or wrong".

Jeremy Bentham

WAITOTARA FOREST

24-27th March 1989

Trip no 1970

The ancestral home of Glend's lies up the Waitotara Valley near the end of thirty miles of twisted travel sickness inducing roadway. The road follows the meandering river through steep gorse and scrub covered country with the odd peice of flat down by the river and at the road end. The ancestral seat itself comprises four acres of trees, some planted by us two years ago, and many huge old trees planted by Glend's grandfather. In the middle of this block, reached by inflatable raft or a one mile walk from the Makakaho Bridge is an old semi picturesque house. At the very end of the road lies Kapara, a huge block of reverted scrub which used to be a farm and further up the river lies Trains, another abandoned farm reached by packhorse as there was never a road to it. The original Mr Train got it as a bad debt repayment when he owned the Waitotara Store. Beyond this again lies 40,000 acres of bush, bush lowland rainforest growing on an incredibly jumbled mass of ridges, steep sides with slot sided gorges.

After travelling to Glend's parents house in Waverley on Thursday night, we drove up the valley road to the road end. From there it was an easy hours walk on a 4wd track to the old Kapara homestead, where enormous old chestnut trees were dropping their nuts. There is a new track from there to Trains which follows the old pack route. In one place the track crosses a 150 foot chasm and further along a whole valley has been dammed and a tunnel dug under the hillside to drain it. Back at Kapara is another ingenious tunnel system designed to provide water power and dug by a hunchback back at the turn of the century.

At Trains there is a semi derelict hut set on a large grassy hillside and here we camped the night under a large pidgeonwood, lulled to sleep by the steady drip drip of the drizzle finding it's way through it's foliage.

Glenda, Stan, Audrey, Wendy, Joy, Alva and Heather returned to the house at Ngamatapouri, and the rest of us, ably led by Glenda's brother Basil, crossed the Waitotara and Omaru and then dropped into the Whatiwhati. We saw a goat which bleated and carried on and further on Glen saw two 'dead' new born kids. I suspect that if poked they may have made a miraculous recovery. Back at the Whatiwhati, we slide down a lycopodium covered cliff and were wondering how to cross with dry feet when Basil walked out from behind the waterfall. I've seen it in cartoons but this was the first time I've ever crossed a river by walking behind a waterfall, let alone staying bone dry! (Glenda would say "Idle!")

Up, up, up on a dry black beech spur then miles along a reasonably flat heavily bushed ridge to the Railway Camp, serenaded to sleep by the sound of throbbing feet and a pair of kiwis. Dawn crept over the hills unnoticed by anyone but the birds, but we eventually set off along the ridgetops passing an enormous rata only 7 inches less in circumference than the one at Bushy Park. We also passed a couple of wasp nests to the detriment of both Sue and Christine. Basil then made the lads day by leading us down a swamp which we eventually struggled through, thigh deep, to the Pokeka Stream from where we had an hour walk back to the truck over farmland.

PB.
Peter Berry, Susan Coppell, Christine Hardie, James Chittenden, Glen Bixley, Jake Perry, Andrew Dacey, Stan Woon, Glenda Hooper, Daniel Berry, Joy Stratford, Heather Hill, Alva McAdam, Clive, Karen and Heather Thurston, plus local guides; Audrey Thompson, Basil and Wendy Hooper.

PRIVATE TRIPSLAKE WAIKAREMOANA

We left Napier about 10.30am and our first stop was at the Tuai Store, where we picked up a pamphlet of the launch schedule. We had intended beginning our tramp on the Monday, finishing on Thursday. However the timetable said that the launch only ran on Wednesdays and Fridays. "No problem", says we and decided to go off on some of the smaller walks on the Monday instead. We walked to the huge rata tree reputedly 1,000 years old and were suitably impressed, and walked back through the tawa trees - very lovely. From there we drove to the National Park Headquarters and spent an hour enjoying the displays and video. It was 3.30pm when we spoke to the ranger, telling him of our plans, only to be told that in fact the launch did run on Thursdays and not on Fridays after all because it ran on opposite days to the bus and the buses had changed their timetable!

We made the decision to go right then and by the time we had driven back to Onepoto and were ready to tramp it was 4.00pm. We knew we had a 5 hour tramp ahead of us and it took exactly that. That first section of the lake walk is all up, and more up just when you think you've had enough. We struggled on and on and the final insult was a rock face to scale with the aid of a knotted rope and a wire. By now it was 9.00pm and five minutes off dark. Happily, Panekiri Hut was just around the corner. We intended to sleep in our tent but very kindly a couple of kids shared a bunk and we were each allotted a very top bunk - three tiers high and NO side board. Neither of us slept very well for fear of falling off as we rolled over. While everyone else was climbing into their sleeping bags (and there were 20 others there that night) we were eating bread and cheese and having a much needed cuppa. I said to Rhonda, "We'd better bring our packs in off the verandah because of rats and possums". I'm not sure that she believed me but went outside to get hers anyway. She called back, "Come and see the possum sitting on your pack!" I didn't believe her but sure enough, there was a big, fat, shiny possum having a look inside my pack. I bet he's caught many an unsuspecting tramper.

The next day was misty and drizzly but after a good breakfast we enthusiastically set off for Waipoa Hut. The trees at the top of Panekiri were covered in a sort of hanging moss and the overall picture was quite eerie - a sort of 'graveyard' - Rhonda's description. We made good time down the other side and enjoyed the different terrain, climbing over (and under) rocks and tree roots. Nature has a wonderful knack of providing handrails almost all of the way. We decided to go on past the hut for another couple of hours and set up our camp. An hour past Waipoa is a side track to a beautiful waterfall set amongst some of the loveliest bush along the way. We had to go on for longer than we anticipated because we were not near the lake and it was 6.30 before two very wet and weary women put our packs down for the last time that day.

Next morning after an uneventful night (except for the fact that it didn't stop raining) we were off again. Said hello to an empty Marauti Hut and carried on for the three hours to Te Puna Hut, our destination for the third day. A lovely fire and clothes drying all around helped the 7 inhabitants for the night, feel warm and cosy and all enjoyed our time there. An early start next morning meant that we were at our destination far too early for the launch, and because it was so wet and by this time we were feeling old we decided to leave our packs under the tent fly and walk to the end of the track and back, not only to fill in the time and to say we had walked all the track, but also to keep warm! We had enough time to boil the billy and have a sandwich before the launch arrived and dead on time, 12.30, we were off. With the mist still

all around us we didn't get to see very much and we were pleased to be back at our car - warm at last! We had sloshed through mud and more mud for three days and pushed our way through wet grass and toi toi and were constantly wet but we wouldn't have missed it. We were, as the Maori have been for many years "children of the mist".

Sandie Dungan & Rhonda Foote.

ST JAMES WALKWAY

13-17th February 1989

The St James walkway, which straddles the main divide just north of Lewis Pass, is one of the Crown jewels in the New Zealand wide walkway collection. Opened in 1981, the 66 km St James was intended as a show piece for the walkway system. Indeed it is, especially for North Islanders unused to the broad upland tussock valleys that seem to abound in the Southern Alps.

The walkway is intended to take five fairly easy days, totalling twenty-four hours tramping, with twenty bunk huts at appropriate intervals along the route. Day one is up the east branch of the Maruia, a pleasant five hour walk through predominantly silver and mountain beech forest, climbing steadily towards the headwaters of the river.

We had reckoned on camping out just in case the huts were full but this was far from being the case. In fact, we only saw half a dozen people during the entire trip, the pressure on the track apparently dropping right away after the main holiday period. But we camped out anyway, having not yet overcome a built-in resistance to paying \$8 each for the huts. Also, with the essential mosquito netting in the tent entrance we could keep out the myraids of sandflies, which is something that could not be said for the huts.

The walkway is not really very strenuous, linking the headwaters of a number of rivers, by way of easy saddles. The second day of the trip took us through especially spectacular country, open tussock and bush alternating as we made our way down the Ada River with the rugged faces of the Spenser Mountains towering above us. Then on down the valley of the Waiau, round the corner and up the Henry River. The weather was quite delightful, warm and sunny, so the 20 kms slipped by very easily. We were now in true South Island backcountry, part of the vast St James Station. Horses and cattle grazed peacefully in the valleys and it was hard to envisage the fierce conditions that prevail in the one thousand metre country in the winter.

And so we wandered on, calling at the huts for lunch (no charge) and pitching our tent in a series of delightful camping spots beside the rivers of the walkway. The bird life is profuse. The sandflies are slightly smaller but even more numerous so you rapidly beat a retreat to your mosquito netted tent early in the evening.

The third day took us into the headwaters of the Boyle River, which we followed down during all of the fourth day. An early start on the last day saw us out on the road again by 10.00am whereupon we hailed the regular Newman's bus as it passed and they took us back to pick up the car at the Maruia Springs hotel. The hotel people provide a very worthwhile service by coming out with you at the start of the walkway, then taking your car back and storing it safely while you enjoy the trip.

This is beautiful country, vast, open and unspoiled. The sun shone and the birds sang. We could not have asked for more.
Kath & Alan Berry.

In November we went all social and with our respective husband or wife we visited Parkwood Lodge for a smorgasbord meal.

YEDMANS TRACK Dec 88

Our final trip for the year was a tramp along Yeoman's Track to Whitnall Lodge. We had intended tramping up the Makaroro River but when we arrived there the wind was blowing in very hard gusts. It was much more sheltered along the track but each time we heard the wind we looked up to see there were no dead trees nearby. Lunch in the sun near the lodge and a return trip via the same track.

TRIPLEX MIDDLE STREAM
18th January 1989

Our first trip for the year. We left the cars at the carpark, walked along the road, and crossed the Waipawa River. We then went up and down across the foot of the Ruahines. The track was quite clear for some time but as we got amongst the scrub we had trouble keeping to it. It took us some time to find the correct place to get into the creek and by the time we climbed up the other side we were ready for lunch. While we ate we planned our trips for 1989. After a year of activities we decided to hold trips on the first & third Wednesdays each month. On the way back we followed the track through the bush to Triplex Hut, before heading towards the cars.

MARAETOTARA STREAM (CLIFTON) to WATERFALLS
1st February 1989

It was very "thick" when we left Havelock North and raining by the time we reached Clifton. However there were thirteen of us as we set off up the Maraetotara Stream. It was a 'parka on - parka off' morning as we crossed and recrossed the stream. At the cascades three hardy souls had a swim while some climbed the hill behind to see the view. Lunch was at the waterfalls before we set off again across country. By now, as we climbed out of a steep gully, it had turned very hot. Barbara took us up onto a promontary to view a Maori Pa site.

RED ISLAND
15th February 1989

Unfortunately this turned out to be one of our rare really wet trips, and as it was so miserable we did not spend much time there.

LAWRENCE HUT down to the gorge
1st March 1989

The Tutaekuri started off in a wide river bed which gradually got narrower and narrower. The river was very low so apart from the stones being a bit muddy it was easy to cross. Once we were into the gorge the going was much slower as we squeezed between huge rocks or bush bashed up and around when there seemed no other way. The northern side of the river is lined with red boulders while the southern side shows limestone. Lunch in the sun away from any likely rock falls and then we returned back up river with a couple of swimmers finding a deep pool on the way.

* * * *

FIRE FIGHTING EXERCISE
3-4th December 1988.

With the current restructuring and underfunding, DoC has had to place increasing reliance on volunteer firefighters. The exercise involved both tramping Club and Deerstalkers. It involved mainly practical work with several types of pumps and hoses, as well as filling monsoon buckets. There could have been more emphasis on safety aspects. Food and accommodation was provided by DoC. We were each given a free pass for our troubles.

R Berry, Alister George, Peter Berry, John Berry, Tony Hansen

KURIPAPANGO TO RUAPEHU.

EXPLORING LITTLE KNOWN COUNTRY ACROSS KAIMANAWAS.

To those who wonder how any person can ever find any interest in tramping, to those who wonder why people rise early in the morning, climb hills and wade rivers, and carry huge weights after the manner of a packhorse, the following account of a recent trip from near Kuripapango across the Kaimanawa country to Ruapehu and the Chateau Tongariro may be of some interest. If it is not of interest, it may at least serve either as a reason or as an apology for the oddness or eccentricity of those who find their greatest pleasure in the open, in the back country.

To those born in towns, tramping has these virtues - that one becomes as physically fit as modern life allows, that one loses that vague fear of Nature which civilisation fosters, and gains in its place an elemental independence and resourcefulness fostered by a respect for her moods. Those who walk far or climb can share visions of far country granted only to those who travelled this country many years ago. They discover all the beauty that lies in Nature; and only those who have travelled far together can appreciate the full meaning of the word companionship.

The spell or lure of mountaineering has never been defined. Perhaps the lure of the back country is equally indefinable, or at least is made up of so many factors that explanation is impossible. But it was this lure that prompted three trampers to set out from Kuripapango with the object of reaching the head of the Ngaruroro climbing through the Kaimanawas to the south Waikato River; and through the Tongariro National Park to the Chateau.

EQUIPMENT AND PACKS.

We were well equipped - Bergan or frame packs, heavy nailed boots, shorts, flannel shirts, a complete change with long trousers, heavy woollen sweaters, shower proof jackets, and light weight waterproofs, sleeping bags with waterproof covers, a triangular tent, slasher, rifle and ammunition. With a carefully considered food list giving an average of eighteen pounds a man, and extras such as field glasses, cameras, first aid outfits, and personal nick-nacks, our packs averaged 53 lbs., which more experienced trampers would have declared to be over-heavy. But we were allowing for every emergency and we were a hungry trio.

At half-past one in the morning on which we were to set out we stood alone at the top of Gentle Annie hill above Kuripapango. The adventure was on, and by the light of the moon we donned our packs, with grunts and exclamations of horror at the weight, and we moved off up Te Iringa. We stopped to look back over the Kuripapango Valley beautiful in the dim light, til the cool breeze spurred us on. At half-past two we climbed into our sleeping bags and slept under the moon. Climbing Te Iringa after breakfast, an easy climb from our camp, across grass flats and through patches of birch, we at length from 4300 feet had a full view to the gorge of the Ngaruroro, and the Manson country, and due west the Golden Hills, on which we could camp in the evening. And beyond the Golden Hills, across the Kaimanawas, we saw Ruapehu, which we were to reach seven days later.

We followed on along the bushline, reaching Mount Cameron camp above Boyd's Bush in time for a meal. The country seemed full of stalkers, and the day sounded like a minor battle. The ridge still led south-west down into a low saddle, and then a long climb up to Hoggett's trig, almost 4000 feet, on the Golden Hills. These hills overlook inland Patea and those huge stations which run over the tussock plains. In the foreground lay Ngamatea, the trees and green paddocks a landmark in the golden tussock.

THE RABBITERS' CAMP.

We now turned northwest to follow the hills along an easy track through the tussock. We made a comfortable camp above a little stream in the shelter of the bush, pitching our tent and building a big fire. And our first full day was ended.

Heavy mist lay over the valley early, but the day was fine when we climbed up through the bush out onto the hills to follow the hill tops north towards the head of the Taruarau River, which lay below to our left. The Kaimanawas lay ahead of us, and we stopped for a time and took out our map and field-glasses to try to identify peaks and landmarks. The track now followed the river, and during the afternoon we walked further and further into the hills, still tussock hills, but now with a crest of birch bush rather than open tops. At last we turned a bend in the stream to see the head of the watershed, and climbed out of the stream and soon came into a comfortable rabbiters' camp, a whare and several tents.

The two rabbiters in occupation were very interested and very hospitable, and we sat down to a meal of fresh wild pork, uncommon in that district, vegetables and fruit, bread and jam. The rabbiters made us very comfortable in two spare bunks, two of us to one bunk. It had been a hard day - we had moved fast, and although the track was easy the crossing and recrossing of the stream and the continual climp had been a strain on muscles not yet accustomed to the heavy packs.

THE NGARURORO VALLEY.

Sunday we had decided would be a day of rest. The rabbiters had told us that another good hut, Boyd's Hut, lay over in the Ngaruroro, about two and a half hours away.

We left at eleven forty-five and climbed from the hut to find another track leading out of the Taruarau, along a bush ridge through birch beautiful in the morning sun, out into another great tussock valley. This valley was exactly similar to that of the Taruarau, and a great surprise to us who had last seen the Ngaruroro in the deep gorges behind the Kawekas. The wide riverbed, quite flat, broken only by the course of the river, cut abruptly into wide tussock plains leading gently up to the hills topped with birch. At the head of the valley where it turned to the west lay Tapui-A-Marua-Hine, a prominent landmark with its rocky summit.

A good track led down across the Panoho Stream and into the floor of the valley, and at last led up onto the high terrace above the river, and the hut lay about a mile across the flats. The hut was very comfortable, built of malthoid, with three bunks, tables and a beautiful pumice-block fireplace. Beautifully situated, it lay in a small clearing a few hundred feet above the river, facing east over the Ngaruroro valley. We would have been well content to stay for many days, but later we pored over our maps by the light of candles and a beautiful fire, and decided our course through the Kaimanawas; for tomorrow we would start across the tops. A wonderful meal filled us with great content, and soon our fern beds were very comfortable. The fire glowed on, and life was very good.

WONDERFUL PANORAMA.

Mist filled the valley until about 9.30 the next morning, and so gave some justification for a late start. The river had turned, and we faced upstream in a westerly direction. About half a mile ahead lay the junction of the Manga-Mingi and Waitupuritia Streams, the official head of the Ngaruroro River. Beyond the junction, up the valley of the Manga-mingi lay Mount Donnelly, 5200 feet. We walked on up the Manga-mingi, still crossing the same tussock flats. We passed more of the Ngamatea cattle, which roam through the Ngaruroro country, before we at last climbed out of the valley.

Suddenly, at an excited squeal from the foremost, we hurried forward to see something of which we had only heard. To the north west, north and north east, the country formed a huge panorama. In the foreground the Akimanawa country; and the Tauranga-Taupo watershed; beyond the northern end of Lake Taupo, Taupo village, Tauhara, and the Rangitaiki plains and the Urewera; and away in the

distance Mount Edgecombe, in the Bay of Plenty. Bathed in sunset, it was a glorious view, and coming upon it when we did, it formed a picture we could never forget. Dusk drove us away from it, and we moved downhill to find a camp in a little stream in the low saddle between Manāwaruru and the ridge towards Mount Donnelly.

Next morning we woke about four o'clock, but it was very dark, and a light misty rain was falling. We left camp about 9.15, and climbed 800 feet out of the saddle in about half an hour, which was good time. We were now in the long flat topped ridge leading from Mangawaruru to the ridge north of Mount Donnelly. The weather was overcast and threatening above us, but away to the north Taupo lay in brilliant sunlight.

The Kaimanawas lay spread out before us. Ahead, south west in the direction of our ridge, lay Makorako, 5665 feet, the highest peak in the range and the central point of a maze of ridges and valleys. The high western ridge, the main range running north west, fell from a peak 5260 feet down into a saddle and north towards Ngapuhitara, 4977 feet, at the base of which the Rangitikei River has its source.

We followed along the top, clear and open walking, with that wonderful view always to our right, then crossed a short saddle onto the ridge leading north. A tributary of the Rangitikei rose in the shallow valley before us. The bush line, bush to the north and tussock scrub to the south, marked the divide, and we followed the bushline north. We climbed to a point 4675 feet, and turned south west here to follow a ridge over two prominent cones straight down to the Rangitikei. We could see across to Tokaanu and Rotoaira. The ridge led on down with a good deer track, and after falling steeply through a belt of bush we were in the Rangitikei, a deep gorged stream at the height. We crossed the river and began a heart-breaking climb.

After one and a half hours of awful climbing, through, under and over logs and rotten timber and foliage, we were clear, and then had to find a little saddle to lead out onto the open ridge. For our leader to find this little ridge at 6.30 with torches being used, was a wonderful feat, for we were in bush with no view.

GLORIOUS TAUPO.

We pitched our camp in a patch of heavy bush, with two small water holes as our only water supply. But they held enough for our two meals and a little wash. This had been our hardest day, but we were now fairly fit.

Next morning was clear, but a very cold breeze had arisen. From about 3500 feet we climbed onto the saddle, to look straight down on Tokaanu and the delta. They seemed only an hour or two away. We moved on up until we came to the top of the ridge which led down into the head of the Waipakihi, and taking only camera, glasses, and chocolate, and warm clothing, we climbed to the top of the point 5260.

The view was worth many times the physical exertion of the days behind us. From Ruapehu, Ngauruhoe, and Tongariro, their tops in mist, round to the Ureweras behind Rangitikei, the whole country lay before us. We could trace the entire shoreline of Taupo, and only from above can any idea of the size be formed. Beautiful Roto-aira, and Pihanga above it, lay in the sunlight, the loveliest glimpse of the entire scene. Big white cumulus cloud rolled back over Taupo, and the ever changing shadows and the sunlight made it seem almost a beautiful moving picture.

The field-glasses turned it almost to bathes. Cars were raising dust along the lake road, chimneys smoked in Taupo, and we swore we could see the bar in the hotel at Tokaanu. Now we were over the ranges, and after a meal we started downstream, a narrow rocky stream with bush and scrub almost to its banks. We followed the tracks of horses, probably a track used by stalkers. About 5.00 we decided to camp in the shelter of a patch of bush. The constant crossing of the stream had become tiring, and two involuntary immersions had damped our ardor. We made a very comfortable camp and a big fire. Our cook had now to practise baking, for our biscuits were finished. After a tremendous meal which left all

still very hungry, we went to our comfortable beds, our last night in the open.

THE MISTY PEAKS.

We started from this beautiful spot with the sun shining, and the day perfect, on what we knew to be if not the hardest, at least our longest day. We had to reach the Waihoehonu Hut in National Park. The Kaimanawas rose on our left, and on our right was the long ridge leading down from Umukarikari, 5222 feet.

It would have been pleasant to spend a day or two days just lazing down the Waipakihi Stream, with its flats and rocky corners, and the bush. But we went fast, with a short break for a meal, till at last we came to the junction with the Waikato where the clear waters of the bush stream met the murky white water off Ruapehu. About half a mile down the Waikato we thankfully climbed out of the river into the edge of the Onetapu desert.

After seeing the three peaks so often during the past few days, they now seemed to tower above us, rising out of the desert almost at our feet, with the mists swirling about the snow-tops. We made due west, and after walking for some time we at last went over a bank into what appeared to be a water-course, but was, in fact, the old road. We climbed across to the new road, and followed it across the Mangatoetoe Stream to the turnoff to the hut, arriving there at 5.40, to discover to our horror that we still had 5 miles to cover.

So once again we set off. Darkness was coming and the track was not easy to follow, and in places all that guided us was footprints. And at last the beam of the torch picked out the hut in the bush. We were too tired to even sound pleased. We opened the door, walked in, dumped our packs, and sat. We had a whisky and later a hot Oxo with a dash of brandy and then a good meal - our poor cook produced another brilliant scone - and we just crawled into the bunks. The first was up at four o'clock, and as the dawn broke into another perfect day, we hurried through our meal and our packing.

RIGOURS OF RUAPEHU.

The Waihoehonu Hut seen in daylight is in a perfect setting, facing north east in a glade in the birch bush with Ngauruhoe and Tongariro to the north. Ngauruhoe looked especially beautiful in the dim morning haze as we left the hut.

We plodded on and on, but at about 6800 feet the loose rock and scoria and the steepness of the climb had become terribly tiring. Mist now surrounded us entirely and it was doubtful now whether we were wise to go on. The mist may have covered the tops, and we were very tired. So we decided to make round the mountain, over the Pinnacle ridge above the Pinnacles down to Ruapehu Ski Club Hut and so to the Chateau. We found we had to traverse several snow slopes, very icy and steep. At last we crossed the ridge and descended to the Whakapapa Stream below the glacier and down to the Glacier Hut, where we dumped our packs and walked up to the Ski Club Hut.

The last stage of track down past the Salt Memorial Hut, onto the road down to the Chateau, we found very easy. Luxury lay ahead. And so we crossed the bridge over the Whakapapa Stream and continued on to the Chateau. We were now in luxury which can only be fully appreciated when it comes as a supreme contrast. We had eaten only the plainest foods, we had washed but not bathed, we had slept on hard beds, some painful and some not. We had been very lucky for never again could we do that trip and have such perfect weather. We had always been safe, and we had always known exactly where we were. We had covered many many miles, always interesting. We had climbed many hills, always to find more to wonder at. We had trodden paths never trodden before, and seen country that not many had seen before us. We had worked hard together, and never exchanged an angry word. We had found adventure. We were fit, and we had that contentment that fitness always brings.

And people still ask, "Why do you go tramping?"

EASTER TRIP-1936- Peter Lattey, Bill Rainbow, & John von Dadelzen.
This is a reprint of a newspaper article by W J Rainbow.

AMATEUR RADIO and TRAMPING

The combination of these two fascinating pastimes has never been easier. Sure radios have been humped into the bush & mountains in the past but the speed of technological advances now allows highly sophisticated transceivers to ride the range with impunity.

How do you get yours?

Well, firstly what is amateur radio? Difficult to explain in a sentence but generally amateur radio is a hobby which encourages technical experimentation in the science of radio and the use of this knowledge to further the art of communication.

It is virtually unlimited what you can do within the hobby as there is so much scope to do different things. I don't think I know any two people who have done the same thing.

So what can you do?

You can buy your gear, ready made, plug it in and off you go. You can modify your commercial gear, you can build your own, you can build accessories. You can experiment with different ways of doing things - you might even reinvent the wheel! (bound to) Your knowledge of electronics will expand quite quickly and don't let anyone tell you different because the results of your experiment could have MAJOR IMPACT on the commercial electronic industry. Throughout the short history of radio and electronics, amateurs have made many breakthroughs.

Amateurs have internationally allocated bands of frequencies. The first band starts just above the AM Broadcast band at 1.8MHz - 2.0MHz (the frequency of Bay City Radio is 1.278MHz). The bands are not normally described by frequency but by wavelength, (there is a mathematical relationship) so 1.8 - 2.0 MHz becomes 160 metres.

The high frequency bands (HF) are 160, 80, 40, 20, 15, 10 metres with new bands at 30, 24, & 18 metres.

The very high frequency bands (VHF) are 6 & 2 metres.

The ultra high frequency bands (UHF) are 70, 23 & 13 centimetres and so on up to SHF.

With the right gear you can communicate:-

- a. By voice modes
- b. By digital modes
- c. By visual modes

- AM
- SSB
- FM
- CW (Morse)
- RTTY
- AMTOR
- PACKET
- slow scan TV
- ATV

You can communicate round the world by bouncing signals off the ionosphere, by accessing amateur satellites, by bouncing off the moon! by the amateur radio service.

Heretaunga Tramping Club

Most members will be familiar with the SAR radios (they operate just below the 80 & 40 metre amateur bands) and more recently the 2 metre amateur repeater service used by Randall Goldfinch, Ross Berry and myself. (There are other tramping hams in the HTC.)

OK. - How do you get into amateur radio?
By exam, I'm afraid, a three hour technical and regulatory exam.
So some study is required. Once qualified, there is a morse code exam. (The morse code exam is optional but there are some restrictions in the bands available for your use without it).

The N.Z. Technical Correspondence School offers a 24 assignment course in Amateur Radio for \$50.00. This is probably the best method of study available at present in Hawke's Bay.

A start in March 1989 will have you prepared for the September 1990 exam.

Just think - when you finally hang your boots up, you will still be able to participate in all those tramps through the magic of amateur radio.

Inquiries can be made to the writer, telephone (070) 436052
Mike Bull ZL2VM

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FUN - BARBECUE - NON STOP CRICKET - NAPIER TRAMPING CLUB TO BEAT???

SOCIAL FUNCTION IN CONJUNCTION WITH NAPIER TRAMPING CLUB.

The HTC have challenged the NTC to a game of non-stop cricket. This is a fast game, full of fun and NOT the old fashioned English game.

To be held at: The Clive Domain
When? Sunday 30th April 1989
Bat off 1.30 pm to be preceded by a picnic lunch and B.B.Q from mid day.

The NTC have accepted our challenge and this is a substantial trophy at stake.

Be there and help us to prove the HTC is the greatest.

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EXECUTIVE NEWS

Near the end of last year, Club members were saddened to learn of the passing of Kathy Woon. While not a Club member herself, Kathy was our president, Stan's, right hand person. Most Club members would have tasted Kathy's venison dishes and other treats that Stan brought along to Club social events. To Stan and his family, we extend our sympathy.

Club members have been helping the Department of Conservation in recent months. Firstly we had a fire fighting exercise at Kuripapango followed by an exercise at Brookfield Bridge, while more recently members helped eradicate pinus contorta in the Comet area - something we hope will become an annual event.

There is to be a working bee at Janet Lloyd's place on ANZAC Day, starting 9.00am. Contact Glenda for further details.

TRIPS

Could people who have indicated on the Wednesday night list that they are only possible starters please phone the trip leader by Friday night to confirm or cancel. It is essential that a correct list is left in town and it is much easier for the leader if it can be sorted out before the morning of the tramp.

A BIG THANKYOU goes to Lyn and Lyn Gentry for the barbeque held at their place recently. All those who went thoroughly enjoyed themselves and the hogget cooked on the spit was superb. Thanks also to Lyn and Lyn for organising the barn dance which many of our members were able to attend - another great night.

* * * * *

CLUB CHRONICLE

12 new members!!! A round dozen - if we keep going at this rate we'll need a Kenworth to get everyone out on trips! Mind you we've also lost, temporarily we hope, three good keen men. Dave 'architect' to the nation 'Charteris to Hamilton and Zane 'lock up your daughters' Couper to Taupo. Anyway back to the subject, we welcome James Chittenden, Robert Marshall, Lyn, Kynan and Regan Gentry, Roger Pawluk, Eddie Thomas, Christopher Frost, Greg Bristow, Josie Boland, Glen Bixley, and Bruce Almond, and we encourage them to get involved in Club activities and come out over the winter. The ranges are different during the cold weather, more distant and starkly beautiful with their covering of snow.

Congratulations to Bruce and Denise Perry for their daughter Anneke and to Jenny and Dean Stairmand for the birth of their daughter. And congratulations to those who were recently married; Janet Brown to Bill Turvey, Rob Snowball to Vera Jordon, and Graeme Taylor to Janine Olsen.

Now you may be wondering why the Chronicle was spelt correctly. Well, I decided that the Chroni-Kill for this Pohokura had to be reserved for Alan. It seems that one of the locals up near Mangleton (Alan describes him of being of indeterminate parentage) shot this deer, then tied it upright between a couple of trees, and rang Alan to tell him there was a deer in the paddock. Alan and Hamish go rushing down, and fill with lead, the already dead, shot through the head, ex deer. The deer meanwhile takes no notice of the shots, doesn't fall down and doesn't run away. A despicable trick to play on one of our tramping club members. In conclusion, I would like to give Alan an assurance that he has the Club's full support over this dastardly deed and assure him that not one member thought it was funny or laughed. More particularly we would ask members to keep this story to themselves to avoid embarrassing Alan and Hamish. Alan is the other good keen man missing as he has gone to Massey.

Anon. A Mouse or pass the cheese and don't tell Alan Peter wrote this.

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AMBLERS GROUP - coming trips:

3	May	Balls Clearing, Hutchinson Reserve,	William Hartree	
		Reserve, Museun	Lorraine Emerson	750634
17	May	Lotkow from Lawrence	Judy McBride	69756
7	June	Tangoio Walkway	Lyn McBeath	776156
21	June	Inangatahi Ck, Potters Rd		
			Al Moffitt	443693
5	July	Rogue Ridge	Liz Carter	449358
19	July	Maungaharuru Ra, Bell Block		
			Vic Bullock	447711
2	Aug	?		
16	Aug	Sentry Box, Parks Peak	Don Whitfield	774770
6	Sept	Kuripapango Trig (4100)	Lyn Gentry	750542
20	Sept	Lotkow, Don Juan	Cecily Madore	447580
4	Oct	Silver Range	Jo Whitfield	774770
18	Oct	Trelinnoe Gardens	Lorraine Emerson	750634
Contacts: Kath 777223, Cecily 447580, Barbara 750532, Judy 69756				

IN BALANCE WITH NATURE.

By John Carew.

In the beginning,
There was Earth; beautiful and wild;
And then man came to dwell.
At first, he lived like other animals
Feeding himself on creatures and plants around him.
And this was called IN BALANCE WITH NATURE.

Soon man multiplied.
He grew tired of ceaseless hunting for food;
He built homes and villages.
Wild plants and animals were domesticated.
Some men became Farmers so that others might become Industrialists,
Artists or Doctors.
And this was called Society.

Man and Society progressed.
With his God-given ingenuity, man learned to feed, clothe, protect,
and transport himself more efficiently so he might enjoy life.
He built cars, houses on top of each other, and nylon.
And life was more enjoyable.

The men called farmers became efficient.
A single farmer grew food for 28 Industrialists, Artists, and Doctors.
And writers, Engineers, and Teachers as well.
To protect his crops and animals, the Farmer produced substances
to repel or destroy Insects, Diseases, and weeds.
These were called Pesticides.
Similar substances were made by Doctors to protect humans.
These were called Medicine.
The age of science had arrived and with it came a better diet and longer,
happier lives for more members of Society.

Soon it came to pass
That certain well-fed members of Society
Disapproved of the Farmer using Science.
They spoke harshly of his techniques for feeding, protecting, and
preserving plants and animals.
They deplored his upsetting the Balance of Nature;
They longed for the Good Old Days.
And this had emotional appeal to the rest of Society.
By this time Farmers had become so efficient, Society gave them a new title;
Unimportant Minority.

Because Society could not ever imagine a shortage of food
Laws were passed abolishing Pesticides, Fertilizers, and Food Preservatives.
Insects, Diseases, and Weeds flourished.
Crops and animals died.
Food became scarce.
To survive, Industrialists, Artists, and Doctors were forced to grow
their own food.

They were not very efficient.
People and governments fought wars to gain more agricultural land.
Millions of people were exterminated.
The remaining few lived like animals
Feeding themselves on creatures and plants around them.
And this was called IN BALANCE WITH NATURE.

FARE, CONFIRMATION AND CANCELLATION

Local: \$10 Senior, \$5 Junior, \$8 non member junior

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 before hand 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 a trip. If in doubt, contact the leader, or check at the embarkation point.

OVERDUE TRAMPERS

Although returning parties usually plan to come 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 new comers should ensure that their parents/contacts 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

FIXTURE LIST

MAY 7th - SOUTHERN RUAHINES

Follow a new track to Traverse Hut from Tamaki River. Great views in all directions. Compass exercise?

Map - T23

Leader: Tony Hansen 775714

MAY 21 - MAKARORO RIVER AREA

Plenty in this area to do with river travel, ridge tracks, beech forest, a large tarn and Barlow Hut.

Maps - U21, U22

Leader: Selwyn Hawthorne 750544

JUNE 3-5th - CENTRAL RUAHINES

Iron Gate Hut via Pohangina Saddle. Return via Triangle Hut, Te Hekenga, Saw Tooth to Mill Farm.

Map - U22

Leader: Edward Holmes 446032

JUNE 18th - LAWRENCE - MACKINTOSH

Following the track from Lawrence to Mackintosh and out via the 3 wire bridge.

Map - U20

Leader: Nigel Brown 798239

JULY 1-2nd MANGATAINOKA HOT SPRINGS

From Te Puia Hut up the Mohaka River lies a large tub fed by hot springs and a nice camping site.

Map - V20

Leader: Christine Hardie 434912

JULY 16th - TRAINING DAY

A chance to learn a few skills for tramping including orienteering, navigation, survival and abseiling.

Map - V 20

Leader: David Harrington 439999

JULY 29-30th - GOLDEN CROWN : NO MANS

Up Golden Crown ridge, north along tops through beech forest and open tops to No Mans Hut. Back via Three Finger Spur.

Map - U21

Leader: Len Frost 778824

AUG 13th - MAUNGAHARURU RANGE

An area of high rocky cliffs and fascinating rock towers off Pohokura Road overlooking the Mohaka Valley.

Map - V19

Leader: Shirley Bathgate 778511

AUG 26-27th - RANGIWAHIA HUT

In the Western Ruahines, follow a good track through bush to a modern hut on the tops with good views.

Maps- T22, U22

Leader: Bevis Stevens 775358

SEPT 10th - PARKS PEAK VIA MANGLETON

Up Sentry Box Spur to Parks Peak Hut through beech forest. Back down via Kaumatua Track. A round trip.

Map - U21

Leader: Roger Pawluk 266447

SEPT 23-24th - WAIKAMAKA HUT

An overnight stay in our Club hut on the other side of the main divide via the Waipawa Saddle.

Map - U22

Leader: Brian Culpan 60833

OCT 8th - TE IRINGA - MT CAMERON

From Gentle Annie, up track to Te Iringa with great views. There is scope for round trips back down.

Map - U20

Leader: Susan Lopdell 446697

OCT 20-23rd - WHIRINAKI - MINGINUI

Plenty of scope for everyone in this beautiful podocarp forest with bench tracks, nice huts and sparkling rivers.

Map - V18

Leader:

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THE TRAMPER'S PRAYER

Dear God,
When we go tramping,
Could you please,
Sedate the sandflies
And tame the bees?
We would think it
Extremely kind,
If you'd tie up the rainclouds
And leave them behind.
I'm sure you would be
extremely willing
To send us some trout,
Along for the killing
And we would also be very
grateful,
If what you sent
Was enough for a plateful.
If you obliged
We could camp by the lake,

Please don't let us drown,
Or make the mistake
Of leaving the frying pan
Back at the car
So we don't know it's there
Till we've gone too far.
And don't let us blunder
Along the wrong track
So we go so far,
That we can't get back.
Please, Lord, be kind,
Give strength to our knees
And when it gets hot
Could you send us a breeze?
And please God -
I'd remedy all the world's
sorrow
If only you'll make it
fine for tomorrow.

Maynie Bamber, 15, Napier

Stung by onga onga?
No anti histamine in your pack?
From Alva comes this cure. Break off a branchlet of onga onga and
rub the affected areas with the sap from the broken branch end!!!