

HERETAUNGA TRAMPING CLUB (INC.).

BOX 447, HASTINGS.

'P O H O K U R A'

Bulletin No. 178.

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PETER'S PONDERINGS.

FAMILY TRAMPERS: As a second generation HTC member whose family has been associated with the Club since the early 50s and as a Club member who has been actively involved with the Club over the last 20 years, I have observed many trends within the Club. There is one thing about our membership that really stands out: The rule about pairing off is regularly broken and this is often followed by marriage and babies. Unfortunately, after a period of time, it also has usually been followed by either a pair of resignations or associate membership with little or no active club involvement.

Now I know that friendships forged through tramping tend to be kept outside the Club, and that some members have always stayed on, kids and all, but it is very difficult for both of the couple to stay involved or get involved in tramping when you have little children. So now we have Family Tramps.

It is nearly two years since the inception of Family Tramps and without doubt they have proved their worth. So many of us have had families and found it difficult to get out on full scale tramps but, at least we can toddle around the local hills, give

the kids an interest in the outdoors, enjoy the company of fellow trappers and maintain varying levels of interest in the major Club activities.

Some of the most experienced club members have enjoyed family tramps - we all have enjoyed them; the very young, their young parents and the slightly lacking in young. Family tramps, I believe, make the Club more complete, enabling it to better meet its objectives listed in the Constitution.

KAIMANAWA HORSES: Most of us don't eat horse meat, some because they are vegetarian but most because they were brought up in a society that doesn't eat horses. We are quite happy to feed our cats and dogs horse meat and laugh when the Aussies get caught selling 'prime' horse steak to the Yanks. So why have we got a herd of untamed domestic horses running around the Kaimanawa Forest Park?

The scientists don't seem to think that the horses are of much genetic value. There was not great outcry when the wild sheep around the Tararua River, who had been wilder longer and for many more breeding generations, were virtually shot out. So what it comes down to is this: some people like to see horses running wild and some people don't think we should kill poor horses.

As the horses have no natural predators their numbers, which are already far too high, will continue to increase unless something is done. Similarly, if we try only to control their numbers, it will be a costly, on going exercise. We will be forever killing horses, year after year, until someone bites the hot potato and finally exterminates them.

So here is my suggested solution. If anyone wants to save the genetic stock, be it DoC, DSIR, Army or a private person or group, and has available an area of well fenced land, offer them the horses. Then, since the matter is very urgent, in 12 months from now kill all remaining wild horses by shooting from helicopters and/or ground hunting in a quick and decisive eradication programme. Lets not follow the American example. They shot the puma to protect the deer, which subsequently destroyed the forest and starved to death. If we don't do something now we'll be tramping through eroded, bare hillsides, through piles of horse dung and carcasses of starved horses. I like horses, I think it would be kinder to shoot them.

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING.

The A.G.M. will be held at St Mark's Church Hall, corner of Queens St and Park Rd, Hastings on 11-13 November 1991. The A.G.M. follows immediately after the usual fortnightly meeting, which starts at 7.30 pm.

CHANGE IN START TIMES OF MEETINGS.

As from the beginning of September all Club meetings will start at 7.30 pm sharp. Please ensure you are there by then.

CLUB TRIPS.

Easter Trip To Mt Egmont.

29 March - 1 April 1991.

Trip No. 1496.

We all gathered at Stan's early Good Friday morning and it was a truly amazing sight seeing 29 people and a magnitude of luggage disappear into the truck. We arrived at the North Egmont Visitors Centre 7 hours later after various stops to relieve muscle cramps and rumbling stomachs. After conferring with the Ranger and eating lunch our party divided up, scattering to all boundaries of the National Park - some round the mountain, some to East Egmont and a sedentary bunch for whom the truck was base.

The Egmont Waltz: After a sardine trip to Nth Egmont we were greeted by a great afternoon for tramping. Peter, Christiana and myself (Geoff P) started up the Razorback track from Nth Egmont and after a couple of hours tramping we reached a very overcrowded Holly Hut. We then decided to carry on to Kahui Hut where we were able to have a very spacious nights sleep, although the water supply left a lot to be desired.

The next day was to be our longest, our first objective, Waiaua Gorge Hut, only a couple of hours away, passed through some beautiful bush. At Waiaua Gorge Hut, Andrew and Kolm caught up with us. From the hut it is a long slog upwards, passing Brames Falls and then one mighty short but steep ridge. We followed the poled track that passed the now disappeared Mangahume Hut and headed straight up Panthams Peak to Syna Hut where we stayed.

The next day, Easter Sunday (minus Easter Eggs), it was clogged in for the first few hours, so we hung around pondering our next move. Andrew and Kolm got tired of the waiting so left to go to the top then down to Nth Egmont, Peter left not long afterwards for Dawson Falls. After lunch Christiana and I also headed for Dawson Falls and had a good look at both the Falls and the Visitors Centre. We then had a rather casual walk along the ridge track to Waingongoro Hut for the night.

On our last morning we were treated to an absolutely magnificent sunrise with Ruapehu and Co. taking part. The walk back to Nth Egmont was fantastic, with clear views of the summit, and the bush changing several times. We also called into Curtis Falls, a bit off the track and only worth a visit if you have time, and arrived back to base with half an hour to spare. I would like to thank Sue, for her organization, the drivers and my fellow trampers for making Easter 91 a truly memorable one.

Eastern Slopes: From Nth Egmont 12 of us set off to the eastern slopes to spend the night in the ski shelter. This only took 2½ hours but part of it was a gruesome road, aptly named the Puffer! This took us up past the TV mast and beyond to Tahurangi Hut. The ski shelter proved to be luxurious, with electricity and flush loos, so we all had a comfortable night and were up to see a perfect clear sunrise. Barry, John, Kay, Bruce and Lyn decided to go to the summit as the day looked as if it was going to be clear, while Judy, Lyn, Thelma, Joy, Jenny and I (Diana).

ably accompanied by Dave, decided to head for Dawsons Falls and then take the lower track through the bush, back to base where we planned to meet the summit party that evening.

We set off soon after 7.30 down a very rocky track, always keeping an eye on the progress of the party aiming for the summit whom we encouraged with shouts and at one stage a very melodious rendition of Amazing Grace. We reached Dawsons Fall in 1½ hours and had a look round the centre before heading for the Falls 15 minutes away. We left our packs in the bush and descended the dozens of steps to the foot of the 54 ft falls.

Packs on again, we were off through really lovely bush with patches of David Bellamy's million year old moss along the track. The tracks are excellent, mostly stepped to reduce erosion, but make for fairly tiring walking. However, we reached Stratford Mountain House for lunch and a welcome rest (and some tea nail cutting was attended to!). Between the Mountain House and Maketawa Hut, the last before Nth Egmont, were three horrendous gorges. We descended all three by ladder and then climbed the millions of steps on the other side. It was about 4 pm and becoming cold and drizzly by the time we reached Maketawa Hut. We had a rest and some food, knowing that we had less than an hour before we reached camp at Nth Egmont. We all agreed that even though we had done a 10 hour tramp it was thoroughly enjoyable and certainly worth the effort.

To The Top and Beyond: Parts 1, 2 & 3.

Part 1: The desertees from Diana's tramp (above) set off at 7.30 am, after a spectacular sunrise, for the top. People coming down the mountain the previous night had said that it was a 5 hour trip to the top with a day pack so we bargained on 6 or more hours, considering that we had full 4 day packs. Although quite clear early morning, the cloud enveloped the mountain about 9 am. This was when we were about 6000 ft and starting up the solid rock part of the East Ridge, which was probably good as we could not see the summit and so were pleased and surprised to reach the top of East Ridge on the Sharks Tooth in 3 hours 50 minutes.

After photos we clambered down to the crater and its permanent ice (where we met a number of our party who had come up from Nth Egmont via the Nth route) and thence to the summit which is about 40 ft higher than the Sharks Tooth but on the other side of the crater.

Then it was down again, via the North route, coming out of the cloud just above the wooden staircase down to Tahurangi Lodge. Barry had to go back to base and Lyn and Bruce had gone on ahead anyway. Kay and I were not keen to go back so we both carried on around the mountain, past Humphries Castle to Holly Hut: 48 bunks full of people, so we tented instead. It was the noisiest hut I have ever heard, doors slamming and people yehoeing all night.

Late Sunday morning, after the rain had eased off, we went to Bells Falls. On the way back we met Barry and Diana and we all returned to Holly Hut. Many other HTC had got there by then, on a day trip from the truck. At 1 pm Kay and I headed out over the Pouakai Range, first crossing the Ahukawakawa swamp on a continuous board walk laying on the swamp surface. Then up to

the Pouakai Range top via wooden steps all the way! for just over 1000 vertical feet. These steps were to prevent the track from becoming like that over Henry's Hill, our next objective. What a hell of a track, steep up and down in a rutted track 3 - 4 feet deep at times - Henry was not well talked about! This brought us back into bush again and on towards Kaiuau Hut via the Kaiuau Track. Daylight was fading fast as we arrived at the hut where we found Geoff Robinson settled in and 4 guys from the Auckland University Tramping Club also stayed the night.

On Monday we carried on via the Waiwhakaiho Walk, crossing the Waiwhakaiho River on a high swing bridge, then on through beautiful bush via the Mangaoraka Walk to the unwelcome civilization of the tarsealed road to Nth Egmont. We then went on uphill on the Ngatoro Track to the North Egmont road end and truck base. Even though we were cheated of a view from the summit it was a great trip - the only trouble was that it had to end - as they all do.

Part 2: Our party of moderately fit NTC left the truck at North Egmont for the top of the mountain. The 4-wheel drive track was easy and the weather fine as far as the Puffer. Then it was into low gear for a slow plod up to Tahurangi Lodge. After a breather, we all set off to climb the 1000s of steps of the Staircase. We plodded on up that endless scoria slope with the top appearing and disappearing in the fitful mist and cloud. It seemed that if you stood up straight you'd fall over backwards.

After some food it was on up again with all our woolies on to defeat the cold. It was a Samuel Butler world up there with those fantastic lava fields so like his Erewhon. We had plenty of encouragement from fellow trampers, both known and unknown. So through the last defile and Bing and I (Alistair) stepped onto the snow of the crater. Victory.

After some quick photos we set off down again through the thick cloud, linking up with Pam, for a leisurely return to the truck via the Razorback Track. The mixed hot showers are another story!

Part 3: ...about 8 hours up and down. What! 8 hours, you'd have to be 200 to make it in that time, lets go.

Fifty minutes later, and dripping in sweat we (Andrew and I, Kolm) hit the Tahurangi Lodge. Deciding that we wouldn't make it that night we went round the mountain to Holly Hut instead. We arrived $\frac{1}{2}$ hour after the others had left for Kahui Hut. The hut was full but room for 2 so we piled in and had pancakes for tea.

We were up and off by 7.30 next morning, going past Kahui Hut to Oaonui Hut where we caught up with Christiana, Geoff and Peter and carried on with them to Syme Hut.

Sunday morning the summit cleared at 11 am for 10 minutes so off up, leaving the others at Syme Hut. It took 1 hour to the top which had frozen overnight and was covered in ice. The wind was blowing clouds over the top and not much could be seen. We had lunch, watched someone phone their Grandfather, then went on down to the truck.

... A great trip, four days of good weather (Joy, Thelma, Al and Bing said they got wet - they were the only ones?) and great company. The Club shouldn't leave it so long before we return. Thanks to Geoff, Christine and Barry for driving.

S.L. et al.

Party: Susan Lopdell (Leader), Christine Hardie, Jenny Lean, Lyn & Lyn Gentry, Julie Turner, Pam Turner, Eileen Turner, Christiana Stevens, Kolm Stevens, Dave Charteris, Al Moffitt, John Montgomerie, Geoff Dennison, Barry & Diana Thompson, Christopher Frost, Len Frost, Bruce Almond, Thelma Tasman Smith, Bing Potts, Rodger Burn, Geoff Robinson, Andrew Dacey, Kay Ward, Joy Stratford, Stephanie Thomson, Peter Bullock & Judy McBride.

No Mans.

7 April 1991.

Trip No. 1497.

A full truck set off at 6.30 from Holts. We stopped to pick up the Macmillans at Mangatahi then on to Big Hill to pick up the key to the notorious locked gate. This had been arranged via Stan and John Cheyne of DoC.

Geoff negotiated us up the road with no problems and we called into Ruahine Hut for Stan to have a look. Obviously some hunters were using it - the remains of a lavish breakfast were in evidence. On to a renovated No Mans which now looks very smart and comfortable. Here the party split up into 3 groups and headed off into very strong, cold winds.

Ted's group went in the direction of Three Fingers, Bing's group to Golden Crown and Dave's group off down Gull Stream. Some of us stayed behind and later Geoff and I searched (unsuccessfully) for Dianas Hut.

The truck was taken down to meet people at Masters Shelter. Some went on to Sentry Box and were collected later. Dave's group was waiting at the bridge for us. We were all back in town by 7pm.

C.H.

Party: Christine Hardie (Leader), Geoff Robinson, Stan Woon, Al Moffitt, Rodger Burn, Andrew Burn, Lew Harrison, Arch Lowe, John Montgomerie, Pat Cremins, Ted Sapsford, Rowan Sapsford, Lady Lyn Gentry, Sandie Dungan, Mandy & Calum Macmillan, Thelma Tasman Smith, Bing Potts, George Prebble, Leo Brunton, Dave Harrington, Jeremy Cole, Gordon Tapp, Geoff Dennison & Martin Mallow.

Side Trip To Above (Gull Stream).

Four of us left the shelter of No Mans Hut at 9.30, traveling south along the main range. About 1.7 km south of Ohawai trig on a low saddle we dropped over the eastern side into the headwaters of Gull Stream.

After battling through very tall, lumpy grass, we headed off down stream wondering what was in store for us around each corner. Several large waterfalls greeted us along the way which meant

sidling quite often, resulting in slow progress. At 12.30 we arrived at the forks below spot height 998 for lunch with the stream now twice the size, hoping for faster travel. The travel was quicker on the flat stretches downstream but the waterfalls and gorges were also getting bigger and more difficult, resulting in slow travel.

At G R 937723, due to time, we decided to climb out onto Three Fingers Spur to spot height 1172, a climb of 400 metres. Here we headed SE across to the track and followed Ted's party's foot prints down to farmland. Out to Gull Road and a walk along Gull Road. Two thirds of the way we were kindly offered a lift down to the Ohara bridge, which of course we accepted. Half an hour later the truck picked us up. A great trip and we'll be back next summer to complete the stream.

D.H. (with L.B., G.T. & L.H.)

Waihemo (Waikoau) Gorge.

21 April 1991.

Trip No. 1498.

I consider this area one of the unknown gems of H.B. and it is always a joy bringing newcomers to it. Today was no exception, of the 13 on the trip, 10 hadn't been here before. Geoff dropped us off at the wool shed on the Pohokura Road. He was going to spend the day exploring Bell Bird Bush then pick us up at Lake Opouahi later on.

It was cold as the rest of us headed across broken farmland to try and find the way into the Wainaka Gorge, the side gorge where the walls almost meet overhead. It is a fascinating place, really tall pungas reach up for the light. Further in it is more cave like, with the sun streaming in down through the crack in the roof. Down on we went until we reached the top of the waterfall where you look down into the main gorge. Retracing our steps we made our way back out over the farmland and then into the main gorge, taking a look at Clos pool before making our way downstream. We explored the various passages, rocks and cliffs as we went. Past the cliffs with stalagmites and wild bees nesting under rocky projections, then on down past huge overhanging cliffs, into the area where you have to get your feet wet. In fact you got your shorts wet, but not pack floating country this time.

After lunch, on a grassy topped rock in the middle of the stream, we pushed on past some very beautiful waterfalls which dropped down into the Waikoau River. At this point we climbed out to make our way across farmland to have a look at the Blue Lake. This kidney shaped lake, backed by rocky knolls, reminded me of a scene in China.

Now we were faced with the long plod across the farmland to Lake Opouahi, where we found our truck waiting. After a cup of tea and a wander around the lake we headed for home. A most enjoyable day. Many thanks to Geoff and Martin for driving.

J.G.

Party: Jim Glass (Leader), Anne Cantrick, Lady Lyn Gentry, Lew Harrison, Mike Craven, Geoff Dennison, Martin Mallow, Sue Holmes, Shirley Bathgate, Susan Lopdell, Roger Pawluk, Len & Kate Frost & Geoff Robinson.

Maropea Forks Hut.

4 - 5 May 1991.

Trip No. 1499.

The original Colenso Spur/Kylie Bivvy trip was on hold until we saw the Makaroro River (which had been in a 1 metre flood 4 days before) and so the alternative was chosen. Four names were on the trip list plus Dave Mulinder from Horsewood who was to meet us at Wakarara Rd. This I gather is the smallest overnight trip on record and I presume that this was influenced by the weather, past and present (as at meeting night), as there had been 4 - 6 inches of rain. However, what the forecast says and what you get are two different things.

The four from HB traveled in my car, departing at 6.15 am, met Dave and proceeded to Hall's farm, Glenside Rd as previously arranged. A reasonable day, could have done anything and was trying, so off we set across farm to the Makaroro River and on up to the start of Sparrowhawk Spur at Gold Creek. This spur is probably longer than Colenso and got us to Sparrowhawk Bivvy for lunch. About mid-way a red stag was seen and broke the monotony of forever onwards and upwards.

After lunch, and some competition for the small patches of sun available, we set off south along the main tops, initially in driving sleet, but mainly in a cold wind and some cloud. Then we dropped down into the head waters of the Maropea River and followed it down to Maropea Forks Hut. Firewood was short, so a search was mounted. Geoff attacked a dry beech log on the river bank which provided the best long burning wood for a fire that had to be coaxed along.

It was a sad night as many ended up with tears in their eyes - from many photocopied pages of jokes, which ranged from reasonable to censored, which we found there, ably read by Tony. Four different white spirits cookers emerged that night and Dave H cooked his tea just about as fast on a solid fuel army type. I made one of my greatest mistakes here; in the new style hut books there is a column headed "Nationality" and I noted us all as NZers. Geoff saw this and just about had an internal haemorrhage - he comes from a large piece of land west of NZ.

Clear skies that night gave us a good overnight frost and a perfect day. Dave H set off alone to climb the track up towards Puketarama but cut back east to meet up with us at spot height 1450; we had gone by the direct route. On to the main tops and lunch on the western side of Maropea in the lee of the breeze. It was a perfect day and as we lunched we could see "as far as". Ruapehu was well covered in snow to low levels and there was snow at 66. We could also see Mahia and Hawke Bay and as far as the eye could see to the west, except that cloud did not allow Egmont to be seen.

After a photograph session at Te Atu Mahuru we went down Colenso Spur in 2 hours to the Makaroro River, then an hours trip to Gold Creek. The river was up a little still, and swift - every crossing was OK until the last - and guess who tripped up. Yes he speaks in a foreign accent - right in he went. He made some "beep beep" remarks. Dave H had taken some photos of some crossings but he was not ready for this one. To be quite fair, Geoff had not done river work before, either of yesterday's

variety or the larger water stuff, so I compliment him on his achievements. We then went on to enter the farm and back to the car just before dark. Another good trip and real good company too.

J.M.

Party: John Montgomerie (Leader), Tony Hansen, Geoff Dennison, David Harrington and Dave Mulinder (R.T.C.).

Taupo Trip.

19 May 1991.

Trip No. 1500.

I woke up to a beautiful clear frosty morning and by 6 I was already to go. Just one thing though, I couldn't see a thing! The truck's windscreen was so thickly iced over I couldn't get the wipers to work, so I had to scrape the ice of the windscreen by hand. Freezing! As I drove along I picked up more and more people; some in Havelock, more in Hastings, others in Taradale and a couple in Napier. We had 23 go to Taupo and 22 come back. Well, all 23 of us came back, but one of us biked all the way back! Yes our friend Oliver, who else. Apparently it took him around 6 hours.

I stopped at the half way house much to the delight of the owners I am sure, for lots of us bought something to eat - all those people who had had no time for breakfast. Geoff kindly drove from there to Mt Tauhara. As usual the weather was quite different in Taupo, low clouds with a bitterly cold snow wind. Anyway it could have been worse. We all trundled off up the track at various speeds, some of the young guys and girls were already at the top before I had finished locking the truck. Others only went part way up with their little children. Up at the top we got glimpses of views in between clouds swirling around the mount. Because of the cold we didn't stop on top for long which was a bit unfortunate because had we waited another 5 minutes or so we would have got the full all round view because it cleared for awhile.

From Mt Tauhara I drove over the "Spa Thermal Reserve", which is where the beginning of the Aratiatia Fall walkway is. We all had lunch there and decided to do the walk as far as the Huka Falls and so while everyone walked along the Waikato River I drove around to Huka Falls and waited there so I had to get Alistair to report on this next stage.

"Our leader led us down a grassy slope to the banks of the Waikato where, as promised, a hot thermal stream flows down to join the river. There were no takers for a swim, instead some dabbled their hands in the warm water. Then we leisurely wandered down the walkway beside the green Waikato to the Huka Falls. After admiring the rushing cataract and busy swallows we walked over to the waiting truck. Some of the party, especially the younger fry, enjoyed Mr Whippy type icecreams. Then "hop aboard" said Martin "and we'll have a look at the Aratiatia dam and release gates". Well that was very interesting too - virtually a re-creation of the Huka Falls itself."

We unfortunately were too late at the Aratiatia Falls to see the spillway being opened but it was all in action while we were

there. Then it was to the hot pools at last, something that everyone had been waiting for. We went to DeBretts which is a very nice hot pool, I am sure everyone will agree. Everyone thoroughly enjoyed that. Just to be on the safe side Geoff and I decided to top up with diesel at the truck stop. Well it seemed that the truck wasn't the only one in need of refueling. Just about everyone else, including myself, went and bought a takeaway meal at the restaurant there.

We left Taupo at 6 and were dropping the first ones off by 8. It was a real cruise day but I must confess, I felt more tired than if I had done a strenuous weekend trip! I hope everyone enjoyed it as much as I enjoyed leading it.

M.M.

Party: Martin Mallow (Leader), Rodger Burn, Christopher Frost, Geoff Dennison, Leo Brunton, Al Moffitt, Bing Potts, Christiana Stevens, Sue Holmes, Jenny Lean, David Charteris, Oliver Bacchus, Mark Craven, Geoff Robinson, Liz Pindar, Christine Hardie, Susan Lopdell, Karen, Clive & Heather Thurston and Robyn Berry.

Family Tramp at the end of Ellis Wallace Road.

26 May 1991.

Trip No. 1501.

As usual with family tramps we had a leisurely start and arrived at the road end for morning tea. Eleven o'clock saw us ambling up to what would have originally been the access road for the adjoining Napier - Wairoa railway. After using various devious ploys to keep children walking we finally gave up and stopped for lunch.

After lunch we continued along the road for a little way and then dropped down onto the railway track for the return journey. (hoping all the while that trains did not run on Sundays!). Shortly before the end of the trip was the highlight for many of the kids (the big ones as well as the little ones); a tunnel. Some of the party decided not to go through the tunnel and they climbed back up onto the road. The rest of us made our way through the tunnel which was about 200 metres long, curved and very black in the middle.

We arrived back at the truck for afternoon tea to finish off a lovely day in beautiful Autumn weather.

S.H.

Party: Sue, Eddie, Claire & Glen Holmes, Karen, Clive & Heather Thurston, Peter, Daniel & Donna Berry & Glenda Hooper, Heather, Graeme, Tammy & Libby Boaler, Greg, Erika & Conal Bristow & Josie Boland, Al Moffitt, Shirley Bathgate, Trevor, Jeannette, David & Anna Plowman and Jim Glass.

Waikaremoana.

1 - 3 June 1991.

Trip No. 1502.

Wednesday night there was 25 coming, Thursday night we had 20 coming, Friday morning at 11 I said to Jenny at work "You still interested in coming to Waikaremoana?".. her reaction "You're crazy, I can't get ready in that time!". It's amazing what some persuasive office girls, a few phone calls and a couple of hours off work can do, because 5.30 pm Jenny was at Stan's for her very first trip with the HTC.

Now remember this (at the end you'll see the funny side), the whole idea of the trip was so the HTC (Hamilton Tramping Club) could determine who the real HTC was ... of course we know. Anyway, enough said, you'll probably want to know what we did.

The truck left at 5.30 from Stan's and I joined them in Napier at Dave H's place, and straight away the card games began. The trip to Wairoa was one of the quickest I've ever had (remember that before you hassle my fast driving). By the time we'd had a few rounds of cricket (over arm that is Geoff) and a bit of volleyball, or was it basketball? we were pulling into the gas station at Wairoa.

While the truck was having a feed Wairoa was invaded by the HTC. Apart from this unruly, rough looking mob, the streets were silent. Someone left their sugar behind ... oh no.. Eddie to the rescue, he asked at the takeaway bar and got 3 pound - we only wanted 30 teaspoons. Eventually we were on our way. Apart from Geoff not feeling too good (too many fish and chips) and not stopping at the pubs we passed, it was a pretty uneventful trip.

Now lets tell you about the driver, he was pretty good but I don't think he likes having paint on the side of truck as he tried very hard to scrape it off as we found a campsite across the bridge from the Aniwanika Park HQ. While setting up the awning some hoons pulled up in an adjacent camp site -hark that sounds like Gary's driving (Hamilton TC) and sure enough it was (well Gary wasn't driving but he was there). After introductions and some gossip it was time to hit the sack. Despite torrential downpours (almost like a bucket of water being poured down the awning from the windows, amazing similarity) most of us slept out.

The first morning dawned cool and overcast and by 9 everyone was organised so Eddie drove round to Hopurushina landing and Manuoha Track to drop people off. As for us, we stayed at camp. Sue & Jenny Lean headed to Sandy Bay for the night while Lorna, Cherie, Peter, Len and Pam (Hamilton) headed up there for the day. The rest of us waited for the truck to return and Pam dropped Eddie back at Manuoha Track where Gary was waiting. Al, Bing, Leo and I headed off for Waikareiti Shelter. Jenny and Pam were going to do their own thing around the waterfalls.

We arrived at the shelter in just under an hour. It was cold and windy and the lake was shrouded in mist. A group from the Hutt Valley Tramping Club was there. We stopped for awhile, left Bing to head back, then headed towards Sandy Bay, where

Al and Leo were to stay the night. I turned back $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours out of Waikareiti and had an excellent trip out in beautiful forest damped by mist.

Cherie stayed with us in the truck that night - it was most comfortable with just 5 of us in there and two mattresses each. Jenny, Cherie and I played cards for awhile before sitting back and gossiping. The next morning was cold but sunny - this is Waikaremoana. Hamilton headed up to Manuoha Hut for the day while the rest of us headed for Ruapani. We had a nice leisurely day with great views of the lake. This track is definitely worth doing, with interesting forests, swamps, lakes, meadows and much more. We also disturbed a young hind walking up the track towards us.

About 10 minutes from the truck we heard footsteps approaching. It was Eddie, where was Gary?, "oh back a bit". Anyway Gary arrived $\frac{1}{2}$ an hour later and the first thing he said was: "Man! What do you guys eat? That's Superman!" We now have 2 members of the Hamilton TC looking at joining the real RTC. Welcome to Gary and Cherie.

We had 7 in the truck that night after a bit of frivolities during the evening, including trying to get a possum out of a tree with boots, axes and anything else we could throw. Anyway, next morning was freezing - I tried convincing everyone that it was raining but they wouldn't believe me. Probably because of the intense sunlight. About 9, or was it 10, Jenny opened the door and let the smell of bacon waft in - that was too much, it must be time to get up. Things were fairly relaxed as we all tidied up and set off for Onopoto, where some went through the caves. The rest of us headed up Panekiri as there wasn't a cloud to be seen. The view was fantastic, its the first time I've ever seen Waikaremoana with no wind and rain.

After a swim, some rock climbing and general relaxing it was back to Aniwanuiwa to pick up the main party and farewell Hamilton TC before picking up Andrew and Geoff from Onopoto and heading home.

Many thanks to the drivers for getting us there and back safely.

D.C.

Manuoha Trip: At first we all tramped together but it didn't take long for the fitter to leave the less fit behind. Not feeling well enough to go fast, I stuck to the back. The first hour saw us climbing fairly steeply to get onto the ridge and from there the track meandered up and down, steadily increasing in height. The last of us arrived at Manuoha Hut after 5 hours of tramping. By this time, what had started as a fine day had turned very cold, wet, windy and misty. Because of this we all went into the hut, designed for 6 people. We were 12 plus 3 other trampers! While cooking, the condensation was so bad on the walls that I wasn't sure if it wasn't wetter inside. After games of cards and too many of Eddie's jokes we all settled down for a very cosy night. During the night it hailed and blew and I was glad I didn't sleep in the fly that I had set up outside. I even attempted a fire which lasted for as long as the petrol I used to start it did.

We woke to a miserable day but within the first $\frac{1}{2}$ hour of tramping it cleared and turned into beautiful weather. Eddie and Gary wanted to get back to the truck that night so as to do Panekiri the same day or next! So they raced off. I was expecting the worst along this stretch of track because I had been told that there was no track. Apart from the badly overgrown patches it was well marked and quite accessible. There weren't many views but the bush was just amazing, especially the huge totally moss covered trees.

We all met up on Tundra Flats for lunch, a nice sunny spot. The last couple of hours from there was nice and easy, basically flat, through bush with a good track and glimpses of some of the small Kaipo Lakes. Sandy Bay Hut at Lake Waikareiti is a really beautiful spot, unfortunately it is also a very cold spot - June being no exception. That night some of us treated ourselves to shoulder massages, that was nice. During the night there was such a heavy frost that the lake almost froze. I stupidly had left all my gear, including boots, wet socks and gloves, out of the verandah. Everything was frozen, including my drink.

Christine, Eileen and myself were the last of our group to leave the hut. Christine had brought some 'magic stuff' with her. When opened and mixed with oxygen it heated up so we all had turns warming up our hands along the way. Lunch was at the other side of the lake and we spent a good hour enjoying the sunshine and views as well as the wasps which kept trying to sting Christine and Eileen.

We all met up at the Park HQ and had an icecream stop at the motor camp before leaving.

M.M.

Parties: Manuoha; Martin Mallow (Leader), Christine Hardie, Eileen Turner, Anne Cantrick, Roger Pawluk, Dave Cormack, Bruce Almond, John Montgomerie, Eddie Holmes, Kay Ward & Lyn Gentry (plus Gary from Hamilton).

Rest: Dave Charteris (Leader), Pam Turner, Jenny Lean, Susan Lopdell, Bing Potts, Al Moffitt, Leo Brunton, Andrew Dacey, Geoff Dennison and Jenny Ives.

Glenross Range.

16 June 1991.

Trip No. 1503.

The weather report wasn't too bad, despite what it looked like when we left, but for once it was right and by the time we had started up the track to the Lizard the rain had cleared. After a quick trip up the Lizard it was decided to split into 3 groups. After a bit of map practice, seven of us went straight down to the Omahaki. We got to the stream around 11.30 and after a bit more map work and a discussion, we eventually started up the main stream. It was very overgrown to start off with but slowly improved. After we had lunch it became very pretty, with bush replacing the scrub and robins singing in the trees.

Time was getting on and the cold was pretty bad so we decided to try returning to the Taihape Road via a stream which lead up to the right of Fernbird Bush. The stream had very steep sides but was good going until round the bend was a waterfall. We scrambled up the true left side straight onto a track (not marked on map) which took us out to the road where we met the truck. We then went and picked up Dave's team, two of whom had had an accident (see next report) so it was a quick trip home via outpatients.

Thanks to Barry for driving.

Side Trip: As per usual Dave H managed to convince a few of the keener ones (mugs) to follow him .. (a river trip in the middle of Winter! - I thought I'd learnt my lesson - actually it was an excellent trip). After dropping over the bluffs on the western side of the Lizard, we headed north along the Glenross Range. Most of this was easy scrub bashing, with the odd clearing providing neat views to the Kawekas, Ruahines and Hawkes Bay.

The opportunity of practising a bit of map work was taken but we still managed to drop off the ridge a little early. So, after a good scrub bash and coming out onto a large clay pan, we followed it up to the ridge again. From here we could see the truck and also work out from the map where we would go. We also found a huge rock slab which made a neat, albeit slow, sledge. Soon we were crashing back into the wet bush again towards a clearing (G.R. 032929). From here we dropped into the first of two streams. After dropping 3 metres into this stream and looking at all the scrub, we decided that we would climb out and drop into the next stream, which the map showed to be bush rather than scrub. This stream was much better, although we couldn't go down it as it was in a 15 m deep gorge. Instead we followed around on a terrace in easy going beech forest .. really nice.

We stopped for smoke and observed a robin which came in close range for a closer inspection of these strange creatures that seemed to want to feed it. Moving on again we soon came to a junction with the earlier stream which cascaded into the main stream down a waterfall. While the others continued down a steep spur to the streams Geoff and I stopped for photos. We heard Chris scream, followed by a thud and headed straight down to find both Chris and Dave in the stream not looking too good. Chris had a rather bloody forehead and both were dazed and shaken. After cleaning Chris up and checking them both over, it was decided to stay on our proposed route as it appeared to be the quickest and easiest way out... and stop for lunch when we found a sunny spot. After an hour we came to the spot where Dave had planned to climb out (G.R. 010927). After a quick survey of the area and some photos of a waterfall we started climbing out of this beautiful valley.

Soon we were sitting in a nice warm sunny spot having lunch at about 3 pm. We then set a bearing and kept bashing on through the scrub until we climbed out onto Cattle Hill Road. While Dave and Kolm headed up the road to look for a hut the rest of us sat back and relaxed in the sun while finishing off lunch. The walk along the road was easy going and as the truck was coming into view it was decided to play a prank on the main party. We bandaged up Kolm's head and slung his arm, along with Chris's

cut and Dave's dazed look, it all looked fairly convincing. Anyway we reached the truck and after a hot drink we headed off towards hospital.

All in all it was an excellent trip through neat, new country which needs more exploration.

D.C.

Party: John Berry (Leader), Lady Lyn Gentry, Judy McBride, Jenny Lean, Barry & Diana Thompson, Sandie Dungan, Sue Holmes, Josie Boland, George Prebble, Celia Downes, Justin Strawbridge plus the side party of Dave Harrington, Dave Charteris, Christiana Stevens, Kolm Stevens, Geoff Dennison and Peter Bullock.

Kiwi Saddle Mid Winter Xmas Dinner Extravaganza.

29 & 30 June 1991.

Trip No. 1504.

After a bit of debate and a vote it was decided that, despite a bad weather forecast for Sunday, we would still head into Kiwi Saddle (rather than Te Puia and the tub). We left Stan's just after 9 am and zigzagged our way across town to Judy's (3 males were giving directions!) where ice axes were picked up. Then we were off! Well not quite, a quick stop for diesel and then we were ready to go bush. The closer we got to the ranges the blacker they looked (it was a lovely day back in town), Martin even volunteered to turn round and go somewhere else.

At the car park everyone was quick to jump into their woollies and we set off in several groups up 4100. A few comments were passed about the 'spits' falling from the sky until Christopher suddenly yelled out: "It's snow". We all met up on the other side of 4100 and had a quick lunch. By this stage we were well into the snow - it's the only time I've ever thought pine trees looked beautiful - under 2 inches of snow. It was cloudy and cold so we didn't hang around, although no records were set (only slow ones). Once at the hut we had to sat to and clean it up - the rats had been having a few parties!

After warming up we all got into the Xmas spirit; balloons were filled, some twisted into amusing animals, a Christmas tree appeared, covered in tinsel and snow. Then came a time of great concentration as one member of the party learned the technique of folding two strips of crepe paper to make a chain, wow - it takes a lot of concentration aye Martin!

The evening meal preparations were well under way when John decided to change into formal attire suitable to our 3 course meal. So change he did. There were a lot of Wows! and Oohs! from his audience as he squeezed his poor, old, not so skinny body into his bell bottomed wedding suit, complete with jacket, tie and shoes! With everyone changed, some a little more different than others, tea got under way. To start there were nibbles, then a choice of 3 soups, then the main course of chicken pieces, roast chicken, casserole, mashed potatoes, meatballs, cauliflower and broccoli. We also had peas and corn on the menu but somehow we forgot to cook them! There were three pavs for dessert, complete with cream and toppings and also Christmas Puddings.

The rest of the evening was spent singing carols (and other songs), with harmonica and spoons accompanying, and generally joking around. It was a pity Geoff doesn't like cream - at one stage he ended up with a face full of it.

On Sunday we woke up to a near perfect day with plenty of snow on the ground. It was a good trip out with wonderful views of Ruapehu and Ngauruhoe. Once again we stopped at 4100 for lunch, bombarded a very unsuspecting John and had a few snow fights etc. Some came out down the shingle slide, the rest down the track to the car park (which was covered in snow).

A very good social trip. Thanks everyone for help with organizing and also thanks to Martin for driving.

J.T.

Party: Julie Turner (Leader), Martin Mallow, John Berry, Leo Brunton, Christopher Frost, Geoff Dennison, David Charteris, Shellie McMurtrie, Audrey Holmes, Mike Bull, Christine Hardie, Bing Potts, Roger Burn, Heather Jones, Sue Holmes and Stephanie Thomson.

Dudd (Sth of Moorcock Saddle).

14 July 1991.

Trip No. 1505.

After about 2 hours of traveling we were all pleased to tumble out of the truck and get going. The main object of this trip was to visit trig points and hill tops and top get each of us using our heads and compasses.

Len was leading the first section and 1 hour later we clambered out on our first hill top. Out came the maps, compasses and sweets and, after some tuition from David, we started down hill (much easier than the up hill carry on, where in places it was 1 step up and 2 backwards). Dudd was our next trig and it wasn't too long before we were climbing up again through the scrub. An hour or so later we were there, spot on timing again. The weather was clear and the views from the tops were great, but a cold wind made us move off fairly quickly.

David estimated about 1½ hours to our next trig. With quite a lot of bush and scrub for us to get through the big decision was: up the stream? or up the ridge? Martin, the leader for this section decided we'd go upstream. This was pretty easy going until we arrived at a waterfall then lunch seemed a good idea, during which we were able to check our bearings. Our wide eyed leader had spotted a bit of a track leading out of the stream. So we started to climb and climb and climb - the scrub got thicker and thicker and thicker, until at times we were on our stomachs pulling and pushing our way through. Everyone was elated to arrive at the grassy slopes where Martin whipped out a packet of toffee pops as a peace offering for leading us where he did. (I really suspect all ways were the same but we did have to blame some one). Three hours from Dudd we were on the on the tops again but, as time was fast running out, some of decided that a last sprint down to Awatere Hut and Black Stag Hut would finish the day nicely.

We arrived back at the truck 3 hours after leaving it to find that Shirley and Bing had the billy boiling (they had gone to Awatere Hut and back).

It was nice to have the company of Dave Mulinder from the Rushine Tramping Club and thanks David H for a super day, I'm sure some of us are feeling more confident with our map reading skills. Thanks also to Martin for driving.

L.G.

Party: David Harrington (Leader), Jenny Lean, Josie Boland, Geoff Dennison, Len Frost, Lady Lyn Gentry, Annette Duncan, Martin Mallow, Thelma Tasman Smith, Mike Craven, Dave Mulinder, Shirley Bathgate and Bing Potts.

Family Tramp To Te Mata Park.

21 July 1991.

Trip No. 1506.

A rather civilized start time of 10.30 was mooted, but we were all ready to tramp by 11. The redwoods were chosen for the lunch time destination and were duly arrived at with uncharacteristically little prompting and only 23 lolly stops. Although somewhat cool, we dined in the shade of the giant trees as there was a conveniently provided picnic table and much room to run around in.

The return trip, taking us up to the Peak Road at the tea house was a little slower, marked by bursts of enthusiasm from the juniors. Another 53 lolly stops and back to the cars to find another grandfather waiting.

Not exactly an energetic adventure but thankfully uneventful with an excellent effort from all the members of the junior tramping squad. Sufficient effort, however, to justify tea and scones from Peter's oven, a slight detour on the way home.

J.B.

Party: Sue, Eddie, Claire and Glen Holmes, Robyn & Sarah Berry & grandparents, Barbara & Maurie Taylor, Karen & Heather Thurston & grandfather, Jim Glass; Josie Boland, Greg, Erika & Conal Bristow & grandfather, Sam Bristow; Jeannette, Trevor, David & Anna Plowman and Glenda Hooper, Peter, Daniel & Donna Berry.

Rogue Ridge/ Kaweka Hut.

23 July 1991.

Trip No. 1507.

As I was unable to go on the weekend trip I decided to organize a day trip for the Sunday. I later found out that the weekend trip had been canceled due to road closures, however I was still only able to entice out 7 others to join me in a snow trip. We left Holts and 6 and traveled to the Lakes Road car park. It was a lovely morning, cold but reasonably clear and we soon started to roast with all our gears on. After the Rogue Ridge turn off we got into some snow, which was only an inch or 2 deep,

excepting for deep drifts on the lee side which were very deep and had us floundering around. Kay made quite a spectacle of herself, rolling down hill and partially recovering, only to be done by Lyn's snowballs while she was still half down.

As we got higher the cloud hung round more and more and the wind became very cold. It was a bit dicey along the top of the ridge with the soft snow on the rocks. So when we got to the turn off we decided to drop down to Kawaka for a late lunch, sliding and clowning our way down through the soft snow. After dining in the sun at Kawaka, we met up with Stan & co. who had come up for the day, then headed home via the first part of the MacIntosh track to get home early.

P.B.

Party: Peter Barry, Roger Pawluk, Kay Ward, Lyn & Lyn Gentry, Sue Holmes, Greg Bristow & Heather Jones.

KAIMANAWA WILD HORSES - FUTURE PLANNING.

Since Peter wrote his ponderings on the Kaimanawa wild horses we have received the draft report on the proposed DoC management strategy. Submissions regarding this report must be in by the 26 August. The Club will be sending a submission so if you have any strong views, either supporting Peter's view, or otherwise, please let us know so as to ensure the submission best represents Club members.

The report outlines the background to the problem, defines the range, population and dispersal of the horses, looks at the various conflicts relating to management options (do nothing/ "management" of populations/ total eradication), and limitations of appropriate methods for reducing horse numbers.

Finally the DoC recommendations for management are given. The wild horse range has been divided into 6 management areas (which are supposed to be distinct geographic areas, based on geology, land forms, vegetation and degree of naturalness). Horses are to be completely eliminated from the areas in the north west section of their range while 'low density' (250 ha/horse) stocking is to be permitted in areas surrounding this. In the southern and eastern part of the horse's range there is to be no population control, except for a 500 m horse free zone alongside of SH 1.

OUR COMMENTS: - The proposal only scratches the surface of the problem, which will result in on-going costly management year after year. The entire proposal results in the removal of only 400 horses of the 1100 present. As the horse population doubles every 4 years, if the total horse population is to remain static (which will be necessary to stop re-invasion of horse free areas) then annually around 175 horses will have to be removed. So in just 5 years the same amount of money will have been spent as if they had removed all horses initially, but there will still be 700 horses running around. As only a few groups visit the horses (about 12/year), if the principal of 'userpays' is applied, each group would need to pay out around \$1000 to compensate for this on-going management.

.....continued on page 26.

PRIVATE TRIPS.

RuahineChateau Tongariro. March/April 1991.

Contestants: Eddie Holmes (Contributor) & Nick Hay.

Approximately 3 years had passed since the idea first emerged from the misty depths below the thatched roof, and to actually be south bound in Nick's Holden felt somewhat different. However, this fine cool Saturday morning, March 23, was definitely the start and the nearer we got to Woodville and the ever prominent Wharite Peak, the more we realized that we were bl...y nuts.

At 10 am we said our farewells to Stan Woon, who had kindly come to take the car back for us, and wobbled our way off northward. We could clearly see our destination miles away in the distance on the sunny side of Mt Ruapehu. The track was clear until we came to a junction and, instead of taking the Coppermine Hut track, we decided to head up around the tops (silly boys). Here we came up against unpassable leatherwood and, after much swearing, decided to bash down into a creek which later became Coppermine Creek, finally reaching Coppermine Hut about 3 pm, some 3 hours later. We filled our faces and headed off over the ridge to Billygoat Creek and made camp about 5 pm. Here we bathed naked in the river while our meat & veges rehydrated themselves. We had our first radio sched to check out the system and arrange the next sched date.

Day 2: Leisurely breakfast in the sunshine and broke camp about 8, headed up Billygoat Creek to meet the ridge track (joke) and, after bush bashing the entire ridge to the top, found a track which dropped directly into the Raparapawai Stream. This we followed for an hour until meeting Grangers Track, which put us on a ridge top over looking Kiritaki Hut. It took about 30 minutes to descend to the hut from where we first saw it. On arrival, resident hunters offered to make us a cuppa. On hearing where we had started and where we were going they both assured us just how crazy we were. (They weren't the energetic types). A large lunch was resited from packs into better storage and, feeling stuffed but keen, we descended into a stream which we followed up a few minutes before dealing with a massive climb to the top of Matanginui. There we could see miles below us, the hut and hunters we had left some 1½ hours before. Here the weather changed and, cold and totally burnt out, we descended the long boring ridge to Kumeti Hut, arriving 5.15 pm. We again bathed in the river so we could live with ourselves in comfort.

Day 3: Left the rat infested grovel and wandered down the Mangapuaka Stream until we reached farmland about 20 minutes later. Here we swung back to a northerly bearing and followed the bush edge to the eastern branch of the Rokaiwhana Stream. This we followed up until we reached the track which isn't there and bashed over a small saddle where the track again became a reality. This track was the nicest we had followed yet, with beautiful big trees and masses of ferns underneath. Some 20 minutes passed before we arrived at West Tamaki road end where again food was transferred from one internal to another. We departed our picnic shelter in heavy rain and trudged up the Tamaki, reaching Stanfield Hut 75 minutes later, topped up yet again before grunting over the main divide and dropping into Cattle Creek Hut for the night. It was still raining at 5.15 as we set up our radio aerial. A comfortable evening in a

magnificently homely hut and we did our damndest to reduce the weight of our packs (not to mention bog roll diameter). Poor TV reception was our only complaint.

Day 4: We departed 7.55 am, weather was overcast but promising. This day we felt that we were finally gaining fitness and control of our huge packs, completing a vertical 500 ft climb to the main divide in just 11 minutes. Feeling really great, we romped over along the range to descend into Mangatowainui Forks and Huts. After gorging ourselves on a huge smoko we headed up stream for about 15 minutes, at which point I said to Nick, "We shouldn't be here, we've taken the wrong fork." His reply was, "I know, but I wanted to take a photo of this log jam." Anyway, back downstream to 50 metres beyond our smoko spot to the right stream, which we followed up for 5 minutes to a ridge track which ran up to a junction on the main ridge from Ngamoko Road. We grunted at our weary beds for some considerable time until we made the main divide again.

We lunched in a freezing cold wind and headed north along the range to where the track in the leatherwood stops just after Makaretu Hut track junction. We cursed and swore, tore open our bottle scars from days 1 & 2, and finally reached a spot that I have had the good fortune to reach on 3 previous occasions. I think it was here that the track cutter must have died, for in the bushes was a slasher, chainsaw fuel and oil somewhat soggy and overgrown. We bashed our way out onto a slip which I knew of and followed it up onto the end of our track. It seems silly that for years now there has been a section of track not cut or marked for about 500 metres through leatherwood and stunted beech. We were totally flogged out by this stage and stumbled on our way north very sluggishly until arriving at Longview Hut at 5.45 pm in extreme conditions, negative attitudes and in the company of 2 irritable women.

Day 5: Ate breakfast and hit the trail about 9.40 heading for Daphne, as the weather wasn't good enough for Howletts via tops. A leisurely trip down the ridge to Daphne, arriving at 11.40. Boy, what a hotel! We heated water and had our first hot wash, made heaps of pikelets and generally scoffed the day away not even remotely interested in tramping. Radio sched that night.

Day 6: Left Daphne 7.10 am en route to Tara Bivvy and beyond. Weather misty but calm. Smoked at the bivvy and pushed on up Ohuinga, what a grunt. Down from Ohuinga through a large saddle and up onto Broken Ridge, heading for Paemutu. From Paemutu we dropped into another huge saddle, lunched in the sun, ascended South Rangi, dropped down and then climbed Rangiotatua, the highest point of the day. From there down to Three Johns and into the Waipawa River via the saddle to get to the Forks Chalet at 3.45. This gave us good time to bowl the remaining goodies in our packs and set up radio aerials to confirm our rendezvous with Sue. An excellent day, probably the best of the trip, good weather, 8½ hours tramping and 1880 metres of climbing.

Day 7: Arose at 7.30, breakfast a little scarce. Selwyn Hawthorne and friend arrived just as we were leaving. It was Good Friday and the smell of Hot Cross buns dragged us down the river to the farm in 45 minutes. Pleased to see Sue and the kids and indulge in icecream, raspberries, hot cross buns and

Easter Eggs (gosh I feel uncomfortable). We restocked our larder, said goodbye and grunted up past Triplex to Sunrise, 1 hr 35 min later (our revitalized packs took their toll). There we restocked the furnace, donned all our gear and ventured forth into the worsening elements, heading up and over to Sparrowhawk Bivvy. We couldn't see 20 metres due to mist and had to navigate with much care just to stay on course, we were extremely exhausted and pleased to make the last climb onto South Maropea. Here we could see nothing, so extreme accuracy was necessary to gain a comfortable night. Alas, my compass rang true again and gave us Sparrowhawk Bivvy at 6 pm. We crawled in, shut the door and totally switched off to the conditions around us. Fresh food again, yippee AND cheesecake. Primus packed a sad so many parts were spread around the bivvy, then great technical discussions about how each part worked. Funny thing was when it was reassembled we didn't have any parts left over and of course it did....n't work any better. Excellent bivvy, clean and tidy, although the door hinges were broken.

Day 8: Woke to cold and misty weather, our gear still all damp - the sort of day one wants to stay in ones sleeping bag. However, time to kick butt. Got underway 8.55 and within 5 minutes had all our gear on again due to howling sou'west winds on the top. Plodded up and down, constantly checking compass bearings and, as we passed over Te Atua Mahuru, the mist cleared and good views were had over Tupari and past the multitudes of beautiful little tarns. It was hard going due to swampy ground and freezing cold wind. Lunch was had in a sheltered possie and the final slab of cheesecake massacred. We plodded over Pio Pio, through a heavy bushed saddle and onto the long, slightly uphill slog in boggy tussock to Aranga Hut, arriving at 3.45. A rewarding sight indeed with 2 hunters residing. A radio call that night (in the rain). and an excellent nights sleep.

Day 9: Reluctant to face the 'elephants' but once out in it and moving it was okay. We passed the track junction to Parks Peak and later Golden Crown. We reached No Mans 2½ hours after leaving Aranga to lunch in style, using hunter's rock gas stove, kettle and real milk. Rested and filled we plodded back up the track to the Ikawatea track take off and headed along this for some time until we reached Taruarau Ridge. It was slow going, dropping gradually all the way, with only a couple of uphill interruptions. Passed Taruarau Bivvy and the track to Dianas Hut, eventually reaching Shutes Hut footsore and ready to drop. But - oh dear - the hut is full, so our day is not over yet. Onward and downward, almost falling it was so steep, for what seemed like ages (even though it was familiar ground to me and only takes 10 - 15 minutes) until we dumped our packs at the campsite on the Taruarau River. We stripped off and ran starkers into the river, clutching shampoo and soap, and disturbing a fisherman who was waist deep in the river fishing. The water was freezing, but it had to be for we hadn't washed for several days and the next day we were to meet Sue. Tea was demolished with incredible determination, pudding was had and then a radio call up.

Day 10: Left camp at 8.30 hesitantly making towards a climb of 2500 ft. Nick's feet were now in recovery status so every possible step to ensure their well being was taken. Foolishly I piggy backed him across the one and only river crossing. He's

heavier than me and just about twice as tall, so when he started to whip me mid stream I all but dumped him. On the final bank out of the water I fell over due to uncontrolled laughter. Fortunately for him, he fell nose first onto the dry bank. We powered up this ever decreasing slope and, feeling great, completed the 2500 feet in exactly 1 hour and reached Comet Hut in a further 45 minutes. Here we ate and drank heartily, not looking forward to the hour on the road. Fortunately some young guys had their Dad's Range Rover there so we cadged a ride out to the Napier-Taihape Road. We found a good spot in the sun, amongst the wasps and ate every morsel in our packs. It took us 1.25 minutes to carry out this task and Sue arrived just as we were licking our chops clean. We were then ferried up the road a few kilometres to the Tararua River bridge and spent the afternoon with Sue, Claire, Glen, Laurie and Barbara Taylor. Icecream, raspberries, hot cross buns, fresh bread sandwiches and a couple of cold ones to top it off. Our support party left at 4 pm and I, feeling somewhat deflated, lethargically pitched the tent, lit a fire and cooked our socks and tea. Great to be back on real food, if only for 1 day. I had my most uncomfortable night with bumps in awkward places, it seemed strange because there was about 10 acres of flat land at our disposal.

Day 11: Cold and dewy. A huge hill and restocked packs weighing a ton was just what we needed to spur us from semi civilization back into the wilderness. We headed up the 4-wheel drive track and beyond onto a horse trail which winds its way up to the top of Tahuhunui Ridge, then north to the Hoggat and eventually to Mt Moeny. However, we stumbled into a private hut, obviously extremely old, just beyond the Hoggat and down off the side. Here we lunched returning to the tops afterwards which we followed along until reaching the Ohinewairua fire fire-break. I had been involved in fighting that fire in 1983 so I knew where it led to. We followed this break down for about an hour and on reaching the Tararua River, headed up stream until 5 pm. Tent up, cooked stew, a quick wash and a fantastic nights sleep.

Day 12: Up at 6 and left in a hurry as huge rain clouds closed in on us from further up the valley. Tramping again up the river flats, quite amazing land - no regrowth since the big fire and signs of rabbit infestations as far as the eye could see. After awhile we reached the 4-wheel drive track to Golden Hills Hut, reaching the hut by mid morning. A magic sort of atmosphere surrounded the hut, with dirt floor, plastic over broken windows, stone fire bed, sack bunks and a jerry-built verandah. Beautiful beech forest surrounded the hut with a 1/2 acre or so of lush green grass on the northern approach. A photo or 2 and we were off again up the bush edge where last year's plane crash and fire had devastated a few more acres of bush. Then along a ridge top track covered with windfalls and not easy to follow, through the bush on the final climb onto Golden Hills airstrip which is severely rutted and disused. From here we headed over a very prominent high point with views over to Boyds Rock and airstrip. We bashed down a very steep spur to hit the Ngeruroro River at its confluence with Gold Creek. At this point the rain was getting steadier and it was slow, unpleasant tramping until we hit the newly cut track which runs from Tussock Hut up to Boyds. We reached Boyds at 2.30 pm. Dave, a hunter, was in residence so we exchanged pikelets for fresh baked bread dripping with home-

grown honey. A pleasant afternoon doing chores, such as sewing on buttons, and having a hot wash in comfort out of the rain. We talked and ate solidly until bedtime at 10 pm.

Day 13: Arose 6 am to a near perfect day, quite surprising after the previous afternoon, fed and moved out towards Mangamingi Saddle via river. After 1½ hours we stumbled across a hut, obviously private and less than 10 years old. We smoked and then carried on up stream, finding the track somewhat sparse. On leaving the Mangamingi the track became more obvious and soon we popped out on the tops. From there it was straight down to the Mangamaire River to lunch in beautiful sunshine. By 12.30 we were off again across the river and straight up towards Te Wetenga. On arrival we dumped our packs and climbed the nearby Makorako, the highest point in the Kaimanawas and somewhat unique in shape. As we descended the weather started to close in and by the time we reached our packs it was quite unpleasant. Te More was a lot further than we had imagined, so by the time we arrived we were totally spent (i.e. "absolutely nackered"). I heard a red stag roar from very close and a couple of minutes later saw it some 20 metres away. It looked up then slowly trotted off over the ridge and disappeared into the scrub. The descent into the Rangitikei River was incredibly steep and one had to exert oneself just to stay on course. However, we reached the river very quickly as a result of this and very wisely crossed it to find a campsite. It was late and unpleasant so we didn't bother with the hassles of setting up for a radio call. Rain set in around 7 pm so into the tent we crawled, cooked tea from within our pits and fell asleep.

Day 14: Awoke to heavy rain so cooked and ate breakfast and crawled back into our bags and waited, hoping the day would dawn again sunny instead. Around 9.45 the rain stopped so we got up, packed up and bolted up the ridge to Middle Range, crossed through the Junction tops and descended into the Waipakihi River catchment, arriving at Waipakihi Hut at 11.30. This was to become a rest day as it was miserable weather and besides, a guy needed a bath. The day passed, food was plentiful - or should I say it was in the early stages of the day. We had two hunters pop in for a cuppa and chat then they left for down the river. A radio call to let people know we were still around and then more food and bed.

Day 15: I know Nick got p---ed off with me for waking him every morning at 6 so I decided to give him a change. I got up, made breakfast, packed up the aerial then woke him at 5.30 am. He was over the moon about that so needless to say conversation wasn't great for the first hour or so. In due course we crossed the Umukarikari Range, a trip of 5 hours. After 1½ hours we crossed what we thought "can't be the high point", for we couldn't see because of the fog. However, as we went further it was obvious we had all but done the crossing, arriving at Kaimanawa Road in just 3 hours. Plodded the road for a while, lunched on short supplies and finally got a ride out to the Desert Road where we hiked for 2 km before being picked up and taken to the Waihohonu carpark. We departed the carpark at 1 pm and trudged up the gentle slope to Waihohonu Hut. A quick sprint to the old Waihohonu Hut, which is a 'historic hut'. Back to the new hut and on to Oturere Hut, arriving 2½ hours later. A fine bunch of foreigners and a very amusing evening. Out of the 10 of us

there, we were the only ones to pay hut fees. Really disappointing, since they're the ones wrecking the Park.

Day 16: Sunny but cold as we set off for Tongariro Saddle. The weather worsened the higher we got and before long we had all our gear on. Ngauruhoe summit was the order of the day, but extreme conditions didn't allow it. I could hardly walk into the wind and stay upright, while Nick was actually blown off his feet. Emerald Lakes looked amazing, almost illuminating in the murky conditions. Each step was a real struggle in the soft volcanic sand as we walked low and huddled at an acute angle from the storm. [Taken from Nick's diary: "The rain stung the small exposed areas of our faces, I looked down and watched as I was physically blown backwards with out taking a step, my feet slipping across the sand."] We dropped into South Crater, the wind still mean but somewhat less and met the first of 40 tourists who were about to attempt the saddle with little or no gear. We spent ages trying to talk each group into turning back, but to no avail. So on to Mangatopopō Hut for a long lunch then off on the final leg to the Chateau, arriving at 2.30. The pub was shut as it was Sunday, so up to Park HQ for a while until we learnt of an open bar (great stuff). Peter Hamelink arrived to collect us at 6 and escorted us to Stag Park and real food! Home at 10.30 pm.

SUMMARY: 16 days, 218 km as the crow flies and 15393 metres climbed. Many thanks to the support team of Sue, Stan and Peter and to Nick for following faithfully, foolishly and above all - humbly.

ROBERT WILLIAM WERE SEARCH.

By now most of you will be aware that, after 6 days of intensive searching between the 7 May 1991 and 12 May 1991 west of Mangatopopō, the search for Robert William Were was called off without success.

Mr Were had gone into the area on the Tuesday a week earlier for a hunting trip which was expected to last about 5 days. As we now know, the weather on the Tuesday was extremely poor with heavy rain, in excess of 100 mm. Rivers in the area were in flood and the Makaroro was bank to bank. Presumably the Ohara was in a similar condition as dead stock in the lower Kaumatua Stream was washed away, well down the Ohara towards the Ngaruroro River.

A Police team entered the area on Tuesday the 7 May 1991 to gather information and check out the most likely areas. Tony Aldridge was hired to check out all the huts between No Mans in the North and Barlows in the South. Unfortunately nothing was found and the decision was made to start a full scale search next morning.

An Iroquois helicopter was requested and first thing on Wednesday morning 8 teams entered the area, following normal searching methods to try and find clues. Some teams covered tracks and streams near where Mr Were parked his car, while others moved further afield to cover watersheds Mr Were may have dropped into if he had moved further afield and become lost.

Information on the proposed intentions of Mr Were was scarce. It appeared, from the gear in the car, that he may have been on a day trip and got into difficulties on the first day. On the other hand, some gear was missing from the car, and it was possible that he could have traveled further away. Dennis Foote, the local farmer, talked to Mr Were prior to him entering the bush and the options discussed were covered during the course of the search.

On the first day of the search a small fire and a sandshoe were found in separate places in the Kaumatua Stream. The fire was significant and recorded but the sandshoe was initially discounted because it didn't match the boots that Mr Were was supposed to be wearing. No other finds were made that day and the second day began expanding on the patterns developed on the first day.

It wasn't until later on the second day, when Mr Were's son arrived from the South Island and identified that sandshoe, that further progress was made. Teams working near the car were advised of the significance of the shoe and, after some more intensive searching on the third day, more items were found in the Kaumatua Stream. These were positively identified as belonging to Mr Were.

At the end of the third day some team members returned home and advantage was taken of the weekend to bring in extra personnel to gain maximum coverage of the area. Six teams continued to work in the Kaumatua Stream, carrying out close search techniques, and they covered both sides of the stream to a height of around 200 metres. The remaining 10 teams continued to search the streams to the north, south and west of the Kaumatua, the streams across the farmland to the lower Ohara and into other areas, like Colenso Hut, Ikawatea Stream and Apias Creek. This work continued until the search was called off on the fifth day (some 12 days from the time Mr Were entered the bush).

Looking back on the search it is always difficult to pull out of an unfinished job but from the operations point of view it was clear that the teams in the field were doing a very professional job. Many items located by one team were also found by others. Many items of gear and equipment left by other people some time ago were also found.

The ability to move people around with the helicopter probably had the greatest effect on the way the operation was run. The headwaters of all the streams were particularly difficult. Teams were operating in chest high fern, leatherwood and waterfalls. Waterfalls were making progress in streams particularly difficult and slow but, with the helicopter (and winch), teams could be lifted around obstacles to continue searching on the other side.

Hopefully the final answers to this search will be found but in the meantime I can say that I am generally comfortable in my own mind with the job done and I would like to again thank all those that took part.

Source: Graham Thorp, SAR Newsletter, 2nd July 1991.

....continued from page 18...

-The Club trip last Christmas passed through the northern area of the horses range (which will become horse free). The horse density then would have been around 310 ha/horse, i.e. less dense than that proposed for the low impact areas, yet comments were expressed about the damage caused by the horses.

-The option of providing a fenced area, where there is no ecological conflict, for preservation of the horse has not been considered.

- Ten years ago a variety of scientific reasons were given to support the protection of the wild horse. If these were so important why has no research been done yet?

G.H.

FURTHER EXTRACTS FROM THE S.A.R. NEWSLETTER.

CLUB CALL-OUT LISTS & TRAINING:- ...There has been a trend in recent times for people to get the impression that SAR operations are carried out by helicopter and a small rocy team. Given a few hours on standby its all over and there seems little point in putting your name on the list. As shown by the last search, nothing is further from the truth because the helicopter can only partially search open ground and the real searching must be done on the ground. Items of gear dropped and foot prints can only be picked up by someone physically walking on the ground. At the height of the last search 16 teams were working in the field, amounting to something like 70 people. If the search had continued on for a longer period of time we would have required a full change in personnel and it is possible that we would have been stretched to get sufficient numbers of experienced people. It is clear that we still require a large pool of trained people to call on when the balloon goes up. Granted this doesn't happen very often but rest assured, unlike civil defence, you will get called for the real thing. If Clubs want to ensure people get called out I don't see any problem with rotating people to see that they are used. It is up to the Clubs to organise the calls as they think fit.

Another vital point with regard to experience is the need for sufficient team leaders fully trained in SAR work. The last search was made a lot easier for me to control because I knew the capabilities of virtually everyone participating in the field. Decisions on tasking of teams could be quickly made because I had the confidence in each teams ability to achieve an assignment and there was seldom a need to question advice from the teams. Hence it is important for people who place their names on call-out lists to come along to the training sessions and the SAREX's so we can all get to know each other. It is too late to find out on the real thing....

APPRECIATION:- In closing Graeme Sawyer has asked me to pass on his thanks to all who have participated in the recent operations, both in the field and back home providing the backup. Graeme was search controller for the last operation and spent the full 5 days on site at Wakarusa. He had a good idea of the way things were run and the effort put in by all those involved.

Graham Thorp.

CLUB NEWS.

NEW MEMBERS:

Welcome to the following new members, we hope your time with the Club will be long and enjoyable:

Anne Cantrick
Geoff Dennison
Kay Ward
Eileen Turner

PHOTO COMPETITION:

The results of the photo competition for 1991 were:

Best Overall (and best print): Joy Stratford

Best Slide: Dave Harrington.

Congratulations to both of you.

CHRISTMAS TRIP:

Dave Cormack and Eddie Holmes are organising the Christmas trip this year. It is going to the very south of the South Island - including the Routeburn and Matukituki areas. Numbers are limited and most places are already taken. Any queries should be addressed to either Eddie or Dave.

SOCIAL NEWS:

- Congratulations to Janet Turvey who was recently named Canoeist of the Year.

- Good bye to Geoff Dennison who has returned to Australia.

Bike Trip: There will be a bike trip on the 29 September. This will start from the Gentry's place (on the road to Haumoana, plenty of parking available) at 11 am. The route will be from Gentry's, to Lawn Road to Red Bridge via Waimarama Rd. A picnic lunch will be had either at the bridge or at the end of River Road. The return home will be along the Tuki Tuki Valley Rd and back to Gentry's.

Tabloid Sports: As this event with the Napier Tramping Club had to be postponed because of the SAR operation near Wakarara it has been rescheduled for 1 September. The venue is the Puketapu Domain, which is just at the start of Dartmoor Rd. If it is wet it will still be on but will be held at Eddie & Sue Holme's place at Puketapu. Remember the LOOWUP trophy is at stake.

Progressive Dinner: This was a very enjoyable night, complete with hats and yummy food. Many thanks to those who organised it.

NEWS FROM THE EXEC. MEETING:

- Many thanks to all those who contributed to our last 2 fund raising events, namely the building of sheep yards at Thelma's and the garage sale. We will still need to do a little more fund raising to pay for our new truck.

- The old truck has been sold - to Deacon Motors.

- Shirley would like some more photos for the album.

- WANTED: A typist or typists for typing the Pohokura - see Peter
- Exec. have decided that we should advertise in the Pohokura, however, as yet we have received nothing to put in.
- Dave has prepared a map to put at Waikamoko Hut, showing tracks etc. He will also be preparing maps for our other 3 huts.
- FMC: The conference is the last weekend in September, all are invited. FMC would like to receive articles for the Bulletin.
- Shirley has just received the draft Ruahine Forest Park Management Plan. Submissions must be in by October 28. Anyone wishing to have an input in the Club submission should contact Shirley.

SANDEFLIES. - the curse of all trampers

There are 10 species of sandfly in NZ but only 2 of these bite. It is the female sandfly which bites because she needs blood to reproduce. When humans are not around sandflies bite birds, seals & fish (the mind boggles).

The sandfly larvae live in fast running water, which is why swarms of them are found near mountain streams. Sandflies are most active in calm, moist air, especially at dawn and dusk. They are less active in cold weather, strong winds, hot sunshine and heavy rains. (So from now on can we have all tramps scheduled for the most extreme of conditions).

There is hope though because the most effective repellent is Vitamin B1, which if taken daily, makes some people less attractive to sandflies and totally protects others. It also reduces, or completely removes, the swelling from any bites received. So happy pill popping all you trampers

Contributed in the interest of the S.I. trippers by S.H.

MEETINGS: DATES AND DUTIES.

| DATE | HOSTS | SUPPER |
|---------|------------------------------|------------------------------------|
| 4 Sept | Clive Thurston, Julie Turner | Bob Brunton, Roger Burn |
| 18 Sept | Nigel Brown, Dave Charteris | Lyn Gentry, Jenny Lean |
| 2 Oct | Mike Craven, Sandie Duagan | Dave Cormack, Geoff Robinson |
| 16 Oct | Liz Pindar, Martin Mallow | Thelma Smith, Shirley Bathgate |
| 30 Oct | Nigel Brown, Eddie Holmes | Julie Turner, Arch Lowe |
| 13 Nov | Shirley Bathgate, Jim Glass | S. Lopdell, C Stevens, D Charteris |
| 27 Nov | Chris Hardie, Dave Cormack | John Montgomerie, Ross Barry |
| 11 Dec | Bruce Almond, Geoff Robinson | Peter Barry, Clive Thurston |

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HERETAUNGA TRAMPING CLUB.

OVERDUE TRAMPERS.

Although returning parties plan to be out of the bush well before dark, safety considerations must come first. Even after arriving back at the transport it may take 2 hours or more 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 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 trampers please contact one of the following:

Stan Woon 8784680 Kath Berry 8777223 Peter Berry 8774183

FARE CONFIRMATION AND CANCELLATION.

Fare:

Local: Senior \$10 Junior Member \$5 Jnr Non Member \$2

Other: Fare set by 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 leaders 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.

COMING TRAMPS.FIXTURES LIST.

The tramps listed below are designed to cater for people of average fitness. Although the area for the trip is general adhered to, the suggested objective may change for a number of reasons. For pre trip enquiries contact the Leader, David Harrington (8439999) or Stan Woon (8784680).

August 24 - 25: Ketetahi Hut.

Tongariro N.P.

A basic snowcraft course plus tramp based near Ketetahi Hut and/or South Crater via Mangatepopo Hut.

Map: T 19

Leader: Ross Berry 8774436

Sept 1: Tabloid Sports. - see page 27.

Sept 8: Mangaharuru Range.

In from the Pohokura Rd summit, along the Mangaharuru Range towards Bell Rock. Great views.

Map: V19

Leader: Julie Turner 8768995

Sept 15: Family Tramp to The Blowhard

Back by popular demand, a trip to the Blowhard area on the Taihape Rd. Rumour has it that there will be birthday cake for afternoon tea with lots of candles on it!

Susan Holmes 8446032

Sept 21 - 22: Waterfall Hut. Ruahine F.P.
In via Waipawa River and maybe a round trip on the western side.
Waikamaka Hut available for a shorter trip.
Map: U22 Leader: Clive Thurston 8789900

Sept 29: Bike trip. See page 27.

Oct 6: Middle Hill - Makino. Kaweka F.P.
Into Middle Hill hut, across to Makino ridge, out to road. A
mixture of scrub and beech country.
Map: U20 Leader: Susan Lopdell 8446697

Oct 5 - 6: SAREX. base at Whittles farm.

Oct 13: Family tramp to the Maraetotara Scenic Reserve.
First stop will be the Maraetotara Scenic Reserve, carrying on
to Mohi bush if time permits.

Contact: Trevor Plowman 8354303

Oct 20: To Waka Range.

In from Potter Road, along length of Te Waka Range and maybe
out to the Napier Taupo Rd.
Map: V20 Leader: Thelma Tasman Smith 8777599

Oct 25 - 28: Boyds Lodge. Kaimanawa F.P.
Round trip from Clements Rd - Oamaru - Boyds - Cascade and out
again. Shorter trips & day trip from Clements Rd also available.
Map: U19 Leaders: Dave Charteris 8447501
Martin Mallow 8776442

Nov 2 - 3: Craigs - Upper Makaroro. Ruahine F.P.
From Craigs Hut up to Parks Peak Hut, down to Upper Makaroro
Hut for night. Out via Makaroro River.
Maps: U21 & U22 Leader: Christine Hardie 8434912

Nov 10: Family tramp to Turangakumu.
The Turangakumu Scenic Reserve is situated near Te Haroto.
Contact: Josie Beland 8351805

Nov 17: Cairn Trip. Kaweka F.P.
Up to the Club's memorial cairn to pay tribute to those members
lost in WW2 on top of the Kaweka Range.
Map: U20 Leader: President.

Nov 30 - Dec 1: Ruahine Traverse Stage 1.
From Wharite to Kumeti Hut via tracks and streams. A first of
a series of trips to enable members to tramp the length of the
Ruahine Range.
Map: T23 Leader: Eddie Holmes 8446032

Dec 8: Family tramp to Cape Kidnappers.
A trip to the gannets walking or by tractor.
Contact: Peter Barry 8774183

Dec 15: Makahu Area. Kaweka F.P.
A Christmas jaunt going in from the quarry at the top of the
Black Birch then over to Iron Whare via Makahu Stream and out
along the Kaweka Flats track joining up with the picnickers by
either the Makahu Stream or the Donald River.
Map: U20 Leader: Peter Barry 8774183

Christmas Trip: - see page 27 for details.

Jan 12: Toropapa Stream.

Jan 25 - 26: Shutes.

CLUB MEETINGS: Held every 2nd Wed. at St Marks Church Hall, cnr
Queens St & Park Rd, Hastings. Starts 7.30 pm, visitors welcome.