

HERETAUNGA TRAMPING CLUB (INC).

P.O. BOX 447 HASTINGS

"P O H O K U R A"

Bulletin No 180

April 1992

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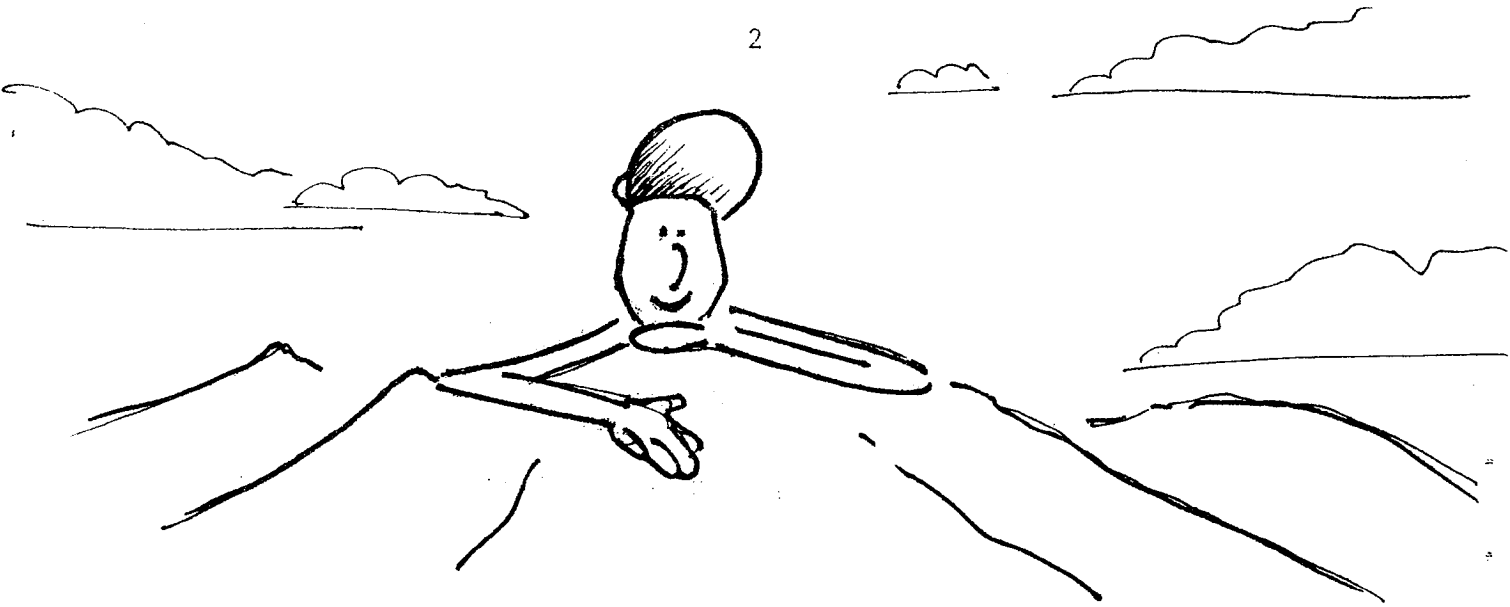
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CLUB TRIPS

Ruahine Traverse - Stage One

Trip No 1521

November 30 - December 1 1991

"The first of a series of trips to enable members to tramp the length of the Ruahine Range."

We started at the Wharite Transmitter in cool, windy conditions after an interesting ride up to the top of the range. Fortunately the track through the leatherwood was sheltered. Unfortunately it was very very muddy. Obviously large groups of people frequently use it. We could see Palmerston North to the west when the cloud lifted, which it did occasionally. To the east is farmland and rolling hills all the way to the sea. Poor Helen had a close encounter with the mud before too long and the rest of us were decorated to the knees (well, those of us with short legs were!) We had an uneventful wander to Coppermine Hut and stopped for food. The afternoon was more exciting because we were presented with a climb up an untracked slope out of the Mangaatua Stream. "We did it in an hour," said Eddie, referring to his trip in March. This trip probably did it in closer to two hours! Not that it was especially difficult being only short trees and tussock. You just can't rush some things.....

The track was located at the top near where we finally climbed to and we carried on to the Raparapawai Stream to camp for the night. We found a reasonable spot near the water and moved a few plants and rocks to make it more comfortable. The wind became very strong in the night with the Cormacks' tent deciding to take off at one stage which disturbed their sleep. The rest of us didn't have quite that sort of trouble but our tents were nonetheless buffeted about strongly.

By the next morning some of the party members were not feeling well enough to continue so Eddie, Helen and Dave Charteris went down the stream out to the nearest farm to contact the truck party. The rest of us continued up and down more large hills to Kiritaki Hut. Weather was still overcast and windy. The hut has been done up by local deerstalkers and is in superb condition with hot water on tap even. Inside we met two groups of hunters, but no-one seemed to have shot much at that stage. After a most enjoyable lunch in warm conditions it was time to head out and face the last steep drop into a river followed by (you guessed it)

another long climb - up to maharahara. The route is well marked and cut very wide which is just as well because no-one would want to fight their way through the acres of leatherwood (*olearia colensoii*?) that spread over the range at this stage. Much better to look at it from a distance!

Wayne and Andrew were well ahead of the rest of us and met Joy and Rodger at the top as Joy was leaving us a note. They had driven round from Wharite and come up from the camping area just downstream from Kumeti Hut. The rest of the trip was a long downhill toddle through the various types of bush, typical of many of the big spurs on the eastern side of the Ruahine Range. At the bottom we called in to have a quick look at Kumeti Hut which is above the riverbed and then walked out to where the truck party and the invalids (now recovered) were waiting. After a drink and a change of clothes we drove round to pick up John and Dave waiting patiently under a tree with light drizzle coming down. They reported a challenging exploration of the next stage of the traverse planned for next year.

C.H.

Party "B"

After being dropped off on the junction of Maharahara Road and S.H.2 we drove Dave Mulinders ute, which was kindly lent to us, to the end of Kumeti Road. With a cool wind blowing we headed off at 8.00am up the Mangapuaka Stream calling into Kumeti Hut on the way. A couple of kilometres on we veered off to the north up a side stream encountering Ongaonga and Toetoe. This was followed by a steep incline up a large slip and onto a hunters track through the leatherwood and into the headwaters of Andersons Stream. After a short stop for lunch we continued on downstream which was quite pleasant until we found a BIG waterfall. Half an hour later saw us at the bottom, and I wouldn't recommend this waterfall to anyone. Further down another waterfall involved a short near vertical drop-off. Besides these two waterfalls no other falls caused any problems, and with good stream travel we finally arrived at Forks Hut at 5.00pm where we fly camped among Ponga trees.

Next morning at 8.00am we headed off up a large side stream to the southeast which was reasonable travel with several waterfalls, and all of these were passed with no problems. At the stream junction we climbed northeast up a bushy spur to an old ridge track which we followed to the main range which involved covering our legs due to the track through the leatherwood being a bit overgrown. After lunch in very windy conditions we slogged our way along the road towards Travers Hut until about 600 metres before the hut. On the eastern most road we found an old cairn which to me indicated a route down the gully next to us, so down we went, losing altitude quickly travelling on an old scree through mainly fuchsias until we hit a wide stream bed at the bottom. We strolled off down this until we arrived at West Tamiki picnic area. For the next two and a half hours we swatted sandflies until the truck finally arrived at 6.15pm.

D.H.

Main Party: Eddie Holmes (leader), John Montgomerie, Christine Hardie, Dave and Andrew Cormack, Helen Ricketts, David Charteris, Dave Mullinder (RTC)

Truck Party: Joy Stratford, Bing Potts, Rodger Burns

Explorers: Dave Harrington, John Berry

Family Tramp to Cape Kidnappers

Trip No 1522

December 8 1991

The morning after the night before, a great mob of 48 of us descended on Scotchman's Point ready to conquer the Cape. With Graemes gnat and Eddies bike carrying the littlest we wandered a couple of hundred yards before eating lunch when a slip blocked our path. After the tide receded we continued on in brilliantly fine weather to Black Rocks where we admired the Gannets and the kids had a play in the water. Some keen souls went up to the main colony, then we all headed back. Some cajoled their children, some threatened and most carried, but a motorised shuttle system soon saw us all tired and a bit sunblasted back at the truck.

Many thanks to the Boalers and Eddie and Ross for providing the shuttle service, and to the Plowman's for the use of their trailer.

P.B.

Party: Ross, Robyn & Sarah Berry, Peter, Daniel, Donna & Natalie Berry, & Glenda Hooper & Nana Berry, Eddie, Sue, Claire & Glen Holmes, Clive, Karen & Heather Thurston, Jackie Smith & friend, Rodger Burn & Justine, Leo Brunton, Al Moffitt, Graeme, Heather, Tammy & Libby Boalrer, Arnie, Joss, Rachael & Chay Haydon, Bing Potts, Kay Ward, Russell, Joanne, Rachel, Matthew, Christopher, Samuel & Rebekka Perry, Liz Pindar, Stan Woon, Kay Paramore & Brendon & Scott Triplow, Jim & Martin Glass, Greg & Erika Bristow.

Makahu Area

Trip No 1523

December 15 1991

Because someone had to run the truck down to the other end Sue, Josie and I took it to Makahu and headed off towards to Kaweks Flats. The weather being cold and drizzly there was no incentive to stop at the flats, so we headed on towards Middle Hill and stopping there for lunch. A partial clearance in the weather saw us heading up the Ihaka track onto Whetu hoping for a view, but it was not to be. Unfortunately, we never saw any view from the tops at all. So bundling up against the worsening effects of Hawkes Bays worsening drought we headed along the range, finally deciding to drop down Dicks spur to escape the weather arriving back at the Flats just before Thelma & Co.

P.B.love it, - what it is to be fit and youthful! - Ed.

meanwhile Party "B"s trip.....

Afairly modest number of mixed age trampers tumbled out of the truck at the old quarry site and got themselves ready to go. Somewhat to our surprise, after route briefings from Dave and Peter, the slightly older trio of Bing, Al and Thelma found themselves heading north-west to re-visit Iron Whare Hut. None of us had been this way before and we enjoyed the challenge. On the first clear patch of old ash deposit we stopped, got out the maps etc and tried to orientate ourselves as to the way ahead. The cloud was lowering and drizzle spat on us now and then. We decide that it was not the spur with 3 clay pans on it, but the one with the straight line division of beech forest and once cleared scrub, so off down hill following a slightly

defined track. Over the stream and stick to the straight line. "Keep just inside the beech" said Bing. "It's certainly easier going" said Thelma. Shortly after that she totally lost traction and went splat in front of me like a lumpy lizard.

By now the drizzle was quite persistent and not what I just call "dry rain". This was my third visit to Iron Whare, but not from this direction and it's difficult to picture in your mind just where the hut is sited in what is quite thick beech. There was some indecision but we did our best to orientate the map in the rain to decide just where we were in relation to the hut. However, in a minute or two there it was. We had overshot a little but soon arrived at our goal - Historic Site, Iron Whare.

A quick look around the old musterers' hut and we were off again as the rain was quite wetting. The three of us lunched in Kaweka Flats bivy - an orange dog-box, but shelter of a sort. Peter and some of the others had come to meet us and having already lunched soon disappeared in the direction of the truck at Makahu carpark. Soon after arriving back at the truck we proceeded to the bottom quarry to meet Dave's party. On the way down Peter and I located some Pinus Contorta trees, which a little saw soon converted into Christmas trees. A satisfying trip although at times a bit cold and wet.

A.M.

Party C -West Gorge Stream, Gorge Stream, East Gorge Stream

The weather was foul and for that reason some of us decided (at Dave Harrington's suggestion) that we seek the relative shelter of the valleys and forego the originally intended trip. This meant starting from the carpark beyond Baldy on the way up to Makahu Saddle. We set out along a track heading due south, then sidled down a ridge into West Gorge Stream. We meandered our way down, in, and under the stream, which was cold and not pleasant swimming. Most of the time we were in a stones throw of the road, but it's really neat to get cold, wet and hungry just for the sake of it! We met a ford where the road crossed the stream so split into two groups, with some intrepid characters opting to stay in the stream, and the more sensible (like myself) heading along the road. At the next ford we met again and proceeded up the road to the start of Gorge Stream track. We opted not to have lunch which proved an unpleasant mistake.

We carried on down into Gorge Stream and followed the track and stream until we found our way to the mouth of East Gorge Stream, by which time our groaning stomachs were telling us it was time for lunch. We found shelter under a dripping tree in amongst a lot of nettle, and this would be the most miserable lunch I've ever eaten.

We then proceeded up east Gorge Stream with the stream bed getting quite narrow in places and we were sure we'd find an unpleasant waterfall to climb, but none were to be found. Phew! There was some interesting geology in this area with one tributary on the eastern side exposing limestone formations which would be worth going back to look at.

The Stream eventually wandered it's way into a pine plantation and out into farmland where we found our way back to the road near the quarry. The weather was fine by this stage, but just to let us know we'd had a great trip in the rain and cold the

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Huey up there decided to give us a farewell gift of hail until the truck arrived.

W.H.

Party: Peter Berry (Leader), Josie Boland, Sue Holmes, Jenny Ives, Dave Charteris, Rowan Sapsford, Wayne Hatcher, Al Moffitt, Jenny Lean, Bing Potts, David Harrington, Thelma Tasman-Smith, Dave, Andrew, & Angela Cormack.

1991 Christmas Trip

Trip No 1524

December 26 - January 11 1992

This year the Club planned a further South Island trip with the objective of looking at the territory in Mt Aspiring National Park, Mt Cook and Westland National Parks. Plans were made for a four day trip up the Rees Valley, over to the Dart Valley and up over Cascade Saddle to Matukituki River; a one day trip to the Rob Roy track again off the Matukituki Valley, a three day trek across the Makarora River, up the Young River, over Gillespie Pass. down Siberia Stream, into the Wilkin River and back over the Makarora River. A final overnight camp was planned up to Cassell Flat.

The trips were planned so that we left Hawke's Bay on Boxing Day and arrived back on January 11 1992.

Day 1

We left Stan Woon's place at 10.00am and headed to Wellington Stopping at Woodville to have lunch. We arrived at the ferry at 3pm. and left Wellington at 4pm. There was a fair bit of enthusiasm about the planned trips, therefore everybody was in high spirits. On the ferry we enjoyed good views, had a game of cards and/or chess, and our evening meal.

Arriving in Picton shortly after 7pm. we travelled down the Kaikoura coast and again enjoyed the beautiful views that the coast provides. Fortunately for us it didn't get dark until about 10pm. By now Martin was driving, Christine and Ross had completed their two hour stints and we all settled down to try and get some sleep. This was exceedingly difficult due to numbers, but everyone did their best. At 1.30am we stopped at a garage in Belfast, Christchurch where everyone stretched their legs, and the garage being overwhelmed with the custom at that time of the morning. It's not often that one has a pie and ice-cream so early in the day.

Day 2

Saw us still travelling non-stop and as dawn broke we were heading over the Lindus Pass and stopping for breakfast in the new town of Cromwell. This gave us our first real look at the Southern Alps and a hint of some of the areas we were going to visit. From Cromwell we travelled to Arrowtown and on the way we stopped to watch the bungy jumping off the old Kawarau Suspension Bridge which is just 100yds from the new bridge. The people jumping were descending 143 ft - we all thought them rather mad until Andrew Cormack decided he would have a go, much to his father's consternation. This he did and gained a tee shirt for his efforts.

We moved onto Arrowtown to view the buildings typical of the mining days. We arrived in Queenstown about 10am. where most had a relaxing day. The shops were looked at, beaches rested upon and a few enjoyed a very cold swim. A few went up on the gondola and enjoyed the view, not to mention a very refreshing drink. From Queenstown to Glenorchy, arriving about 3pm. At the Ranger Station we checked the condition of the various tracks we were to travel on, especially with the heavy snow prevalent at that time of the year. The snow was the heaviest it had been for the past seven years. We headed up the Rees Valley as far as we could, found a beautiful camping area, and had our first night in camp. A good meal was had and we were introduced to the sandfly problem which prevails in great numbers in that area and up the West Coast of the South Island. After the previous sleepless night we all retired early.

Day 3

We woke to a beautiful morning, full of enthusiasm for our forthcoming trip and ready to face whatever the Rees Valley was to hold for us. We set off at 8.00am up the very wide but beautiful Delta Valley which typifies the whole of the lower Rees Valley. It was very easy tramping except for the odd swampy areas which we had to circumnavigate.

Our first stop was at the turnoff to 25 Mile Hut where the rest of the party caught up with the leaders. We continued on for a while until Sue Lopdell slid on some gravel and took the top off her knee. This required immediate attention and after washing out the wound as much as possible it was recognised that Sue would have to forgo the rest of her tramping and go back to the truck. It was fortunate at the time that a tramper coming down the route was able to give her assistance and travel back with her. Unbeknown to us it was Sue who ended up giving her helper assistance as it turned out that he hadn't eaten for a few days, was dreadfully dehydrated and quite out of the world. The rest of us continued up the Valley which after lunch, narrowed down as we entered Mt Aspiring National Park. We then ended up climbing through bush and scrub and eventually open country where numerous rivers were running into the Rees. It was awesome looking at the high peaks around us, and in particular the small tributaries which were cascading from the high peaks. It was evident the snow had only just left the valley. In particular the snow bridges which covered the rivers we were crossing were very solid and were the cause of a fair bit of fun among some of the members of the party. Many photos were taken in this area.

We arrived at Shelter Rock Hut at various times between 3 and 4pm., set up camp and enjoyed a cuppa. The Cormacks and Robert Marshall were responsible for tea and we no sooner finished that at about 7.30 than the rain descended upon us forcing us into our tents and into a grateful, well-earned sleep.

Day 4

We scraped together a breakfast in the drizzle and very low cloud, and then continued up the Valley over reasonably easy terrain to the Rees Saddle. Approaching the Saddle looked rather daunting with a steep climb to the top once we reached the source of the river. Once at the top beautiful views were evident back down the Rees, a broad valley opened up on one side and Snowy Creek on the other and then onwards to the Dart Valley in the distance. We followed Snowy Creek down the open valley where plenty of mountain daisy was sighted and then followed a steep descent into the Dart, arriving at Dart Hut about 2pm. and very grateful to stop and have some lunch. After completing various information for the resident ranger we set off up the Dart ready for our ascent to the Cascade Saddle the next day. Beautiful

views of glaciers coming into the valley, and wide river valleys were the order of the day. We found a sheltered area on the river flat and set up camp. Bevis and Martin prepared us a great tea, and later a few stories were told. Eddy Holmes gave us all a talk on the use of an ice axe and emphasised especially what you do with an ice axe if you start falling thousands of feet. For those of us who were inexperienced our dreams that night certainly kept us alert of the problems we were going to face the following day.

Day 5

We knew we had a long day ahead of us so were away by 7.30am. heading up the Dart River towards the Dart Glacier. All about us there was evidence of glacial activity. On our left was the Hesse Glacier coming down on to the wide open river valley. The valley narrowed as we approached the glacier and there were large deposits of moraine along the way so that before long a moon landscape prevailed.

With slate-like rock all over the place a lot of them were used to make rock formations and in particular cairns guiding us along the way. Eddy, Martin and Bevis, who were lagging behind used some of their surplus energy to make an HTC formation for all to see. Unfortunately, the rest of us were all passed the spot but photographic evidence was taken.

We had a 2000ft climb up the Cascade Saddle through schist rock alongside the Dart Glacier. At the Saddle we stopped for half an hour or so and waited for everybody to arrive and have a rest. At the top there was more than enough room for camping, and with running water. There were spectacular views down the valley and over to the Dart Glacier and mountains around us soaring into the sky. After a rest and photo session we climbed up past the Saddle and then descended through a snow-filled basin to the Cascade Creek. There were many streams passing through the Basin and the frivolous three of Eddy, Martin and Bevis went for a swim and had their photo taken coming up through the ice. A few passers-by did wonder a little at the seal-like activity. From the Creek a high climb back up the opposite valley side was necessary to reach the trig at 5940ft. At this stage we had climbed a total of 2960ft from the Dart River and spectacular views were possible down into the Matukituki Valley and beyond. These were only there for a few moments as the cloud came up from the valley and obscured all views. This was coupled with rain and it was with a little trepidation that we now looked forward to a steep descent of 4560ft down through snow and snow-grass on a reasonably well marked track to Aspiring Hut. Concern about the snow-grass had been expressed to us but the track provided a reasonably if not very steep access to the valley below. Extreme care would be needed if you moved off the track.

Half way down the valley the drop flattened out through beautiful beech forest and then out to Aspiring Hut which is very large, and accommodating 30 odd people at a guess. In pouring rain we set up camp under a leaky tree and appreciated the meal that Christiana, with help from Eileen managed to provide. Later on in the evening it cleared up for a radio schedule.

Day 6

A beautifully fine day and everyone was enthusiastic about the last little bit down the Matukituki Valley to the truck and refreshment stop at the end. We took our time over breakfast and were out by 8.30am. for the walk down the four-wheel drive track to the Raspberry Flat carpark two hours away. We met the truck party heading for a walk up to Aspiring Hut and then continued to arrive at the truck at 10.30.

There was a great emptying out of gear for washing and drying. Tent city rose beside the truck and our gypsy camp with all its washing lines and clothes spread all over the place, made a very comfortable home.

During the afternoon some of the group went part-way up the Rob Roy Track to look at the large Rob Roy Glacier. Many of us had seen this quite clearly from the track coming down from Mt Aspiring Hut and had considered the track not worth doing. Those who did travel up the Rob Roy Track got a brief look at Mt Aspiring and that was all we saw of that high mountain. Being New Year's Eve a few pre-dinner drinks were had, and a few stories told. It was certainly good for us all to get together and share what we had done over the past four days. A magnificent meal was prepared and after cleaning up surplus energy was used to kick and throw the three balls we had around and chasing the frisbee. This saw us all exhausted and it would be fair to say there weren't many who saw the New Year in.

Day 7

This was to be a day of rest with the Rob Roy Track being on the Agenda. Those wanting to see it had already been up and only Andrew and Robert took the two hour trip in the morning while the rest of us caught up with reading, writing, talking and preparing for our three day trip. The two boys came back for lunch, then we set off for Wanaka where we indulged in ice-creams and other food for which the body craved. Supplies were replenished and by 3pm. we went on to the Makaroro River, found a spot and settled down for the night.

Day 8

5.30am saw the first person up ready to move from our illegal campsite and preparing for our trip up to Young Hut. It looked like an easy trip up through bush to where the river forked, up the south branch of the river and on to the hut. We were quite concerned about the fact that we had to cross the Makaroro River before we hit the Young River and it was this crossing at 7.30 in the morning which caused a little consternation as the river was quite deep and wide, but we all managed to get across even though in many cases the shorter people were having to be supported by the taller people as they found their feet had left the ground when the water reached height. It certainly woke every-one up ready for the trip. Having crossed we made our way up the river which is an easy trip gradually climbing up through bush covered banks of the river. We left Bevis to do a spot of fishing with the arrangement that he would meet us at the hut in due course.

The southern branch of the river started with a very steep climb, then levelled off, followed by further steep climbs and level spots in a step-like fashion up to Young Hut. It was certainly nice to arrive at Young Hut, set in a lovely small valley looking up to Mt Awful and mountains all around. We arrived at the hut between 3 and 4pm. in beautiful warm conditions, and after having tea in the hut we moved further up towards the start of the next days climb and set up camp. Again, very exhausted after a day which we thought was going to be easy.

Day 9

We woke to the smell of fresh trout being cooked by Bevis, and having tantalised our taste buds with trout we had the rest of our breakfast, then prepared for our 10 hour day. Keen to start our steep 1800ft climb up to Gillespie Pass we were ready to go at 7.30am. The climb seemed dauntless as all around there were steep mountains, but we could see an old track leading up one side. This we took to with a fair bit of enthusiasm and the first party arrived at the pass after

climbing for about an hour. An hour and a half later saw the rest of us at the top after the steep climb which in the odd place hands and knees had to be used. It certainly was a relief to reach the top and look down to Gillespie Stream and the Siberia Valley. Mt Awful looked down upon us and we looked further down on to the valley where we had been, and to the opposite of the valley where we had noticed and heard minor avalanches the night before. We waited up the top for an hour or so and then started the steep descent along a ridge and down snow covered ground on to a spur, then down to Gillespie Creek. This took a little bit of work with an ice axe, and those of us with less confidence on the snowy slopes were assisted by the more able. Coming down off the ridge we arrived at the tree line and descended through this to the end of the creek. Arriving at 1pm feeling hot and bothered we had lunch, and feeling exhausted we continued down Siberia Stream to Siberia Hut. Some stopped at the hut for a rest, then continued down Siberia Valley noting the airstrip opposite Siberia Hut and crying as the aeroplane arrived for it's passengers and departed in the distance.

Before entering the bush at the end of Siberia Valley the party split up and an advance party went ahead with the food to set up camp just past Kerin Forks Hut. This proved to be a long walk through the bush and we travelled a lot higher than first thought necessary. As soon as we descended to the junction of Siberia Stream and the Wilkin River a spot was found and the food was rehydrated where necessary, and the all male party jumped into the river and had a very good clean up. By the time the rest of the party arrived tea was nearly ready and everyone was able to relax after a long 10 hour day.

By now injuries had reached problem levels. Eileen was feeling uncomfortable with many blisters and a sore knee. Bevis had problems with his ankle, and everyone was feeling a little bruised and battered. Again heaps of sandflies made staying out in the open uncomfortable unless insect repellent was used.

Day 10

Our haul out to the Makaroro River was an easy one and most of us covered it in 3 hours across the very wide river flats. We arrived at the junction of the Wilkin and Makaroro Rivers and all regrouped before crossing. We were all conscious of what had happened the previous time and we looked for a shallow crossing. We were a little unsuccessful in that again some of the smaller members had to float while the rest helped them across. Fortunately it was at the end of our trip, and arriving at the main road we were able to phone through to the DOC centre and leave a message for the truck to pick us up. We sent an advance party on ahead and Eddie drove past them much to their consternation, and picked the rest of us up. By the time we turned around and got back to the advance party they had already arrived at the DOC centre.

Having combined our group again we moved on to a new campsite at Cameron Flat. This was a beautiful area with camp sites available for \$2 per person a night, and while the facilities weren't numerous, we at least had the use of a toilet and rubbish disposal. A fair few of us used the solar showers that were available from the truck party, and settled down in the evening to a bit of chat and fishing. We learnt a lot from our camp father Stan Woon, about the intricate arts of fishing, and observing him and Bevis in action, Bevis was the only one successful. Again the sandflies were biting, so a fair few of the party went back to camp while the rest made a fire on the river bank and enjoyed the rest of the evening.

Day 11

We left camp at 9.30am after a good sleep, and travelled back towards Makaroro and had a look at the Blue Pools which were just off the Blue River. Again Bevis tried his luck in spite of the warnings not to, and the rest of us enjoyed the view. We then travelled north stopping to look at a waterfall, passing over Haast Pass, the gates of Haast Bridge and on to Haast. Here we stopped for a catch up with our supplies and a hotel lunch where desired. We then passed on to Lake Parainga, and with the sun shining on us we decided to swim. The water was very warm and certainly different from the cold of Lake Wakatipu and the mountain rivers we had crossed. We then moved on to the Karangarua River and camped at the start of the Copland Track. This was a rough campsite, but acceptable. It was at this stage that we decided to do the Copland Track rather than head up to Cassel Flat, the attraction being the hot springs at Welcome Flat Hut.

We reviewed the injury list and found there were only 12 of the 23 people able to go, most of the rest suffering from some form of injury. At this stage it was noted that we had tramped 108k. It was no wonder there were a few injuries. We prepared for the next trip, and John Montgomerie and Ann Cantrick prepared for a further trip past Welcome Flat to Douglas Rock Hut.

Day 12

Today's trip was a first for Denise - it was to be her first overnight tramp. We ended up with three different parties. John and Ann were up and ready to go by 6am up to Douglas Rock Hut, and enjoying the pools at Welcome Flat as they passed. Rnadell and Robert left at 7am for the same destination, but heading back to Welcome Flat for the night. The third party consisted of seven people who were up and away by 7.20am on their way to Welcome Flat.

In light drizzle we headed up the misty valley passing the Karangarua River on the way up to the Copland River. The early part was along a river flat but from the junction of Copland and Karangarua Rivers we continued up the Copland crossing many creeks. An easy walk with a little rock hopping, but mostly a reasonable track to the hut. Provision had been made for flood conditions with bridges further up the rivers. We arrived at Welcome Flat Hut in torrential rain after five and three quarter hours of slogging through deteriorating conditions. The first thing everyone did was swim in the shallow hot pools, wallowing in the muddy bottom with rain falling on us.

The hut, or should I call it a two-storeyed palace and its resident ranger, accommodated 30 people on the Maori bunks which were upstairs, and cooking facilities and storage areas below. Plenty of room for wet coats and packs. Each floor would have been 1500sq ft - all this area to eat, cook, play cards and read. A number of other people who had come over the Copland Pass spoke of how dangerous it was, especially with snow covering a few thousand feet, and emphasised the need for care.

Randall and Robert arrived back for tea having taken four hours to Welcome Flat and another four to Douglas Rock and back. They were drenched, hungry and overwhelmed with the hot pools and the young German tourists.

Day 13

In drizzle we left Welcome Flat. Those travelling to Douglas Rock Hut experienced very damp weather, and with swollen rivers had to negotiate underneath a waterfall in order to get down to us. We arrived back at the truck mid afternoon, having crossed the flooded Karangarua River. The two crossings we made required river crossing techniques, and apart from Randall slipping over there were no real difficulties except most of us being wet up to our chests again.

We were all ready to put our dirty washing out when it started pouring again, so it was an early tea and bed.

Day 14

We had now finished all our tramping and looked forward to some sightseeing up the Coast. We headed towards Hokitika, stopping at the DOC office in Fox to pay our dues for Welcome Flat (\$8 a night), and reviewed the weather forecast which showed showers for the next three days. We also noted a chart there that showed that on the West Coast the most rain fell in January in any one year, and the least in February. We were obviously in the wrong place and decided we would head to the other coast. While this meant a long trip, we had certainly had enough rain and our spirits needed a bit of a lift.

We left Hokitika, had a stop at Shantytown then onto Greymouth where Christine departed, then to Reefton and Maruia Springs where we stopped to stretch our legs. We passed through Lewis Pass and into the sunny East Coast and arrived at Hanmer Springs where we set up camp and surprised a few of the locals when they saw how many people piled out of the truck, re-erected tent city and prepared tea. We looked forward to a shower, washing of clothes and drying of tents which was achieved, but with the result that we started tea at 10pm. It had been a long day.

Day 15

We woke with the sun shining, felt rested and lazy, and decided to stay at Hanmer Springs a further night so spent time in town, enjoyed the hot pools and a walk around the hills. A party went off to the hotel and restaurant, catching up with an old friend of Bing's whom he hadn't seen for 47 years. Those who had gone up to the hills above Hanmer got a perfect view to the Kaikoura Ranges, Nelson Lakes and the Alps in the south.

Day 16

It took two hours in glorious weather to the Kaikoura Coast, dropping Bevis off on the way. He looked a wonderful sight with a pack on his back and a violin in his hand - certainly a contrast of activities.

Having sat on the beach and enjoyed the view to the Kaikoura Ranges we moved on to Blenheim stopping at a seal colony on the way. We stopped at the Picton motor camp for the night. This was an interesting place, with very old facilities, but at \$7 a head we weren't too concerned. There was a railway bridge which spanned the grounds and we were awoken in the middle of the night with the rumble of a large freight train going through at speed with most of us thinking it was coming through the tent. Our last night together meant we had an enormous meal for tea and managed

to extend to pikelets for supper. A starved tramper's delight.

Day 17

Our final day was spent around Picton and we travelled home with a photo stop at Paekakariki. We arrived at Stan's at 10.15pm after having travelled 2920kms. We were all looking forward to our own bed and a sleep in. The trip had proved to be most enjoyable for all of us, having learnt a lot about each other, enjoyed each others company and the country through which we travelled. The scenery was beautiful with high peaks, wide river valleys, raging rivers and in the main beautiful weather. It was marred slightly by the number of injuries, and of course the abundance of sandflies which are on the West Coast of the South Island. We noticed the number of new huts around the places that we tramped, and obviously DOC has spent a fair bit of money upgrading the facilities on the tracks. While we didn't use these for sleeping, a few we used for rest stops and on one occasion a feed stop.

We are very appreciative of the efforts made by the ladies in organising the meals prior to departure and making sure supplies were always available. Also the wonderful organisation by Camp Father Stan who ensured we were fed and up and away on time for all our trips. We are also grateful to the drivers who spent a fair amount of time travelling around for the convenience of the trampers.

Thankyou all for a wonderful time.

D.C.

Party; Eileen Turner, Bruce Almond, Edward, Sue, Claire & Glen Holmes, Ross, Robyn & Sarah Berry, Randall Goldfinch, Christiana Stevens, Stan Woon, Bevis Stevens, Bing Potts, Sue Lopdell, Dave & Andrew Cormack, Martin Mallow, Jenny Lean, Ann Cantrick, John Montgomerie, Christine Hardie, Robert Marshall, Denise Bailes.

This short poem found in the DOC Office in Fox clearly explains just what the weather can be like at times.....

RAIN

It rained and rained and rained
The average fall was well maintained,
And when the tracks were simple bogs
It started raining cats and dogs.

After a drought of half an hour
We had a most refreshing shower,
And then, most curious thing of all
A gentle rain began to fall.

Next day but one was fairly dry
Save for one deluge from the sky,
Which wetted the party to the skin
And then, at last - the rain set in.

Anonymous

Toropapa Stream-Ahimanawa Range

Trip No 1526

January 12 1992

Suffering from too much Christmas Pudding and not having been tramping since December this trip was looked forward to as the first of the year, and even better was that none of us had been to the area before.

Permission was sort and granted from the land owners, but we were unable to get the key to the gate, so leaving the cars we set off down the road into the Toropapa Valley with it's flat grassy floor with plenty of wild flowers - daisies, buttercups and foxgloves against a background of pine covered hills. Upstream we could see the heavy bush so decided to follow the grassy covered road on the north side of the stream which took us to the bush edge where we picked up a track down into the stream. This stream would have to be one of the most beautiful I have been up with very large beech trees and a few rimus and many clear pools where the going was easy apart from the greasy rocks underwater. One very large rimu had fallen with it's head in the stream and we had to clamber through it.

With 2 lunch and 2 morning tea stops progress was slow but enjoyable and not as hot as we thought. This was one of those streams where you were always wondering what was round the next corner, but at 1pm. we decided it was time to start heading back downstream.

The young girls in the party tore off at a great pace and when I caught up with them I found them swimming in one of the many pools. Anything they can do I can do so in one end and out the other - was it cold, but refreshing.

The highlight of the trip was when we disturbed a pair of blue mountain duck which swam off downstream. Skirting around them through the bush we stalked up on them and observed and photographed them for 10 minutes. Passing a track coming in on the right we followed the stream right down onto the open grassland, had another swim and headed for the cars after a most enjoyable trip, and thanks to the car drivers.

J.G.

Party: Jim Glass (leader), Jenny Ives, Wayne Hatcher, Rowan Sapsford, Audrey Holmes, Nadine McCallum, Shelley McMurtree, Rodger Burn, Al Moffitt, Leo Brunton, Mike Craven, Koorinne Outhred.

No Mans to Shutes Hut

Trip No 1527

January 25-26 1992

Our first glitch was at 5.55am when it was realized John had forgotten the DOC permitt. However, this delay was quickly made up with a rapid embarkment at Hastings and we arrived at No Mans Hut at 8.45am.

Dave, Leo and Christiana were away at 9am. over the tops to Ikawetea Forks Hut and to head down the Ikawetea Stream. John and Sue were to take the truck to Ruahine Hut and meet the main party at Shutes Hut. The rest of us left No Mans about 9.15am and soon ran into a spot of bother getting onto the ridge. The

route is mapped as being poled, but I doubt whether there were more than 3 poles and a handful of cairns between the start and Shutes Hut. We soon got into our stride over what was new country for most of us, the tussock giving way to scrub and rock with occasional stands of native trees over a part of the Ruahines left pretty much to itself. Lyn and Rodger plotted the route with a combination of compass and altimeter and we stopped within sight of the Taraaurau bivy for lunch admiring the view to Pohokura and the Otupae Range which made a perfect backdrop. All too soon Lyn had the whip out, packs on and away we went with dark clouds threatening, but we only got a light shower or two. We were losing height rapidly now and we slid our way down the track to Shutes, creating more than a few blisters and battered toe nails.

Shutes is nicely placed amongst pine trees and is unusual in that it's a stone hut, and here some decided to call it a day whilst the rest carried on down to camp beside the Taraaurau River where the lads soon had the rods out and some fine trout were caught in no time at all. The next morning Rodger and Al went back to Shutes meeting up with Thelma, Judy, Jenny, Bing, Kevin and Richard and we eventually got away at 9.15am.

The views of the Taraaurau River were spectacular as we initially headed in an easterly direction on a well marked route which was a bit overgrown and with plenty of wind throw to obstruct the tramper. The party started to get spaced out a bit and a slower pace was adopted to try and keep together, but when we started to drop down toward the Koau Stream we met very thick undergrowth laced with an unhealthy amount of Ongaonga weed. We had a lunch break at the stream and eventually after the party regrouped we attacked the climb out of the gorge which was a bit of an effort in the heat. The girls then went on to Ruahine Hut while Rodger and Bing waited for Al who was puffing a bit at this stage. However, Al decided to rest before carrying on and the others reached Ruahine Hut at 8.05pm meeting with Kevin who was on his way back for Al. The last members finally made the hut at night time and in view of the difficult road back to Big Hill Station John decided to camp out overnight and we arrived back in Hastings at 8am. the following day.

R.B.

Side Trip:

David H., Leo and myself planned a circuit of river tramping for the weekend, and at 8.15am left No Mans Hut taking the track to Ikawetea Forks Hut. We stopped there for morning tea and chatted to 3 hunters who had shot 2 deer. A bit behind schedule we headed down the fish abundant Ikawetea Stream stopping for lunch before the unknown gorges of the river. The sight of rainbow trout had Dave throwing a few casts, but no luck was had, but after the forks of the Makirikiri Stream he caught a beautiful 6½ pounder. 6pm. and all rather sore and tired (as Leo put it - stuffed), we made camp at the forks of the Taraaurau River.

Back on the track by 7am Sunday and we arrived at the track up to Shutes at 8.30. to find a note from the other party saying Sue H. had been unwell the night before, and those planning to go down the river had left at 8.20. Continuing down the river we soon surprised Mr Lyn, Regan, Doug and Mandy by being so early. With talk of pack floating we could hardly keep Mandy out of the water, and at a chance "Plop" she would be sitting in it. The weather was humid and the water warm so pack floating was enjoyed, with some even jumping 5M off a ledge after their packs to float down, while others preferred to keep their gear a little drier, but lunch time saw plenty of stuff spread out to dry in the sun.

The crossings were longer and deeper now that we were in the Ngaruroro River as we headed toward McIndoe Flat where we all jumped in for a swim before heading across and up the road to Broom Hut to be picked up at 7pm. We waited and waited so Dave took off to find out what the problem was while we settled down in the hut with hot tea and soup. We heard the truck and I've never seen a group of people move so fast but they just had the message that some older members were still walking out from Shutes Hut, and they turned round and went back to Ruahine Hut.

C.S.

Party: John Berry (leader), David Harrington, Leo Brunton, Christiana Stevens, Sus Holmes, Rodger Burn, Regan & Lyn (Mr) Gentry, Doug Rusbatch, Thelma Tasman-Smith, Jenny Lean, Judy McBride, Bing Potts, Kevin & Richard Ackerley, Mandy Lesley, Al Moffitt.

Family Tramp to Coromandel

Trip No 1528

January 27 - February 2 1992

Due to the late start with the truck having an unexpected night out it was 10am Monday before finally arriving at Josie and Gregs to pick up the Napier contingent. It was an uneventful and relatively harmonious trip until Waiotapu, but the Broadlands roller coasters caused great mirth to the children and some consternation to Karen - will she wait the next 6 weeks - never mind, we will soon be with Heather the Vet, who is used to coping with multiple births by caesarean. At Waiotapu we were fed trifle, quiche, fresh fruit salad and all the drinks one would expect left over from a 21st birthday party, then it was on to Netherton for the night.

Day 2: Did the Karangahake walkway which was excellent and ended with a 1.1km long tunnel made of over a million bricks, then a pedestrian bridge over the top of the traffic bridge. We then went on to Coromandel stopping at Waiomu for lunch and a play. It was a winding road where emergency stops were impossible and the last 5km never getting out of 2nd gear. We quickly erected tents due to Peter's prediction of rain (like all forecasters he was wrong), cooked tea, put children to bed and the boys went fishing.

Day 3: Peter and Clive rose at 6am to go fishing, but caught nothing to speak of, then goaded on from the D.O.C. caretakers comment "Were we just hiring the truck from the H.T.C." we did some tramping. Some went to Fletcher Bay, some a coast walk while the others paddled, built a dam and took little walks. That evening the boys brought in the long line and caught a Kahawai which had been swallowed whole by a John Dory.

Day 4: We all set out to find the Kauri Dam but hadn't gone far when it started to rain causing several to turn back. The rest carried on along a track into a stream and over boulders that got rougher, so tried going up a ridge through scrub but turned back to meet Clive who had checked the creek out and found no dam. Back for lunch and a look at the map where we discovered we were up the wrong creek. A small group set out again on the right track and soon arrived at the remains of the dam - massive posts and a few planks. Downstream to the swimming hole where we happily paddled in the icy water until Heather lost her specs in a deep hole. Graeme unsuccessfully dived several times, so sprinted back to the camp for goggles and returned by mountain bike to retrieve the glasses. After tea the fisherman arrived back with their catch of red snapper, blue cod, terakihi, maumau, John Dory, and plain snapper.

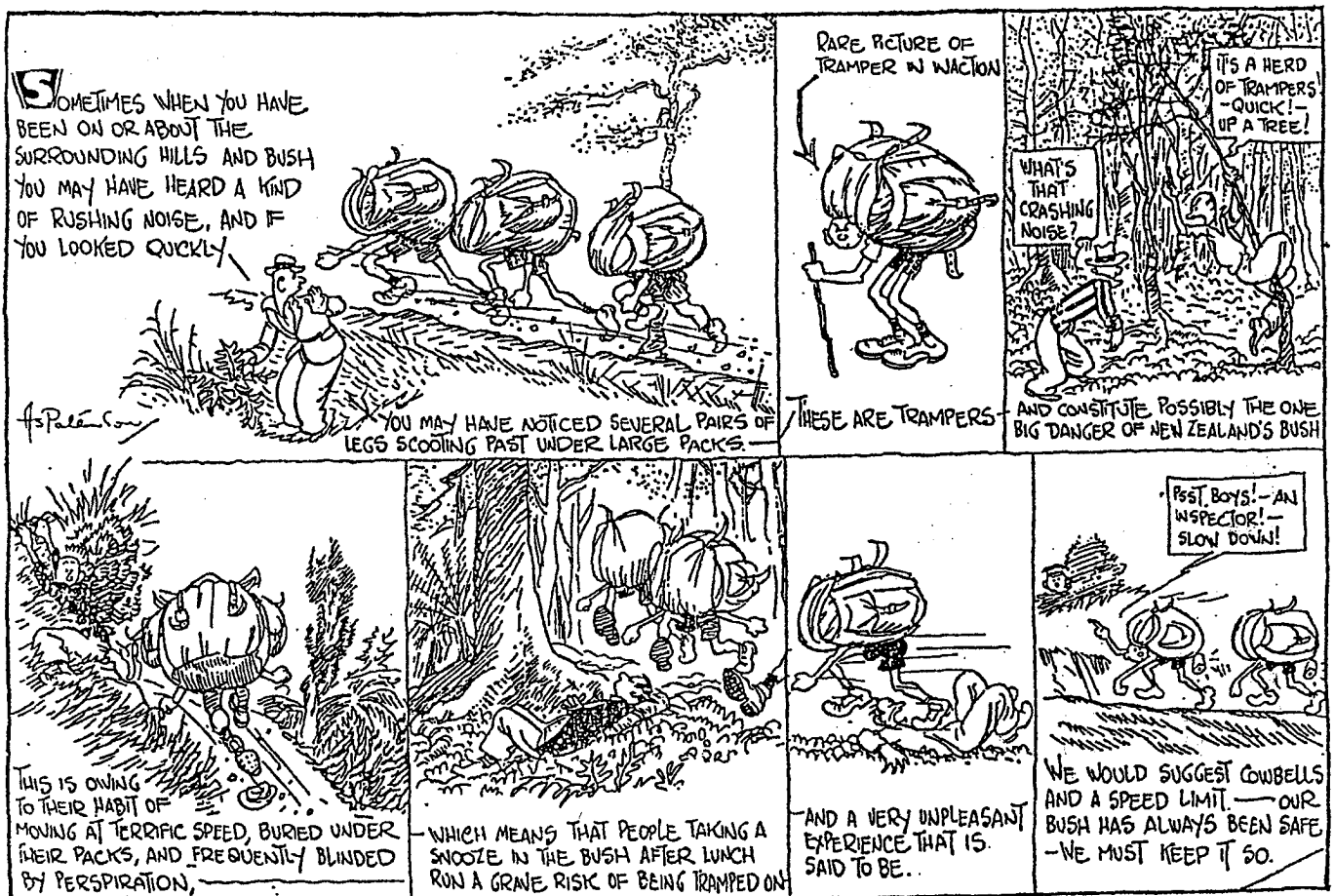
Day 5: Up early, and packed tents, baggage and bods into the truck, up the winding roads and across to Coromandel town for takeaways, and onto Highway 309 to see the Waiau Falls. Next was a walk to the Kauri grove - huge trees with their platform surrounds and raised walkways. The kids chugged along the tracks while the adults ambled to see the twin kauris and other trees of varying sizes. On along the coast until late afternoon when we dropped the Thurston's at their car, then onto Thames and up the Kauaeranga Valley to the D.O.C. camping ground where we once again set up camp. Being Amy, Erin and Nana Pats last night they were let off camp duties to take the 30 min. climb to get a great view of Table Mountain. This climb went from easy to 10 mins of very steep steps assisted by wire rope.

Day 6: With Nana Pat and girls on their way back to Hawkes Bay we all took a walk to see an old Kauri Dam. We imagined it to only be a short walk but it turned out a major tramp (for smalls) and also our last walk. Beautiful bush and numerous stream crossings with boulders to hop across. The river crossing came with a rather out-of-order swing bridge which added a bit of excitement. Of course the river was running low and rather easy to negotiate, but that's no fun. Back by mid afternoon for Libby's 4th birthday party. We noted that the Kauaeranga Valley provided excellent swimming spots for hot tired people.

Day 7: First rain of the week overnight - just enough to wet the tents. A quick look at a model kauri dam at Park H.Q. then a very long drive home with a good stop in Taupo. First to McDonalds, then the AC Baths and arrived home rather late in the day. A good trip, but wouldn't go that far again, but for a once it was great.

Scribes: The whole tribe. Josie Boland & Greg, Erika & Conal Bristow; Karen, Clive & Heather Thurston; Graeme, Heather, Tammy & Libby Boaler; Trevor, Janete, David & Anna Plowman; Nana Pat Berry, Amy Dobson & Erin Black; Glenda Hooper & Peter, Daniel, Donna & Natalie Berry.

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Waipatiki Beach

Trip No 1529

February 9 1992

One word could explain our beach trip - Wet! - very very wet. I had told everyone not to worry about heavy footwear because of the relatively easy terrain we had to cover. Yes, easy when dry, and that's what I had optimistically or stupidly assumed it would be, as my idea of a beach trip was hot sun and surf.

I had 16 keen followers and hardly 5 minutes on our way I could see things weren't going to be easy after all. Papa becomes very slippery when wet, so instead of tramping we slid our way along the track with the slips in between being an extra bonus slide for some. After everyone had arrived at Aropaoanui we formed 2 groups - one going onto the waterfall and the other heading back up the road and out through to Waipatiki Beach via the Reserve. The small waterfall coming in from Waipapa Stream is usually a trickle with a nice clear deep pool below to swim in. This day it was a foaming brown mass of water which didn't tempt anyone, but many of us were tempted to eat handfuls of the delicious clean blackberries found along the way.

Finding the Waipatiki Reserve track from off the road was supposed to be easy, and after passing what I thought could be it (I later found out it was according to the map) we continued on up the road because I had doubts due to no signs or walkway markers being present. I got out my uncovered photocopied map, but it stuck to my fingers like glue, and I watched it slowly disintegrate back into pulp. Thanks to Selina's determination we found a track heading back through the reserve, and guessed the others had also because of the washed out, but fresh footprints. And sure enough, we caught them up just before arriving at the bush edge by Waipatiki Road.

Five minutes down the road the Waipatiki Stream, (usually ankle deep) had come up slightly to about our shoulders! Some of us made attempts to cross it with only temporary success, so we were forced to bash our way downstream through blackberries, swamp, and yet another stream until we came to a safe place to cross. Finally we came to the bridge which was now waist deep under water! - but thankfully by the time we got back with the truck it had dropped considerably. Being unable to see the bridge bothered me more than the depth of the murky water, and to make things worse the bridge has no sides and a funny kink in the middle because it's made on a corner. Thanks to volunteers who stood on the edges of the bridge in the water I could quite accurately judge where to go. Apart from a couple everybody else wished to cross on foot, and stand and watch!

Quite a few had got their feet much wetter than they had bargined for on this trip, with even their spare dry shoes in the boot boxes getting a good dunking as we forded the stream. If we had been able to regulate the temperature of the rain during the trip, none of us would have looked so forward to a HOT shower that night!

M.M.

Party: Martin Mallow (leader), Selina Gentry, Wayne Hatcher, Shelley McMurtrie, Rowan Sapsford, Julie Turner, Barry Bercher, Judith Ashew, Pam, Kathy & Eileen Turner, Jenny Ives, Denise Bailes, Arch & Lowe, Anne Cantrink, Glenis

Otaki Forks - Kime Hut (Tararuas)

Trip No 1530

February 22-23 1991

With just Dave Charteris and myself as good company we left the Gibbons carpark around 10am, leaving Dave Harrington and his slightly larger party of 4 to go elsewhere. We were afraid of striking bad weather because of the very high rivers all through that area, but by the time we passed Levin there wasn't a cloud in sight, so we began our 1300M (plus) climb in hot muggy conditions. Soon clagged in around us leaving us with great views of 10 feet up the track. At least it was nice and cool for climbing.

At a relaxed pace we found ourselves arriving at Field hut exactly 2 hours later for lunch. Field Hut is an amazing old two storey hut built in 1924 by the Tararua Tramping Club, and here we met up with a lone trumper. Dave had a good nosey in the log book and discovered there was a Noeline and a George ahead of us. The prospect of meeting some female company sounded quite good so we pressed on for Kime Hut. It cleared a couple of times giving us glimpses of magnificent views. The track was relatively easy going, not too steep but it was incredibly mucky. After plenty of stops, heaps of yacking and some map and compass work we strolled into Kime Hut around 3pm having only done 4 hours worth of tramping. We were disappointed to see no Noeline there, or a George. But the guy we had met earlier was there and we asked if he knew where they were. As it turned out later after finally introducing ourselves, his name was Noelin! not Noeline!!! Ooops We guessed his surname was probably George.

Arriving at the hut so early we were almost tempted into extending our trip, but feeling lazy decided against it. After another couple of hours the weather lifted so this called for a run up to the lookout. And what a look out we had! From coast to coast, Ruapehu, Mt Egmont, Kapiti Island, Wellington and the South Island. After tea we watched the sun set into the sea. It was beautiful. Next morning I couldn't resist getting up to watch it rise again while my friend Dave had a good sleep in. Noelin got up too and we wandered over to Mt Hector (about $\frac{1}{2}$ hour away) and a good 50M higher than Mt Field where we were. From there we also had a much better view over into the Wairarapa valley, and apart from a freezing cold wind it was magnificent.

Dave and I forced ourselves from this amazing spot by 10am leaving behind our gratitude to the Tararua club for a great stay in one of the best designed huts I've ever seen. A quick trip along the tops to Mt Vesseler, a brief map and compass check to ensure we had the right turnoff for the way into Penn Creek and off we tore. Unfortunately, unbeknown to us this track wasn't under maintenance anymore, and became the worst route I've ever had to follow. Plenty of leatherwood, mud up to our ears, windfall to get us temporarily lost, but our 4pm meeting time was running out fast. We arrived at Penn Creek Hut, painted a trendy down town Wellington purple! A sign on the door read "entry by tidy dress only" and "cast your votes here" on the loo! Time was running out. 5 slips to get past - all negotiable thank goodness. So much for a river trip along here. We were hoping for a swim but the track stuck 100M so above the river most of the way. Coming out across the paddock we heard John Montgomerie call - he had just come out from his private hunting trip and was joining us for transport and company home. A great trip!

Party: Martin Mallow (scirbe), Dave Charteris

Dutch Creek

Trip No 1532

March 8 1992

A glorious crisp morning greeted trampers, all perhaps a little surprised after the nights torrential rain. Our trek started from Yoemans Mill crossing the Makarora River, and across river flats to link with Dutch Creek. The creek bed climbed gradually and it wasn't long before we were in beautiful scenic bush. As we continued the travel became more difficult as the stream narrowed through dramatic gorges. In some places the water was chest deep and the rock faces closed to only 3 feet! Earlier, Eileen had an unscheduled dip no more throwing rocks for this chick. We tried to find a track up to Murderers Hut, but eventually scrambled our way up the steep bank to the welcome lunch through wild bush.

After lunch we left the hut with all members intact with Dave and Dave having coerced the braver trampers into taking the waterfall routes further upstream - well worth a look. A steep climb around the waterfall then along the stream to adjoin Yoemans track. We charged up our boots into top gear for a pleasant walk down to the truck where several folk had a swim and felt refreshed for the journey home.

A.D.

Party: Julie Turner (leader), Dave & Angela Cormack, Dave Harrington, Bing Potts, Joy Stratford, Robin, Ross & Sarah Berry, Lyn & Lyn Gentry, Annette Duncan, Pam & Eileen Turner, Doug Rusbatch, Dave Charteris, Martin Mallow, Kathy Turner, Kolm Stevens, Helen Ricketts, Tania Mallow, Contorta Aborta Aborted

Trip No 1533

20-21 March 1992

I was pressured into being leader of this trip at the meeting - I did have my weekend planned but as this was a fundraising trip and as I'd been out of touch for 4 years I thought I'd better do my bit. We were to leave Stan's at 6pm sharp, but Martin was held up at the railway line for 10 mins. - an omen maybe?? We had a good trip over the Taihape Road with a beautiful sunset and a full moon to keep us company.

We arrived at Mangawhero Lodge to find we were double-booked with a BMW Motorcycle convention plus two other tramping clubs, so we moved up to a shelter where we slept/dozed in the truck to awake the next morning to sleeting rain. Martin moved the truck to the toilets for shelter where we cooked and ate a miserable breakfast. We already had one member with diarrhoea and didn't need more. Back to the Lodge to meet the 2 Rangers, Hutt Valley Tramping Club & Wellington T&M Club, and in snake like fashion we moved around to Karioi and up the mountain. As we arrived the Rangers came up and aborted the weekend. The weather was closing in around that side and they were expecting 40 knot winds in the working area. I was grateful because out of the 12 of us 5 were unfit for the conditions, 3 had health problems and 3 had insufficient gear. I asked the Ranger about other work but he said the weather was just as atrocious at Whakapapa and to just go home.

The Kaimanawas were clear at this stage and I had visions of dropping back down Clements Road to get some tramping done, but I had a mutiny on my hands - they wanted to go and tramp at Whakapapa. We stopped at Ohakune with rain and wind as the fronts

rolled in and it was the first time I've ever seen a flat rainbow! The Chateau appeared in the gloom and Martin pulled in to yet more toilets to allow us to have lunch at the shelter, then as I sent him into the miserable weather to get the latest forecast a traveller reported sun shining in Turangi - so there we headed. Onto Taupo and a look at The AC Baths with prices that turned everyone off so Martin found a private pool on the river bank. Everyone enjoyed it, meanwhile the weather got worse. A decision was made to forget Clements Road and to head home. We had a BBQ at Le Quesne Road and the rising moon looked great over the water.

Thankyou all for cleaning up the truck, Pam for the cookies, Bing for organising and cooking food and Martin for your marathon effort in truck driving.

A.M.

Party: Alva McAdam (leader), Kathy Turner, Audrey Holmes, Clifford Holmes, Judith Askew, Jenny Ives, Judy McBride, Martin Mallow, Carmen Gude, Anne Cantrick, Bing Potts, Rowan Sapsford.

Ormondville Train Trip/Adeans Bush

Trip No 1534

March 28-29 1992

The 26 of us on the train arrived at Ormondville at 4.15. Two carloads returned back to Hastings that evening while the rest of us stayed overnight at our property. An evening walk saw Sam completely drenched due to a backwards step off the culvert and into the creek below but otherwise a pleasantly uneventful evening was had.

Part of the next morning was spent inspecting the plantings we had made on the property and then we went to Adeans Bush. There we had a pleasant walk past the giant totara, lunch and a play down by the old bridge in the stream. We left the bush mid afternoon, arriving back in Havelock North around 4 pm. Many thanks to Eddie for bringing the truck down.
G.H.

Party: Glenda Hooper & Peter, Daniel, Donna & Natalie Berry; Eddie, Sue, Claire & Glen Holmes; Heather, Graeme, Tammy & Libby Boaler; Sam Hegarty; Trevor, Jeanette, David & Anna Plowman; & Frank Hooper with Karen, Chris, Phillip. Stuart & Robert Berry, Heather Thurston & Lynette Mathew & Jeremy Blackburn also on the train ride.

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#### NOTICE OF MEETING

WOULD MEMBERS PLEASE NOTE that a special general meeting of the club will be held for 10 minutes at our club meeting on Wednesday 22 July 1992.

The purpose of the meeting is to amend rule 39 which refers to the winding up of the club and the proposal is to add the following clause to the existing rule:

"Any resolution passed under this rule shall prohibit the distribution of any money, or other assets to any member of the Club".

David Cormack  
President

April 22 1992

MACPAC KAWEKA CHALLENGE

What a weekend - gales, horizontal rain, very cloudy tops in the Kawekas and 360 starters for our race. Add to this a young chap going astray, but fortunately found next morning. Due to the atrocious weather on the tops the cut off times at Kaiarahi and Kaweka J were brought forward causing some competitors to complain, but most agreeing with the decision. We were also concerned for our own people on check points standing out in the open.

With all competitors except one safely in their overnight camps our thoughts turned to our missing lad, and we were at the Lakes carpark when we heard that he had called into Kaweka Hut, entered his name and intentions in the log book and then moved on just ahead of the searchers, so it was good news knowing he was off the tops. But, he broke the golden rule of staying in the hut, being the first place searchers head for.

Saturday night it rained hard all night, and the rivers became our main concern. How do we get people out of the area if the rivers are in flood?, so course 1 was changed to follow the Black Birch and across the Lawrence bridge, then follow a forestry road back to the Lakes carpark, and courses 2 and 3 continuing on their usual course.

With an improvement of the weather on Sunday everyone got a much needed lift and we were all looking forward to welcoming home the competitors, and they certainly did not disappoint us. How people can sprint home, laugh and carry on after being through what they had is amazing. The look of achievement on some of their faces, and people both young and old just so satisfied that they had given it their best and completed was truly amazing to see.

To our members who stayed on the tops to check competitors through and assist where necessary, thank you for a great job well done. Congratulations to HTC members who did so well in course 3 - Rowan Sapsford 1st Juniors, Roger Pawluk 2nd Veteran, Ted Sapsford 3rd Centenarian and Alan Berry 4th Centenarian.

S.W.

RESULTS

Course 1 1st-Chris Tait & Tony Gazley  
2nd-Mike Sheridan & Johnny Mulheron  
3rd-Derek Ferigo & Terry Newlands

Course 2 1st-Andrew Wilson & Merv Wilson  
2nd-Jeff Mead & Adi Butcher  
3rd-Tony Henry & Steve Mulgate

Course 3 1st-Neil Glew & William Penney  
2nd-Barry Smith & Pat Holland  
3rd-Rowan Sapaford & Ben Tanfield

#####

"I think" said Christopher Robin "that we ought to eat all our provisions now, so we won't have much to carry".

A.A.Milne

Might not be a good idea going tramping with Pooh Bear! - Ed.

A TOTAL EXPERIENCE

Down the road we had to go  
 A road run!! before Kuripapango.  
 "You know I don't run, it says in my book  
 Under rule number one - here, take a look!"  
 "Too bad," partner said, "It's not far - you can & you will!"  
 But I couldn't and didn't, then we got to the hill.  
 How I wished I had because we couldn't get passed,  
 Aw heck, I thought - we'll end up last.

When the track widened we passed quite a few  
 The cry went out "Please, let us through."  
 But I wasn't inspired to push my pace  
 Because of the holdup we were out of the race.  
 Kiwi checkpoint came into view  
 I'd love to say that from here we just flew,  
 But I plodded the ups and cruised the downs  
 And had to contend with my mates hidden frowns.

The winds on the tops were really strong  
 And I knew then the day would be long.  
 Up Mad Dog Hill we had to push and fight  
 To make any headway took all our might.  
 I loved it; can't beat weather when it cuts up rough  
 That is living, that's the real stuff.  
 We sped on down to Makahu camp  
 What a day it had been, what a mighty tramp!

I tried to ignore the pain in my knee  
 And I hoped this wasn't the end for me.

We'd brought the old tent - saved a kilo in weight  
 We thought that was clever, thought we were great.  
 Our friends tent was soaked, so they crowded in too  
 We snuggled in closely and shared a hot brew.  
 But during the night our tent leaked like a sieve  
 Gee we were wet, what a way to live!  
 In the morning we packed in the rain and got wetter  
 My knee was a pain, not any better.

So we farewelled the others all on course two  
 And tried to determine just what we would do.  
 We met with the bosses and had a big talk  
 The best option for us was to just walk.  
 We met with Sprained Ankle an hour on the way  
 And to the first checkpoint my knee felt okay.

Down to Donald river I was in very bad shape  
 The nice chappie below doctored my knee with some tape.  
 It was hard to believe that I'd almost cried  
 It was so much better up the other side.  
 I think that was where bees came out of the tree  
 I got six stings - they had it in for me.

At Mackintosh the folk were really sweet  
 Gave us a cuppa, offered us food to eat.  
 We pushed on, on a track we now knew  
 Could smell the finish - the end was in view.  
 From the Lakes carpark I could get a ride to the line,  
 Instead they handed me a mug of red wine!

I felt great! I felt good! this was bliss, this was joy  
 What relief can be found in a mug of red ....!!

What a clever ploy,  
 So away I went, off at full throttle  
 By crikey, I wished I'd nicked the whole bottle!

We made it you know. We got to the end,  
 Now I'm off to physio my knee for to mend.  
 I'll be good, I'll be brave - I'll do as I'm told  
 Cos I want to be back - I'm too young to be old!

We had the best time, the whole tribe and me  
 So THANKS TO YOU ALL from the Taranaki.

Sue Hodson

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PHOTO COMPETITION 27th MAY 1992

| CATEGORIES                                         |  |
|----------------------------------------------------|--|
| Slides                                             |  |
| Panoramas & Pictorial                              |  |
| Wildlife, Plants & Insects                         |  |
| Club Character or Consecutive Action Shots (3)     |  |
| :::::                                              |  |
| No photo to be more than 2 years old               |  |
| Winning photos of previous year not to be entered  |  |
| Limit of 4 entries per person per category         |  |
| Bring photos along to the meeting on 13th May 1992 |  |

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MEETING PROGRAMME

|             |                                     |
|-------------|-------------------------------------|
| 29 Apr 1992 | Social Evening - Housey             |
| 13 Mar 1992 | Training Leadership                 |
| 27 May 1992 | Photo Competition                   |
| 10 Jun 1992 | Social Evening                      |
| 24 Jun 1992 | Training - Packing for Tramp        |
| 8 Jul 1992  | Geoff Walls - DoC - Chatham Islands |
| 22 Jul 1992 | Social Evening - Night Orienteering |
| 5 Aug 1992  | Training - Bushcraft                |
| 19 Aug 1992 | Members Slides                      |
| 2 Sep 1992  | Social Evening                      |

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It's when you're safe at home that you wish you were having an  
 adventure,  
 When you're having an adventure - you wish you were safe at home!  
 Thornton Wilder



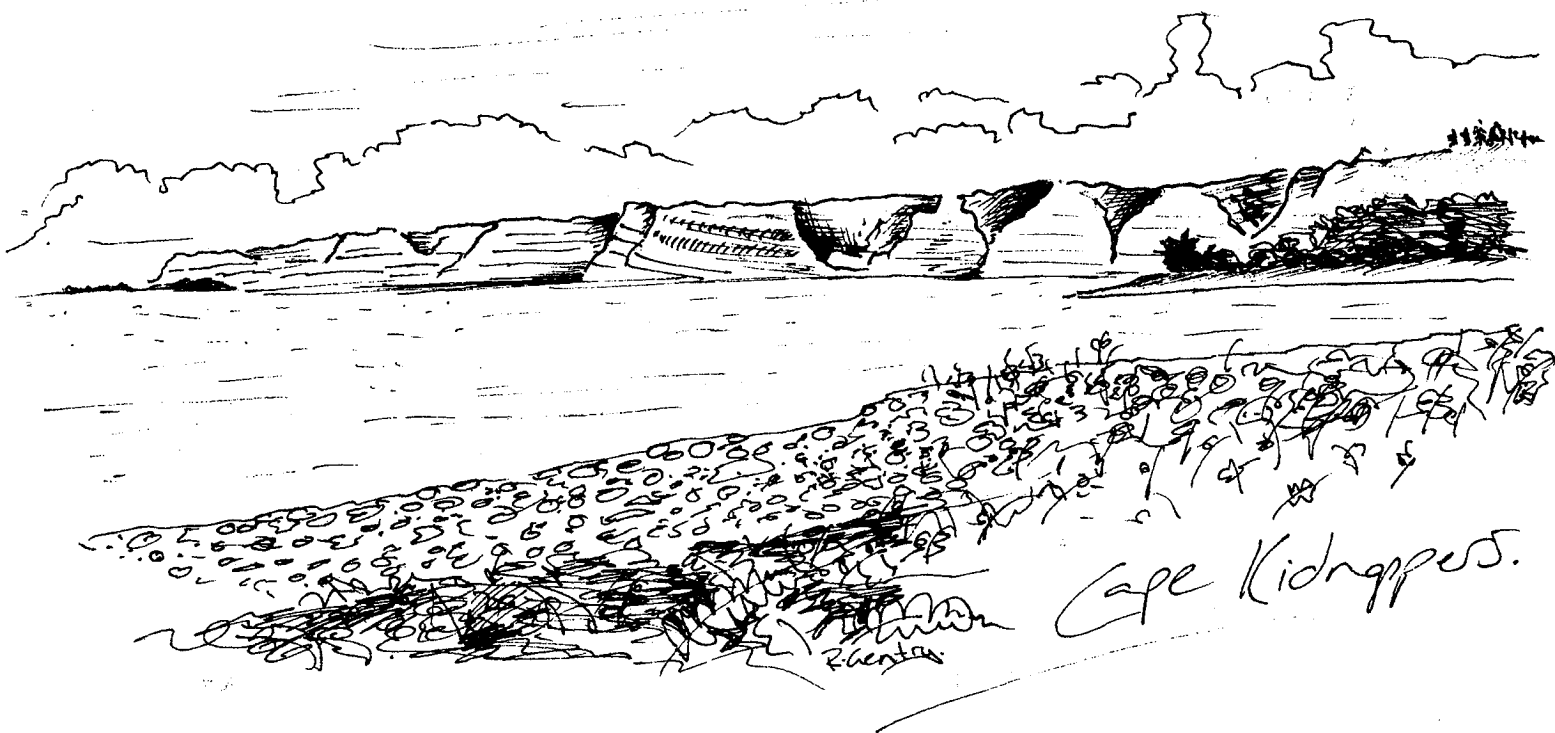
# GEOLOGY WALK TO CAPE KIDNAPPERS

The gently dipping strata slope up away from you as you march. Each step takes you further back in time. These are the rocks of our most recent history. In 6 kilometres or so you start off at a trifling 300,000 years from the present at Clifton and get back to about one million years before the Black Reef corner. In a New Zealand geological story which has evidence of events up to 600 million years ago, this little coastal promenade along the cliffs is only a flick through the last pages of a big book. But it's as good a glimpse as any.

This ramble by the sea to Cape Kidnappers takes us back about five million years in all. We walked beside cliffs about 100 metres high. Imagine that scale of 100 metres as representing the age of the earth - almost five billion years. The history of the Clifton to Black Reef rocks (one million years) would then be encompassed in the top 2 centimetres of the cliff. 10 centimetres would represent the span of time it took the rocks all the way out to Cape Kidnappers to be laid down. The characteristic rock of the New Zealand Mountains, the greywackes, found all over the country, accumulated from about 100 to 280 million years ago. On the scale of our cliff that would take you only two to five metres from the top. The entire New Zealand geological record of 600 million years would reach only 11 metres down. Almost unfathomable depths of time stretch back from there four billion years to the beginning of things, that is from 11 metres down the cliff to ground level. If there was life in such a void, it left little trace in the fossil record. Otherwise the only measures are through the processes of chemical or radioactive change: this is like using a candle to study a great cave.

From "The Long Pathway" by Dennis McLean

This book about a family who walks the coastline from East Cape to Wellington over two summers makes good reading.



A quick look at the March issue of the FMC Newsletter will have shown people that there has been no letup in the number of issues demanding our attention. A published list shows FMC involved as a successful lobbyist in nine major campaigns, as a representative on at least seven important issues in all parts of the country from Northland to Otago and as having written submissions on all DoC management plans and proposals as well as conservation orders and hut fee proposals not to mention government legislation. As well over 100 public notices were monitored with responses to 70.

More tangible activity can be seen in the publication of the Bulletin (and newsletters between bulletin publishing dates), updating and reprinting of "Safety in the Mountains" (that little booklet everyone should carry in his/her pack), revision of the SAR manual, gear tests and running of a national recreation conference - the proceedings are now out. Don't forget the 25% discount on publications.

The latest (March 1992) FMC Bulletin has several items of interest to us: the ongoing saga of access to the Northern Ruahine range is one. DoC has now taken over the control of access through Big Hill to No Man's and there is an elaborate system of booking, registering and collecting keys from the Napier office (in person). FMC is not entirely happy with this process as this restriction combined with the closure of the road at Mangaohane means that the whole huge slab of tramping country is very difficult to get in to.

The esplanade reserve issue is one that is very important at the moment. This concerns the right of access via waterways - a right which the government seems to be intent on undermining. The promised ECO seminar on the Resource Management Act will be held shortly and I would ask as many club members as possible to attend:

TUESDAY 5TH MAY 7PM AT THE NAPIER DOC OFFICE

National and local speakers will be able to explain the Act and inform you of our rights and responsibilities under this massive piece of legislation. IT IS IMPORTANT. BE THERE.

The FMC AGM is being held on June 27th in Wellington. Both Napier and Heretaunga Clubs have nominated me to stand again for the National Executive - thank you for that. I appreciate your support and the concern that you have over the many outdoor recreation issues that are around.

Christine Hardie. April 1992.

#### NATIONAL WALK WEEK

Last year FMC signed an agreement with the Hillary Commission to run National Walk Week from March 21-29th. A national co-ordinator, Sue Scott was appointed and over 60 groups throughout the country took up the task of running a week of walks in their local areas. A Napier/Hastings committee was formed with representatives from tramping, outdoor recreation and conservation organisations. Meetings were held from last December and a programme was worked out; each group volunteered to run one or more events. Sponsorship was obtained to print a very attractive programme and coverage was gained in the newspapers.

We were fortunate that Walk Week had brilliant weather for most of the time and an enthusiastic core of walkers. The local convenor, Karen Israelson of the Napier Club did a very good job and FMC is grateful to her for the energy she put into the week. A very keen group of people supported her and ensured that it ran smoothly.

A recent debrief meeting decided that the week had been a success and offered ideas on improvements should it be run again. Thanks every one who supported it.

FIRST AID KITS

How many of us consider ourselves to have a First Aid Kit that's small and lightweight, but that would have all we would need to cover the wide and varied sort of accidents that could occur while out tramping. The list below has been compiled by Lindsay, the St John's Officer who gave us instruction during the last SAREX. It all fits into a "click clack" plastic container worth approximately \$3 and weighs 250gms complete.

2 Wound Dressings (13 BPC)  
 2 Telfa Pads  
 Scissors  
 Role of Plaster  
 Sterelized Strips (skin closures)  
 Savlon  
 1 Triangular Bandage  
 6 Bandaids  
 6 Paracetamol Tablets  
 2 Teldane Tablets (anti-histamine)  
 Tweezers  
 2 Safety Pins  
 1 Needle

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..... and now something to keep the tummy happy

TRAIL MIX

2 cups peanuts  
 2 " " sultanas  
 2 " " chocolate chips  
 2 " " wholegrain oats  
 2 " " chopped dried apricots  
 2 " " mixed dried apples, bananas, plums etc - chopped  
 2 " " sunflower seeds  
 1 " " sesame seeds toasted  
 1 " " coconut toasted

Combine all ingredients and store in deep freeze or screw top jars.

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D.O.C. SUMMERTIME PROGRAMME

During January and February D.O.C. organised and supervised a very successful programme of 14 different activities, and 700 people took advantage of this. The idea behind this is to educate and make people aware of conservation issues and D.O.C.'s responsibilities.

The two most popular trips were the Helihiike from Armstrong Saddle down to Triplex with interesting commentary from Botanist Geoff Walls, and the Helirafting trip down the Mohaka where those in the rafts got wetter than wet and by all accounts had a great day. The costs of these trips were very reasonable and basically only covered operating costs.

For the future D.O.C. hope to plan this programme over a 6 month period from November - April, and are looking for new ideas for trips, so if you have any contact Kay Griffiths at Napier D.O.C. office.

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Many of us have scrambled up Kaweka J over the past few months, and all it takes is a couple of hours. While we step out of the truck at Makahu carpark after a comfortable trip maybe we should spare a thought for the club trampers who did this following trip led by George Lowe on June 3-4-5- 1950.  
Puketitiri - Cairn - Kuripapanga

'A new approach to the Kaweka Trig (5652 feet) was made by a party of trampers during King's Birthday week-end. The successful attempt was made from Puketitiri by climbing onto the Black Birch Range, crossing Little's Clearing - a great natural clearing on top of the range at 3000ft, - then following south-west through mountain birch to find a saddle between tributaries of the Tutaekuri and Mohaka rivers. This watershed is found at the base of a steep ridge running directly towards the highest point in the Kaweka Range.

The party camped in the bush at the foot of the ridge, and on the following day pushed through manuka scrub at its foot, climbed up the broken ridge to the trig, the highest point in Hawkes Bay. Lying among the manuka at the foot of the ridge were many charred totara logs, indicating heavy bush where there is now scrub and scree.

A cold wind which later developed into a gale swept across the open tops. Ruapehu was clear and covered with a recent fall of snow.

From here the party traversed south along the range, some going to Kaweka Hut and others around the headwaters of the Tutaekuri River to Kiwi Hut. On Monday in clear but cold weather, the parties returned by well known tracks to Kuripapanga on the Taihape Road, and then to Hastings by truck.

A few deer were seen. Much of the lower part of the route was across country freshly rooted by pigs, of which four were seen. In the birch bush were many native kaka, parrots and a few tuis.'

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SOME HISTORICAL NOTES ON OLD HUTS by Norm Elder, August 1950 issue.

1887 'In this year the first Howlett's Hut was built of cedar slabs on the divide near the head of the Tukituki. Howlett was an eccentric all right, but an able man, an able botanist anyway. Just behind the hut a few years back we came across a curious and unfamiliar form of spaniard. On looking it up, it was there all right, with Howlett's name beside it.

About this date must have come some of the Rabbit Board huts, but apparently the Board's records were destroyed in the earthquake and no information is now available. At one stage they seem to have had a chain of huts along the Ruahines. The Pohangina Hut had an old visitors' book with some most interesting entries. I was sorely tempted to bring it down on my last visit, but refrained and in 1946 the hut was destroyed by fire. One record carved on the door was an inscription dated 1896 in Latin commemorating the visit of a party returning to Hawkes Bay from Wanganui.

The present Shut Eye Shack is curiously sited on a ledge on a waterless ridge. The legend is that a packhorse carrying a load of iron up to build the hut collapsed at that point so they just erected it there. There are remains of another hut in Buttercup Hollow, which is the obvious site on that route.

On the north-east plateau of the Ruahines we once came across the remains of what was probably another Rabbit Board hut but we have never been able to locate this again in that baffling country. No Man's Hut, a comparatively recent iron hut, stands at the unusual altitude of 4400 feet. The thatched Ruahine Hut with its slab walls is probably older than the Rabbit Board and originally a musterer's hut on Te Koau station; on the other

hand Shute's Hut in the Taruarau Gorge is built of concrete, bearing the date 1920.

Further north in the Kaimanawas there are some old buildings. Boyd's homestead, now in extreme disrepair, has had the roofing iron stripped off revealing the original shingled roof. Ngamatea station is partly reconstructed from the old cottage of the Tikitiki outstation. The present Boyd's Hut below Tapui-o-marua-Hine near the head of the Ngaruroro is the forth of a series of huts that have been built on that very convenient site.'

This was written more than 40 years ago and many of these huts are long gone or have been replaced yet again. There certainly is some history "up in them hills". Ed.

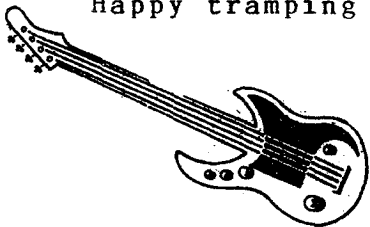
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Now a word from the Ed.....

Summers virtually gone and it looks like we'll be climbing sleepily out of the truck onto the 'crunchy ground' a month or two earlier than normal if our recent weather pattern continues. You will have noticed the addition of advertisements in this Pohokura. These advertisers are supporting us so PLEASE support them in return. In this magazine you will have read (hopefully) some extracts from Pohokuras of earlier years. These stories and reports are most interesting and the more I read the more interesting I find them. There's some great stories from these years and hopefully we may have "whet" the appetite for some of you to take an interest in our historic tramps coming up in the future, searching for the remains and sights of some of the huts in our hills from years ago.

Thank you to those who give me material for the Pohokura - it's more than welcome, but to help me as Ed. I would appreciate trip reports being handed in at the meeting following the trip, and day trip reports to be approximately 450-500 words and longer trips around 750-800 words.

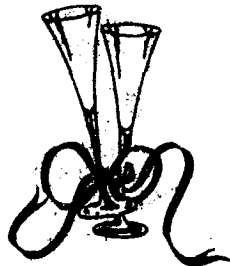
Happy tramping - Lady Lyn



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PROGRESSIVE DINNER

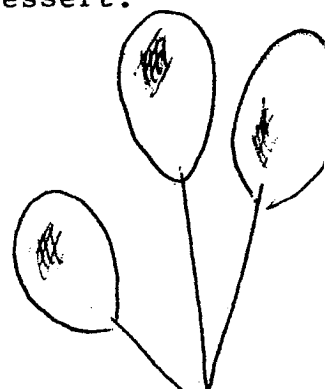
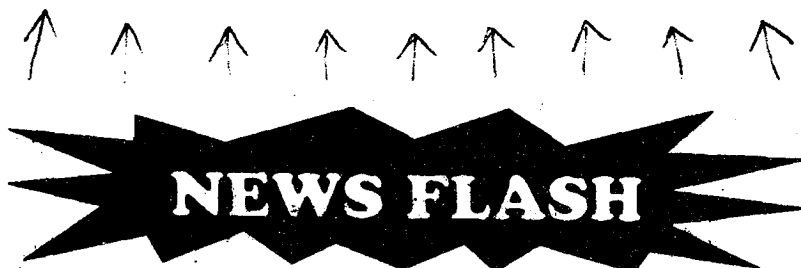
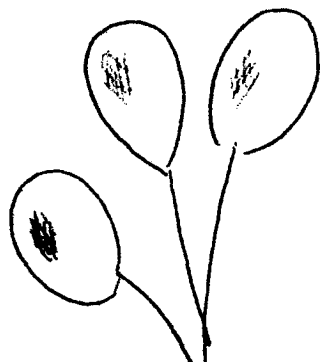
Saturday 20th June 1992



Come and play silly-beggars with us for this annual outing. The Theme being "The 1920's" eg. Charlie Chaplin, Charlston era, 1st World War, Stan Woon, Goldminers, Henry Ford, All Blacks, All Whites or an All Pink, Shirley Bathgate, Prince of Wales or Lord Jellicoe.....these are a few ideas - dream up your own!

Organised entertainment at each venue

Can you supply a venue for either the soup, main, or dessert.  
please contact Lord Lyn 8750-542



MEETINGS: DATES AND DUTIESDATE

|        |                               |                                     |
|--------|-------------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| Apr 29 | Thelma T/Smith, Ross Berry    | Callum McMillan, Rowan Sapsford     |
| May 13 | Julie Turner, Rodger Burns    | Jenny Ives, Eddie Holmes            |
| May 27 | Sue Lopdell, John Montgomerie | Bruce Almond, Kathy Turner          |
| Jun 10 | Jenny Lean, Arch Lowe         | Clifford Holmes, Audrey Holmes      |
| Jun 24 | Clive Thurston, John Berry    | Stan Woon, Denise Bailles           |
| Jul 8  | Sandie Dungan, Doug Rusbatch  | David Charteris, Christiana Stevens |
| Jul 22 | Bing Potts, Liz Pindar        | Al Moffitt, Leo Brunton             |
| Aug 5  | Jim Glass, Kay Ward           | Anne Cantrink, Peter Berry          |
| Aug 19 | Lyn Gentry, Geoff Robinson    | Shirley Bathgate, Lyn Gentry        |
| Sep 2  | Joy Stratford, Julie Turner   | Pam & Eileen Turner                 |

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CLUB NEWSNEW MEMBERS

Welcome to the following new members, and hope your time with the club will be long, enjoyable and fun.

Denise Bailles, Doug Rusbatch, Clifford Holmes (Renewal of membership)

Congratulations to Joanne and Russell Perry on the recent arrival of Hannah. Also, to Karen and Clive Thurston for the birth of their son Hamish.

EXECUTIVE NEWS

Kaweka Hut will shortly be in the process of having repairs done by working bee parties.

It has been decided that the recent "contorta" trip to Ruapehu will be the last for the Club, but we will continue to support Pinus Contorta locally.

Please take note that a permit is needed to obtain entry onto Te Matai Land, which is situated to the north side of the Puketitiri Hot Springs.

Permission is also needed for entry onto Sparrowhawk Range on the Napier/Taihape Road. The leaseholders advise us that they regularly hunt this area and anyone entering without permission could be jeopardising their own safety. They inform us that the road that runs from beside Timahanga Station's cattle yards down to the Taruarau River is in fact Crown land and the public have walking access as of right.

We now have new stocks of Club Badges: Metal Badges \$8 each  
Cloth Badges \$10 each

Don't forget Hut Passes are also available through the Club.  
For Badges and Hut Passes contact Kath Berry, our Secretary.

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GEAR HIREAGE:

If you don't have it you can probably hire it.  
Boots, packs, snow gear etc at very reasonable rates.  
Contact Judy McBride 8769756

## OVERDUE TRAMPERS

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 \$8

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.

## FIXTURES LIST

The tramps 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, David Harrington 8439999, or Lyn Gentry 8750543

April 26: Esk Forest Recreation Area Family Tramp

This is an exotic plantation situated just at the beginning of  
Ohakura Road. Contact: Josie Boland 8351805

May 16-17: Ruahine Traverse Stage 2

Continuing on from Kumeti Hut heading northwards. A series of trips to enable members to tramp the length of Ruahine Ranges.

Maps - T23 & U23

Leader: Heather Jones 8776707

May 24: Family Tramp - Kaweka Flats Track

To have lunch beside one of the Makahu river tributaries.

Contact: Sue Holmes 8446032

May 30 - June 1: Whirinaki Forest

From Plateau Hut-Upper Whirinaki-Mangamate-Minginui junction-Central Whirinaki Hut, past the caves & out. A long trip but no big hills. N.Z.'s most beautiful bush. A shorter trip also available.

Map V18

Leader: Lyn Gentry 8750542

June 14: Longfellow Range

Over farmland & through scrub will complete the full length of L ngfellow Range. Also a chance to learn or refresh map & compass skills.

Map U21

Leader: David Harrington 8439999

June 21: Blowhard Bush Family Tramp  
A land of "caves, bush & scrubland

Contact: Peter Berry 8774183

June 27-28: Eastern Kaweka

From Makahu Saddle up to the J and over to Studholme for lunch. Onto Kaweka Hut for the night. Back via MacIntosh Hut and Matauria Ridge.  
Map U20

Leader: Len Frost 8778824

July 12: Three Fingers/Herricks Spur

Two trips. Christine will be going up Three Fingers Spur then down Golden Crown or Sentry Box Spur. David H. Will be going up Herricks Spur and down to Dead Dog Hut.

Map U21

Leader: Christine Hardie 8434912

July 19: Lotkow Family Tramp

Drive to the Hut and explore the area around it.

Contact: Clive Thurston 8789900

July 25-26: Kiwi Saddle Mid-Xmas Party

Come & enjoy a white Xmas in our club hut with lots of food, balloons, Xmas trees etc. Other words, a great time. Maybe do some tramping on the way out via Castle Camp or somewhere.

Map U20

Leader: Sandie Dungan 8355209

August 9: Tarn Bivi

Up via Rosvall track from Mill Road to Tarn Bivi for lunch. Back down to Daphne Hut and out to ex Moorcock Base. Maybe another trip available near Moorcock Saddle.

Map U22

Leader: Susan Lopdell 8446697

August 16: White Pine Bush Family Tramp

A very easy walk in beautiful bush.

Contact: Trevor Plowman 8354303

August 22-23 Tongariro National Park

From Whakapapa Village a trip round Mt Ngauruhoe and out to Mangatepopo. Side trip available to the Tama Lakes. If weather is perfect maybe head straight to top of Mt Tongariro.

Maps S20, T19, T20

Leader: Clive Thurston 8789900

September 6: Burns Range

A new area south of Kuripapanga.

Map U21

Leader: Eddie Holmes 8446032

September 19 -20: Ngamoko Range

Two trips. Both starting from near Sixtus Lodge. John is leading a W-E crossing spending a night at Leon Kinwig Hut. Out to Ngamoko Rd. end on Sunday. David H. Will be going to Ngamoko Hut via Knights Track for night. Back out via Shorts Track.

Maps T22, T23, U22, U23

Leader: John Montgomerie 8777358

October 3-4 SAREX

Our annual Search & Rescue Exercise at Wakarara Outdoor Centre. An Air Force Iroquois will be used. I would like to see everyone on our S&R list on this one plus any other interested members.

Contact: David Harrington 8439999

CLUB MEETINGS: These are held every 2nd Wednesday at St. Marks Church Hall, cnr. Queens Street & Park Road, Hastings. Meetings start 7.30pm. Visitors Welcome.