

HERETAUNGA TRAMPING CLUB (INC).

P.O. BOX 447 HASTINGS

"POHOKURA"

Bulletin No 186

April 1994

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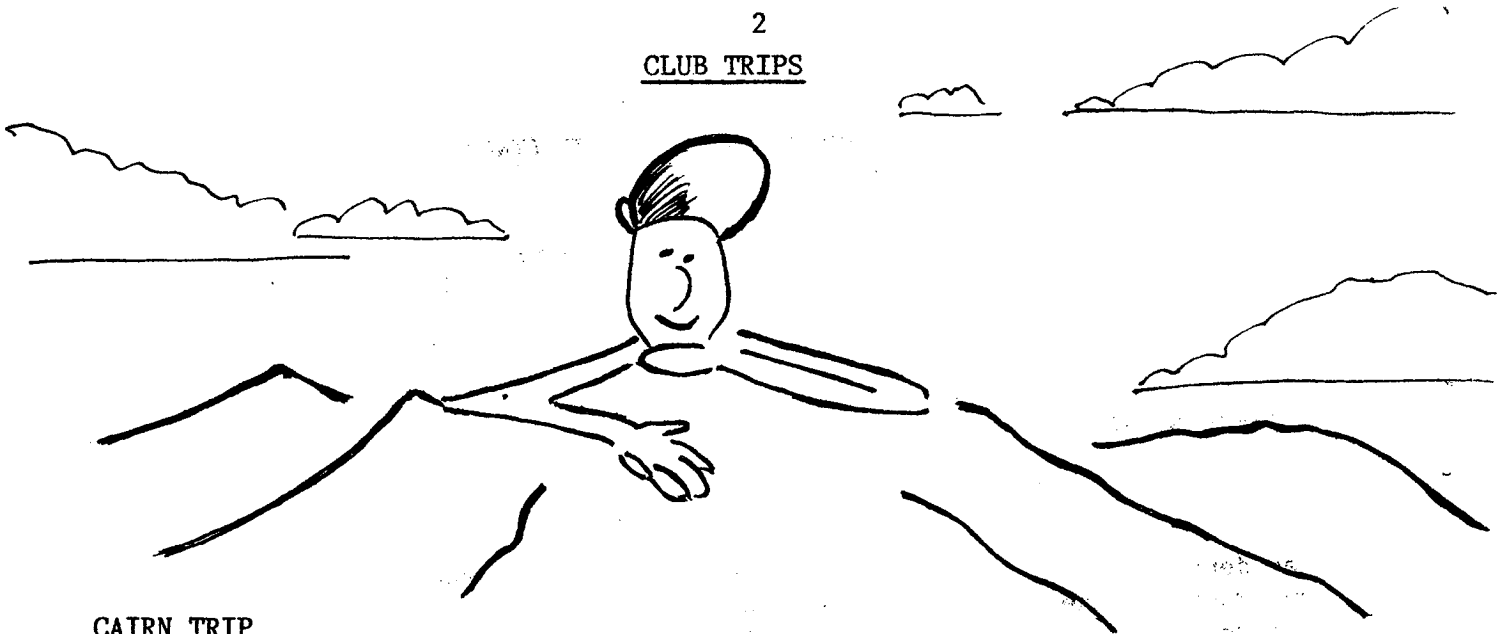
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CLUB TRIPSCAIRN TRIP

Trip No 1597

November 14 1993

"I wonder how many this makes?" was the thought running through my head as the 'what the hell do you think you are doing to me' messages start arriving from my body. This was quickly followed by the 'I quit' messages from both legs. After a quick telling off the legs resumed their somewhat sulky ascent of Kaweka J (I don't usually bother telling off the body, - as long as the legs obey orders the body tends to follow anyway) and I put the body into automatic, no parking mode before Makahu - Trials junction and drifted back through time.

I haven't been on all 20 Cairn trips during my time with the Club but it must be well over half. Yes, I thought, looking around me and between my ears at the same time, the weathers not bad (moderate freezing southerly and snow showers, some visibility - but not much). I thought of that one fine day, calm and warm; about fine days when you couldn't stand up in the wind and all the rest of the character building weather from heavy rain to gale force blizzard. Oh, they don't make weather like they used to. After a break at Domini and meeting Pam, Glenis and David, we soldiered on to the tops in vaguely better conditions (please note writer is an optimist with a good imagination). Once there, we prized out a few frozen rocks for the obligatory making the Cairn bigger and huddled together like a flock of Emperor Penguins.

Whilst I had been delegated the trip leader, Jim had been delegated to read the service, (presumably on the grounds that if my religious beliefs are ill founded the rest of the crew might get caught in the lightening bolt). But all joking aside, as Jim read the service and roll of honour, my thoughts went back to those men who are now only names on a rock. A bunch of hardy individuals joined together by the love of the hills and forced together by a war not of their making, into an army into which many of them would have in all probability disliked intensely, and killed in a foreign land far from their homes and mountains. I thought too of many other early members of the Club, now dead, some of whom I'd met and some just stories handed down or read in the Pohokura. I thought of my friends who had died in the hills, that it was bloody freezing and I wished Jim would just get on with it. As Jim called for a minutes silence the wind died and all went deathly silent for all of seconds, before striking with renewed force.

We hurried and scurried down (much to the disgust of my toes and knees) and drove home via Les Lemmons museum. Thanks Martin for driving.

P.S. As well as thinking the above, I kept an eye on the party, my Italian (no English) friend Mino and saw once again the lovely fragile runuculus which always seem to be at their best for the Cairn Trip. Maybe the mountains care afterall.

P.B.

Party: Peter Berry (Leader), Gary Smith, Christine Hardie, Kathy Turner, Darrell Eggers, Rodger Burn, Martin Mallow, Jim Glass, Owen Brown, Mike Bull, Doug Rusbatch, Judy McBride, John & Margaret Jones, Philip Mardon, Sue Lopdell, Mino - freind of Peter, Johia Love, Pam Turner, Glenis Taylor, David Lewis.

HOWLETTS-SAWTOOTH-WAIPAWA SADDLE

Trip No 1598

November 27-28 1993

The weather forecast was not that inspiring on the Friday so an extra layer of clothing was thrown into my pack. Saturday dawned fine with a bit of high cloud and at 5am we left Havelock North. As we crossed the plains toward Mill Road we could see that the tops were well clagged in, and a few spots of rain landed on the windscreen. Before long we were parked up at the old mill with the sun trying its best to shine through. At 7am the Howletts party left the truck and we ambled down to Moorcock's Stream and the Tukituki River. I was surprised at the level of vegetation on the river flats and the junction. Obviously there had not been any major floods through this area for some time. We arrived at Daphne by about 9.15, and by this stage I was nursing a gashed hand and some very sore ribs. Down by the big slip I had lost my balance and fallen onto the end of a fairly large tree.

The climb up to Howletts never seems to get any easier but we all made very steady progress and the last of us was at the hut for an early lunch by 11am. The hut appears to be in fairly good condition apart from needing a slosh or two of paint on the roof and walls. We walked out the door of Howletts at mid-day and headed for the murk that was enveloping Tiraha and the Sawtooth. Soon after starting the main climb we entered the cloud layer and visibility was about 50 metres at best. Roger was the rabbit on this part of the trip and the rest of us seemed to spend the rest of the day trying to catch up with him. The stunning views that the top of Tiraha provides will have to wait until the next trip and it was with a map and compass and one or two false starts that we found ourselves setting foot on the "Sawtooth". We were all hyped up for this adventure as none of us had been on this ridge before. For the next couple of hours or so we clung to, and scrambled round rocky outcrops, grovelled through patches of leatherwood, and where possible admired the views through the increasing number of holes in the cloud. About halfway along someone spotted two deer - one hind and one stag. The stag disappeared over the ridge in front of us but the hind ran toward and below us. During the 20 seconds or so that we were watching it, both John and Doug shot it about 10 times each!! The final part of the Sawtooth Ridge is the climb up onto Ohuinga. By this stage the cloud was lifting and during one of our many rest stops we could look back and see the bright orange roof of Howletts Hut miles away in the distance. Ohuniga provided us with magnificent views in all directions. After the odd snowball and bum slide in the snow we descended into a fairly deep saddle immediately to the north of Ohuinga. Here we camped for the night.

The weather during the night varied from stars and a full moon, to low cloud. When we woke in the morning a cool westerly breeze was blowing and the visibility was approximately 50 metres. We left the camp site at 7.45 and climbed up toward Paemutu, which was somewhere in the murk to the north of us. Once over the initial climb from the camp site we wandered along in the murk hopping from one rocky crag to the next, with visibility of only about 50 metres. Occasionally we would get a view down into the valleys into the eastern side of the range. After about an hour or so we were wondering when

we would reach Paemutu. We were still in the clag, but at least there was no wind. But then again, if it was windy maybe there would not have been the low cloud!!!! After scrambling around a few more rocky outcrops we all stopped to contemplate our future. At Paemutu we had to make a 90° turn and drop about 200 metres into a saddle. If we went on too far we could have ended up at Waterfall Hut. It was at one of these stops that someone turned around and on a crag about 30 metres behind us were a few stones making a form of a cairn. We retraced our steps with a map and compass and decided that we had to go down the theere. Down the wheere. I can't see anything??... Just as we were about to walk out onto the cloud we spied some sunshine down below us and a fairly large saddle. Down we went to the Gendarme, which is a huge rock which sits across the ridge. At about 10.15 we staggered up onto South Rangi. What a perfect day for tramping. No wind or cloud. After Ken Wood had had his usual natter to Graham Thorp we zoomed through the tussock and inevitable "spaniard" along to Rangi and then Three Johns before dropping down to the Waipawa Saddle for lunch. Lyn and Craig decided to take a short cut and bomb off the side of Three Johns and head down a shingle slide into the river.

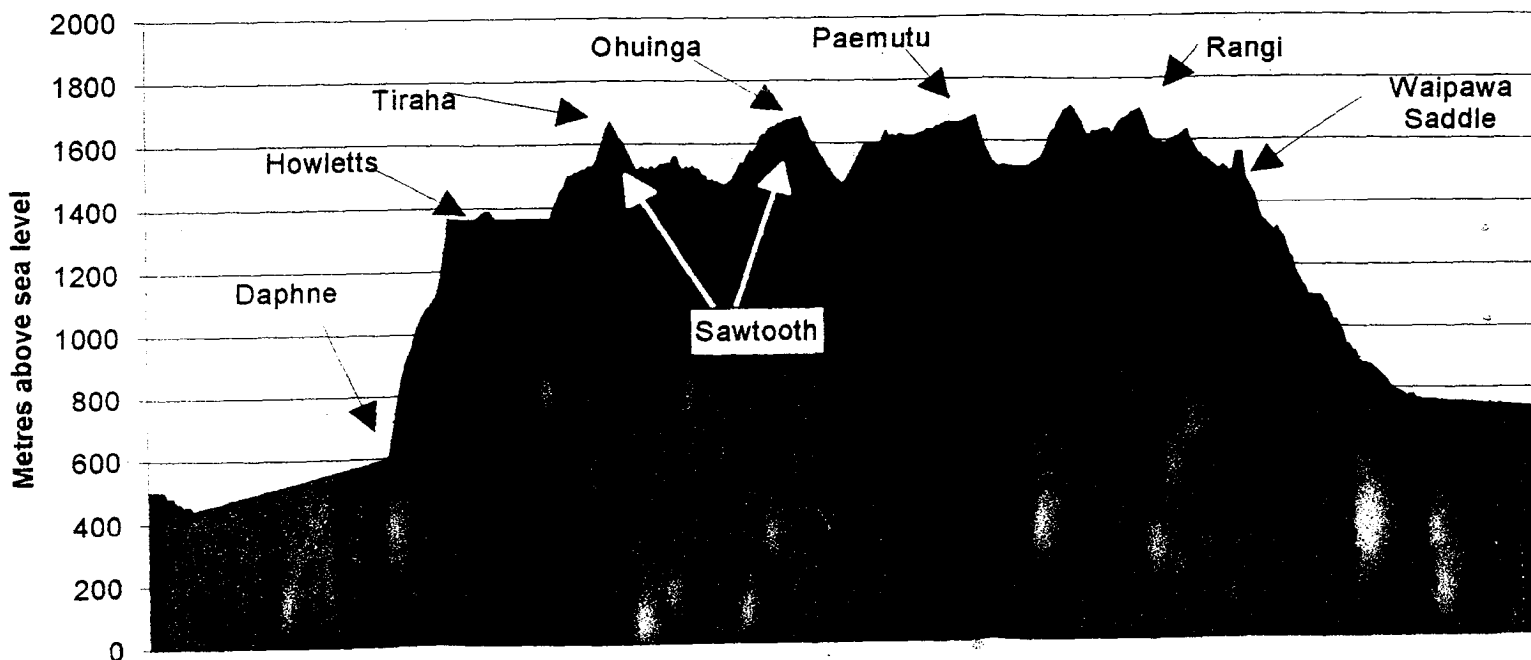
During lunch we debated (without much enthusiasm) the merits of knocking off 67,66 and 65 as well. Needless to say we roared down the Waipawa and by the Chalet we met a group of Boys High students heading into Waikamaka at the start of a four or five day trip. For some reason they did not seem very full of enthusiasm about the forthcoming trip. Soon after 2pm we arrived back at the truck where we waited and waited and waited and.....for Sue and her party to arrive.

An excellent "boys only" trip and thanks to those who made it so enjoyable.

FROM	TO	TIME
Truck	Daphne	2:15
Daphne	Howletts	1:45
Howletts	Tiraha	1:30
Tiraha	Ohuinga	3:00
Ohuinga	Camp	0:30
Camp	Paemutu	1:00
Paemutu	Sth Rangi	1:30
Sth Rangi	Waipawa Saddle	1:45
Waipawa Saddle	Truck	1:30

Party: Ross Berry (leader & scribe), John Montgomerie, Lord Lyn Gentry, Roger Conroy, Craig Shaw, Doug Rusbatch.

Howletts / Triplex via the tops



HINERUA-SMITHS STREAM-WAIPAWA RIVER - Trip B

Trip No 1598

November 27-28 1993

Eleven of us set off across Mill Farm and on reaching Moorcock Stream decided to go overland for a while so it was a 100 metre climb which got us truly warmed up. We dropped down to the Tuki Tuki immediately opposite Foot's Mistake and made the first of many river/stream crossings to be tackled during the weekend. Up the spur, initially over farmland then into the beech forest where the track got overgrown, coming out into a clearing where a fine patch of orchids was seen. Continued upwards through beech, with conditions underfoot wet and slushy and with DoC having done some track clearing, the cut rushes made things more slippery.

We reached Hinerua Hut about 11.30am and had an early lunch - some ants decided Thelma was a tasty morsel, - the moral being, don't sit on an ants nest! The hut has been relined and a fresh coat of paint has vastly improved it. Track signs have been erected in the area although the times are slightly suspect. Leaving the hut we travelled for about 5 minutes then dropped down sharply into a side stream which led us into Smiths Stream. Meandering upstream we reached Smiths Stream Hut about 3pm. The hut is set up high on a river terrace, the track to it very wet and boggy and the hut in need of maintenance. The lads stayed put while the rest of us decided to tent on the stream bank. After we had washed, drank and cooked dinner I began to wonder who "was" I tramping with. A certain person produced a pair of lacey knickers from his pack and was doing a personification of Prince Charming and Cinderella's golden slipper - (sorry, the french knickers). Graham had a seat on the track signs (which were waiting to be erected) and had track signs imprinted on his posterior - talk about moan!

Sunday morning dawned fine and sunny, and because we had a 4-5 hour day planned we left the campsite at the leisurely hour of 9am. I should have realised it was too good to be true, especially after finding the "club rock" in my pack. We came downstream for about 100 metres and then followed a side stream for about 2km, clambering over rocks and logs, but quite easy terrain although the track from the stream climbed quite steeply and after half an hour we reached the track junction. Majority ruled that we would return to the Waipawa River over the tops. The track was there for a while and then it completely disappeared. Alright, I got lost! The trip was a Dave H/Russell Perry special, bushbashing down to Middle Stream. We climbed out of the stream onto a track and then it disappeared again just short of the farmland, so with a bit of navigation we finally got on to the 4 wheel drive track and as we neared the Waipawa River could see the other party sunbathing at the truck. We arrived back at about 5.15pm - 3 hours after the first party and all of us slightly worse for wear due to the cutty grass and bush lawyer. An area which is obviously not frequently used as the tracks were not well marked but an enjoyable weekend all the same.
S.L.

Party: Graham, Dianne & Thomas Lawlor, Thelma Tasman-Smith, Gloria Taula, Gary Smith, Rodger Burn, Susan Lopdell, Leo Brunton. Paul Heaps & Dan Lewis.

KURIPAPAGNO - TRAINING DAY.....

Trip No 1599

December 12 1993

Twenty-five names on Wednesday night, Sunday comes and now only eleven. What a pity. It was great weather, fine and hot, great company and overall a great day enjoyed by all. Anyway we left Holts at 7am and arrived at the picnic area at the base of Gentle Annie next to the Ngaruroro River. Soaking up the morning sun we set around talking about gear for tramping which flowed on for a lecture about river travel. With the theory stores we dropped into the river to practice a few crossings then moved onto pack floating. After

everyone got it sorted out, down the river we went. Second crossing was a good length pack float followed by a stroll, although a bit slippery in places, to opposite the DoC house.

Lunch was eaten while drying out some wet gear and this was followed by lectures on basic camping rules and fire lighting. A competition was held to boil a billy first with two new girls, Sue and Sarah coming first followed by Gloria, the only ones to succeed with one match. Craig instructed on compass reading, then tested on a nearby orienteering course. Results varied which probably indicates further practice in the future. A swim was had by a few before returning home. It was a great outing. Thanks Joy for driving at short notice and also Craig for helping with the training.

Party: David Harrington (Leader), Heather Jackson, Joy Stratford, Margaret & John Jones, Darren Sayer, Craig Shaw, Sue Pilling, Gloria Taula, Sarah Jobson, Andrew Mills.

SOUTH ISLAND 1993/1994 - CHRISTMAS TRIP

Trip No 1600

December 26 1993 - January 1994

Departing in rain on Boxing Day at 4am, 20 bods headed for Wellington and a 10am ferry sailing. A beautifully calm crossing and road bound once again for St Arnaud to camp at DoC grounds for the night. The following morning a 9am departure for Aickens on the Arthurs Pass Road via the inland route through Reefton. Arriving around 4.00pm we set up camp at Kelly Creek and prepared gear for an 8.30am start to our tramp from Aickens to Windy Point at Lewis Pass. From here 19 bods hit the track while Bing Potts was left to drive the truck back to Lewis Pass.

DECEMBER 28 - 30 1993

Day 1 - The first day of our tramp started off weatherwise as it meant to continue, with little rain, low cloud and not much view. This didn't deter us though as we packed up camp, splashed on insect repellent, and were off, leaving the truck behind us by 8.30am. We spent all day tramping up river to Lock Stream Hut. On route we found a little hut to shelter in for lunch as it was just starting to rain. After a good rest we continued up river with hourly refuelling stops until we reached the hut at around 3pm. By this time the sun was starting to appear, making it a little more bearable for us brave ones (mostly women) who endured a good scrub up in the pretty little stream in front of the hut. The evening was passed with a scrumptious dinner, followed by the usual club antics lead by our so called responsible leader with table and hut traverses etc.etc. There was a lot of creaking and cracking (of tables) as the males (they couldn't really be called men) tried to prove their worth. All in all, it was a great start for the next three days to come.

Day 2 - Up at 6.30 and away by 8am. Weather was drizzling as we left the hut and continued upstream, but became steady and continued as we climbed higher out of the river, and up and over the Harpers Pass. The climb was 900 metres and the top was surrounded by beautiful Mount Cook lillies, and here a minutes silence was held for long time member Stan Woon. We then continued down to the bivys for a quick refuel stop as it was so cold, and then straight on to Cameron Hut for hot soup and lunch. Again we had been following the river, but with all the rain many parts of the track became quite boggy, and above peoples knees in places (aye Eddie). After lunch we continued on to No 3 hut, a 3 wire bridge and more bog. We arrived at the hut around 3.30pm, and a few set up camp whilst the rest of us settled in for a comfy warm night, (that was if you could find your sleeping bag and it wasn't wet through.

K.T.

Day 3 - From No 3 Hut to Windy Hope Lodge. By 5.30am most of us were awake in semi-darkness in preparation for our 7am departure from No 3 hut to Hope-Kiwi Lodge. Yes, it was going to be a very long hard day. The track above the river was undulating with roots, but it was pleasant enough in basically overcast conditions with patches of hot fine sun breaking through at times. The highlight of this area would have to be our soak in the hot pool situated high up hidden amongst beech trees. An idyllic spot. There were a few indecisive moments as to whether we soak in boots and all, but nevertheless, the novelty of hot water instead of cold mountain streams was truly a treat! Then it was on to Hurunui Hut, a superbly built hut with a deck and tons of bench space and bunks for another welcome break, and then onto the shores of Lake Sumner where it seemed like hours of striding it out along the grassy flats before we finally reached the enticing stretch of blue lake water.

After a hearty lunch and rest we began our climb over bushy Kiwi Saddle in reasonably hot conditions as the day wore on - the highlight being the look-out over Lake Sumner - a breathtaking sight. Hours later we reached a huge clearing of swampy farmland which made walking extremely difficult. The surroundings were beautiful in the distance and as we trudged on footsore and weary we could see Hope-Kiwi Lodge in the distance. What a welcome sight! By 6pm most of us had reached this big modern hut with masses of room. The lovely big windows with all-out views of this magnificent valley were a treat after the night before at the older style No 3 hut with its tiny windows. Then it was the usual wash down in the icy stream before tea. After a hearty meal it was around the table for the rest of the evening for discussion and planning for the following week of tramping. I think we all slept like logs that night.

G.T.

Day 4 - After our relaxing night in Kiwi Lodge the group set off for the truck. A short while later we came to the river; some elected to cross through the water while others went upstream about 200 metres and went over the swing bridge while underneath it was rocky and swift. Walking over grassland and working our way down river we made steady progress stopping at times to eat and drink and wait for some with ailments to catch up. At one stage the party became two groups - some walking down the river, while others went up hill which was much cooler amongst an assortment of trees. Looking down from the tops small groups could be seen making their way down river, and by about mid morning a small band had collected for lunch in a clearing where a little sun was peeping through. 30 minutes later we were continuing towards the truck heading through trees to a 4 wheel drive track. A little way off we could see a Rangers Lodge, and crossing a swing bridge over a very rocky gorge we walked up towards the Lodge, and around the corner was the truck. What a welcoming sight that was. Our first trip of the Christmas tramp was over.

PHOTO COMPETITION

JUNE 15TH 1994

Slides	
Panoramas & Pictorial	
Wildlife, Plants & Insects	
Club Character <u>or</u> Consecutive Action Shots (3)	
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No photo to be more than 2 years old	
Winning photos of previous year not to be entered	
Limit of 4 entries per person per category	
Please bring photos along to the meeting on June 1 1994	

DECEMBER 31

4.30pm saw us arrive at Maruia Springs resort in steady rain and set up camp. A few people opted for Backpackers to dry gear out. Hot pools were the order of the day and many hours were spent soaking until a prune like appearance sent us running for cover at the bar and later the restaurant. Much to our delight the staff appeared to have perceived our butter shortage and copious quantities of butter capsules were laid to rest at our tables to be swallowed up by awaiting pockets. The smorgasbord meal was well received by all with most putting away many helpings but the food kept coming - they must have anticipated our appetites. Also provided were bonbons (crackers) which were sounding off loudly and provided small toys to amuse us. After the meal a local band played in the bar where most retired at some stage to rehydrate from the last four days and to undertake many antics on the dance floor. Every-one at least saw the New Year in with a count-down from the band and generally found that they had rehydrated by 12.30am. One by one the bodies disappeared into the night while seven of us managed to show the locals what the H.T.C. was made of and completing a chore. However, by 2am, only four bods remained on the dance floor and some nameless person suggested a return to the hot pools, but there was a snag - our togs were in the truck with 17 sleeping beauties. We couldn't disturb them, but never mind, we'll manage. While soaking people came and went until finally the hotel staff came down after their shift. Eventually four wrinkled bodies emerged and 3.15am saw us finally in bed under the awning to grab a mere 3 hours sleep before an early start to our seven day tramp.

Day 1 of 7 days:

Six foot sore trampers and one fresh buck left from the Lewis Pass carpark of the St James walkway at about 10am. We were on our way and Ed was planning to do the the trip in world record time I'm sure. We were off to Christopher Hut along the boardwalks. Not long after leaving the carpark we were into cannibal gorge which saw witness to a big feast in years gone by. As we were travelling along the gorge we heard the distinctive rumble of a landslide which went for 45 minutes, and some of us managed to get a glimpse of it in progress. By this time it had started to rain again. Next was Ada Hut for a quick stop then over Ada Pass. All along the track was gentle and picturesque although I wouldn't have thought walkway standard. At the Ada Pass land becomes St James Station and there's no camping. Next it was on to Christopher Hut for the night down the Ada River. We passed lots of campsites along the way. Ironically, before reaching Christopher Hut we passed old Ada Hut. A sign said 10 minutes to Christopher - it was 10 minutes alright but felt like half an hour.

Day 2. - After breakfast we set off across the river flats and 10 minutes down the track it was time to adjust the boots which were troubling the aching feet while the others were standing around. Wayne magically produced a tennis ball from his pocket and suggested a game of cricket. The game soon turned into an impromptu game of softball as the ball didn't bounce very well in certain blobs of cow dung scattered in the grass. At about this time we spotted 58 wild horses grazing across the river, - they looked so naturally beautiful. The plains stretched out ahead of us and we were moving along at a steady pace jumping the double wired electric fences on the way and avoiding close encounters with snorting bulls. Steady rain forced us to plod along past what would otherwise have been beautiful picnic spots to shelter amongst trees for a quick bite to eat. A bush bashing section saw some of us slip sliding away with Ed using his nose as a brake. We Linked arms to cross the flooded river without being swept off our feet and we eventually arrived at Caroline Bivy at 3pm - the bivy was little longer than a dog kennel, but provided a welcome shelter. While having lunch the sun appeared and we enjoyed a good game of softball for the rest of the afternoon.

Day 3. - The previous evening had ended with rain and we were glad to wake up with cloud having moved along the mountains and the sun hinting at a showing. The wind had been blowing hard and we looked at the climb of the day over Waiau Pass with a degree of trepidation. We dressed in long johns, parka and bush shirts ready for a cold miserable day, but with a positive step forward we set off from the bivy at 7.50am. The bush and beech forest led us up the winding track to the river forks and rock hopping became the order of the day close to our destination with many rock slips requiring negotiating. We passed many campsites on the way and were momentarily sorry that we hadn't progressed to there the day before. The tops were now clear and the sun was shining - we had been very lucky with the change in the weather.

After a short snack we started the 770M climb, now out of the bush and heading through the scrub we ascended at a gentle climb marvelling at the mountain valleys and tops appearing before us, - not to mention the tumultuous fall of the river we were following. We arrived in the valley after the initial climb and prepared for the steep ascent to the level before the final lunge. The climb was made easier by a worn track zig-zagging up, and this we followed at an easy pace and were greatly relieved when Eddie, after reference to the map, advised we only had 60M to go. You should have seen the smiles! That 60M was closer to 300 over rocks and snow, getting more and more vertical with levelling off at the top. It was with much relief that we arrived at the top and finding a wee basin to sit in we had lunch. We were overwhelmed to see Neil and Martin come from Blue Lake to meet us, and their smiling faces shared our victory. We took a few photos at the top with the cloud moving in from all sides.

There were grass, snow and rock slides to Lake Constance - a beautiful lake set amongst the mountains with a solid moraine wall at one end. This was to be the end of our journey depending on how we felt, but the vote was to continue on to Blue Lake. The walk around Lake Constance was slippery with snow grass and rocks requiring a little care. John and Anne both took turns to fall on grass and rocks and nearly ending up in the lake. Half way round we had a steep climb out of the lake, then walked over a few low ridges to the moraine wall. Talk about rocks! These were enormous - some the size of tree storey houses, but fortunately there was track through them. The descent to Blue Lake Hut was easy through bush and onto a plateau. The lake was a rich blue surrounded by trees with beautiful camping spots. The weather being nice and warm, we camped by the lake, had a clean up, tea, a fire and were in bed by 10pm. A long but enjoyable day.

Day 4 - We woke to lightening and thunder. Not a good day for tramping. We cleared up our camp and set off on the three hour journey to West Sabine Hut. Overnight the rain had created falls of water everywhere, the rivers were swollen, deep and fast flowing. A few tributaries were difficult to cross and one family needed our assistance. The rain continued, the river continued to rise and we ended up racing Auckland T.C. to the hut, and passing them at considerable speed we found the hut with the fire going and very comfortable. We settled down for the rest of the day and looked forward to an early night at the hut. The river rose further and further and later Auckland T.C. joined us. They had decided to continue onto Sabine Hut but had returned. The track had become chest deep in water and impossible to navigate. We hoped for a change in the weather the following day - Travis Saddle awaits us.
E.H.

Day 5 - A flicker of daylight broke into the hut at about 5.30am - a relief for those that were either sleeping on the floor or top and tailing on the bunks, but the main thing was that it had stopped raining and the Sabine River had dropped quite a bit. The call was for an early start so shortly after 7am we were heading up the track to Travers Saddle. First stop was the east branch of the Sabine River where it ran into a chasm, - well, not that you really knew that it was a river as it was so deep down you could hardly hear it, let alone see it. There was a bridge over it and standing on it looking

down at this bottomless crack in the ground was quite eerie. On up to the top of Travers Saddle in about $4\frac{1}{2}$ hours where it rained and snowed and visibility was nil, although we did get a wee view of Mt. Travers, (spectacular) and down to the Upper Travers Hut for lunch which was a welcome sight as we were cold and wet.

The afternoon was an easy stroll down the Travers River to John Tait Hut in about 2 hours. This hut was rebuilt about a year ago and sleeps about 30, new kitchen tables etc, even a built in Ranger who collects hut tickets and a friendly Weka who tries to take anything else you may have left. John Tait Hut is the hut that is pictured on the front of the Nelson Lakes Map. Another game of cricket was had after tea, but again the groundsman had not prepared the wicket well at all - too many rocks and rivers in the way. We hit the sack about 10pm.

D.R.

Day 6 - Most started off fresh this morning (after washing body and clothes in the river last night and a quiet night in the hut-house!) in the cool air from a clear night and the prospects of a fine day. On down the Travers Valley past the track to Hopeless Hut in pleasant surroundings, from patches of beech to grassy clearings perfect for camping, and for most of the way on turning to look behind, but Travers was there in the clear.

We had an early lunch by the Travers River and wandered down a little further to pick up the track junction up to the Angelus basin. 700M had to be climbed in about 7kms - this started off as a steady climb in beech forest breaking out into a flat clearing about mid-way up - this was real picturesque scenery, a clear creek on a grassy flat surrounded by beech forest and a vertical (almost) climb up to Angelus. The sun was out so it was a hot trip up after negotiating the creek below the waterfalls that cascaded down from Lake Angelus. Although the climb took about $3/4$ hour most regarded it as a rewarding climb once Lake Angelus and the hut (palace!) had been reached. What a pleasant spot - the lake surrounded by a rocky rim and Mount Angleus. To make the most of the still fine day four of us climbed to the rim around the lake for views and photos. This was most worthwhile as views included back to Lake Rotoroa and the peaks up the Sabine Valley, the Victoria and Paparoa ranges to the west, and snow capped peaks of "North West Nelson" to the northwest. To the east was the St Arnard range and two more beyond, and far away to the east was Tapuaenuku, the highest point of the inland Kaikoura Range with a good covering of snow. Our last meal in the field was enjoyed in luxurious surroundings and a "steamy" night was spent with 40 people in the hut.

J.M.

Day 7 - The last day dawned with wind and extremely heavy rain so most of us enjoyed a cuppa in bed delivered by John and Doug, then we lazed until the majority of the people had left the hut. We then breakfasted, and in pairs ventured forth into the clag. I was amongst the last to leave by about an hour and by this stage the wind was fairly mild. No views at all as we followed the Robert Ridge for some 2 hours reaching Mt Robert ski field for an early lunch. From here we ran down the zig-zag track to the carpark and further along the road to West Bay carpark some 6kms away. On arrival a quick exchange of words with other members and then a 30 minute walk to St Arnard and then to the Alpine Lodge, and some hours later finally bed.

Last Day - Breakfast was had and camp cleared by 8.30am. From here we drove to Rotoroa to pick up Dave Harrington and Heather Jackson, then it was a leisurely trip to Picton. Junk food was consumed and we had a very hot and pleasant ferry crossing, and arrived back home at 11pm.

To all those on the trip thanks for brilliant company during our 14 days.

A special thanks to those who organised and prepared the trip, and to Sue Holmes who wasn't even on the trip but spent many hours preparing food.

Many thanks - Eddie Holmes (Leader)

Party: Bing Potts, Sue Lopdell, Anne Cantrick, Eileen Turner, Martin Mallow, Wayne Hatcher, Gloria Taula, Doug Rusbatch, John Montgomerie, Dave Harrington, Heather Jackson, Neil Mora, Anke Knegtman, Christine Hardie, Dave Cormack, Dianna Graham & Thomas Leiden, Gary Smith

TRIP NO 2 - Eileen Turner, Thomas & Graham Lawlor

2/1/94 left Rotoroa camping ground around 8.30. Rained last night. We had several options for our first day and after some deliberation we decided to take a different alternative to Sabine Hut, - (THE WATER TAXI). Trip time was 20 minutes as to 7 hours regular tramping. Left our gear at the hut and after talking to others we left the Deurville River out as the river was coming up. Buddy & Jim, (alias Di & Sue) decided to join us after shortening their trip to the Blue Lake area. We took the track leading to Blue Lake and followed it for 1½ hours, and stopping just past the orange wheel-barrow we turned back to the hut, where upon our return we lunched, rested and played cards all afternoon, and 14 spent a comfortable night.

3/1/94 Left 8.40. Rather a slow start. Weather fine and got better as the day progressed but no views of the tops. Lunched at 12 noon in good sunlight by a river and we spent ¾ of an hour there. By 1.15pm we had arrived at Howard Shelter and this was one of the prettiest spots I found all trip. The long drop was a three sided structure and most unusual in design and construction. With all the domestic jobs done we played cards until tea, and then we played cards until dusk and retiring.

4/1/94 Heavy rain and thunderstorm last night, and my main thought was that the rivers may pose a problem. Left Howard at 9.00, and today we had a grand total of 11 minutes of fine weather - MUD, MUD, MUD. Tracks are three to four inches or more deep in mud or water and I can't get over the intensity of the conditions. THE RIVER ROSE AS WE WATCHED IT - not the best scenario that I had, but we took time out and wandered up stream and down stream until we found what looked like a safe place to cross. That was that and I was quite impressed with the way WE executed the whole procedure. Our hourly stops were kept to a minimum as the cold and wet could have taken its toll. Our small days were now paying dividends as the others were not losing enthusiasm (or so I thought and hoped). Speargrass Hut was a welcome sight after all that mud and water.

5/1/94 Last night we were invaded by bad mannered people - typical townies. Our kids were suitably disgusted with the behaviour. Slept in until 10am today and left shortly after IN RAIN AS USUAL. Side streams were swift and still rising, but still manageable. There was eeriness about the area as if in medieval times with the scenery very spectacular all round. We lunched at the Mt. Bruce carpark. VIEWS MISTY AND AGAIN VERY SPECTACULAR LOOKING OUT OVER THE LAKE (Lake Rotoite). Picked up by DoC ute and taken to the H.Q. at St Arnard. Task in hand to find the truck. After much toing and froing (icecreams, pies, lollies etc) we found Buddy & Jim who came out a day early also because of adverse weather conditions. THESE TWO KNEW WHERE THE TRUCK WAS. All in all the trip was a success and I enjoyed the company of my two young companions who were a pleasure to have along for the walk.
G.L.

XMAS TRIP - NELSON LAKES
1-6 January 1994

If you had arrived at Lake Rotoroa and set up camp whilst the heavens continued to shower us with rain for the 5th consecutive day you'd take the easy way out too! On seeing the water taxi moored at the jetty, and finding out that it cost \$16 each, I managed to persuade the others that 11 km in a straight line (15-20 minutes) was preferable to tramping along a water-logged track for 6 hours - it was a great jet boat ride and just the thing to start a 6 day tramp.

X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X

In December we had a visit from George Lowe, our own Everest Expeditioner. We had a wonderful turnout of members and George was most interesting to listen to with the stories he had to tell. I know a number of us sat and listened in awe.

We arrived at Sabine Hut (2nd January) to find it full of people wanting to get out of the park, mostly because after 4-7 day tramps in continual rain they'd had enough. Dianne and I were intending to go up to Blue Lake Hut via the Sabine Valley, but on hearing reports of how the side streams were in flood and there being only the two of us we decided against it, so we joined up with Graham's party for a 4½ hour wander (in pouring rain) up the Sabine Valley. By the time we got back to the hut both the Sabine and D'Urville rivers were in flood. That night Dianne and I decided to go out to Lake Rotoiti via the Speargrass track and then depending on conditions maybe meet up with Eddie's party.

Monday morning saw us set off towards Howard Hut via the Howard Pass which allowed us the first decent views of Lake Rotoroa. Before we knew it we had reached the hut, 4 bunks and nestled in a lovely clearing with lots of camping sites nearby. We lunched here in the sunlight - yes the sun briefly shone for about 20 minutes then it began to drizzle. Left about 12.30pm for Speargrass having been forewarned by Neil that it was a very wet track after rain - that was the understatement! Dianne and I soon lost any energy we had left as it was a bog all the 400-500M up to Speargrass. We spent all our time extracting ourselves from the bog or the swampy bits or trying not to fracture something on the slippery logs. 3½ hours later two very weary women walked into Speargrass Hut and after a wash in the nearby stream to remove "The Mud" we didn't feel like centenarians any more. Speargrass Hut is set amongst the tussock with grandiose views up to the Mt Robert Ridge and has about 500M of the track boarded. It sleeps 6 quite comfortably and we and our fellow trampers who we had met at Sabine had a peaceful night.

Tuesday morning we awoke to quite a spectacular electrical storm and we were away by 9.50am. Arrived out at the Mt Robert carpark and proceeded to have lunch in the shelter. Here we asked an American tourist to take our photo two drowned rats. We walked down the road to Paddy's Track which gave us some views of Lake Rotoiti through the mist, finally joining up with the Lake route. We followed the track just about the waters edge and came to Whiskey Falls where DoC has erected a jetty and placed a Porta-a-loo nearby for the tourists who come across by water-taxi. Continued on through the beech where I got stung by a wasp and nearing Coldwater Hut we spied 2 boats and began thinking of how we could clear the hut of people so we could have a bed for the night. At the hut was Garry and Gloria who had come across by taxi for the night and their smiling faces certainly uplifted our dampened spirits.

Wednesday morning saw the Travers River in flood, the jetty submerged and our gas cooker not functioning properly, so we decided to walk out via Lakehead Hut completing the Round the Lake circuit. It was a bit hair-raising crossing some of the side streams especially the log bridges (we crawled across a couple) - one slip and we would have been in the Lake 10 minutes later. Crossed the swingbridge over the Travers and an hour later we were lunching at Lakehead Hut. The sun was trying its hardest and we walked back slowly to Kerr Bay and the DoC headquarters - a couple of crocks with tendon trouble. Decided to have an ice-cream and met up with Graham, Eileen and Thomas at the local store, then proceeded to walk the 2km to the truck.

Though we couldn't do our original trip due to the weather conditions we enjoyed ourselves and certainly will come back to tramp the area in fine weather.

No. in party: 2. Susan Lopdell & Dianne Lawlor.

CHRISTMAS THE WET WAY

Three of us set out to walk through from the Lewis Pass to Nelson Lakes the easy way. We had the ambition to do nice short days with lots of stops for taking photos and enjoying the scenery. With this in view we set off after the 'A' team along the St James Walkway, the beauty of the bush marred only by the thick drizzle. We arrived at Cannibal Gorge Hut for a leisurely lunch

just as the 'A' team were leaving. The rain continued into the afternoon and we planned to make camp on the river flats between Ada Saddle and Christopher Hut. To our dismay we came across the "No Camping" sign. We plugged on to Christopher Hut where, feeling like the proverbial tortoise we met again with the 'A' team.

Next day we let the 'A' team get away before exiting our sleeping bags. During breakfast we were delighted to watch a herd of wild horses playing the rain. Leaving the hut we crossed the rising Ada River and negotiated the bog, bulls, horses and mean electric fences that make up farm land. Walking through the rain we picked up the 4 wheel-drive track up the Waiau Valley. The side streams were rising and we had lunch as soon as the rain stopped. Stopping before this would have meant getting soggy crackers. Fortunately the rain ceased after this and we continued on for a couple more hours before finding a campsite. Our gallant leader found us a wonderful spot beside a fresh water spring. The pool was about 50 metres across and the tranquil surface hid the flow that David estimated to be about 600 litres per second.

Day 3 dawned fine. In good time we made it to Caroline Creek Bivi after taking a break to view and photograph Webber Falls. The hut had evidence of being well used but was now deserted so we had lunch in the SUNSHINE then followed the bush track up river and linked arms to cross the Waiau below the forks. We pitched camp (the sandflies were getting to us by this time) at the established campsite below the forks. After dinner we went to bed to dream of a sunny day to cross Waiau Pass.

Thunder and lightening woke us at 3am. The sun rose on a dark dismal day. The rain poured down and the thunder and lightening echoed around the mountain tops. Breakfast was a non event. The river raged and we could hear boulders rolling down. Our leader poked a cautious nose outside the tent. It was followed by his eye, then head, then whole body encased in parka. The verdict was; it was wet. There were waterfalls everywhere, in fact the sky was one great waterfall. There was a side effect of all this water. The river was up about a metre and we were on an island (which we had not been the day before). What was more worrying was the river level which was above the campsite and by 2pm it was within 20cm of breaking its banks and coming straight through our camp. About this time I was looking for trees to climb, Christine was looking worried and David was reading a book.

Next morning it was still wet but cleared later in the day. We took a look at the fork of the river that we had to cross. It was still uncrossable. I asked David about bushbashing up the side to see if we could cross further up. He paused then said "Difficult". I decided that if David says it is difficult that I would not pursue the matter. We waited.

It was 4.30am when we woke the next morning. A hand appeared from Christines tent to collect her breakfast. By 6am we were on the banks of the stream that had held us up for 2 days. Crossing it was an anti-climax as it came to just above our knees. We continued on up the track in SUNSHINE amid magnificent scenery. Getting higher we noticed that Thompson Lake still had some ice on it. We sidled round patches of hard snow as we did not have an ice axe. This was not difficult until the last 20 metres when we found a bit we could not get round. Once again our gallant leader came to the rescue and produced his trusty pocketknife with which he cut steps. A cold wind was blowing through the Waiau Pass when we arrived so we did not stop long to admire the view but continued down the scree slopes to Lake Constance. Morning tea on the banks of the lake. We dived into the lake sending ripples across its mirror smooth surface. It was COLD.. The lake was up about a metre so we were sidling through snow grass to where the track started to rise above the bluffs. Then the track went up and up and up then down. Blue Lake appeared like a sapphire in the sun below us. It was definitely photo time, then on through alpine beech to Blue Lake Hut for a late lunch. The afternoon saw us following the track down the West branch of the Sabine River. At the swing bridge we debated whether or not to stay here as it was now 5.30pm.

We continued for a couple more hours to the first of the river flats. It was a tired trio that made camp that night.

The last day and if we were to complete our plan of going out over Speargrass we still had 13 to 15 hours tramping left. It was raining when we got up and pouring when we left camp. The track to the Sabine Hut was now a stream, every side stream was like a river, and the river was a raging torrent. With parka hoods up we did not see much of the surrounding bush. At Sabine Hut we had a change of plan. Christine decided to take the water-taxi out across Lake Rotoroa and caught a lift with an itinerant hunter round to St Arnaud to ask the truck to come and get David and I who were going to do the long walk around the lake to Rotoroa. The track around the lake goes through beech forest and is quite pleasant for the first couple of hours. It goes up 20 metres and down 20 metres and across a stream then repeats this exercise over and over for the next 6 hours. We slipped on mud and tripped over tree roots and crossed flooded streams. The only good thing was the rain had eased. After 4 hours we were getting a little bored, and at 6pm we finally emerged from the bush to the waiting sandflies and some tinned food for dinner which had been sent with our friendly hunter. Unfortunately Christine had the white spirits still in her pack. After dinner it rained. We bathed in the lake next morning and the truck arrived to pick us up at 8.45am. My feet were dry for the first time in over a week.

David Harrington, Christine Hardie, Heather Jackson (scribe).

SOUTHERN KAWEKA

Trip No 1601

January 15-16 1994

At the respectable hour of 6.30am 9 of us left Havelock North, heading for the Southern Kawekas and the weather promising to be hot. Leaving Cathy and Mrs Lyn at the truck for the weekend 7 of us plodded off up the Smith Russell track on our way to Kiwi Saddle Hut for lunch. Stopping half way up for a break Ross left his pack alone and unattended and suddenly the 'club rock' appeared, then disappeared into his pack (he was moving too fast for a hot day). Battling a sou-west wind we carried on along the track stopping for smoko under the repeater mast, and also for Ross to say hello and goodbye to his extra passenger. The track along to Kiwi Saddle was covered in good time in a cool wind broken by very hot windless patches through the pinus contorta scrub.

Lyn, John and Bruce left the 4 of us at the track junction and headed off toward Cameron Hut, planning to meet us at Kiwi Mouth Hut. We had lunch at Kiwi Saddle, joined by 2 fellow trampers and some of the largest flies living in the Park. The trip down to Kiwi Mouth was dry, hot and toe cramming, and care was needed walking down Kiwi Creek because of the algae covering all the river bed. We stopped half-way down for a very welcome swim in a perfect pool, and arrived at Kiwi Mouth Hut 2-3 minutes before John. Lyn and Bruce had decided to head down a side creek to the campsite on the Ngaruroro River. After a quick chat with a very charming Conservation Corposs, the 5 of us headed off down river and arrived at the campsite exactly the same time as Bruce and Lyn appeared on the opposite river bank after a rough trip down the side stream. John and I enjoyed a lovely warm swim after camp was made and the evening meal ranged from sausages, onions, spuds and steak to Stirfry and spongey pud (yummy after a hot day). Bedtime was late, around 10pm after discussing everything from fishing to rugby, (plus Roman architecture I bet - Ed).

Sunday started hot and just got hotter. The trip down river was beautiful, tinged with excitement of a capture and release of a trout by Ross (a bit small). Lyn, John and Bruce decided to take the high road to Cameron Hut via an unmarked sidle track with the rest of us staying in the cool river.

We left Bruce 2 minutes upstream from Cameron Hut for a spot of fishing, rejoining the 3 high road members for lunch. Thinking Bruce had wandered downstream for more fishing we headed off downstream in pursuit of him. 90 minutes downstream and no sign of Bruce - we became concerned. Was he still fishing upstream and had we missed him as we used one of the side tracks? Three of us retraced our steps back to Cameron Hut with the rest carrying on to the truck. Finding no sign of him we headed back downstream again at a good pace getting back to the truck 2½ hours later to find the rest of the party including Bruce waiting. Seems Bruce didn't hear me and missed the hut and came downstream by himself thinking we were in front. Got back to town around 8pm after a great trip with great company.
C.S.

Party: Craig Shaw, John Montgomerie, Bruce Almond, Ross Berry, Leo Brunton, Darren Sayers, Cathy Hamilton, Lord & Lady Lyn.

Cathy and I had a very relaxing weekend at the truck. It was very hot and we mainly got stressed out having to shift the mattresses every half hour or so into a bit of shade as we soaked up the sun. Unfortunately Cathy cut her foot so we didn't wander very far, but we were rudely awoken about 11pm by some nocturnal visitors and their vehicle lights (spotlights as well) full on in our faces. Next day we were rather amused to see the guys come back in dribs and drabs and we decided that on a weekend trip there has to be at least one lady to make sure they know what they are all doing and where they are going!!
L.G.

AHURIRI ESTUARY

Trip No 1602

January 30 1994

A fine cloudless day dawned, and eleven of us arrived at the estuary carpark. We had a squiz around and got our bearings, and looked at the blinds that had been provided by DoC, and quite substantial structures they are - I was quite impressed. After heading off in the wrong direction we back-tracked and skirted around the little dug out ponds until we were on the stock bank which followed parallel with pump road. Here we met up with Alister, but, he was on the other side of the main channel. We encouraged him to cross the ford with the incoming tide - some were pretty concerned as to the depth of the water upon gauging the said depth against a power pylon in mid channel. Our fearless tramper set out and crossed with his knees still dry, to a hearty cheer from all. Exploration of the pump station sheds and surrounding area was curtailed by the stench of the slime piles - surely a use could be found for the stuff but none of us could think of any. It was 9.15am and we had dawdled up to this point so pressed on enjoying all there was to be seen, lots of birds and microlites who were executing touch and goes at the airport. The conversations were many and varied and the temperature was steadily increasing making things quite hot, but our saviour was the sea breeze that came up as the day wore on. Had morning tea at 10.15 in what little shade we could find. Both sides of the bank were an ever changing landscape with hay drying etc. Watchmans Island stimulated some interest as different aspects of its history and present use were discussed. We were overwhelmed by the vast number of mimis - rather a popular area for a winters past-time. Our maps came out as the area was quite good for spotting land marks, and to get a feel for the distance travelled, and I estimated that we travelled around 20kms. Half way down Quarantine Road we had lunch in the shade, then walked up the rail tracks towards Westshore. Some walked on the beach and some in the scrub. The sea was running very high with massive spray clouds blowing off the sea. Choppers and fixed wing aircraft were in the air as the big power boat race was on, but we couldn't see much as the waves obscured them much of the time. Reached the Esplanade mid afternoon, and leaving some of the party there, others went to get the truck and returned to set up the B.B.Q. Early tea was taken with some relaxing after what was a glorious day.
G.L.

Party: Graham (leader) & Dianne Lawlor, Margaret & John Jones, Jenny Lean, Lady Lyn, Rodger Burn, Judy McBride, Al Moffitt, Julie Turner, Julie Edwards.

February 12-15 1994

Departing Hastings at 5.30am on a promising day a truckload of bods were bound for Rangiwahia - approximately midway between Ashurst and Taihape on the western side of the Ruahines. It was an uneventful trip and on arriving at Renfrew Road end we had a magnificent view of the tops in fine weather. Rangi Hut took the first of us 1 hour from the carpark and people trickled in over a further hour. About 11.30am five of us headed up to Mangahua and lunched by a magnificent tarn. Here we were joined by Sue's party and relaxed in hot sunshine. It was 2pm when we departed the tarn and climbed Mangamahue to the north and then veered east towards Te Hekenga. Tarns were plentiful although not all too flash. The decision to camp in a low saddle before the long ascent of Te Hekenga was final, as with relatively little effort we were able to climb down a steep gut to a stream some 100 ft down for water. Camp sites were scarce although we were able to find two half level sites to put our tent fly's in, and it was early tea and bed by 8pm. By now we were engulfed in cloud but still no wind.

We rose around 6.30am, breakfasted, and just as the sun hit our camp we moved off. Up and more up, although I seemed to be able to put my breakfast to better energy use than the other four as I arrived at the top of Te Hekenga some time before the others. The views were amazing. To the south the Tararuas, west Mt Ruapehu, and north, Makorako in the Kaimanawa with Mt Edgecumbe beyond, and finally over the plains to Te Mata Peak. We negotiated Te Hekenga with a degree of uncertainty and then on to Taumata....and finally Tiraha. Here we had morning tea beside a huge tarn with any amount of camping room. 11am we mossied over the the start of Sawtooth Ridge and 1½ hours later saw us lunching on the high point just short of Ohuinga. Still incredible weather, so bulk sunblock was applied. Over to Ohuinga and then down through a deep saddle and up onto the top of Hinerua Ridge at the southern end of Broken Ridge. 15 minutes break and off down to Hinerua Hut where on arrival at 4pm we had copious cups of tea before heading off down Foote's Mistake track to the Tuki Tuki River and the truck at Mill farm. We arrived at Mill farm at 7.30pm and were surprised to find no truck - so I guess we better put the billy on then. We lay in the grass looking at the stars and moving satellites until the truck eventually picked us up about 10pm. Home at 12pm.

A fantastic trip with brilliant company. Many thanks to John Montgomerie, Wayne Hatcher, James Chittenden and Mark Craven, and to Joy for driving the truck around for us.

P.S. I've spent many days over many years clambering around the tops but none as memorable as this trip.

Eddie Holmes - Trip Leader.

WESTERN RUAHINES - OROUA RIVER - Party B

The Howlett's party led by Eddie left first and we followed shortly afterwards through very pleasant scenery and crossed a particularly attractive footbridge over the Mangahua Stream up to Rangiwahia Hut, stopping on route at a delightful pool to cool down. Both groups regrouped at the hut for smoko at 11am and noted that in spite of the number of people passing through the hut, it is in excellent condition. The weather was very hot and with a near cloudless sky, we plodded up a good track to the open tussock tops where we admired the views and followed along the tops arriving at the tarns for lunch 1 3/4 hours from Rangi. Eddie's party left first and we lay around the tarn for a while and then followed the marker poles dropping off the eastern side of the ridge initially on a track through leatherwood and then beech to Triangle Hut, a very steep drop of 650 metres 1 3/4 hours after leaving the tops. The temperature was much more comfortable around the stream, camping space was at a premium around the hut, but we all managed to find a decent spot and then attend to our aches and pains in the cooling waters.

Sunday we left at 8am following the Oroua River which generally was very low, with some rather large boulders to get around, but the beech tree forest was

very pretty. Soon our first compulsory pack float over a comparatively calm stretch of water which was not too cold, and where a pair of Blue Duck watched our efforts with amazement. After our second pack float we stopped for lunch near Iron Gate Hut at 11.30 and just basked in the sun with a very welcome breeze. To have tramped along the tops in this temperature would have been most uncomfortable. On reaching Tunupo Creek Dave Harrington took most of our party on a pack floating smorgasbord through the gorge, while a few landlubbers followed the sidle track on its ups and downs to the Heritage Lodge and then out over a wooden bridge erected by the Army over the Umutoi Creek, then a final uphill slog to meet Joy and Shirley at the truck at 4pm. A great trip through beautiful scenery which took a little bit longer than we thought.

R.B.

Party: Sue Loppdell (Leader) Rodger Burn, Judy McBride, Leo Brunton, David Harrington, Heather Jackson, Gary Smith, Cathy Hamilton, Dianne & Graham Lawlor.

STONEY CREEK AREA

Trip No 1604

February 28 1994

A punctual start by everyone saw us leave Napier bang on 6.30. Craig's mob was dropped off around 8.15. After this we headed into the forestry block just south of Stoney Creek via Takarere Road, with Doug racing after the truck with the bag he didn't want to take down the river. (Unfortunately for Doug, those in the truck who observed this olympic chase didn't bother telling the truck driver for about 4 hours). We parked just before the Torre Stream, as the bridge over it has washed away, and at 8.45 proceeded to walk on up the road. The plan, thoroughly researched with Ken from DoC was to follow the road and subsequent old bulldozed track to its end then bush bash onto the tops around high point 976. We were then to do a clockwise arc along the tops to high point 1162 and then head down the NE ridge to the Momanui stream. Shouldn't be too strenuous (note I didn't say easy), Ken reckoned - 3½ hours to the high point and he had flown over the ridge down - plenty of grassy slopes on the northern side.....unfortunately Ken can walk significantly faster than 19 assorted persons and the grassy slopes - well they just didn't abound as much as I had hoped.

Anyhow, it was lovely leaving the old bulldozed track and entering the bush proper about 90 minutes after leaving the truck. Beech trees dominated the ridge top canopies with lots of fern, toitoi, lawyer etc. underneath. The views as we reached the first high point were wonderful - bush for miles and a large area of tussock on the other side of the Taupo Road. The route along the main ridge was like a main road overgrown with pig fern - a bit scratchy here and there and the odd hidden log to fall over, but otherwise easy going. Lunch was had just before high point 1045, 3½ hours after starting. We had fondly imagined that we were one high point further along, and near the turnoff point for our ridge down, we sat down for a leisurely 45 minute lunch. After lunch it took till 2.15 to reach this last high point and after a brief break we headed down our ridge. It was extremely steep at first, then it flattened off a bit to be just steep.

The going was still pretty good with just a patch here and there of more intense bush bashing and the odd bit of onga onga situated in strategic places. The highlight of this ridge was the sighting of a NZ Falcon which did 2 low swoops over us. Unfortunately there wasn't much of the promised grassy slopes - just the odd glade here and there. About halfway down the ridge the track was marked with dazzle. This lead us past a bivvy site and down past the high point on the ridge. The marked track certainly increased our speed but unfortunately it didn't go all the way to the stream. After we lost the track the going was really slow. We had one major back track back onto the ridge to try another descent when our first choice got a little too steep and it took till 7pm to reach the Momoanui Stream, just upstream of its first major tributary.

During the 2 hour walk in the creek we were able to enjoy sights and sounds not usually experienced on day trips i.e. glow worms and moreporks. We finally reached the truck, after doing half the creek in darkness, around 9pm just as the full moon was rising. Fortunately for me, I had a pretty cheerie bunch and even near the end of the long day there was still plenty of good humour around, - Thanks folks, and thanks also to our intrepid driver, "We've got all day", Mike (Sorry about the night),
G.H.

Party: Glenda Hooper (Leader), Mike Craven, Mrs Lyn, Robyn Madden, Roz & Mike Lusk, Shirley Bathgate, Sarah Jobson, Mandy Leslie, Kathy Turner, Rodger Burn, Judy McBride, Al Moffitt, Neil Mora, Nigel Brown. Cathy Hamilton, Josie Boland, Heather Jones & Sue Holmes.

WAIPUNGA RIVER - Party B

February 28 1994

11 keen and eager trampers left the truck at 8.15am on the Taupo Road just before Tarawera. The day was warm with clearing skies, and as we left we had an encouraging word from the local landowner saying we were mad and would not make it past the first waterfall (what waterfall, none marked on the map). The river was running about 3-4 inches below normal and not too cold, and the first pack float was within 10 minutes of the start through a steep-sided gorge. From the start through to the lunchstop at the now abandoned hut halfway downstream, we travelled mostly through gorges in a narrow river. We had numerous pack floats, some through need and others through rapids for fun (and no waterfalls). The river was surprisingly clean of logs etc. and no areas being too difficult to get round.

After lunch the river opened out to more and more shingle banks and pack floating was only by choice. Doug, John and Dave all caught some good sized trout, and Lyn (Lord) took a heavy knock to the upper leg in a fun pack float and limped painfully for the rest of the day. We got to the Mohaka River at 3.15pm and up to Waitara Road at 4.10pm after a long hot slog up the forestry road, finally being picked up at 10pm after the delay on Sue's trip.

Reference Notes:

Enter the Waipunga at GR 206305 off a public access road.

Duration of trip: 8.15am - 3.15pm including lunch break and snacks approx. 7 hours.

Escape routes in most parts of the river through pine forests.

Good river trip only in summer when water level is normal-low.

C.S.

Party: Craig Shaw(Leader), John Berry, Lord Lyn, Dianne & Graham Lawlor, Doug Rusbatch, Jenny Lean, David Harrington, Darren Sayer, Wayne Hatcher.

NGARURORO RIVER

Trip No 1605

March 12-13 1994

The frost was on the ground when we got out of the truck at Kuripaponga, not a good start for a river trip. The river was low and crossings slippery but we all set out with high hopes of a fun trip and we got it too, just a bit more of it than we intended.

Day one was notable for the many pack floats and lack of camp sites. 6pm saw us camped on a sandbank not as far down the river as we would have liked. Day two was notable for even more pack floats and the realisation that we wouldn't be home for tea. The sun was hot and the river was not. 9 hours hard tramping had brought us to the Taruarau junction and with not a hope of getting out before dark we set up camp and it was out with emergency rations for tea and trout for

supper. Day 3 we knew people would be concerned for us so it was flat out to the watergauge. This section of the river is completely different being shingley and open and better time can be made but it was still 1.30pm before the truck came into sight and we could rest our weary bones.

This trip is at least 3 days and definitely a summer, not autumn trip. It's hard and wet but great fun. Thanks to Mike for waiting with the truck, and my apologies to those who had to wait and worry. A good trip and great companions but just a bit too far!

J.B.

Party: John Berry (Leader), Graham Lawlor, Darren Sayer, Cathy Hamilton, Julie Turner, Craig Shaw, Anne Cantrick

BLACK BIRCH RANGE

Trip No 1606

March 27 1994

A party of 10 led by Glenda Hooper left Makahu car park at 8.30am. The track starts a short distance away, behind the hydrological station hut and crosses the Ngahereiti Stream, then divides. Taking the left hand track we walked up through beech forest sidling Ngahere Hill and onto the road to Littles. Clearing picnic area where we stopped for a snack. A short distance on the track to Black Birch we took the loop track which took about 20 minutes. Heading along the main track we reached an observation spot at 10.30, with good views over Hawke's Bay. The track is easy to follow with cairn markers on open country except for contorta. We looked unsuccessfully, at first for Black Birch Bivy, eventually deciding we had gone too far, so back-tracked 10-15 minutes - still unsuccessful, so back-bearings were taken from prominent features, with results of which indicated that we had not yet gone far enough. Some teachings were given on compass work and a little time taken on practicing.

We continued along the track and at 12 o'clock came across a very clean wooden sign for the bivy - 5 minutes off to the right of the track and well hidden by contorta. The bivy was very smelly and dirty with a litter of cans around it. Back on the main track again we reached the Clover Patch at 12.30 - a pleasant open grassy area with some ragwort growing on it. We had a most leisurely lunch here in the shade of the contorta and admired the views behind us, the Kawekas, and in front of us Hawke's Bay including Cape Kidnappers.

We set off again at 2pm to drop fairly steeply to Lotkow Road in 30 minutes. To finish off we had a fairly warm walk along Lotkow Road to the junction with Kaweka Road, arriving there at 4pm, and then settled down for the 2 hour wait for the Donald River party. A very enjoyable trip with fine warm weather with little wind.

M.J.

Party: Glenda Hooper (Leader), Rodger Burn, Sue Holmes, Shirley Bathgate, Judy McBride, Kay Ward, Sarah Jobson, Ros Lusk, John & Margaret Jones.

DONALD RIVER - Party A

The party disembarked at Makahu Saddle carpark after a quick check of gear, and the six of us set off along Don's Spur track until we met with the Donald stream - time was 8.15am, and I say 'stream' because it was shin deep and no more than two metres at its widest. The easiest way to follow it down was along the banks, and after a series of scrub-bashing and crossings it gradually widened out to the stage that we could walk along the shingle and rock riverbed. The water also started to get deeper - it was now up to our knees in the deeper pools. 9.30 saw us at the junction with Coxcoombs stream and we stopped in a nice sunny spot for one of Lew's barley sugars. A check of the map and Wayne forecast we would be back at the truck at 3pm. We set off again sidling on occasions to

avoid waterfalls that fell about 1-1½ metres, and waded through water that was now coming up to mid thigh in depth, and it was during this stage of the trip that Wayne informed me about the club tradition of the new members doing the trip report!

It was about 10.30 when we came across this amazing waterfall - it had a flat rock which looked like a large penny at the top of the fall and fell about 2 metres. We encouraged Wayne to stand on the edge of the rock to pose for the camera, but after putting a hand on the rock to check on its stability he settled for placing a foot on the side of it. During the next hour we went through a series of gaps in the rocks where the river had carved out a gap often not more than 2 metres wide, and the sides were so slippery and steep that the only way through was in the water which by now was often chest deep. Just before noon we came across another waterfall which seemed impossible to climb down. It was about 10 metres to the bottom and no way of climbing down the sides. Here we decided that we would sidle around the right hand bank and started climbing. When we weren't climbing up we were battling sideways in an attempt to find a safe, clear passage to continue our ascent. About 12.45pm saw us stopping for lunch on a piece of flat ground that we found, and then the climb continued, and it wasn't long before we reached the top. A quick study of the situation and we descended down into the side stream below in the hope of getting back to the Donald. Our drop into the stream required the use of a rope and we waded our way down the slippery steep stream until we were almost at the Donald. The only thing in our way was a series of waterfalls that were impossible to climb down. Climbing out and sidling saw us eventually strike the track from Mackintosh Hut and by 3pm we were standing in the Donald River preparing to climb up to Matauria Ridge. This climb consisted of a series of stops at about 20 metre intervals and I didn't reach the top until 4.15pm minus my pack which Leo and Mike shared between them - thanks guys. The trip along the top was easy going and we reached the truck at 5.30pm with great relief - next time we need to conquer the waterfall!

D.S.

Party: Wayne Hatcher (Leader), Dianne Lawlor, Lew Harrison, Leo Brunton, Mike Lusk, Darren Sayer

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From the media.....

Two rare native kakabeak plants have been discovered growing in Hawke's Bay DoC senior conservation officer John Adams said. He said the discovery of the plants in the Boundary Stream and Mangaharuru Range areas, near the Taupo Rd, has prompted people to come forward with information on past distribution of the plant. A member of the pea family, the kakabeak has a beautiful red flower in summer and is cultivated widely, however, in the wild it is considered endangered because of browsing animals. Only 200 individual plants are thought to remain, most of those within the Urewera National Park. Mr Adams said the findings in department and Carter Holt administered land have been fenced off and Carter Holt has allowed a number of pine trees to be felled to allow more light to reach the plants. Between October and December the department will carry out a further search of the area where the plants were found to see if there are any more. Mr Adams said the department and Carter Holt would liaise over the future management of the kakabeak in accordance with DoC's national recovery plan for the species.

H.B.Herald Tribune

New Zealand's second largest and 13th national park was heralded on April 1 by the Minister of Conservation, Mr Marshall. Kahurangi National Park, in the NW of the South Island will dwarf its two neighbours, the Abel Tasman & Nelson Lakes national parks, covering close to 500,000ha. Fiordland is New Zealand's largest park covering 1.2 millions ha. Mr Marshall said it would take about 12 months for all the boundaries to be surveyed, and has come about after 3 years of intensive community consultation. The park contained a huge range of landforms, plants and animals, many of them rare and endangered, and some found nowhere else in New Zealand. It included more than half of NZ's 2270 plant species, of which 67 were found only in the region.

N.Z. Herald

FAMILY TRAMPSLAWRENCE AREA FAMILY TRAMP

December 5 1993

Rushed to Pete and Glenda's, got there just in time,
 because we were leaving about half past nine.
 Packed the kids into the car, such a happy load,
 then headed out towards the Taihape Road.
 Unloaded at the carpark, walked down the track,
 wasn't looking forward to the steep road coming back.
 Ate our picnic lunch, crossed the swinging bridge,
 climbed up the hill till we got to the ridge.
 Saw a sun orchid beneath Manuka trees,
 listened to the sound of the birds and the bees.
 Then down the hill till we came to the river,
 the water so cold that it made us all shiver.
 The kids had a paddle or a swim in the nude,
 and we had another snack from Nanna Pat's food.
 Down by the Tutaekuri, walked through the water,
 me holding hands with Peter's older daughter.
 Up to the Lawrence Hut, what a dirty mess,
 "Do you want more food kids?", "Yes! Yes! Yes!".
 Back up the road in the afternoon sun,
 making a game of it, having some fun.
 Into the cars, just as hot as could be,
 and driving back home for a fish and chip tea.

N.P.

Avril Turvey; Rianna Jackson; Nikki Harrington; Daniel, Donna & Natalie Berry;
 plus Mums &/or Dads and Nanna Pat.

KAWEKA HUT

January 15-16th 1994

The Berry's and Daniel, the Holmes's and Claire and the Boland-Bristow's and Erika plus myself left for Kaweka Hut Staunday morning. It was hot walking so we lunched by the Tutaekuri river where the children enjoyed paddling. It was a pleasant walk to the hut which was occupied so we all slept in tents or under flies on Saturday night.

Peter took off at 8pm to "search for deer" and we were joined later on by Russell Perry and three of his family who slept the night in the hut and went up the Rogue Ridge the next day. I was just dozing off when I heard the familiar rattle of possum looking through billies for food, so I was up and out with a rock which sent him on his way. He must have been a past master in inquisitiveness as he returned sometime later. Just about to throw another rock when a familiar voice said out of the darkness - "I could have him with a 303 bullet but might awake everyone". It was Peter returning to the hut with two legs of venison. Glenda complained of smell and having to hand over Peter's sleeping bag, but all eventually settled for the night.

Each child has his or her own pack to carry and they did extremely well. Stopped on the way back by the Tutaekuri river and made dams, sluices etc. with the small and large children. A delightful weekend.

S.B.

Glenda, Peter & Daniel Berry; Sue, Ed & Claire Holmes, Josie Boland, Greg Bristow & Erika & Shirley Bathgate.

December 31 1993 - January 2 1994

It was an inauspicious start; an almighty downpour at Sue's with Peter trying to fix a leaking radiator hose. Then an enormous thunderclap right above us, a screaming Donna (when Jess the dog took refuge in her lap) and off into the deluge thinking of Josie sitting smugly at home in the dry. The road was awash ahead at the Apley Road turnoff (luckily we had to turn off). Sue had organised the DoC base for our camp and the three open sheds sheltered our three vehicles from the rain. Fifteen minutes later the rain stopped (see Josie, I told you it wasn't going to rain) so we selected our camp sites, not the sheltered ones but the ones not under water, and erected tents. Tea was had and kids put to bed. Rain around 9.30 put the rest of us to bed although it didn't last long. Around 1am the wind started and gave us a few anxious moments in our large family tents - but it didn't last too long either.

The first trip of the day was to Don Stream via Makahu Hut and back via the loop. By then the Boland Bristow's had arrived and a bit later the Thurstons. After lunch we took the Ngahere Track. This is a very interesting walk through lovely bush, although it was a little longer than anticipated so cars were used to ferry the last of the stragglers along the road. After dinner the kids bedded Russell and got out his guitar and we had a good old sing-a-long. The wind that night was stronger and around 2am I had to wake Peter to inform that our tent had ripped and we had better do something about it. We evacuated - Donna, Natalie and Heidi (who had already vacated her tent) to Sue's tent and the rest to the shed after dismantling our tent and Pat's tent (broken pole) and strengthening the Perry's tent. Daniel's comment as we finally crawled into sleeping bags: "Wait till I get back to school!"

The next morning Russell, his older kids and Peter went to investigate orchids in the Makahu Stream while the rest of us headed to Boulder Stream. Time ran out so we didn't make it and had to return without the promised swim. Maurie and Barbara Taylor had arrived so we were able to have a chat with them over lunch. Only Pat, the Holmes and us had plans to stay that night, but with 2 tents out and sleep badly needed we decided that we too would return home. Packing up was not without incident - Rachel had the van door slam on her foot and was in great pain, then Sue's car wouldn't start. Finally, after much pushing it started and we were off not daring to stop again. We cooked up our left overs for tea on Sue's barbecue at Puketapu then carried on home. A great New Year.

Party: Claire & Glen Holmes; Rachel, Mathew, Christopher, Samuel, Rebekka & Hannah Perry; Daniel, Donna & Natalie Berry; Erika & Conal Bristow; Heather & Hamish Thurston; plus Mums & Dads, Nanna Pat & Heidi Stevens.

FIXTURES LIST - FAMILY TRAMPS

May 29:

Opouahi and Thomas's Bush

Contact: Janet Turvey 8357041

June 26:

Mangakuri Beach and Elsthorpe Reserve

Contact: Josie Boland 8351805

July 24:

Te Mata Park

Contact: Sue Holmes 8446032

August 21:

Monktons Walkway

Contact: Glenda Hooper 8774183

I know we all have our strange ways but.....
did you hear about the club member who was having trouble sleeping during our summer heatwave. At bedtime he would kiss his wife goodnight, then go outside and stretch out in the cool air of his little Mac Pac tent on the lawn!

WAIKAMAKA HUT WORKING PARTY - January 22-23 1994

On a very hot Saturday morning eleven club members made their way up the Waipawa River and over the Waipawa Saddle to drop down to one of the H.T.C. huts on the Waikamaka River. The trip was mainly to carry out some much needed hut repairs but also included a very enjoyable social occasion. Most of those in the party had made this trip several times and were quite amazed at the low level of the Waipawa River - what is normally knee to waist deep barely wet our boots on the many times we crossed this narrow trickle of water. About half way up the river we found one pool deep enough to submerge a hot body in so we all had turns at cooling off - clothes and all.

After lunch at the hut the men replaced two corrugated light sheets in the roof and fixed new flashings to the chimney. The girls busied themselves cleaning the inside of the hut - paintwork etc. and by the time they had finished it almost looked like a new paint job. Jobs done, we spent the rest of the day soaking in the river and sunbathing, and then dressing up for dinner. We had all carried in various items of clothing you would not expect to see in a trampers hut. You can imagine how varied the comments were and none of them very complimentary.

Sunday morning started with a pleasant surprise - a champagne breakfast provided by the Lawlor's - bubbly, tomatoes, bacon and eggs, WOW! It was quite an exercise getting it all together for eleven people - many thanks from all of us. The tramp out was just as hot as ever and ended with lunch and another swim before arriving back at the truck at 1330 hours.
L.B.

Party: Ed Holmes (leader) & Sue, Graham, Dianne & Thomas Lawlor, Anne Cantrick, Lord Lyn Gentry, Wayne Hatcher, Sue Lopdell. Leo Brunton, Anke Knightmans.

From the Ed.....

We ended last year with the sad loss of a wonderful friend, Stan. I sure miss those great morning tea and lunch-time chats we had.

We have our advertisers to thank for their help in defraying costs of this magazine. PLEASE do all you can to support all of them, and thanks to Granham, Dianne & John M. for their help in organising advertising.

I have a correction to make to Ian Powells obituary in the December issue of Pohokura. It was the Hutt Valley Tramping Club he was a life member of and not the Tararua as stated.

A big thank-you to all of those who have given me private trip reports. Due to all the Xmas Trip reports in this magazine I haven't much space left, so the next issue will have them all.

Lady Lyn

From the media.....

The Conservation Dept has contracted a company to investigate deterioration of the Bridge to Nowhere in the Whanganui National Park. Historic resources conservation officer Fiona Wilson said concrete was flaking off the bridge and the exposed reinforcing steel was rusting. Instead of patching the flaking concrete the Dept wants tests carried out to determine the cause, the amount of damage, and how much it would cost to repair. The bridge was the most visited structure in the park and provided essential walking access across the Mangapurua Stream. It has not been maintained since it was built in 1936 but was in remarkable condition. The bridge was built to provide access to farms in the Mangapurua Valley after World War 1. The farms were abandoned gradually and in 1942 the government closed the valley where little remains of the original homesteads. The Bridge to Nowhere is now surrounded by regenerating bush with foot access only.

We have our own memories of Stan and to each one of us he meant something different. The faded tee-shirt and work worn shorts that didn't seem to quite fit properly. How he laughed out publicly about Jim's knees wobbling as they came down Makahu Spur on their last trip there together, (only a few of us knew that Stan kept to the back of that group so they too wouldn't see his knees wobbling!), and the half smile as he turned away after saying something barely audible, but never-the-less naughty.

Stan started his tramping career away back in the 1940's as a some-what typical teenager, into every-thing sporting and athletic. Soon he developed a passionate love for the bush and its far flung tracks, and weekends would find him hairing off to the High Country in a beat up old Model A, leaving town and its cares far behind him. Later, with home and family to care for, Stan reduced his tramping and hunting activities, though he continued with Search and Rescue work for some-time. His knowledge was much sort after when help was needed. During these years, Stan's name continued as a legend within the tramping ranks and our magazines occasionally contained gems of his wisdom.



Come the early 1980's and Stan was back in the H.T.C. in full flight. His leadership qualities soon saw him elected as President of the Club, a position he very ably held for nearly 5 years, until failing health forced his retirement in 1991. Particularly during this time, Stan endeared himself to many, from the old to the very young. I heard him referred to as SHANLEY; the H standing for his Honour, his Honesty and his Humour. He had such a deep love of the Tramping Club, its principles and ethics, its whole being. To many 'the club' was Stanley. To Stan a spade was very much a spade, with no frills on it, yet his integrity, compassion and wisdom meant his shoulder became public property. He was always there to lean on, to guide and even more importantly, to just listen. There was never any hurry with Stan. He became 10 feet tall when children were near him. That lovely, cuddly Grandpa image was so contagious, the young people just couldn't keep away. After a big South Island trip I asked one of my young daughters what Stan had done? Her reply, "He did the cooking, and looked after me." Everybody was important to Stan, however, not all his massive camp cooking projects were appreciated and on that same trip I am told, he recieved the 'Wally of the Week' award for using dish wash detergent as cooking oil!

His basic compassion showed through in such incidents as the kidnapped cat. This surely could happen only to Stan! While transferring things from his car to a club meeting venue one night, Stan thought he saw his previously missing cat hiding in his car boot. He bundled it up, returned home and released moggy into the yard, and there was his own puss quietly eating its tea by the back door. Unable to now catch the terrified stranger, Stan spent the rest of the night locating its owner in Queen Street and offering apologies and flowers for days afterwards until the cat eventually found its own way back home.

Through all these virtues shone that irrepressible and sometimes, almost fiendish sense humour. My first recollections of Stan were of him constantly and neatly side stepping from sticky situations he had deliberately created. 'Stirring' perhaps? He would start a practical joke then pass it off to someone else as it snowballed - almost a transfer of responsibilities. He had a great sense of timing also, a way of slipping in a side comment, enough to stir some more, but never enough to offend.

And think of him as living
In the hearts of those he touched,
For nothing loved is ever lost
And Stan was loved so much.

When the rolling mists are rising
And distant valleys turn deep blue,
We'll tramp the tracks of yesterday
In memories, Stan, with you.

Pam Turner

A native wreath from Pam's garden accompanied this eulogy on behalf of the H.T.C. The last verse was inscribed on a card of Mountain Buttercups. Six species of ferns, two of beech, (the red beech changing colours) coprosma, rimu, totara, lemnwood, putaputa, weta and celmisia blooms made up the arrangement.

STAN WOON - A WARM MEMORY

I first met Stan in the early 1940's with members of the Heretaunga Tramping Club. A warm caring man then and full of fun.

Over the many years of my absence from Hawke's Bay I heard various tales and anecdotes from my father and brothers who tramped with him. The words such as fun-loving, helpful, kindly and a great asset in an emergency were the phrases that came to mind.

When I returned to live here and took up my love of tramping with H.T.C. he rang and said "Welcome back and enjoy the hills of your childhood and memories of your father". I have never forgotten that phrase and never will.

He was a unique President in that he had the capacity to make every new member feel most welcome and part of the Club.

Those who were ill were always remembered by Stan and his caring for all those who knew him was very evident.

He was always there to ask his opinion in tramping club matters, to give his direct and good advice and help those who were uncertain in any way.

A great tease, I lost count of the number of times he asked me to marry him. Often wondered what his reaction would have been had I said Yes!!!!

With his going we have lost a very fine man, a great trumper and a very special friend. His spirit will always be amongst the bush, rivers and peaks of the Kaweka Range which he loved so deeply.

Shirley Bathgate

MY HAPPY MEMORIES OF STAN

Most weeks Stan's old Triumph would come down the drive at morning tea time, we would pull the world to pieces and then the conversation would turn to Tramping Club business.

Those few days we spent together at his brothers house at the southern end of Lake Taupo fishing and tramping. Although not well enough to tramp far he really enjoyed that fine day that we went up the Mangatopopo Valley beyond the lava wall. The next day we poked around the magnificent Pureora Forest in the rain, then on the last day we went into the Kaimanawa. A great few days.

Then there were the several trips we made together trying to find the hunters cave in Matthews Stream. He sent me over the fence to try and get down through the blackberry, and eventually we managed to find our way down and followed a small stream into the cave. I think I will always call this Stan's cave.

I have happy memories of the time we travelled over to Mangahare Station for the Ruahine Challenge in 1988. Then in the last few years setting up the camp at Kuripaponga for the Kaweka Challenge where Stan was very much the camp boss. We all miss you Stan.

Jim Glass

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MEETINGS: DATES AND DUTIES

DATE	HOSTS	SUPPER
Apr 20	Ross Berry, Judy McBride	Heather Jackson, John Berry
May 4	Craig Shaw, Mandy Leslie	Shirley Bathgate, Ricardo de Treend
May 18	John Jones, Lyn Gentry	Gary Smith, Glen Fraser
Jun 1	Graeme Sheppard, Kathy Turner	Graham Lawlor, Liz Pindar
Jun 15	Peter Berry, Heather Jones	Wayne Hatcher, Cathy Hamilton
Jun 29	Geoff Robinson, Kay Ward	Christine Hardie, Jim Glass
Jul 13	Pam Turner, Martin Mallow	Sue Lopdell, Dave Cormack
Jul 27	Eddie Holmes, Gloria Taula	Ross Berry, Jenny Lean
Aug 10	John Berry, Heather Jackson	Rodger Burn, Dianne Lawlor
Aug 24	John Montgomerie, Geoff Clibborn	Joy Stratford, Leo Brunton
Sep 7	Shirley Bathgate, Mark Craven	Margaret Jones, Judy McBride
Sep 14	Mike Craven, James Chittenden	Darren Sayer, Glenys Taylor

DUTIES OF THOSE ON SUPPER & HOST

- HOST - Greet visitors and fill in visitors book, sweep the floor and check the heaters and lights are off.
- SUPPER - Bring 1 Lt milt. 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

Apr 20	Graham's videos
May 4	Information night - Gear & Food. Surviving the night or weekend.
May 18	Russel Perry - Hypothermia
Jun 1	Rex Hoskin - Mountain Safety
Jun 15	Photo Competition - Photos in the meeting June 1
Jun 29	Bronwyn Hunt DoC
Jul 13	Owen Brown - Sides of Yeateryear
Jul 27	Neil, John & Ross - Snowcraft
Aug 10	Michael Hawthorne - Himilaya Slides
Aug 24	Liz Pindar - Solomon Island slides
Sep 7	Club Night
Sep 14	Social Night

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CLUB NEWS

Congratulations to Darren Sayer - our only new member. We hope your time with us will be enjoyable and fun.

Again it's congratulations to Eileen Turner who gained the highest marks in H.B. for School Certificate Music last year, and also for being selected for the N.Z. Lions National Youth Band which will attend the International Lions Convention in the United States.

More chances to get out tramping. Note the extra day trips being organised for local outings when trips are weekends away.

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SOCIAL CALENDAR & DATES TO REMEMBER

- June 11: MEN'S SUFFRAGE Tramp to outlying spots!
- June 15: PHOTO COMPETITION. Please have photos in at the previous meeting.
- July 2-3: KIWI SADDLE XMAS PARTY. The theme this year is "Shakespeare".
- August 20: PROGRESSIVE DINNER. A musical theme of "South Pacific" this year.
- October 1: 'JUST DESSERTS' evening.
- October 20: AUCTION NIGHT. Start rummaging and collecting now.
- November 16: AGM. 7.30pm at the Clubrooms.

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

Ross Berry 8774436

Jim Glass 8778748

Glenda Hooper 8774183

FARE CONFIRMATION AND CANCELLATIONFare:

Local: Senior \$10; Junior \$5;

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 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. 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 8760431 or Lyn Gentry 8750542.

April 23-25: Tararua Range Maps R26, S26

Party A: In from Waikanae, up to Kapakapanui Hut, along ridge to Renata Hut, Alpha Hut, Marchant Ridge, Block XVI Track. Down Tauherenikau River to Bucks Road.

Leader: Neil Mora 8782892

Party B: In from Cloustonville, along Maymorn Ridge to Renata Hut. Along ridge to Alpha Hut and Marchant Ridge to Kaitoke.

May 8: Map V20

In from the old fishermans hut site taking the top route to Ridgemount Road. Back via the bottom route.

Leader: Graham Lawlor 8448086

May 21-22: Mt Tarawera Map V16

Party A: In from Lake Okataina Road end, along the Eastern Okataina Walkway to Lake Tarawera outlet. Sunday up to Mt Tarawera and down the other side. Maybe a launch trip involved.

Leader: Cathy Hamilton 8356735

Trip B: A local Day Trip to be arranged.

June 4-6: Kaimanawa Forest Park Maps U19, T19, T20

Party A: In over Umukarikari Range to Waipakihi Hut. Up along Middle Range past Thunderbolt onto Motutere and down to Waipakihi River. Out over the Urchin Track.

Leader: Wayne Hatcher 8774966

Party B: From Waipakihi Hut through Ignimbrite Saddle, up to Ngapuketurua and down to Cascade Hut. Out to Clements Road.

Leader: Eddie Holmes 8446032

Party C: Day trips based from the truck.

Party D: A local day trip to be arranged.

June 19: Ruahine Traverse Stage 5 Map U22

Party A: Up Waipawa River to Saddle, over Te Atuaoparapara and onto Sunrise Hut, out via Triplex.

Leader: John Montgomerie 8777358

Party B: Over towards Smith Stream for a look.

July 2-3: Kiwi Saddle Hut Map U20

In to our club hut for a mid winter Xmas feast, and also a working bee.

Leader: Graham Lawlor 8448086

July 17: Kaumatua to Ellis Map U21

Party A: Starting at Kaumatua Track following compass bearings through to Ellis in bush.

Leader: Peter Berry 8774183

Party B: Up to Parks Peak Hut.

July 30-31: Whirinaki Forest Park Map V18

Party A: Minginui - Arahaki Lagoon then round to Plateau Hut and Upper Whirinaki.

Party B: Minginui to Central Whirinaki Hut for the night then out via Upper Whirinaki.

Leader: Lord Lyn Gentry 8750542

Party C: A local day trip to be arranged.

August 14: Pohangina Saddle Map U22

Party A: Up to Longview Hut for a play in the snow maybe? Out via Awatere Hut.

Leader: Neil Mora 8782892

Party B: Along Midge's sidle track to Tuki Tuki River.

August 27-28: Tongariro National Park Map T19, T20

Party A: In from Waihohonu Hut over to Oturere Hut and some snowcraft. Out via tracks to Mangatepopo Hut.

Leader: John Montgomerie 8777358

Party B: Waihohonu Hut along tracks to Chateau.

Party C: Local day trip to be arranged.

September 11: Apiti Saddle Map U23

In via Mangatewainui Stream to Huts. Up track and across to Apiti Saddle.

Leader: Susan Lopdell 8446697

September 24-25: SAREX Map U20

Annual search and rescue exercise held in the northern Kaweka Range this year.

Contact: David Harrington 8760431

Club trips also to be arranged.

CLUB MEETINGS are held every second Wednesday in the Harrier Club Rooms, Sylvan Road, Hastings. Meeting starts 7.30pm. Visitors most welcome.

If you can see ahead one year -
plant a flower

If you can see ahead 10 years -
plant a tree

If you can see ahead 100 years -
educate the people

