

HERETAUNGA TRAMPING CLUB (INC).

P.O. BOX 447 HASTINGS

"POHOKIURA"

Bulletin No 181

August 1992

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CLUB TRIPS

HINERUA RIDGE

Trip No 1535

April 5 1992

Full of trepidation I found myself leaving Holts in company with 14 other hardy souls on route to Alders Road on Peter Oakleys property situated in the high country of the Central Ruahine Range. Weather had been very cold and wet with snow down to 800M for the previous 2 days and more of the same was forecast. At least it was not raining as we drove out of Hastings. Usual procedure is to drive to the bumper bin on the airstrip at the end of Alder Road, then walk up the adjoining ridge (still on farmland) to enter the Forest Park on the Hinerua Ridge. However, one grotty little stream caused our driver to make the decision that the truck had gone far enough and we could get out and walk. The hut was reached in just a little over 2 hours. There were odd patches of snow down in the bush but a good scattering was still evident on the tops between scuds of cloud. It was very wet underfoot and cold, but no rain to speak of.

Dave Harrington took off with a group of antelopes to visit Stumpy - a beaconed trig at 1034M. They caught up with us first as we were leaving Hinerua Hut after a pleasant break. Next stage was to head off down the ridge running parallel with Ranunculi Creek and into the Tukituki River. The route was fairly well marked with discs but very overgrown. With still a kilometre to travel before reaching the river we entered an open grass clearing (marked on the map). We decided at this point not to continue on down into the river but to wend our way across this high country farmland back to the airstrip. In hindsight I am not so sure that this was a wise decision as it did involve a few extra gullies to traverse. A bit like being in a roller coaster in fact but we made it back to the truck without any problems 8 hours since we left in the morning.

Dave H and company chose the river to exit via Golden Gully. My first choice next time too in warm summer weather please. They were only 20-30 minutes behind us. A good day was had by all.

Thank-you to Joy and Mike our co -drivers. T.T.S.

Party: Thelma Tasman-Smith, Wayne Hatcher, M. McGonigal, A. Lucas, Christine Hardie, Lew Harrison, Mike Craven, C Bartlam, Stephen Barclay, Joy Stratford, Doug Rusbatch, Mandy Leslie, David Harrington, Sue Holmes, Judy McBride, John Berry.

ESK FOREST RECREATION AREA

Trip No 1536

April 26 1992

Six families arrived at 11.00am on the corner of the Napier-Taupo and Ohakura Roads, just this side of Te Pohue, in time for a bush walk parallel to the highway. The picnic area proved a pleasant lunch setting, sufficiently so for Peter B. to sleep the afternoon away while we, the ever virtuous trampers explored the surrounding exotic forest. Many comments were made on the beauty of both the douglas fir and pinus radiator plantations. The children enjoyed a spot of "bush-bashing" spurred on by their fathers, before we headed back to Napier to enjoy scones with jam and cream. The area comes with our recommendation, either for an amble, or a break in a trip to Taupo.

Party: Sue, Eddie, Claire & Glen Holmes; Glenda Hooper, Peter, Daniel, Donna & Natalie Berry; Janette, Trevor, David & Anna Plowman; Beth, Peter, Patrick, Sam & Kate Elliot; Janet & Averil Turvey; Josie Boland, Erika & Conal Bristow.

TE KOOTIS LOOKOUT - or was it "WHITE OUT"

Trip No 1537

May 3 1992

It dawned a lovely day, I mean, after having 50mm of rain on Saturday night then waking up to a forecast of a further 500mm I thought "gosh", this should be a tramp to remember. 6 o'clock saw us en route to Napier from Hastings to pack the truck full of over enthusiastic bods, then off up the Napier Taupo Road to the Waitara Road turn off which we followed for some time until meeting Pohokura Road, turn left and wind down to Waitere Station and the Mohaka River.

The rain had eased so it wasn't too disturbing donning tramping gear and heading forth into the murky depths of a storm filled Mohaka River. Waist high on some - (Wayne), below bottoms on others. We trudged on up a 4WD track until reaching a gap where power lines ran up the ridge, so under them we followed till the top of the ridge, then followed up the line of the ridge to overhanging rock. We scrambled around like mountain goats winding our way slowly up into the crud which hung over our heads blocking any possibility of seeing where we were or where we were going. We found a small clearing which offered absolutely no protection from the elements and began to feed our faces. On we trudged through mist and murk until we could go no further, - well the main group anyway. By this stage 4 or 5 of us weren't there. It was raining, cold and miserable and to top it off we weren't getting anywhere. Most of the bods headed down a ridge to intercept the road and weren't seen again until later at the truck. I carried on up a fairly open ridge to locate the others and within minutes found this terrific track, so up it I went and finally broke out onto the top at Te Kooti's trig. Lyn, Regan, Wayne Doug and Dave were there eating and looked puzzled at me for not having the others in tow.

An alternative route down was to be the order of the day so I took a compass bearing into the clag and off we went. Many hundreds of vertical metres later with dislocated arms, cuts, bruises, missing teeth, tightly strung nerves and "clean undies" we struck the Te Hoe River and hastened down stream to the Mohaka River, waded across the rising flood waters to the waiting truck and homeward, arriving 5pm.

Thanks to Me for driving.

E.H.

Party: Eddie Holmes (Leader), Sue Holmes, Dave Charteris, Alva McAdam, Wayne Hatcher, Judy McBride, Mandy Leslie, Robyn Berry, Kathy Turner, Rodger Burn, Christine Hardie, Doug Rusbatch, Regan Gentry (and Dad), Al Moffitt, Julie Turner, Kay Ward, Glenis Taylor.

RUAHINE TRAVERSE - Stage 2

Trip No 1538

May 16-17 1992

Another wet start from Stan's These wet days are becoming standard fare on tramps. At Kumeti Road end clothes were changed and packs donned as we farewelled Heather's party and headed off into the murk. Soon after crossing the Mangapuaka Stream we were climbing and sidling across bare farmland for half an hour, with a couple of slides on the slippery hills before reaching our stream. Time was spent assessing the map and land formations higher up the valley. We decided to go upstream and climb up a prominent landslide which was seen and indicated on the map. The stream was excellent travelling with only two minor waterfalls encountered the water was freezing.... trust me to follow Wayne up the waterfall instead of sidling around like any normal person would.

One hour upstream, about 1.5km and it was time to climb out. I had the impression that shingle slides were for going down ...not this time ...250M up and 500M down, with the odd stone, or should I say boulder coming hurtling down from above with the usual "rock" calls sending everyone scurrying for cover - even into the stinging nettle aye Kathy.

We had a brief encounter with a possum near the top while admiring the view over Dannevirke before heading bush. We spent two hours crashing through thick leatherwood and fuschia before breaking out into the headwaters of a small tributary. After going up on loose scree and clay we were again faced with leatherwood! I think by now some were wondering what on earth we were doing here. At least the sky had cleared up. One tramper slipped and got wedged between two branches - great difficulties were encountered to free her. Eventually we reached the track along the top where we stopped for lunch about 2.30pm. Just a note - the last stream mentioned is the easier way up to the tops.

The next two hours were leisurely walking along a well formed road with the odd snowball fight, and some silly people up to their waists in mud. Fancy walking through a bog when two guys, one covered in mud are standing on the other side with big smurks on their faces. By 4.30pm the sky had clouded over. We soon reached Trayers Hut, also referred to as Traverse Hut and "A" frame Hut, depending on which map you have or the log book. We stayed the night as many were tired and we only had another half hour of light. After dinner typical tramping club games were played, and we also learnt what not to carry bush as Mandy's pack was unpacked and repacked.

Sunday was cold and grey as we left at 8am. The last 2.5km of road was completed quickly before dropping down to Stanfield Hut. Soon we were bashing through a wet muddy bog and leatherwood up an unmarked track onto Takapari. Stopping for lunch at a track junction we couldn't believe the sign said 4 hours to the Mangatewainui River Huts, - it was 12 noon, another 2 hours from those huts, and we were due out at 4.30pm. The track from here was great with plenty of variation in vegetation and great views. 1,2,3 hours - we were going to be late so decided an advance party would head out to confirm we were coming. We won't tell anyone we lost the track within 5 minutes in our haste will we Wayne! It seemed a long way down the river but easy going and made travel quick. We both needed an energy boost after an hour, so it was into the cheese and chocolate in a big way. We reached our stream junction just on dark, and following the road we met the truck at 6.15pm, and the others arrived an hour later.

A great tramp. It's what tramping is all about - excellent company, putting oneself to the limit and covering new territory. Thanks to Heather Jones and Dave Harrington for leading, and Joy for being such a patient driver.

D.C.

Party: Dave Harrington, John & Richard Montgomerie, Doug Rusbatch, Kathy Turner, Mandy Leslie, Christiana Stevens, Dave Charteris, Wayne Hatcher, Gordon Tapp.

Party B

After separating with Roger and the 2 boys the rest of us left Stanfield Hut and started to go directly up the spur to the main ridge. Follow the sign that says Toilet! We ambled up the spur delighted with the great abundance and variety of the forest cover. A very healthy understory with excellent regeneration is occurring in the West Tamiki catchment. Higher up on the spur, through some magnificent examples of fuschia and into the leatherwood, the track is steep and muddy and care needs to be taken. No sign of a drought here judging by the abundance of healthy Prince of Wales fern.

Once on the top, a brief glimpse of the west coast and it was a quick trudge across the tops. The cold westerly and light rain meant the A frame hut was a welcome shelter. We couldn't stop for long as the light was failing and it was as fast as possible down the steep track to the Kumeti Shelter, getting there just on dark. It was tea under moonlight at the shelter and then early to bed.

On Sunday we followed the track to Rokai Stream and back, once again having an excellent botanise, this time in a lush low-land rainforest. Then out to the truck, picked up Roger and around to Ngamoko road end to wait for the fast party to slowly make their way out in the dark. An excellent trip with excellent company.

H.J.

Party: Heather Jones, Joy Stratford, Dianne, Graham & Thomas Lawlor.

WILLIAM HARTREE MEMORIAL SCENIC RESERVE - Family Tramp

Trip No 1539

May 25 1992

Due to the indifferent weather the location of the family tramp changed from Makahu to William Hartree Memorial Scenic Reserve. This Reserve is on the Puketitiri Road 50km from Taradale (just past Patoka), and is 14ha of bush including a small piece of virgin forest and has about 1½km of tracks through it. The Royal Forest & Bird Society own the Lodge situated at the Reserve and this is available to both members and non-members of the society.

The area provided a lovely walk and good protection from the drizzle, making an enjoyable outing for children and adults alike.

S.H.

Party: Sue Holmes & family; Glenda Hooper & Berry family; Elliot family; Greg Bristow & family; Mike & Anthony Bull; Boaler family; Matthew Matson; Dave & Nikki Harrington; 3 MacMillan families.

WHIRINAKI FOREST

Trip No 1540

May 30 - June 1 1992

This year for the Queens Birthday weekend tramp the club decided to go to the Whirinaki Forest Park which is one of the most beautiful in the North Island. The park lies between the remote country of the Urewera National Park and the production forest, Kaiangaroa.

We left the truck at Plateau Hut carpark after a 3 hour drive from Hastings. Every-one piled out and dressed for the cold wet weather. On the way we separated the main party, and left Mrs Lyn's group behind, and headed toward Upper Whirinaki Hut where we stopped quickly to take a look around. We carried on for ½ an hour then had lunch under some trees, with drizzle still coming down. Then it was on toward Mangamate Hut with most arriving about 4pm. Some pitched tents but most bunked in the hut out if the cold and wet. It cleared during the night and we had stars and a good frost in the morning.

8.30am Sunday morning Lyn and Regan decided to go over the tops, while the rest of us headed toward Central Whirinaki. Everybody soon has cold wet feet from river crossings along the way, but it wasn't long before we had a lovely

wide track to walk on. When we reached the junction Wayne, Bruce and Henry went to look at Te Whaiti Canyon while the rest of us continued on to the water-fall which was great. Further along the track we met Mrs Lyn's group going toward the water-fall for lunch. Verns Camp made an ideal stop for our lunch, then it was off again toward Central Whirinaki Hut. The hut was just about full so most of us camped outside. After tea we played some great games.

Monday morning we all awoke to a very hard frost. Everything was iced up outside including the tents in the open. We all left about 8.30am with a stop on the way to look at some caves. We had a slow winding climb up hill to the plateau where every-one started arriving at the truck around 11.30am. Back on the Taupo Road we stopped for a feed at the Summit and arrived back in Napier and Hastings about 4.30pm.

This was a wonderful opportunity to visit virgin bush with it's huge rimus, totaras and beautiful ponga ferns. We also enjoyed the bird life, the Kaka's and blue ducks.

J.L.

Party: Lord Lyn (leader), Jenny Lean, James Chittenden, Judy McBride, Wayne Hatcher, Dave Charteris, Doug Rusbatch, Selina & Regan Gentry, Christine Hardie, Nathan Dodd, Bruce Almond, Henry Cornes, Sue Holmes, Anne Cantrick.

Tortises Trip

After the "hares" loped off, the tortises took another forty minutes to reach Upper Whirinaki Hut, earinia autumnalis with it's lovely heady perfume and a prolific abundance of fungi being much admired on the way. Lunch was had, and with Mike and Liz feeling okay, we paddled our way on to Central Whirinaki Hut, arriving just five minutes before four other parties (and bagging the remaining bunks).

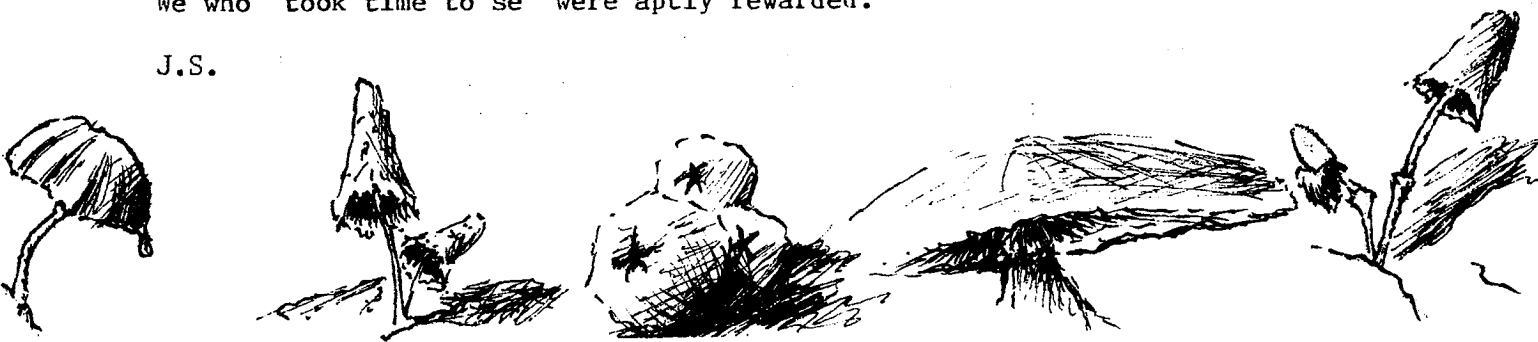
During the night the remaining clouds dispersed and a glorious Sunday, heralded in by a raucous Kaka alarm at 6.50am, found us with lightened packs, all making the return trip to the waterfall near Minginui. Fungi were fantastic, lichens lacelike, trees ethereal, and conversation stimulating (including from Liz learning the Greek origin of orchid). It was really great to have the "hares" join us at Central for the night (where they tried hard to justify their shorter trip!)

Morning saw a winter wonderland with even lofty one hundred foot high rimu and beech sparkling with frost. Many were still covered at noon when we reached the still very iced up bus.

Fungi went from pure white, through all shades of brown, grey, green, purple, lemon, orange, cream to pure butter yellow. Trees included rimu, kahikatea, pigeonwood, pittosporum, red and black beech, tawa, horopito, matai, miro, konini, hinau, five finger, punga and a lone rare raukawa. Birdlife: two pairs of blue duck, kaka, 2 flocks of whiteheads, warblers, tomtits, riflemen, tui, bellbird, and lots of fantail and waxeyes.

Thankyou Lady Lyn, Mike, Liz, Audrey and Shelly for your delightful company. We who "took time to se" were aptly rewarded.

J.S.



LONGFELLOW RANGE

Trip No 1541

June 14 1992

The truck stopped and 19 intrepid trampers piled out the back and were set to go. "Which direction?" they were asked, and that's when the fun began. Most of us know how many directions there are on a compass, and that's the number of directions most people wanted to go. Once we were finally pointed the right way we were off. The focus of this trip was supposed to be map and compass and we were obviously off to a "good" start.

It took us about 30 minutes to reach the first high point 623, following an exercise locating distant ranges on the Kereru map, then we headed along the ridgeline and crashed into the scrub. After bashing for an hour or so we were near Longfellow. We didn't pass right over Longfellow so a few of us decided to seek the trig and after fooling around for some time we moved off again. This was when the fun really began. A few of the more adventurous members of the party agreed to do a map and compass exercise and 3 groups left from 674 heading for the confluence of the Ngaruroro River and Omahaki Stream. Most groups were able to do this with only minor difficulties, BUT one group decided they needed to do some additional sightseeing which some people on the trip mistook for getting lost! The additional sights were wonderful although these sidetrips (as there was more than one) did take some extra time.

While all this was going on most members of the group made their way back to the truck. Thanks to the hospitality of local farmers, Mr & Mrs Mullooly for the time they spent making nice hot cups of tea and coffee. In the meantime the "other" group were finding their way to the Whanawhana road end in the dark. Once we were all reunited - at great relief to some, a good deal of explaining was required needless to say. All in all an excellent day of fun and learning, even though the weather was cold and windy for most of the day, and thanks to our trip leader Dave Harrington and driver Mike.

W.H.

Party: Dave Harrington (leader), Wayne Hatcher, Dave Charteris, Al Moffit, Lady Lyn Gentry, Kathy Turner, Dita Van Der Meulen, Graeme & Diane Lawlor, Lew Harrison, Doug Rusbatch, Leo Brunton, Liz Pindar, Mike Craven, Matthew Matson, Jan Marshall, Rick Bowler, Laurie Hook, Scott Bartlam,

BLOWHARD BUSH FAMILY TRAMP

Trip No 1542

June 21 1992

A very small group arrived at the carpark around 11am and spent the period before lunch exploring the limestone formations next to the carpark. The children particularly enjoyed the long icicles of the hoar frost which covered everything.

After lunch all except Peter (who was feeling a bit sick) and Natalie made a circuit of the Rimu Track. This is a very easy grade track which passes by some mighty bug rimu and matai trees. Steady walking saw us all back at the cars (after visiting Lowry Lodge) before 3pm. Another play then into the cars and off.

G.H.

Party: Heidi Stevens; Josie Boland, Greg, Erika & Conal Bristow; Glenda Hooper, Peter, Daniel, Donna & Natalie Berry; Mathew Metson.

MAKAHU - KAWEKA - MACINTOSH HUT

Trip No 1543

June 27-28 1992

The weather had been fairly grotty during the week and slowly cleared on the Friday morning. Saturday dawned with hardly a cloud to be seen and the eleven of us left Stan's place soon after 6am. It was very windy as we drove through Patoka but luckily there was no sign of any ominous hogsback clouds. At the quarry we drove through the gate and headed up the Black Birch. At the saddle we discussed the merits of putting on the truck chains. The "Ayes" outvoted the "Nos" and about 20 minutes later we were mobile and heading up the hill once again. About two-thirds of the way up we stopped to give a lift to three guys who were also heading for the "J". It wasn't long before we were driving in the snow and unfortunately the chains did not enable us to get to the top of the Black Birch. After two or three goes at driving through the snow we eventually called it quits about 400 metres short of the quarry corner.

After a quick debate on the merits of carrying tents we set off along the road heading for Makahu Saddle where we arrived at approximately 10.15am. By this stage Kathy's new boots had made their presence felt and she decided to stay at Makahu Hut for the night. The plod up the "J" took far longer than we had expected due to the snow and strong winds encountered on route, but after a nibble stop at Dominee we reached the cairn at about 2.15pm. The weather was still clear but a very strong westerly wind was blowing. It was rapidly becoming fairly obvious that we were unlikely to reach Kaweka Hut for the night. The snow was fairly soft and we were often breaking through the surface into knee-deep snow and this made things even more difficult. The trip down Mad Dog Hill was fairly uneventful apart from a good bum slide down the final drop into Studholme Saddle and then we wandered along to the top of Macintosh Spur where we arrived at 4pm. A short nibble stop was put to good use and then 10 weary bodies headed down Macintosh Spur to Macintosh Hut where we arrived at 5.10pm. Four hunters were in residence at the hut so we set to and pitched our camp under the trees. Luckily we had just enough nylon to provide everybody with a place to park for the night.

Soon after tea we were talking about a possum hunting trip that I had taken part in at the "Top of the Bruce" many years ago, and then Wayne turned around to see one of the four legged critters standing on a log with his head down inside a billy. The opossum looked up at us looking at him, then put his head back into the billy. Jake saw red (must have been his billy), and picked up Waynes brand new ice axe, and rapidly impaled the unsuspecting opossum. The camp site was very quickly littered with blood and fur, but Jake was enjoying himself!!! Breakfast for the resident Great Dane. We eventually retired for the night but not before Jake had set up a line of dirty billys and tins outside the tent fly. I think we all suffered from an interrupted night due to the occasional banging and crashing of dirty billys, opossums, ice axes, opossums, Jake, opossums

Sunday dawned fine but frosty and after a leisurely start we left the hut and headed for Matauria Ridge via the Donald River. The river at the bottom of the gorge is quite picturesque, but it is a hell of a place to go for some nice views. We ground our way up the Matauria side and then ambled our way back to Makahu Saddle where we arrived about 2.15pm. The snow was still six to eight inches deep and there had been no obvious sign of any thaw in the previous thirty-six hours. By about 4.15 we were all back at the truck and soon were heading home after a most enjoyable weekend.

R.B.

Party: Ross Berry (leader), Nathan Dodd, Lord & Regan Gentry, Dita Van Der Meulen, Kathy Turner, Doug Rusbatch, Jake Baccus, Wayne Hatcher, John Montgomerie, Mark

HERRICKS - GOLDEN CROWN

Trip No 1544

July 12 1992

Party One

It was dark and damp when we left Holt's at 0630. Even when it became light the outlook was gloomy and overcast. On the road past Kereru Station we were overtaken and stopped by Callum McMillan who informed us that one of the boot box covers was open. Fortunately, no lost boots. We were met by another car at the Gull Road bridge. It was the club president who had decided to bring his daughter up for a day's outing. What a day to choose!

The bulk of the party decided to go with Dave H on his trip up Herricks Spur and across to Three Fingers. The plan was to probably go down Bob's Spur and join the truck at Masters Shelter. The best laid plans etc etc etc. The rest of us drove on to Masters Shelter and left the truck in the first paddock. It was churned to mud in the next stage and we didn't feel that such a small number would be able to push such a large vehicle. We wandered along over the farmland, up to the shelter, through the bush and on again up to the scrub. The track was already very greasy but not really difficult. However once we got into the trees the way was slowed by increasingly deep snow. It was really just a slow deliberate movement up the hill.

Close to the top we lost the track! Even Ted was flummoxed and the intrepid leader was at least 180 degrees out in estimation of direction. Out with the compasses to check where we were. The grey sky with the white blanket of snow made it very easy to be completely disorientated. By this stage cold was upsetting party members with less efficient gear so we stopped to have a quick lunch. The leader even managed to provide hot drinks with the trendy little stove she is always showing off. At this point we took stock of where we were, the number of hours of daylight left and the condition of the party members. The decision was made to retreat back to Masters Shelter as we wouldn't have been able to get around to Three Fingers and down in the rest of the day. Ted, Philip, Anne and Neil did a bit of further reconnoitering and discovered that we had in fact been only 2 degrees off the track so that was reassuring.

We got back down at about 3pm so went down to the river and wandered up in the direction of the waterfall. It was still very overcast (although fortunately not windy) but we could glimpse the heavy snow on the tops. It is rather attractive in the forest, although I like to see it better on a sunny day. Every tree and bush was heavily laden with icy snow, and the view was monochrome. Every now and then a lump would slide off but otherwise there is no noise except for us slogging along.

Once back at the truck we had more drinks and settled down to wait for the others. No sign. It got dark and then darker. No sign. With great enthusiasm wood was collected out of the pine belt and a very large beacon fire was lit on a high point. No sign. By 7pm we were discussing contingency plans and hoping they would not have to be put into practice. But not long after (it was drizzling off and on by this stage) a car went up the road, turned and came back. The occupants realized they had found the access and we realized it was two of our missing people who had been driven round by Dave C. to locate us. It appeared they also had run out of time and come down to where they had started that morning. It didn't take long to load up, call on the farmer to update him on what was going on and drive round to pick up the others who had walked down to the intersection and were waiting for us at the bridge. Everyone there seemed in good shape so we drove happily off, and back in Hastings by 9pm.

C.H.

Party: Christine Hardie (leader), Anne Cantrick, Ted Sapsford, Philip Mardon, Neil Mora, Al Moffitt, Gloria Taula, Mathew Mapson.

Herricks - Golden Crown Party Two

It was 8am as 15 hardy souls left for a days tramping with Dave H. A huff and puff up to the bushline saw everybody removing layers of clothes and hoping the weather would clear as forecast. Across open rocky faces and onto Herricks Spur. A few went to find the trig while the rest of us rested. By this time the weather was closing in and on went the raincoats. Fairly easy going along the spur to high point 358 with the track overgrown and difficult to find at times, then along the upward track to 1100m and soft snow. No view - just grey. Carrying on we dropped down to the river for lunch, but while we were happy for the break, it was very cold after coming down through picturesque but freezing conditions, and clothes went on in layers. As we were between two waterfalls Dave said it was straight up again.

We had showers off and on and navigation was difficult in the snow, so we ended up following the 1983 Ruahine Traverse Course and even found markers still remaining. There wasn't really any track and at times the bush-bashing was difficult in the cold, snowy conditions. There was evidence of deer at several points and everything looked beautiful. We had intended coming down Bob's Spur but time was against us, so we came down before Bob's Spur and it took some time to reach the trig and eventually the farmland. The truck was of course at the rendezvous in Mangleton Road, so Dave drove Doug around to let them know where we were. We walked along Gull Road to the bridge where we waited for the truck which was a welcome sight at about 7.30pm. A long day, but enjoyable, and Jenny's Pineapple Chunks were a great hit.

Party 2: Dave Harrington (leader), Dave Charteris, Diane & Graeme Lawlor, Rick Bowler, Jan Marshall, Leo Brunton, Jenny Lean, Julie Turner, Doug Rusbatch, Wayne Hatcher, Lew Harrison, Laurie Hook.

Party 2½: Dave & Angela Cormack.

KIWI SADDLE MID WINTER XMAS PARTY

Trip No 1545

July 25-26 1992

Left Stan's place about 7.30am. A good turnout of about 20 people plus another 4 came by private transport later in the day. Going over the Fernhill bridge it was noticed there had just been a heavy fall of snow. It was thought that we may not get to Kuripapango, but it was decided to continue as there was nothing to lose, so off we went up the Taihape Road leaving the Rat Race behind us. We hit the first snow on the side of the road at Willowford - a soft coating of about 5 to 8cms deep and there it stayed right through to Kiwi Saddle.

Arrived at the Lakes road carpark at about 9am with a nice crisp blue sky with a light cool breeze. There we loaded up with Al's 1 kilo lots of firewood and coal. About half way up Kuri Hill I did wonder what I was doing carrying a couple of extra kilos of liquid refreshment and a couple of kilos of coal, but however, all proved to be well worth it. We stopped for about an hour at the top of Kuri Hill where the first snow fight developed, - the first of many.

We arrived at the hut in dribs and drabs from 2 to about 3pm where most of us got into action with firewood, Christmas tree and hut decorations. The girls made a marvellous job of decorating the hut. They seemed to have everything bar the kitchen sink. By this time conditions outside had deteriorated to such an extent we thought we were at the South Pole, but thanks to Al's coal and firewood we were warm and cosy and rearing to get cracking for the party night ahead. Much skylarking from the younger members but the more senior members like myself were well behaved. At turning in time we were jammed into the bunks like sardines.

We awoke to the same conditions and all decided to take the shortest route out. We were all back at the truck at 1pm and back in Hastings at about 3pm. - a good easy weekend had by all. A big thanks to Mike Craven for driving.

D.R.

Party: Leo Brunton (leader), Gloria Taula, Kathy Turner, Neil Mora, Wayne Hatcher, Mandy Leslie, Christopher Frost, Dave Charteris, Kolm Stevens, Christiana Stevens, Guido Vrieze, Mark Bart, Greg Brown, Dianne, Graeme & Thomas Lawlor, Lady Lyn Gentry, Doug Rusbatch, Al Moffitt, Glenys Taylor, Darrell Eggers.

X X

I found this unnamed poem in Tussock Hut - Ed.

Although we arrived in a thunderstorm,
We found the place quite nice and warm.
We wish the rain would go away,
Even if for just a day.
The wood's so wet the fire won't go,
At least there is no lawn to mow
We read, we eat, we eat some more,
What will tomorrow have in store.
The bulbs not blown and the wirings OK
Who took the bloody switch away.
We've been at Tussock two days plus one
It really hasn't been much fun.
No chopper, no people, and even no game
I wonder why we really came.
We've wandered the hills for twelve days or so
The time has come for home we go,
The bush and views have been just the best
Thanks Forest Park for a wonderful rest.

Jondi

1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1

NEW KAKA SPECIES FOUND

National Museum bird curator Phil Millener has found evidence of a previously unknown species of extinct native parrot (kaka) on Pitt Island, one of the Chatham group. Dr Millener found the pelvis of the bird buried in a sand dune on the island during an expedition this year.

Earlier findings of kaka remains on the Chatham had led scientists to believe that there might have been a separate species of kaka on the islands. The beak was more slender and more sharply downcurved (more like that of a kea), the wing bones seemed smaller and the leg bones larger than those of the mainland form.

The pelvis discovery was the "vital piece of evidence" to confirm the theory. The pelvis was much broader and more robustly constructed than that of a mainland kaka. Those differences indicated that the Chatham kaka had started to evolve toward flightlessness before becoming extinct about 200 to 300 years ago.

The discovery repeated the trend for many other Chatham Island birds: the endangered pigeon, for example was also bigger, and had shorter wing bones and larger leg bones than the New Zealand form. The Chathams had long been isolated geographically, and all the land birds that managed to reach the islands from New Zealand or further afield must have flown there, but once they were there flight was probably of no advantage.

-Dominion

* * * * *

PRIVATE TRIPS

KAIMANAWAS

Christine was unable to contact Sika Lodge regards looking after the car, and as Murphy's Law goes we arrived there a few minutes after the custodian had left for the road end. It's well worth remembering this service is available as he provides safe keeping of vehicles and a ferrying service.

By 4.15pm we were on our way with heavy packs toward Te Iringa Hut where we arrived just over an hour later. A very tidy hut, and a note in it to say someone had lost 2 dogs in the area which accounted for the dog biscuits we saw dropped along the track. Off again and downhill for a couple of hours to a camping spot beside the river. Was great to see the surrounding high banks light up from the glow-worms as darkness fell.

The next morning we passed another party camping at the footbridge as we headed toward Oamaru where we had the company of Craig Double while we had some lunch. Craig was on another of his week long trips through the hills and probably couldn't wait to see the back of us as he had pots and pots of water frantically boiling on the fire to use in his makeshift shower he'd jacked up - must have felt he needed it after five days or so. Leaving Oamaru Hut we went along the river then back into the bush. I found this area very nice with all its beech trees. By late afternoon my blisters had got bigger and sorer and I can only commend Christine as she coaxed me up the last hill to the saddle where the view over the tussock valley to Boyds was like heaven. Arriving at the Lodge we found the billy boiling for us. An old acquaintance of Christine's had seen us coming - it was all a very welcome sight. Shortly two hunters and two dogs arrived, and on hearing a plane the binoculars were out again. Another two, plus dog arrived, so we were in for some interesting chatter, believe me.

A total change of scenery as we started up the valley to the North Arm airstrip. This is not poled as marked but with Mr Lyn's instructions we made it in quite good timing. A long leisurely lunch before setting off toward Cascade Hut where we made camp at the junction as we intended going down the Kaipo River on our last day. Next morning it was up the Kaipo Saddle and down into the river. The map shows a track basically beside the river. It's nothing like this at all as one weaves from side to side and over log jams and wind falls. Around mid-day the skies opened and it poured. This was the first and only rain in three and a bit days. On we went, on and on, and I don't think either of us could believe it could take so long, but at 2.30pm we were again at the footbridge where we had a brief rest before the long climb up to Te Iringa and out. We were two hours over our expected time out so Christine jogged, yes jogged, down to Sika Lodge to get the car.

A great trip in a very attractive area where we heard quite a bit of helicopter and plane activity, but didn't actually see many people.

Christine Hardie and Lyn Gentry (Mrs) scribe.

KAWEKA J AND BEYOND

Sunday January 5 1992 saw a group of mostly grey haired Trardillians off up to the above area to have a good look at the various alpine plants in flower. We saw lots of spectacular *Celmisia grandiflora* daisies, yellow rock daisies and some pretty little N.Z Gentians. All went smoothly until high on a rock section of the "J" we met a man and his dog coming down. The lone hunter and his dog were only too happy to chat a while - having been in the Mangaturutu and beyond for five days. He had missed his deer, saw several and plenty of signs, but got snowed on and had no winter woollies! At this point I looked at the dog and decided he was innocent, but stepped hastily uphill, out of

the hunters slip-stream. Boy, did he stink! It was frightful! So gulping fresh air we moved on and having crested the "J" earlyish we decided to push off downhill to take a quick look at Back Ridge Hut, or more correctly, they did, while I parked and looked down on the roof. I was dying for a cuppa so out came my billy and stove only to find my billy contained last trips damp used dishcloth and it stank almost as bad as the hunter! A quick dry and polish, a little boiling water and the tea tasted delicious. A great day was had by all.

Al Moffitt and friends.

MAKAHU TO BOYDS January 12-15 1992

It began in the early morning when all the rest of the world was still asleep as this was Sunday - normally a day of rest. From the bottom of Makahu Spur Christopher and I, began our four day trip into Boyds. Len, having been convinced of the benefits of a brisk day trip, nobly acted as porter and carried my pack as far as the Middle Hill turn off near Whetu. I did manage to carry his lunch and extra bottles of water, and enjoyed the first part of the journey skipping along by their side. The weather was obligingly fair, mostly cloudy and cool. We left Len sheltering to have his lunch, and went on to Tira Lodge which was quite a manageable day, no doubt made easier for me by Len being such a wonderful packman. Had the place to ourselves, made a lovely fire and a huge tea. Someone had chopped up lots of wood and stacked it up all neatly.

Set off from there by about 8.30am with the intention of reaching Harkness by that night, but after misplacing quite a bit of the correct track up on the tops in howling rain and thick mist, we decided to stay the night at Te Puke. Quite a scare we had as the track markings were non-existent and we couldn't see a thing - didn't panic! Christopher was disappointed that we didn't stick to the original plan but I was very thankful that we had a closer hut to go to. Enjoyed the stay there - lit the fire and dried out.

Next day - what a day. Set off at 8am and arrived at Boyds at 6.15 that night. We just went and went and kept on going. Across the rolling grassy hilltop, and down to Harkness through really pretty bush with lovely moss and fern clad rocks to climb over and down to the rushing, tumbly river at the bottom. Big clearing, green, and a bit of space to see things from around the hut. After a break. off along, in and out of the stream full of slippery brown rocks and tricky little currents to tip you over. Pushing through the high golden tussock that brushed cool against your legs and took a bit of heat out of the wet woollen socks. Back and forth across the river, stopping to check out the best place to cross. The occasional scramble up across the clay and crumbly slithering pumice to dodge an awkward stretch of rocky bluff blocking easy access. But oh the bother and the blast and worse things said, when all the lovely, wide cleared track suddenly stopped and now you have to find your own way please! Just when we were going so nicely. Lunch time - sit down and lean against a pillow of tussock to rest and eat and drink some more. Check the map to see where we have come and God how far there is to go. Up again and through the muddy steep bits, climb up and further up until the river is well below. Wonderful it was to stop and look away, ahead and all around as far as we could stretch our eyes and all we could see so beautiful and clean and empty. Very thankful for the screen of cloud that sat between the sun and us, or else we would have got the stumbly staggers and much thirst from all the heat and grilling sun. Eventually in the distance shouting almost in it's coat of orange paint we saw Tussock Hut. Deciding then that with the state of day and body, mind and muscles, with some rest, we would go on to Boyds. Up through the trees, the one last hill I was assured, a slow and sweating slog. Out into the open at the top and what a place to stand and gape like some poor cretinous fool who had lost the power of speech. More space, but this time carving through the middle bits, a sensuously curving river, throwing off a shower of glints and gleams as the now uncovered sun blasted down at everything below it. Two rough edged slabs of flat topped

land stood one each side, forming margins for the river and in the gaps between us and the edges of the sky, the fawns and browns and lines of the land, climbing fold on fold and filling up a picture. A long and dusty downhill trek and out into the tussock at the bottom, crunching through the pumice forming the track, up and through the bank and out into the open by the river. Walking quicker now as we could almost see the hut, on and on then round a bend and stop. For there in front so suddenly, the stretch of water looking twice as wide as from above, and do we have to cross it here, isn't it too deep and fast? Up and across the flatter land beside the airstrip, seeing the hut now tucked in among the trees above and so keen to reach it. Will there be a bed and who will be there? Up the final steps, each one stretching higher than the one before it seems. At last we have arrived. No-one here! What a palace sitting smugly on a lovely patch of grass, looking out with a fringe of trees on either side, down to the airstrip and river and the wonderful looking colours and shapes of the hills and where we'd come from and what a day that was - ten hours and a bit. If you want a place called heaven, fairly handy, this must be it - Boyds.

We flew out next evening with Charlie Janes. Will this thing ever get off the ground? We'd bounced three times before finally becoming unstuck and in the air a few feet short from where the airstrip and us ran out of room to go except off the edge, and down. Bumpy trip across the mountains, and what a long way down and steep and thick trees with not many flattish bits big enough to land a plane. Too much mist and rain for my liking but felt more comfortable once we were out of the hills and over flatter land. Thanks Lyn, for first offer at the flight out. I'm glad we made the effort as it was a really terrific chance to see new country and to test my ability to do a longer trip. I must admit the company I had made all the difference - thank you Christopher for waiting for me, listening to me, pulling me out of the hole, helping me across the rivers and generally putting up with me for four long days.

Kate & Christopher Frost

BOYD'S TO KURIPAPANGO

To complete the circuit back to Hawke's Bay that Kate and Christopher started Lyn and I took a plane trip into Boyd's with Charlie Janes who pointed out plenty of places of interest and huts from his vast knowledge of the ranges. Kate and Chris were at the airstrip to greet us and we stood and watched as the little plane disappeared into the distance, then jogged up to Boyd's Lodge. This is an area that both of us find special and it was wonderful to be there, and that night we enjoyed the company of a group in for a weeks fishing.

Next morning we left taking the track through the tussock heading toward home. It was warming up and we were feeling the heat by the time we were climbing the hill toward Tussock Hut. At the top we met two bow hunters with their dogs - they'd seen plenty but had nothing to take home. We enjoyed lunch at Tussock with them and three others going in the opposite direction to us, and we watched as the dare devil helicopter pilot almost did some stunt work taking the hunters and dog back to civilisation. It was a searing heat through the Harkness Valley so we stopped for lunch and a swim to cool off, and arrived at Harkness Hut in time for a snooze in the sun.

Knowing we had a short day ahead of us we leisurely headed toward Ngaawapurua - firstly through the stream then up through the lovely bush and arriving just as the rain started. The rain continued all afternoon and night until about 4am, but we were still very surprised the next morning to see the Ngaruroro River filthy and in flood. Thank goodness for the swing bridge!

Climbing the hill to Manson tops passed quicker than I had imagined, but when we got on top we couldn't see any further than a few metres. Lyn made a quick radio call to Ross to say our plans had changed, and we were off, straining our eyes looking for the next warata through the mist, and a very wet couple

arrived at Manson Hut for lunch. We lit the fire to warm up and dried some gear and had lunch before heading into the murk again. Down and down and all of a sudden we were out of the mist, and what fabulous views, but it was a good sight to see Kiwi Mouth Hut below us and we arrived to find another empty hut.

With the river quite high we decided to go up Kiwi Creek and up to Kiwi Saddle. We followed fresh footprints and arrived to find the hut still warm but empty, but we did find a little bit of butter so we had freshly made pikelets and raspberry jam - a real treat. Our first signs of people for about three days was on the tops again - a couple going over the Macpac course, and we arrived at the carpark by the watergauge 5 minutes after Selina and Regan who'd come to pick us up. A great trip with rather nice company, but I'll have to go back someday to catch the views from Manson Tops. I'm told they're well worth it.

Lyn and Lyn Gentry

SOLO - MASTERTON TO OTAKI 22-23 February 1992

About a week before the club trip to Otaki Forks area, I hatched the idea to do the above trip. By chance I was able to get a ride to Masterton after work Friday night. On the way down the weather was deteriorating steadily, but was not so bad around Masterton. I was dropped off at Holdsworth Lodge at the road end behind Masterton with a couple of hours daylight. Two hours twenty minutes later and by torch light I was at Powell Hut for the night, to consume cold Kentucky Chicken bought at Masterton. The hut shook all night with high winds, but the next day was calm and fog. Not long after leaving the hut the fog cleared from Mt. Holdsworth - a great view everywhere, from the hills east of Masterton to Kapiti Island and the surf on the west coast.

From Mt. Holdsworth the route was down the Waiohine River, 3000ft below, and another 3000ft up to the central range (which is nearly as high as the main range north of Mt Holdsworth). Just as leaving the bushline, climbing up to Aokaparangi 1354M, the fog and cloud descended which necessitated using the map and compasses for navigation for about one and a half hours, whereupon it all lifted again, giving clear views to the south and the Kime Hut area just south of Mt. Hector, where I presumed some of the official club group would be, about 10km south. I had to head north on my route for about 5km to Anderson Memorial Hut for the night, although I did have a tent. An interesting hut, different enough to the usual NZFS 6 bunk hut to be a bit novel. It was built in memory of an early bush navigator killed in a bush crash. Just before this hut the saddle was a beech "Goblin" forest with massive moss deposits, and was very dark.

Sunday morning saw me gone at 6.30am on a crisp clear day to head north to Junction Knob to look at the great views in all directions before I headed west and 3000ft down into the Otaki River headwaters and up a side stream to a plateau/saddle, and so down Saddle Creek into the Waitatapa Stream. It was here I met the first person on the trip - a vet from Hastings, with two dogs, one of which was wearing a "coat" or saddle arrangement carrying it's own dog biscuits! At about this point there is an old steam boiler which used to operate a winch for a skidder for logging, and the remains of a bush tramway which went for miles down the valley. Some of the parts of the winch were cast by Vulcan Foundry, Napier. On down the valley to the road end to meet up with the club party at 4pm. - I arrived at 3.59!

I had taken my rifle with me; as it ended up "for a walk" as no sign of deer were seen. I had budgeted for 20 hours of travel but due to fog navigation and poor tracks (some places non existent) the trip took 22 hours; 2 hours Friday, 11 hours Saturday and 9 Sunday. A hard trip but a rewarding one.

Footnote: If the tracks I used are considered "high traffic" routes, then I wonder what the little used ones are like. I had not been in the Tararuas before, so it was interesting covering the actual ground after the expectations of my prior map study.

John Montgomerie

NORTH ISLAND BROWN KIWI SURVEY

Part 2 6th-9th July 1992

The last North Island Brown Kiwi survey in this region had been undertaken in 1984 by Cam Speedy of DoC., now resident in Turangi. Now the B.N.Z. and Royal Forest & Bird Protection Society recovery programme called for a further survey. The western side of the Kaweka Range was completed in May, and so it became the Eastern sides turn.

Lunchtime, Monday 6th saw 32 of us distributed to 16 sites from Kaweka Hut in the south to Te Puia in the north, with Makahu Saddle as radio base. High gusty winds made flying conditions marginal and I certainly wondered a little as our little chopper progressed sideways along the Black Birch, nose dived down into The Donald, turned a 360° circle, then shakingly descended to MacIntosh Hut, our "home" for the next four days. Some parties, travelling later, needed to be directed to alternative sites. We spread out our gear and settled in.

In the afternoon we went off to look for Kiwi sign, find suitable listening sites for the evening "sit-out" and mark the tracks for negotiating back in the dark. Later, back at the hut, we tested recorders and torches, synchronized watches, filled flasks, and hid a few munchies in our packs, had a brew, then set off. Hugh and I had sites overlooking the Donald Gorge and the headwaters basin of a side stream coming into it. Kieth and Brent were overlooking the Tutaekuri River, also taking in the face above the walkwire.

Half an hour past sunset we began "listening" - very hard to do with gale winds roaring around and temperatures steadily dropping as splatterings of rain and thickening clouds threatened. That hour was VERY long. I was stuck out on a rock outcrop ("Good open place to listen from" said Hugh) The second hour came as a relief and rushed by, as during this time we all played one minute tape recordings of Kiwi calls at fifteen minute intervals. Sadly we heard no answering calls so we reunited for the trudge back by torchlight through bog and fresh pig rooting.

Tuesday, clear and relatively calm, saw Brent "rock climbing" the Kaiarahi Gorge, (he came back soaked, cold and his shorts now well beyond wearing - poor Mum). Keith took the upper Kaiarahu Stream-bed, finding excellent Kiwi country but no signs. Hugh and I found suitable listening sites along the Kaweka track, overlooking the Kaiarahi Stream to the west and a side basin down to the gorge on the Eastern side of the ridge. We then went up the MacIntosh track, almost to the snowline towards Studholmes Saddle where we marked out sites overlooking basins to either side of the ridge. Back to the hut for a meal, then off out to our sites, a repeat of the previous night. All my moanings must have had effect as the boys gave me the "choice" site of the night. I found myself curled up on an overhang overlooking the Heretaunga/Takapau Plains in the calm moonlight, well sheltered from the breezes which ruffled the others. The moon mostly shone and the world seemed almost at peace as I watched the road and air traffic flow - but alas no Kiwi. A morepork flew full circle, coming in closer and closer with each successive kiwi call I played.

On reuniting with the others I found they'd had no success either so we vented our disappointment on possums along the way - 4 with three shots in fact - the last one on the meatsafe at the hut finally falling victim to assaults of axe, rifle and club in that order (after having taken a chomp off my leg - it objected to me standing on its tail to stop it escaping). Pity we missed the 64 point Matagouri though!

The impending storm hit overnight so what better to do next morning than keep the old sacks warm - until nature forced us out. Breakfast ran into lunch. With brightening intervals between storms we each went our own little ways. Keiths hunting efforts soon got drowned, Hugh and Brent had track markings washed out as soon as they'd made them and I didn't get far past dishes and wood. That night the moon fitfully shone at times but the rain was sleet and the air had the distinct feel of snow in it.

Our stations that night were close to the hut but at least we moved away from the loo, (one members ambition had been to "listen" from that sanctity!) Thursday dawned dull and cold but the radio sched said "Pick up as planned." We were tempted to leave a sign "Gone" on the hut door, but dutifully packed and cleaned up. As the chopper vibrated its way up the valley to Makahu Saddle the fog equally speedily raced in behind us. We were the last to be picked up - a bit later and we would have been walking out.

Disappointing that our party made no findings of Kiwi but others were successful, indicating that there are at least 16 birds still surviving on the eastern side so protection of that remnant is very worthwhile. We also made recordings of other birds, including Morepork, Rifleman, Tomtit, Grey Wabler, Whitehead, Silvereye, Fernbird, Dunnock, Chaffick, Greenfinch, Bellbird, Blackbird, Harrier and Paradise Duck so it was very worthwhile.

Many thanks to John Adams of DoC. for his great organisation of such a worthwhile survey and for the stimulating company of experts. I wouldn't need a second invitation to go again.

Pam Turner

Party: Keith Briden DoC-Napier (leader), Brent Stephenson (O.S.N.Z.) Hastings, Hugh Robertson DoC. (O.S.N.Z.) Wellington.

* * * * *

NEW MATTRESSES

A big thank you to Bay Beds of Ford Street, Onekawa, for their generous supply of mattresses at very minimum cost. These mattresses will be used in club huts.

Any-one else out there with a spare foam mattress, - the club will certainly be able to find a home for it. Phone Sue Holmes 8446032.

* * * * *

AUCTION

Auction on November 25th for club funds. Make it a fun night by bringing along any auctionable item - doesn't have to be tramping related. eg. books, fruit or veges, husbands, household appliances, surplus tramping equipment, vintage cars, colour teles, wives, plantsuse your imagination.

* * * * *

FOR SALE

White Spirits. \$2 a litre from Christine. Ph 8434912

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OOPS.....

Peter Berry shaved his whiskers off one night. Next morning young Donna climbs into their bed, takes a look and is shocked. "Who's this" says Glenda. "Clive" says Donna, and I bet Glenda took a second look to be sure!

* * * * *

John Berry



- Readers Digest

X X

5th December 1992

\$10 a head plus plate. Contact Kath 8777223 or Lyn 8750542

FMC REPORT

The AGM was held in Wellington in late June. I was elected for another two-year term - thanks for all the local support.

The Annual Report was released to all clubs in May and it contains details of FMC activities over the past year. There are still many issues that should cause us concern:

- pressure to change access and conservation provisions in the Resource Management Act
- access restrictions arising in Crown forest that have been sold off
- freedom of entry to the public estate is under threat in many areas
- walkways are not being maintained and not many new ones are being promoted.

There are three very important matters that you should all be considering:

1. The new DoC Great Walks Pass requirement. Everyone is to be charged for using the facilities on these tracks at a much higher rate than elsewhere. It is being promoted as a conservation measure when in fact it seems to be a response to Treasury's demand that DoC generate more revenue.
2. The fight to have esplanades reserves on our waterways is still on. As soon as the government announces its decision on this matter we will know whether the fight will continue.
3. The government seems to be heading towards the disposal of public land for Maori claimants. FMC firmly believes that public conservation lands are not for sale or disposal. Mount Hikurangi has already set a precedent that shuts out public discussion.

All these matters are addressed in more detail in the latest Bulletin. Read you copy which you receive as a financial member of HTC. There is also more up-to-date news about these and other matters in the FMC Newsletter (now called Boots & All). The club has at least three copies on file in the library. I also have extras.

At the AGM delegates also gave overwhelming support to the Bulletin as one of the major functions/productions of FMC. Do you agree? Do you like the format and content of the Bulletin?

It was good to see local contributions in the latest issue.

TASK FOR EVERYONE.....FMC wants to build up a register of access problems throughout the country. Please let me know of any areas where there are problems with access onto the public conservation estate. Put it in writing so that it can be included.

Footnote: Thankyou all those people who showed their support by turning up for the RMLR meeting in Napier on May 5th. It was good to see you.

Christine Hardie.

#

Did you know

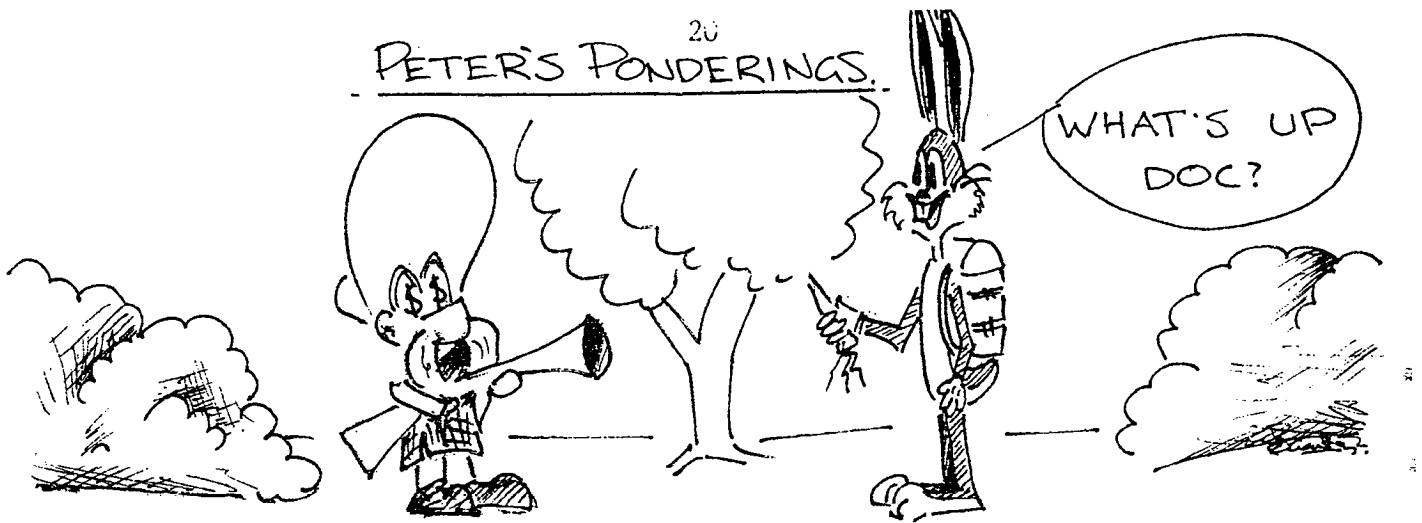
The Kaweka Range Block, an area of 50,000 acres was brought in 1859 for £130.

* * * *

L O T K O W

Lawrence over Te Kowhai out Whittles

PETER'S PONDERINGS.



AN AVERAGE TRAMPER BALKS AT GREAT WALKS

DoC hierarchy have decided to implement a policy on 7 of New Zealand's finest tramps of special track passes and a 500 metre no camping zone either side of the tracks!

Now I can't talk from personal experience on all the other tracks, but Waikaremoana I know reasonably well, having walked around it 3 or 4 times and in and out and around bits of it many times more.

Charging people to walk around it whether they use the huts provided or not seems a bit on the nose to me. Others have pointed out the iniquity of these charges for people using the lake track to go someplace further back. The fact that much of the hut overcrowding is caused by boaties, and the right as they see it of free public access to our conservation lands.

DoC have said that damage is being caused by too many people using the track and facilities provided. I say that Head Office (and I don't blame DoC, rather I blame the Treasury Benches) have been told to get some money somehow and some-one has come up with this idea. Where I do put some blame on the DoC hierarchy is in the thinly disguised claims that this is being done partly as a conservation measure. Now I'm only talking of Waikaremoana and it's only my uneducated layman's opinion, but here's my tuppence worth.

No camping within 500 metres of the track.

What a load of rubbish literally. The best places to camp are around the lake edge, because the lake was artificially lowered quite a few years back leaving a strip of grass and scrub around the edge, and it's also flatter. There is less damage on the lake edge and thousands of people have made camps there already doing most of the damage that can be done. It is easier to tidy up and keep an eye on a smaller area.

If thousands of people walk far enough into the bush to get out of sight (and don't kid yourself that they're going 500 metres) there will be a proliferation of tracks and fire places and campsites and rubbish, not to mention the number of lost tourists wandering around in the rain, ill equipped to survive till someone stumbles on them if they are lucky.

This great walks system is not a conservation measure (although it may have some conservation features) - it is a money grab. If Government tells DoC to grab money DoC should be forthright and stick their paw out honestly. Charge every-one \$5 a day to use the park or whatever. And don't think it won't come. There's a beaver gnawing away at our tree hut. We should either give it a hand with a chainsaw to clear the view, or SHOOT it as an undesirable alien to our way of life.

Another Point to Ponder

If you provide a flash Social Welfare benefit you will get more social beneficiaries.

If you provide a flash hut and track system you will get more people using it.

Do we want our conservation lands driven by the tourist dollar.

We could tramp these places before they put in their flash huts and tracks.

All it cost us was honest sweat, now they want hard cash.

Peter Berry

TE KOOTI IN HAWKE'S BAY

With the centenary of his death less than a year away, the mystique of Te Kooti Rikirangi remains undiminished. Variouslly described as a fanatic, a visionary, a butcher, a prophet and the victim of injustice, he was a complex and unpredictable man.

He was a master of bushcraft. Te Kooti's ability to cover rugged terrain quickly, together with a watchfulness that allowed him to vacate a camp just as the militia were arriving, made him a creature of superstition. As a result he often plunged isolated communities into terror without necessarily being in the vicinity. Like the expert bushman he was he familiarised himself thoroughly with any new territory he entered. This allowed him to negotiate terrain that only a madman would attempt. The story still survives of a midnight ride down the cliffs of the upper Esk River following a treacherous fault line. It is known as Te Kooti's track to this day.

Te Kooti knew Heretaunga. It is on record that he managed one of the gangs draining the Turirau swamp for John Heslop. This was about 1864 when he was known as Hiroke. He still sent messages to Mr Heslop under that name after hostilities broke out.

The belief lingers to this day that Te Kooti was somehow involved in fanning the flames of the Hauhau movement in Hawke's Bay during the first half of 1866. His name has been linked with the Esk Valley confrontation at Herepoho and the Omarunui engagement in 1866. He has been blamed too for the Mohaka-Waikare confiscation of January 1867. None of these claims is accurate because he was in the Chatham Islands from March 1866.

Te Kooti had contact with the Hauhaus at the time of the Waeranga a Hika seige at Poverty Bay in November in 1865. This led to his arrest and transportation through Napier to the Chatham Islands. The fact that he didn't leave the Chathams until July 1868 makes it clear he had no involvement in the events leading up to the Omarunui engagement and cannot be blamed for the Mohaka-Waikare confiscation. The massacre at Matawhero in November 1868 and Te Kooti's involvement is well documented. So too are the activities of the Kahanhunu of Heretaunga who joined the Government forces at Makaretu to flush him out. It was there that Karauria Pupu, father of Airini Donnelly was killed on November 28 1868. The Mohaka massacre in April 1869, and the Opepe engagement two months later resulted in a massive Government drive to end Te Kooti's reign of terror.

The chiefs of Heretaunga were called on again. Two forces left for Taupo in September 1869 and joined the rout of Te Kooti at Te Porere the following month. Te Kooti escaped.

Te Porere should have seen an end to Te Kooti's effect on Hawke's Bay but it wasn't the case. Between July 1870 and August 1871 he went to ground and is known to have spent part of that time at least, near the junction of the Te Hoe Stream and the Mohaka River at Te Kooti's Lookout. From this base he made forays across the Mohaka into the Mangaharuru Ranges, establishing short term bases of convenience. One such base is Te Kooti's fortress, a huge rock monolith on Manganui Station. Charred pallisade poles were still standing there in the early 1940s.

The last reported raid in this vicinity was on January 18 1872. Te Kooti came onto Philip Dolbel's property at Mangaharuru and burnt down his woolshed. Isolated incidents of this nature kept the people of Hawke's Bay on edge. Some settlers moved their families to town for safety.

After Te Kooti's pardon in 1883 he took to the road promoting the Ringatu faith. In December 1885 he and his followers - around 200, camped at Te Haroto, then arrived at Petane where they stayed a few days, then left, crossing the Mohaka and passing the pa which had been a scene of some of his former atrocities. One year later another visit was viewed with caution by authorities as he and his followers passed through Napier, Clive, Middle Road to Patangata, Waipawa and Waipukurau, on their way to Porangahua for Christmas, returning north in early January. On January 12 in keeping with the Ringatu faith they observed their Sabbath. That same evening a sharp earthquake struck Napier. The following morning the legendary figure made his exit from Heretaunga.

It is good to know that DOC is benefiting from the scheme to divert patients from mental institutions (such as the universities) into paid employment in community groups (such as the Cabinet, the judiciary and the upper bureaucracy). We look forward confidently to further moves against exotics on the crown estate, next time including humans.

Here is a suggested Code of Conduct in National Parks:

1. Do not take beer cans into the parks. Throw them out the car window onto some cocky's place or preferably return under plain wrapper to Doug Myers.
2. Do not light fires. Eat everything raw. If cold, everyone get in the same sleeping bag.
3. If possible, never defecate in the parks. Remain constipated at all times. In case of accident, clean up with handfuls of exotic - never native - flora. Use Yorkshire fog grass or well-grown mullein, or, as recommended by Gargantua, a swans neck. Handfuls of the exotic gorse, broom or pinus contorta in theory would kill two birds with one stone, by eliminating undesirable exotics. (Only for real machos, this one.)
4. Do not kill birds with one stone, except exotics like sparrows, peacocks, swans etc.
5. Never wash yourself or your utensils in the park. This only pollutes the streams. Wait till you are on some cocky's place outside the park boundaries.
6. When approaching back-country huts, walk as silently as possible. You may be rewarded by the sight of some natural beauties, if they don't hear you coming.

Enjoy your stay. Make it as short as possible. Learn to know when you are not wanted.

When you return to the city, you too will be an expert on soil conservation, high country management, etc, just like all the others who have often walked hundreds of metres off the main highway.

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BOOTS - they're one piece of equipment that we have to have, and can either make a trip a pleasure or a pain! They are also very expensive so the best of care should be taken with looking after them. With winter tramping they are always wet, and that means special care when you get home.

When boots are wet DON'T put them in front of a fire or heater, or even in the boiler cupboard. Over-heating makes the bonding cement go tacky and reactivate and eventually the sole will come off. The best way to dry boots out is to stuff them with newspaper and put them in an airy room.

There is also concern among boot manufacturers about the use of oils to waterproof boots. Apparently these dubbins and oils saturate the leather and it ends up mushy with the soles bond broken down. Wax products waterproof boots and are safe to use on leather.



-N.Z. Wilderness

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SIGN OF THE TIMES.....

For over 55 years HTC members have been leaving vehicles safely at Holts. Looks as if that tradition may be coming to an end.

OUR TREES AND BIRDS

SILVER BEECH

Nothofagus menziesii

Tree reaching 30 m.
Bark cherry-like on young trees,
greyish white and furrowed on old
trees.
Leaves 8-12 mm doubly toothed,
almost circular.
Found: Mt Te Aroha to Southland.



N. MENZIESII



N. SOLANDRI var. SOLANDRI



NOTHOFAGUS FUSCA

RED BEECH

Nothofagus fusca

Tree reaching 35 m. Bark thick,
furrowed and blackish and trunk
often buttressed.
Leaves 2.5-4 cm coarsely and
sharply toothed.
Found: Rotorua region south to Te
Anau.

BLACK BEECH

Nothofagus solandri var solandri

Tree reaching 27 m. Bark pale and
smooth on young trees, black and
furrowed on old ones and often
covered with black fungus.
Leaves 10-15 mm on short stalk
1-2 mm. Smooth-margined.
Found: Waikato to South Westland.

RIFLEMAN



These are the smallest birds in New Zealand. They are plentiful in the South Island forests and heavily bushed country in southern parts of the North Island, and may sometimes be seen flying close to cultivated land where trees are plentiful. They usually hunt in pairs searching tree trunks and small crevices for the tenderest insects. They are not songbirds, but chirpers. They are so tiny they can push into holes which are far too small for other birds and animals which would prey on them. They build nests inside hollow trees and banks where there is a narrow entrance. The nest is made of woven moss, thread like roots and leaf skeletons. Breeding lasts from August to December and often 2 broods in one season. The female is paler than the male, both have dark brown wings, yellowish-green back, a light streak over the eye, a light yellow breast, and little fringe of a tail.

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A TRAMPERS PLEA

From hailstorms and fogs
And mosquito-filled bogs;
Snags on the track
And an overweight pack;
Boots that cause blisters
And rain-shrouded vistas;
Protect and preserve us -
These things make me nervous.

P.M.T.

PROGRESSIVE DINNER June 20 1992

When I walked into Peter and Glenda's home it was filled with anticipation with what everyone would be wearing this year, - the theme being 1920's. Well, I wasn't disappointed with all the girls looking great in their flapper gear and the guys didn't look too bad either in their dinner jackets and tails. Upstairs we all trooped for the soup, and then this priest had us all involved in a competition between the guys and girls playing charades, followed by some of Al and Liz's skits.

Up the road to Joy's place for the main course and what a great spread it was. These three young flappers did a well rehearsed song and dance routine for Stan's benefit. Then round two of the charade competition with the guys showing the way in this game.

Then it was into the truck and up to Ross and Robyn's for the last course, and again what a spread it was. The priest was up to his tricks again and wouldn't let us sit down quietly. The guys won the competition by a narrow margin and Al won the best dressed person. There were these alarm clock candles given out for prizes for I don't know what. Audrey had a mystery parcel for her birthday.

Many thanks to our hosts for this year, and the priest for his organising, and also to the approximately 43 club members who turned up to make it all happen.

Jim Glass

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CLUB NEWSNEW MEMBERS

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

Angela Cormack, Judith Askew, Philip Mardon, Jan Marshall, Rick Bowker, Mandy Leslie, Dianne, Graeme & Thomas Lawlor.

SONG BOOKS

Finally they are ready. You can purchase yours for a small cost and sing your heart out.

PHOTO COMPETITION RESULTS

Panorama or Pictorial	Kathy Turner
Club Character	Peter Berry
Wildlife, Plants & Insects . . .	Joy Stratford
Slides	Kay Ward
Overall winner	Kathy Turner

Congratulations to you all and thanks to Stan & Jim for organising this competition.

Congratulations also to Lynette & Gerald Blackburn on the recent birth of a daughter.

Miss Kay Ward is now to be known as Ms Kay Ward as she recently married the man of her dreams - Ted Muir.

Martin Mallow, our "traveller" is having a marvellous time. After a week in Australia he travelled straight to Frankfurt, Germany. He has travelled most of Germany wandering with relatives, and just loved southern Germany with it's little villages and farmlets in between. He also did a 700km one day journey into Austria as a pillion passenger on several relatives motor-cycles.

MEETINGS: DATES AND DUTIES

DATE	HOSTS	SUPPER
Aug 19	Lyn Gentry, Geoff Robinson	Shirley Bathgate, Lyn Gentry
Sept 2	Joy Stratford, Julie Turner	Pam & Eileen Turner
Sept 16	Len Frost, Wayne Hatcher	Christopher Frost, Christine Hardie
Sept 30	Kolm Stevens, Kay Ward	Ted Sapsford, Jenny Lean
Oct 14	Eddie Holmes, Kathy Turner	Philip Mardon, Sue Lopdell
Oct 28	Mike Craven, Annette Duncan	Rodger Burns, Thelma T/Smith
Nov 11	Stan Woon, Jenny Ives	Mandy Leslie, John Montgomerie
Nov 25	Bruce Almond, Lyn Gentry	Doug Rusbatch, Lyn Gentry
Dec 9	Al Moffitt, Christiana Stevens	Ross Berry, Bing Potts
Dec 23	Rowan Sapsford, John Berry	Mianne Lawlor, Peter Berry

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MEETING NIGHT PROGRAMME

Aug 19	John Berry - Little Barrier Island - Members Slides
Sept 2	Dave Cormack - Canada - Members Slides
Sept 16	Training - Search & Rescue
Sept 30	Ru Davis - H.B. Search Dog Group
Oct 14	Kay Ward - Operation Raleigh
Oct 28	Training - First Aid
Nov 11	AGM
Nov 25	Auction - Lyn Gentry
Dec 9	Training - Outdoor Map & Compass
Dec 23	Christine Hardie - FMC

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EXECUTIVE NEWSSPONSERSHIP FUND

A sponsorship Fund is available to club members interested in pursuing Outdoor Education Programmes. Contact the Secretary, Kath Berry for more info.

CLUB BELONGINGS

If you have any-thing belonging to the club let Kath Berry know as she is compiling a register of club belongings and equipment.

A.G.M.

H.T.C. Annual General Meeting. November 11th. 7.30pm at the Clubrooms.

SUBS

Subs are coming up so start saving. They are Due 30th September 1992.

DUTIES OF THOSE ON SUPPER 7 HOST

HOST - Greet new people, fill in visitors book, vacuum the floor and check the heaters and lights are off.

SUPPER - Bring 1 Lt milk. Put zip on, cups, sugar etc out. Wash dishes & tidy kitchen.

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NEW GIANT WETA DISCOVERED

A group from Wellington's Victoria University has discovered a new species of giant weta in the Southern Alps. The weta was found under rocks at two separate sites, both in tussock country at a high altitude bordering the mountain ranges. It is brown, with big spiny rear legs and a wide shield behind its head. It could grow up to 7cm long and weigh 12g., and was quite different from the other seven recognised species of weta.

From the Ed.

Many thanks to those who contribute articles and pieces for the Pohokura. It makes things easier for me so please keep you eyes and ears open for any articles, stories, hints etc you feel may be of interest to others. A big thanks for the trip reports that come in on time and also to Pegan for his drawings which brighten the pages.

Some time ago the club purchased a most interesting and entertaining book written by Charlie Janes. Charlie has just had his second book published titled "Hell for Leather" and is of further tales of flying, hunting and building airstrips in the Kawekas. If you are interested in purchasing one contact Charlie or myself as they are selling super fast, and I can assure you it'll be good reading at a good price.

With the winter snows gone a couple of the historic tramps are planned - one into an area rarely tramped by the club, so maybe this is your chance for a new area.

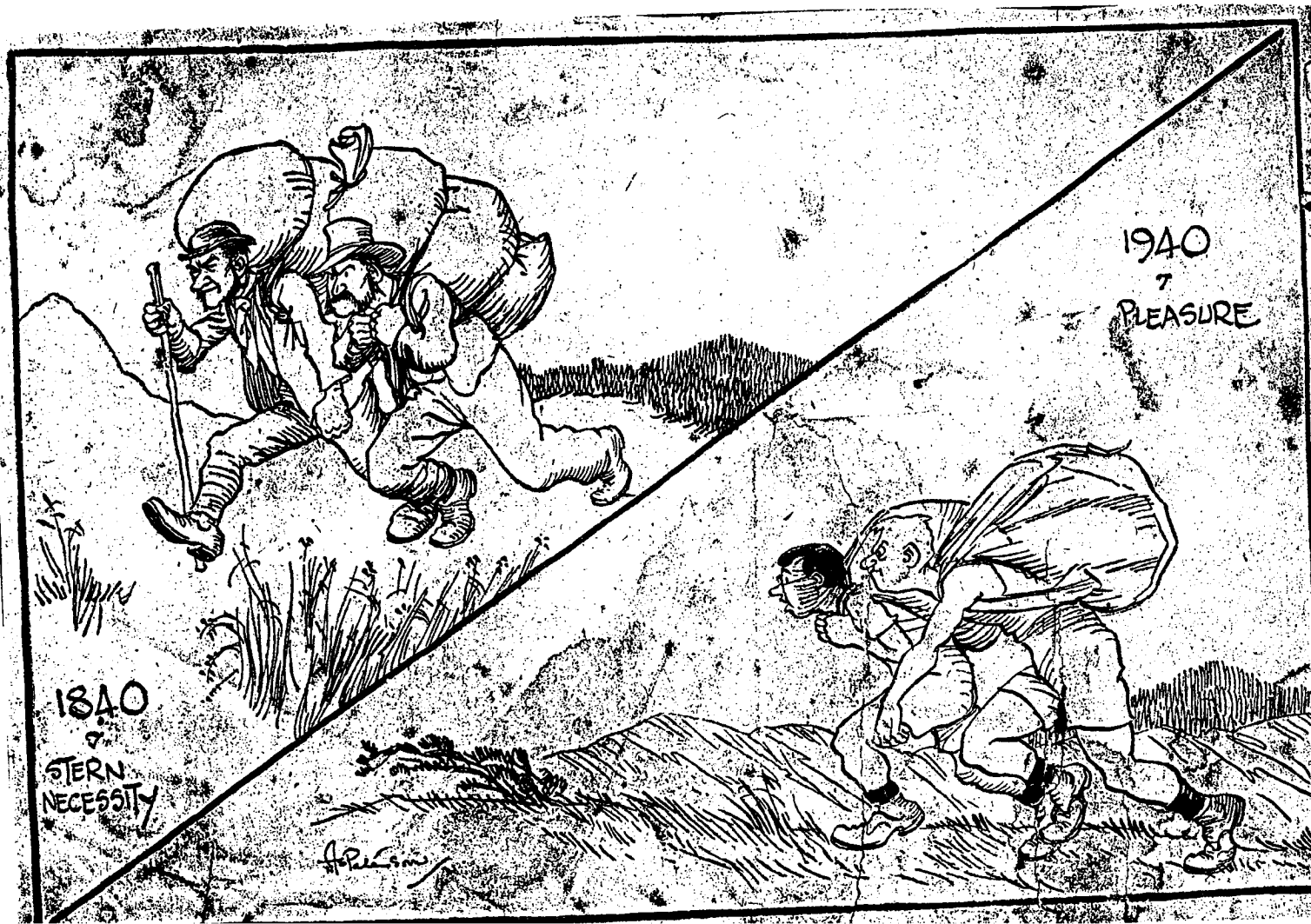
Our Hoe-Down will be the social function of the year, with Home-Grown band, so make sure you get your tickets.

Hopefully you'll find this an interesting Pohokura to read, and happy tramping.

Lady Lyn.

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FROM THE CLUB ARCHIVES



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 anyone 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 10pm. 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 \$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 8750542.

August 22-23 Tongariro National Park

From Whakapapa Village a trip round Mt Ngauruhoe and out to Mangatepopo. Side trip available to Tama Lakes. If weather is perfect may head straight to the 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 13: Holts Forest Family Tramp

Contact: Josie Boland 8351805

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. Adults \$15 Junior \$8

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

Side trips available on most trips on fixtures list

October 4: Parks Peak Hut

From Sentry Box Hut a climb up the track to the top and along to Parks Peak Hut. Return via the Kaumatua track.

Map U21

Leader: Alister Moffitt 8443693

October 11: Ellis Hut/Yoemans Track Family Tramp Contact: Sue Holmes 8446032October 18: Maungahararuru Range

From Pohokura Rd heading south along the range passing Bell Rock and Taraponui to the Napier-Taupo Road

Maps V19, V20

Leader: Sue Lopdell 8446697

October 23-26: Ruahine Traverse Stage 3

From Ngamoko Rd onto the main Ruahine Range and along passing Longview Hut, Howletts Hut, Sawtooth Ridge, and out via Waipawa River. A lower altitude route may also be used. Another trip also available for those who want a series of shorter trips.

Maps U22, U23

Leader: Wayne Hatcher 8799201

October 31 November 1: Te Puia Lodge

A mid-day start into Te Puia Lodge and Mangatainoka Hot Springs. Back out via Middle Hill Hut.

Maps U19, U20

Leader: Leo Brunton 8447228

November 8: Lake Opouahi/Waihemo Gorge Family Tramp

Contact: Glenda Hooper 8774183

November 15: Orangikino - Rangitaiki Forest

A climb onto this high point then down into the tussock basin of Takahiapo Stream. Different scenery on this one.

Maps U19, V19

Leader: David Harrington 8439999

November 22: Grandparents Tramp

An extra for the kids and a day off for Mum & Dad - to revisit Holts Forest

Contact: Jim-Glass 8778748

November 28-29 Log Cabin Site - Place of History

In from Timahanga Station, over the Hogget to the old hut site. Back out via the Taruarau River. A good variety of country travelled on this trip.

Map U20

Leader: Ed Holmes 8446032

DECEMBER 5: BARN DANCE (read about it elsewhere in Pohokura)December 6: Tangoio - Flat Rock Family Tramp Contact: Graeme Boaler 8774698December 13: Training Day plus tramp

Navigational exercise from trig 11477 to Mohaka River. Some training will be held here followed by river crossing exercise down river to bridge.

Map V20

Leader: Julie Turner 8763992

Christmas Trip: Whakatane River. Details later.

Leader: Rodger Burn 8776322

January 9-10 1993: Kiwi Mouth Hut

In from Kuripapango via Kiwi Saddle and Kiwi Creek. Back out via Ngaruroro River.

Map U20

Leader: David Cormack

January 28: Koau Stream/Waitutu Stream

Two trips. Lyn's trip from Ruahine Hut to Koau Stream to look for Shute's headstone and hot springs. Dave H. is going over Desolation and up Waitutu Stream to visit a 35M waterfall.

Map U21

Leader: Lyn Gentry (Lord) 8750542

CLUB MEETINGS are held every 2nd Wednesday at St Marks Church Hall, cnr Queen St and Park Road. Hastings. Meetings start 7.30pm. Visitors welcome.