

HERETAUNGA TRAMPING CLUB (INC.)

P.O. BOX 447, HASTINGS

'P.O. H.O.K.U.R.A'

Bulletin No. 172

August 1989

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TRIP REPORTS

MAKAHU RIVER

9th April 1989

Trip No. 1971

An early evening phone call from Jim to say the truck wasn't able to make Sunday's trip due to faulty brakes had me moving a little faster to get petrol in the car and check it was roadworthy as I'd said I'd take transport. My original thoughts were to pick up Sandie, Len and Lyn who were trudging across from the Taihape Road but a short time later things fell into perspective and I realized I wouldn't have enough room, and I didn't think they'd appreciate sitting in the boot on top of the packs. Many thanks to Joy who came to the rescue with her offer to go up to Makahu to get them.

6.30 am saw a number of us at Holts for a pleasant trip up towards Kaweka, and 8.45 am saw us on the first very steep hill past Puketitiri where Karen, who was in front of us, came to an abrupt stop. Within the next few minutes we realised her car had stalled, and all of a sudden some panicky faces were peering through her back window and we saw the car rolling backwards rather

2.

fast. I think I did the fastest reversing I'd done in many years. Hence I kept my distance up the long hill to the 'Quarry' sign where we parked.

Jim decided to do things differently and we spent the first hour scrambling downhill to a very picturesque spot thick with beech trees beside the river. Some hunters had obviously thought the same, but unfortunately had left things slightly larger than their footprints - namely bags of rubbish!

During this break, we saw the first of Jim's brown bag and it's goodies which came out and were passed around on numerous stops. If you have a sweet tooth, I'd suggest you plan to go on all Jim's trips - it's well worth it.

With the dry summer the water in the river was low and this seemed to make for rather slippery stones, but the prettiness of the river with lovely scenery either side made that a small minus. A group of 'over energised' trampers at times made the trail of us rather long and by the time some of us arrived at the lunch stop those there first had got the billy boiling, and smoke was billowing from a little island in the middle of the river. The whole scene was well worth a photo, but by the time the last of us sat down and had a sandwich the others were ready to leave.

After zigging and zagging our way over the rapidly narrowing river we were now noticing the climb, and it wasn't long before we came to the track which headed back to Makahu Hut and Kaweka Flats in the other direction. I must say it was nice to be on flat ground underfoot after hours of climbing over slippery stones, and I felt like I had a second wind.

Joy hadn't been long at Makahu when we emerged from the trees, but no sign yet of Sandie, Len or Lyn, and by now we could see the cloud rolling down from the tops, and felt the first spits of rain. Jim suggested a track through the bush rather than the road would be pleasant, but that energetic group of 7 were still over-energised and shot off on a track to the right, when the others of us all went to the left - what this eventually meant was that there were more sweets from the brown bag for those of us on the right track!

The mist had come right down and it was raining hard by the time we got back to the cars, but I was shaken back to reality from a great days tramping to find the other group hadn't arrived back. They had used their heads and after stopping and waiting, and realizing we weren't coming, had backtracked onto the road. Within the next 15 minutes or so, they all duly arrived - a great introduction for some of the new trampers, but gosh, they had big smiles on their faces when they saw us. Thanks Jim, for 7 hours of great tramping and good company.

LG

Ros Hurford, Lyn Gentry, Regan and Kynan Gentry, James Chittenden, Raewyn Elliot, Gary Thomsen, Edward Turi, Gary Roselli, Jenny Lean, Christopher Frost, Fiona Sapsford, Karen Thurston, Ann McDonald, Dave Cormack, Peter Fitzpatrick, Jim Glass.

FLASHBACK Makahu Stream - Trip No. 122 - 4th May 1940.

At 7.30 the lorry left Napier with 20 members bound for Puketitiri and the Makahu Stream. Weather conditions were doubtful with scattered showers on the way, but all eyes turned hopefully towards a lightening sky over the Kawekas. This hope was fulfilled during the day as one or two light showers occurred.

Arriving at Puketitiri, the party was royally entertained by Mr & Mrs Holt and Mrs McLeod, a repast set before us being fit for kings. To say we did full justice to this enticing meal would be expressing it mildly. The lorry continued on to Whittles Farm, and the party now 29 strong, left at 10.30. Passing a paddock, a talking magpie distracted members attention from the more serious business of tramping. Max got worsted in an entertaining argument with the bird, silkiest come hither sound in his voice beseeched the bird to "come closer". The bird replied in a very raspberrish tone of voice, "won't". Max repeated his request but the bird had been schooled to such advances and asked innocently "why?". Max was well floored. Following a gently rising spur to the top of the Black Birch, the party reached the 3600' mark just after 12. A short halt then down to the Makahu Stream where lunch was enjoyed in comfortable sunshine for an hour, and after which a move was made downstream. Members made their own time downstream and the botonists found much to interest them. The country changed from rugged gorges to contrast with the gentler sheep grazing pastures. 4.15 saw a general assembly round the billy at the junction of the Makahu and Hot Springs tracks. At 5.30 they rejoined the lorry $\frac{1}{2}$ a mile from the Mohaka River and arrived back in Puketitiri once more. The Holts' hospitality was overwhelming and another sumptuous meal awaited the members and as usual the club was not backward in coming forward. A hearty vote of thanks and appreciation was passed to the Holt family. A pleasant trip home neath a moonlight sky topped a perfect day. Stan Craven.

PANEKIRIKIRI STATE FOREST 100

22 - 23rd April, 1989

Trip No. 1972

Panekirikiri State Forest is a rectangular block of state forest jutting into the farmland on the south side of the Panekirikiri Range. It was not included in the Urewera N.P. because it had a large amount of mill-able timber in it. Now that it has been logged over it is much more suitable for N.P. inclusion. (Please remember to genuflect whenever Money, Profit, or Progress are mentioned.)

Anyhow, after two abortive attempts (one abortive contortive & one abortive weather) we finally made it. Parking just inside the boundary after coming through Putere and turning left at the Waihi Road. We took an old logging track down and then bashed our way into the Waihi Stream, then proceeded to wend our way up the somewhat greasy stream to Red Castle Hut (derelect). Score! River one (Heather's knee) forcing Joy and the two Heathers to retire. Trampers. Five (scenery, weather, company and the two blue ducks.

After Red Castle we had to climb out onto another old logging track which we followed to a clearing then headed up the log jam filled, greasy excuse for a creek toward Panekirikiri ...didn't make it and had to camp on the side of a hill.

Up with the sound of the dawn chorus (Ooh my back, b..... root, a curse to all people who have bacon and eggs for breakfast when i've only got muesli etc.) Plod through the open bush. Glorious views from Panekirikiri Hut. West along the track, then along the main range where it leaves the track, then down an old possumers track, then got lost wandering around in cut-over bush, jungle of lawyer, fighting off the thorns, the tigers, (we saw at least 7) and the doubts which were beginning in the minds of the less trusting members of the party. Technically brilliant map work on Dave's part finally brought us out onto a 4wd track (but not where he thinks we hit it!), so we just 'moseyed' off home.

It really is a super area and although the bush has been largely cut-over, it still has some wonderful patches of trees and fantastic bird life. It was well worth the extra distance travelled.

PB

Christine Hardie, Shirley Bathgate, Joy Stratford, James Chittenden, Judy McBride, Craig Murray, Robert Miller, Darren Goodwin, Stuart Ede, Edward Turi, Al Moffitt, Heather Hill, Hillary Cleland, Ann Scoones, Jillian Day, Dave Harrington, Karen Berry, Heather Hawthorne, Peter Berry.

SOUTHERN RUAHINES

7th May 1989

Trip No 1973

At six o'clock keen (though some seemed slightly zombified) trampers piled aboard the club truck, hurrying to get out of the rain. On route we picked up Jill Day who had already been out with the club on the Panekiri trip even though only having been in N.Z. from England for three weeks. Just out of Waipawa we were joined by Karen Little from the Ruahine Club. Upon entering the truck, she claimed she had been asleep two seconds ago. We had another stop where we met the rest of the Ruahine Club who were joining us for the day with some following us in cars. We arrived at the picnic area in fine weather. Once having put boots and packs on we decided on our routes. Shirley, Rhonda and a few others decided to walk along the west branch of the Tamaki River to Stanfield Hut, while the rest of us would walk up to Travers Hut.

The track we took up to Travers is recent and not marked on the map and provided many fantastic views. The track itself, followed a spur up to the ridge where we found a marked vehicle track leading to Travers Hut. The hut was duly checked out, many of us not having seen an A-frame hut before. By this time, Glenda and a few others decided they wanted a slower pace, so they split and went behind. The rest of us stayed at Travers for about $\frac{3}{4}$ of an hour, during which time Dave Harrington took three and headed off in the opposite direction to check out some recently bulldozed roads. After our 'small' stop, we went along the vehicle track that met up with the track going down to Stanfield Hut. The road went along the ridge. On one side we could see Dannevirke while on the other Mt Ruapehu could be seen in the distance. A few minutes after taking photos of the Dannevirke side, thick cloud started to roll in against the ridge, followed by cloud as we reached the junction. Along the track we had a small stop before beginning to descend down to Stanfield Hut. There we found the others who had come along the river. The billy was put on and lunch was had.

Afterwards the group who had come up the river decided to go back along the ridge that followed the river or vice-versa. The main party split into two groups - one led by Tony went on up to Cattle Creek to check it out, then to travel back down via the river, the others to return to the truck along the river. The four parties, ridge, river, slower, Dave's, arrived back at the truck before the appointed time of five, but Tony's "Cattle Creek" group didn't come back until it was just getting dark. An enjoyable days tramping.

oooooooooooo

"The men who try to do something and fail are infinitely better than those who try to do nothing and succeed." Lloyd Jones.

MAKORORO RIVER AREA

21st May 1989

Trip No 1974

It was a true winters dawning, with the fields white with frost as ten shivering bodies tumbled out of the truck at Yeoman's Mill. I knew there was a reason why I sat in the front and navigated - the heater!

There were shocked expressions on some faces as I suggested we begin the trip by travelling up river. . . . I had informed them all on meeting night they could all expect WET FEET! In fact, one minute from the truck everyone had wet feet from crossing the river. We followed the Timberlands 4wd track turning off onto Yeomans Track where we meandered along with Joy and Thelma furthering our knowledge of plant life, turning onto the Parks Peak track - up and up we climbed with frequent stops for photos and munchies, through some good patches of bush with young rimu aplenty.

It had been five years since I was in this area, so I was not sure of when exactly we branched off back to the river. With the help of the group during our first lunch break, I became orientated with the various landmarks around us. At last we set off down a gully and around a ridge where the track is becoming quite overgrown and poorly marked. Sandie had new boots - nice and light her feet free from blisters, she merrily danced her way down the shale lined track and was consequently renamed "Avalanche Sandie" by those in front (it was not the leader's naming.)

Arrived at Barlows Hut for a second lunch stop and met a couple from the Manawatu Ski & Tramping Club who were reconnoitering the areas huts and area for their mid winter feast trip. The clouds and cold winds were getting closer, so we made our way down the river with some stopping to look at the commemorative plaque at the foot of Colenso Spur. We arrived back at about 4.00pm and while we waited for John's party to arrive, we wandered around the old building of Yeoman's Mill, leaving for home at 4.45. We arrived back in Hastings about 6.15 after an interesting, leisurely day. Thanks for the company and to Joy for driving.

SL

Joy Stratford, Thelma Tasman-Smith, Robert Glover, Sandie Dungan, James Chittenden, Sue Holmes, Len & Christopher Frost, Susan Loppell, Lew Harrison, Jim Glass, Roger Pawluk and Heather Hill

Side Trip

20-21st May 1989

Trip No 1974B

With a party of five, we started the hard slog up to Parks Peak, from Mangleton. As we climbed the view around us became more visible and beautiful. When we stopped for a snack and a breather we tried to work out where Napier was. We could see Te Mata Peak and Hastings but low cloud over the Bay made it difficult to find Napier. We started off again only stopping twice before we came to the tee junction. There we split up with Brian going in the opposite direction to take photos, while we went on to Parks Peak Hut. Along the way we caught a glimpse of Tongariro, Ngaurahoe and Ruapehu and we knew then where the cold wind came from.

After lunch we thanked Brian for providing transport and left him to walk back out while we started our climb down to Upper Makororo Hut. On the way down, John and Glen saw a beauty stag. We also tried to attract some birds by John's squeaky method, successfully with riflemen, grey warblers and a robin being conned.

We arrived at the rat riddled hut (Upper Makaroro Hut) and went upstream and found a nice camping spot. After dinner we sat round the fire and talked until we were tired. Julie woke up with "Hey John, did you hear that bird call?" After breakfast, John, Julie and I went up stream for half an hour. We were just about to give up looking for blue duck, when John pointed out a pair feeding in the stream. The bird call we had heard earlier was the blue duck.

Back at camp, we packed up and started the long slog down the Makaroro. We saw a lot of deer sign and even a New Zealand falcon scavenging on a deer carcass on a cliff face. About halfway to Barlow Hut we had lunch. From Barlow Hut to the truck was the hardest, dull and uninteresting.

Thankyou drivers and John for the great tramp.

CS

John Berry, Brian Turner, Julie Turner, Glen Bixley, Christiana Stevens.

BLACK BIRCH - MAKAHU

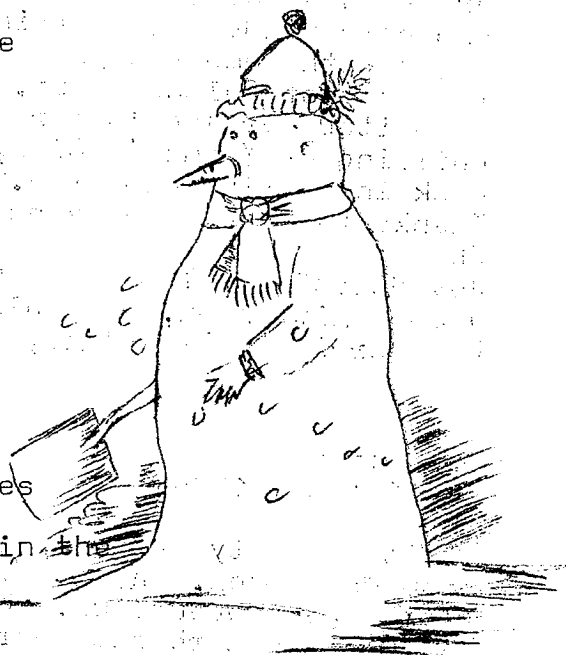
5th June 1989

Trip No 1975

The game boys planning to do a Ruahine traverse went, looked, piked and came home to join our alternative trip which had been hastily thrown into the pot on Wednesday night. The weather this Queen's Birthday weekend was far from promising and a group decided that although too chicken and inexperienced to partake in the Ruahine traverse, they would rather like, weather permitting, a family type day in the snow, weather producing of course. And produce it did!

Hence late Saturday afternoon had John and Joy discussing the still imminent storm forecast and deciding Monday was the favoured day - and what a good decision those two made.

Monday saw thirty in the truck, youngest four, oldest not quite sixty. No snow on Blowhard said those with the local knowledge, so we headed for Kaweka. What a wonderful sight - the gate we expected to be padlocked was open. (We learned later, it had not been opened by DoC) Drove through the snow until stopped at the Black Birch quarry turnoff by 18 inches of snow. Kids of varying ages (in fact the complete age range) whooping in anticipation of a superb day in the glorious sunshine.



Most headed off to Makahu where the snow was very disappointing - there was more on the Black Birch.

A deer had taken full advantage of the snow laden beech trees - they were now at a convenient dining level. Up Makahu the snow chute I have had tremendous fun in previously bore only 6 inches of snow, with several large rock fragments showing through - definitely not the best for the posteriors as Christiana was to find out later! Above the pinus contorta, two groups had lunch, only metres apart, blissfully unaware of their close proximity. Some of the hardier ones headed for Dommini where the snow was still dissappointing - and where the wind found them. A few slides in a snow chute and down they came again.

Others headed back down, sliding every bit of snow possible - until the rocks met 'bottoms' with too much force, then moving on to the next spot. Lots of fun to make the bruises worthwhile! By three we were heading back - it's a long walk for some of the littler ones. Snowmen were randomly built, or added too, on the way. It's a pity the snow is always so icy in our ranges - it's too dangerous to have a good fight with.

Back at the truck, tales were told of 36 vehicles having to reverse down the road again as no turning space had been left. "Daddy" John had built a snow ramp for the smaller tots who were having lots of fun, belly sliding, with the littlest being the jockey - his reins - the first thing he could grab - coats, scarves, hats, HAIR! While, standing quite aloof and definitely the best dressed of the day, their snowman supervised.

A most pleasant day was had by all as is usually the case with impromptu trips. Younger ones learnt snow travel was exhausting and will appreciate not being accepted on hard snow trips until a high level of training and strength is achieved, that is, if we ever have enough snow to achieve training. Thanks Peter, for sharing the driving.

JS

Jenny Lean, Regan Gentry, Lyn Gentry, Christiana, Mirjam and Heidi Stevens, Janet Turvey, Christine Hardie, Dave, Kathy and Andrew Cormack, Joy Stratford, Jason Hill, John Berry, Dereck Pawson, Peter Berry, Julie Turner, Eileen Turner, Eddie Holmes, Diana Thompson, Tony Hansen, Andrew Dacey, Judy McBride, Sandie, Holly and Jade Dungan, Rhonda, Portia, Jasmine and Elliot Foote.

LAWRENCE - MACKINTOSH

18th June, 1989.

Trip No 1976

The Mackintosh Plateau was swept by fire twice during the period of 1878 and 1879, recurrent fires occurred between 1890 and 1910 and then a huge fire swept from Kuripapango northeast to the Tutaekuri River in 1946. These fires and the effect of grazing certainly has marked the area.

By 1873 Mangawhare Station had stocked the Blowhard Plateau and was mustering merino wethers on the crest of the range as far north as Studholmes Saddle. After 1890 Hawstone Station wintered wethers on the range. But most were mustered off the Kaweka's by about 1905 with the remaining 500 being shot by Government hunters between 1952 - 1958.

Deer first reached the area in 1883, these being the big red, with Sika moving south from Poronui in 1905.

The effect of the above forces on the vegetation was certainly evident as our party of 21 moved from the Lawrence to Mackintosh Hut. From the Lawrence - Lotkow track we dropped into the Donald at U20.060995. Crossing directly across the Donald, the track is found at the base of a recent slip. We moved along the true right of the Donald and then followed a small stream up the side of the valley. The track zig zags up the 400 odd metres to the Mackintosh Plateau, with the seven wire fence showing stark evidence of the grazing that occurred at the top. The plateau gives a chance for an easy tramp onto the hut with great views of the snow covered Kaweka Range and rocky slip covered sides of the upper reaches of the Donald.

A long lunch was had at Mackintosh, with five of the party heading out via Kaweka to the Lakes carpark. The main party left after lunch and having a brief chat to a party of 18 Napier Boys High trampers who had stayed at Kaweka Hut for the night.

The trip out via the three wire bridge was uneventful with many crossing the bridge for the first time, Ross and Andrew following the main party out via the three wire bridge, Ross having driven the truck around from Lawrence to Castle Rocks Road, then tramping to the Lakes carpark, up the Rouge to Kaweka Hut and Mackintosh. Thanks for driving Ross. An enjoyable day into a different area.

NB.
Christopher Frost, Glen Bixley, Mark Craven, Liz Pindar, Mike Craven, Andrew Dacey, Edward Turi, Len Frost, Thelma Tasman-Smith, Susan Lopdell, Andrew Belchamber, Sue Holmes, Fiona Sapsford, Rhonda Foote, Lyn Gentry, Graig Double, Bev Pawluk, Judy Moss, Dave Mullinder, John Craven, Sandie Dungan, Ross Berry, Nigel Brown.

MANGATAINOKA HOT SPRINGS

1-2nd July 1989.

Trip No. 1977

This time the intrepid leader did know where she was going, but had not been there for ten years! Not only that, the I.L. had to be the intrepid driver as well fortunately, Beatrice the truck gave no problems all weekend. Despite pessimistic forecasts the weather turned fine on Saturday, although cool.

We got the truck right into the gum trees after negotiating the three fords without a hitch. Well done, Brian the navigator. Stopped at the Makino Track end to greet Mitch Barrett and brother who were in for a hunt, then took off with a great flourish backwards! Grrrrrrrrrr. The walk in to Te Puia Lodge is picturesque and very easy going. The river was not high enough to interfere with the track as can happen sometimes. Trout were spotted in one or two places.

The party arrived at the lodge in the early afternoon to find frost still heavy on the ground. It really is a cold hole of a site in winter. Some of the younger ones had gone on to light the fire and (presumably) have a cuppa ready for the others. They succeeded in making much smoke - everywhere. The lodge stove is not in very good repair.

Off to the bath after this and a little loll had by most. Craig D. did a great job of cleaning up the intake. A few of us wandered down to the junction of the Mohaka and Mangatainoka - at this stage we had no knowledge of the present log jam (which is anyway not visible from the junction.)

Two campers stayed at the bath and the remaining whimps walked back to the hut to make their gourmet dinners. The more senior party members spent the evening entertaining each other with tall tales and true of their legendary pasts (we look forward to further instalments of Mr Frost's adventures in the Navy.) A quiet night was spent despite stories from a hunter in the hut about enormous, gigantic rats that came out at night on food raids. We must have frightened them off!

Sunday was another leisurely day. Adrian, Andrew and Mark went out via Makino (in very fast time) while the rest wandered out the way they went in. As we were departing several other groups - hunters and school parties on a mid term break trip - were arriving.

We were glad we had timed it right to avoid congestion at Te Puia. The long haul back to Hastings was completed without incident (except for the lost shoe) and we were back not long after five o'clock.

Leader, driver, writer, producer, director: Christine Hardie.
Followers: Adrian Brown, Andrew Dacey, Len Frost, Mark Craven, John and Craig Double, Glen Bixley, Robert Miller, Paul Condon, Craig Murray, Brian and Julie Turner, Stuart Gratten

TRAINING DAY

16th July 1989.

Trip No 1978

Cold, rain, southerlies and thunderstorms were forecast for Sunday which was to be our training day on top of Te Waka Range. This forecast prompted me to change the venue to Makahu Saddle Feild Base which DoC kindly allowed us to use.

Sunday morning opened up clear sunny skies with a cold southerly breeze, although it was warm on the lee side of buildings etc. After arriving at Makahu Saddle, we all spaced ourselves out in an open shed to listen to an excellent lecture on first aid in the outdoors by Pam for an hour. After this we were split into three groups for a rotation method for the next three lectures of an hour each. Peter spoke on survival methods in the bush, Bevis spoke on camping out with a tent and equipment, and I spoke on map and compass reading. While this was happening Ted and Roger were checking out the orienteering course in the area. Lunch was next with everybody soaking up the warmth of the sunshine. Orienteering followed with groups of three disappearing into the bush looking for little markers by grid references. This proved to be more difficult than was expected, but everyone arrived back in time, with some parties having no luck, others finding one or two markers and one party finding the wrong markers. I'm sure everyone learnt something during the day and although the weather wasn't too bad, training days in summer would be more appreciated. Thankyou Selwyn, for driving.

DH

David Harrington, Ted and Fiona Sapsford, Roger Pawluk, Bevis and Christiana Stevens, Peter Berry, Len Frost, Paul Potts, Edward Turi Glen Bixley, Heather and Selwyn Hawthorne, Julie, Pam, Brian, Kathy and Eileen Turner, Al Moffitt, Shirley Bathgate, Kifsty Albury, Sacha Nolan.

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MUNCHIES

500 gm rolled oats,
250 gm brown suger
250 gm melted butter
pinch salt

dried fruit and nuts (optional)

Mix oats, sugar and salt, add melted butter and mix well.

Press into greased tray 1½ cm deep.

Cook until golden brown, about 15-20 minutes at 180°C.

(Better slightly undercooked than overcooked.)

Cut into squares and leave in tin to cool.

Alternative:

100gm brown suger

100 gm melted honey

Add a little hot water if mixture too stiff.

PMT.

"Great things are done when men and mountains meet.
This is not done by jostling in the street."

Blake.

GOLDEN CROWN - NO MANS

29. - 30th July, 1989

Trip No 1979

"There's a .. bunk hut
High on a hill to the west of Kereru,
Along the ridge from Golden Crown
Just a kilometre, or two.

They call it "No Mans Hut"
Why? I'll never know!
But that is where the tramping club
on July, 29th, intend to go.

To rest awhile, spend the night
Or just admire the view,
And back along the tops next day
Is what we intend to do.

Three finger spur is where we'll head,
The right track down to find,
And with the help of Guide-Rangi-Ted
Home safely we shall wind."

(So spoke the leader, as he tempted the unsuspecting to join him
and follow forth into the unknown.)

The weather was fine with the promise of a good day as we parked at the haybarn on Peter Allen's property in Gull Road. A warm-up walk across the paddocks to Masters Shelter and then up to the trig point before heading onto Golden Crown ridge track. A steady climb with a few breathers to admire the view, but more often than not to simply get our breath back (well mine, anyway.) Onwards and upwards until we found ourselves in the bush and eventually the snow. With the snow getting deeper the further we went, so the going got slower, until finally we stopped for lunch and a chance to regain our energy. After a brief rest we pushed on until we reached the tops where by this time the snow was two feet deep - well, eighteen inches, or more, making the going very slow and arduous.

Consequently the time was slipping away until we realised we were not going to reach No Mans Hut before dark. Therefore, rather than risk stumbling around in the dark - cold, wet and exhausted, we decided to clear a level area and put up the two, three-person tents we had with us. Because of the cold the gas cookers were not very effective but Sandie and Lyn's skills soon had a fire going to enable us to boil enough water for a hot drink at least, before snuggling down to a very long night. We had decided to put all our packs and boots in one tent and all our bodies in the other - this proved to be uncomfortable for sleeping but at least warm!

We all awoke, or should I say aroused ourselves to find that we had been rewarded with another fine day, but calamity struck! When we came to get the boots we found they were frozen solid! So with Lyn sitting like a broody hen on a clutch of frozen boots, they were eventually thawed out by rubbing and kneading them. Mobile again and after packing we opted to retrace our steps to Three Finger Spur.

Going down was not quite as I had anticipated, for the few landmarks I had noted on my previous trip down were obliterated by snow or else generally unrecognisable. Despite this after a bit of a slow start where the snow was deepest, we made good headway with the knowledge the snow was getting less, until soon we were out of the bush and the snow. The rest of the way down was quite plain sailing and it was a weary party that arrived back at the haybarn where the cars were parked.

I think this proved to be quite an experience for all of us, and that we all profitted by it in some way. I would especially like to thank everybody for their confidence in me, on this my first trip as trip leader and making what could have been a difficult trip in those conditions into a pleasant weekend.

LF

Len Frost, Sandie Dungan, Lyn Gentry of the feminine gender, Andrew Dacey, Christopher Frost.

MANGAHARURU RANGE or Boundary Stream.
13th August 1989

Trip No 1980

E.T.D. 7.00am from usual venue. Checked list to see if all were present and correct and saw one Allan Mouat was missing. By 7.05 no Allan so away we went for the Napier pickup. A breathless Bevis turned up at Napier in a car, having breakfasted, made lunch and soup, and packed all requirements in 20 minutes flat! Congratulations to a good keen man. Then Allan Mouat arrived in haste and we were away once more picking up Roger Pawluk from the Wairoa side of the Esk Bridge.

We turned left at Tutira along the Pohokura Road for 18km with a loo stop en route. Strange how many said they did not want to go yet 98% climbed out of the truck! Maybe to stretch legs.

Up to turning point at northern end of the Mangaharuru Range which was entirely covered with low, grey cloud and misty rain plus a chilling wind.

Eleven tough, intrepid bodies donned their heavy gear, long johns etc. Eddie has a particularly mad pair of navy and red striped ones Christine made a colourful combination of green, pink, green etc and just had to be photographed in all her exotica! We farewelled them with no envy as they headed up to the misty tops.

The rest of us parked the truck further down the road at the entrance to Boundary Stream Walkway and we took the longest route of 3½ - 4 hours duration. We passed through some magnificent Rewarewa, Matai, Miro, Kamahi and Kahikatea. Many N.Z. silver fern, a branch picked to give to Anita from Germany to put in her hat. Joy was also keen to find a weta for her but Heather was very pleased she didn't find one.

Weather cloudy with gaps in cloud for a few minutes of sunshine at various vantage points. Went to have a look at the top lip of Shine's Falls which were in full spate and lunched by the stream at the bottom.

Walked along to the foot of the falls with Geoff having a closer look. The sandstone cliffs most impressive. Saw a few pigeons and tomtits. Only commenced to rain later in the day. Out to the shelter at Heay's Access Road by 3.20. The 'mountain top' group arrived later minus one - Bevis who had decided to 'run' the Boundary Stream Walkway in a wild moment of enthusiasm!! Didn't have long to wait - about ten minutes - when a slightly breathless Bevis turned up saying, "You didn't have to wait long, did you?"

Thankyou, Mike Craven, for a very pleasant and smooth drive there and back.

SB

Shirley Bathgate, Mike Craven, Graham & Anita Couper, Joy Stratford Heather Hill, Brian Turner, Sue Holmes, Geoff Robinson, Allan Mouat, Dave Mullinder, Julie Turner, Susan Lopdell, Christine Hardie Eddie Turi, Bruce Porter, Roger Pawluk, Bevis Stevens, Jenny Harrington, Peter Berry

MANGAHARURU RANGE

Well, it was mutiny on the range! The range was smothered in cloud and Shirley had opted for walking the Boundary Stream Track instead. However, some including me, are rather 'inflexible' so eleven of us headed along the range. Map reading and compass work was practised to keep track of our position. Eventually things rang a "bell".

Many goats seen sliding out of view gave would be hunters a far off look in their eyes. A party formed from mutiny is by no means cured of re-infection. When Spot 1123 (V19-NZMS260) was reached, five went back led by Peter - or was it Nigel? - to have lunch by Bell Rock and go back via a nice bush walk. The party of the second mutiny, led by me, followed a fence line down a ridge to have lunch by a clump of bush. Here we were 'attended' by a herd of cows and 'Lord Shelf' the goat even paid us a visit.

After lunch we followed a farm track which brought us out opposite the truck and the Boundary Stream Walkway. Here I wasted a lot of time deciding on the 'ultimate mutiny' - running the Boundary Stream Walkway! It normally takes 3-4 hours. However, when Peter saw me arriving at the truck, I was given such a look that I bolted down the track to run/stumble the walk in one hour and ten minutes. That time was by no means easy as in my panic I took the longer and higher route! Goats, cows and sheep that had somehow entered the reserve, all conspired to jump out from behind trees, race round corners and make hair-raising sounds at unexpected moments.

People must have felt sorry for me, because the truck was still waiting at the other end (for only 10 minutes) and I was allowed in the back. So ends my account of a very peaceful trip amongst excellent company, and, for me, meeting and rambling with several new fellow trampers.
Bevis.

FLASHBACK -- Mangaharuru's 14/8/38

Actually this trip should have been a poor show as a large number of our members were away on a week's trip to the Chateau but surprisingly enough a large party of 31 turned out and had a great day. On arrival at the Titikura Saddle, the party struck off north heading for large patches of snow. Once over the first rise excellent snow slopes were encountered and most of the party glissaded down in the direction of Kopua Trig. The billy was boiled under difficulties as snow had first to be melted. Some of the snow drifts were six to eight feet deep and in one drift three sheep were found almost buried. On digging them out one was found to be still alive and none the worse for it's unenviable experience. After Kopua Trig was reached the party returned the way they had come and were soon on the lorry headed for Hastings. It is interesting to note that of the 31 members on the trip, 22 came from Havelock North. One up to you, Havelock ???
Fred Green.

"Go my sons, burn your books.

Buy yourselves stout shoes.

Get away to the mountains, the deserts.

And the deepest recesses of the earth.

In this way and in no other will you gain

A true knowledge of things and

Of their properties."

Peter Severinus 1571 A.D.

PRIVATE TRIPSAROUND NGAURAHOE

8th - 12 May 1989.

Original plans were for us to camp our second night in Tongaririo's South Crater but a vicious storm with snow, gales and horizontal sleet somewhat altered things. Leaving transport at the Chateau we made our way round to Mangatepopo in deteriorating weather. We had an extra night and day squeezed into this hut, enjoying good company, but appalled also at the foolhardy, largely foreign, tourists, who in spite of all advice and worsening weather forecasts attempted to cross the saddle. Rangers reports of "frail and cold" - - - has been helped to Ketetahi" did little to deter some travellers from venturing higher, hopelessly equipped in sandals, short nylon parkas, no extra clothing and little food. Some made it back in varying stages of hypothermia and we have since heard of reports of others so far gone they cannot even remember the trip.

However by next day, things had improved a little and we set off in minus zero conditions. Snow, frost and fog merged into one as we picked our way up the Mangatepopo valley. Nice to see the Falcon still in residence there but oh, how cold and hungry it looked. Huge icicles jutted out or stabbed skyward along the creek banks. Side waterfalls were all frozen solid and indeed there was little running water anywhere. Wind and rain slowed us (good excuse!) as we staggered up the iced rocks to the Saddle. A lone gentian nodded a still flowering head in the breeze, each pixie-cap petal edged in ice. (The others missed this - crawling at the back of the party does have some advantages!)

Visibility in South Crater was nil. We imagined Ngaurahoe was somewhere over there as we lurched along from one snow-pole in the general direction of the next one. The climb up to Red Crater was borderline, with much more frozen snow and it would have been too dangerous without crampons. We kicked our way through the ice getting footholds in the scoria. One advantage was the fog - we couldn't see how far away the top was! A lone German appeared - the cold was getting through his sneakers, so he was glad of a few minties and our knowledge of the tracks, as he "No speakee zee English!"

The outlet from Emerald Lakes was just a solid rounded spout of ice. Waves on the lakes froze as they lapped, making the edges a treacherous but beautiful layered quilt, like wind driven sand. By now the girls had stalactites of ice dangling round their faces from the frozen rain droplets collected on their fringes. Two trampers staggering upwards from Oturere were somewhat amazed at meeting other humans; we stepped aside to give them right of way and Julie laid herself flat between their feet on the iced rocks. She beamed up at them, "I'm only having a rest." No wonder they took off in a hurry! Behind us the weather was gradually improving and we reached Oturere Hut in cold but calm conditions, in time for a late lunch.

That night, May 10th, it snowed again and then froze. At 0700 hours the sun reached the summit of Ngaurahoe and for two glorious minutes the mountain was transformed into a dazzling pyramid of diamonds as every prism of snow turned into a rainbow and the golden light flowed over the frozen ground, silhouetting the black rocks. A wandering stag grunted disapproval from down the gully and a hungry pipit called in for breakfast. It was a glorious wander over to Waihohonu Hut in hot sun and superb views of fresh snow against very blue skies.

Later we wandered over to the Ohinepango Spring. Damp, cold undergrowth hung over the wet track. Julie, in front, disappeared down the bank - a terrific noise exploded below us. It sounded like a combination of pigs and wolfwhistles punctuated by Julie's yells. Surely a real man hadn't got Julie at last! I accelerated over the bank and there sailing in the spring pool were two blue duck engaged in their own 'domestic' and not in the least bit interested in us. Downstream a third one quietly fed. Less than three metres away, we watched them feeding and fighting until finally the cold and darkness drove us back to the hut. (Eat your heart out, John!) That night we shared the hut with two Swiss gentlemen. The girls taught them N.Z. card games but they already knew how to cheat and CHEAT they did.

May 12th. A huge frost once again had turned the ground white and it was difficult to tell snow from frost. One lad, eager to impress, rushed to the creek for daylight ablutions. He returned dripping and glowing. Kathy's retort, as she coldly looked through him was, "Don't bother to wash or you'll start smelling us."

Just along the track we met a party who had inadvertantly spent the night in the old Waihohonu Hut. What was distressing was that they had left a good fire burning. What a loss it would be if this fine old relic got burnt down. A head windchilled us but slowly the frost and some snow thawed as the sun warmed the ground. We made a detour to view the beautiful Tama Lakes and eventually found ourselves back at the Chateau, four days and some forty kilometres later - - only to find the camping ground was full so it was out into the old tent in the frost again.
Pam and Brian, Julie, Kathy and Eileen Turner.

o o o o o o

KURIPAPANGO TO MAKAHU

8-9th April 1989

After a good night at Kuripapango with Harry and his fellow worker, and a hard day slashing the pinus contorta on Saturday, it's a wonder we had anything left for our tramp across the Kaweka's from the end of Lakes Road to the Makahu Road carpark. We, being Lyn and Len (the flower pot men!) and me, Sandie. It was however, a happy trio who were deposited at the road end about 5 o'clock to begin our walk into Kaweka Hut. We all enjoyed looking at our maps to see which river we had just crossed or which hill we were headed for, although we didn't always agree and Lyn is sure that some of the rivers have been moved lately!

At the hut we discovered that Adrian and Simon had already 'bagged' the best bunks and while I mucked about in true Libran style, deciding which one I wanted, Lyn and Len took the next best and I was left with a very top or bottom bunk, which was fine until the subjects of 'RATS' came up and numbers like 'twelve' and 'thirty' were bantered around! "Someone saw that many in here, according to the log book," says Adrian!!! I decided that no way was I brave enough to be too exposed to uninvited guests in the middle of the night, so somehow I was going to score me a bed in the middle layer. Simon was the obvious target being new to the game. The other three "gentlemen" had no intentions of giving up their beds to a mere woman. After asking and pleading had no effect, I remembered the can of liquid refreshment in my pack (oops!) Sorry, Stan. It was intended to be had after the pinus contorta work, but as DoC had supplied some, I'd saved it. And now it was my most valuable commodity!! And it worked, albeit reluctantly, on someones part.

While all this bartering was going on, food in huge quantities was being prepared. We all had extra food because of Harry's generosity at breakfast time and no way did we want to carry unnecessary weight the next day, so we, Lyn and I anyway, ate for three (each.) Lyn had quite a banquet with all but the pavlova for dessert. When all was cleared away, the cards came out and Adrian learnt to play euchre - badly, and where do some people get all their jokes? Ask Len about the blind man in a department store! We climbed into our sleeping bags, wrapped them around our bodies and, in some cases heads, very tightly.

I'm sure that the last words heard that night were from Adrian who said he'd set his watch alarm to go for a hunt in the morning. Sure enough, tiny bleeps were heard in the early hours and at least three of us burrowed deeper in our sleeping bags. At 7.30ish we started to awaken, I being dragged from a wonderful dream, and guess who else climbed out of bed too? Yes, our keen young hunters. I wonder if there were any deer in their dreams?

Lyn, Len and I left Adrian and Simon after breakfast and set off up the steep hill behind the hut. Quite a trudge it was but we soon got into a rythm and came out into the open quite quickly. It was tough going over the loose slippery shale, two steps up, one long slide back, and my decision to buy new boots was finally made. I slipped and groped my way to the top below Cook's Horn, and we all sat down for a break and a snack. Lyn tried to get someone on his radio - but we didn't fit! So we got out our maps and placed ourselves on them instead. Great fun, knowing where you are!

As we set off again we saw three hunters ahead of us who shortly dissappeared, we assumed towards Kiwi Saddle. I thought it was great to be up there and to be able to name a bit of the surrounding hills - nice to feel orientated in a place that only 2½ years ago I hardly knew existed. We all thoroughly enjoyed plodding along the tops in glorious sunshine and stopping every now and then to look at the map and to look round. We stopped about $\frac{3}{4}$ of the way up Mad Dog Hill for lunch and reached Kaweka 'J' at approximately 12.45. The weather forecast had predicted not-so-nice weather for us on that Sunday and sure enough as we sat there by the Cairn, and Lyn was speaking to Ross on the radio, the mist galloped towards us and we were sure glad to already be that far. We made our next move fast and took off for our descent down Makahu Spur. In no time at all, we spied Joy and Heather in the carpark and a couple of "coo-ees" and a whistle or two got a wave back. We did wonder why we couldn't see the truck and later found out it was unwell, and that Joy had come especially for us. It was so nice to see smiling faces after our triumphant trek! And that's what it felt like to us - all three being relatively inexperienced and doing it by ourselves. We felt great, we had great weather, great company and what a great country to tramp in! Being part of the H.T.C. is the best thing I've ever done. Thanks for driving us home Joy.

Len Frost, Lyn Gentry, Sandie Dungan.

KURIPAPANGO HILL

30th July

The snow was thick and the weather forecast good, so I couldn't resist the offer of a trip when Alan and Kath called round on Saturday. The unsealed road was frozen hard with small pebbles on the top acting like ball bearings causing the rear wheels to try and overtake the front at one stage.

The frost was even heavier under the trees with our footsteps giving a hollow ring as we made our way up the track above the Lakes carpark. We were in snow in no time at all and found it a foot thick around the radio mast. The view along the rocky ridge towards Kiwi was plastered with snow and looked very inviting, so after an early lunch we headed off in that direction, finding slopes to kick a few steps and cut a few with the ice axe mainly for the photographers benefit. At one point, Alan dropped his camera case and it disappeared from view down a shoot to be picked up on the way back. We spent a pleasant two hours going halfway towards Kiwi before we turned around to make our way home. Walking in the gloom under the trees with the snow thick on the ground, it didn't take much imagination to think I was a French soldier retreating from Russia helped by the booming canon-like noise as big dollops of snow dropped off the trees.

All good things must come to an end and we made our way down the ridge back to the car. It had taken 2 an hour to retrieve the camera case and to crown it all off, when Alan got home he found his camera had had no film in it all day!

JG

Alan & Kath Berry, Jim Glass * * * * *

Inward letters.

30/4/89

Dear Author of the H.T.C. Chroni-kill, Pohokura, Bulletin No 171.

I, Allan (spelt with 2 L's) feel I need to reply with great thanks to you and the H.T.C. for your great support for the suffering I have been through because of the dastardly deed that was unfortunately forced upon me.

I am greatly thankful to you for dedicating the "Chroni-kill" to myself and Hamish, and it is a good feeling to know that the rest of the Club, like me did not find this unfortunate incident at all funny. I also appreciate the goodwill of the Club as you have been so kind not to reveal any of this to outsiders. Once again, very many thanks for your overwhelming support at a time of deep depression.

Yours, gratefully,

Allan.

P.S.

If I ever discover Peter wrote that comment, he will be very sorry!

* * * * *

"Adventure, such as mountaineering, diving, flying, sailing and exploring is a form of escape from mundane existence, true, but it is more. It brings man back into contact with the simple things of life. Simplicity is often the soul-mate of happiness. Simplicity is a desire to be alone with one's self or with another person in like circumstances."

Luther G Jerstad.

* * * * *

"The thing to remember when travelling is that the trail is the thing, not the end of the trail. Travel too fast and you miss all you are travelling for."

Lois L'Amour.

WHILE SITTING ON A ROCK

HOW LONG? - A POINT TO PONDER

White water, wind whipped
Into torrents of foam
Green pools cascading -
Once Whios home.

Fools cut down the shelter
from out at the back.
They called it 'progress'
When they'd finished that track.

They came in their hordes
Town trippers and dogs,
Polluting the camp sites,
Wild shooting at logs.

'Way up the Mohaka
driven back by their fear
The Blue Ducks disappeared
Along with the deer.

Cut trees and the rubbish
Are there for us still,
To remain us that Town
is just over the hill.

But Whios no more -
Too late to explain -
They couldn't escape
from Man, dogs and their pain.

Oh mighty Mohaka
Yet still fresh and free
For how long I wonder
Untamed will you be?

P.M.T.

and from Bulletin No 15 comes

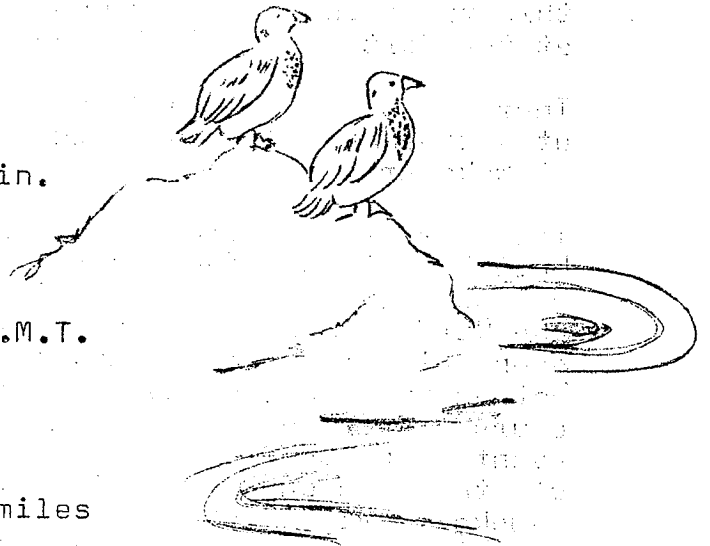
A man once tall and shapely
An athlete they say
He used to walk some forty miles
And do it in a day.
But now that man so shapely
Is not so good you'll find,
The mighty chest he used to have
Has slipped - down and behind.

Now any of our trampers
Who give it up will find
That laze and young retirement
Will put it on behind.
So if you take up tramping
And give the game a go
You'll find that on the rolling stone
No meaty moss will grow.

On understanding:

"We do not comprehend ruins until we are
ourselves in ruin."

Heinrich Heine.



EXECUTIVE NEWS

The A.G.M. is to be held on November 15th and General Business is to include the raising of subscriptions. All remits for the A.G.M. must be with the Secretary By August 31st. Nominations for all positions and particularly that of Secretary should be thought about soon.

There is now a \$2 penalty on all persons who do not pay for their trip by the Thursday prior to the trip. People who are unable to pay on the Wednesday night can, with the leaders permission give their money to either Glenda Hooper, Dave Harrington or Ted Sapsford on the Thursday.

The Heretaunga Tramping Club has donated \$250 towards the re-building of the Thyangboche Monestry in Nepal. \$100 came from Club funds while the rest came from donations at the door and a donation from our Club Patron, Janet Lloyd.

With the loss of Brian and Michelle to the great metropolis of Taihape, we were left with a spare place on the committee and Bevis Stevens has been co-opted to fill it.

Micheal Abbott recently completed a solo tramp along the length of the South Island. He is intending to give a presentation on this tramp early in November. The tentative date is 6th November at the Port School hall, Ahuriri, Napier at 7.30pm.

There is to be a fire fighting exercise with DoC 23-24th September at Kuripapango and the annual SAREX will be held 4-5th November at Wakarara.

Ted Sapsford has organised a new style Mountain Marathon (alias Fell Run) in the Kawekas for 10-11th February 1990. MACPAC is to be the major sponsor for this event with Neils Army Store, Sams the Outdoor Man and Ampro Sports being the minor sponsors. The event differs from the Ruahine Mountain Marathon in that it is not an orienteering event in that competitors will know the course beforehand. It is hoped to make this course an annual event. The basic route is to be from Lakes Road to Middle Hill via the tops on the first day, returning to Lakes Road via Kaweka Flats on the second day. We would like to get lots of competitors and helpers from the Club. Ted will write some more on this event in the next Pohokura.

We understand Stan managed to do some recruiting while in hospital recently, which goes to prove you just can't keep a good keen man down.

Kathy Turner has been awarded the Silver Duke of Edinburgh Award - our congratulations, Kathy.

To our Patron, Janet Lloyd, who is still in hospital, our thoughts are with you.

* * * * *

On hope:

"Hope, like the gleaming tapers light,
Adorns and cheers our way;
And still, as darker grows the night
Emits a brighter ray."

Oliver Goldsmith

Endorsed by the Ed with many thanks for the interesting contributions now coming forward.. Thanks again.

KRONI-KILL

This issue we'll start with the funny bits - forgetfulness being the main feature. Seems that John loaded up his trailer with rubbish, got nearly to the dump, when, looking in the mirror he noticed the trailer had fallen off. "Gosh!" said John and backtracked all the way home to find he'd never actually hooked it on! And of course, there's Alan's, Kath's and Jims trip up 4100 - beautiful day, lots of pictures, empty camera! On, for a photographic memory - eh Alan?

On the subject of replacements, congratulations go to Jeff & Marcine Holmes on the birth of their first child, Benjamin, and to John and Karen for their third son, Stuart. A great choice of gender by both sets of parents.

We also have nine new members; Edward Turi, Mike and Mark Craven, Peter Fitzpatrick, Gary Roselli, Raewyn Elliot, Thelma Tasman-Smith, Rhonda "a-chbokerina" Foote, and Craig Double. Welcome to all of you but please remember that if the truck is full new members in order of seniority will have to run behind if there's no room inside.

PARTY! PARTY! PARTY! as the well known pimple said(Lyn) So we did. A vast assortment of around 50 Painters, Polynesians Policeman, Peasants, Preschoolers, Punks, Plastic bags, a Princess (winning costume a la Liz) a Patient (gross) a boatload of Pirates, a Pussy, a Pink Elephant a bevy of Pregnancies and various other P's. We even had a Pink elephant whose wife gave birth to a baby Pink elephant during the night. Oh yes, and a lady of the night and a Pavlova, both in each others old outfits, not to mention a couple of escapers from St Trinians (schoolgirls gross for the under thirties) and from Mt Eden with accompanying Policewoman.

Everyone piled into the truck at Lyn's of the plural gender, and we had soup and hilarity at Kath and Alan's. Then to Pam and Brian's via a false flat tyre outside the Police Station. (The Pink elephant had been told to stage a breakdown and get everybody out by Lyn.) At Turners we pigged out on all sorts of main courses. Adrian acquired black lips at this point. Back in the truck to Lyn's plural for pudding, singing with Russell's guitar the Hokey Tokey, Flappy, Flappy, Flappy, Flap and table reverses etc. A fantastic night enjoyed immensely thanks to Lyn and the social committee and the hosts.

"Bravo one - go ahead" click

"Large white truck being driven eratically by Pink Elephant on Railway Rd" click

* * * * *

TIRED TRAMPERS LAMENT

I wish I were a little rock
A sittin' on a hill
A doin' nothin' all the day
Just a sittin' still.

I wouldn't eat, I wouldn't sleep
I wouldn't even wash
I'd just sit still a thousand years
And rest myself - by gosh!

DESERT RECIPE

° 20 °

Strip the forest from the hills
Process it to pulp
Take a long drink from the streams
It could be your last gulp,
Soon they'll vanish underground
As birds have fled the air
And sheep and goats will graze what's left
Until it's brown and bare.

Burn the forest from the hills
245T you'll learn
Will dry things out quite nicely
So you'll get an even burn.
Some paraquat to stop the weeds
Then in go all the pines
And being tidy minded
We plant them in straight lines.

Fell the forest from the hills
There's export earnings here
Don't fret about erosion
(y) Or the damage done by deer.
"Nature always heals itself"
My father used to say.
Too bad those last big rainstorms
Washed the hillsides half away.

Chop the forest from the hills
It's only scrub and bush
To watch the piles of wood chips grow
Gives me quite a rush
This land was wild and savage
'Til the Pakeha arrived
But we've tamed it, boy we've tamed it,
We've tamed it 'til it died.

J.B.

"To those who have struggled with them, the mountains reveal
beauties that they will not disclose to those who make no effort.
That is the reward the mountains give to effort. And it is
because they have so much to give and give it so lavishly to
those who wrestle with them that men love the mountains and go
back to them again and again The mountains reserve their
choice gifts for those who stand upon their summits.

Sir Francis Youngblood

If you think you are beaten, you are;
If you think you dare not, you don't
If you like to win and you don't think you can
It's almost a cinch you won't.

If you think you'll lose, you're lost
For out in the world, you'll find
Success begins with a fellows will
It's all in the state of mind.

Unknown Source

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 beforehand and your fare will be refunded. On long trips a portion may be retained if costs have already been incurred. Rarely does the Club cancel 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 numbers are included with the list the leader leaves in town. For any inquiries 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

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 - U20 Leader: Christine Hardie 434912

Also Fire fighting course at Kuripapango

Leader: Ross Berry 774436

OCT 8th TE IRINGA - MT CAMERON

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

Map U - 20 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: Selwyn Hawthorne 750544

Nov 4-5th - Sarex based at Wakara Education Centre.

NOV 5th - CAIRN TRIP

On top of Kaweka a memorial service will be held in memory of those Club members killed during WW2

Map - U20

Leader: [illegible]

NOV 19th - OKOEKE STREAM

In the Rangitaiki Forest to visit a 34m high waterfall in bush country.

Map - V19

Leader: Glenda Hooper 774183

DEC 2-3rd - SOUTHERN RUAHINES

Two day trips. One to visit Mangatawainui Hut, the other a mystery trip. Overnight at Ormondville.

Map - U23

Leader: Peter Berry 774183

DEC 17th - KURIPAPANGO

In the Kaweka Forest for a family day and maybe the man from the North Pole will visit the little ones.

Map - U20

Leader: Ross Berry 774436

JAN 13-14th - BEACH TRIP

Arapawanui to Waikare or Mohaka Rivers.

Map - W19, W20

Leader: John Berry 776205

JAN 28th - DONALD RIVER

In the Kaweka Range from Makahu Saddle to Lotkow Hut.

A wet trip.

Map - U20

Leader: Bevis Stevens 775358

FEB 10-11th - KAWEKA RANGE

The Club is helping to run a mountain marathon and need members spread out from Kuripapango to Middle Hill Hut.

Map - U20

Leader: David Harrington 439999

FEB 25th - MIDDLE STREAM and WAIPAWA RIVER

In the central Ruahine Range. Down Middle Stream and up the Waipawa River.

Map - U22

Leader: Christine Hardie 434912

no x x x x x x x x x

MEETINGS are held at St Mark's Parish Hall, corner of Queen Street and Park Road South, at 7.30pm on the following Wednesday nights.

Date	Hosts	Supper
6th Sept	John Berry Lyn Gentry	Peter Berry Glenda Hooper
20th Sept	Roger Pawluk Susan Lopdell	Judy Moss Alistair Moffitt
4th Oct	Ted Sapsford Jenny Lean	Tony Hansen Liz Pindar
18th Oct	Christine Hardie Geoff Robinson	Bruce Porter Thelma Tasman-Smith
1st Nov	Joy Stratford David Cormack	Heather Hill Eddie / Sue Holmes
15th Nov	Heather Hawthorne Selwyn Hawthorne	Raewyn Elliott John Berry
29th Nov	Sandie Dungan Rhonda Foote	Bevis Stevens Fiona Sapsford
13th Dec	Nigel Brown Julie Turner	Shirley Bathgate Mike Craven
10th Jan	Jim Glass Kath Berry	Edward Turi Christiana Stevens
24th Jan	Ross Berry Glenda Hooper	Christine Hardie Lyn Gentry
7th Feb	Adrian Brown Thelma Tasman-Smith	Frank Hooper Jenny Lean
21st Feb	Susan Lopdell Judy Moss	Bev Pawluk Geoff Robinson

SCENT OF MANUKA SMOKE.

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

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

The mai-mai in the sheltered bend,
The raupo fringed lagoon,
The ducks that came before the dawn,
The clouds that crossed the moon.

The royal stag high on a crag,
The wild boar in the fern,
The horses on the tussock lands,
The cattle by the burn.

The misty falls and azure lakes,
The rise of trout at eve,
The men who told those yarns of old,
The yarns we may believe.

The silver of the tui's songs
Among the rata flowers,
The winding creeks and snowy peaks,
The magic gloaming hours.

The wisp of smoke that drifts along
At billy time of day,
The campfire gleaming through the dusk
To welcome all to stay.

The murmur of a mountain stream,
Song of the spinning reel;
To those who've smelt manuka smoke
Will all such things appeal.

To the wanderers overseas,
Just send some twigs to burn;
Then get out your gear again,
For soon they will return.

There's some who long for balsam scent
Some for the scent of oak;
But for the sweetest scent of all
Give me manuka smoke.

Lester Masters.

