

HERETAUNGA TRAMPING CLUB (INC).

P.O. BOX 447 HASTINGS

"POHOKURA"

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CLUB TRIPS

ROCKS AHEAD STREAM

Trip No 1572

March 21-22 1993

At about 8.10 on a coolish morning 13 of us arrived at the carpark and by 8.30 we, the first of two parties were on our way up Makahu Spur heading for the "J". The second party were soon to follow, also to the "J" and then across the tops to Ballards. By 9.30 Dave, Dave, Hugo and myself dropped packs at the Memorial Cairn for a snack and a gander at the view. The sun was out with patches of cloud flitting over the tops making it a great day for tramping, but it was nice to sit on the sunny side of the cairn to escape the very chilly westerly that kept the other side quite frozen and frosty.

From there we headed west down a spur to Sterns Saddle and on our right we could look down on Back Ridge Hut. At Maminga we spent time for lunch and soaked up some more sun before leaving the track and making our way down a ridge heading for a stream junction with Rocks Ahead Stream. The bush was reasonably open and we were soon in the stream ready to follow it to the top. On the way down we disturbed a deer - lucky for it we were not hunters.

Just as its name suggests the stream is very rocky with huge boulders and large dams of twisted wood all hemmed in by very steep bush clad sides. In spite of this we were able to make good progress until we came to what was to be the first of 7 waterfalls. They all had to be skirted by climbing up and around in sometimes very difficult terrain. This slowed us down somewhat but by 5pm we were approximately half way and made camp in a very pleasant spot beside the stream. It was flat, moss covered and sheltered by clumps of scrub and beech trees, and the area was also large enough to house a lot more than the two tents that appeared that night. Four meals were soon prepared and eaten as a cheery camp fire kept company with stories of the days activities.

Next morning dawned bright and clear and by 8.30am we were back in the stream ready for whatever lay ahead. We were not disappointed! After moving through some delightful areas and 9 waterfalls later we had reached a point where a decision was made to climb out. At this point we were in a very rugged area of bluffs and very high rocky pinacles with the stream cascading over a series of falls into deep holes, and after taking photos we made our way about 150M to the top of the main range just below Whetu. From there we headed south and down Dicks Spur to the trig point where we were able to see the other party arriving at Kaweka Flats Bivy. With the two parties joined up again it was not long before we were back at the truck at 4.30pm.

This was a very enjoyable and rewarding trip and thanks must go to Dave H. for leading us through an area we might never have chosen for ourselves.

L.B.

Party; Dave Harrington, Leader, Dave Cormack, Leo Brunton, Hugh Verhagen.

Party B

We weren't far behind the other group and just before Domini we could see someone at the tracks edge and spent 5 or so minutes trying to decide who it was and eventually all was revealed - it was Wayne with the remains of a heavy flu (or night on the town). We settled for flu, and moved on up to the "J". With the addition of Wayne this evened out the ratio of boys to girls on the trip.

Arrived at the "J" at 11.49 and stopped for food and a drink but the wind was

extremely cold and we didn't stop for long. After a leisurely stroll to North Kaweka we took bearings and discussed where the other trips had gone to. Moving along to the eastern side of the ridge we lunched for about 40 minutes taking time to discuss all the various topics that came up, and it wasn't long before we had an early afternoon tea which we all enjoyed as the views were second to none. (Last time on the tops for me was the Macpac Weekend)!!!

Arriving at Ballards mid afternoon we relaxed in the sun and chin wagged again, but by this the sun had gone down to a fine art (gobble, gobble, gobble was the catch phrase from Wayne for the weekend).

Two intrepid trampers made camp down by the stream and the rest opted for the hut. The night air was very cold and the wind took the temperature down even more, but with a fire in the hut and good equipment we all spent a comfortable night.

We left Ballards early and after a 45 minute climb we were all warmed up quite well. We travelled along the tops in parkas as the wind was fresh, but the views again were spectacular, then down Ihaka Spur to Middle Hill Hut for just a look. The bush down was quite nice with lots of wind falls but no hassels. We pushed along to Kaweka Flats Bivy lunching on the way down in a river bed. At the bivy we spotted the other party on Dicks Spur and waited for them to appear at the track junction where we regrouped and set out for Makahu carpark. The bush was enjoyable along this stretch (Middle to Makahu) but I had forgotten how long it was, and found it quite tiring towards the end, especially the hill leading up to the sign "Boulder Creek", but overall I had a most relaxing weekend with a good crew, plenty of fun and a few pranks.

G.L.

Party: Sus Lopdell (Leader), Gloria Taula, Kathy Turner, Lady Lyn Gentry, Wayne Hatcher, Graham & Dianne Lawlor.

Party C Rocks Ahead Hut/ Venison Tops Hut

After leaving Dave and Co, Ken Wood & I continued on down Back Ridge to the junction of the track that leads to Rocks Ahead Hut. By this stage the wind had down a little and we basked in glorious sunshine for twenty minutes or so. After a 55 minute downhill run on an excellent track we arrived at Rocks Ahead Hut at approximately 1.30pm. Another person had arrived from Makahu half an hour before us. Rocks Ahead is a delightful spot when the sun is shining, and is located at the junction of Rocks Ahead Stream and the Ngaruroro River.

By 2pm we had crossed the swing bridge over Rocks Ahead Stream and were struggling up another 800M climb, this time bound for Venison Tops and the infamous "Kelvinator Lodge". We had to scramble around many wind fallen trees on the lower parts of the track. About 30 minutes after leaving the hut we were brought to a standstill by something crashing around in the undergrowth about 15 minutes in front of us. About a minute after we stopped another animal started to bark/whistle from a position behind the first animal. The deer that was closest to us immediately stopped moving and its companion became very vocal at Ken and I for approximately 5 minutes. Onward and upward we went, and at 4.15pm we reached the open tops and headed across toward Tira Lodge which is located on Venison Tops north eastern corner. The blowfly airforce was in residence around the hut despite there being a very cold southerly wind blowing. We made ourselves at home and about an hour after our arrival, Marsh Berkett from DOC at Puketitiri arrived back from a hunt. A while later Gary ? also from DOC arrived with two deer carcasses. After an evening meal spent renewing acquaintances with an Alliance Dehyd. packet we played a few hands of Euchre?? and hit the pit at about 10pm.

Sunday dawned fine but windy but as the weather forecast was not too good we hit the track at about 8.30 bound for Kaweka J via the Whetu corner. We were a bit confused as to the time that we were to be at the truck because daylight saving had finished at 2am, so was it 4pm yesterdays time or todays time?? Marsh's foxie followed us as we left the hut, she was probably hoping for some of the venison

that was strapped to the outside of my pack. After returning him to his master we dropped off the tops enroute to the Ballards turnoff. We hadn't realised that the saddle on this track was so big and it took longer than expected to reach the track junction for the descent to Ballards, (1 hour 40mins). Sus's team had left this point at 8.40 so we continued on to the sign post near Whetu, occasionally poking our noses over into Rocks Ahead Creek to see if we could see any sign of the latest expedition by "Harrington's Horror Tours".

The trip along the tops to Kaweka J was fairly uneventful apart from an increasing number of rest and refreshment stops. The wind by this stage was a cool westerly and not much time was spent admiring the view from the "J" before once again dropping over the edge toward Makahu and the truck. For this trip I was carrying my "Pursuit Day Pack" and it proved to be just big enough for a lightweight weekend tramp (with a fair bit of cramming). We trotted down to Makahu in 45 minutes. The total time from Kelvinator Lodge was 4 hours 35 minutes, and 12 hours 25 minutes for the complete round trip.

Ken Wood proved to be an excellent tramping companion. He never lagged behind, or complained about the pace. He was very sociable and renewed friendships with John Montgomerie, Graham Thorp, and a few other people that we encountered on the way. Ken wasn't able to take any food with him, so he had to survive the weekend on his charged up reserves, and by late on Sunday afternoon he was showing the signs energy deficiency.

Thanks to John Montgomerie and Graham Thorp for providing the VHF radio support for this trip. It turned out to be an excellent weekend.

R.B.

Number in party: 2. Ross Berry and Kenwood.

For those of you who are still puzzling over companion "Ken Wood" please turn to page .21.. ED.

KERERU FAMILY TRAMP

Trip No 1573

March 28 1993

We set out in the truck with Peter B at the wheel heading for his sisters place at Kereru. Unfortunately Peter lived up to his reputation of not always having the best navigation skills and managed to take us the long and windy way to Duff Road. After a snack we set off on what was going to be a $\frac{1}{2}$ hour wander before lunch. Initially a wander along Poutal Stream and then up an old farm track through native bush to Poporangi Road and back down to the truck - only 2 hours after starting out. Fortunately the blackberries kept the children going. After a late lunch, a piece of Glen's birthday cake each and a play in the stream we headed home the short way this time.

Daniel, Donna & Natalie Berry; Claire & Glen Holmes; Ben & Eden Lennan; Tammy & Libby Boaler; Erica & Conal Bristow & Their parents; Nanna Pat, George Prebble, Heidi Stevens.

MATHEWS STREAM Refer Map Pg 18

Trip No 1574

April 4 1993

6.30am. Placing my feet on the floor I heard a noise which sounded just above the house, - hell, we have an invasion on our hands. Rushing outside at a very slow pace, looking skywards I saw two hot air balloons about 100 feet up. This looks good for our tramp down Mathews Stream for the day as they wouldn't be flying if bad weather was close by.

I left home at 7.45 for an 8am start from Holts. We had 27 names down for the trip which would make a crowded truck, but seeing as it would only take an hour

by road it wouldn't be too bad. After waiting an extra 10 minutes we finally left with 24 bods on board, and unfortunately we are still getting travel sickness in the back. Possibly if we moved those prone to this towards the front and some of you more hardy types towards the back.

We arrived at our destination in beautiful sunshine with everyone raring to go, but the oldies - Shirley and Co, decided on a cuppa tea. David Harrington took 16 up to Masters Shelter to drop into Mathews Stream and meet us down at the cave site. Steven Overend, the farm owners son arrived and stayed with us all day and we found him good company. The V.I.P. members headed straight down into the stream by a route Jim and I found on the previous Wednesday. It didn't take long to find a cave, and it was certainly a very interesting cave, BUT is not the cave we found in 1951. Most of the V.I.P.s continued on down the stream with Geoff, Steven and myself waiting for the Harrington mob so we could show them where the cave was. After we had shown them the way in the three of us headed up to take the truck down to where the Mathews Stream and the Ohara meet. The H mob were to follow and catch up with the V.I.P.'s downstream. We three went upstream for about an hour and found it a beautiful stroll up a mountain stream with an abundance of Totara trees - one would hardly know we were surrounded by farmland. We never met the main parties so returned to the truck and it wasn't long before the crowd arrived back after an enjoyable trip.

We found the frame of the swing bridge that the deerstalkers put over the Ohara Stream near by the carpark, and we heard about 15 stags roaring their heads off even though they were in behind a wire fence. This area has an attraction for me as it was an excellent hunting area, especially after the dances at the Kereru Hall. We would always take our hunting gear in the old bomb and head for the hills about 2am, tramp up the Ohara to Mt Mary and camp. Monday was sheer hell at work.

This 8am start is a great thing and wherever possible should be it. This travel sickness is a problem and it certainly makes me think before going tramping as it would be great to jump into the back of the truck with no worries. It is always a pleasure to lead an HTC trip and this trip was no exception. We had a very happy crowd, although the only time I led from the front was when I was sitting up front with Geoff. Thankyou for driving Geoff and thank all of those that came along for the trip.

S.W.

Party: Stan Woon (Leader), Leo Brunton, Susan Lopdell, Arch Lowe, Glenda Hooper, Dave Harrington, Gloria Taula, Doug Rusbatch, Graham, Dianne & Thomas Lawlor, Margaret & John Jones, Geoff Clibborn, Jim Glass, Kyle Johnston, Ross, Robyn & Sarah Berry, Shirley Bathgate, Sue Holmes, Kathy Turner, Garry Smith, Geoff Robinson & Steven Overend.

BRIDGE TO NOWHERE

Trip No 1575

April 9 - 12 1993 (Easter)

I have learnt much over the years from fellow HTC members. Their knowledge, freely passed on, is much appreciated.

In particular:-

- from Geoff Robinson - never lead a trip where it rains
- from everybody - 6am is a horrible time to start a tramp

It was with these rules in mind that we set off from Leo's place in Taradale at noon, on a lovely sunny day. 15 of us were going to the Bridge to Nowhere, then on up the Mangapurua Valley, into the Kaiwhakauka Valley and finally to Whakahoro. 3 of us were to stay with the truck and move from our starting point at Pipiriki to Whakahoro. Three hours later we ran into real heavy rain as we turned off the Napier - Taihape Road onto State Highway 1. It was still raining hard when we stopped for a feed at Ohakune and sort of still raining when we arrived at Pipiriki at 5.15pm. We camped in a picnic area beside the Wanganui River for the night, some setting up tents while others were content to sleep in the truck.

It was still sort of raining, but as the night progressed (and everyone went for their midnight wanders) the moon became brighter and stayed with us longer.

Officially it became Saturday when all the alarm clocks went off at 6am. Among other things, I had a can of fruit salad for my breakfast. I had not opened the can before a short sharp and heavy shower caught us all outside. The can went into my pack in a hurry, to be later cursed on rediscovery further up the valley. The Wanganui River was flowing dirty and high, and we later found out that the river was about 4 metres higher than normal. Our truck was parked about 4M higher again and about 4M above us was a sign that recorded the height of the 1904 flood!! Our jet boat picked us up at 8.30am for the 60 minute journey up the river. Before picking us up one of the jet boats had recovered a Canadian Canoe which was drifting past. We found out later that the boat had been lost from Whakahoro and had come down river overnight! Jet boating is not everyone's cup of tea, and I noticed that it took one of our team a little while to open the eyes wide enough to take in the magic of this Wanganui River Valley. It didn't seem like 60 minutes, but before long we were clambering off the boats onto dry land (well wet land really) and on into the Mangapurua Valley, and about 30 minutes later we arrived at The Bridge to Nowhere.

The Mangapurua and Kaiwhakauka Valleys were rehabilitation settlements offered to returning soldiers following World War One. The endeavours of these "soldier - farmers" have provided a unique historic quality to the area. The new settlers cleared the land of much of its virgin native forest; fenced, grazed and stocked their new farms and built their homesteads. For access they relied on the Wanganui River steamer service and the newly formed roads through the two valleys. At peak settlement there were about 35 farms in the Mangapurua and 16 in the Kaiwhakauka. Bridging the Mangapurua River had always been a major problem. A swing bridge was early access (which seemed to have replaced a cable car and/or a long trip down to the river and back up) but a better bridge had always been promised. The replacement bridge, now known as the Bridge to Nowhere, was started in 1935 and opened in 1936, and the valley was officially closed in May 1942.

From the bridge we progressed up the valley, passing notable landmarks such as Battleship Bluff (we were hailed on here), Waterfall Creek (we had lunch in the rain here) and Cody's Bluff, to finally arrive at the Bettjeman Farm site at 3pm and set up camp. By 4.30pm it was quite dark and the rain had finally set in. By 6pm tea was all over and we gathered around an excuse for a fire to celebrate Christine's birthday. Party hats (over woolly hats) and balloons (we ate the cake in the truck on Good Friday) leggings and rain coats, - still you are only @\$% once! Kay entertained us with her penny whistle and Leo played the Balloon-o-phone, (you ask him). At 7.30pm I spoke on my little Amateur Radio Transceiver (as I did the night before) to Graham Thorp, ZL2BCK in Napier. Graham reported fine weather in Napier and more rain for us. Today we had tramped 5½ hours, less time lost for lunch, nibbles and a look around.

Sunday started at that horrible hour of 6am. It was at this stage I found out the real difference between white Spirits and Shellite!! We were on our way by 8.30am on a beautiful blue sky and balmy day. Regrouping at 9.30 and again at 11am we dawdled our way out of the valley to arrive at the Mangapurua Trig at noon. After an hour for lunch we mozzied on into the Kaiwhakauka Valley to arrive at the Cootes Farm site at 2.30pm. Out with the wet tent from the night before and anything else that was damp and all was exposed (including lily white bodies) to the great yellow orbe. There is an old shed still standing at this site and there were three hunters all set up inside. When Selwyn and I were here back in 1991 it was raining when we arrived and we were pleased to take shelter in this old shed.

Tea time came and went and after emptying out the dishwasher, we all gathered around the old homestead chimney where metre lengths of dry manuka made a super fire. Socks hung out on manuka sticks and lined up like a picket fence in front of our fire to dry and as they steamed away a penny whistle sing-a-long got under way. Away from the fire the stars and the odd satellite provided any amount of extraterrestrial entertainment and at about the same time, Hawke's Bay was shaking to an earthquake. It was not noticed where we were, but Ross,

just down the valley at Whakahoro certainly felt it. The sing-a-long continued, and for those in bed a listen-a-long developed until the last of the manuka embers died away and the valley was again left to the Moreporks. Today we had tramped 6 hours, less time lost for lunch, nibbles and a look around.

Monday dawned with the valley full of fog. I guess it was that fog that affected some of the group a little bit. It was at this time when Lyn used those unique powers that old charmers like Lyn possess, to befriend an old possum. After breakfast, which was a bit short for Lyn as he had already given some of his bacon away, Lyn took his new found friend for a walk. Sue, not entirely convinced of Lyn's ability to maintain full control over this mobile Davy Crockett hat, proceeded Lyn and his friend, warning all those ahead of her concerns. It wasn't too long before walkies was over and the echoes reverberating around the valley died away. (Walking possums can be a noisy affair). We were all tramping by 8.30am, stopping for a couple of snacks on the way, with a full regroup at 10.30am. At this stage we were just about out of the pretty part of the valley into farmland. At 11am we met Ross, Robyn and Sarah at an old wooden bridge. Lunch seemed to be in order, so we did just that and then some of the group dropped into the river to check out a waterfall. The rest of the journey, while still in neat bush, was on a farm road. We had all arrived at the truck by 1pm and were on our way home soon after.

It was interesting to see that as we left Whakaporo, those who had books on the area, were swotting up on the history and hardships that both male and female endured 50 years ago. More hamburgers on the way home, this time at Waiouru. The Napier team were at Leo's place at 7.30pm and I was probably in the shower by the time the Hastings team arrived at Ross's place. Great area, great tramp great company. I was pleased to accept the '3 cheers' for having been responsible for leading the club into the Whanganui National Park. Special thanks to Ross for driving (and Geoff for his spell behind the wheel) and the Bridge to Nowhere Jet Boat Tours, and thanks to the team for being just that, a team.

M.B.

Party: Mike Bull (Leader) Graham & Thomas Lawlor, Judy McBride, Thelma Tasman-Smith, Lord Lyn Gentry, Leo Brunton, Geoff Robinson, Wayne Hatcher, Rodger Burn, Sue LOpdell, Kay Ward, Christine Hardy, Jenny Lean, Christiana Stevens, Ross, Robyn & Sarah Berry.

P.S. I have still got that can of fruit salad!

MACMILLAN FARM, SOUTH RAUKAWA AREA FAMILY TRAMP

Trip No 1577

April 25 1993

We all gathered and decided to explore the caves first. After a short walk across farmland we arrived at the entrance where those that had remembered torches switched on and those that didn't began to grope! The walk through was very interesting, plenty of glow-worms were lit up much to everyone's delight and a few wetas scattered around. Also plenty of rock formations to admire. Fortunately, there was very little water in the caves which took approximately 20-30 minutes to explore.

After a very leisurely lunch at Michelle & Stuarts we went to the back of their farm to the trig to admire the fantastic views all around of the Ruahines, Kawekas, Napier, Havelock North and surrounding areas, then home after a most enjoyable family day.

Libby & Tammy Boaler; Sam & Sarah Hegart; Daniel, Donna, & Natalie Berry; Nanna Pat; Erica & Conal Bristow; Ben & Edan Lennon; Heidi Stevens; Jessica, Stephen & Kimberley Dodd; Rebecca, James, George, Rowan, Emma, Lucy & Libby MacMillan & their parents.

April 17-18 1993

9 intrepid trampers left the truck (3 stayed with it) near Ngamoko Road end (Map U23 785240) at about 8am. The day had dawned clear and sunny, yes sunny, even though I (Wayne) was leading, - miracle of miracles. I'd heard various horror stories about this track, that it was overgrown and impassable.....so I was on my way. The track starts off as an old 4 wheel drive road and climbs gradually and steadily, and after about 2km the 4 wheel drive track peters out but the track was still pretty good. Signs of a very recent track clearing appeared along the way which planted an idea in my mind.

The initial intention was for the party to head down to Makaretu Hut and back up on to the main Ruahine Range. This was thought to be the only really secure option as the track shown from 1232 across Tr Pohatu to 1164 through leatherwood has been damned near impassable for many years (may never even have been cleared). With the signs of recent track clearing activity in the area a thought that the track along the range may also have been cleared entered our slightly twisted heads, so off we went. The climb up to 1232 is no Sunday jaunt, or Saturday morning in this case, and a great deal of huffing and puffing was heard from up and down the party, with the top finally being reached about 1.30pm where we adjourned for lunch. By this stage a lot of recent track clearing activity was evident, and so recent that I feared that the track clearing right along the top may not have yet been completed. With this in mind we set off again and all along the top I expected to come to a wall of leatherwood but it did not eventuate. Hooray! Thanks DOC. The track clearing had been completed probably only a couple of days before, if that.

It was intended that the party would camp on the tops somewhere near Rocky Knob. Three others of the party had gone straight to Longview via Kashmir Road with the truck and this was an incentive for some to make for the hut for the night rather than camp out. By the time we reached Rocky Knob (for the 3rd time, as some of us had a little trouble getting our bearings) it was getting a little dark (a lot dark actually) and the wise decision to continue was made. By the time we arrived at Longview Hut it was a late 7.30pm and some were not surprisingly very tired.

Longview Hut has recently had extensive renovations and is now twice its original size and has gas heating for the same price, although you do have to be rather quick with the switch! That night it started to blow. The word "blow" is rather a small word but has rather STRONG implications. When we woke in the morning the skies were clear but it was still bloooooowing. Where the hut is situated just below the ridge things didn't seem too bad so a small party of five set out to head across to Howletts via the Pohingina Saddle, Otumore and Taumatatau. We hadn't been gone 5 minutes when we were back at the hut. On the ridge above the hut we could hardly stand up! One step forward and we were hurled 5 metres sideways! Just impossible to travel in so we went back to the hut and waited for the wind to drop. By 10.30 it hadn't so all our options were lost except to head straight down to the truck assisting the others that had come up to the hut for the night. By the time we left the hut the wind had dropped a little but was still very difficult to travel in.

When we got back to the truck at about 11.30am there was hardly a breath of wind, - unbelievable, but the tell-tale signs were all there and you could hear the wind in the tops. That was basically how things panned out. Thanks to Joy for driving and everybody for their company. It was a great trip and it didn't RAIN!

W.H.

Party: Wayne Hatcher (Leader), Geoff Clibborne, Kyle Johnson, Kathy Hamilton, Shirley Bathgate, Joy Stratford, Christine Hardie, Mark Bart, Guido Vrieze, Craig Shaw, David Cormack, John Montgomerie.

DEAD DOG HUT

Trip No 1578

May 2 1993

Having been talked into leading this Easy! trip, and having been to Dead Dog Hut 12 years previously, I thought a 7am start would give us ample time. Out through Kereru and onto Mangleton Road to enter Gull Farm, - part of Kereru Station and on up the slippery farm road to Herricks Hut, at one stage having to off load the passengers to help push the truck up a greasy incline. A newer hut has been built not far from the old Herricks Hut since I was last there. (I believe Herricks Hut was named after a very keen hunter of the time and on his death bequethed his homestead and grounds to become "Lindisfarne College" in Hastings).

We took the newly cut higher track which sidles the Big Hill Stream and dropped into the stream after about an hours travel. It was fairly slow going in the stream as the rocks were so slippery. We reached "Dead Dog Hut" (where did it get that name) at about 12.30pm and had lunch in the sun. The hut has been recently tidied up and repainted and the fireplace bricked in.

Nobody was really keen to go back out via the stream and although it was going to be a 400M climb up to the Hollowback Ridge top we hoped the going would be fairly open along the tops. (Some hope). After a struggle we all made it to the top, but by this time it was about 3pm with a long way still to tramp. The undergrowth was very thick most of the time and although at times we were able to follow an old track, the daylight hours were slipping by. At 6pm we took compass bearings off the main ridge to where we wanted to come out. With darkness coming on and only one torch for every second person it was a slow descent fighting our way through the tangled undergrowth, finally getting a dry watercourse which became more difficult the lower we descended. Lew and Neil scouted on ahead and managed to get down to the river, but as it was getting more dangerous for us to follow it was decided to climb out and camp out for the night. Meanwhile, the farmer, whose land we had passed through had come out and checked the truck and had spotted our torches still high up on the ridge, and we were able to let him know we were staying put for the night. Fortunately, everyone had survival bags and extra food and clothing, and although it was a cool night it was beautiful and clear with a full moon.

Early next morning Dave H. and Peter B came out and found a safe route up to us and were able to lead us out in just 3/4 of an hour back to the truck and back in town by 10am. I would like to thank everyone in the party for their perseverance under difficult conditions.

G.R.

Party: Geoff Robinson (Leader), Gary Smith, Rodger Burn, Cathy Hamilton, Gloria Taula, Neil Mora, Leo Brunton, Lew Harrison, Glenda Hooper, Mandy MacMillan, John & Margaret Jones, Arch Lowe, Dave Cormack.

MAKARARO RIVER

Trip No 1579

May 15-16 1993

Well Napierites, we'll have to be the majority more often - it was really great just having to plod a few blocks down the road to the departure venue instead of the usual high speed race to Hastings. Once the out of towners had vied for vehicle space on Christine's patch we headed off in the direction of Sentry Box Hut in the Ruahines - well, eventually in that direction! All eyes on the cloud bank ahead as the forecast was foul however, on arrival prospects didn't look too bad. Not nearly as mean as that killing ridge that immediately confronted David's party. 10 of us were not deterred, though it was only with much sweat and grumbling that some of us reached the top. Thankfully we had quite a period of flat terrain along the ridges eventually arriving at Parks Peak Hut for lunch. Sadly, cloud prevented any view, but the meteorological

equipment there was scrutinized by all. We continued along the track towards Upper Makaroa Hut then dropped off the ridge to find a route down to the river. The undergrowth in parts was dense, with plenty of lawyer lurking and the young beech forest was thick, so packs and bodies frequently became firmly wedged! The descent in places was fairly steep so "chief scouts" periodically surveyed the scene to decide upon the safest route.

Finally we reached the sparkling clear waters of the Makaroa where a welcome refuelling stop was had. 'Tis the beauty of the rich green beech forest rising so steeply from the stoney river bed that makes these valleys so attractive - certainly not for me, the scrambling over stones and through the water which we did with with monotonous regularity as we ventured up the valley. Of course I had to be the first to get a wetting - fortunately, only observed by one party member who was too much of a gentleman to laugh!! Suitable camp sites were scarce so we took advantage of a shingle flat, and up went tent city with many arrangements of stones to secure the pegs. Just as well as there were some very strong gusts through the night. All enjoyed a campfire before retiring to stoney mattresses.

Everyone rose early as rain was threatening. Breakfast, then away for more up the river David disturbed a deer, and we startled a blue duck that certainly let us know we were intruding on his territory. Encountered a few waterfalls - a couple were no problem, but one caused me to take fright as there were sheer rock faces either side. David decided the best route was to scale up the very steep, but tussock covered bluff to the top of the ridge, then down to the river the other side. A lot of energy was expended to advance a few meters, but thankfully no rock climbing! The experts practiced their map and compass as we proceeded up the Makaroa and eventually David decided on the spur for the ascent to the top of the ranges. Once on the tops it didn't take long to find the track to Aranga Hut. Arrival here was timely as the long threatened rain began. The early lunch was much appreciated then we headed out into the wet. With a few slips, slides and scratches we descended Golden Crown Ridge and on out to the road where we found the truck waiting - well timed Christine. Thanks David and fellow trampers for a very enjoyable tramp.

A.C.

Party: David Harrington (Leader), Bruce Almond, Anne Cantrick, David & mark Cormack plus friend Ben, Craig Shaw, Wayne Hatcher, Christiana Stevens & John Montgomerie.

TANGOIO/FLAT ROCK FAMILY TRAMP

Trip No 1580

May 23 1993

A very select group of trampers gathered outside the absentee Bristow's residence before setting our bearings for Tangoio with the day holding a lot of promise with beautiful clear skies. After arriving we quickly set off along a track suffering from a bit of recent wet weather. We seem to have the knack of providing fascinating exhibits for the children on our family tramps - last time at Kairakau it was a dead sheep, and this time a dead cow graced the foreshore providing consequential evidence of what happens if you get too close to the edge of the cliff! Steady progress saw us arriving at the beach beside the foot of Flat Rock area for lunch which was a leisurely.

Activities following included slides on plastic down the hill (fairly bumpy); mountaineering to the top of cliff to view Flat Rock and Napier (bit scary for the parents remembering the dead cow down the way a bit); circumnavigation of the said cliff providing lots to see and do - rock pools, caving, rock-hopping etc. Further leisurely time out for afternoon tea was followed by a steady tramp homeward. A pleasant outing for the children.

Party: Clare & Glen Holmes; Daniel, Donna & Natalie Berry; Tammy & libby Boaler & all their parents plus Nana Pat. affair

May 30 1993

One truck, two cars and a mass of bodies left Eddie's place at 6.30am and drove to the quarry off Makahu Road. A frosty start greeted us as the party slowly wend its way down an open spur S-E of Trig I resembling a giant centipede. We regrouped at the bottom, near Makahu Stream where Neil and Dave joined us. It was a chilling 150 metre wander downstream, then with the help of "the true gentlemen" we clambered onto a scrub covered spur ascending 300 metres.

At the top of the spur a few who thought we had bypassed the hut darted into the bush only to do a 360° and back to where they started. Maps and compasses were hauled out of packs and a map orientation was done. Meanwhile Neil and Dave had disappeared so the rest of us continued on finding the hut quite easily, but there was no sign of Neil or David. We heard their voices from below and soon all 30 of us sat in cool conditions to have lunch. DoC had reinforced the inner framework of the hut preserving the totara slabs and replaced the roof with iron, otherwise the place looks much the same.

We wandered on through the beech with the track well marked and was at a clearing about half an hour onwards when Wayne, Ross and young Sarah caught up with us, then we made our way onto the Middle Hill track leisurely toward Kaweka Flats Bivy. The party broke up into groups to return to the truck at Makahu Base, setting their own pace with the tailenders arriving at 3.30pm.

It was great to see so many members coming out on a day trip, the ages ranging from 3 years to the mid seventies. Mayby a few more trips like this could be slotted into the fixtures list as it was great to see the older members out with the club.

S.L.

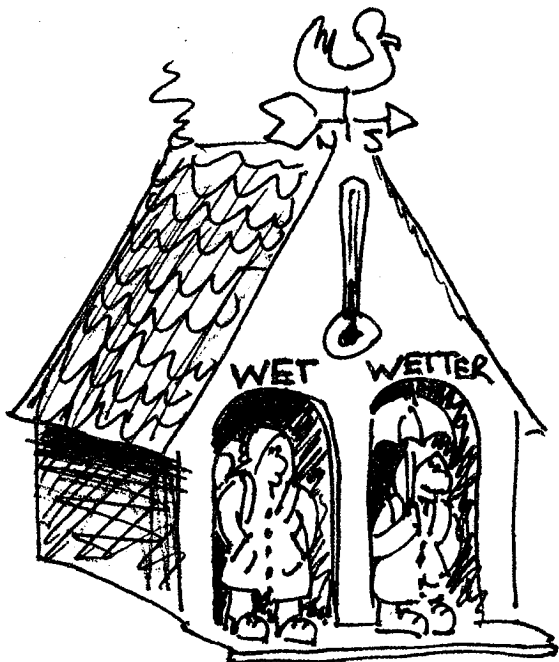
Party: Susan Lopdell (Leader), Leo Brunton, Liz Pindar, Shirley Bathgate, Lyn Gentry (Mrs), Arch Lowe, Neil Mora, Gloria Taula, Christiana Stevens, Wayne Hatcher, Lewis Harrison, Jenny Lean, Gary Smith, Margaret & John Jones, Dianne, Graham & Thomas Lawlor, Sue Holmes, David Cormack, Graeme Boaler, Glenda Hooper, Doug Rusbatch, Mandy McMillan, Anne Cantrick, Christine Hardie, James Chittenden, Kathy Hamilton, Heidi Stevens, Ross & Sarah Berry.

QUEENS BIRTHDAY WEEKEND - PUREORA FOREST PARK TRIP

June 5 - 7 1993

AND THE FORECAST IS...

Trip No 1582



We left Eddy and Sue's place shortly after 6pm Friday night. The fine weather was with us until we reached Taupo for munchies. Bruce and friend headed for the bar and grill, the rest for hamburgers and fish and chips. We left Taupo with the weather deteriorating, and surprisingly it kept deteriorating. "The ghost of Hatcher" was with us. (It poured until we finished the trip). Friday night saw us sleeping at Kokaho campsite, a few kilometres short of our starting-off point on Saturday.

8am Saturday we had reached the foot of Mt Pureora. 18 of us set off with 7 ready to continue on to Nuffield Lodge via Bog Inn and Weraroa. The ground was muddy, the growth stunted and there was water in abundance. On the track to Mt Pureora we found steps and staircases, boardwalks and every assistance to get us to the top. Obviously a track used

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by many people and well serviced by DoC. Unfortunately the rain continued and we slipped off the wooden stairs and boardwalks, but still managed to get to the top in good time. Doug, Bruce, Eddy, Sue L. Anne, James and myself continued on. The view was the same as far as the eye could see - cloud, mist and rain. Very disappointing. The bush was lush and pleasant to walk through in spite of the track being overgrown, but still easy going. Fortunately the terrain lent itself to a fair pace and Bog Inn was reached by lunch time, early for Eddy at 11.30am and was still raining. In fact, by 12.10pm when we left it looked like easing, but it didn't, so we proceeded on for a couple of hours and arrived at our campsite weary but pleased to note that a previous tenant had left us some cut fronds, etc to prepare our bed. We had tea by 5, were in bed by 6 and asleep by 7, or most of us were.

Sunday morning saw that "the ghost of Hatcher" had in fact revisited with vengeance. After breakfast in the rain we hurriedly packed up and set off with everything in our packs sodden. Again we were looking to reach a hut for lunch time but lunch was to be a little further away than we thought. Not far from our campsite Doug and James put on the pace and left the rest of the party behind. We passed a few turnoffs and even a signpost that showed us where to go to Weraroa. We started what was a gentle ascent, winding along a track which in places was not only overgrown, but covered by fallen trees which required navigating around. At one stage we got to a point which proved a little difficult but after a quick search we found the track and were relieved to continue on our way. Susan in the lead, myself a little confused but reassured by Eddy that we were in fact going the right way. Half an hour later we found ourselves back at the signpost. In spite of an earlier suggestion that we might have gone back the way we came we actually found out that we had in fact done this, so back we went, overcame an earlier obstacle and away we went. Needless to say we didn't reach Waihaha Hut until 1.30-ish and at this stage we were cold, wet, hungry and definitely needing a fair amount of sustenance.

Looking ahead we realised we would not see any view and in fact, we were a little concerned about the conditions. We had already crossed a river which had risen a couple of feet in that many hours. How long would it take us to get back to Nuffield Lodge and would we be able to meet the truck? With this sort of excuse the consensus was to go out to the Western Lake Road and try to contact the truck from there. This we did. A nice benched track took us out to the main road and for a change the weather let up and we were able to look down on the Waihaha River and the rapids, waterfalls and water scoured caves. The sun shone ever so briefly with a slight clearing of the cloud and life was again wonderful.

We arrived at the road end and looked for a farmer so that we could use his telephone. Here we were lucky, - not only could we use his 'phone but we were also able to use the woolshed to sleep in. It was now 5 or so at night and we were wet and miserable. At least we could eat in the light and stay up a little later. A review of the condition of the gear showed that the rain had got in everywhere. Sleeping bags were generally just okay except mine, which was a write-off. Never was a sleeping bag so wet. The night turned cool and but for a little comforting from two of our trip members I would have frozen. As you would have realised we hadn't reached the truck and a 'phone call to Ross Berry hadn't been fruitful. We later realised we couldn't get hold of the truck by radio.

Monday morning, 7 tired people - the hard floor and cold had taken its toll, and we were glad to get up and go. To where was doubtful as we had had no response from Ross although further 'phone calls clarified the situation that the truck in fact hadn't been contacted. However, not to be negative we went to the bridge at the end of the track, ie. Waihaha Reserve, and waited hopefully. 10.30am and realising that the truck wasn't going to arrive we went back to the farmhouse and 'phone calls were made to Hawke's Bay and all around the King Country. Eventually we made contact with a farmer at the Nuffield Lodge track end who would hopefully find the truck so as we could be picked up. In fact, we were lucky with that contact as the truck was notified and they drove

back to Waihaha, getting there about 4.45pm. In the meantime we had moved back up to the farmers and left a note on a cardboard box back at the bridge. While a search was made by the truck party when it arrived at the bridge it failed to take in the writing on the box and a further hour was wasted. However, we were all relieved when the parties were joined and were then able to travel back to Taupo for tea and then home.

D.C.

Pureora Trip Truck Party Report:

When we farewelled the three-day party off into the drizzle and mist we scampered down to the road again. There was no point in climbing Titiraupanga either as visibility was nil. The signature of "S. Woon" was marked on the side of the truck when we returned so it was off to Pureora village to find him. The museum there is very interesting and full of information of the area, the Taupo eruption, geology, geography, history etc. We walked around the village in a few minutes and then it was off to investigate the Totara Walk. The trees there are superb and tower to a height of at least 200ft. Di Lawlor 'found' the truck for us it was a loop walk!!! We took in all the sight-seeing including the ancient buried forest and the old swamp with remains of tree trunks 2,000 years old. We climbed a 100 ft. observation tower from which we looked down onto the tree ferns, and it was still raining!

During the night the rain poured down and the shelf at the top end of the truck was awash. We settled down once more with Lyn waking at 5am to say she was getting wet. On inspection we found the water had found its way to the other side of the truck and that the whole vehicle was on a lean to the left. On looking out the window we saw the tarpaulin was weighted to the ground with water and also the stays were bent. The final nuisance was to find the front left tyre very flat.

There was no thought of tramping the Waihaha Track as it was off to Taumarunui to have the tyre repaired and the gas-bottle filled, and of course not forgetting our tums. Then on to Ongarue where we turned off to a secondary road. The area we were hoping to camp was covered with poisoned carrots, the weather was foul and with no place to camp we headed up to the nearest farm where a very kind and generous farmer let us park by his woolshed and use all the facilities. Two over-friendly porkers were despatched to another paddock, and after saying goodnight to the 'woollies' (tramping club members who thought they were sheep) we had a good nights rest. Next day our farmer friend kindly offered to show us the old tunnel, track and viaducts etc. The tunnel which was about $\frac{1}{4}$ of a mile long was shored up with 60ft high totara props, as was the cutting into the tunnel. The old stream which was originally diverted was flowing back again. The old track went up and up through heavy bush. Liz and I turned back before the viaducts as to be in time to meet the other party coming out at Nuffield Lodge or so we thought. Little did we know they were as warm and comfortable as we were in another farmer's woolshed, but that is another tale. Also a big thanks to Geoff and Eddy for all the driving.

S.B.

Party: Eddie Holmes (Leader), Shirley Bathgate (Leader), David Cormack, Doug Rusbatch, Bruce Almond, Susan Lopdell, Anne Cantrick, James Chittenden, Jenny Lean, Kathy Hamilton, Gloria Taula, Geoff Clibborn, Kyle Johnson, Dianne, Graeme & Thomas Lawlor, Liz Pindar, Lyn Gentry (Mrs)

P.S. There has been something about Ongarue which has been at the back of my mind ever since I went there, and on looking up my father's book I realized he was the only medic on the train during the terrible train crash out from Te Kuiti/Ongarue line when heavy rains caused huge slips causing derailment of the passenger carriages. Forty people were killed and many injured in the accident in the 1920's. Thought you may be interested in this piece of New Zealand history. - S.B.

June 13 1993

The forecast was what they'd said, windy and raining, however, I felt enthusiastic to get out and accomplish "The Three Trigs" set up as a map and compass exercise by Dave. With the usual pick-ups from Hastings and Napier we headed off for Lotkow Road.

A little more than a kilometre down this road the truck was parked and everyone made a dash for their parkas, and by 8.30am we were all set to be blown up to the first trig of 821M along a track not marked on the map. Once up there one party went along the ridge to the next spur and down to Gorge Stream, while Mr Lyn and I bombed straight down to meet up again at a side stream, which we all followed up to trig no. 2, trig F, 913M. Once up there it was hard work fighting the wind to stand straight enough to admire the view made spectacular by a rainbow.

From there we split into two groups; one group going back to the truck on a supposedly easier route, while the rest of us set out to complete the 3rd trig, being Taipo. We followed an old boundary fence in an easterly direction for about 1km and then started sidling down to Gorge Stream where we stopped for lunch. From there we crossed Gorge Stream and made our way up the opposite side. We hit an unexpected track which took us to a forestry track which bypassed Taipo, so leaving the track we made our way up to the trig giving us a magnificent view over to Cooks Horn and Kaweka J, and at this stage the weather started clearing giving us sunshine. Leaving there we took a 90° turn and headed down to Te Kowhai where the truck was awaiting our return at 2.30pm. The other party had only arrived shortly before us.

Once having changed into our dry clothes we felt pleased with our accomplishment of the tramp. Thanks to Dave for organising it and to Jeff for driving.

C.S.

Party: Dave Harrington (Leader), Christiana Stevens, Sue Lopdell, Julie Turner, Kathy Hamilton, Margaret & John Jones, Gary Smith, Loe Brunton, Graham Lawlor, Graham Sheppard, Lyn & Lyn Gentry.

AHURIRI ESTUARY FAMILY TRAMP

Trip No 1584

June 20 1993

We met at the end of Humber Road in time for an early lunch, sheltering in the Ngaio trees. On the track a great deal of tree planting is being done and very informative display boards have been placed at intervals alongside the track. The children had an enjoyable afternoon together playing in the tidal flats although the weather was a bit cool for a mid-winter swim. We finished the afternoon off with tea and scones at Greg and Josies.

Patrick, Sam & Kate Elliot; Erika & Conal Bristow; Claire & Glen Holmes; Daniel, Donna & Natalie Berry; Heather & Hamiah Thurston; & some of their parents, Heather Jackson & Rhianna; Barbara & Maurie Taylor.

MID WINTER SOLSTICE TRIP TO KIWI SADDLE

Trip No 1585

June 26-27 1993

It was a glorious weekend weatherwise - enough snow for fun but still easy walking and plenty of sunshine. We left the Polytech at 10am and drove up snowy roads to the Lakes Carpark and left there at noon. With us we had 2 visitors - Julia and Graham, and what a weekend to meet H.T.C. The walk up was uneventful, and we lunched in a sunny spot just beyond '4100'. "Mother

Earth" has a lot to answer for - one of those solid fruity loaves and exercise don't pair up and someone developed severe indigestion. The pack was passed around and there were healthy appetites all round for tea.

Our arrival at Kiwi Saddle was unexpected - Randall had given us up for lost; snowed in; injured; anything but leisurely risers. Randall had spent the previous 8 days walking from the Napier Taupo Road. More important - he'd spent a day chopping wood - I needn't have got up at 6am the week before, axed the kindling, dried it and shared it out to lug up the hill! Rats! Christmas decorations and mini balloons were festooned from the rafters before tea began. The menu was a joint affair, and Doug and Gloria worked WONDERS with some packet soup with some help of cream and wine, - it was a meal in itself. We opened the presents between starters and main courses to let things settle down. The presents were exchangable, the most popular being a box of chocolates, "What Santa does 364 days a year" and (I don't know why) a tooth marked carrot. The second course was casserole and veges - none of your Alliance stuff - real scoff, and we followed this with a game of pass the pigs. It was mid-game that our mysterious visitor arrived with his KFC tea. A loud bang at the door - I'm glad we weren't telling spooky stories. I flung the door open (hiding behind it of course in case of danger) and in burst Santa Montgomerie. Bored of housework he had walked in by moon and torchlight to join us.

Cake and custard preceded the Fancy Dress competition won by Doug the Werewolf and his entranced Bunny Girl (Randall claims he was drooling at the food!) The Ugly Sisters, Noddy, Won Hung Lo, English Football Rowdy, Robin Hood and Nursery Crimes Pindar all came close runners up. By this time gluttony was creeping up on us but mince pies and brandy butter were welcomed - course 5 was demolished. We sang Christmas Carols on Randall's radio sked much to his embarrassment - the redder he grew and more rigorously he tried to calm us....the louder we sang "Hello World, this is the HTC in chorus".

The ongoing battle of snow between Kathy, Doug and Neil continued through the night (2.45am) and all of Sunday. I give Kathy 12/10 for perseverance but 5/10 for points. Her best chance of attack was when Doug's thermal bloomers were inconveniently pulled to ankle level and his teth were dropped in the snow. The other ongoing joke was pass the tooth-marked carrot. How many rucksacks it ended up in I've no idea, but ask Neil who ended up with it!

A great crowd with a smooth driver - thanks everyone.

K.W.

Party: Kay Ward (Leader), Gary Smith, Geoff Clibborn, Liz Pindar, Kathy Turner, Gloria Taula, Mandy Leslie, Neil Mora, Doug Rusbatch, Graham Sheppard, Julia Cornes, Randall Goldfinch, John Montgomerie.

HOWLETTS HUT

Trip No 1588

July 24-25 1993

Set out from home at 5.15 to walk 1km to the pick-up point. I mention this only as it seems unhealthy to start at such a time. There were pick-up points at Havelock North and Holts then we were on our way, arriving about 8am. Wayne decided to take a party on to Longview and around but 15 minutes after setting off they followed the rest of us up through the farmland from Moorcock. The wind was very very strong, and it took the group some time just to fight our way to the base of the ridge - Mandy had quite a scare when she was carried into the air and dumped down the bank, and we were only on a 4W.D. track. We made our way up the ridge and found it much more sheltered in the scrub - fairly steady going up and then down the river to Daphne. The river was not high but was extremely cold. It took us about 2 3/4 hours to Daphne where a brew-up was most welcome.

Four decided to stay at Daphne and the others began the climb. One new member, finding that working night shift and then partying until 2-3am was not

conducive to tramping. The goats took off leaving the rest to climb very slowly towards the top. Sue, Christine and Jenny climbed nearly to the top before going back to Daphne where they had left Gary to light the fire!! We finally broke through to the top after 2 hours up and then onto the hut in freezing, very windy conditions. The hut was a welcome sight, and Anne, John, Doug, Wayne and Lew had got the firewood in and the fire going, so after getting into warm clothes and a cuppa things didn't seem so bad.

Tea was started from 4.30pm onwards as the wind howled etc and high jinks commenced. We had hours of shaggy-dog stories, elephant jokes and John on the mouth organ. The wind died and calm set in, then it was discovered that it was snowing and a snow-ball fight started from the two top sleeping areas. There were some very accurate throws, sleeping became a secondary thought and there was snow everywhere, I mean everywhere, - in sleeping bags, inside intimate apparell and we finally had to call a truce, with all finally settling down about 11pm.

Alarm bells went off at 6am and woke us all, and it was a quick jump into warm clothes. Wayne had decided to take a party around through Longview, and they got away 7.30am. The water in the tank had frozen and it took some time to breakfast, but we were all away by 8.30am. The day dawned very clear, 15cm of snow had fallen and it looked wonderful, but was very cold and a breeze made it icy in places. A quick trip down had us at Daphne by 9.20am but the others had already left at 9am. The river wasn't any warmer, but the climbs kept us comfortable. We had many breaks and stopped for lunch in the sun on the top of the ridge on farmland and 2 hours later we reached the truck.

I had left my pack for only 2 minutes and found 2 small rocks planted which I removed before going downn but later found a 1kg rock sleeping peacefully. We brewed up and changed and had another few hours discussion chasing the sun as it went down before the Longview party got back at 4.30pm. All in all a good weekend with lots of fun, cheek and good tramping. Next time guys please pick on someone else. I think I've had my share for a while and I do have a long memory so watch your backs.

D.L.

Party: Leo Brunton (Leader), Dianne & Graham Lawlor, Doug Rusbatch, Mandy Leslie, Heather Jackson, Mark Craven, Sue Lopdell, Christine Hardie, Jenny Lean, Gary Smith.

RUAHINE TRAVERSE STAGE 3 (in reverse)

Trip 1588B

After attempting to walk from Moorcock Base to Longview and failing miserably to extremely high winds, we joined the main party (W.H., J.B., J.M.) vowing "we'd give it a go tomorrow" weather permitting.

That night it snowed and I thought our chances had blown out the door, but the morning dawned fine and calm, although a little chilly. Five of us left Howletts Hut at 7.30am bound for Longview not knowing really what to expect. The snow from the night before was not a hindrance, in fact, it assisted us and we made great time along the tops to just north of Taumatataua. We had a little trouble judging distance as everything was so clear it looked really close. We dropped down into a saddle to the S.W. of Taumatataua that can be clearly seen from Daphne ridge when heading up to Howletts Hut. Once through the saddle we zig-zagged our way south to Otumore along the tops. At one point we could see the tops of Ruapehu that looked like the next ridge over. Amazing. On our way down from Otumore we almost missed the turnoff to Pohangina Saddle but soon worked it out. The saddle itself is not very difficult, but a long way down from Otumore. We all stopped at Longview Hut for lunch about 12.30, and at the hut we met members of the manawatu Tramping Club in the area for the day.

After having a brief lunch we headed N.E. staying on the tops as long as possible to get the most out of the day. We descended along the track south

Party: Wayne Hatcher (Leader), John Montgomerie, John Berry, Lew Harrison, Anne Cantrick.

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The AGM was held in Christchurch in June. Probably the major "event" of interest to grass-roots club members was the decision to raise the levy from \$7 to \$8 plus GST per person. On your behalf I voted for the increase (having been given your approval before I went to the meeting). Those of you who read the FMC Annual Report will know that successful efforts were made last year to control expenditure and the final balance was positive. The largest single item of expenditure is the Bulletin but the Executive is loath to cut back on that because members have indicated that it is very important to them to have it produced. Contributions are always welcome. Send them to the Editor.

In between the quarterly issues of the Bulletin clubs will be sent a newsletter with up-to-date information about current issues such as the Queen's Chain legislation or the Stephens Island question or the passing of the Conservation Bill amendments. Look out for these newsletters so you know what is going on.

The new President of FMC is Hugh Barr whom some of you will know as an activist of long tenure on FMC. Hugh is presently involved in the Maori land claims issue (especially in the South Island) and has written several articles for the Bulletin. Barbara Marshall remains Secretary which is now a very time-consuming job. I have agreed to carry on as Treasurer and there is a National Executive of about 20 people from all around the country. Our next meeting is scheduled for October - any-one from the club who's interested can attend.

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From the Media.....

Lotkow Hut , in the Kawekas burnt to the ground on May 10th. The 4 bunk DoC hut at the end of Lotkow Road was built in 1959 and mainly used by recreational hunters and trampers. Mr Phil Mohi, DoC Puketitiri Field Centre manager said the damage may have stemmed from an unattended fire in the open fireplace, and it's not known whether the hut would be replaced.

H.B.Herald Tribune

New signs are to be erected at track junctions in the Kaweka & Ruahines during the next few months giving directions and times it would take an average tramper. Phil Mohi said signs had already been put up near Tussock, Harkness and Te Puke Huts and the Kaweka area should be finished before the end of the year with areas covered with snow left until spring. He also said some tracks in the Kawekas would be upgraded and that included erecting waratah standards in areas where the track was not clear, installing water tables, clearing fallen trees from tracks and rebuilding tracks.

Taskforce Green workers are pulling out contorta pine in the high altitude areas of the Kawekas and contractors would be employed in the next few months to help cut down the plants.

H.B. Herald Tribune

REFLECTIONS ON A REAL TRAMP
(after a 14 year break)

I hadn't forgotten the aching back
from the weekend load of an old style pack.
Or the blisters from boots (now seldom worn)
or the "rise and shine" at the crack of dawn.

I hadn't forgotten the loo with a view
and huge buzzy flies that lurk in the,
or the sandflies in waiting to nip you just where
your tender anatomy's laid quite bare.

I hadn't forgotten the rivers and rocks,
and the slippery-dippery bumps and knocks,
and the rushing water around the thighs (or worse)
that makes you gasp in cold surprise.

No, how could I forget the high country morn
where the air is crisp in the dew of the dawn,
where the stream sparkles on it's merry way
as I shoulder my pack for another day.

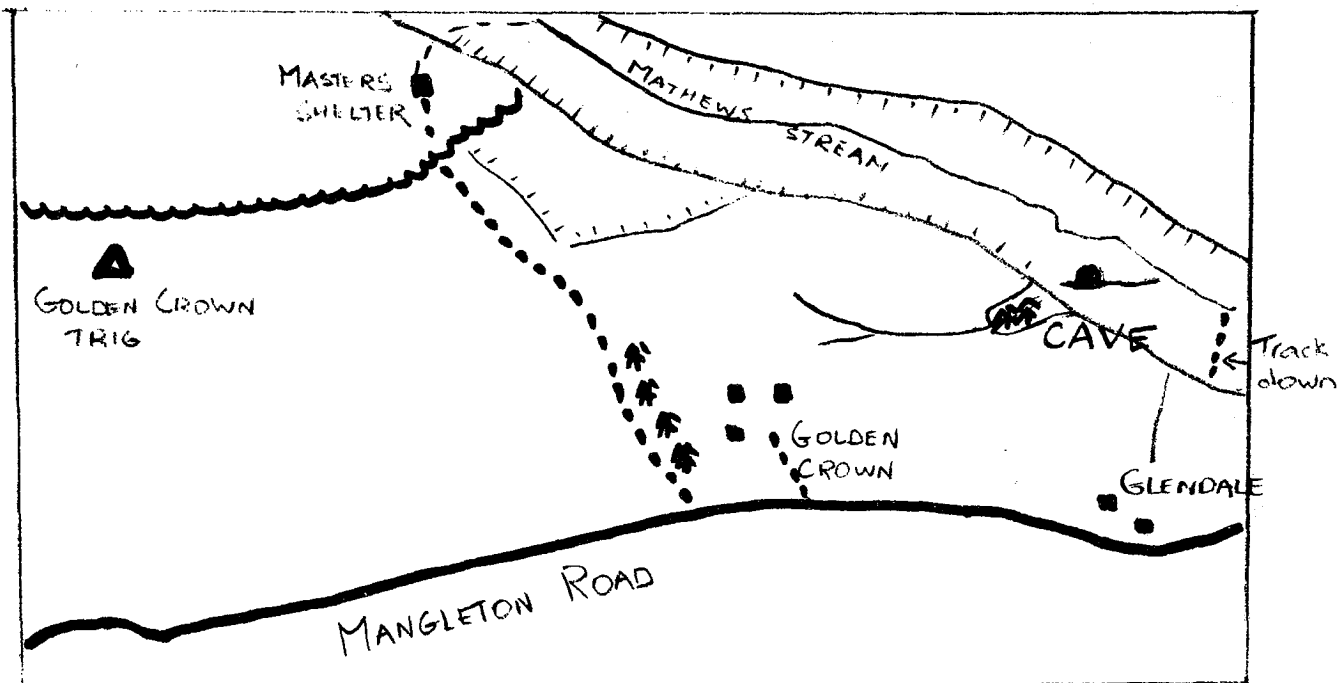
I couldn't forget the sun on the tops,
rolling moraines and steep mountain drops;
the scent of the bush under canopy green,
the quench of a thirst from a bubbling stream.

I remember the feeling, a feeling so free
of having my life on my back with me.
Not really fussed if it's sunny or damp,
- Blast the blisters! When's the next tramp?

Anne Hunter - Wilderness Magazine

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Pg4 TRIP NO 1574 MATTHEWS STREAM Map with directions of the cave found.



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PRIVATE TRIPS

NORTH WEST NELSON - The New Year of 1993

January 2nd:

It was an early 4.30am start for all of us, - David Harrington, the team leader, David Cormack, Wayne Hatcher and myself to catch the ferry in Wellington at 8.30am. Once in Picton after a good trip across we took the coastal road which was very windy, so I have to admit I was glad when we were once more on the straight road to Nelson. From Nelson it was Highway 60 to Upper Takaka and from there it was along the Cobb Dam Road to the Cobb Reservoir which is man made lake to run a power station. At the other end of the lake, which is 7km long, we camped with the sandflies close to Trilobite Hut.

January 3rd:

Once morning had broken it was all go for 7 days and another challenge ahead for all of us. Having written our intentions in Trilobite Hut log book, and heaved on our 10 ton packs there was no turning back as we followed the Cobb River up to Fenella Hut for the first night.

Our first stop along the way was at a rustic slab hut called Chaffey Hut built in 1953, with 2 bunks and a now worn out stove by Jack McBurney - the original Cobb patrolman. From there to lunch at Cobb Hut where we lost a few boots in boggy tracks. After lunch, and having the rest of the afternoon free we dropped our packs and paid homage to the Cobb Lake - made spectacular by a mass of rock standing over the lake. We followed the track around to the opposite side and since we were still feeling energetic we also made a visit to Round Lake at 1289M. Since this was the highest placed lake David H. had to be seen going for a 2 minute, sub zero swim, accompanied by Wayne. David C. and I were quite happy admiring the spacious view around us.

For the rest of the afternoon we made our way to Fenella Hut, found a camping spot and made an early night of it having enjoyed the sun and dinner for as long as they both lasted, as it started to rain that night.

January 4th:

Yes, we did wake to a drizzly morning and with apprehension we looked toward Waingaro Peak which we were to climb up to that morning into the clouds.

But, there was no rewarding view once at the top, in fact, we were in for a bad time as we lost the track and spent time floundering around amongst very prickly plants, slippery snow grass and a few rocks, not to mention the weather. This was the day we were supposed to reach 1859M; the peak of Mt. Snowden. However, the weather being as it was, very cold in the wind and wet, we decided to make our way to Lonely Lake Hut where we had a 2pm lunch. Once there the weather cleared up a little so we got a bit of a view down the valley to Burgo Stream.

After making ourselves at home, drying things out and basically lounging around we paid a visit to Lonely Lake which is not visible from the hut unfortunately as it really is a sight for sore eyes. Just sitting there and wondering how deep it was and what it looked like in winter and admiring its beauty was an experience in itself.

The hut was very small and only had 3 bunks, so David H., not being a "Hut Man" slept outside. However I think he got a better nights sleep than the rest of us as we slept on very creaky mesh bunks, and it was especially noisy when we all turned over at the same time. I also found it hard to get to sleep while David C. was choking over his own snoring, - in fact I found it very hard to stop laughing.

January 5th: Once again we woke to another drizzly cold morning feeling a bit tired. The first thing we did that day was to climb over the Drunken Sailors where we again lost our way with very poor visibility but with David H's marvellous navigation we found our way down to the Anatoki River to hit the right spot of trees in the river bed. From there we went upstream and stopped for lunch under a rock over-hang. As Trident Hut was our next stopping point after lunch we started climbing up in it's general direction. As we got higher it got steeper and the trees got smaller, rocky out-crops started

appearing, water dribbled down our arms and bits of trees found their way down our backs - a typical bush-bash. We were all quite pleased once we were out in the open, but we weren't sure where we were. Once on a quite flat ridge we spotted Adelaide Tarn way below us and somewhere also down there was Trident Hut which remained hidden from us until we were just a few metres from it. Being a swet and windy as it was we were all pleased to make ourselves as comfortable as we could in another very small hut.

January 6th:

We had planned to make another side trip to Boulder Lake but the weather was still questionable so we carried on with what was to be the most demanding part of the whole tramp. The weather did lift a little here and there giving us amazing views. However in some places the track was a bit more breath-taking than the view, in fact we were rock climbers over a razor back ridge, but once back on a track before lunch I felt like singing again. The track down to Anatoki Forks Hut was very slippery so at some stage all of us had close contact with the ground. After afternoon tea at the Hut where there was a hot shower we headed off, do you believe it, to camp for the night out in the bush.

January 7th:

We woke to a fine morning and in better spirits than the night before, then set off for Lake Stanley in very pleasant beech forest. At the point where the track crossed the Stanley River there was a very nice camping area cleared by the gold diggers in the 1930's. The track then followed the Stanley River which had some magnificent swimming holes, - it was a pity the weather was not any hotter. Having reached the top end of Lake Stanley we stopped to look at the dead trees sticking out of the water; it was an amazing sight - almost spooky.

We stopped for lunch at Smokey Drip Hut (well named) when it started raining again, cutting our lunch short and moving us on our way. For the next $\frac{1}{2}$ km we made our way over the huge slip which had cascaded down the side of Mt. Snowden, across the valley and quite a distance up the other side, with the whole length of the slip being about $1\frac{1}{2}$ km. As we followed the river down to Stanley Forks Hut we could not help noticing the amount of rocks and stones that had been carried down river when the lake had burst the natural dam. Stanley Forks Hut was built by gold diggers in the '30's and is still in reasonable condition. We spent a while looking for a good campsite as since the '30's the area had become a bit overgrown, and due to a bit of ignorance we made dinner in the pouring rain instead of staying dry in the hut. Hitting the sack early with the sandflies and mosquitoes we listened to the heavy rain wondering if it would be O.K. the next day on the tops.

January 8th:

It dawned a reasonable morning but not really good enough to make us feel confident about climbing up to the tops. After spending an hour deciding we took a chance and headed off upward taking it at a steady pace. As we progressed so did the weather, and the streamed through the trees and steam rose from the soggy forest floor. Near the top it got quite steep, but after an 800M climb we all pushed through the last of the straggly trees to some open ground - the ridge, and with an explosion of joy Wayne called out "Hallelujah Baby", (a frequent comment when things were going well). We were on the ridge, but not only that, we had a view for the first time. As the ridge passed under our feet we got higher and higher giving us an even better view and we could see in every direction for quite a distance, even to being able to just make out Mt Egmont up the west coast of the North Island. After lunch we made our way to Mt Locket. The rock formations around there were amazing; it was like walking on glass. Water had seeped into the rock, had then frozen, splitting the rock into crystal-like formations. That night we slept on the shore of Diamond Lake under some very old trees. One looked especially threatening so we spent a while amusing ourselves pulling it down. That night was the coldest, and even before the sun had set we all were forced to give into the elements and put on our winter gear - even though it was mid summer.

January 9th:

This morning was fine but chilly, but our bodies soon warmed up with a climb of approximately 500M first thing in the morning. It was about mid-morning when we reached the highest point of 1695M on the whole trip. One thing I have not mentioned is all the scattered lakes of all sizes along the main ridge that we had crossed. They were formed by glaciers from the last Ice Age. We spent lunch at Bushline Hut where we met two cyclists, the first people we had seen for some time. From there it was a matter of following a four wheel track down to the shore of the reservoir where we followed the edge for several tedious hours back to the car.

Well, it was all over once we had signed in our return in the Trilibite log book and had a wash in the river. We were heading home after an amazing, thrilling, tedious at times, anguishing and demanding trip. However, most of this was forgotten when the only thing we could think of was a warm shower and some proper food. Thank you David H. and team for a trip never to be forgotten.

Christiana Stevens

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PROGRESSIVE DINNER AUGUST 28TH 1993

There will be a pick-up in Hastings at 5.30pm, and Napier pick-up at Christines 6pm.

1st Course at Leo Bruntons, Main Course at Dianne & Graham Lawlor's and the Dessert at Christine Hardie's.

Theme this year is """"BAD TASTE""""

Come along for a good nights fun & food. Make sure your name is on the list before August 20th. Any other queries contact Lord Lyn - 8750542

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BIKE RIDE SEPTEMBER 26TH

Leaving 14 Elliot Street, Taradale 10am. Bring Lunch & Foam Rubber. If weather is in doubt still turn up.

Any queries contact Graham Lawlor 8448086

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EVEREST NOT SO HIGH

It is still the world's highest peak but measurements have shown Mt. Everest to be slightly shorter than has always been believed.

Teams of scientists on two sides of the mountain used satellite and laser technology last September to put the mountain's height at 8846.1M ... 2.03M lower than was established in 1974 by Chinese scientists.

The latest measurement was announced in late April after four scientific teams had confirmed their findings.

Chinese scientists at four locations on the Tibetan side used a distance meter and three reference points to make sightings of the summit.

On the Nepalese side a team also took three sightings using a device aiming laser beams at prisms on a tripod at the peak.

Wilderness Magazine May 1993

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Did you know

That in the Ruahine and Kaweka Forest Parks there are 99 huts and 770km of tracks and routes marked on maps.

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"Ken Wood" happens to be Ross's "radio". Trip No 1572

Party: Ring Potts, John Berry, Graham Lawlor, Lyn Gentry, Lew Harrison, Eddy Holmes, Gary Smith, Mark Craven, Graham Sheppard, Doug Rusbatch, Neil Mora, Jeff Robinson, Dave Cormack, Rodger Burn.

A rubbery network of mangy yellow and sooty black fibres in Washington State USA is thought to be the worlds largest living organism. Growing mainly underground, this specimen of Armillaria ostoyae a giant fungus, is between 400 and 1000 years old and covers at least 600 hectares in area. Scientists, who can now check the genetic identity of fungal samples from various mapping sites, are virtually certain there is one organism occupying the entire area.

This monster outdoes Armillaria bulbosa, the previous champion for largest organism. A close relative to the Humungus Fungus it was found around Crystal Falls, Michigan. This particular Armillaria covered only 18 hectares and weighed 100 tonnes but was thought to be 1500 years old. Living in a hardwood forest its network of rhizomorphs or bootlaces advanced through the forest floor, but caused no trouble because it only ate dead wood.

Washington's specimen is likely to become more notorious because it eats live trees; Armillaria ostoyae has so far killed about 30% of the pine trees growing within the area. Forestry management technics have probably lead to the monster as logging has left plenty of stumps for food. Also flash fires which once would have kept the fungus in check are now quickly controlled. The rhizomorphs or bootlaces of this HUMungus Fungus are growing at a metre a year. With no chance of destroying it scientists have developed a programme of fungal containment. The strategy involves clearing all wood and stumps to form a "firebreak" area. Large controlled fires might work but nobody is too keen to light the first match in the State Forest!

Why don't giant fungi like this die? The reason is that they don't live a fixed lifestyle as we do because theirs is an open-ended existence with no absolute size or lifespan limit. They may "close down" an entire section of fungal tissue if nutrients are limites and concentrate growing in those areas offering the most food. But beware, closed down sections can easily be rekindled with more wood-food!

There are plenty of other species of Armillaria out there, perhaps just as large and maybe in your own backyard. We have heard there may be entire sections of New Zealand's exotic forest plantations where this beastie is in residence. Perhaps we should try to interest MacDonalds in a new fungus- burger or develop a new T-shirt slogan. I like the one that says "There's a Humungus Fungus Amongus."

David Gale - Trichoderma News

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SEARCH & RESCUE IN THE EXTREME!!!

People going into the ranges locally certainly are taking care. It seems many many months since Search & Rescue were called out. A slightly different series of events were reported in this newspaper article sent from Scotland and given to me by "Kay".

'A police mountain rescue expert branded reckless climbers as "stupid" after a spate of hilltop emergencies across Scotland yesterday.

Sgt. Graham Gibb said it was a miracle nobody had died in the seven emergencies which stretched rescuers to the limit. "It's just a matter of time before someone gets killed" he said.

The emergencies began around lunchtime:

1pm:Climber falls on Ben Nevis, taken to hospital in Fort William and later released.

1.30pm:Search for three climbers in Glencoe, who later turn up safe and well.

1.45pm:Hillwalker falls on Bynack More, to the east of Cairngorm.

3pm:Injured hillwalker stuck on ice slope at Glenshee.

3.35pm:Party of two fail to turn up in Cairngorms. Search later called off after they were believed to have walked down.

4pm:Woman falls 100ft. on Skye.

8.50pm:Two climbers stuck on a crag on Wee Devil, Cairngorm.'

FUELS FOR PORTABLE STOVES

Fuels used in portable stoves vary from propane and butane (which are gases at normal temperature and pressure) to naphtha based solid fuels. In between are a wide and confusing array of liquids — known collectively as "White Spirits". For the purposes of this discussion the most important properties of these liquids are their flash points and their boiling points.

- The flash point is defined as "the lowest temperature at which vapours rising from a sample will ignite on application of a flame under specified conditions".
- The boiling point is defined as "the temperature at which a pure liquid is converted into vapour without a change in temperature". In a complex mixture of liquids, as found in most stove fuels, boiling will take place over a range of temperatures as the different components boil off.

This is unimportant when using liquid fuels as they are removed from the reservoir in liquid form and therefore fractionation does not occur. However, fractionation does occur when using gaseous fuels such as propane and butane and for this reason gas bottles should be emptied completely before refilling.

Three types of liquid fuels are in common use for burning in portable stoves —

- gasoline type fuels
- alcohol type fuels
- kerosene (kerosene) type fuels

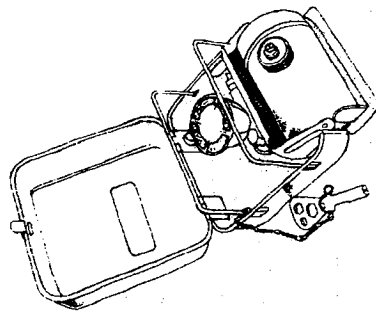
These three fuel types are collectively known as White Spirits (note the "s") yet one of the kerosene type fuels is also known as White Spirit.

In many publications the term "White Spirit" is erroneously used to refer to the gasoline type fuels.¹ This usage should be discouraged at every opportunity since it can lead to the volatile gasoline type product being used in a stove requiring a fuel of the kerosene type.

Gasoline type fuels

The liquid fuels with the lowest flash points, and thus greatest potential danger, are the gasoline type. The flash point is below -22 deg C and the boiling points between 55 and 120 deg C.

The fuel used in *Gasoline Stoves* is often referred to as Unleaded Petrol but this is **NOT** automotive fuel. Unleaded automotive fuel is 91 octane whilst the fuel for stoves is about 73 octane. Unleaded automotive fuel is designed to explode efficiently in the engine cylinder and to enhance this explosion various additives are included in the fuel. These additives constitute a health hazard if used in portable stoves.



The fuel for petroleum type stoves should be purchased by specific brand name or by the technical solvent name. These are -

Britolite (BP)
Calite (Caltex)
Pegasol AA (Mobil)
Shellite (Shell)
or Shell X55

Avoid the use of more generic terms such as Stove Naphtha, Unleaded Petrol, White Gasoline, White Fuel or Naphtha Gas as these are not well defined and can lead to confusion.

Alcohol type fuels

The fuel in common use for this type of stove is Methylated Spirits. This is denatured ethyl alcohol. It has a flash point of 14 deg C and a boiling point of 78 deg C. There is no confusion for this fuel as the product is known universally by the same name. It has limited use as a fuel at high altitudes because of its low heat output but stoves using this fuel are simple to operate, and are often used in outdoor education. It is used as a preheating fuel for some kerosene type stoves. It is normally dyed purple for identification.

If using alcohol fuels, remember that they burn with an almost invisible flame. Methanol is not normally available, and should not be used. If used, remember that it gives off a particularly toxic vapour, which is hard to detect by smell.

Kerosene type fuels

There are two distinct products in this category.

The product technically known as "White Spirit" (no "s") or Stoddard Solvent is a light kerosene type product with a flash point of 36 deg C and a boiling point range of about 150 - 200 deg C.

This fuel can be used in any stove requiring "Kerosene or White Spirit", however, the use of the term White Spirit should be avoided to prevent possible confusion with the gasoline type products. Instead brand names or solvent type should be specified -

All Purpose Solvent (Mobil)
Mobil Dry Cleaner (Mobil)
Pegasol 3040 (Mobil)
Shell White Spirit (Shell)
Stoddard Solvent (BP)
Stoddard Solvent (Caltex)

The other product in the kerosene category is Lighting Kerosene. It has a minimum flash point of 43 deg C and a boiling point range of 150-250 deg C. This fuel is very similar to Stoddard Solvent but is not as clean burning and its use in portable stoves will result in the need for frequent cleaning. When available Stoddard solvent should be used in preference to Kerosene.

There is no confusion for this fuel type as it is universally known either as Premium grade Kerosene or Lighting Kerosene. It is normally waterwhite, but is sometimes dyed blue for identification.

Kerosene stoves may require pre-heating with methylated spirits.

CLUB GEAR FOR HIRE

11 Ice axes
 5 pair crampons (3 pair adjustable)
 Crampons and Ice Axes are for club members only

2 carry mats
 1 billy
 1 gaz-stove

3 weekend packs (internal frame)
 2 weekend packs (mountain mule frame)
 4 day packs
 7 pairs rubber boots, sizes 5 - 11
 16 pairs leather boots, sizes 4 - 10
 2 pair wool longjohns
 assorted woollen singlets, hats & mittens
 2 small yellow plastic raincoats
 1 pair overtrousers
 1 nylon tent (no floor)

Everything is hired out at \$1 a day for members with an extra \$1 for non-members.
 Contact Judy McBride Ph. 8769756

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NEWS FROM THE EXECUTIVE

A First Aid Course is in the process of being arranged in the not too distant future for club members.

Two smaller gas bottles are being purchased for use with the truck cooker.

Our President has visited Holts re. parking and members have been asked to park in front of the shop doors as it can cause an inconvenience to Holts.

Pack Liners can be brought from the Secretary at \$3.50 each.

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From the Ed.....

Hopefully you'll find some interesting reading in this Pohokura, and some good looking tramps coming up also.

Would Leaders please ensure that trip reports are handed to the Ed. THE MEETING FOLLOWING THE TRAMP to guarantee its place in the Pohokura. It really would make life easier for me. The trip list names must also be included.

The advertisers in this magazine are paying a substantial amount toward the costs of printing this magazine over the year, and everyone would appreciate it if we could try and support them when possible.

I have just finished typing the amusing poem on pg 18 and it made me wish I was out there, so to heck with other things on Sunday - I'll climb into my new boots, rain, hail or snow, and check out some of those comments in the poem!

.....Lady Lyn

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Kokako Population Plummet

The Great Barrier kokako population appears to have nosedived from 20 a decade ago to just 2. A survey in the remote north of the Hauraki Gulf island was made by DoC staff and Royal Forest & Bird Society volunteers. Mike Lee, Chairman of the society's Hauraki branch, said members would call for the department to mount a rescue operation.

MEETINGS: DATES AND DUTIES

DATE	HOSTS	SUPPER
Aug 18	Kay Ward, Neil Mora	Christine Hardie, Philip Mardon
Sep 1	Julie Turner, Eddy Holmes	Sue Lopdell, John Montgomerie
Sep 15	Lew Harrison, Kathy Turner	Rodger Burn, Kathy Hamilton
Sep 29	James Chittenden, Mike Craven	Thelma T/Smith, Dave Cormack
Oct 13	Doug Rusbatch, Kath Berry	Mandy Leslie, Wayne Hatcher
Oct 27	Geoff Clibborn, Heather Hill	Margaret Jones, Graham Lawlor
Nov 10	Lyn Gentry, Martin Mallow	Leo Brunton, Lyn Gentry
Nov 24	Stan Woon, Shirley Bathgate	John Jones, Jenny Lean
Dec 8	John Berry, Gary Smith	Liz Pindar, Ross Berry

DUTIES OF THOSE ON SUPPER & HOST

HOST - Greet visitors and 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 and leave kitchen in a tidy condition.

If you are unable to be at the meeting on your specified date for Host or Supper please organise someone to take your place, then let the Secretary know.

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MEETING NIGHT PROGRAMME

Aug 18	Charlie Janes talks on his escapades in the hills & books he's written.
Sep 1	Social Committee
Sep 15	Club Night
Sep 29	Robin Black talks on geological aspects of stream flow in Hawke's Bay.
Oct 13	Jamie Lawson - Slide show with a difference
Oct 27	Club Night
Nov 10	A.G.M.
Nov 24	Auction - for some fun & some seriousness.
Dec 8	George Lowe hopefully

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CLUB NEWS

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

Margaret & John Jones, Graham Sheppard

John Berry is just back from another stint of feeding the Kakapo on Little Barrier Island, and tells us he has already booked in for trip No 3 next year!

Congratulations to Julie Turner on her recent engagement.

It was a pleasant surprise to see Martin Mallow home again after his big O.E.

Don't forget the PROGRESSIVE DINNER August 28th and THE BIKE RIDE September 26th.

Don't forget the CHRISTMAS PARTY - tremendous excitement & something different, Dec 4th

Don't forget the AUCTION November 24th.

Congratulations to Photo Competition Winners:

PANORAMA:	Mark Craven
WILDLIFE/PLANTS:	
CHARACTER:	Eddy Holmes
SLIDE:	Kay Ward
OVERALL WINNER:	Kay Ward

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 in the list the leader leaves in town. For enquiries about overdue trampers please contact one of the following.

Stan Woon 8788268 Ross Berry 8774436 Jim Glass 8778748

FARE CONFIRMATION AND CANCELLATIONFare:

Local: Senior \$10; Senior Non Member \$15; Junior \$5; Junior Non Member \$8

The 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 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. Alternatives are available on most trips but these may not necessarily be shorter or easier. 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 21-22: Ruapehu

Party A - In from Horopito, along tracks to Mangaturuturu Hut then around to Mangaehuehu Hut for night. Sunday continue around to Rangipo Hut and Tukino Rd.

Leader: John Montgomerie 8777385

Party B - In from Ohakune Road, along Blyth Track and round to Mangaehuehu Hut for night. Sunday out with above party.

Maps T20, S20

Leader: Susan Lopdell 8446697

September 5: Kumeti - Ornekeretaki

From Kumeti Road into Kumeti Hut, up track to Matanginui, down to and out via Oruakeretaki Stream.

Map T23

Leader: Wayne Hatcher 8774966

September 12: Triplex Hut Family Tramp

A walk up the track toward Sunrise.

Contact: Karen Thurston 8776396

September 18-19: Waterfall Hut

In from Waipawa River via tops and Broken Ridge. Out via Waikamaka Hut. Another party may go in this way.

Map U22

Leader: David Harrington 8439999

October 2-3: Sarex

Our annual Search & Rescue exercise for everyone on the search list plus anyone who is interested. Details Later.

Contact: David Harrington 8439999

October 3: Boundary Stream

From Shines Falls, through the walkway to Pohokure then another walk through Opouahi walkway

Map V19

Leader: Mike Craven 8775594

October 10: Balls Clearing Family Tramp

A walk through this wonderful area in the daytime for a change.

Contact: Sue Holmes 8446032

October 16: Top Maropea Hut This is a SATURDAY Trip

From Triplex carpark into Top Maropea Hut via Sunrise Hut, and out via north branch of Waipawa River or Triplex Saddle to Waipawa River.

Map U22

Leader: Christiana Stevens 8775358

October 22-25: Kaimanawa

Circuit in from Te Iringa - Oamaru - Boyds - Cascade and out to Clements Rd.

Leader: Clive Thurston 8776396

Party B: Kaweka - Kaimanawa

In from Makino Ridge - Mangaturutu - TePuke - Harkness - Boyds - Oamaru - Te Iringa - Clements Rd.

Maps U19, U20

Leader: Lord Lyn Gentry 8750542

October 31: Boyds Bush

Up through Hoodoo Saddle to the Tussock land round the Hogget. Back via Tahuhunui Range.

Map U20

Leader: Susan Lopdell 8446697

November 6-7: Mt. Bruce Family Tramp

Visit Mt. Bruce Saturday. Camp the night. Gorge Track Sunday on our return.

Contact: Josie Boland 8351805

November 14: Cairn Trip

Up to our memorial Cairn on the top of the Kaweka Range for a short service. Hope to have George Lowe with us.

Map U20

Leader: President: 8449497

November 27-28: Ruahine Traverse

Friday night into Daphne Hut. Saturday to Howletts Hut - Sawtooth Ridge and camp somewhere. Out via Rangiatea and Waipawa River

Map U22

Leader: Wayne Hatcher 8774966

Easier Alternative: Friday night in truck. Saturday up Fooths Mistake to Hinerua Hut, down to Smith Stream for night. Out via Middle Stream to Waipawa River.

Map U22

Leader:

December 5: Lawrence Area Family Tramp

Take in the swing bridge and tracks on other side

Contact: J. Dodd 8749629

December 12: Kuripapango

A tramping training day involving river travel, firelighting etc followed by BBQ if weather allows. Note - Have good size packs for pack floating.

Map U20

Leader: David Harrington 8439999

New Year Family Tramp to Makahu Area:

2 or 3 nights campout.

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

