

HERETAUNGA TRAMPING CLUB (INC).

BOX 447, HASTINGS.

'P O H O K U R A'

Bulletin No. 174

April 1990.

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Peter's Ponderings.

The Queen's OUR Chain.

Twenty two yards from high tide and either side of a river. It is ours and no one can keep us off with out a very good cause.

The Queen's Chain applies to most rivers and beaches and a lot of lakes. Now the Government wants to sell the SOEs (eg. Forestry) and Treasury (pronounced usuary) wants to sell the Queen's Chain as well, figuring they'll (we'll) make more money.

Personally, I think that most of us would prefer our current rights of access and doubt if public access lowers the value of a property by much as it works very well in some overseas countries.

The Government is also considering handing over its current managerial responsibilities for the Queen's Chain to adjoining landowners (eg farmers and foresters). While most farmers are good value, the odd ones are most definitely not. As for foresters, they've treated our waterways and their access rights with all the sensitivity of a duck-shooter building a mai mai in the Cornwall Park pond. Blatently and often illegally, clearing and planting right into the bottom of water courses. Try canoeing the Mohaka and see how close to the rivers edge they get - you can hardly

see the Organs (one of Hawke's Bay's most interesting land forms) because of the pine trees.

So - Write to you local MP and tell him/her to leave OUR Chain alone. Today it is yours, mine and theirs. Tomorrow it may be the Farmers, the Foresters and the Foreigners and TOO late.

### NOTICE BOARD.

HTC Photo Competition: to be held at the meeting on 30 May 1990.  
Subject: Tramping - people and places.

So - sort out your best photos and slides, put your name on the back and bring them along to Jim Glass.

Waikato Tramping Club (Inc) is holding their 40th Anniversary Reunion in Hamilton on the 12 & 13 May 1990. For further details contact:

The Reunion Committee,  
Box 685,  
HAMILTON.

or as the event is now very close you may like to phone their Secretary, Dianne Mannering, at 433066.

HTC Progressive Dinner: (in fancy dress) will be held on the 23 June 1990. The theme this year is 'Heros & Idols'. We need two more homes. Please volunteer yours (or some-one elses). If you are going to participate please forward your names by the meeting of 13/6/90 to Lyn Gentry AT THE LATEST.

NTC v HTC Soccer Match: to be held on 27 May 1990. The Napier Tramping Club have invited us to a return challenge of soccer. Kick off is at 11 AM at the Taradale High School. (Go up Meeanee Rd and turn left into Murphy Rd). Bring a picnic lunch. Any queries contact Lyn Gentry.

Queen's Birthday Tramp: Dave Charteris will be taking a group of Hamilton Tramping Club people into the Kaweka Ranges this weekend and any HTC members are welcome to join them.

One pine tree is beautiful - so are a dozen, but a half million mono culture is disgusting.

It is not so much the change from native to exotic that makes these forests an ecological waste land, but the lack of species variation and age structure.

I.N. Umbridge.

TRIP REPORTS.SOUTHERN RUAHINE RANGES AND TAKAPAU AREA.

2 &amp; 3 December 1989.

Trip No. 1450.

A change in scenery was what I was needing, so when I saw Glenda and Peter's trip to the Southern Ruahine Ranges and their home away from home at Ormondville, I thought, "That's for me". After traveling for an hour or so, we had a brief stop in Norsewood to pick up our leader for the day, Dave Mulinder, and we then headed along Ngamoko Road towards the hills for 10 minutes to the car park on the edge of the Ruahine Forest Park.

Ten of us headed off leaving Glenda, Peter, little Daniel and Stan to amble behind, where Peter a short time later sat down on the track and fell asleep! The beginning of the track bordered farm land and had a gentle gradient, but it wasn't long before we had our first climb and were in the bush.

About 11 o'clock Dave took the lead so as to find a fork in the track that would lead us down to a saddle where he informed us that we'd find a helipad and the Track Maker's Bivy. So named as approximately 4 years ago when the track was built, this was where the workers lived for some months. It was a very attractive spot and even a few mod cons such as bench seating and an auto shower from the stream beside. Craig had set the water moving down the pipe and Glen, waiting to catch it, got a mighty fright when a LARGE weta clambered out ahead of the water.

After lunch we had another half hour of climbing and the rest was down hill all the way along a good track to the Mangatewainui River which was a good spot on such a hot day. Downstream we came to the Mangatewainui Hut, "but wait till you see the old hut up the track a bit" said Dave. Birch Whare really was a sight and quite an eyeful with a loo leaning at 30 degrees, things could be rather tricky. Our two English friends, Andy and Adrian, had never seen anything quite like these huts before and I think we would have found them sleeping outside had the need arose to make us of them.

Some of us found the Dannevirke High School Outdoor Centre - a great place for school kids without all the home comfort, while the others slept in the sun for an hour while waiting for us. About 5.30 saw us back onto farm land - a good day with a bit of everything and local history from a very knowledgeable Dave. At this stage Thelma and Cliff left for home, being unable to stay the night.

We found Glenda and Peter's place, where Sue and Ed and Claire had just arrived and the BBQ was well under way. Sometime later Dave arrived - by foot! Guess who had left his keys in Andy's vehicle and had to walk the 5 or 6 k to get them! Stan rustled up all our extra food onto a plate to help him recover. For some entertainment Peter set up some cans for shooting at and I am proud to say that Julie and I did our bit for the females. Better shots than some of the males - eh Craig?

Robert had decided to sleep alone in the shed. That was until some early hour of the morning when a possum decided to visit, so he woke the whole bus up in his quest to get Peter. I'd been

sensible and slept in the car so didn't know any of the excitement until the morning, although I'm told that after Peter and Eddie despatched of the possum some others also got up to go out shooting with them.

Jeanette and Mike Craven arrived Sunday and they took us up to the Rangitoto Trig between Ormondville and Takapau. Sure was a climb, but what a view. As far north as Mahia and the same in all directions. After lunch we went to Rocky Ridge and then down to view a waterfall. By then everyone was so hot and sticky so where better to finish the weekend off than at a great swimming hole on the Manawatu River, where those of us game enough to go in came out really refreshed.

Thanks to all for a great weekend, to Dave who so ably took over leadership when Peter's night life (shifting bees) prevented him from doing so, to Mike and Jeanette for organizing Sunday's outing and to Peter and Glenda for the use of their 'hotel' and organisation and to those who provided transport.  
L.G.

Party: Stan Woon, Julie Turner, Adrian Nelhams, Craig Double, Lyn Gentry (Mrs), Glen Bixley, Andy Unwin, Robert Marshall, Dave Mulinder, Glenda Hooper, Peter & Daniel Berry, Thelma Tasman Smith, Cliff Bravington, Eddie, Sue & Claire Holmes and Mike & Jeanette Craven.

#### Pre Christmas Trip To Kuripapango.

17 December 1989.

Trip No 1451.

The morning dawned beautiful as we packed the car in anticipation of a hot and sunny day up at Kuri. Unfortunately, the cloud seemed to get thicker and thicker as we drove up the Taihape Road an hour or so behind the truck. As we coasted to a halt at the car park by the water gauge heuey let loose and it poured down for 10 to 15 minutes.

Apart from the day trippers, there were quite a few other Club members, including Brian and Michele from Taihape, who had spent the previous night there under canvas. While it was raining Clive and a few others went to Robsons Lodge to see whether or not it was being used. As the rain was easing off, they returned telling us that the house was empty. After a group discussion it was decided to shift down to the lodge.

Some went tramping (to Kiwi Saddle), some went fishing, some went quarry climbing, and one person even managed to twist an ankle, but I did virtually nothing all day. It was great! Although most of us had a fairly leisurely day, I think everyone enjoyed themselves. Some of the group had a few exciting moments abseiling off the bridge. Maybe next year someone will provide us with some rubber bands. The active members of the HTC sub junior group also seemed happy with the days events.

Most people had departed for home by about 4 pm with the truck waiting till about quarter past 4 to pick up the tramps.

R.B.

Party: Ross Robyn & Sarah Berry, Glenda Hooper & Peter & Daniel Berry, Clive, Karen & Heather Thurston, Julie Turner, Kathy Turner, Andy Unwin, Robert Marshall, Randall Goldfinch, Kelvin Taylor, Joy & Arch Lowe,

Susan, Edward & Claire Holmes, Jim Glass, Sharon Charteris, Jenny Lean, David Charteris, Alan & Kath Berry, Andrew Dacey, Stan Woon, Kay Paramore, Maurice & Barbara Taylor, Lyn & Lyn Gentry, Alistair Moffitt, Brian Culpan & Michele Gibson, Len & Katharine Frost  
Vic Bullock

South Island Trip - Paparoa National Park.

26 December 1989 - 7 January 1990

Trip No. 1452.

The Napier contingent met at Sue's house at 12 noon to load the last of the food and head for Stan's place where most of the crew were waiting. Sixteen of us were waved off at 1.10 pm and headed south into strong gusty winds. Geoff was getting a bit concerned when, due to the wind, his speed was only 40 mph across the Takapau Plains - he was wondering whether we would make the ferry terminal in time. Meanwhile, in the back, there was greater concern for the state of the sea and we got graphic details of last years Christmas Trip to Great Barrier Island.

Claire's balloon and ball helped to pass the time and as we headed further south the wind eased off so that we arrived at the terminal at 6 pm - our booking in time was 7 pm. Unfortunately we missed out on getting on to an earlier sailing and, as the ferry was also running an hour late, we had a 3 hour wait before we finally sailed. We were on the freight ferry, a maximum of 100 passengers, but not a lot of choice of seating.

As soon as the cafe opened the HTC made a bee-line as that was our tea break for the day. Excellent food at very reasonable cost. Everyone was quite relieved when the sea was calmer than expected and, wonders of wonders, no-one was sea sick. We arrived in Picton at 12.20 am and parked up for the night at a rest area 10 minutes out of Picton. Two of the girls pitched a tent while the rest of us squashed into the back of the truck for the remainder of the night. S.H.

27 Dec: Awoke to Stan's good morning wishes and advice that we were illegally parked and our campers illegally camped. The girls quickly decamped and the rest of us got breakfast ready and enjoyed a walk around the Deer and Wildlife Park created by the Deerstalkers Assn. The area was well kept and a pleasure to stay at - albeit illegally.

We set off at 8.15 am and headed for Blenheim where a brief shopping expedition took place, then on to Murchison. Eddie, currently the driver, stopped at the main Nelson/Murchison turnoff at Kawatiri and we sat in the sun and enjoyed a wonderful cut lunch. Great variety offered by Sue left us full and replete. We then continued on through the Buller Gorge to Inangahua and Reefton, Eddie & Geoff alternating as drivers. On arrival at Blackball we found the General Store and inquired about the track. At this stage it was pouring with rain so we followed the suggestion that we go to the Hilton and stay at the Waldorf for only \$5 each per night. When we saw the Hilton we were shocked - the Hastings Albert Hotel was luxury compared to it and the Waldorf turned out to be a very old hostel with kitchen, dining room and 20 beds. The roof leaked, the walls had the odd hole but considering the cost it was acceptable. At least tea was able to be made in relative comfort and eaten with a fair bit of enjoyment. Sue, again had to be thanked for the menu. The evening was then well spent: playing cards, reading or sampling the hotel beer. D.C.

28 Dec: After breakfast 13 bodies decided to tramp up Blackball Creek for the day while Stan, Sue and Claire stayed at base. We all headed up the track, seeing old rails and battery still sitting there. We came to the old abandoned Minerua Battery and, after taking time to look at everything we carried on up the track where we came upon the first hotel site (built 1868), then on again to the junction where we stopped for lunch. About 1 pm 11 bodies headed up to Garden Gully Hut - about 3 hours later a certain person wondered where the two other people were. Oliver, who was fit, ran up to a Stamping Battery (used to crush ore in gold mining days) site while Geoff and I (Jenny) went to the Croesus Battery site where we found an old hut. We headed back using the high level track. To cross the river Randall took off his boots while others got wet boots. We were all back at the truck by 5 and then went back to base for a shower, spa and tea which was great. J.L.

Dec 29: We awoke to persistent rain and the noise of Randall, Oliver, Bruce and David preparing for their trip over the tops and down the Croesus Track to Barrytown where we would pick them up. The rest of the party cleared the gear away and set off for the 'big smoke' - the 'city' of Greymouth. With 11 bodies going different ways in the shopping centre it was surprising that most of them found the same coffee shop for morning tea!

We left Greymouth at 11 and arrived at Barrytown, which only consists of a hotel. While waiting for the others we walked down to the sea where Julie found a sick penguin alongside a stream. We lunched after the 4 trampers had arrived, then set off for Punakaiki where we walked round Dolomite Point, observing the Blowholes and Pancake Rocks. After demolishing double sized ice creams and looking through Park HQ, we went to the motor camp. This has been well set up alongside the sea with the river close by.

That night we dined on barbequed sausages, fresh beans, new potatoes and corn, followed by fruit and creamed rice. Supper was Xmas cake and we had another evening of card games before we all turned in looking forward to the next days tramp. S.L.

Dec 29: After a good breakfast Eddie drove Randall, Dave, Bruce and me (Oliver) to the starting point for our tramp over the tops from Blackball to Barrytown. We had about an hours rain - it stopped as we arrived at Garden Gully Hut, where we dropped our packs and visited the Stamping Battery that the others hadn't seen. They were quite impressed, especially Randall, and annoyed that they hadn't brought their cameras. An hour later we were at Ces Hut, a new hut built to replace the 3 bunk hovel 100 m from it. We could see down to the Grey River but the view on a fine day would have been considerably better. It was quite misty along the tops but we could always see at least 1 pole ahead of us. After the tops came a 1200 m descent to Barrytown which was very steep until we hit the benched miners track, after which the going was much easier.

Randall, who was leading, was jumped upon from a bank beside the track by Eddie, Trish & Jenny, who had come up the track to meet us. After Randall had climbed back into his skin, we all carried on and came out opposite the hotel where we rejoined the main party. O.B.

Dec 30: We were awoken at the ghastly hour of 6.30 am and most were

up by 6.45 (eh Kathy?). We were ready to depart by 8 but ... Sue discovered that we couldn't pay until 8.30 so we all piled into the truck, bar Sue, Stan & Oliver, and drove down to the Park HQ to leave a message for Christine & Shirley who were to meet us later on in the day. Meanwhile, we realized that there was very little petrol left and no petrol stations on route! It was decided that with careful rationing of petrol we just might have enough to get us the many ks to the next station. We picked Sue up back at the camping ground and traveled to Bullock Road where Eddie dropped us off.

We started on a 4 wheel drive track and within the first 10 minutes had to cross a knee deep river. We gradually got into the bush where it was so muddy that Chris(tiana) lost sight of her foot in the mud, sinking nearly up to her knees (a slight exaggeration). We arrived at Fossil Creek for lunch in the sun. The next few hours were spent walking down Fossil and Dilemma Creeks till we came to the Fox River. After scrambling a little way up the vertical hillside and onto a track we were able to get down and cross the river. Meanwhile, Bruce and Dave decided to wade across and got wet to the waist. Twenty minutes later we arrived at the Ballroom Over-hang. Eddie, Sue, Claire, Stan and Oliver were already there as they had walked up the Fox River. Christine and Shirley arrived a little later. Tents were pitched and socks washed, then time for a sun bathe. The sun moved up into the over-hang and we were able to go back up there without getting chilly. For tea there was macaroni, tuna, peas, beans and runny instant pudding. There was a slight distraction after tea when Dave attempted to get his own back on Kathy with a billy of water. We sat around the camp fire doing black magic games - laughing a lot when some of the guys (Randall & Dave) had a bit of trouble working them out!

C.S. & J.T.

Dec 31: The day started early with Stan getting some hot water going for morning cuppas. A very heavy mist hung around the hills but, by the time the group was moving, the sun broke through to reveal a beautiful day. We headed down the Fox River with Christine choosing to travel in the river while the rest used the track. The track was easy going and after 1½ hours we arrived at the Fox River Caves track. We dropped our packs and after 20 or 30 minutes arrived at the caves. It was rough and rocky at the end but well worth it. What a grandiose sight - huge cavern at the mouth with another cavern next door which most went in with torches. It was slippery, rocky and quite dangerous and very dark inside. Eddie and Christiana went to see where the end was but came to a rock fall and turned back. We returned to our packs and carried on to arrive at the truck for lunch. After lunch most found a secluded spot in the river and skinny dipped, with soap to freshen up, while others mucked around the edges. Clothes were also washed and after two hours truck travel to our next camp site, we hung it up. Tea was prepared, tents put up & wood gathered and then we all got together for a few New Year beers and wine. Tea was sausage stew and veges followed by Xmas Pud and was enjoyed by all - thanks to Stan. Our camp fire was lit but no one stayed up to see the New Year in.

WALLY OF THE DAY: Shirley for falling in the river - twice!

DUMMY OF THE DAY: Julie for exposing an unfinished film.

DOPE OF THE DAY: Sue L. for falling out of the truck.

T.P.

Jan 1: The day started at 5 as the brainy ones who didn't want to start our 6 day tramp with wet tents were eaten alive by vulture sandflies. After a scrumptious breakfast of spaghetti AND cereal 11 of us toughies said our last good-byes to the remains of civilization. We soon hit the Nile River and went along it to an old road bridge where we had a delicious lunch. One of the crossings was misjudged by Julie and Christiana who tried to pack float UPSTREAM (WALLY OF THE DAY). After a unanimous decision we climbed out of the river and spent about 2 - 3 hours walking along an old dusty road to a dead end. We then back tracked for  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour, down a bank for another  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour, to arrive back at the river where tents were quickly pitched. Dinner was finally served at 8.15 pm and the food was helped down by all the various ways of disposing of cockroaches.  
K.T.

Jan 2: We carried on up the river to find a ridge which would lead us up to the main range. This we climbed for about 4 hours before stopping for lunch. We had very little water to drink. After lunch we kept on bush bashing and gaining height until we reached the bush line, very exhausted. But the climbing still went on - very difficult. Near the tops we stopped to look for a camp site. The wind blew the clouds around us and the drizzle changed into constant rain. We were all feeling hungry and tired so went back down to the nearest bush and pitched our tents under the small trees. Some went down to find water while others, all wet and cold, went to bed. Tea was made under Randall's tent fly in difficult conditions and we all went to sleep early.

K.B.

Jan 3: Our overnight camp site in the bush line had been sheltered from the wind but we had heavy showers of rain. After hot drinks and breakfast we headed up onto the tussock to re-gain the ridge that continued up to Mt Faraday. Once there we assessed weather conditions (low cloud, cold, rain imminent) and party fitness and considered it wise to return back to the Nile River Road head.

Back in the bush life was comfortable and progress steady. Bird life and goats were spotted. After lunch we continued down the ridge, taking a northern spur leading into a tributary of Sirdar Creek. This stream was steep with slow progress past log jams etc. Having reached Sirdar Creek, the stream bed opened out with less gradient. We made camp in the open creek bed. The weather had improved with weak sunshine and tents and gear were spread out to dry while the evening meal cooked. Later all the troops encircled a cheerful fire, soaking up the heat and drying clothes. After our evening songs and a few good tales we bedded down for a comfortable night with no rain or strong winds.  
R.G.

Jan 4: Rain greeted us as we packed up. We continued down Sirdar Creek, making good progress in the open creek bed. A number of goats were watched at close quarters. Soon we had reached the Nile River with the river bed increasing in size and the sight of all the pine plantings. From the bridge on the Nile River we retraced previous tramping routes as we continued downstream. We ducked into some trees to shelter in comfort for lunch. Later we reached a track on the true left, well used by cavers and our progress was good as we zoomed along in the rain.



We were back at our road end camp site at 2.30 and Sue and Christine got a ride to the Main Coast Road with a group of cavers. There they phoned the Police, hotels etc. hoping to make contact with Stan and co. in the truck. Meanwhile, back at the Nile River Road head, we made camp under heavy rain and strong winds. Tea was cooked under trying conditions and eaten in the tents while the river started to rise at a fast rate. Christine and Sue walked back in for tea.

At about 7.30 pm the truck arrived and the shelter it offered was fabulous. We tried to set up camp better but conditions were fast deteriorating, the Nile River having risen 2 metres while we had been camped there. At about 10 pm it was decided to move out because the river was still rising. Our packing up was orderly considering the conditions and, once loaded we drove to the Coast Road to South West Minerals who accommodated us in their large engineering workshop shed.

R.G.

Jan 5: We awoke early to vacate our temporary accommodation. It was overcast with the expectation of fine weather as we traveled down the road for  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour and stopped to cook breakfast (baked beans, the trampers delight). The awning was up and some gear outside when the heavens opened up and we were all deluged. We then traveled in to Westport to get medical help for Tricia and Kathy, both of whom had injuries, while others did a little shopping. After this we set off towards Picton and saw all the rivers (in particular the Buller River) in full flood. A quick stop at the Ohikanui River, where the truck had been waiting for us to come out from our crossing, before carrying on, passing under Hawks Crag, to Kawatiri where we stopped for lunch at a road side shelter. We had a look at the old rail tunnel and what was left of the bridges and then back to the truck. Tricia had managed to injure herself with a sharp knife - half her thumb had been sliced with the cheese (no shortage of meat now). After doctoring by Eddie and Julie we were again on our way. A stop off at Lake Rotoiti and then on to Blenheim where we visited the Accident Centre and Tricia had 4 injections and 3 stitches. We then carried on, arriving in Picton early evening where we camped at the Waikawa Motor Camp (having been unable to get an earlier ferry crossing). The sun was shining so the truck was emptied and gear was strewn everywhere - a gypsy camp would have been tidy compared to this mess. Tea was over by 10 pm and we had an early night, feeling tremendously clean and shaven.

D.C.

Jan 6: I was rudely awoken at 5.45 am by the local rooster and then heard the 'early birds' of our party preparing their breakfast. Finally, at 7.30 I succumbed and joined them. The morning was spent cleaning out the truck, drying clothes and going for short walks to the marina, water tower and, for the younger members, the dairy was a must. After lunch Julie, Kathy, Christiana, Kati, Oliver and Randall prepared themselves for a pony trek to see the sights of Picton. The rest walked to town to join Geoff and Bruce at one of the Local Establishments for an hour, watching the ferries and float planes making regular trips, whilst relaxing. Arrived back at camp and a little later had tea of Irish Stew, new potatoes, beans and cabbage followed by fruit salad and creamed rice.

S.L.

Jan 7: After breakfast we began the mass evacuation, the Waikawa Holiday Park gave us a very good deal on camp charges and I recommend this park for its good facilities and helpfulness. We spent the rest of the morning in Picton and were first on the ferry. It was a very smooth crossing arriving in Wellington about 3 pm to commence the journey home. With toilet stops only we made the trip back to Hastings by 7.30.

A most memorable trip and my thanks go to Eddie and Geoff for driving, Sue H, Stan and Randall for their assistance and to Christine for her help with organization as well as to all the others for their company which made it a most enjoyable trip.  
S.L.

Jan 1: 'The Group at the Truck': Early afternoon Stan, Oliver, Eddie, Geoff and I set off to look for the Nile River caves. We found a stack of inner tubes and searched for the track - a delightful valley with great views of karst formations. After dinner a group set off with fishing lines, Stan's was big enough to catch a whale! Later on Stan emerged with thunderous countenance muttering "the b\_\_\_\_\_ took my hook and sinker, I'll have him!" A second sinker and bait disappeared later on - those eels had to be caught.  
S.B.

Jan 2: After watching the trekkers coming and going to the caves and rafting and the exhilaration on their faces, thanks to a loan from Stan, I went with a group and donned a wet suit (not easy I may say). Then, with inner tube under arm, I shuffled along the river bed to the track and climbed up ladders bolted over slippery rocks for 10 minutes to the cave entrance. Not easy with a huge inner tube.

In the cave we seemed to walk, crawl, duck & slither through miles of tunnels, past stagmites, stactites, columns and interesting strata - incredible formations, to eventually come to the river. It was good to put down the inner tubes and paddle in a duck like manner although I had some difficulty working out aft, port front and starboard without bumping into the rest of the bods. We turned our lights off and gazed at the millions of glow-worms above us and reflected in the water. We eventually passed into an area where daylight poured through a hole ringed with ferns. The outlet was slow moving and we paddled slowly out to a boulder bank on the Nile River which our leader said was where we shoot the rapids. What fun it was, except when stranded on boulders in shallow water. In places we had to keep our feet up and out to protect us from the rocks. We eventually arrived at the end, changed into dry clothes and I went back to the truck rather tired but so pleased to have done it. Later on Stan, Geoff, Oliver and Eddie did the same trip which they thoroughly enjoyed.

More eeling after tea while Sue, Claire and I went for a bush walk. Then early to bed for all except Oliver who later announced to Stan that he had caught two eels.  
S.B.

Jan 3: On awaking and dragging sleepy dust (or rocks) from our eyes we learnt the tale of Oli the eeler. The weather, although cloudy, was quite reasonable. After breakfast the eels were tied by their necks and very carefully their exteriors and other features were extracted by myself and Doctor Stanley Woon with the help of two pliers from the truck. It was about 10.30 when we finally headed for Westport. On arrival, Shirley looked up some friends

and then we went on to town to gas up, have lunch, visit the super-market and then the camping grounds for a shower. We left feeling considerably better and looking forward to a civilized afternoon tea with Shirley's friends. Fascinating people with the most incredible collection of old movie projectors. Eventually we continued on our merry way to the Ohikanui River bridge where we were to meet the tramping party. There wasn't a suitable camping place so we carried on up the road about 2 km to a nice beach by the Buller River. The truck was used to shelter the tent sites from the wind. It drizzled on and off all night but come morning it persisted down. In between showers we visited the Ohikanui River bridge to leave signs on paper, balloons and road barriers so that the trampers knew where to find us. The day passed and when tea was half cooked we had a visitor - guess what? A couple who had been rafting and was enroute to Inangahua very kindly hunted us down to relay a message from our trampers - they needed our company (poor souls). We bolted down tea and 40 minutes later crept up on our mob and let rip on the air horns. Heads wearing huge smiles popped out from behind sodden tents - isn't it nice to be so welcomed?

Party: Susan Lopdell, Eddie, Sue & Claire Holmes, Stan Woon, Shirley Bathgate, Trish Parkhill, David Cormack, Kathy Turner, Christiana Stevens, Bruce Almond, Julie Turner, Oliver Bacchus, Geoff Robinson, Jenny Lean, Randall Goldfinch, Christine Hardie and Katarina Biebricher.

#### AROPAOANUI - WAIKARI BEACH TRIP.

13 & 14 January 1990.

Trip No. 1453.

We were promised a relaxing, lazy, fun tramp that all would enjoy, and it was a lot of fun, but ..... Dave and I were to be picked up from home (us Taradalites being especially lazy) at 8.15 and sure enough, at 8.45 the truck lumbered up our street. We picked Roger up just out of Bay View and made it in good time to the Aropaoanui Beach. We plastered ourselves in sunscreen, Alistair paying particular attention to the top of his head, loaded our packs on our backs and headed off passing some campers at the river mouth. Boy was it hot!

The first piece was easy. A marked track all the way and it took under an hour to come to a really neat waterfall and swimming hole. Most of us got wet, some thanks to the doing of others, while John spotted a trout! Sorry John, I reckon 15 cm might be a little undersize. By now it was getting really hot and we were boulder hopping along the edge of the sea. It was still basically high tide and a few got a bit wet when they misjudged the waves. We made it to a lagoon and absolutely died. It was the last decent fresh water we'd see till we got home and I'd already finished off my water. A few keen people dared the waves to brutally murder some poor unsuspecting paua that were minding their own business out in the mid - tidal zone. But (ha ha) the rocks were really sharp! We then struggled on, the high cliffs to our left and the sea to our right reflecting every little centigrade of heat that it could. Napier recorded 32°C that day so you can imagine what we were going through.

Around 5 pm we came across a campsite and everybody just dropped down on the ground until finally the sun decided to have mercy

on us and disappeared over the cliff tops. The evening was great. We played 'bats down' but after the ball hit Al on the head, causing him to spill his hot tea and then chased him to his tent to get him again, it went missing. We then played cards until it got too dark after which we just laid back and looked at the sky. We counted about 7 satellites, 15 shooting stars and I could swear that the planet had moved. At 10.30 we were still sweating in shorts and tee shirts. We also experienced the full moon rise out of the sea and the next morning a few of us watched the sun rise out of the sea. I think that these two events were the highlights of the trip.

Soon though that sun began generating heat and as soon as we had packed we huddled in a dry ditch, the only shade we could find, until everyone was ready. We split into two groups. Some followed the DOC overland route while others preferred to follow the shore where the moistness would keep them a little cooler. We joined again when John yelled for us to join him, so up the cliff we went. I always manage to find myself going up or down a cliff when John Berry is on the trip (sorry John but it is true!). We then followed the land track back to the beach and everyone went their own pace, fighting dehydration and heat exhaustion. I think we were all dreaming of the river we were finishing at and the fresh water swim we would have but just to spite us it turned out to be a tidal river mouth and it was high tide. Yep! it was salty.

And so the end of the beach trip - but don't get me wrong. We all had a great time (I hope) and I would jump at the chance to do another beach trip. BUT, I'll bring a pack mule to carry the mini tanker of water I'll probably need. Many thanks to Mike for driving.

S.C.

Party: John Berry, Sharon Charteris, Dave Charteris, Alistair Moffitt, Julie Turner, Christiana Stevens, Robert Marshall, Mike & Jeannette Craven, Mark Craven, Roger Pawluk

### Donald River.

28 January 1990.

Trip No. 1454.

#### TRIP A:

Our party of 10 left the Mackintosh car park at 8 and headed down to the three wire bridge on the Tutaekuri River where David Harrington's party left us. We took a little time to cross, and after we had achieved this there were a few members who thought they'd met sufficient challenges for the day and would have been quite happy to return. However, we kept going, up the gentle climb through the bush and on to the plateau, arriving at Mackintosh Hut at 9.30 for morning tea. There were a couple of hunters sleeping in when we arrived. They'd seen plenty of deer but had not had any success in shooting them.

Leaving the hut we continued north and eventually descended to the top of the Donald River. The track all the way from the car park was well defined and well maintained with plenty of new ribbons marking the track, together with recently cut trees, making easy access. On the descent to the river we came across Kynan Gentry and Fiona Sapsford training for their 'Macpac Challenge'. They were

looking exceedingly fresh and fit, having come from Makahu Hut. We arrived at the river at 11.30, had a snack, waterproofed our gear in plastic bags, changed into woollen gear and then started down the river. We'd only been in the river for five minutes when we came across our first pack float. It was the first time that some of our party had experimented with this odd form of entertainment and they treated it with a little trepidation - this didn't last long. The river descent was relatively easy, the only problem being the odd occasion when the river got above waist height but this didn't last long, and after about 2 km the river had become wider and the rocks easier to tramp over.

We stopped for lunch at 12.30 and after half an hour or so, feeling rejuvenated and with an easier road ahead of us, we continued at a much faster pace. There were many nice swimming pools on the way and once the sun came through the clouds, temptation got the better of us and we had two stops for swims. Boots, shirt and shorts don't make the best of swimming companions but that didn't worry anybody. Climbing on to boulders and banks to bound into the river kept us going for at least 20 minutes at each swimming hole and all in all, a relaxing and enjoyable time was had by all.

We arrived at the Lawrence Hut footbridge a little earlier than anticipated and again bounded in for a swim. After this we donned our packs and, to the horror of a party of picnickers, we jumped into the river again and pack floated down the last 100 metres. Our new packfloaters, overwhelmed with their success, encouraged everybody to do it all again - that really had the locals wondering! We eventually got back to the truck and with the truck party, we went on to the end of Lawrence Road to await the return of David's party. We all had a tremendous day and would recommend our route for future Club outings.

D.Co.

#### TRIP B:

Some of us older types were kept awake all night at Robsons Lodge by the younger generation having a party and spraying the place with fluorescent green light globules from a light stick. ("That was him!" - Sharon get out of it, this is my story). Anyway, before retiring to bed at about 10 pm, they made plans to spend Sunday playing cards in the back of the truck and swimming. Talk about slackers! I shouldn't really say that - the idea sounded pretty tempting - in fact it might well have been my idea. No can't have been. All in all, it was a pretty sleepless night with everybody's faces glowing green.

Bang, crash, "Wake up" ... oh man what's happening ... "It's 6 am, time to get up." Eddie ... I thought that he might forget to get us up, but no such luck. Then, just as I was dropping off back to sleep, "Wake up everyone, time to go" - it was Shirley - she managed to get us all up. By 7.15 we were in the truck headed for the new Castle Rocks Road where we were to meet everyone else. Timing was perfect as we all arrived at the same time. I was dreaming of a nice relaxing day lying in the sun, when Eddie's head appeared in the door: "Dave, you're in for a trip with Dave H. - right?" After a quick look at the map and deciding it was the shortest trip of the day (I should have known better) and that I needed the exercise I decided to go. Oliver also thought it not a bad idea and by the time we'd reached the car park we'd talked

Julie, Chris and Sharon into coming as well (as if we'd carry their packs up the last hill!) Glen decided to come as well.

Soon we'd teamed up with Dave H. Jenny and Roger and were headed for the three wire bridge. The sky was blue and the sun hot as we came to our first pack float, but wow! you should have heard some of the language as one by one we found out how cold the water was. Some people - I don't know, you wouldn't catch me saying things like that. An hour or three later (it wasn't really that long), after several pack floats and two waterfalls, either the water had warmed up or I just couldn't feel anything, the going seemed pretty good when Dave said "well this is it - the hot spring" Choice! The location is secret - but I'll give you a clue - it is somewhere in the Kawekas. Up the hill we went to a small pool Bevis and Dave had built six months earlier. It appeared quite shallow until we realised about a foot of slime had formed on the bottom. You can guess what happened next .... needless to say the fight was great fun although one or two didn't look too happy. It was then decided that Glen had been in the pool too long as Dave, Jenny and I moved in for a half hours soak.

A touch of our old friends 'stinging nettle and bush lawyer' was had as we proceeded across the spur from the hot spring to the stream on the other side which we met at G.R. 037000. Note of interest is a Maori Pa site that used to be on this spur or nearby. We didn't have time to investigate. After a while of enjoyable boulder hopping we stopped for lunch at 11.45 (we also stopped because we didn't want to see much of what was glimpsed around the corner). By this stage I was feeling a little guilty because of a few of the looks on the faces that I'd talked into coming.

Soon after lunch we were climbing around a waterfall that we'd decided was impassable (G.R. 035005). It was decided to climb out of the stream and follow the ridge on our right up to Mackintosh Plateau. On reaching the top we started making some forward progress again whilst pulling out Pinus contorta - an art learnt the day before. Dave found an axe shaped stone - handle and all - but the contorta proved too tough and it shattered within a few chops. We returned to the stream at G.R. 032014 which we followed up all the way to Mackintosh Hut where some had another swim before joining the rest in the hut for a feast of scroggin, lollies and biscuits.

After half an hour we decided to leave, although none of us really felt up to it after lying in the hot sun. We set a good pace back to the Tutaekuri River and it was again time for some stirring as we sat under the bridge ready to splash the girls as they crossed. While Dave and Jenny disappeared around the corner for a swim the rest of us headed back for the road. Oliver and I even kept to our word and went back to carry Julie and Sharon's pack - but it's good to see that women's lib is still strong and they wouldn't let us (I won't mention that there was only 100 m to go). Soon war broke out as we fought for the best car to drive back to the truck. Sharon got the flash new Bluebird which we noticed was missing its front bumper after we came through the ford ... oh wee, she's in trouble (woman drivers - opps sorry didn't mean that - you wouldn't hit someone on their knees would you). Bruce wasn't too happy (or at least he put on a good act) and the look on Sharon's face was worth a million dollars too until she realised that she was being had.

The trip home was spent playing cards until one by one we all dropped off to sleep. All in all it was an excellent trip well recommended for summer, thanks Dave and everyone on it for making the trip so good.

D.Ch. (with a little help from his sister).

Party: Eddie Holmes, Dave Harrington, Jenny Lean, Julie Turner, Christopher Frost, Dave Charteris, Sharon Charteris, Roger Pawluk, Oliver Bacchus, Glen Bixley, David Cormack, Andrew Cormack, Jim Stove, Len Frost, Chris Stevens, Sandie Dungan, Holly Dungan, Bruce Porter, Susan Perry, Kelvin Taylor, Shirley Bathgate, James Chittenden, Robert Marshall, Bruce Almond & Thelma Tasman Smith.

### Family Tramp to Tangoio.

4 February 1990

Trip No. 1455.

Another family trip, this time to the Tangoio Walk-way and White Pine Bush up the Wairoa Road. A beautiful day was ordered by the leader and it naturally was provided, has the President ever let you down yet? We had 11 and two  $\frac{1}{2}$ s children out for the day, a real family day out - its great to be part of these trips.

We traveled by private cars and arrived at the White Pine Bush car park by 9.30 after which a car was taken to the bottom of the walk-way. We started off at various speeds up the first hill of the walk-way. After a few stops to give the children a bite to eat or a drink we came to an area being logged. The contractor kindly agreed to halt production for a while as we walked through (mind you they were encouraged to do so by a couple of sweet young lassies).

We finally reached the Tangoio Stream and went up to the waterfall. At the waterfall a party of INC children were having their lunch and thoroughly enjoying themselves. After reaching the car park, the drivers were ferried up the road in Eddie's car to retrieve the rest of the cars. Lunch was had at the car park then off back up to White Pine Bush for a quick walk around the reserve.

Back at the cars somebody suggested to Josie that a cup of tea at her place was in order, then someone else said scones, raspberry jam and whipped cream would go down well. So Josie made some scones, supplied the raspberry jam and tea while we bought the cream. Afternoon tea was enjoyed by all -thanks Josie - we will return!

I must recommend these family trips to you all. If you haven't been on one then come out and have an easy day.

S.W.

Party: Stan Woon, Peter & Daniel Berry & Glenda Hooper, Sharon Charteris, Dave Charteris, Rachel Hamilton, Josie Boland & Erika Bristow, Sue, Eddie & Claire Holmes, Karen, John, Chris, Phillip and Stuart Berry, Clive, Karen & Heather Thurston, Harry, Heather, Kane & Anna Osborne, Heather, Graham, Tammy & Libby Boaler.

Macpac Kaweka Challenge.

10 &amp; 11 February 1990.

Trip No. 1456.

We did it again. We staged another mountain race and I consider that we did it well.

The whole concept started as another dream and July 1989 I decided to turn it into a reality. The two organizing clubs were agreeable to giving it a go so away we went to turn the reality into what we hoped would be a smooth flowing event. I feel that we were 98 percent successful in this but it was certainly not without a considerable amount of work by the Kaweka Committee and a multitude of others.

Several weeks preceding the event we were worried about a possible fire ban which would affect the site of the start area. This in turn would have increased course lengths and created extra organizing problems. However, we were lucky and there was no fire ban.

Friday 9th. Kuripapango and Robsons Lodge became a well populated area, albeit briefly. There were about 14 of us in Robsons Lodge while a large contingent of competitors were camped around the Lodge and the campsites on either side of the Ngaruroro River were a mass of colour and small tents. Mercury & his mate had taken over the woodshed at Robsons Lodge.

Saturday 10th. In the early hours of the morning we had people quietly occupying the range, most of whom started in the small hours to reach their objectives. There were manned radio sites at Kuripapango Hill, top of Mackintosh Spur, Kaweka J and Whetu with overnight camp sites being prepared at Middle Hill Hut and Makahu Base while our lot was spread all over the place at the Lakes car park.

At Lakes car park we were organized by 6.30 AM for the final gear check and registration. About 7 AM competitors started to converge on this area and there seemed to be an awful lot of them. The registrations were completed just on 8.50 and I was supposed to give the pre race briefing to the competitors. When I saw them all massed in one group I got a chronic case of nerves - it was not until that moment the realization of what we had organized really sunk in. There were over 300 people waiting to be unleashed at the ranges and raring to go, you could feel the excitement in the air. Had I done my homework right? What critical factor had I overlooked? It was too late to worry now. Start them. So we did and it was a great sight to see each course take off, my only regret being that I could not go with them.

A surprisingly short time had elapsed after all courses had left before results started to come in from the radio sites. The following were the fastest times between radio controls on Day 1 for Course 1:

Car park to Mackintosh Spur (via Rogue Ridge).	1 hr 13 min.
Mackintosh Spur to Kaweka J	37 min.
Kaweka J to Whetu	41 min.
Whetu to Middle Hill Hut	32 min.

Sunday 11th (Day 2). Our radio sites shifted overnight to Kaweka Flat Bivvy, Matauria Ridge (trig), Mackintosh/Kaweka track junction



while the controls at Makahu Base and Mackintosh Spur remained. The competitors were spread the length of the range:

Course 1: At Middle Hill

Course 2: At Makahu Saddle

Course 3: At Lakes car park

All courses were headed for the finish at the Lakes car park and combined at the Mackintosh/Kaweka track junction to do the final section together. They were not taking their time doing it either. The fastest Course 1 times were:

Middle Hill Hut to Kaweka Flats Bivvy	52 min.
Kaweka Flats Bivvy to Makahu Base	34 min.
Makahu Base to Matauria Ridge trig	28 min.
Matauria Ridge to Mackintosh/Kaweka track junction	40 min.
Mackintosh/Kaweka track junction to Lakes car park	61 min.

As the teams from all the courses started to come in those at the finish area got steadily busier, recording times, collating final times, checking gear, etc. For a period of about 2 hours we did not have one surplus person hanging around, we were completely stretched to the limit.

However as well as running the event the two Clubs had a substantial number participating as well and they did themselves and us proud:

#### Course 1:

Maurice Lloyd & Harry Burgess	(HBOC)	9 hr 05 min.
Bruce Perry & John Craven	(HBOC)	9 hr 14 min.
Peter Watson & Doug Matheson	(HBOC)	9 hr 31 min.
Eddie Holmes & Nick Hay	(HTC)	9 hr 40 min.
Clive Thurston & Mark Pearson	(HTC)	16 hr 34 min.
Mike Bull & Graham Thorp	(HTC)	detoured

#### Course 2:

Russell Mardon & James Bowden	(HBOC)	4 hr 59 min.
Adrian Brown & Andrew Dacey	(HTC)	6 hr 37 min.
Dave Charteris & Fraser Bull	(HTC)	7 hr 25 min.
Paul Jarvis & Rhys Jarvis	(HBOC)	7 hr 45 min.
Barry Thompson & Andrew Watt	(HTC)	7 hr 45 min.
Eric Dunbar & James Fring	(HBOC)	8 hr 36 min.
Fiona Sapsford & Kynan Gentry	(HTC)	10 hr 28 min.
Dianna Thompson & Breige Rendell	(HTC)	11 hr 06 min.
Julie Turner & Liz Whittle	(HTC)	11 hr 37 min.
Mitch Barrett & Debbie Compton	(HTC)	12 hr 26 min.
Alistair Moffitt & Vic Bullock	(HTC)	13 hr 17 min.
Len Frost & Lyn (Mercury) Gentry	(HTC)	Still flying.

#### Course 3:

Alan Burke & Beryl Smith	(HBOC)	6 hr 05 min.
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By early afternoon most of the teams had finished, tired but jubilant, they had completed. The prize giving took place at 3 PM, the honours being shared by Mr John Ombler (Regional Conservator for Hawkes Bay) and Mr Colin Hancock (North Island Representative for Macpac).

That was the event but it could not have been possible without all those people who helped over the two days. Thank you everybody.

Ted Sapsford.

Names of those who assisted in the organization of the event:

Lakes Car Park - Kuripapango. Start/Finish:

Stewart Hyslop, Anne Sapsford, Rowan Sapsford, Gavin Shing, Dave Smith, Peter Smith, Catherine Lee, Wayne Lee, Bev Tait [Auckland], Liz Nicholson [Masterton], Sharon Mardon (HBOC), Stan Woon, Kath Berry, Jim Glass, Liz Pindar, Nigel Brown, Pam Turner, Ted Sapsford (HTC), Marilyn Thorp (AREC/HTC) & Peter Dingles (AREC)

Middle Hill Hut - Over night camp:

Dave Fisher (HBOC), Geoff Robinson, Jenny Lean, Clive Appleton (HTC) & Matt King [Cambridge] (AREC).

Makahu Base - Over night camp:

Brian Crawford (HBOC), Shirley Bathgate, Lyn Gentry, Russell Perry (HTC), John Barry & Bob Murray (AREC).

Top of Mackintosh Spur - radio control:

Dave Harrington, Sandie Dungan, Heather McBride (HTC) & Ross Berry (HTC/AREC).

Kaweka J/ Matauria Ridge - radio control:

Peter Berry, Christine Hardie, Sharon Charteris, Roger Pawluk (HTC) & Geoff Clibborn (AREC).

Whetu/Kaweka Flats Bivvy - radio control

John Berry, Susan Lopdell, Robert Marshall (HTC) & Randall Goldfinch (HTC/AREC).

Mt Kuripapango/ Mackintosh-Kaweka track Junction - radio control:

Heather Hawthorne, Selwyn Hawthorne, Eddie Turi (HTC) & Colin Ryder (AREC).

Town Base - radio control:

John McGonigal & Gordon Frazer (AREC).

### Middle Stream / Waipawa River.

25 February 1990.

Trip No. 1457.

Leaving the end of North Block Road and crossing the Waipawa River in an extremely strong wind did not do much for conversation. Shouting was the norm. The group followed the farm track across to the large group of pine trees doing their best to stay upright. From here we made a quick dash up and over the ridge and then down into the first tributary of Middle Stream. There was still another ridge to bush bash over and no real track marked - or did the members at the front wander off? No one on the trip had been into the area from this direction before. Never mind, we made the ridge and clear area and then down into Middle Stream proper.

The wind did not bother us down in the stream bed. A bite to eat, and with the party staying together, we moved off down Middle Stream. - Dry feet not for long. The bush was interesting and the sides of the stream became higher. Pack floating? - No sign of it before lunch, though the stream was getting narrower. But alas, half an hour after lunch we found our way was getting deeper and more interesting. The young and old enjoyed the pack float as we all did. Alistair revelled in the conditions, the water at a temperature to let you know that it was from the mountains, but still very enjoyable.

The junction of the Waipawa was reached by 2 PM, and as time was diminishing a rapid pace was kept up the Waipawa River. Different river, different conditions. The rocks in the Waipawa were large, the boulders huge. The gorge was beautiful with many pools and small waterfalls suitable for swimming. Many took the chance as they waited for others to catch up.

The last of the party reached the truck by 5.15. A great day in a new part of a river and stream explored. Definitely an area to hold another summer trip. Thank you Mike for driving and Christine for asking me to lead the great bunch of trampers into to an area that they had not been.

N.B.

Party: Nigel Brown (Leader), Adrian Brown, Fiona Sapsford, Sue Perry, Thelma Tasman Smith, Alistair Moffitt, Lyn & Lyn Gentry, Andrew Dacey, Mike Craven, Craig Double, Kit Andersen, James Grey, Paul Trigg, Johnathon Bacchus Regan Gentry and John Montgomery.

#### Family Tramp to Masters Shelter.

4 March 1990.

Trip No. 1458.

Clive promptly delivered his trip report for this tramp. Unfortunately, we were still waiting for earlier trip reports from some less prompt persons and somehow or other Clive's and an accompanying side trip report by Alistair were misplaced. Our apologies to both Clive and Alistair. The following is thus a brief resume of the tramp.

Hastings was left at a reasonably respectable hour, travelling by private cars to Mangleton Road where they were soon joined by Russell and family. A walk up to inspect Masters Shelter was first after which they went down to Mathews Stream and followed it up. Onga onga plants made the going a bit difficult for the younger ones.

Lunch was had a good way up the stream, Russell and his kids had left shortly before lunch due to a 'double booking' for the day. After lunch they dropped packs and carried on up to the waterfall. On the return trip they met a group of Girl Guides from Clive, picked up their packs and then carried on down to Masters Shelter. There they lit a fire and had a brew. After about an hour and a half all but Clive, Jim and Lois left. These last three waited until Al & Vic, who had gone for a trip up Golden Crown, turned up (around 4) and then went home.

Party: Clive, Karen & Heather Thurston, Josie Boland & Erika Bristow, Jim Glass, George Prebble, Heather, Graham, Tammy & Libby Boaler, Russell, Rachel, Matthew, Christopher & Samuel Perry, Jackie Smith, Alistair & Lois Moffitt and Vic Bullock.

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Contorta Day at the Comet. The following persons assisted with this working bee. Many thanks for your efforts. Thanks also to DoC who treated us to a superb barbecue afterwards.  
 Ross Berry, Eddie Holmes, Peter Berry, Dave Charteris, Sharon Charteris, Julie Turner, Oliver Bacchus, Glen Bixley, Shirley Bathgate, Thelma Tasman Smith, Jenny Lean, Bruce Almond, James Chittenden & Robert Marshall. Sue & Claire Holmes and Glenda Hooper & Daniel Berry were also there lending moral support!

Night Trip To Kiwi Saddle.

10 &amp; 11 March 1990.

Trip No. 1459.

Being keen and known for my early starts, this trip was no exception. Rhonda and I organized our kids for a quick get away and headed for the Hastings pick up at 4 PM. By 4.30 we were sure that the truck had broken down and made a few phone calls only to find out that we were 'slightly' early and had to fill in the hour and a half until the truck was to arrive the best way we knew how!

Eventually the truck arrived and we were on our way to the Kawekas, arriving at the Lakes Road car park just before dark. We got going straight away and were soon tramping in the dark as planned. Apart from one, all found the tramp easy going - Al's night time vision let him down badly and to try and speed things up and make it easier for him, it was decided to take his pack.

Jenny and Lyn (Mrs) had tramped in that afternoon and were at Kiwi (along with two hunters, who coincidentally were last at Kiwi Saddle Hut the night of the opening) waiting for us to arrive. Jenny and Lyn said we looked wonderful as we tramped down the last hill as our torches were all that could be seen, moving closer and closer to them - little lights in the darkness.

We all found a bed and settled down with out much fuss. The next morning we were off by 8.30. It was a slow trip with constant drizzle. We had morning tea at Kaiarahi and carried on our way. Some of us ran down the hill to Kaweka Hut but most took it easy. A couple of the young guys went down the shingle slide - no trouble!

We had lunch and a cuppa at Kaweka and then moved off for the truck. We were there by 2 so most of us went for a swim in the lake. By now the sun was shining and the water was warm.

I'd say that everybody enjoyed the novelty of night tramping and look forward to the next one. Thanks to Mike who drove the truck and spent a leisurely weekend beside it.

S.D.

Party: Lyn Gentry & Adrian Brown (Leaders), Jenny Lean, Lyn Gentry, Sandie Dungan, Rhonda Foote, Andrew Dacey, Mike Craven, Regan Gentry, Mark Craven, Alistair Moffitt, Len Frost, Mike Bull, Graham Thorp, Nigel Brown, Dave Cormack, Lew Harrison, Fiona Sapsford, Sue Perry, Christopher Frost, Robert Marshall and Daniel Cremins

Pinus contorta Working Bee at Ruapehu.

24 &amp; 25 March 1990.

Trip No. 1460.

We left Holts at 6.50 PM as we had to wait for two people who did not turn up. Geoff and Mike took turns at driving. We had a short stop at Kuripapango and arrived at Mangawhero Lodge at approximately 11.10 at night.

Everybody settled down to sleep quickly and we were up at 6.30

Saturday morning, had breakfast, packed up our gear and tidied up the lodge. Rob, the Ranger arrived at quarter to 8 and we moved off to the Rangataua State Forest where an area has been given to the National Park. Our job was to trim and remove contorta along the side of the track to allow contractors vehicles to move in to clear contorta.

After working along the track for a while it was decided that someone would return to the truck and get Mike to drive it up to us for smoko. There were a few small bog holes on the track but we thought that they would be alright. After some time I was a little concerned as the truck had not arrived so I walked back to check. I met them a fair way back, they had made slow progress because some branches were in the way. I climbed into the truck beside Thelma and we drove slowly on. Very shortly we arrived at a small bog hole. Suddenly the truck lunged sideways - throwing us on to Mike, for a moment I really thought that the truck was going to roll on to its side. So away I went again, walking back to our group and Rob, who went back and pulled the truck out with his 2½ ton Nissan 4 WD.

We carried on working for the rest of the day, finishing at 3.20 PM - Rob had not expected us to do so much in one day. It was then back to the lodge for tea and a quiet but pleasant evening. The next morning we went to the area where the Wahianoa River crosses the round the mountain track. We were to follow Rob's 4 WD tracks but after a while we lost any sign of them. In the end we did manage to meet up with him and walked into the area by the river and went into action pulling out the dreaded contorta. When we knocked off for the day it was a quick hitch hike back to the truck and away for home at 3.20 pm.

It was a pleasant trip home. I would like to thank everyone for making it an enjoyable weekend, especially the truck drivers, the cooks and the pot cleaner.

L.H.

Party: Lew Harrison (Leader), Geoff Robinson, Mike Craven, Thelma Tasman Smith, Jenny Lean, Judy McBride, Julie Turner, Arch Lowe, Pat Cremins, Robert Marshall, Daniel Cremins & Adrian Box (from Hamilton).

### Family Tramp to Triplex.

1 April 1990.

Trip No. 1461.

A group of 16 left Holts at the pleasant hour of 9.15 AM (another 11 were to meet us at Triplex car park) and headed out via Highway 50. Unfortunately Joy's car had a massive oil leak so we had to leave her and Heather at Maraekakaho to ring for a tow truck. Fortunately the rest of us were able to squeeze into the other cars.

The weather was pleasant at the foot of the range. I have not seen so many front back, back packs (of the baby carrying variety) and infant seats collectively for a long while and it was good to see so many children and babies for an outing in the fresh air.

We left the baby brigade at Triplex and Jackie, Liz and I set off after Shelley, Audrey and Roy on the track to Sunrise Hut. Jackie was determined to see this hut she had heard so much about so she

lead at her own pace with Liz and I following. When we were nearly at the hut we met Sue and her two nephews, Thomas and James, on their decent. Jackie was absolutely exhilarated to be there and visit the hut at long last. Did not stay too long as high winds and low cloud were racing over the saddle.

It was a pleasant walk back, the others had departed by the time of our arrival at Triplex. Good day, good company.

S.B.

The parent and children group, arrived, had lunch, walked around the Swamp Track, had some more lunch and laid in the sun outside Triplex. A most enjoyable way to spend a lazy Sunday afternoon.

Party: Shirley Bathgate, Jackie Smith, Audrey Holmes, Shelley McMurtrie, Roy Frost, Liz Pindar, Susan Lopdell, Thomas & James Butler, Heather, Graham, Tammy & Libby Boaler, Clive, Karen & Heather Thurston, Josie Boland & Greg & Erika Bristow, Sue, Eddie, Claire & Glen Holmes and Glenda Hooper & Peter, Daniel & Donna Berry.

### Coonoor Caves.

8 April 1990.

Trip No. 1462.

All aboard at 7.15 and, after refuelling, we set off for Coonoor with I'm sure some of the party wondering just what they had let themselves in for. Before the trip I had been asked what to expect in the way of conditions and I must admit now that maybe, just maybe, I'd been inclined to down play the more difficult parts a bit. Lets face it, we had to make the truck pay somehow.

Going up the Takapau Plains the weather didn't look too promising but the forecast for the area was good so we thought that we would drive through it. Not to be however, because on arrival, about 10 AM, it was starting to rain and cloud cover was well down on the ridge that we'd planned to tramp along.

On arrival we were met by Russell Burn, a good friend of mine and our host for the day, who was to lead us through the caves. Russell, with the help of my son John, who had also been through the caves several times, split the group into two with one group going caving and the other group tramping part of the Makairo Track. This was done mainly because it was preferable to have a small group when negotiating the narrower parts of the caves.

I went along with the tramping party. We walked through some very interesting regenerating bush but as the weather was far from ideal we did not even attempt to come back along the ridge but returned the way we had come. Disappointing - maybe another day. Part of the way along the track we met 6 members of the Masterton Tramping Club who were walking the track both ways. Later we had lunch in Russell's woolshed and exchanged views on tramping etc.

Part of the way through lunch the first caving group arrived back at the woolshed hardly recognizable, wet and very dirty! There were snide remarks about mud and jelly wrestling which was of course denied, although I did hear that one lady landed unceremoniously in the creek in rather an unconventional manner. They wouldn't tell us a great deal however, but our turn was soon to come. At

this stage, after seeing the condition of the first party, some of the next group were having second thoughts. Eventually we set off and after all negotiating the entrance successfully, which involved sliding down a rope, there was no turning back. Honestly, last time I was at the caves there was a ladder at the entrance.

Little did everyone know that just below where we slid down the rope there was quite a long drop which Russell deliberately stood over to hide. From there on it was all go. We walked, slid, crawled, wriggled and generally had a great time for about 2½ hours. At one stage we were sliding through a long tunnel with our noses literally nearly in the stream, which runs through this part and Pat comes out with the comment "Russell, didn't you say your house sewage comes in about here?" Nowhere to go but forward. Later somebody remarked, it must be nearly bedtime it's been dark long enough.

Eileen Turner was a real goer, until some of the party decided to explore further up a small side-shoot. She went through first and after a couple of minutes somebody calls "Eileen's stuck." This didn't deter her however, she soon got herself free. She said she needed a hinge in the middle that went both ways. All in all a most fascinating experience. A lot to see and do, glow-worms, stalactites (or were they stalagmites - hanging down anyway), great formations and a must for anybody who has the opportunity to view. Many thanks Russell for a great day.

Unfortunately the first caving party had a long wait for us to return as the weather in the afternoon ruled out the organized tramp - although Ross said he'd had a good tramp, from the back of the truck to the front and return!!

The trip home I was going to say was uneventful but at Dannevirke, where John left us, nobody seemed inclined to get out and stretch their legs. There was one way to get them out however, tell them we had a puncture. - A bit disbelieving at first, but gradually they started to emerge. The puncture was real, however, but in true tramping club style the wheel was changed in about 5 minutes with yours truly just standing and watching - Pat, Ross and Geoff doing the honours - probably thought that the old fella was past it. At this stage Sandie kindly informed me she's not traveling with me again. Stuck in the mud last trip, puncture this trip - what next?

As we were ready to leave the car park 2 mini buses with a very friendly group of Maori people pulled up along side the truck. Three or four of the group were fascinated by our traveling circus and immediately went for the cameras to photograph, I think, the truck and its mottly crew. Pat, however, had other ideas. He promptly went into a good imitation of a Pakeha Haka on the back step of the truck. He maintains that it was his shorts that were the attraction, but others are not so sure.

All in all a good day - but hopefully we get better weather next time. Nobody gave in, all saw it through and even if they didn't enjoy it, which I doubt, they will, I'm sure, never forget it. A special mention here for our youngest member (Sarah Berry - aged 5 months) on her very first Club tramp. A pleasure to have along and judging by Julie, Eileen and Nicola's reactions, a real hit with the group.

Thanks everyone for the good company and comradeship which is apparent on all trips.

M.C.

Party: Mike Craven (Leader), Sandie Dungan, Ross, Robyn & Sarah Berry, Thelma Tasman Smith, Julie Turner, Nicola Smith, Alistair Moffitt, Daniel Cremins, Pat Cremins, Robert Marshall, Mark Craven, Geoff Robinson, Anne Ellaink, Arch Lowe, Glen Bixley & Eileen Turner

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EXEC. NEWS.

F.M.C: Christine Hardie has been nominated by us for a position on the F.M.C. executive.

TRUCK: Ross, Peter, and Alan saw David Butcher with regard to the truck licensing situation. This is still unresolved.

SOCIAL: Jim is the convener of the Wednesday night Social sessions, so give any ideas to him.

LIBRARY: Many thanks to Janet Lloyd and Ted Sapsford for recent donations to the Club library.

ENVIRONMENT: Shirley has written submissions on Arthurs Pass, The Land Resources Management Bill, the Urewera National Park and the Hooker area on our behalf.

HUTS: Scorn has been heaped upon the Waikamaka long drop (to say nothing of what has been heaped under it) and it has been decided to replace this historic artifact. It has also been decided that we will continue digging rubbish holes at our huts but we will put up signs asking people to carry out as well as in. (It was decided not to apply this policy to toilet wastes).

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A Poem written in the Hut Book at Kiwi by persons unknown.

There was a time  
When huts were free,  
We didn't have to pay a fee!  
Before the days of 'user pays',  
We'd clean the hut on rainy days.  
Fill the wood box, scrub the floor,  
Repair the flapping crapper door!  
But now the hand has been held out,  
There seems to be a touch of doubt.  
We're more inclined to shoot on thru,  
And leave the work for DoC to do.  
Yet coming here what do I see?  
A hut built by the H.T.C.  
With not a money box in sight,  
A likely place to spend the night.  
So do your bit and sweep the floor,  
And as you head off, close the door,  
And maybe then we'll get to see,  
A hut that stays forever free!

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CLUB CRONICAL.

Lies, libellous comments and straight out slander about goings on in the Club.

Talking of goings on - something must have been because there has been a plethora of new arrivals to the Club. First Lynette and Gerald Blackburn begot Jeremy, then Trevor and Jeanette Plowman produced Anna, then Glenda and I had Donna, closely followed by Sue and Eddie Holmes with Glen (who had better keep away from MY daughter). Congratulations to everyone.

Then there was this young lady on our pre Christmas outing who went to the extent of twisting her ankle just so that she could have all the blokes carrying her (well one in particular). Apparently her sister tried this ploy later on, on the South Island trip, but she can't be as good looking as they made her walk out. Now we hear the she is being deported on an American Field Scholar scheme next year - it will certainly be a lot quieter in the Turner household then. Congratulations, Kathy from the Club.

Now for the straight out slander. - Despite the use of illegal aids, eolian boots (wings) no less, Lyn and Len the MacPac men only got as far as Mackintosh in our recent Challenge - as did Graham and Mike who were on Course 1. All is not lost however, as they have been provisionally accepted into the Amblers group - providing that they pass the fitness test!

Mike Craven also makes the list by taking the truck on two pot holing expeditions instead of just the one he had promised. Finally congratulations to Adrian Brown on being selected and successfully completing a cruise on the Spirit of Adventure. Maybe he'll give us a report for the next Pohokura eh?  
P.B.

CLUB NEWS.

**NEW MEMBER:** Welcome to the Club Paul Trigg. A Junior Member who was accepted at our last Exec. Meeting.

**FAMILY TRAMPS:** These will be held on a floating basis over Winter at roughly monthly intervals. That is when a nice fine day comes along we will contact those interested in Family Trips to arrange the outing. Probable trips will be: Lake Tutira complete with Canadian canoes, the Redwoods and Te Mata Park, a farm trip and a beach trip. These trips will definitely be canceled in the event of non ideal weather conditions. Leave your name with Glenda if you would like to be contacted regarding these trips.

**THE NUMBERING OF TRIPS:** (or what happened to the 2000th tramp). There was an inadvertent juxtaposition in trip numbering (from 1395 to 1936) a couple of years back. This meant that our 2000th trip, to be held appropriately on the 1 April, wasn't - never mind maybe in another 15 years or so.

**SEX:** Now that I have your attention: The Club library has many interesting books, magazines etc. on mountaineering and tramping topics. We hope to include reviews on some of these books (both new and historical) in later Pohokuras. So how about some of you reading and reviewing some for us?

PRIVATE TRIPS.

Taruarau River and Shutes Hut

17 Feb. 1990

A fine Saturday morning with a pretty good weather forecast saw Vic Bullock and I on the road to Kuripapango and the Comet Road at 6 AM. Our idea was to take the 'back door route' to the Taruarau and make a long day tramp out of it.

We found 3 vehicles ahead of us but that didn't matter - plenty of fish in the river we said. As we started down the hill face track we heard unusual bird calls and Vic traced them to a pair of Fern birds quite close to us in the Contorta trees - so that was a first for me. We arrived at the trig after an hour, knowing from the foot prints that there were at least two parties ahead of us. I was able to point out the site of Shutes in the pines to Vic and Potae was easily visible to the S.W.

Not far down the steep descent we met a father and two sons on their way back up. One boy was not feeling too well so they had decided not to go down. So that left only one set of foot prints and the dog ahead. About here we got a better look at the river. Sadly it was greenish and more water in it than I had hoped for. An hour later, having cautiously navigated through the Onga Onga, we reached the river.

After a bite and a drink we stripped off to wade across - I was quite glad of Vic and the manuka stick as you have the feeling of 'going down the tube' (as it were). The fish were definitely not at home - or if they were they were not interested in my fishing gear. But it was a very pleasant day wading, fishing and sun bathing. Vic went off to Shutes and on up the gully for about an hour. The other party (2 blokes and a retriever) had a fly camp on the point but no fish or deer up until we left them.

About 4 PM we made tracks back up the big grunt - it took us 2 hours - then through a noisy wet thunder storm from the trig down to Comet Hut. A fast trip home on a dusty road ended our long day tramp.

Al Moffitt.

Waikaremoana

16 - 19 Mar 1990.

Take 3 souls, add up their years to 176, ask for 3 night passes each, get a receipt (they'd run out of passes), and an oh-so-shocked "Only 3 nights?" from the lady receptionist at Park HQ plus a beautiful supply of H<sub>2</sub>O - exit 3 souls, enter 3 soaks!

We camped at Onepoto in starry weather after visiting the former THC Hotel site and the huge rata. Daylight brought low cloud and a slow upward heave to Panekirikiri. As is usual with older folks hoarding habits, Bruce produces his map (bought for \$2), and we checked progress at the Te Rahui trig. Then came the cloud. Bald Knob ridge was next according to the map (and we later found the same map in 3 huts!). After 4½ hours the second trig appeared through the gloom - another 1½ k to go. So mutiny by Joy and Bruce, fired by gurgling at belt lines! Thelma waited patiently "I'm having mine in the hut - it's only ½ hour away". Had Thelma only walked to the trig she'd seen the hut 20 metres away!! So lunch was had only 150 metres from the hut where we could have joined the rats

in dry comfort.

The hut was found to be in a state that belies the theory that hut fees are used for hut maintenance i.e. door covered with black polythene, hearth shovel (minus handle) as a stove lid - add darkened smoked ceilings - an obvious accelerant for vandalism! Oh and a fabulous new loo, all on an outward slant, a new mossy seat (DoC's version of the slippery slide) and a farm gate like partial door (a DoC bidet in pouring rain - or was it perhaps built as a combination shower & loo?).

Four others arrived. Bruce, the much travelled, talked of Switzerland with Margrit, who was amazed at the age of Kiwi trampers and, we were to find out next morning, of their basic gear. A factor in her turning back out to Onepoto. I meanwhile was abruptly and violently ill and then knew why Heather had been away from school. Thanks Nurse Thelma.  
The rain poured.  
The rats gnawed.

Three and a half hours of pouring rain the next day saw Waiopaoa Hut, a haven for a quick brew up and 3½ hours later, Marauti bellowed welcoming smoke upward to mingle with the still persistent rain (we had by-passed Korokoro Falls thinking that the 10 hour track time from Panekiri was accurate). Here were a group of 4 deer hunters from Kaitaia who come each year for a 10 day hunt. Dick told us that Bald Ridge trig disappeared over 20 years ago! Bruce was offered a cold beer from their portable fridge and they moved their damp gear for us to hang up our 'washing' over their kanuka fire - how welcoming they were! Artie was the fastest kanuka killer of the pack - as several possums found out. The last half of the track to Marauti was mud-puckered from wild pig rooting - the hunters estimated 20 - and wistfully looked at their camp oven still with its load of venison stew.

The next day through rain and mud to Te Puna and wasps. We shut the doors - they crawled under them. Lunch for me was an up and down affair; bread in one hand, candle for squashing wasps in the other. We reached Whanganui by 3 and spent the night with a delightful Canadian science/geography teacher, Lauri.

Dawn Monday brought a break in the clouds and I skinny dipped before sun up (even the one duck swam away). A wet walk out to the bus at Hopuruahine with some botanizing for Lauri and unsuccessful attempts by Bruce to have an 'African pathfinder' (i.e. nude to keep the clothes dry).

Bouquets at HQ - they had our intentions sheet out waiting for us to check in. After a long luxurious swim at Onepoto in the SUN we travelled home. We picked up Lauri at Wairoa and gave her a lift to the backpackers hostel at the Devils Elbow.

Thanks Thelma Tasman Smith for your exuberant company and Bruce Telford, the rooster of his hens, a much travelled and delightful companion.

Joy Stratford.

Editor's note: I heard from the Ranger that the catch rate for trout dropped sharply by Whanganui Hut around the 19 March. Now we know why!!!

3 MEETINGS: DATES & DUTIES.

DATE	HOSTS	SUPPER
16 May	Russell Perry, Mike Craven	Len & Christopher Frost
30 May	Dave Cormack, Arch Lowe	Liz Pindar, Thelma Smith
13 June	John Berry, Al. Moffitt	Sue Lopdell, Bevis Stevens
27 June	Joy Stratford, Bruce Porter	Ross Berry, Sandie Dungan
11 July	Christine Hardie, Eddie Holmes	Peter Berry, Shirley Bathgat
25 July	Lyn Gentry, Andrew Dacey	Mike Craven, Dave Cormack
8 Aug.	Nigel Brown, Eddie Turi	John Berry, Al. Moffitt
22 Aug.	Sandie Dungan, Rhonda Foote	Joy Stratford, Arch Lowe
5 Sept.	Ted Sapsford, Jenny Lean	Bruce Porter, Clive Thurston
19 Sept.	Len Frost, Pam Turner	Adrian Brown, Fiona Sapsford

CONTORTA UPDATE.

- extracts from a letter received from Rob McCallum, DoC, Ohakune.

... As you know, the programme has been running for just over 20 years. It has really been moving since 1982 when it was gazetted as a noxious plant. We have seen the transformation of slopes covered in mature trees to the high level infestations of 5 years ago (up to 46000 stems per hectare!) to the low number of small tree type infestation of today. The transformation has been a gradual one, and due to the nature of the beast, it has been a disjointed approach. On the big picture however, the results are clear. We have seen the completion of 3 sweeps:

1. The clearing of mature 'parent' trees
2. The removal of the masses (the 46000 per ha)
3. The commencement of the 3rd sweep which is low intensity, small tree type. This year, 1990, will be the completion of sweep 3. 1990/91 will see the start of the final sweep and the mop up. I am confident that all things being equal, the 1991/92 year will be our last sweep and from that point on we will be at a maintenance level of control only .... a long way from where the programme first started.

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More Exec. News .

THE HUT PASS SYSTEM: The Exec. Committee have now decided that we fully support DoC's Hut Pass system. On Club trips members must have a hut pass if they intend using DoC huts and Exec. asks that members do the same on private trips. Exec. is also looking at becoming agents for the selling of Hut Passes.

MAPS: We have become an agent for the selling of maps. Dave Harrington is in charge of this.

OVERDUE TRAMPERS

Although returning parties plan to be out of the bush well before dark, safety considerations must always come first. Even after arriving back at the transport it may take 2 or more hours to return. Beginners should make sure 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 PM. In case of concern all newcomers should ensure that their contacts phone number is included with the list the leader leaves in town. For enquiries about overdue parties please contact one of the following:

Stan Woon (84680), Alan or Kath Berry (777223) or Peter Berry (or Glenda) (774183)

FARE CONFIRMATION AND CANCELLATION.

Fare: Local; Senior \$10 Junior Member \$5 Junior Non Member \$3  
Other; Fare set by Trip Leader to cover costs.

The above fares must be paid NO LATER THAN THE THURSDAY PRIOR TO THE TRAMP. Meeting night payment is preferred. Persons paying late will only be accepted at the Leader's discretion and then only if a late fee is paid.

Cancellation: If unable to make the trip, contact the Leader BEFOREHAND and your fare will normally be refunded (a portion could 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.

FIXTURES LIST.

The trips listed below are designed to cater for people of average fitness. Although the area for the trip is generally adhered to, the suggested objective may change for a number of reasons. For pre trip enquiries contact the Leader or David Harrington (439999) or Stan Woon (84680).

May 5 & 6: Colenso Hut.

Ruahine Forest Park.

A combined trip with the Napier and Ruahine Tramping Clubs to follow William Colenso's foot prints to Lake Colenso to celebrate this sequi centennial.

Maps: U21 & U22

Leader: Andrew Dacey 776728

May 20: Smith Russell Track.

Southern Kaweka Range.

We will leave from the Kuripapango water gauge to go to Kiwi Saddle Hut. The return trip will be via the original Smith Russell Track. (We are checking out this area for the next Mountain Marathon).

Map: U20

Leader: Ted Sapsford 798993

May 27: Soccer Match against NTC: See Notice Board, page 2

May 30: Photo competition. See Notice Board, page 2.

2 - 4 June: Waipunga Forest.

Our Queen's Birthday trip will be to the forested valley of the Matakahia Stream and surrounding area. Magnificent beech-podocarp forests and scope for all in this area.

Maps: V18 & V19

Leader: Susan Lopdell 446697

June 17: Otumakiore Trig.

Ahimanawa Range.

A combined trip with the Taupo Tramping Club in the Rangitaiki Forest, on the Taupo Road past the Okoeke Stream. We will follow old logging tracks and bushy ridge top to the Otumakiore Trig.

Map: V19

Leader: David Harrington 439999

June 23: Progressive Dinner. - see Notice Board, page 2.

June 30 - July 1: Howletts Hut.Central Ruahine Ranges.

A visit to our Club hut on top of the Ruahine Range via a sidle track from Moorcock Base. This is supposed to be an easier and drier route to our normal one. A great chance for some snowcraft practice.

Map: U22

Leader: Len Frost 778324

July 15: Makino Hut.Northern Kaweka Range.

We will leave the saddle on the Hot Springs Road and tramp along the ridge track to Makino Hut which is set in a beautiful red beech forest. The return trip may be via Te Puia and the river track.

Map: U20

Leader: Peter Berry 774183

July 28 & 29: Waikamaka Hut.Central Ruahine Ranges.

A visit to our Club hut situated west of the Waipawa Saddle beside the Waikamaka Stream. While there we will relocate and build a new toilet.

Map: U22

Leader: John Berry 776205

August 12: Black Birch Range.Kaweka Forest Park.

A wander round this area to check out routes for the next Mountain Marathon. May include Lotkow Hut and Mackintosh Plateau.

Map: U20

Leader: Nigel Brown 798239

August 25 & 26: Mount Holdsworth.Tararua Range.

We will follow the track into Jumbo Hut for the night. The return trip will be via the tops and Powell Hut. A low level trip to Totora Flat Hut is also available.

Map: S26

Leader: Ross Berry 774436

September 9: Tamaki Area.Southern Ruahine Range.

A round trip going from the picnic area at the end of West Tamaki Road, up to Traverse Hut, along the tops and down to Stanfields Hut then back down the Tamaki River. An easy trip with good views.

Map: T23

Leader: Sandie Dungan 355209

September 22 & 23: Sunrise Hut.Central Ruahine Range.

A night walk in on Saturday night up a very good track to Sunrise Hut. Returning Sunday over 66 and Waipawa Saddle if the conditions allow.

Map: U22

Leader: Andrew Dacey 776728

REMEMBER WINTER IS COMING SO IT IS EVEN MORE IMPORTANT TO CARRY THE CORRECT GEAR. CHECK YOUR GEAR LISTS IF UNSURE.

FAMILY TRAMPS: These will be held on a floating basis over Winter See Club News, page 25, for details.

CLUB MEETINGS: These are held every second Wednesday (the ones immediately before the tramps). They are held at St Marks Church Hall, corner of Queen St and Park Rd, Hastings. The doors open at 7.30 PM. Visitors are welcome.