

HERETAUNGA TRAMPING CLUB (INC).

P.O. BOX 4086 MAYFAIR, HASTINGS

"POHOKURA"

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CLUB TRIPSWAIKAMAKA HUT

Trip No 1626

December 17-18 1994

From the Waipawa river carpark we dropped onto the river-bed as we were to make our way up to the saddle and then downstream to Waikamaka Hut. It was 8.30 at the beginning of a beautiful hot clear day and the party of 16 were keen to make the most of the 2 days ahead. The Waipawa saddle was surrounded in mist for a while and the coolish breeze helped hot bodies over the top. After negotiating the tricky descent onto Waikamaka stream the rest of the journey to the hut was an absolute delight as we hopped over the rocks with sparkling waters at our feet and the sun on our backs.

After lunch at the hut ten of the party departed downstream to Wakelings while the rest of us rolled up our sleeves ready for the job ahead - painting the exterior of Waikamaka Hut. Mike and I climbed onto the roof, and I must admit that with paint pot in one hand and large brush in the other, there wasn't much confidence evident as we slid down the slope to the edge. However, it was not long before fear departed and the job was done. On returning to terra firma it was quite remarkable to see the transformation that had taken place as Sue, Anne, Garry and Rodger put finishing touches to the walls. There stood Waikamaka Hut gleaming in the sun with its dark blue walls and cream coloured roof. Also worth mentioning is the new variety of grass that had sprung up around the base of the hut. It has brightly coloured blue and green variegated leaves - courtesy of Sue and Anne. Thank-you all for a job well done.

The next day was also hot and clear and on the return trip we decided to take the side crack up to Sunrise track, and some of us went down the staircase to Triplex Creek and through beautiful forest flats to meet others at Swamp track junction. By 2.30pm we were back at the truck and had a swim in the Waipawa River while we waited for the Wakelings party to return.
L.B.

Party: Leo Brunton, Rodger Burn, Susan Lopdell, Anne Cantrick, Garry Smith, Mike Bull.

Party B - WAKELINGS HUT

After lunch was had my party of 10 blokes set off toward Wakelings Hut by following the Waikamaka River down for approximately 3½ hours, arriving shortly after 4pm. A fabulous river with many swimming holes in spite of it being extremely low. It appears that travelling would be very difficult and slow if water level was up much. After a hot brew and a good rest in the sun we decided to push on for Maropea Forks Hut for the night. This involved some 400M climb and took between 2-3 hours for the whole party to make the hut with the last of us arriving at 8pm. The hut was empty and camping excellent. Being an all blokes trip I need not go into detail of conversation topics, but I will say as much as Lady Diana and Coronation Street weren't mentioned. Fishing proved worthless due to rivers too low and warm.

Sunday dawned clear and warm and after a sleep in we dined and were away by 8.30am. Swimming our way upstream over 2 hours saw us reach the track which climbs steeply out of the stream below an 8M waterfall and some 120M later we arrived at Top Maropea Hut. Here we once again refuelled and at 12.30pm set off for a further 200M climb in intense heat and by 1.10pm we were all perched on top of the main divide south of Armstrong saddle. Here Lex and Darren headed around to Sunrise and down to the truck via Triplex. As for the remaining 8, we headed south

dropping to the lowest point of the saddle before '65' and then sidled on to the top of a massive shingle slide. With a hiss and a roar we lept like madmen into space with a vertical drop of 5-6M with every step. The 250M descent took about 3 minutes and landed us at a beautiful pool where we took turns bathing. With all shingle removed from our boots we made our way down the north branch of the Waipawa river and after a short but exciting time hit the main river. Here we swam again and rested before the final 40 minute stretch back to the truck, and meeting up with Leo's party sitting waiting in the river for us. We picked up Darren and Lex from Triplex carpark and by 5.30pm we were all back at Puketapu.

Thanks to all those in my party for great company and an excellent tramp, and thanks to Leo's party for painting the hut while we were swimming our way through the ranges.
E.H.

Party: Ed Holmes (Leader) Dave Harrington, Craig Shaw, Lex, Greg & Matt Smith, Darren Sayer, Andrew Dacey, Dave & Andrew Cormack.

KAWEKA KAPERS - HTC Christmas Tramp

Trip No 1627

December 27 1994 - January 1 1995

One good thing about breaking down outside Eddie's well equiped workshop is that there is, immediately available, all the tools and bits to fix the problem, AND one good thing about breaking down at the start of a tramp is the truckload of assistants to help find the problem.

December 27, 0630 and HTC truck would not start.

The problem was eventually tracked down to faulty battery connections and would have been damm hard to turn the key to start while watching the smoke pour from the battery connection if you were on your own. Club Captain Eddie drove us through to the Te Iringa track carpark on Clements Mill Road and six days later picked us up at the 'Gum Trees', where he also provided for us all sorts of BBQ goodies. Others contributed to that feast as well but more of that story later, but firstly I would like to thank Eddie and others for their efforts on our behalf as it all contributed to the success of our tramp.

0945 we were on our way, chased up the track a little way by Eddie, Claire & Glen Holmes. One hour twenty later saw us at Te Iringa Hut for a scrog and drink break and a quick look around this well used and tidy hut. We had all coped with the 300 odd M climb through the dry beech to the hut - maybe we could have eaten more Christmas turkey and trifle and cream after all. From Te Iringa onwards we started to see evidence of recent storms, and also had great views to the Mangharuru Range on the distant eastern skyline. Between the hut and Tikitiki stream there were five washouts. At places where you would expect to see a trickle crossing the track, maybe under a bridge made from a couple of carefully placed logs, there were 2-4 metre gaps in the track! The little trickles were tinkling along in the bottoms of these guts, and when we picked our way through the mess we could see that recently there had been water (plus rocks, trees, boulders, scrub and all else) up to 2M deep screaming down the hillside doing some amazing damage. Our memories determined that 'recent times' was probably earlier November when members of our Club were involved in the search for the missing rafters. As our trip progressed any damage we saw was attributed to the "rafters storm". One gut we need to climb through safely necessiated the removal of our packs. Going first (what a good leader I am) the packs were passed down to me while the team picked their way round the unstable bank, and this gave me the opportunity to compare the weights of packs - mine was about 20Kg when weighed at home, and seemed to be the heaviest. Something to be said about sharing equipment as Jan and Rick did, and apart from Sue and I sharing my stove the rest were self contained and suffered the extra kilos.

Where the track meets Tikitiki stream there is (was? a neat and popular campsite and we arrived there at 1400 to find the site wrecked by flooding. I guess it

will recover but will it be the same? Crossing the Kaipo at 1430 we were 'in the beech' to Oamaru. An excellent track, easy and pleasant to walk on. Even so, we were pleased to see Oamaru Hut come into view at 1700 - maybe the extra turkey and trifle were better missed after all. Oamaru Hut was full so we elected to camp about 20M up the Oamaru River where we had easy access to shingle flats of the river bed. This was mainly because of the risk of fire from our stoves if we tried cooking in the grass. As it turned out camping was probably a good choice as most of us were woken about 0130 as the team in the hut enjoyed their holiday in a different way to us. Tea was enjoyed in good company having spent just over seven hours on the track. Contact was made at 2030 via Amateur Radio with Graham Thorpe ZL2BCK in Napier and Randall Goldfinch ZL1NW tramping with Craig and Ross (the other HTC Christmas tramp) at Ngaawapurua Hut, then off to sleep to the call of the Morepork and John beating the riverbank to create a dent for his hips.

December 28th:

Woke to grey skies and the occasional flurry of drizzle, and were fed, packed and away by 0730, up the Oamaru to Boyd then Tussock. The Oamaru River valley is open grassland and toitoi for a couple of kilometres up from its confluence with the Mohaka, then the beech takes over again. John was most excited at the prospect of showing us 'the mother of all beech trees'. We think we saw it but John wasn't too sure. John's out to prove its existence with photographic evidence! We stopped for lunch No 1 at 1045 at the mouth of the Te Rangiharakeke Stream and then on up the Waitawhero Stream to the saddle for lunch No 2 at 1250. Note that the maps version of track and stream up the last part of this neat valley (about 3 kms) is not too accurate. Just follow the track, take it easy and you'll be there before you know it. A sight to behold as we peeped over the saddle. A valley full of tussock. Rick, Jan and Darren (who had not been this way before) were escorted over the saddle 'blindfolded' and then told to open their eyes. I have long remembered my first glimpse of these upper reaches of the Ngaruror River. A pity the sun wasn't out at the time.

1400 saw us at the fuel shed on the northern end of the Boyd airstrip after a 45 minute journey from the saddle, where the recent river level was defined with high and dry pumice. Darren and John shot? up to check out an empty Boyd Lodge while the rest of us collapsed in the tussock. Jan, Rick, Sue and I headed off down the runway after a 20 minute break then along the track marked on my map down to the river. On the last issue of U19 (1993) the track to Tussock follows the edge of the hills to the west of the airstrip. John and Darren went this way and were washing their socks in the river when we finally caught up with them. Soon our weary bodies were grinding up the 300M ridge to Tussock, grateful for an overcast sky. Dropping down to Tussock Hut we needed to negotiate many windfalls across the track, and at 1700 we got the news that Craig and the team had passed through at 1300. We had enjoyed an eight and a half hour day with lots of stops to admire the sights.

December 29th:

No success for three of the hunters occupying Tussock Hut, so they slept in. The fourth hunter was on his way to Harkness at 0700 and we were heading to Mangatainoka by 0820. My planned route was to climb a spur to a high point on the main ridge then locate the spur dropping down to the Mangatainoka River by heading along the ridge in a northerly direction, the required spur being on our right just before a shallow saddle or dip in the main range. As Craig's team had been this way yesterday they were able to offer me through the magic of Amateur Radio the alternative route. On leaving Tussock we followed a well used track (which I suspect leads to the Mangapapa Saddle) to MR884224. Turned right (NE) and headed for a forked stream which joins the Ngaawapurua Stream on its true left, then followed the northern stream at the fork to finally bushbash (easy) to the main ridge at MR896227 - we had now entered the Makino Wilderness Area where all track markers have been removed. Arrived at the top at 1000 to an amazing sight of wind devastation (Ross described the scene "as if a bomb had gone off"). Trees down everywhere and super dry. Normally when you stand on a windfall beech it just squishes, up here it just snapped! And have you ever tramped on cornflakes? Craigs team had marked the top of the spur for us, even so, we took our time to ensure our correct whereabouts in case the toilet paper

marker Craig had left for us had blown away. Navigation and a snack along with excellent views through the trees took us just over an hour. Then down the ridge stopping for a drink and chat to Wally Drayon and son Ian, arriving at the river for lunch at 1300.

Most of our journey down river to the hut was in this delightful stream with the odd corner inviting us to use our bushbashing skills. The 'rarters storm' has damaged this little river through flooding. Log jams were every 100M or so, then there was the 'mother of all log jams' to test our balancing skills. Arriving at an empty hut at 1700 we soon had the billy on, our boots off and back into the river for a scrub. Just under seven and a half hours on the track today. After tea and radio sked (no direct radio contact with Craig's team at Mangaturutu hut) we relaxed outside chatting 'til quite late then told jokes from our sleeping bags.

December 30th:

From the hut through to the Mohaka our journey took us over private land. I am grateful to Arthur Whitehead of Air Charter Taupo for permission to travel this route. Not a cloud in the sky as we loaded up and left Mangatainoka Hut at 0820 for a day in the river. I mentioned before that this lovely river where large trees grow right down to the rivers edge had been wrecked in recent times by Mother Nature, and logs jams were again common today. And that wasn't too bad until we came across the 'Mother of all Pumic dams'. A slip on the left about twice as wide as the river itself had dropped from about 100M up, spewing across and blocking the river about 2-3M deep. Amongst this soggy mess was more logs. The river had made its own way under this lot, so the scene was quite safe but downstream....oh what a mess!! The flood level was about 2M above present river level and most of what was in between had been sandblasted by and/or buried under fine pumice. Trees, scrub, toitoi had been stripped of foliage and bark or simply just buried. Any little tracks had been obliterated and if we did stumble across a track it was buried in pumice. Bushbashing through bush lawyer and ongaonga (some stuff survives anywhere?) matted scrub and toitoi, climbing or squeezing under toppled trees with their naked sandblasted roots sadly exposed to the sun was the order of the day. However, there were many bright spots throughout the day, so the journey wasn't too unpleasant.

Now and then we came across reaches in the river where the damage was minimal and bush and trees were right to the waters edge. Rotwell Lodge, an intriguing bivvy about 1/3 the journey down was worthy of a stop, then further down there was a grassy spot good enough for a lunch stop. Totara, Lancewood, Rimu, beech, Kahikatea and other goodies ranging from knee height to 20-30M tall were impressive enough for us to forget, for a little while, the damage that surrounded us. The sun was shining full blast at times, twinkling through the forest canopy at times as the nature of this valley continuously changed. We climbed around the waterfall at 15009 True left) and on to cover the last 900M in 14 mins 40sec (Rick was playing with his impressive watch).

My intentions were to camp beside the Mohaka up river a little from the Hot Springs, but the track alongside the river looked like a six lane expressway to us all (compared to the Mangatainoka) and before we knew it, it was 1700 and we were at the Hot Springs! Sharing the facilities with a retired couple from Hamilton, the billy was on, the Alliance Pineapple Chicken Curry soaking, and the body immersed in the magic waters that cascade down the cliff to 'the bath' it was time to catch up on the days achievements. Another 7½ hour day on the track. After tea, through radio we caught up with Craig. Ross and Randall at Makino, and made a morning tea appointment for Te Puia the next day. The others went to bed and John and I decided another soak in 'the bath' was in order. Dressed for the occasion in our birthday suits, we tried to slip into 'the bath' and wallow away an hour or so, but found the water far too hot. John searched for a bucket or similar to fetch cold river water, and not finding anything he set off to check the riverbank. A "woof" came out of the night followed smartly by John running back up the track. A young couple with dogs had just arrived, and with less better timing there could have been more than the dog surprised as everyone wandered around in the dark!, so our wallow was postponed until tomorrow.

December 31st:

After a cuppa while still in my sleeping bag I went to join the others in the tub. A few showers were forecast today and we were having our first while we enjoyed our soak. On our way by 0900 to be at Te Puia to find Craig and Ross chatting to the Hut Warden. Much noise and handshaking were exchanged with the whole noisy scene being repeated when Randall arrived a minute or two later. While having smoko we nattered, then had an early lunch and were Gum Tree bound at noon. At 1400 I was hugging a gum tree after a pleasant tramp along the banks of the Mohaka which was also showing signs of recent flooding with tracks covered in pumice etc, plants uprooted, crushed, buried and sandblasted trees with their bark missing.

Christiana and Wayne were there at the Gum Trees to greet us and Karen and John Berry and family were parked further down. Eddie, Claire and Glen arrived at 1500 with Annette and family, Liz, Shirley and Arch, plus our clean gear and real food. I hadn't given much thought to our New Year's Eve dinner arrangements. We had individually organised food etc. for Eddie to bring - food that you could see had been selected and packed while in 'tramping' mode. Thank goodness for Eddie, Liz, Shirley and others who were thinking in 'banquet' mode and contributed peaches, tomatoes, onions, potatoes, sausages, chops, chippies, lettuce, coleslaw and other such goodies. To us connoisseurs of Alliance dehyd, the feast was awesome! As cruel as Mother Nature had been to the areas we had tramped, it was She who provided our New Year's entertainment. Stars, planets and constellations were identified as they appeared, satellites sped across the night sky, and meteorites prompted oohs and aahs from us all, - nature eh - the greatest show on earth. She even provided us with a frost on New Year's Day.

January 1st:

By 0500 the dawn was bright enough for Jan to sneak away for a dip in the hot spring while I had a cuppa in my sleeping bag. Eddie again excelled himself by providing fresh milk and fruit salad for breakfast. Some of us had recovered enough from last night's feast to enjoy these breakfast goodies. Soon it was time to say goodbye to Craig and Ross as they set off on the next section of their tramp. Not long after it was our turn to move out, stopping only to exchange greetings with Pam Turner at the Lewis's farm at Puketitiri, and were home at Eddie's by 1100. A great tramp, a great area and great company.

M.B.

Party: Mike Bull (Leader) Darren Sayer, Sue Holmes, Rick Bowker, Jan Marshall & John Montgomerie.

Gum Trees party: Eddie, Claire & Glen Holmes, Annette, Kerry & Jason Shaw, John, Karen, Chris, Philip, Stuart & Robert Berry, Arch Lowe, Liz Pinday & Shirley Bathgate.

NO MANS - IKAWATEA

Trip No 1628

January 14-15 1995

Six in the A party headed west from No Mans across the tops towards the route down to Ikawatea Forks. At the Trig Tauwharepokoru we stopped to practice compass skills, and soak up the views across to Potae, beyond Ruahine corner Hut which was visible, and west to Aorangi and across to Ruapehu etc. To the north, allowing to look up the valley of the Tauarua River and Timahanga Station back up to the Taihape Road. Descending for a couple of hours brought us to the Ikawatea Stream for lunch. While Mike Lusk looked for a fish we headed up river to try to get to the waterfall for a look, but fast flowing water chutes prevented reasonable access and time was going by. We met Mike (no fish) at Ikawatea Forks and started the detour over the ridge which serves to get around the waterfall. The track "ran out" on the ridge so I chose a route down which fortunately got us to the river at about the only area where there were no bluffs. The river provided easy travel to Rockslide Bivy for the night - this was a large "porch" added on with two "doors" made of PVC tarpaulin and has a bench area, 2 bunks and a dirt floor.

Next morning was upstream to Mistake Bivy for "morning tea" with the other B trip people, and again this was easy travel. We all combined and moved upstream, splitting

into two random groups with my group taking a spur to the east which got us to Ohawai and then the short distance along the tops back to No Mans and the truck. Thanks to my team for an interesting trip in a new area for me.

J.M.

Party: John Montgomerie (Leader), Sandy Wiggins, Ros & Mike Lusk, Paul Smith, Anne Cantrick.

Party B

It was light, warm and fine when we left Bings at 6.30am and 16 of us in total. At 9.05 after a long trip into No Mans we wandered off along the tops.. It was obviously going to be a hot day and no-one was in any hurry. Fine views all round and many stops to admire and to pick out landmarks. John and Dave left us part way to check out another route and the rest of us wandered towards Aranga in the mounting heat. Most of us reached Aranga about 12.30 and by 1.05 all had arrived. A quick scramble around for tent sites had everyone tenting and using the hut only for cooking. The water tank is new, sealed and was full.

After erecting tents and flies a very leisurely lunch was had in the shade, then a rest, and then the serious tramping began. The leader tried desperately to get her team to do some more compass work and trig finding in the interests of tramping, but the Aranga cassino had a greater allure. Many hours were wasted in idle chatter and some very serious card play. We were just beginning to devour our fancy foods when Dave and John arrived back - John looking decidedly had it. They had had fun frolicking in the altogether up waterfalls. After tea the serious play began until John had worn himself out on the mouth organ and it was too damp to continue playing.

Most of us were up around 6.30 to get away by 8am. The track behind the hut wound up through beech forest and on to the top. There was a very strong cool wind blowing and jackets went on. After an easy walk along the ridge above Mistake Bivy we made our way down a steep scree and then onto an overgrown track through the beech to the bivy. We were met by the A team at 11am, and we had arrived at 9.50am. Had an early lunch, late breakfast or morning tea at 10.10. We had decided to stay altogether and go upstream to the ridge to Ohawai and then decide what to do. It was a lovely wander up the river with no difficult bits, then a few decided to continue up the river while the rest of us would climb out to Ohawai. It was of course by this time very hot, and after a scree climb managed with some difficulty we settled on the slope, but in beech, for a small lunch. The comfort of the trees was short-lived as we had a 300M climb up scree in the searing heat. Talk about "Mad Dogs and Tramping Clubs". It was with relief that we finally made the tops and although the views were magnificent the heat was taking its toll.

We discovered Bing sitting behind a rock about 10 minutes away from the truck and we wandered in about 2.15pm. It was a leisurely wait for the others who turned up about 3.15pm and we were all back in Hastings by 6.30pm. A great tramp - very easy except for the heat.

D.L.

Party: Dianne Lawlor (Leader) & Graham, Jenny Lean. Sue Lopdell, Gary Smith, Darren Sayer, Rodger Burn, John Jones, Dave Harrington, John Berry.

TUTAEKURI GORGE

Trip No 1629

January 29 1995

I was told the first pack float on this river was within 15 minutes of the MacIntosh swing bridge - WRONG. A good size group of us headed off downhill to the swing-bridge into the river and the first pack float within 200M. The experienced ones gave a demo and instruction to those of the group new to the sport. The river was discoloured by fine dirt covering everything making travel awkward and sometimes painful. These 'first timers' to pack floating soon got the ins and outs of it and enjoyed it (except for the cold water)

First waterfall we got around with no problems, second waterfall, and out came the rope for those needing to use it all the way. Some used it half way and fell into the water the rest. One, (Neil Magic Mora) slid down the waterfall straight into the pool below. Highlight of the morning was the hot water stream and all these cold trampers warming their bottoms in the small trickle of water.

Lunch was very welcome with a chance to warm up. The afternoon walk downstream to the Lawrence bridge went smoothly with the river opening up all the time. A good trip, but the river needed more water as it was running below normal, also clear water so we could see what was under us.

REFERENCE NOTES

Only experienced people should tramp the river.

Duration from bridge to bridge 6-7 hours.

No bush sidling is required, but only if you don't want to climb down the second waterfall (height 5-6 M).

C.S.

Party B LAWRENCE SHELTER - WILLOWFORD ROAD

We left Hastings At 6am - a full truck with some daring to go pack floating in one group and my group going down the Tutaekuri River by foot. Nine of us headed off from the car park at 9am and two minutes down the track we had a look at the Lawrence Shelter which was a great shelter if you are wanting to keep dry - had timber bunks which didn't look too inviting. Near the shelter there is also a big swing bridge but we didn't go over it. We started on foot down the river where we did a lot of small river crossings and it was foot hopping most of the way over rocks and following some old deer tracks along the side of the river. The weather was superb - blue skies, a little high cloud and the river was very clear and fresh. We had a few breaks along the way and enjoyed the scenery and could not get over the noise of the cicadas. We had lunch about 12.30pm for half an hour as at this time we had a wee accident with Liz in our party falling down the bank backwards, so she rested a while and slowly came right in care of first aid.

We were amazed at these rocks we came across which were fossil like shell graved inside. We came across four dead goats and empty ammunition, and also a camp site which the remainder deer bones ponged out the site. (Lovely spot too!) Coming near the end of the tramp we had a swim for half an hour in a nice swimming hole. We then had to climb a steep part of farmland which really made the tramp seem a lot easier over the rest of it. The truck had just arrived 15 minutes before we got to Willowford Road at 5pm. It was a great tramp indeed - especially receiving chocolate fish at the end!!! Many thanks to those who came - GREAT DAY!!!!
M.L.

FLOUNDERING ON & AROUND THE "FLOUNDER" - Gold Creek

Trip No 1632

February 26 1995

Little did the intrepid group sitting snugly in the truck realise we were going on a Commando exercise i.e. those who went on Anne Cantrick's interesting tramp. John Montgomerie and Craig Shaw did a noble and tremendous job by beating, slashing, and cutting their way through heavy undergrowth, bogs, rotting wood and pig-fern whilst we, the followers watched out for 'familiar' or unfamiliar signs of human or beast tracks. Bravely fighting off insects and the heatwaves, and by instinct not forgetting familiar land-marks we eventually reached a saddle. There were excited cries of "there is the trig", and "it surely is the junction to the Gold Creek Hut and stream". The Commando leaders were by this time very hungry and our intrepid leader suggested we call a halt, and stock up on our energy to help us cope with further exercises. We then said farewell to our magnificent bush-bashers and watched them 'run' up the wild slopes and into the beyond to join other fellow creatures.

Down to our destination where we did not loiter for long and down the rushing waters and gorges of the famed Gold Creek. We felt we were being followed by bodies unknown and when we turned the 'hunters' turned out to be Dave Harrington and Gary Smith. Our fears were unfounded. Down to the truck which Bing had driven around to Yeoman's Mill, and there we had lots of fun with ball games until Ed's party turned up at 6pm. The seven-leagued boots worn by John and Craig turned out to be used to come down Gold Creek Spur, NOT to cover top of the ranges!!!! Thank-you Anne, I would not have missed it for anything.

Petals.

Party: Anne Cantrick (Leader), John Montgomerie & Craig Shaw (partway), Glenda Hooper, Ros Lusk, Margaret & John Jones, Ian Caurns, Dean Burns, Lex & Andrew Smith, Shirley Bathgate.

LOG CABIN (site refered to as "the paddock")

Trip No 1630

February 4,5,6th 1995

The problem of not having permission to cross the land on my original trip complicated things for me. So it was either going to be no trip or a change on the original plans. It was disappointing not to get any Club support on this challenging tramp. However, Wayne and I set off from the Tarauarau River on the Taihape Road at 9.15am up a good track to the Tahunui Range and the Hogget. The going was better than we expected as a team of about four horses had been on the track only a few days before. Navigation was not necessary, even so, to play safe and for the practice we took compass bearings from one important point to another. The weather was fine giving us a good view out to Mt. Ruapehu. Shortly before the Hogget we had lunch in the shelter of isolated trees in the sun.

From the Hogget we took a very important NNE turn following some very permanent ruts of previous tracks which have been gutted out by snow and rain. One had to be careful not to fall in them. Our going was good until we lost the track on our last descent to "the paddock". On arrival we found a hut, wood and plastic sheet roof, with a deer dangling from a near-by tree. Not feeling too sure if we would be welcomed we pitched the tent away from the hut. Once we were settled in two hunters appeared saying they had followed our footprints up and invited us to join them after tea, which we did. The hunters were farmers - father and son from New Plymouth. We sat in the hut with a fire going, drinking a cuppa, telling a few yarns and politicing. The hut gave me a good impression on how they would have lived in the pioneering days.

Day two dawned fine. From where we were camped we went straight up onto the tops for a view in the general direction we were going. We could see the vast extent of the fire which swept that area about 10 years ago. From there it was plain sailing onto Mt Meany where we had lunch and watched some threatening rain clouds accost us. From there with compass in hand we navigated our way as directed down into the Manson Creek. The going was extremely hard with lots of windfall and small growth - it took us much longer than expected and arrived in the Manson Creek at 3pm. From there it seemed to take for ever and the weather clagged in with heavy downfalls. Wet and tired, we did not have the map out as much as we had before and consequently we took leave from the river to find the track to Kiwi Mouth Hut too soon. Lost, but not lost we plowed on up. More bushbashing at its best, hoping to come across the track. Luck was with us and it was beautiful to walk again on a cut track.

Day three, with sore feet was hard with about 60 crossings and one pack float down the Ngaruroro River. We had lunch at Cameron Hut and arrived at the Water Gauge by 4pm puckered out. Thanks to Craig for driving.

C.S.

Party: Christiana Stevens & Wayne Hatcher

WAIPATIKI BEACH ITO AROPAOANUI BEACH
Returning via Waipatiki Scenic Reserve

Trip No 1633

March 12 1995

Only three of us decided to tackle the local day trip scheduled on the same weekend as the Ruapehu trip. Glenda drove Debra and myself to Waipatiki and we set out along the beach, but soon diverted onto the track along the base of the cliffs as this eliminates most of the boulder hopping. We dropped down on to a sandy beach at Aropaoanui, removed our boots to cross the river and continued walking bare foot in the sand until we hit the boulders again. With boots back on we carried on north to the waterfall for an early lunch. We then retraced our steps back to Aropaoanui beach and set off along the road, and eventually, after a long walk up the road we got to the top end of the Waipatiki Scenic Reserve. This is a splendid Reserve to visit with some glorious stands of nikau palms. We were lucky enough to see some of these in flower fluffy pink stems, and others ripe with bright red seeds. Thanks to Glenda and Debra for a pleasant day out.
 S.H.

Party: Sue Holmes, Glenda Hooper, Deborah Turner

SUNRISE TO MAKAROA RIVER

Trip No 1632

February 26 1995

Party A and Party B separated at the bottom of the Flounder which party B was going up, but that's enough of them. Party A got a free lift to the Triplex Hut carpark then 10 of us made our way up the track to Triplex Hut, and stopped there for a quick look and then on our way again. It was a long way up to the Sunrise Hut zig-zagging around and getting dizzy just thinking about it. We stopped at the hut where members inspected it and took photos of the pretty scenery for 30 minutes, then made our way up and down a lot of large ridges and one staircase. We stopped for lunch in peaceful spot, but very unscenic. While 8 of us had lunch David Harrington set off on his own little tiki-tour with one partner. The rest of us then started on our way up to the little, but uncomfortable Sparrowhawk bivy. From there with one sore-footed person, we went down and up and down to the Makaroa River. From here we had a very pleasant 30 minute walk to the Club truck.
 D, Cartwright

RUAPEHU

Trip No 1633

March 11-12 1995

Departure time for our Mt. Ruapehu trip was 7.30pm from Napier, with all 11 of us in the truck going through Taupo way and onto Mangahua campsite - arriving there at 11.30pm. After a very wet but warm night the morning dawned fine and clear. The views of Mt Ruapehu were superb on our way to Silica Springs track where we dropped off Team B for their trip through the alpine bush. The remaining 7 of us carried onto Whakapapa where after parking the truck we had the privilege of riding the two chair-lifts to the top of Waterfall chairlift restaurant - what a treat chomping into hot tasty meat pies for morning tea there before the big climb.

We left there at 10.30am and headed up into the Te Heuheu Valley. By the time we were into the valley head crampons and ice-axes were a must. The snow was very icy and the going was tough and extremely steep, and proved awkward wearing crampons. The weather was settled generally with non-threatening cloud coming and going. It was actually quite a relief when the cloud did come over at times as we were all feeling the heat. The climb up to Te Heuheu Peak was especially hard as by now we were beginning to tire, but by 1.30pm we were on the peak having lunch and feeling thankful for the fine conditions even though the wind was up. We finally dropped onto Summit Plateau and Dome Shelter on the opposite ridge. We could also see a big group of people trekking around the top of the ridges

overlooking Crater Lake etc. We had seen them earlier in the day starting out at the bottom. After striding it out across the Plateaus icy snow sprinkled with thermal ash in places we eventually found a suitable campsite on top of mounds of volcanic gravel on the eastern edge of the Plateau overlooking the Desert Road at about 2.30pm. It was a relief not having to tent on top of the icy snow. Yes, it took a while levelling out the gravel so that it was wide and long enough to hold at least four tents, and of course it was a challenge erecting them and tying them down with large stones and boulders as the wind had come up. After all that we were all more than ready for dinner and relaxation. It had been a full day.

By 6pm the wind had dropped completely and the sky was absolutely clear with the sun shining brightly. It was a perfect evening, and we drank in the breathtaking scenery around us in such superb conditions. Graham's video camera was going flat out. While Mandy, Leo and I sat on top of volcanic gravel mounds in awe of what was around us John, Andrew and Ross practised on ropes and harnesses on the opposite ice face. Their never-ending energy amazed us. It reminded me vividly of our Tongariro trip last year where ropes and harnesses were a must for those without crampons.

After a comfortable night we awoke to a chilly two degrees. What had been channels of water in the icy snow the day before had now turned to ice. Graham was up and ready to record filming of the sunrise at about 7am. What a sight watching this big orange ball rising above the cloud line below! Yes, the clouds had gathered below, and from what we heard the night before on Ross's radio Hastings was experiencing thunderstorm weather - and yet here we were in all this brilliant sunshine. After breakfast and packing up we left our campsite at 8.30am and walked to below Dome Hut. The view of steaming Crater Lake was a sight to behold, and thermal ash was sprinkled everywhere on the snow. After leaving our packs at Pare Col and walking through trevase terrain we then traversed up and around the summit ridge to the second highest point, where by 11am we were up there. On one side of the ridge we were on were all out breathtaking views of the surrounding countryside and Mt Egmont, and on the other side the icy snow plunged way down to Crater Lake below. The wind had picked up and wisps of cloud were moving fast and gathering momentum and the lake was steaming even more in the sun. What a sight!

After coming down from the ridge we stopped at the crevasse where we watched and filmed Ross climbing down into the crevasse - 15 metres deep, using iceaxes and crampons. John and Andrew were also involved in the exercise. By now the weather had truly closed in, and finding our way back to our packs had become a test as we had become a little disorientated, so it was a relief when we found them. At this stage two young guys appeared out of the mist whom we'd met earlier up on the summit ridge. They were looking for their packs and had heard our voices. They would have definitely have had trouble finding them if it weren't for us. Due to the weather deterioration we decided not to go to Dome Shelter and took a quick descent down the glacier to Glacier Knob. What a test of energy, stamina and surefootedness climbing down unstable loose large boulders and then icy snow. Andrew and John had left us by then to slide the rest of the way down the icy snow while the rest of us descended to Restful Ridge and then into the Gut before arriving back at Waterfall Chair lift, then back at the truck for a much needed lunch at 2.45pm. Our soak in the Turangi hot pools rounded off this truly memorable trip beautifully.

G.T.

Party: Ross Berry (Leader) John Montgomerie, Andrew Dacey, Graham Abraham, Gloria Taula, Leo Brunton, Mandy Leslie.

Party B BRUCE ROAD, WHAKAPAPITI HUT, MAHUIA CAMPSITE

Saturday morning dawned lovely and clear, and with breakfast over we set off for the mountain. After a stop at the Park Rangers office we carried on up. Arriving at our drop off point we made ready to start and by 9am we were off walking through tussock, flax, and hebe. We reached the Silica Rapids, the bed

of the stream at this point being a creamy colour caused by the mineral alumina silicate. The track winds down the valley amongst ferns, hebe, flax and mountain totara dotted amongst beech trees. We stopped at the Punaruka Falls for a bite to eat and admired the beauty of the bush and water.

Arriving at the Whakapapiti Valley track we walked out over some bluffs to admire the view. The weather continued to be good to us with mild temperatures and clear skies. Nearing the Mahuia Track junction we came upon a fast flowing stream, and being close to mid day we had lunch. Continuing on we came to the Whakapapiti River and at the point of crossing we had to clamber over huge boulders. The river itself was about 10 metres wide with water flowing quite swiftly. Safely over we carried on over marshy ground to reach the Whakapapiti Hut by mid afternoon. A 20 berth hut for a small group - those of us from HTC and an American family. Ruapehu in the early evening looked fabulous with many small waterfalls cascading down. That night the sky was crystal clear with many stars visible.

Sunday morning was once again a lovely clear sky. Up early, breakfast over and away by 7.45am. Travelling back a little way to the track junction which would take us out to the Mahuia campsite. The first part of the track was through open country of mainly tussock and marsh land, and by 10.30am we were at the Mangahua Stream. Time to stop and have a bite to eat. For the rest of the morning we walked through some very nice bush and over many boardwalks to arrive at our pick-up point 'Mahuia Campsite'.
G.S.

Party: Gary Smith (Leader) Alistar Moffit, Sue Lopdell, David Harrington

X X X X X X X X X

Party for Trip No 1629 TUTAEKURI GORGE.

Craig Shaw, Gloria Raula, Graham Abraham, Sandie Gay, Neil Mora, Darren Sayers, S Sandy Wiggins, Alan Whitaker, Paul Smith, Sue Lopdell, Ann Cantrick, Gary Smith, Mike & Ros Lusk, Peter Berry, Kathy Turner, Darrel Egers, Jenny Lean, David Harrington, Lisa Starnes.

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News of Christine in China...

Christine celebrated New Year on 31st January along with millions of other Chinese, and New Year means holidays so Christine took off to visit Beijing for two weeks and visited famous sights - the Great Wall and the forbidden city which were magnificent. The other important tourist sights are McDonalds, KFC, and Pizza Hut where she enjoyed a pizza. She had a good look at the surrounding countryside during the train trip (sleeping carriage) which took 31 hours. North of Guangxi Hunan is flat and drab and every rice village and paddy field looks the same. North of the Yangtze River is dustier and browner, but the north of China is dry, dusty and sunny, which is more than you can say for the south. The weather is now warmish but for the past two and a half months Christine has suffered cold, wet, sunless days. And, to make matters worse the concrete box buildings they work in are totally unheated, so she wears heaps of clothes - polyprop longjohns and tops and all the time feels like she's ready to go tramping.

A lot of the food she eats also makes her feel like she's out tramping - rice, noodles, tofu, vege doused in oil with chicken or pork now and then. On special occasions it's wonderful for the "foreigners" go out dining. They sometimes travel to Yangahua, half an hour from Guilin where there are western restaurants and the people are friendly. Hot chilli lijow is a feature of Guilin cuisine and is good if used sparingly. They find it reasonable and safe to eat at the street restaurants as the food is cooked in front of you.

On the brighter side of things for Christine is enjoying listening to some interesting programmes on the BBC world service - lots of good well produced programmes. She has a new bike seat, but this also has lumpy bits and now thinks she'll have dents in her right buttock! Must be her blond hair that makes her a bit of a novelty to the guards around her block as they all speak to her as she goes in and out. There has also been marriage celebrations between some of the foreigners in their Guilin group and some of the local people, and she gets plenty of entertainment provided by some of her "strange" friends of many different nationalities.

KAWEKA PLODDINGS 1995

Eight years ago when I first covered much of this northern/western country of the Kaweka Forest Park it was a matter of largely head down and bum up in the hot pursuit of my three young children and their friend, out to set endurance records (for me anyway) and for whom I was supposed to be responsible. As I streaked along in their rear I noted several places I'd revisit at leisure, to just absorb and enjoy. This dream became a reality of 27th February, when Glenys and I were dropped off by helicopter at Mangatainoka Hut, on a glorious crisp autumn day. How the river sparkled, the birds sang, and I sure don't remember all those colossal log jams, as we plodded up the stream. At one mishap I remember lying cast on my back with my head going further under a waterfall, and Glenys sweetly standing by my side saying, "Are you alright Pammie?" I guess she must have hauled me out and drained me, otherwise I wouldn't be scribing this now. I found my 'magic' place, a long way upstream, where the white water streams over rocks and luxuriant moss dips to the watersedge. It hasn't changed, and still held its mystic and primeval beauty. Three photos prove its reality now to the sceptics at home. We camped on the river-bank where the route over to Tussock Hut takes off.

Day 2:

The plod up and over took time. It seemed to be either round, over or under windfalls, lawyers and unyielding coprosmas - much bigger and more numerous than the last time! Robins and tomtits provided entertainment and we were followed by a contingent of curious kakas. The highlight of the day was stumbling over an almighty Red stag - big enough to disgrace a moose with the biggest blackest mane imaginable - I was glad he gave us right of way but he wasn't at all alarmed and just meandered off. We heard other deer and signs were plentiful. Tussock Hut, snuggled into the bush edge was awelcome sight that afternoon. Another dream fulfilled - to sit on Tussock's steps and watch the kakas wheeling and diving over the tree tops in the setting sun. Been there, done that!

Day 3:

....found us in drizzly conditions headed towards Boyd's Lodge. It was rewarding to see Banded Dotterell (2) and hear Fernbirds on the Ngaruroro River flats. What a beautiful walk! A kind hunter waiting for his plane ride out, had the billy boiling for us and bequeathed us left-over roast chicken, ham and bread - (I'd managed to leave both my tea and breakfast back at Tussock - one way of keeping your pack light!) That evening an American lad on a fishing foray joined us.

Day 4:

I patched up his badly blistered and ulcerated feet before he went fishing and we leisurely meandered our way down the river valley and eventually back to Tussock Hut.

Day 5:

The fog descended and the rain soaked everything. I forlornly stood on the porch anticipating 34 river crossings, wet knees and more in the tussock, and how nice it would be to just 'be' at Harkness Hut. Glenys just finished saying "There'll be no helicopters today Pam," when "woof woof" and out of the fog fell a chopper! Smilingly the pilot said "I'll take you down". Well, Glenys was into that chopper before he even had the door open! Good trampers don't separate so I went along also. We were warm, dry and at Harkness Hut for morning tea! The rain poured, Glenys slept, and I feasted on the hut log book and other literature. There really is some amazing talent getting into the hills - artists, poets, scribes - and others.

Day 6:

The skies cleared overnight and the morning saw our boots pointed toward Te Pukeohikarua. We got there in hot sun and feasted on the magnificent views before descending to Te Puke Hut where another cup of tea and 'welcome' awaited us. The DoC boys had done so well, not only looking after our pre-arranged food drop for a week for us, but also preparing the three resident hunters for our arrival. Their note to us read: - "The DoC guys said to expect you. You are sharing the hut with one thorough gentleman and two lecherous old farts without a moral between them. Help yourselves to gas, and anything else, and make yourselves at home. Cocktail hour starts as soon as we get back - (not a balck tie affair). But they never actually got out hunting because it looked almost like raining (and they

wanted to check our food drop anyway) and so passed a very pleasant evening. 'Port' with dinner that night - not ours!

Day 7:

All the way over to Mungaturutu Hut in blazing sun with seven day packs saw us a bit worn out by the end of the day. We burst through the bush at the hut to a gruff chorus of "Are you booked?" They were only four (Australians) so I suggested they "shove over" and another harmonious evening was had by all.

Day 8:

And a beautiful sunlit bush walk up and down to Tira Lodge. Sunsoaking filled the afternoon with a magnificent sunset and then equally beautiful sunrise.

Day 9:

The bush part was beautiful, but it was another very hot plod over to Ballard Hut. Yes it is still as far down, and even further back up!

Day 10:

The cloud slowly lifted out of the valleys as the sun gained altitude and heat. A real cooker along the tops but the tarns provided a welcome cool off. Gazing down from that height we looked down onto the golden brown back of a Harrier Hawk cruising along the face below us, inspecting every little crevice and plant. We camped at the head of Makahu Spur beside masses of flowering Edelweiss. Cloud hid the city lights but the frenzy of settling blowflies compensated for any lack of traffic noise.

Day 11:

A hobble down Makahu Spur in rising winds and lowering cloud, a fuel stop at Dominie Bivy and a promise we will return, and finally to Makahu Saddle carpark to our awaiting transport and reluctantly home.

Birdlife, and the progress, or otherwise, of vegetation was of great interest to me. By the amount of deer sign, one cannot help but wonder what the 'hunters' do. Especially with log book entries of "2 in for 4 days with 16 dozen cans". Could this have any relevance in the fact that in our entire trip we didn't see one Pidgeon? And space too, seems to be at a premium and gone is the 'peace' of the back country. We loved our chopper rides but didn't meet anyone away from the huts (and then only 9) so also wonder if the act of walking is a dying pastime.

Glenys Taylor and Pam Turner. The 'Real' H.T.C. WOMEN!

REFLECTIONS ON TUSOCK HUT

There's a little old shack in a valley outback
that's waiting for you and for me -
A place that I know where the clear waters flow
And Edelweiss bloom on the rocks.

There in fading light with the oncoming night
The gold tussock is fading to brown.
We'll rest for the night under silver starlight,
Watched by a morepork or two.

And in the morning when a new day is dawning
And kakas call up a new sun,
We'll each shoulder a pack, lead off down the track
Where the tussock sweeps up to the trees.

While Pipits sing brightly, our steps springing lightly
We'll follow the spurs to the tops.
We'll know power of dreaming, 'cause we're there not just seeming
In Gold Tussock Valley of Harkness.

Pam Turner

FAMILY TRAMPS.

A summary of tramps during the period December 1994 to March 1995.

The first tramp for this period, the Rowe Road private bush reserve, got off to a rather sobering start when we learnt just how stupid deer can be. When the 5 families were about half way down an apparently empty paddock two deer emerged from a hidden corner and proceeded to run at the fences, one of them killing itself in the process. After advising the farmer's wife we went on down to the bush by another route. The Tukituki River looked appealing and most of the day was spent beside it although we did have a quick look at the rather chewed out reserve and the log cabin near it. Mid afternoon we returned back to the cars through sheep paddocks (well away from deer).

Two families partook of a New Year stay at Kakaho camp in Pureora. The Hooper-Berrys arrived New Year eve, set up camp and did the Rimu walk after tea. New Year day we travelled over to the Visitors Centre to get a hunting permit for Peter. While there we walked the Totara track, visited the buried forest and the Pureora Forest Lodge. At the lodge we were advised that the lodge was run by Lions Clubs in the area and that vehicle access was usually prevented by a locked gate. The lodge can cater for heaps of people and can be hired through the DOC office at Pureora at a reasonable rate.

That evening the Boalers arrived and after tea we did the Rimu walk again. It was later this time and on the way out there were heaps of glowworms to be seen. Monday, yet another scorching day, was spent visiting the Waihora Lagoon and swimming in Lake Taupo at Kinloch. The Waihora Lagoon is a lovely spot, a forest tarn surrounded by massive Kahikatea. The lagoon was very warm and had so many tadpoles that dozens were maimed as we trudged along the track which was submerged because of high water levels. It was great for the kids - they had no trouble catching them. Tuesday was the final day for the Hooper-Berrys and we all visited the AC baths in Taupo before going our separate ways. The Boalers spent another two nights at Pureora and were fortunate enough to get on a DOC early morning tour to visit Kokako at a small reserve west of Pureora. This was excellent and good kokako sighting were had by all.

Later in January 5 families and Shirley had an overnight camp beside Kaweka Hut. After a leisurely lunch beside the Tutaekuri River we headed up towards the hut in the blazing sun, reaching it around 3. The rest of the afternoon was spent erecting campsites, damming and mining the stream, drinking tea, cooking dinner, eating dinner and socializing. A relatively quiet night was had and a fine morning dawned slowly. Once fed and packed up we headed back to the Tutaekuri where we had lunch. Then it was back to the cars and home. A report on this tramp by Christopher Perry follows this summary of trips.

The trip to ADeans bush in late January was a little more arduous than anticipated - the stream had changed somewhat from when the idea of this trip was first formulated. Lunch was had by the cars at the road end of the reserve after which we spent two hours floundering our way down the Tukipo River. In places the stream was deep enough to wet some of the adults shorts and profuse blackberries on the edge made the going tough out of the water. While there were 1 or 2 mutinies most of the youngsters enjoyed it although everyone was pleased when we reached the reserve track. The trip back to the cars and afternoon tea was via the track and much faster.

Early March was the Train Trip, with 5 families travelling by train and one by truck to Ormondville. To the children's delight the truck managed to cross over the top of the train at the overbridge just before Waipawa - with much waving all round. The truck only just got to Ormondville before the train where it was used to transport all to the Hooper-Berry estate just down the road. The rest of the afternoon was spent settling in, driving buses, pushing buses, inspecting the 'forestry block' at the back of the estate, cooking tea and playing. The next day we visited the riparian strip by the Manawatu River at SH 2. Most preferred to play in the water (good sized fresh water crayfish can be found here) rather than walk. So after a half hearted attempt we gave up up

and had lunch. After lunch the kids had a swim and then we headed back to Havelock North.

Families participating during this period were: Avril Turvey, Claire & Glen Holmes, Tammy & Libby Boaler with Amy Fisher, Erika & Conal Bristow, Nikki Harrington, Rachel, Matthew & Christopher Perry, Heather Collie, Jesse Drinkrow, Heather & Hamish Thurston, Phillip, Stuart & Robert Berry, Alex & Matthew Dale, Kerry & Jason Shaw, James & Rowan MacMillan, Patrick, Sam & Kate Elliott and Daniel, Donna & Natalie Berry plus parents, Grandparent & friends.

KAWEKA HUT.

One day in January the Heretaunga Tramping Club set off on a trip to Kaweka Hut. Thinking we were late, Dad and us big kids and three guests (Dave and Heather Collie and Jesse Drinkrow) zoomed off in Dave's flash van. We passed some cars parked at Omahu and were suprised to find no-one at the Lakes Carpark when we arrived. A few minutes later the others arrived and they were suprised to find us already there - they hadn't recognised the flash van!

I enjoyed going up to the hut and some of us swam in deep pools in the river on the way. Peter Berry went deerstalking that evening but came back empty-handed. Meanwhile, Jesse, Matthew and I were hunting for water-walking spiders and I found a really big one but we let it go. It was at least 4 cm wide. That night sleeping under a tent fly was lots of fun and excitement.

On the way out I fell over lots and we went for a swim in a pool that was over my head. Instead of following the main track, some of us followed my Dad down a stream leading to the main river. When we got back to the cars we had a bit to eat and went home.

I'm really happy to be able to out with the tramping club because we do lots of fun things together and I enjoy the scenery in the mountains.

by Chris Perry.

FIXTURES LIST.

April 29 & 30: Trip to Cape Kidnappers, possibly staying overnight.

Contact: Dave Harrington 8430290

May 28: Private bush reserve in the Puketiriri area.

Contact Eddie Holmes 8446032

25 June: Mixed exotic forest at Gwavas.

Contact: Josie Boland 8351805

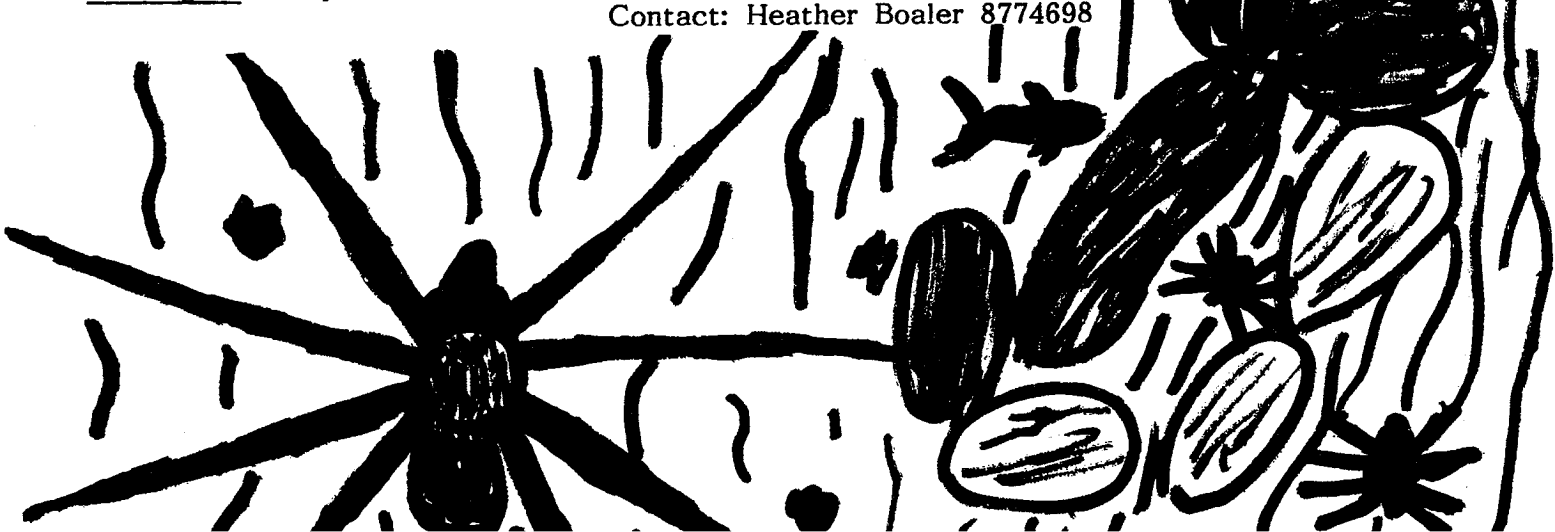
23 July: Otatara Pa and Taradale hills.

Contact: Glenda Hooper 8774183

20 August: Waipatiki Scenic Reserve from Aropaoanui Road carpark.

Contact: Heather Boaler 8774698

Daniel B



In Memory of Maurie Taylor - 01/09/1925 - 04/02/1995

"Upon the upland road side easy stranger
surrender to the sky your heart of anger.
Alone we are born and die alone
Yet see red-gold cirrus on your mountain shine."

James K. Baxter

Very close to the pine tree where transport stopped for the track to 4100 and Kiwi Hut, etc., there is, or used to be, a little stream with a log lying across it. Half way over that log Maurie's voice would sing out, "Boil up!"

I am taking you back to about 40 years ago. I lived in Hastings for nine years (1954-62) and, for most of that time, was in charge of the Fixture Hut and Track Committee for the Heretaunga Tramping Club. Maurie was young, tough, and single in those days and his talk was more of the hills than of the boilers at Napier Hospital where he worked.

The Hare family were prominent in the club in those days too. I well remember one day crossing that same log and Maurie saying confidentially to me "You know, I never realised till quite recently what a lovely girl Barbara is." Yes, I knew and agreed. For a tough rooster like Maurie, being smitten might have been something quite new.

Perhaps I can share a few other precious memories with you.

He talked of southern and northern crossings (Tararuas) and strangely, I have never done either, thwarted by weather or teaching commitments (when Maurie actually led a southern crossing for a HTC party).

He talked glowingly one club night of a climb in the Kaikouras, of ice and snow between the 9000 footers, the pinnacle Tapua-o-enuku and Alarm. That sparked a desire which I fulfilled many years later.

But all of us who have come in contact with Maurie, especially in the hills which were so much a part of his make-up, will remember his timely wisdom and lively humour. Wet turpentine wood can be coaxied to boil that billy. A green stick on the top will prevent smoked tea. Am I reminding you that Maurie was quite keen on a fresh brew, even under the most trying of circumstances?

On a persistently wet day a club party, led by Maurie, were at Waipawa Hut on a work party. The main task was to cut some beech (well away from the hut and especially the river near by!), for replacing some sleepers on the original hut and lean-to. The rain prevailed but Maurie entertained the gang for hours with a fund of antidotes and jokes - and an occasional boil-up!

We will miss you friend. Dream on.

Hal Christian

Maurie joined the HTC in the early 1950's and was made a life member in 1984. He was part of the team that built the current Waikamaka Hut and also helped with the extensions to old Kiwi Saddle Hut. For many years he held various positions on the HTC Executive Committee. These included Club Captain, Vice President, President, plus the Truck, and Fixture Hut and Track committees. He was also involved with Search and Rescue for 15 years, and was a SAR Advisor for about 12 years.

MTB#1 (11/12/94) Yeomans Track - Ruahines

The first "Most Totally Bogus" trip for tramping club members. Well, it was totally bogus, but that's not what TMB stands for. In fact, those members did a Mountain Bike Trip (MTB + Mountain Bike). This was the first of what looks to be an ongoing activity, based on member feedback. MTB#2 we're working on Big Hill Rd up to Nomans.

MTB#1, for most in the group was their first time on a garly ride. It tested their gear and their bodies, but most of all it presented a challenge every time they pushed it closer to the edge. The day was drizzly and dark leaving Hastings, but at the Yeomans carpark on the old mill site the cloud cleared and it was a ripper!! All geared up and away at 11am, and the first obstacle was the Makaroa River. All gave it a shot, but only two managed to stay upright in the current. Wet sneakers in the first five minutes. A climb out of the river and onto forestry roads to Ellis Hut. Plenty of high speed gravel moves on the downward hills.

A pile of bikes and a line of bods rested against Ellis Hut with high noon approaching, and it was time for a break and a chance to get a breather before tackling the Yeomans track back to the carpark. Kathy, I think your question was answered - you know, the one about men's bike shorts?? It warmed up, and the day was approaching 45°C in the shade as we entered the bush proper and in single file split into groups and the track was nailed. The track however nailed a few of us, even the most garlinest of MTB rider. He had an awesome adventure down a narrow raised section of track, parted with his bike and ran down the rest almost giving the bush a sprawling hug!! Very impressive. At the river most emerged with an extreme case of mud splatter and a satisfied grin. Into the river for a dip and cool-off, then it was time for refreshments, a BBQ, and an attempt at achieving a hackie. I think we got one or two.

An excellent adventure and thanks to those who made it one by just doing it!!
And here's to many more chocolate fish.

(MTB#1 Length = 22.4km Top Speed = 59.5km/hr)
N.M. "Magic"

Neil Mora, Graham Shepherd, Graham Abraham, Gloria & Lawrence Taula, Sandy Wiggins, Mark Craven, Kathy Turner, Darryl ?, Elissa Cairns, Martin Mallow, Christianna Stevens, Wayne Hatcher, James Chittenden.

* * * * *

News of Eileen in Bolivia.....

Eileen is finally getting on top of a lot of difficult times she has encountered since arriving in Bolivia. After 16 hours of flying to La Paz - the highest city in the world at 14,000ft, she arrived to find no-one to meet her, but at her 'new home' they have a maid and an Aunt who keep things ticking over - even though the washing takes about 3 weeks!

She has suffered altitude sickness and was extremely ill with typhoid fever, and lost a lot of weight due to all of this. With the fever all the food she could have was potatoe and pieces of chicken with feathers and hair on. In general food is a bit of a problem as it's rather fatty.

There is no English spoken at all in the house so Eileen's Spanish is picking up rather well.

Eileen is going to a co-ed school, playing volleyball, has been selected for the National Choir and has been having music lessons on the Zampanio - an instrument like the pan flute, and on her first lesson she played a tune. She is also doing volunteer orphanage work.

She's missing home cooking and has so far made 2 chocolate cakes.

She would also love an animal to cuddle. They only have dogs to guard their homes there, and there are more stray dogs than there are pet ones in Hastings, but she has one ambition and that's to get their two dogs bathed.

On the brighter side of things are the beautiful mountains and the view from her bedroom window, and something that really tickles her is that the monkeys and parrots speak in Spanish!

KIWI SADDLE WORKING BEE

Here we bring you to the saga of the birth of a new and simply brilliant up and coming back blocks furniture company, herein after called the "Saddle Furniture Co". To learn more I'm sorry to say that you will have to read further.

Friday after work Anne, Mr Lyn, Craig and myself departed town and headed for the hills. No sooner had we left and the rain started. Never mind, we're not wimps so an hour later saw us donning coats and heading west. Up Kiwi ridge to 4100 and around tops to drop down to Kiwi Saddle Hut approx 8.30pm in the dark. Fire cranked up and sausages and onions frying and an early bed at 11.15pm.

Saturday hadn't yet dawned when I threw on my wet clothes and socks and grabbed my rifle and headed into the dark along towards Castle Camp. Still drizzling and misty, nothing seen, so back to the hut by 8.30am, only to find 3 lazy people still asleep. An assault was made on the first of 32 hot cross buns which were heated in a little butter in the frypan (excellent). Work was hardly underway when we were graced with Neil's prescence. He and Lyn were tasked the new long drop hole (what a beauty). We now have two dunnies - Dumpy No 1 and Dumpy No 2. On account of females being outnumbered 1 to 4 we blokes now own the new model while the sheilas have to use the rotten old one !! Anyway, back inside Anne was going batty with pink batts while Craig and I were screwing up the prepainted wall lining panels. This went without a hitch and only two sheets remained not done by the time Neil and Lyn departed for home at 2.45pm. Their absence was to become the foundation for the above mentioned company. Lots of sausages, onions and fresh veges followed by instant pud and spongy pud was delt to, then bed. Boy, onions don't half make a come back after a good sleep.

Sunday's programme was painting the other wall by the door, and then furniture construction time. One and a half hours later saw a simply brilliant two seater couch complete with arm rests and upholstery, and by twelve noon a matching dining table. These were inscribed with hot poker to read:....

"THE SADDLE FURNITURE COMPANY"

and our names recorded the date underneath. After lunch (16 Hot X buns) we metalled the track to the dumpies and tidied around the hut, then smashed the old hut fireplace to pieces because it acts as a rubbish hole to some grubby individuals. 2.30pm we headed for home stopping frequently to remove some large offending contorta from the track (we had a hand saw), then home for tea. Thanks to those for brilliant company and a splendid effort.

E.H.

Eddie Holmes, Anne Cantrick, Craig Shaw, Lyn Gentry, Neil Mora

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From the media..... MISTLETOE BLOOMING AGAIN IN H.B.FORESTS

This summer for the first time for many years, the bush in Hawke's Bay's Kaweka Forest has been lit up with the bright red flowers of the native mistletoe - thanks to possum control work carried out in the area.

Conservationists say the mistletoe is one of the most striking parasitic plants in the country's forests.

However, unfortunately mistletoe has fleshy leaves, and fruit and flowers so it is more attractive to possums than the mountain beech which is the predominant vegetation.

In the early 90's a mistletoe plant was found in the Kaweka's and since then its been monitored by conservationists. The plant was protected with a cage, using mesh small enough to keep the possums out, but big enough to let the birds in and allow the plant to grow.

They've discovered the tui are responsible for opening the flowers as well as pollinating and dispersing the seeds.

Survival of the plant is dependant on protection from possums and more research into the ecosystems it is dependant on.

H.B.H.T.

1995 MACPAC KAWEKA
THE COMPETITOR'S VIEWS

You couldn't have asked for better weather, just a cloud or two would have helped shield us from the relentless heat.

You couldn't have asked for better support, as at every checkpoint there was always a smiling familiar face. Heaps of encouragement and the odd smart remark. And if you were lucky, notes on trees!!! The support was definitely a huge boost and it had the other competitors wondering why you were so popular. However, all photos taken of us attract a small fee prior to publication!

The event was a great success judging by comments we heard from other competitors. This is due to the highly organised people involved and their positive commitment to making the event a success. The introduction of a two day solo event definitely expanded interest.

The Course 1 was certainly a challenge, physically and mentally. A quick jog down the road and then straight into the climb. Forget your second wind, within minutes you're sucking back the air. Onto the tops, and it's up and down to Kiwi Saddle, but not before you're tortured by a group sitting at a table having a flash meal with all the trimmings. Amongst other comments they were told to choke on it. A final glimpse of civilisation, then a wee climb to Castle Camp, and the air temperature was also climbing. Onto Kaiarahi and the calf muscles began to communicate. Across the saddle and up and onwards to the J. Up Mad Dag Hill the calf muscles were swearing and the heat was searing hot, but an incredible wide view including the Central Plateau was refreshing. Through the J Checkpoint, around to Dicks spur and with the water content of the body you had a kind of saltwater feeling. You had to be a "Dick" to be traversing that spur, as if your body hadn't already had enough, a lack of concentration and a small slip and you would have paid dearly. A very rocky unforgiving piece of country. From Kaweka Flats and a welcome meander through beech forest to Makahu Saddle. Heaven, water, water and more water, plus Pam and Glenys to harass some people. Great job ladies. Tent city, horizontal bodies and tales of the day. Rest.

Ahhhh. day two. Please move body, please. Most of us ate breakfast out of our sleeping bag. Up to the start and with the guns already away the do-ers physced and off again. Again some road to Littles Clearing then a pleasant section down the Black Birch and onto Lotkow. Some litterbug had speared pieces of paper to tree branches. Played dodge the stinging nettle in the Lotkow Creek, then a mammoth climb out of the Donald River to the MacIntosh Spur. Hello, yes our calf muscles talking again, and the rest of the body as well. Not over yet. Down to the Tutaekuri River, then up, and with the heat and the workrate a river of liquid pouring all over your body. Along the road to the Lakes Carpark on the reserve of energy, then according to Ted, along the easiest route back to Kuripaponga start/finish. Then again that great support, a cheer and a clap from everyone/club members, and not forgetting the angel who gave a refreshment shot from his tinnie. It was more than satisfying to cross that finish line. Done it !!!.

A great weekend out.

Neil Mora, Anne Cantrick, Mark Craven

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		Time
Course 0	1st Neil Jones	07:35:57
Course 1	1st Men: Greg Barbour	08:29:14
	1st Women: Antonia Wood	10:58:16
	1st Veteran: Michael Wood	11:08:33
Course 2	1st Men: Nicholas Roberts/Mark Roberts	07:28:12
	1st Women: Jennifer Cassie/Meryl Park	10:41:01
	1st Veteran: Graham Madden/Nick Collins	07:38:58
	1st Mixed: Rolf Boswell/Kirsten Ambler	08:25:18
Course 3	1st Men: Bryce Kelsall/Owen Kelsall	07:12:35
	1st Women: Leonie King/Raewyn Simpson	07:24:21
	1st Veteran: Bill Anderson/John Doolan	06:17:35
	1st Mixed: Johnny Mulheron/Robynne Ross	06:19:16

FEAR

I'm going to have a stress headache
 I deserve it
 I'm still alive, the age of miracles is not past.

Ten thirty, Glenda's on the phone and wakes me up
 There's only two reasons she rings someone that late
 She rings again - its not her mother then
 I wake up more and listen hard to come up to date
 Hastings Police Station 5.30, 10 year old kid
 Upper Tukituki. Possuming.
 Goodnight dear, back to sleep, 4.30 hear the alarm ring
 Map, compass, watch, food, clothes
 Hardly asleep before I rose
 Onto the bus, frosty and calm
 We head off towards Mill Farm
 Most of the lads and lasses love flying
 Personally I'm terrified and find it trying
 Briefing, radio check, we're first in the air
 To land above the tree line if we dare
 Gale force wind, full power and standing still
 Turn and we're going like a cut cat down the hill
 Five times we turn and try to fight the slipstream
 We drop, dive swing and bounce, I turn green.
 Give it away I yell at the pilot, drop us in the river, give up trying
 I'm not scared of walking but I'm terrified of flying.
 Easier said than done he yells as we plummet like an elevator
 I watch the rocks and trees rush up and imagine a cheese grater.
 The pilot fights for control and decides on discretion
 If I was a catholic I'd be going to confession.
 We land, the ground, at last I'm free
 I head off for a nervous pee
 Right you are Peter we'll try again and drop you in the river.
 Place me carefully you mean and again I begin to shiver.
 That went alright we set off up hill
 Walking is much easier than flying, a lot more still.
 Radio in, they've found him, the Iriquoï will winch you out.
 Like hell.
 Not bloody likely we'll go down to the river, down the radio I yell
 I'm almost carefree as I hop aboard and take my place

Five minutes at the most and we'll be back at base
 We're not going back to base, now that came as a bit of a shock
 Instead a half hour scenic flight and we landed back at Havelock.

Peter Berry

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From the Media....

The southern-most kakabeak plant known to exist in the wild, and one of only two surviving plants in Hawkes Bay, has died. Advisory scientist Geoff Walls said the plant was probably a victim of the summer drought and last years high winds. The discovery was made during a visit to the Boundary Stream scenic reserve to collect seed from the solitary plant. The plant does not appear to have seeded this season and no seedlings were found at the site. Mr Walls said seeds have been taken from the other wild kakabeak plant which is on land managed by Carter Holt Harvey. Plants grown from those seeds are nearly ready for planting in the wild but the two plants were distinctly different from one another - the existing plant has red flowers while the dead plant had pink. Mr Walls said that although the kakabeak is a popular cultivated plant, in the wild it is in danger of extinction with only 200 known plants remaining.

H.B.H.T.

COLENZO 150TH ANNIVERSARYWAITANGI (Near Clive) TO MOKOU PATEA

Tuesday 4 February 1845

Day 1:

Have only been able to find one Maori who had been over the Ruahine Range before. In his youth middle-aged Mawhatu had made the journey twice - first as a prisoner of a war party, and secondly while fleeing it as a refugee, and his memory of the routes was a bit vague. So with Mawhatu and six maori bearers we set off from the Hawke's Bay Mission walking via Pakipaki to Lake Rotoatara near Otane. The going all day had been through swamp and scrub. We camped that night at 8pm.

Day 2:

Left at 11am feeling sick and unfit - travelled westward to reach the Mangaonuku River at sunset. It is only in these first two days that we have found villages to shelter in.

Day 3:

Heavy rain, very uncomfortable in our old battered tent. The Maoris are sure the rain will make the rivers impassable.

Day 4:

Crossed the Ruataniwha Plain. We reached the Waipawa River near Tikokino which we headed up crossing it many times, sometimes three feet deep, and camping that night at the junction of the Makaroro River.

Day 5:

Up early, crossed the icy Makaroro River many times as it made its way round the precipitous spurs. Mawhatu looking up caught a glimpse of Te Atua-o-Mahuru over whose head the route was said to be. Reaching the junction of two main streams, both of which were choked with debris, we climbed the spur between them. Very steep through dense forest, and it was 6pm before we halted where the spur levelled off a bit, luckily finding a spring nearby. The Maoris said the spring was called Te Wai-o-kongenga (the water of weariness). Being Saturday and our food stocks running short, and nothing to eat in the forest decided to send Mawhatu and Paora on next day to see if they reach the Inland Patea villages to get food.

Day 6:

On this morning of the Sabbath the two maoris left the rest of us. Got driven from camp by blowflies. We sat on the soft thick moss and held Devine service - the first Christian service held on that mountain.

Day 7:

When Mauwhatu and Paora had not returned we decided to go and look for them. Climbing above the tree line and over the top of Te Atua-o-Mahuru then over two passes to the high tableland we met the Maoris returning with the news that the Patea village was deserted and no food available.

Day 8:

As we were fast running out of food we decided to return to Waitangi. Up early and travelling until 7pm we reached Tikokino having crossed the river 108 times. On day 10 a very weary party reached Waitangi.

It wasn't until 1847 that William Colenso walked to Mokou Patea, this time going via Te Pohue and Taupo, then southeast of the volcanoes across the Rangipo Desert, returning over what is now Colenso Track across the Ruahines.

Sources:

New Zealand Explorers - Philip Temple

Hawke's Bay for the Happy Wanderer - S. Cunningham

Address given by W. Colenso-Ebbett Collection - Hastings Library

Jim Glass

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60th REUNION

60th REUNION

60th REUNION.

60th REUNION

Do you have any old photos, memorabilia etc. or anything relevant to our up and coming 60th reunion on 30th September 1995 please contact Leo Brunton 8447228

WORKING BEE - RUBBISH BAGS

The day dawned chilly - first autumn frost in Havelock North - but clear, and prospects for a warm day looked good for our Rubbish Bag deliveries.

Most trucks and trailers were loaded up with their first loads and ready to go by 8am. Once we got ourselves into some sort of system we were away, and decided almost as much energy was expended as on a tramp as we were on the run most of the time.

An ideal fund-raiser as it kept us all in training!

Thanks to Wayne, our convenor and organiser who did a brilliant job as the whole project ran very smoothly - right down to the yummy lunch of hot savouries, sweets, fruit and refreshments.

A big thanks to all those who worked so hard, and also supplied vehicles and trailers - it certainly was well worth it.

Workers: Wayne Hatcher, Craig Shaw, Jim Glass, Anne Cantrick, Lisa Starnes, Leo Brunton, Liz Pindar, Lyn & Lyn Gentry, David Cartwright, Mike Lusk, Mandy Leslie, Rodger Burn, Ed Holmes, Ros Lusk, John Montgomerie, Peter Berry, Robyn Madden, Graeme Shepherd, Paul Smith, Christiana Stevens, Susan Lopdell, George Prebble, Gloria Taula, Alan Whitaker, RossBerry, Geoff Robinson, Shirley Bathgate.

While flicking through some old Pohokuras after the working bee I came across these notes. Notice all the familiar names and take note that a couple of names crop up in both working parties, BUT, there's some "27 YEARS" between them: Ed.

WORKING PARTY - MAIZE PICKING

13th May '68

The request for a team from the club to pick up maize that had been flattened by the storm and was irrecoverable by mechanical means was not received until the Saturday evening. It says a good deal for the enthusiasm of members that more than twenty were on the job the next day.

We were favoured with a perfect day and working conditions could not have been better. After scavenging with great industry from 8.00 until 4.30 we had amassed a fairly substantial heap of corn cobs on the barn floor, to be threshed later. 180 bushels of maize saved for the farmer and \$70 in cash earned for the Club.

Pam Lewis, Sue Adcock, Pat Roberts, Jackie Smith, Kay Johnstone, Kath & Alan Berry (plus 2), Jim & Doreen Glass (plus 4), Maury & Barbara Taylor (plus 3), Owen & Janet Brown (plus 1), Johann Henry, Liz Pindar, Simon Easton, Tony Hammond, Brian Smith, Brian Turner, Peter Lewis, David Hall, Trevor Baldwin, Graham Thorp, Alan Thurston.

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PHOTO COMPETITIONJUNE 28th 1995

Slides
Club Character
Panoramas & Pictorial
Wildlife, Plants & Insects
: : : : : : : :
No photo to be more than 2 years old
Prints to be no larger than 6x4
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 14 1995

MEETINGS: DATES AND DUTIES

DATE	HOSTS	SUPPER
May 3	Rodger Burn, Jenny Lean	Glenys Taylor, Alan Whitaker
May 17	David Harrington, Gloria Taula	Anke Knegtmans, Elissa Cairns
May 24	Jim Glass, Glenda Hooper	Mike Lusk, Lex Smith
Jun 14	Wayne Hatcher, Mandy Leslie	Paul Smith, Pam Turner
Jun 28	Leo Brunton, Susan Lopdell	Graham Shepherd, David Cormack
Jul 12	Martin Mallow, Judy McBride	Liz Pindar, Al Moffit
Jul 26	Gary Smith, Lady Lyn	Peter Berry, Cathy Turner
Aug 9	John Berry, Sandie Gay	Geoff Robinson, Christiana Stevens
Aug 23	James Chittenden, Lisa Starnes	Mike Malone, Margaret Jones

DUTIES OF THOSE ON SUPPER AND HOST

HOST - Greet visitors and fill ~~in~~ visitors book, sweep the floor and check the heaters and lights are off at the end of the meeting.

SUPPER - Put zip on, cups etc out, leave kitchen clean and tidy, and be a helpful helper to Arch.

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

May 3	Members Private Trips
May 17	Training
May 24	Kakodo Trail - Papua New Guinea - Cathy Hamilton
Jun 14	Berry Prose
Jun 28	Photo Competition
Jul 12	A loaf of Bull
Jul 26	Pam's Birds
Aug 9	Training
Aug 23	Lowe's travels

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CLUB NEWS

Welcome to new members: Graham Abraham, David Cartwright, Paul Smith, Beth & Peter Elliot

Congratulations to Julie Turner & Barrie Mercer on their recent marriage.

Congratulations to Kay Ward and Ted on the birth of their son.

The Club extends its condolences to the family of Peter Manning.

Dates to Remember: PROGRESSIVE DINNER....July 22nd... always a fun night out.
GAMES EVENING....September 2nd...Something different
60th REUNION.....30th September

TRIP REPORTS: These are to be handed in for the editor at the meeting after the tramp, and would Leaders please ensure that the scribe has the list of members in the party.

Please support the advertisers in the Pohokura. Their support goes a long way towards helping with the costs of this magazine.

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 CANCELLATION

Fare:

Local: Senior \$10; Junior \$5

The fare 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 may 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, Eddie Holmes 8446032 or Lyn Gentry 8750542

Contact person for LOCAL DAY TRIPS - Glenda Hooper 8774183

May 6-7: Central Ruahines Map U22 \$10

Driver: Eddie Holmes 8446032

Party A: Howletts Hut - chance to see our highest Club hut.

Leader: Eddie Holmes 8446032

Party B: Moorcock Base to Daphne and return. Plenty of time to look around or laze.

Leader: Mandy Leslie 8778327

May 21: Kawekas Map U20 \$10

Driver: Craig Shaw 8437242

Party A: Down Jap Creek to Donald River and return via ridge track to Lotkow.

Leader: John Jones 8775556

Party B: Down Jap Creek to Donald and return via Cable Creek.

Leader: Jim Glass 8778748

June 3-5: Queens Birthday. Southern Ruahines Maps T23 & U23 \$10

Driver: Required

Party A: West Tamaki to Cattle Creek Hut via Stanfield; Mid Pohangina to Centre Creek Hut, along Takapori Rd and out to West Tamaki.

Leader: Wayne Hatcher 8772186

Party B: West Tamaki to cattle Creek Hut; Birch Whare to Makaretu Hut; down to Ellison Rd via Happy Daze.

Leader:

Local Day Trip: In from Hawkestone Rd to Don Juan/Taipo/Te Kowhai

June 18: Southern Kawekas Map U21 \$10

Driver: Peter Berry 8774183

Party A: Komata Hut to Shutes, up Taruarau River to Timahanga bridge.

Leader: Craig Shaw 8437242

Party B: Komata Hut via trig to spot height 1067, and down ridge to Timahanga bridge. Chance to use you navigational skills. Leader: Ross Berry 8774436

July 1-2: Central Ruahines Map U22 \$10 Driver: Craig Shaw 8437242
Party A: Up Hinerua ridge to Waterfall Hut via Tussock Creek and returning via south Rangī and Smiths Stream. Leader: Rick Bowker 8782828
Party B: Triplex carpark up to Sunrise Hut for the night. Wander around Armstrong saddle, Top Maropea Hut. Leader: Shirley Bathgate 8778511

July 16: Snowtrip Map U22 \$10 Driver: Ed Holmes 8446032
Party A: Otumore - chance to practice snow techniques or just have some fun. Leader: Ed Holmes 8446032
Party B: Moorcock Saddle up to Longview ridge, along ridge and return to Moorcock Base. Leader: Lyn Gentry 8750542

July 29-30: Kaimanawas Map U19 \$20 Driver: Geoff Robinson 8787863
Party A: Kiko Road to Ngapuketūrua to Cascade Hut, Stanfields Whare to Clements Road. Leader: John Berry 8776205
Party B: In from Poronui Station along poled route to Oamaru Hut, and camp by stream. Sunday out to Clements Road via Te Iringa. Leader: Gloria Taula 8763858
Local Day Trip: Yeomans track to north of Ellis Hut and return.

August 13: Northern Ruahines Map U21 \$10 Driver: Mike Craven 8775594
Party A: Bobs Spur across to Three Fingers - Gull Stream - Herrick Spur. Leader: Darren Sayer 8763158
Party B: Up Three Fingers Spur across and out down Bobs Spur. Leader: Anne Cantrick 8448149

August 26-27: Ruapehu Maps S20 & T20 \$20 Driver: Martin Mallow 8787968
Party A: Turoa Skifield - Tahurangi - Crater Lake - Dome Shelter, camp on plateau for night then down to Chateau on Sunday. Leader: Ross Berry 8774436
Party B: Round the mountain track: In from Ohakune to Lake Surprise - Whakapatiti - Chateau. Leader: Susan Lopdell 8446697
Local Day Trip: Rod Gallens Bush, Te Pohue

September 10: Kawekas Map U20 \$10 Driver: Geoff Robinson 8787863
Party A: Pinks - Middle Hill - Camp Spur - Whetu and south to Makahu Base. Leader: Neil Mora 8782892
Party B: Pinks - Middle Hill - Kaweka Flats and out to Makahu. Leader: Glenda Hooper 8774183
Party C: Drive around with truck to Makahu and wander around flats.

September 23-24: Ruahines Maps U21 & U22 \$10 Driver: Craig Shaw 8437242
Party A: Makarora Base - Parks Peak - Upper Makarora - Totara Spur - Colenso Spur and out via river. Leader: John Montgomerie 8777358
Party B: Makarora Base - Parks Peak Track - Barlow Hut and area - Colenso Spur - Makarora Base. Leader: Rodger Burn 8776322

CHRISTMAS TRIP IDEAS - If you have any ideas for this years Christmas Trip please see Susan Lopdell so as ideas can be discussed.

LEADERS FOR LOCAL TRIPS TO BE ARRANGED AMONGST THOSE ON THE TRIP

CLUB MEETINGS are held every 2nd Wednesday in the Harrier Clubrooms, Sylvan Road, Hastings at 7.30pm. Visitors most welcome.