

HERETAUNGA TRAMPING CLUB (INC).

P.O. BOX 4086 MAYFAIR, HASTINGS

"POHOKURA"

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CLUB TRIPSSENTRY BOX - GOLDEN CROWN

Trip No 1635

April 9 1995

We made a 6.30am start on a cool, overcast day with the luxury of a half full truck meaning that I could sleep without someone's big toe up my nose. I woke to see the Ohara in flood, and soon we had left the truck and were in the bush at Sentry Box Hut. This hut, like others in the area, were several hours walk from the road end as recently as the 1950's when farmland replaced kanuka. Leaving Craig and Kerry we started up Sentry Box Spur, just in regenerating bush, then in more open rocky country and lastly in beech, finally reaching the main ridge. Here Glenda, Robyn, Al and Rodger left us for Parks Peak Hut.

Our track took us quickly to Pohatuhaha trig where we could see rain approaching from the south, threatening the view across farmland to the Wakararas and further east. A short backtrack and we continued N.E. in light rain on a very wet track eventually stopping for a bleak lunch in some stunted bush. Never has carting a thermos seemed more worthwhile. I was very flattered that my five female companions allowed me to lead on a section of the track wide enough to accommodate the Club truck, and I safely took them to the Aranga Hut track junction. It is then only $\frac{1}{2}$ an hour to the turnoff to Golden Crown Spur with the ridge track continuing onto No Man's Hut. Going down this spur was only slightly less steep than the climb up Sentry Box Spur with the same vegetation changes encountered and with the rain stopped. The lower end of the track now bypasses the Golden Crown Trig, perched incongruously on a little knoll in farmland and leads to Masters Shelter. This concrete room has an attached barbeque area and attendant wasps, but would be worth a visit on a sunny day. Thence a pleasant quarter hour across paddocks to the road. Rather than wait in the cold we walked and met Craig coming to meet us just as the rain got established again.

A straightforward day trip on good tracks with excellent sign posting. Thanks to Craig for driving and my charming companions from whom I learned 45 new recipes for Hot Cross Buns and also how Eddie's new long johns only cost \$2. M.L.

Party: Craig Shaw (driver), Al Moffitt, Glenda Hooper, Robyn Madden, Rodger Burn, Sue Holmes, Debbie Taylor, Karen Berry, Sandy Wiggins, Ros & Mike Lusk.

WHIRINAKI - UREWERAS

Trip No 1636

April 14-17 1995

It was a lot of kms and $6\frac{1}{2}$ hours later that Party B began their Easter tramp. After all that time in the truck and with very heavy 4 day packs we were tired before we started. Wandered along the track following Whirinaki River for one hour, identifying the podocarps for Johanna, an Austrian exchange student with us. On reaching the footbridge it was into the Mangamate Stream - thank-goodness no slippery rocks, and for the next two hours we criss-crossed our way upstream avoiding the ongaonga and bush lawyer. Arrived at Mangamate Hut about 5pm. This is a 9 bunk hut set in a clearing about 20 feet from the stream. The girls decided to tent outside even though comments in the hut book alerted us to expect company later in the night. Yes, we got visited by the young possum which lead Leo a merry dance around the hut and a rat was heard rattling the billies on the bench.

Up and away by 8am retracing our steps for about $2\frac{1}{2}$ km down the Mangamate Stream until we met the 4 wheel drive track that was to take us up and over to the next catchment. A slightly overcast day with high cloud and the sun filtering through was just what was ordered as we began our "climb" for the trip. The bush was mainly podocarp, predominantly tawa with rimu, totara, rata, kahi,

and matai. Along side the track there was an abundance of fungi ranging from pale mauve to brilliant red in colour. It was a slow but easy grind up to our lunch stop at 850M, just below Moerangi trig. As we sidled around Moerangi the track was 200-300M above the stream bed below, all of us thankful that we had decided not to go cross-country (we would still be tramping). A 2km stretch of track overgrown with cutty grass tore some of the partys legs to shreds before we dropped into the stream where we clambered down two very slippery small waterfalls (we met up with a party of three who had forewarned us) then continued down to Moerangi Hut and the wasps! Moerangi Hut is set up from the stream about 300M and from the debris along the banks floods very high.

Sunday morning from Moerangi Hut to Te Wairoa was the most scenic part of the trip with great bush and plenty of bird life to enthuse about. Followed the track for about 15 minutes before dropping into Moerangi Stream and traversing it 93 times over 3 hours. The track had been recently cut and the bush on the lower plateau was mainly beech with podocarps high up on ridges. We saw 6-9 blue duck in this stretch plus tom-tits, bellbirds, tuis, keruru and many others. Te Wairoa Hut where we lunched with the wasps was built in 1952 and the materials brought in by pack-horse. It is being preserved as an Historic Hut and although the exterior has been sheathed in iron the interior is still the original slab hewn timber - as with older huts, dark and gloomy with an open fireplace.

From Te Wairoa Hut we followed the stream on a well benched track (horse route also) boardwalks too, slowly ascending 120 M to a saddle before arriving at Whangatawhia Hut 1½ hours away. Sunshine was bathing the hut so everyone was enjoying the luxury of arriving at our destination mid afternoon by reading, sunbathing and eating. Two hunters passed and said Craig was parked at the end of the track - we only saw 5 people during the weekend and had the huts to ourselves each night. Central and Upper Whirinaki Huts must have been overflowing as DoC Murapara had advised me that it was going to be very busy over Easter. Later that night we went down the track and found some glow-worms and Leo had his revenge on the person that sabotaged his bunk - a ghostly prank!

Monday morning, our last day and after group photos set off at 8.30, Five massive log bridges, slippery even with large netting to prevent this and a good track and we made the last of the bush and birdlife being farewelled by a friendly robin - we'd heard lots but this was the first one we'd seen. An area I would recommend to any club member who appreciates the different types of bush and abundance of fungi/birdlife. Thanks for the company and to Craig for all his driving.

River Road Carpark - Mangamate Hut.- Catagory 3 Hut 3 hours.

Mangamate - Moerangi Hut - Catagory 3 Hut 7 hours.

Moerangi - Te Wairoa - Historic Hut 3 hours. Plenty of campsites.

Te Wairoa - Whangatawhia - Catagory 3 Hut 2 hours. 9 Bunks, some campsites.

Whangatawhia - Okahu Road - 1½ hours

S.L.

Party: Susan Lopdell (Leader), Leo Brunton, Hannah & Tania Todd, Johanna Trappe Gary Smith, John & Margaret Jones.

LOCAL DAY TRIP - BLOWHARD BUSH Easter Monday

We decided to explore Blowhard Bush Reserve and attempt the Lizard. The weather, initially promising, turned out to be damp and drizzling near the ranges. That didn't deter us and with a slight change of plan we all had a good day. There was a van load of six from Havelock North and five of us in the car from Taradale/Napier.

After the usual clothing changes and refreshments we set off in light drizzle into the bush and limestone blocks of Blowhard. The bird life was noisy and

numerous to our delight - tuis, tomtits, robins, fantails, and even fernbirds. Some time was spent by keen photographers to get shots of a strange squid-like fungus. We had just made the new location of Lowry Lodge for lunch when down came the rain, but it didn't last too long.

It was decided to skip the slippery slopes of the Lizard and head for the Twin Lakes carpark. Here we all tramped off to see the two puddles with drizzle now off. We circumnavigated the bigger lake, headed back to the cars and off home. A.M. Party: Al Moffit (Leader), Mike & Mary Malone, Lex & Anne Smith, Chinese Horticulture researcher Han Ming Yu from Shanxi, NW China, American student Caroline De Bruse, Alva McAdam, Joy Stratford, Susan & Colin Moffitt.

COPPERMINE - RAPARAPAWAI STREAM

Trip No 1637

April 23 1995

After a 6.45am start from Holts and a long drive down to Dannevirke we got tramping at 9am in the rain. A lovely bench track takes you up the true right of Coppermine Stream until you get to a major junction with fancy signposts, none of which indicated that the hut is on the Loop Track across the stream. (Lucky we had our maps out). The eleven of us who were heading for Raparapawai Stream decided not to go up to the mine shaft (a wise decision as it turned out) but to continue directly on to the hut for morning tea. On leaving the hut the track loses its 'tourist' qualities and heads steeply up hill for a 300M climb. Near the top of this climb Mike pointed out a magnificent display of orchids in flower. At the top of the hill we left the Loop Track and headed downhill for 200M into the Mangaatua Stream/Billygoat Creek.

By the time we reached the stream the rain had eased so we had lunch there. Looking at my map I noticed a circle marked on it near our lunch spot. I concluded that it must have been where Eddie and Nick spent their first night on their tramp from Wharite Peak to Ruapehu. After lunch Lyn decided that he had found the actual campsite and we were jostled into a circle to pay 'homage' to Eddie and Nick's campsite. (Sorry Lyn, but you had the wrong spot). After this interlude we continued upstream until we hit the sign post for Keretaki Hut (3 Hours). This is at the junction of a side stream entering on the true left of Billygoat/Mangaatua Stream. The map has the track marked on the true right of this side stream so off we went in an attempt to find this track but ended up scrambling up the stream bed, then bush-bashing up the 260M hill. The final few metres was on hands and knees through the leather-wood to eventually break out onto a 2M wide track. (When I got home Eddie said "Did you find the track? I forgot to tell you where it was!") The track in actual fact is not along the true right but on the true left and cuts above a slip marked on the map (see sketch). Once on this wonderful track it was all downhill, through the mud to Raparapawai Stream. The sign-post at the bottom said 1½ hours to Loveday Road, but it only took 40 minutes along this delightful stream. It was great to see the truck waiting and have the billy boiling for us.

Thanks to Mike for leading what turned out to be a more challenging tramp than anticipated and to Geoff for driving. Thanks also to Eddie for having a lovely tea of roast lamb, potatoes, onion, pumpkin, peas and carrots, then apple crumble for pudding, all waiting for me when I got home.
S.H.

Party: Mike Lusk (Leader) Ros Lusk, Glenda Hooper, Sue Holmes, Darren Sayer, Robyn Madden, Rodger Burn, Lyn Genrtry (Mr), Jenny Lean, Alan Whitaker, Elisa Cairns.

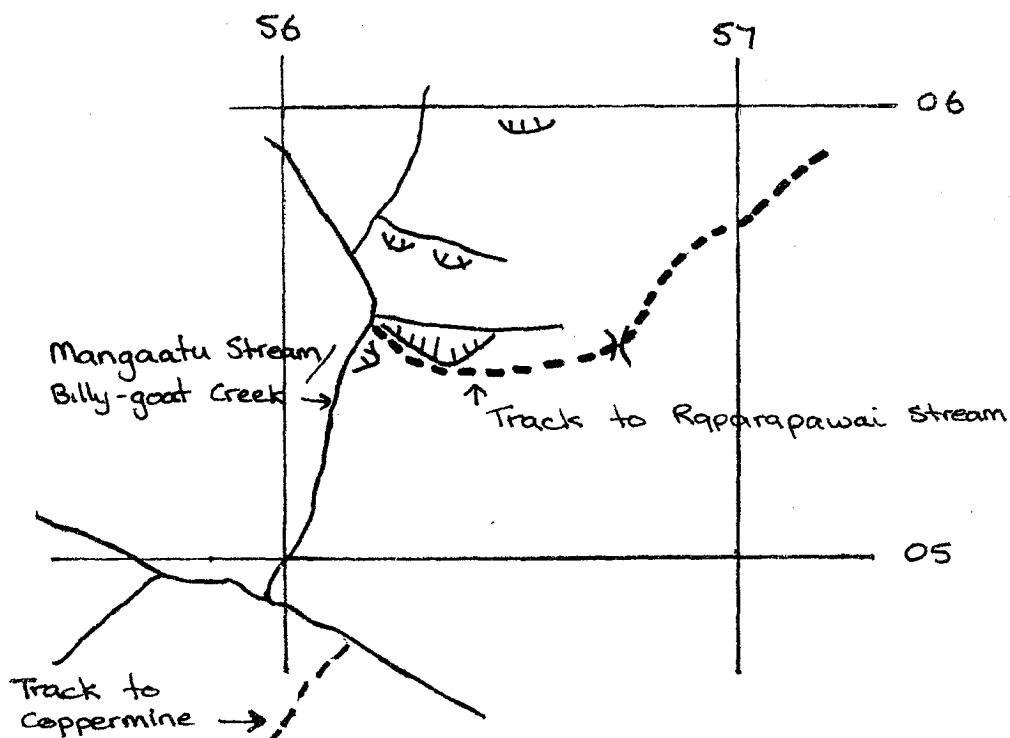
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SOCIAL EVENING: A fish 'n chip etc meal at 6pm, then card/games evening at 7pm to be held at Craig & Annette Shaws on **SEPTEMBER 16.**

B.Y.E (Bring you own everything).

NZMS 260 T23
Kimbolton

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Party B.

Leaving the others at the junction Geoff, Al and I made our way up to the mine site and on our return checked out the magazine site. We had lunch at the hut then made the climb to the top of Billy goat Track. Turning right at the junction we continued on the Loop Track and headed down the sometimes muddy track to the farmland and truck. A very pleasant and interesting walk in lovely bush.

Geoff Robinson (Driver) Al Moffitt, Bing Potts, Mrs Lyn.

HOWLETTS HUT

Trip No 1638

May 6-7 1995

This trip was up to the Club's highest hut in the Ruahines 'Howletts' was meant to be a working bee to relocate the toilet but because of the weather and the lack of time the loo stands supreme on the best viewing site in the area. A party of 11 bods left Morcock's Base at 0900 hours headed for Daphne Hut and what should have been a 2-2½ hour journey turned into 4 hours. The weather was overcast with a chill in the air and everything was wet from heavy rain previously. Swift muddy water greeted us at the Tukutuki River and slowed us down considerably as we linked arms for the many crossings in sometimes waist deep water.

After about 20 minutes refuelling 8 of us (3 stayed at Daphne) continued up Daphne Spur and by this time it was starting to rain. To make matters worse the 4 young bucks of the party almost sprinted up to the top and left the rest of us wondering why we ever started on the slog up to Howletts. The rain did not let up and all made it to the top by 1615 hours to find the boys had a cheery fire going which made it easy for us all to settle in for the night.

The next morning was misty and cool and we made an early start down to Daphne Hut as there was concern that if the river came up more overnight we might have difficulty going downstream. As it was the day improved with the sun coming out and we made good time on the descent to find the river had dropped quite

a few inches and the water had cleared. Rejoining with the Daphne party we had a much better trip down stream to the track junction. During this part of the trip a number of blue duck was seen on various parts of the river.

At the track junction someone decided to go downstream rather than climb out so Geoff led everyone except me 'Leo', downstream while I went overland back to the truck to drive it around to the end of Mill Road where the party would climb out of the river. I had the company of Grant and his dog from Waipukurau on the way back. He was a solo tramper that we met at Daphne Hut and as it was his first time in the area decided to come out with us. I arrived back at the truck at 1300 hours and drove around to wait for the others to come out at about 1530 hours.

Thanks to Geoff our driver and to the rest of the party for making it a great weekend. Mention should also be made about Marcus, Alex and Steven, the 3 lads who are prospective members for our Club who were a great help to the others during our river crossings.
L.B.

Party: Leo Brunton (Leader), David Cartwright, Jenny Lean, Margaret & John Jones, Marcus Smith, Steven Niceoll, Alex Howell, Geoff Robinson, Rodger Burn.

Party B.

On Sunday morning the 3 of us that had stayed the night at Daphne Hut were expecting the main group to arrive back from Howletts about mid-day, when the first arrived suddenly at 9am and the others shortly after as the weather was pretty foul on the tops for painting etc.

After travelling out down the gorge in only $\frac{1}{2}$ an hour against the one hour it had taken the previous day, as the river had dropped about 3 inches, most of the team decided to accompany me back down the Tukutuki. This requires following the riverbed, crossing and re-crossing channels which are normally only knee deep, but this time were mainly thigh deep and sometimes the odd waist deep one wading around rocky outcrops.

When doing work parties on Howletts back in 1979 I used to allow 2 hours to reach the road end from Daphne. This time with the river being up and the larger group it took us 5 hours to reach Mill Road farm, to be met by Leo who moved the truck from the Moorcocks old Forestry Base which has now been removed.

Spare a thought for the members of the Ruahine, Manawatu and Heretaunga Tramping Clubs who in 1938-39 transported by carrying 68 sheets of iron and 750 feet of timber up the Tukutuki River and then up Daphne Ridge, (politely described as a 'gutbuster'). On November 25th 1940 with our hut bathed in sunshine and a blanket of mist settling over the nearby peak Tiraha, Howletts Hut was officially opened. In 1978 our Club took over the care of the then near derelict hut and in 1979 it was extended both ends and fitted out with maori bunks, pot belly stove and re-roofed including a dormer window over-looking Hawkes Bay.
Geoff Robinson.

JAP CREEK/RIDGE TRACK/CABLE CREEK

Trip No 1639

May 21 1995

Parties A & B went down Jap Creek. This tramp starts about 4km down Lotkow Road from signs marked Black Birch and Jap Creek on RHS of road. A short track to the left leads down to the creek and 3 hours later we reached its junction with the Donald River. Travel is mostly in the creek, occasionally leaving it for short distances. There were four waterfalls to negotiate; the first was easy, the second can either drop about 4 feet into water (about thigh deep with the creek up) and out into ankle deep water within a few metres, or you

can find your own way around waterfall on either bank but there is no well defined track. The third waterfall is more tricky with quite a volume of water and the rocks slippery. Some went down these falls while others found their own way taking either side of the fall. A few of us climbed around the true left bank which for the first few metres was fairly vertical and no good hand or foot hold. David Harrington scrambled up and secured a rope which the rest of us used to climb up. The fourth waterfall was not negotiable and most of us made our way around up the left hand side bank while a few used the right.

Cool and cloudy on the way downstream, but sunshine greeted us at the Donald where we stopped for lunch. A short distance downstream on the true left of the Donald a small cairn marks the start of the ridge track to Lotkow Road. Leader of A party (JJ) missed the start of the track and learnt a good lesson, ie. use the map and don't rely on remembering the way from your last trip on the route!

Party A & B divided at this point.

Party A: Up Ridge Track.

A short distance up the track divides into left and right branches, both easy to see but the left track peters out after a short distance. The right hand track (correct one) goes down into a gully and from the track division point you can actually see the track going up the other side of the gully.

2½ hours later we reached Lotkow Road and the truck arriving at 3.30pm - five minutes later than Party B. There was quite a steep climb for two-thirds of the way up ridge. The track is well defined and there are some good views on the way up.

Party B:

Carried on down the Donald to Cable Creek, travelled up creek then took the right hand branch (looking upstream) for a short distance, then followed the track to the southern end of Lotkow Road. The party lost the track briefly as it was rather overgrown.

J.J.

Party C. I really don't know whether those on this trip will ever trust me again, as I had been promising a 'dry foot' trip and what did we do - spent more than half the day in water!

Feeling smug about Craig driving us to Lotkow carpark we then had a pleasant leisurely walk down to Lawrence where we spread out in the sun for lunch. Only 2½ hours had passed so we thought our 'flexible' trip could take a different route back as we had the time. Crossing the Tutaekuri was cold, but after many crossings of the Donald we got used to it. We passed the track that leads from the top Lotkow side then up on to MacKintosh Plateau. Our plan was to pick up the track past Cable Creek and after spotting some blue tape we proceeded up a short distance only to lose the track. We bushbashed up a short distance to where maps were seriously studied and discovered we were on the wrong spur. Backtracking we headed up Cable Creek as time was running out. We found Jim's note at the junction but No chocolate - hope some-one feels guilty! I must admit it did seem a long way back and tiredness was settling in as one member stepped right on the middle of the sunbathing possum, and they never even knew it did they Shirley!

Thanks to the group for a lovely day and to Craig who followed a group of women who knew where they were most of the time.

L.G.

Party A: John Jones (Leader) David Harrington, Susan Lopdell, Philip Marden, Deborah Turner, Helen Percy, Mike Malone,

Party B: Jim Glass (Leader) Mr Lyn, Bruce Almond, Ros & Mike Lusk, Garry Smith, Sandy Wiggins, Steven Nicoll, Mandy Leslie, Lew Harrison, Anne Cantrick, Alex Howell,

Party C: Glenda Hooper, Sue Holmes, Shirley Bathgate, Liz Quale, Mrs Lyn, Craig Shaw.

SHUTES HUT

Trip No 1641

June 18 1995

After a long drive and a quick clothing change in Comet Hut (Hut description - a dump), five of us headed to the Komata high point, across the tops to the start of the steep drop into the river. Being told this track was toe jamming and knee breaking stuff we hit the river none too worse for wear (fit bunch of guys). Yes the river was cold to all parts of the body forced to endure it. It was 30 minutes up the track to the historic Shutes Hut for lunch (great place). The hut book will be a great read in years to come.

Back down to the river then upstream for $3\frac{1}{2}$ hours to the bridge, encountering one problem bluff overcome with the aid of a log jammed into the rocks for a much needed hand rail, but not before John B. took an unplanned swim trying to sidle around the rock bluff. The rest of the tramp upstream was through some beautiful country and great fishing spots. Using safe river crossing techniques on some crossings due to the river flow speed and nature of the river we arrived back at the truck at 4pm after a wet but enjoyable days tramp. C.S.

Party: Craig Shaw (Leader), John Montgomerie, Darren Sayer, Dave Cormack, John Berry.

CENTRAL RUAHINES

Trip No 1642

July 1-2 1995

Objective for Party A was to reach Waterfall Hut via Hinerua Ridge starting at Alder Rd end, overnight there and then out to North Blaock Rd end via Paemutu and Smith's Stream. The truck left Napier at 6am with Napier members, then picked up the balabce at 709A Roberts St (Rick & Jan's place). Got down the road and discovered Ian Lewis was left behind - good start leader! Craig turned the truck around and back we went to pick him up. A cold southerly front and rain came through on Friday night with snow down to 800M so the conditions were unknown until dawn for the tramp.

The truck stopped at an impassable creek on Alder Road and dropped off party A at 8.05am. On the tops at 9.15 with snow on ground and in trees. The weather was now brilliantly fine, sunshine, no clouds and no wind. Hinerua Hut was reached at 10.40am for a short break and then on to tussock tops and Hinerua Ridge. A stop for lunch at 12.30pm in a sheltered lee on a jagged ridge, the wind was getting up a little and was icy cold. The real deep snow was reached soon after and slowed progress. Ice patches were encountered as we got higher in altitude. A decision was made by the group to turn back at 2.30pm at a point very near the main range. (We figured we would still be on tops at dusk). So very carefully picking our way down, harder than climbing in those conditions as we found out, we made our way back. A helicopter passed over going south-east while we were on the ridge. Back at Hinerua Hut for the night, arrived there at 4.40pm. The hut is in good condition, lined and painted and has been looked after. Randall made radio schedule at 8pm with Graham Thorpe who relayed the forecast for Sunday. Rain later in the day turned out to be correct.

On Sunday we packed to leave and were nearly out the door after filling in log book when Dave noticed gear on Randall's bunk. He thought he was packed!! So off with pack, undo everything and put away unpacked articles. Good try to lighten your pack Randall but it didn't work!. Left at 8.18am, very frosty but with clouds coming over and virtually no wind. Made our way down to Smith's Stream and up to hut. Cold icy water and a bit deep in places. Reached the hut at 9.50am and stopped for a break. From there we went north-

west over a spur and dropped down into the contributory we were to follow up. It was hard going with log jams etc, not a good contributory to follow up in mid-winter. The track entrance was located on the true left of the contributory and the saddle reached at 11.30am. A quite new track junction sign was in place, very strange we thought as the track is obviously not maintained. Being careful we followed the track which sidles around in a northerly direction to the open tussock on the ridge. We were being careful because a previous party had lost the track along this way before. However, with Dave and Randall's expertise we had no problems. We lunched on open tussock at 12pm then followed the ridge down toward Middle Stream and found the track which comes out right on a contributory to Middle Stream. The last 100 odd metres being very steep with the last bit being virtually a vertical drop into the river of 10 metres. Dave took off his pack and sussed it out first! Through the river and up the opposite bank another tricky bit. Ann and Randall having a great conversation about body contact at this point. Good progress was made via the old homestead site, crossed Waipawa River and met the truck and Sunrise party at 3.30pm approximately.

Overall I hope every one enjoyed the tramp. I know I did, with marvellous views and weather, learning a bit more about the Ruahines and good company. I would like to thank Dave Harrington and Randall Goldfinch for their assistance and knowledge on this trip.

R.B.

Party: Rick Bowker (Leader), Randall Goldfinch, Jan Hawke, Anne Cantrick, David Harrington.

Party B: Sunrise - Armstrong Saddle

At 9.45am six of us embarked on what was to be the cruisiest weekend trip I have ever been on. The weather forecast for the Kawekas was totally wrong as we set out for the two hour journey up to Sunrise in brilliant sunshine. We struck the snow about two-thirds of the way up the track and as I arrived at the hut a helicopter arrived with Pat Bonis and Kaye Griffiths from DoC on board. During our lunch we watched them change the gas cylinders and remove a large net full of rubbish.

After lunch wandered up to Armstrong Saddle where the tarns were iced over and four of the party continued onto Top Maraepa Hut whilst Leo and myself sunbathed and pondered on which was the right route up 66. By four o'clock the hut was full and we met an ex HTC member from Wellington, Kerry Popplewell who tramped in the 1950's.

Woke up about 8am and got Craig a cup of coffee, delivered to him in his sleeping bag - what service !! Went for a wander along the ridge behind the hut and looked down into the Waipawa River catchment and over toward Rangī. After lunch we wandered back down various routes back to the truck about 2pm and sat down to wait for the others.

S.L.

Party: Susan Lopdell (Leader), Nick Keenan, Macha Tulp, Ian Lewis, Leo Brunton, Craig Shaw (Driver).

SOUTHERN RUAHINES

Trip No 1640

June 3-5 1995 Queens Birthday Weekend

We reached the roadend at 8.30ish and were off up the four wheel drive track. We arrived at Stansfields for lunch then over the saddle into the snow and sleet, where we saw Cattle Creek Hut 20 minutes below. This was to be home for the night - maori bunks for all and a fireplace with a minus 10 rating as none of the smoke went up the chimney. Entertainment for the night was a game of intelligence with dice.

The following morning we split up the party and 6 of us headed off to Mid Pohongina Hut. Three hours later in snow flurries we were there and what a lovely hut. We sidled the newly cut track for $3\frac{1}{2}$ hours to the junction where the sign said 30 minutes to Centre Creek bivy. Well, $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours later, well into the dark we found it. What a beautiful sight, and we had a great fire with everyone happy. It drizzled all night and we were off at 8.35 next morning with 2 hours straight up. I have never seen so many lancewoods - there were thousands! On into the snow where we found the 4 wheel drive road on the tops in thick snow and not a breath of wind. After 2 hours along here in very exposed conditions we made Travers Hut to be greeted by Rick and Jan who met us with a weta and a roaring fire. We had lunch here then the 2 hour descent to the truck. This trip was a great adventure - thanks Wayne L.G.

Party: Wayne Hatcher (Leader), Christiana Stevens, Jan Hawke, Rick Bowker, Lord Lyn Gentry, Gary Smith, Dave Cormack, Geoff Clibborn, Nick

GUTHRIE SMITH OUTDOOR CENTRE

Trip No 1634

March 26 1995

On a pleasant Sunday we arrived a little nervously to test our fear of heights and our ability to trust our fellows. Starting with some team building, we were divided into groups for exercises. These included getting the team through a 'spider web' without touching the strands, moving purposely about as a group on large wooden 'skis' and transferring the whole team over a high wooden wall. All were entertaining if not always completed successfully.

Then onto the serious stuff - a detailed instruction on how to make a safety harness. This involved turning a long piece of rope into a sort of unisex macrame' jockstrap, requiring gymnastic ability and causing some anxiety amongst the men, and a couple of the wives. Hobbling over to the confidence course we started on ground level on various wobbly devices, frightening enough, but nothing to the diarrhoeal terror of being 30 foot off the ground on pole or wire with some fellow club member of doubtful competence belaying below. All survived and most pushed themselves farther than they might have anticipated.

A great day and next time the club might stay the whole weekend as there was plenty more to try. Our thanks to our teachers Russell Perry and Lenore Miller who gave up their Sunday for us.
M.L.

Party: Mike & Mary Malone, Le & Anne Smith & offspring, Eddie & Sue Holmes & kids, Gloria & Lawrence Taula, Graham Abraham, Craig & Annette Shaw & boys, Paul Smith, Ros & Mike Lusk, Mandy Leslie, Alistair Moffitt

* * * * *

DoC staff making an on sight inspection have found Hawke's Bays only known surviving population of the rare native plant *Dactylanthus taylorii* in flower. Claire McCormick, public awareness officer, said the plant commonly called the woodrose was just as unique and interesting as the endangered kakapo. It had great ecological significance as it was pollinated by the rare and endangered short-tailed bat.

Dactylanthus was once found throughout the North Island but is now down to one surviving population in H.B. We have the opportunity to turn this around if we protect the remaining plants and help them to successfully reproduce Ms McCormick said.

The flowering of the plant this summer was largely due to the possum control carried out by DoC at Puketitiri scientist Geoff Walls said. The plant had one of the highest rankings on a recently published threatened species list, and they were hoping to get some flowers through to the seedling stage this year.

H.B.H.T.

The Kaweka Forest Park Hut Traverse

Trip No 1627A

December 26th 1994 - January 4th 1995

Sometime in the middle of last year Craig mentioned the idea of attempting to visit all of the huts in the Kaweka Forest Park in one trip. Most people that he mentioned it to, thought he was a little crazy. For some reason, I thought, what a great idea!! Over the next few months we perused the appropriate maps, and finalised our route. Craig had decided previously that the route taken would not cross over our previous tracks.

We decided on the route as follows:

Comet, Cameron, Manson Hut, Otutu, Ngaawapurua, Harkness, Tussock, Managatainoka, Te Puke, Mangaturutu, Tira Lodge, Ballards, Makino, Te Puia, Middle Hill, Iron Whare, Kaweka Flats, Makahu, Black Birch, Dominee, Back Ridge Hut & Bivy, Rocks Ahead Hut & Bivy, Omarukokere, Manson Bivy, Kiwi Mouth, Kiwi Saddle, Studholme Saddle Hut & Bivy, Mackintosh, Kaweka..

A couple of weeks before Christmas, Randall, the pyjama man decided to join the team, and so it became a threesome for the first half of the trip.

We left Napier at about 06:00 on Boxing Day with Ron Lee, who kindly offered to drive us to the Comet Hut and back to Kuripapango. The road in to the Comet was in fairly good condition and we arrived at the hut at about 07:00. In residence were a couple of four wheel hunters. One down, and thirty one to go! On our way back to the main road we spent a few moments looking at Timahanga Station below us. I was surprised as to how extensive the farm is.

At the car park by the water gauge we hoisted our loads, sagged under the strain, said our farewells to Ron, and then descended down the track to the river. The first crossing is always a bit deep, but this time it was a lot deeper than normal. The route up to Cameron Hut goes back and forth across the river, with many of the sections of track travelling on what has been recently pointed out to us as being "Private Land, Keep Out". We thought about this, (very briefly) and carried on up to Cameron Hut where we arrived at 10.50am. Many of the crossings of the river were definitely deeper than in the past. We assumed that the big flood in early November had scoured out the riverbed. After a bite to eat and compulsory photo, we headed up to and over the swingbridge. At this point we discussed the pros and cons of using the sidle track. I lost out on a 2:1 vote and sidle we did. The track follows the true right bank of the river and climbs quite high before descending back to the river bank. The day got warmer as it went on, and by the time we reached the Kiwi Mouth swingbridge a few hours later we were very pleased to hide in the shade of the large kanuka trees, although by this stage Randall's pyjamas were providing him with some solar relief. We had originally intended to spend the first night by the river, but as we all felt reasonable it was unanimously decided to engage first gear, switch off brain, and point up hill. Once we hit the open tops I "phoned home" to make sure that the kids were looking after Robyn, and by the time we reached Hart & Clark's Head Office at Manson Hut, we were totally stuffed. Randall very

quickly erected his radio aerial in time for the evening sked, and we then settled down for the evening. In this hut is a rocking chair. Unfortunately the rockers extend about six inches in front of the chair, and are at a height that is perfect for severely bruising the top of ones feet. At the end of the day Craig was nursing a badly wrenched knee, and bruised upper foot.

Tuesday 27th. Another brilliantly fine day. After leaving the hut at a reasonable hour we fairly quickly found our way around to Manson Tops and Randall's pet rock which sits just on the northern side of the high point. Randall explained to us at length about the times when this rock has looked after him in some unsavoury weather.!!?? Our objective for the morning was Otutu Hut about four or five kilometres to our west. The only problem was the very deep gut in front of us. We discussed the two routes to Otutu and decided on the direct approach. The track drops down the most obvious spur from the summit of Mt Manson and once in the bush, a well formed track can be found. This track winds its way down to the tributary of Manson Creek before climbing steeply onto the tussock tops of Otutu. A few Queen St. hunters were in residence here compete with all of the beer essentials required for such an expedition. The weather was stinking hot by this stage. It was here that I joined Randall's elite "Pyjama Club". (Top half only though!) We left Otutu soon after midday and snuck between shady spots along the track toward Ngaawapurua Hut. At the top of the big drop we met up with Ted Meek from Napier. Ted was on his way home after having been flown in to Boyds a few days earlier. The descent down to the river seemed an awful long way, but in this weather, it would have seemed twice as far going back up. We arrived at the delightful Ngaawapurua Hut at about 3.15. Soon after "Shamus and the Mechanical Blowfly" arrived, and off loaded a couple of passengers. Craig went down to the river with the intention of dealing to a few of the resident trout. All he achieved for his hour or so in the river, was a broken fishing rod. "No damn fish in that river", was the comment that followed us for the next week or so. Our two visitors left almost as quickly as they arrived, so we took the hint and visited the local bath house and laundrette. The rest of the afternoon was spent soaking up some sun rays and reading the "Ngaawapurua Hut Yarn Book.

Wednesday 28th. A cloudy morning greeted us as we headed away from the hut at 8am, bound for the Harkness Valley. About fifteen minutes from the hut, Randall spotted a reasonable sized hind fairly close to the track. At the track junction we decided on the lower track which eventually petered out at the confluence with the Pukeohikarua Stream. From this point, we headed up the Harkness Stream. It is a beautiful stream to travel in and there is only one point where you have to leave the creek bed for a short time. We had two close sightings with deer in this area, and one of them barked at us almost continually as we passed in the stream below her. Eventually we came across the track once more and then carried on at high speed to the Harkness Hut junction. Craig and I trotted up to the hut to sign the book and take the photo while Randall continued up the track towards Tussock Hut. Harkness Hut, like Ngaawapurua has recently had extensive renovations. Only a few minutes were spent at the hut before we returned to our packs and then followed Randall up toward Tussock. I finally lost count as to the number of crossings of the creek but it seemed like a few dozen. We eventually caught up to Randall at the point where the track leaves the river. An hour or so later we arrived at Tussock Hut for a late lunch. In residence were a few unsociable, card playing, helicopter hunters, one tramper, and another hunter awaiting Shamus. Soon after our arrival Shamus appeared and loaded up before heading off up the

valley towards Poronui. We had initially hoped to wait here for Mike's party, but as we had arrived earlier than expected, it was decided to bite the bullet and head over to Mangatainoka Hut for the night. We hoisted packs at about 1pm, and headed across the tussock. At GR. 886223 we headed up the side creek, and then made the mistake of climbing out on to the true right bank. We wasted quite a lot of time sidling and climbing, while trying to find the top of the spur that leads down to the Mangatainoka River. Craig started having trouble with one of his knees again, and was at times unable to move due to the pain.

We finally found the top of the ridge and were surprised at the wind destruction. Many of the trees at the top of the ridge had been flattened, and this, combined with not being able to get a good view of a prominent landmark, meant that we spent quite a bit of time looking around for the top of the spur that was to lead us down into the Mangatainoka River. We eventually found the point that we were looking for, and after leaving a note for Mike's party we headed down toward the river below. The route down the spur is a bit vague at times but we managed to remain on the "track"?? Until we were a few hundred feet above the river. Somehow we lost the track at this stage but because it was so open under the trees we just dropped straight in to the river. We arrived at the river at 17:00, and were about four hundred metres upstream of the track back to Tussock Hut. We then proceeded down the river toward the hut, where we arrived at 19:30. The river bed varied considerably from being smooth gravel through to huge log jams and small waterfalls, and passes through some very picturesque beech forest. Wally Drayton (ex NZFS) and his son were in residence, having come up from the hot springs. Eight down and only twenty two to go.

During the evening we had a radio sked with John and Mike at Tussock and then talked at length to Wally about the route from Mangatainoka Hut up to Te Puke. He recommended that we cross the river just above the hut and then head straight up.

The next morning dawned another glorious day and at about 8am we paddled bare footed across the Mangatainoka before heading "up". Wally's estimate was about four hours to the hut, but by about midday I was getting a little concerned as to how far we still had to go. The terrain was very steep in places and the regrowth combined with the windfalls made for very slow progress at times. Often we had to resort to hands and knees and burrow our way under the regrowth. Shortly after passing spot height 1429 we spotted a fly camp down to our left. Craig gained the attention of the hunters in residence and we were invited down for a brew. As soon as we reached their camp, steaming mugs were thrust into our hands. Real milk!! Wow!! The next hour was spent sharing tramping and hunting yarns and experiences. These guys were "Bow Hunters" and they were only too happy to demonstrate their skills at putting arrows through empty Fosters cans at 50 metres. They were great hosts and before long three scruffy looking trampers were seen testing the strain on a fancy looking compound bow. One of our party (who's name shall remain a secret), obviously needs to eat more weetbix rather than chasing a pen around a piece of paper. He was unable to pull the bow string back the required distance. After lunch we were guided by the hunters up to the open Te Puke Tops and we arrived in glorious sunshine at the hut at about 14:40. The family in the hut were sitting down to an early dinner of Corned Beef with onion sauce, veges, and a glass of red wine!! Unfortunately they were as forthcoming as our friends the bow hunters! We left Te Puke Hut at 15:45 and scooted through light showers across the tops to Mangaturutu Hut

where we arrived at 18:50. Phew another long day. The fireplace in the hut seemed to have replaced the rubbish pit as the place to dump cans etc. so our first mission was to clean out the hut, before taking the compulsory photo.

Friday December 30th, Day 5 We left Mangaturutu Hut at 08:10 and fairly quickly passed over the bumps and hollows on the track to Tira Lodge at Venison Tops, and arrived at 09:30. The weather here was very cool and before long we piled on the fleece and reflex. The hut residents were not at home, so after signing the log book we headed across toward Ballards and Whetu. Just below VT we were delighted to see a pair of kakarikis flying through the trees. Recently, DoC had spent a lot of time tidying up the track which had obviously suffered severe wind damage. A short stop was made at the bushline above the gutbuster and by midday we had arrived at the top of the descent down to Ballards. At this point Randall piked. He graciously declined the offer to join us and descend the two hundred metres to the hut, sign the book, take a photo, and climb back up again. Who would blame him I suppose. Anyhow, Craig and I left our packs at the top and then scrambled and slid down to the hut which obviously hadn't been used for a while. This would account for the millions of dead blowies in residence. After a quick breather we climbed back for a welcome lunch. Randall had continued around to Makino Hut, our destination for the day. My knees, ankles, and blistered blisters were all protesting by this the fifth day of our trip. The decent down to Makino hut seemed to be never ending and the protests from the feet became louder and more regular as time went on. Under the beech trees near Makino it was so dry that it sounded as though we were walking on cornflakes. We heard about three deer in this area also, and arrived at the Makino Hut by about 16:00. Half an hour after Randall. Kaka were heard in the trees around the hut.

New Years Eve, a leisurely start this morning. We left the hut and descended down to Te Puia Hut, where we arrived at 09:50. A few minutes after we arrived, Mike and his party joined us having spent the previous night at the hot springs. The next couple of hours were spent eating, drinking and telling yarns. It was also interesting to compare notes on our trips over to Mangatainoka Hut from the Tussock. We eventually wandered off from Te Puia at about midday bound for the road end at the Blue Gums. The trip out was fairly uneventful and we arrived at the carpark at 14:10 where Wayne and Christiana were waiting for us. We then proceeded to find a suitable New Years Eve campsite. Soon after, Edward arrived with the truck and passengers, including Craig's family. The day was at this stage extremely hot and as soon as the truck stopped moving, it was swamped by hot thirsty trampers trying to find some aluminium wrapped amber nectar. Finding real food was at the top my priority list. Robyn had sent up a food parcel containing the rations for the second half of the trip. It sure doesn't take me long to get sick of "back pack rations". The rest of the afternoon was spent eating, avoiding dehydration, sleeping, telling tales and soaking in the hot pool. Then Craig and I started to pack our gear for the second leg of the traverse. Dinner consisted of a wonderful BBQ and salad. During the evening we lay back in the grass and somehow the subject got on to satellites and how many we could spot. We were all watching one travel over from the east to the west, when all of a sudden it exploded into millions of fiery particles.

New Years Day is meant to be a time for staying in bed until lunch time. Unfortunately this did not eventuate for Craig and I, despite the heavy overnight frost. We said farewell to

Randall and the others a little before 08:00 and hoisted our gear into the boot of Wayne's car. As this day was in effect a day trip we decided to travel light with just one pack between us. Wayne dropped us off at Pink's Hut before driving up to Makahu Hut and concealing the rest of our gear near the DoC camp. I was feeling fairly stuffed this morning so Craig carried the pack for most of the way in to Middle Hill Hut. Even without the pack I was still struggling to keep up with him. We arrived at the hut at 09:40. Another brilliantly fine day. A quick nibble, drink and photo before continuing across the face of the main Kaweka Range. The climb out of the main gorge was a real grind with the sun beating down on our backs. At the top of the climb we had to leave the track and head east to find Iron Whare. We had only one hut visit between us, and not from this direction. After a bit of discussion and map reading we determined that we had to leave the track right at the point where it comes out of the gorge. Off we headed, and very quickly found a reasonably well worn footpath heading in the right direction. The track became a bit vague in some areas but we kept going and eventually arrived at the whare at 12:30. Another photo stop, then back to collect the pack and onto hut number seventeen Kaweka Flats Bivy for lunch. The trip through to Makahu was equally uneventful and we arrived at the DoC Base at approximately 14:00. A quick sorting out of the gear was required then we were off to photograph another hut, Black Birch Bivy. We had hoped to get a ride down the road with someone but as with almost all the rest of the Forest Park, the road was deserted and no vehicles passed our way. We turned off the road into Littles Clearing carpark and then down the track that leads across to the top of the Black Birch itself. The track down the Birch is a combination of four wheel drive tracks and walking tracks through the trees so the route wasn't difficult to follow. The Bivy is signposted from the track and is well hidden down in the contorta. A ten minute stop was made then back up to the track, and then "home" to Makahu Saddle, where we arrived at 17:30. We had debated at length what to do at this point and one of the options was to spend the night in Makahu Hut. After much discussion we decided to eat our steak and pineapple dinner at Makahu, and then proceed up to Dominee for the night. Having never spent a night in Dominee before we thought this would be an interesting experience. We arrived at Dominee at about 20:00 and enjoyed what was left of a magnificent day. Stats. for the day include: thirty kilometres covered and approximately 1500 metres climbed. We made ourselves comfy and settled in for the night, silently hopeful that no one else would be expecting to spend the night in Dominee. There wasn't enough room to swing a dead possum, let alone perch another sleeping bag or two.

Day Eight. The morning dawned fine but cool after a very windy night. A hunter arrived at our door at 6:45 and by 7:30 we were heading up the hill with fifty something pound packs. Thirty five minutes later Kaweka J was in site and then it was all downhill toward the Ngaruroro River again. At the turn off to Back Ridge Hut we dropped packs, and scooted down to the hut to sign the book, take a photo, and have a breather. The same course of action was taken with the Back Ridge Bivy an hour later. The hut book at the bivy indicated only a few visitors in the past three or four years. We left the top of the ridge at 11:00 and eighty five knee shattering minutes later staggered into Rocks Ahead Hut some couple of thousand feet below. A few kakas were heard calling from the trees during our descent. I have often heard about the cable car at Rocks Ahead but until now had never used it. It holds one passenger at a time and once aboard, the brake is released and Yippee!!, the car with passenger aboard, screams across the river about one hundred feet above the water.

Eventually the momentum slows, and the car stops. At this point the crank handle in the car is engaged, and with lots of winding the car goes up the incline on the far side to complete the crossing. Getting both of us across to the other side proved time consuming but it had to be done. Hut number twenty four, Rocks Ahead Bivy, sat across the river. After visiting the Bivy, we reversed the whole process and made our way back to the hut, where we packed our packs once again. Upon dropping down to the river we met up with a fishing guide (Simon Dicky??) and his customers. When told of our destination for the afternoon, the guide became most concerned with our welfare, and about how long the trip up the river to Oma. Bivy was going to take us. The map said about two hours, but to humour this guy, I admitted ignorance and asked him how long it was going to take us. "Oh about eight to ten hours", was the reply. "You would be much better off climbing up to Venison Tops (2500') or even up to Manson (2500'), and then drop down to the Bivy. Climbing up and then dropping down would be much faster than going up the river. The river is very difficult and we are going to take two days to do the trip". "Sorry mate, but we are going up the river" was the reply from Craig and I. That decision was one of the best that we made on the whole trip. The river between Rocks Ahead Hut and Omarukokere Bivy is absolutely fantastic, (but don't tell anybody). Gravelly shingle beds, huge deep blue pools, pack floating, rocky outcrops, beautiful bush, no people, and perfect weather. What more could a Kaweka tramper want? The ten hour hellish trip up the river to the Bivy took its toll, and we arrived very weary after an epic.....two (2) hours and ten minutes!! In residence at the bivy were two helicopter hunters who were carving spoons out of pieces of beech. Their cutlery was at home. Craig and I lay in the sun for an hour or so before having an early tea. The intention being to climb up toward Manson Tops for the night. We left the Bivy at 17:50 and after bashing our way through the scrub for half an hour or so we came across a sort of track on the ridge that was marked with red electrical tape. The track proved to be a bit vague in places but by continuing uphill we invariably came across it again. The climbing was steady but fairly easy. At 19:30 we wound out the aerial of the mountain radio and made our call back to civilisation. By 20:00 we were nearing the bush line below Manson. Just short of the bush edge we found a suitable bivy site and settled in for a night amongst the possums.

Sunrise the next morning failed to arrive, and we rolled out of our pits at about 06:00. The sky was grey and overcast with a fairly cool breeze. "Sorry Craig, no time for breakfast this morning. The weather is going to crap out so lets get going". In only a few minutes we were on the track from Rocks Ahead Hut up to Manson. We carried on around past Manson Tops for the second time (who decided this route??) and continued across toward the Bivy overlooking the Ngaruroro River. The cloud was getting darker and darker as we scrambled our way through the saddle littered with numerous windfalls and rampant regrowth. Up the other side and after a brief search we arrived at the Manson Bivy at 08:35. It was obvious that relatively few visitors grace the doormat of the place. There wasn't even a hut book, so we joined previous visitors and detailed our trip on the inside of the door. Twenty six ticked, six to go. From this establishment there is only one way to go, and that is Dooowwwnnn. We carried on south a little way before dropping over the edge toward the river. The descent proved to be very steep in places and at times we just bum slid down the dirt banks. As usual on big descents without tracks, we ended up in a grotty creek at the bottom, but soon after arrived on the banks of the Ngaruroro River again. Raincoat time had arrived. First time in eight days of tramping. The trip down the river to Kiwi Mouth Hut was fairly uneventful and

we arrived with the rain still falling, at 11:15. The hut was occupied by a real weirdo and his mate, so after a quick brew we were off yet again. This time up Kiwi Creek heading for the one of the homes of the HTC, Kiwi Saddle Hut. The sun came out as we were climbing out of the creek and shone on us for most of the climb up to the saddle. We arrived at yet another empty hut at 14:10. Two hours from Kiwi Mouth. The rest of the afternoon was spent lying in our pits, reading, eating, and listening to the hail pelting the roof of the hut. One fairly short burst of energy saw us cleaning the beech leaves out of the roof guttering.

Wednesday January 4th 1995. Four huts to go! We left Kiwi Saddle at 08:00 with a fairly brisk southerly pushing us along the ridge. Before long we saw that Kaweka J, the highest point in the Kawekas, was wearing a dusting of snow, as was some of the route in front of us. We were most impressed with the Pinus Contorta work that DoC had been carrying out in the area. Although thousands of seedlings were appearing and these will need dealing to in the near future. Castle Camp came and went, and soon after 10:00 we were dumping our packs beside the waratahs at the top of Mackintosh Spur. Studholme Saddle Hut and Bivy were the next two huts on the list. After posing for photos and signing autographs in the book we scrambled back over the horizontal contorta heading for home. I had been down to these huts a few times before, but always seem to forget how much effort is required to get back up to the saddle again. Packs back on and onto the homeward run. Still blooming cold! Did we run or was it just a fast walk. Mackintosh Hut joined the long list of empty huts. Potato Chips and Chockie Biscuits yum yum. Someone must have known we were coming. They had left behind a couple of biscuits and about half a bag of chips. Back up the track through the trees and around to Kaweka Hut with a lunch stop on the way. The last orange was devoured, scroggin, salami and crackers were also put to use. The remnants of my food bag were not appealing, so hopefully we wouldn't lose our way between here and the carpark.

The track from Mackintosh to Kaweka seems never ending. It goes on and on, with always another corner around the corner. I am not sure about Craig but by the time I got to Kaweka, I was stuffed. The sun was shining warmly by this stage and this was hut number thirty two ofthirty two. Finished, thank goodness. All that was left to do was head out to meet our families at the Lakes Road Carpark. We motored up the last hill from the Tutaekuri River and met Robyn, Annette and the kids wandering along to meet us.

A fantastic trip. Thanks to Craig and Randall for the company, Eddie for the cold beers at New Years Eve, and our families for enabling us to complete this trip. "Never again" was an often heard comment. In hindsight I am not so sure. It could have a couple of days knocked off it somewhere. Maybe in ten years or so when I get fit.

Stats.: Approximately 160 km walked.
 9000 metres climbed.
 92 hours on the track.
 Four knackered knees.

RB.

PRIVATE TRIPSMT TAPIAE-O-IHENUKU (TAPI)

For many years Tapi was more than just a glance as I drove down the Kaikoura coast en route to Arthurs Pass or Mt Aspiring or some other trampers playground further south, and I was heard to say (more than once) "One day I'll do that mother," as the sunset behind the pyramidal white capped peak stole my attention from the road. Finally that day was to come.

Friday 31st March 12 noon, Ross, Craig and myself met at John's place, and with packs loaded and feet itchy we piled in and onto the car and set for Wellington. Here we arranged to meet Hugh Barr (from FMC) to leave our car in his care. This done it was southward bound on the Lynx fast ferry. Arrived at Picton 8pm and after some kerfuffel we established ourselves at Pictons "The Villa" Backpackers. From here we travelled with Cross Country Safaris up to the Hodder River bridge in the Awatere Valley.

Arriving at Gladstone Downs Station on the Hodder River at 9am, a brief instruction to the farmer and off we set up the farm track which took us 2-3kms upstream. From here into the river and approximately eighty crossings later arrived at the Marlborough Tramping Clubs "Hodder Huts" at around 3.30pm. The weather had been overcast all day with no views of the tops and the temperature steadily dropping. Two other trampers in residence so we took the other hut. Later that day we spotted a Thar some 1000ft above the huts high on a shingle scree slowly travelling north into the clagg. We thought he was probably heading for the ferry and warmer weather.

7am start for this was the big day. From the hut we headed upstream to Staircase Creek, and up Staircase for a few hundred metres until a suitable ridge was found. The day was brilliantly fine although wisps of cloud were moving about the tops. Our 5000ft climb was here to stay and very slowly we gained our first ridge top, which we followed for some distance still steadily gaining altitude. A first lunch was had sitting staring up at 'Tapi' and not knowing for best which rock face to tackle as we had decided to approach Tapi from the northern end, not the normal route at the southern end. A gut was chosen and progress slow and dangerous at points. Much care was needed so as not to dislodge head sized boulders down on top of the others. We gained the top of this ridge and to what we thought the final climb, but alas no. On reaching the top and peering over we got our first look at the real top but how the hell were we ever going to get there. A serious discussion, followed by a major traverse of the north face and an hour or so saw us on yet another aweinspiring mountain but still out of reach of 'Tapi'.

Our next manouvre was to involve actually crossing the main divide and dropping a few hundred feet into a snow basin on the Clarence River side, and after another lunch and rest stop, picked our way up yet another hair raising rock fall. By this stage the four of us were absolutely knackered and only a few steps at a time could be taken without pause. Finally the top in sight and we plugged painfully yet thankfully up the final slope, and eventually at 3pm burst onto the summit grabbing for the pole in vision. With the marvels of modern technology the wives were all phoned on Ross's cell phone and many photos had. The descent down the other side was steep but fairly straightforward into the saddle between the Dart and Staircase Streams. Here we clambered down a gut trying to get as much distance between us and the tops so as to warm up a bit. With 8000ft to drop one tends to tread carefully so as not to send a thigh muscle exploding out through the top of ones leg "doesn't one".

In desperation and total exhaustion a shingle slope of about 15° was chosen as being the flatest tent sight, so excavation started and several cubic metres and many large rocks later our ice axes were laid to rest, and a warm tea was had as the day came to an end. The day dawned with sunlight showing on the valley walls about 4kms downstream and as this was our rest day, and the snow covering the creek was lapping the foot of our tent we opted for a sleep in. Eventually breakfast smells claimed my previous intentions and I rose to greet the others already eating (at 7am).

The Dart Stream Valley is absolutely fascinating in that it descends incredibly quickly and changes from rock and shingle scree slopes to tussock and snow grass,

then a few kms down, bush for about 100M up from the stream and rock bluffs. The intention here was to abseil the 25M waterfall and follow the stream all the way down to the Clarence River. However, the stream was such in nature that we couldn't get near the waterfall so we had a very steep climb out for 300-400M onto a ridge. From here the views in scale did nothing for us and from this point, along with the weather closing in over there we all started having second thoughts about our plan to cross over the 'seawards' to the Kaikoura Coast. The descent continued down a small stream and eventually onto a high plateau. From here we were back in amongst cattle and Matagouri bushes and a long slow endless slog until finally reaching the 4WD track from The Bluff Station. This we followed for 6-8kms until reaching The Branches Cottage. The Clarence River is no small fry and although we didn't get close to it, it certainly seemed that we would have to pack float across it if we were to go with plan A.

Branches Cottage belongs to The Bluff Station and for \$10 a head we were able to use it by prior arrangement,. A generator for the lights and wet back for the shower, it was a real palace. The following morning was fine but ice cold winds kept us on the move. We followed the 4WD track for approximately 40kms that day and reached Coverham Out Station where we got a lift for the final 20 kms on the back of a Toyota ute in heavy rain and freezing wind. (Oh, I forgot to mention I just happened to be in the front).

Arriving at the Station homestead just on dark we were able to arrange our shuttle man to collect us and take us back to Picton where we stayed the night, and again the Lynx fast ferry home again. The highlight of the trip home was KFC in Levin which replaced what was lost overboard out in Cook Strait. Home by 6pm to that lovely home cooking. (And wife of course).
E.H.

Party: John Montgomerie, Ross Berry, Craig Shaw and Ed Holmes.

P.S. Thanks to Richard Murray of 'Bluff Station' for the use of his cottage etc, and also to Bev & Alan Pitts from 'Gladstone Downs, for allowing us access and pointing out the direction.

* * * * *

GREY & WHACKY

"Hey Grey, here come some trampers"

"Oh yeah, so there are. Funny things humans. Strange how their skins are always half an inch above us yet we can feel them walk on us."

"Yeah, well you know my cousin chip."

"What, the one living in that new conglomerate down by the coast."

"Yeah, that's the one. Well, he reckons they've got a covering over them that you can't see unless you half close your eyes and look out the corners of them. Doesn't sound all that likely, but you never know, it sees a lot more humans than we do."

"Okay Whacky mate, I'm trying it now. Blimey, chip was right! Struth they don't half look funny with those funny bits of covering on, wonder why they do that. Hey wacky do you see what I see!"

"What, that big lump of stuff on their backs."

"Yeah."

"It would alter their whole centre of balance wouldn't it."

"No wonder we can slip them up. Quick, here comes one of those ones with bumps in the front. I'll alter my angle a bit and you throw a bit more slime out on your left side. Steady, oooh, got it, smack in the middle of the right cheek. Pity we can't understand them. What do you reckon it said grey?"

"Probably something about being more careful next time."

"Crikey that was fun. It'll have a bruise the size of a baseball and the colour of an over-ripe plum."

"What do you reckon Whacky, do you think it appreciates all the effort we went to for it?"

"Hard to say Grey, still, even if it doesn't I'm sure one of the humans will, I just know it!"

P.B.

20
HISTORY OF WAIKAMAKA HUT

From H.T.C. Pohokura Bulletin No 70 August 1955

With the replacement of the original hut log at Queen's Birthday week-end the time is opportune to recapitulate the history of the hut.

Prehistory

3/3/33...Kath reported seeing from Three Johns a tussock flat at the Waikamaka Forks.

14/2/39..."The Field Officer (Mr E.B. Davidson) has suggested that if possible a hut be erected on Weka Flat in the upper reaches of the Kawhatau Valley.. He felt certain your club would be sufficiently interested... to assist the work." Director of Deer Operations.

1/3/39..."Members welcome the opportunity.. but we are in somewhat of a difficulty. Few of our members enjoy a 5 day week." Club Captain H.T.C.

Trip Reports

9/4/39 The head of the Waikamaka is open with tussock flats and there is a good sight for a hut, being only 3½ hours from the mill.

15-16/4/39 Camped at Waikamaka sight, went up southern head to Rangi Creek ... followed Rongotea Ridge to bushline.

29-30/4/39 ...we did some track cutting up to the Waikamaka (saddle) bearing round to the right under 67...

20-21/5/39 The day was profitably spent marking out the hut site and erecting a bivy.

10-11/6/39...relayed in short stages to dump ½ at forks, ½ 15 mins downstream.

17-18/6/39 About five loads taken over the saddle.. deep drifts of soft snow.

24-24/6/39 Relayed 6-8 loads over saddle.

2/7/39 All plates now over.

9/7/39 14 loads to start of saddle track... left mill in heavy snow storm.

27/8/39 Unbroken snow over the saddle to the forks.

1-3/9/39 ..digging out four feet of snow to locate the pegs.

24/9/39 ...a spot of bother..led to one group carrying iron attempting a winter ascent of 66... no trace could be found of the middle dump after sinking a few trial shafts.

... The last to leave was the indomitable Cap who had swagged a wet tent over with the intention of camping on site.

7-8/10/39 The Morris Dwang was rescued off Sixty six.

4th Annual Meeting 12/Oct 1939:

...Under the guidance of Chas Higgs the material was assembled and cut to shape, then carted out and relayed out up river. Five consecutive trips saw a third of the material over the saddle and a third above Top Camp. In the middle of July owing to repeated heavy snowfalls working conditions became arduous and a halt was called. At the end of September the middle dump was still under snow and not located, the top and bottom dumps moved mostly to the site and the site itself cleared of snow. The cement is still at the mill to be taken over when the boxing is in place. (N.B. still there, set hard).

Forest Service. Not mentioned in this report, but vital to the story, was the receipt of a letter in the middle of these operations from the Conservator of Forests. A rumour had reached him that we had a hut in State Forest 25. Kindly mark its position on the enclosed map and explain ourselves.

We replied innocently and tactlessly that we were building the hut at the instigation of the Internal Affairs Dept, thus touching off an interdepartmental war. The repercussions fell on us. We were told:-

A plan had to be approved.

The hut became the property of the Crown.

We had to maintain it and if destroyed replace it.

Nobody else was to use it, except, grudgingly, deer cullers.

Our control could be withdrawn at any time.

We had to insure it.

Early in 1940 we asked Internal Affairs for their promised contribution, but this was withheld pending Forestry approval. The difficulty of arranging insurance was still the hurdle, not overcome till July 1940.

The hut log opens in Jan 1940 with a private trip.

cont at bottom of page 21.....

Family Tramps

A summary of Family Tramps during the period April 1995 to July 1995.

April's tramp was a walk along the beach from Clifton to Rabbit Gully, the first major gully on the way to Cape Kidnappers. Before we left Clifton we had the unique opportunity to view a Blue Moon butterfly which Barbara had found. This distinctive butterfly is a native of Australia and occasionally gets blown over to New Zealand. The day was very cold and windy but we soon got into the lee of the cliffs, after which walking became quite pleasant. The children had an enjoyable time beach-combing, scrambling among the rocks and dodging the waves. We had lunch a short way up the gully, after which the children managed to find a nice slippery clay bank to slide down! Heading home back along the beach, the sea had become a little rougher, the waves a little higher and one or two of the kids little wetter! We just managed to beat the worst of the rain back to the cars.

Our tramp in May was another cold day, but we were headed to Balls Clearing and decided we would be out of the worst of the weather in the bush. After a quick lunch under the shelter we did a circuit of the bush out to the clearing and back to the cars. We then convinced the children to walk along the road to another entrance. we entered the bush again to do another circuit, after which we headed for Puketapu and Eddie's scones. The bird life in the bush was very active.

July tramp was to Gwavas Forest. Four families met at the monument at Maraekakaho at 10.00am Josie picked up the key to the gate from the headquarters at Gwavas and we proceeded down the forestry road to the airstrip where we parked. Josie took us to the arboretum (botanical tree garden) which had been planted up to 35 years ago. Various species of pine and fir are represented and each block is signposted with the name and date of planting. We managed to look at about half by lunchtime. There are a surprising number of pines and firs, mostly from North America. Our old enemy pinus contorta is represented. It was quite cold as the white frost had turned into a black one, but the children enjoyed the ice in the puddles. In the afternoon we went to have a look at the bush in a big valley. Tuis could be seen flying to and fro and a fernbird was heard in the scrub beside a small lake. After more eating and hot drinks, we made our way home. Greg had left earlier on his bike, and was on the main road when we passed him.

We decided on a trip close to town for July and so we headed for Otatara Pa. After an investigation of the palisades, fortifications and reed whares we dropped back down to the cars for lunch. The children found a nice grassy slope to slide down on plastic bags and had a wonderful time. We eventually set off up the hill and into the wind. After a brief look around we headed down and the kids had another sliding session before we departed.

Families participating during this period were: Avril and Blair Turvey, Daniel, Donna and Natalie Berry, Claire and Glen Holmes, Erika and Conal Boland-Bristow, Rachel and Chris Perry, Heather and Hamish Thurston, Ryan and Ashleigh Wiggins, Steven and Kimberly Dodd, Tammy and Libby Boalar with Amy Fisher and Lauren Patheyjohns, Ben and Eden Lennon plus parents and grandparents.

5th Annual Report: The October working parties saw all material on site and the framing erected. One November and one December party had the shell habitable by Christmas. Work on the fittings was resumed in April with the provision of door, windows, chimney and additional bunk accomodation to sleep a total of 17. Meantime the difficulty over the insurance requirements of the Forestry Dept had been overcome and the subsidy from the Deer-Culling Branch was received with jubilation.

WILLIAM HARTREE SCENIC RESERVE

First of all when we got to the hut we explored it. Next we went for a loop walk along the Kanuka Track. When we got back we played a game of cards, Grandma won! After that we went to make tea and in the sink was an alive forest gecko. We put him outside. Next Mum saw a rabbit with a stoat chasing it. The stoat caught the rabbit, but the rabbit got away. Just before tea we found a rotten green gecko. Then we came in for tea. Later on we went for a walk through Fern Gully and saw the stoat chasing the rabbit again. Then we came back and went to bed.

The first thing we saw the next morning was a big fat Tui, then we saw a red beetle on a manuka bush. After that Mum found a bag moth, close by we saw some spit and inside was a spittle beetle. After morning tea we went for another walk and came back to have lunch and then we went home.

I really enjoyed William Hartree Scenic Reserve, the most exciting part was when the stoat caught the rabbit at the back door of the hut.

by Claire Holmes (7yrs)

RUBBISH

Rubbish flies everywhere,
Around the city, through the air.

It litters the countries,
And pollutes the seas.

It's also a very big nuisance
For you and me.

Claire Holmes

FAMILY TRAMP FIXTURE LIST

- | | |
|-----------------------------|--|
| <u>September 17</u> | Triplex Hut, up the Sunrise track to the Saddle.
Contact: Josie Boland 835 1805 |
| <u>October 15</u> | MacMillians cave.
Contact: Michele MacMillan |
| <u>November 12 & 13</u> | Mt. Bruce Wildlife Sanctuary.
Contact: Glenda Hooper 877 4183 |
| <u>December 10</u> | Mathews Stream - Masters Shelter
Contact: Sue Holmes 844 6032 |

EILEEN TURNER IN BOLIVIA

Eileen's 'education' continues in this very different region. Schools have just had their annual holidays and Eileen spent the time exploring with fellow exchange students. She completed a strenuous 4 days on the Inca Trail over the Andes. Twelve hour days over different terrain from high altitude snow and ice to 28°C temperatures in the tropics left them all exhausted. Eileen tape recorded the journey as she went, from horrifying incidents like getting hit on the head by avalanching ice to plunging fully clothed into river pools. She was passed going up a scree slope, puffing her heart out, by a Bolivian running, and carrying five packs! She carried her own food/gear and the two man tent was passed around the four of them who squashed into it. No comforts, and she missed her bed-roll! She felt the trip should have been extended to six or seven days and found tramping in longs in the heat extremely hard going (girls aren't allowed to wear shorts)! Armed with only her torch she went back up the track one night on her own to look for some-one who hadn't made it into camp - and a bat flew at her face.

She has visited a church in Potosi, the oldest city in Bolivia, so big it could hold 5000. She went down into the dungeons ("real freaky") and out onto the roof amongst the bells (where she shouldn't have been). Clothed in special overalls and helmet she has descended into the depths of a silver mine, (and is bringing home some pure silver to prove it). The miners work and live under such stress they survive on smoking Coca (cocaine) cigarettes and drinking 95% alcohol - that is their life. In Sucre (the white city) she crawled under the barbed wire barricades just to lay on the green grass, with palms and pigeons, stray dogs and roadworks - almost felt she was back in Hastings! Even had fresh water. Each city she has visited is so different it's like being in a different country; with even the clothing being so different, from long flowing skirts to bare knees and mini dresses. Armed 'guards' on the buses, a hamburger is an egg dumped on a slice of bread, live cockroaches swimming in the soup, "yuk" petrified Mummy's on display in ancient museums, and in La Paz they don't use teapots - hot things become cold so quickly with the altitude they just put flasks out on the tables and pour the water direct into the cups.

Only another 5 months and she will be home! Cheers!!

Pam Turner

X X X X X X X X X X X X
CAPE KIDNAPPERS BIKE RIDE

At least 15 turned up at Te Awanga to attempt the Cape mountain bike ride over the overland track to the Cape. It wasn't long before we were climbing the hills and zooming along over the rugged terrain admiring the awesome scenery. (there was also some awesome spectacles from some of the riders!) Once onto the open tops the winds came and blew us out to the DoC hut where we had lunch on the balcony. It was a much slower trip back battling the strong winds and a tired, but very exhilarated group arrived back at Te Awanga with sore bottoms and bone shaken bodies, and a number were overheard saying it was much harder work than tramping! A great challenge for all.

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

Another successful Progressive Dinner was held with a record attendance. First course was held at the home of Rick and Jan, and some rather strange faces appeared from behind masks. Onto Peter and Glenda's for Mains and top notch entertainment from Peter the Poet - he was an absolute hit! A noisy truck trip up to Robyn and Ross's for yummy deserts - even seconds. A big thanks to all for making the night such a success, to those who offered their homes and to Ed who drove the truck.

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

Leo is looking for old photos and tramping equipment to use at the 60th Anniversary. If you can help please contact him on phone no 8447228.

MEETINGS: DATES & DUTIES

DATE	HOSTS	SUPPER
Sep 6	Liz Pindar, Paul Smith	David Harrington, Mike Bull
Sep 20	Ros Lusk, Neil Mora	Lew Harrison, Philip Mardon
Oct 4	Elissa Cairns, Geoff Robinson	Martin Mallow, Lisa Starnes
Oct 18	Robyn Madden, John Montgomerie	Mandy Leslie, Gloria Taula
Nov 1	Pam Turner, Darren Sayer	Gary Smith, Christine Hardie
Nov 15	Anne Cantrick, Lex Smith	Leo Brunton, Joy Stratford
Nov 29	Shirley Bathgate, Rick Bowker	Jim Glass, Jan Hawke
Dec 13	Margaret Jones, Mike Malone	Susan Lopdell, Wayne Hatcher
Jan 10	Christiana Stevens, Al Moffitt	Rodger Burn, Graham Abraham
Jan 24	Jenny Lean, John Jones	John Berry, Lady Lyn

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.

* * * * *

MEETING NIGHT PROGRAMME

Sep 6	Slides - Coming Trips - Dave Harrington
Sep 20	Club Auction
Oct 4	Mapping - Arthur Tristram
Oct 18	Photo sharing & Map covering
Nov 1	Training
Nov 15	A.G.M.
Nov 29	Outward Bound with Mandy
Dec 13	Social Night - Bring a plate
Jan 10	To be arranged
Jan 24	To be arranged

* * * * *

CLUB NEWS

Congratulations to the winners of our annual Photo Competition.

Sections: Pictorial Anne Cantrick
 Plants & Insects Joy Stratford
 Club Character Al Moffitt
 Overall Winner Anne Cantrick

The Club has purchased a new projector and screen. Also two new pairs of crampons and an ice shovel.

DATES TO REMEMBER

SEPT 16...Fish & Chip meal etc BYE 6pm/Games evening 7pm. Contact Social Committee.
 SEPT 20...Club Auction to be held at meeting.
 OCT 14....60th Anniversary
 NOV 12....Garden Trail
 NOV 15....A.G.M.
 DEC 15-17...BBQ/Spit roast at Robsons Lodge, Kuripapango

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 meet 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

September 30 /October 1 Annual Search & Rescue Exercise - Kuripapango

October 8: Ruahines Map U22 \$10

Driver: John Berry 8776205

Party A: From Mill Rd up the Tukituki River to Rosvalls Track, up to Tarn Bivy, along Black Ridge to Hinerua Hut and returning via Hinerua Ridge and Foote's Mistake.

Leader: Anne Cantrick 8448149

Party B: From Mill Rd a short distance up the Tukituki River to Rosvalls Track, up to Tarn Bivy for lunch and returning via Daphne Hut and river back to truck.

Leader: Mike Lusk 8778328

Also scope for people to go to Hinerua Hut and return.

* October 14: 60th Anniversary

An afternoon get together at Michael's Place, Napier with dinner on Saturday night - come and help celebrate 60 years of tramping.

October 20-23: Labour Weekend: Kaimais Maps T13, T14, T15 \$25 Driver required

An area the Club rarely gets to - relics of mining and logging activities - southern most area for Kauris, old Kauri dams and spectacular waterfalls.

Party A: Climb summitt of Te Aroha, follow Nth/Sth track to the Kauritatahi Stream. Continue into the podocarp forest of the Wairere Plateau, coming out at summitt of the Kaimai Rd.

Leader: Eddie Holmes 8446032

Party B: In from carpark, up the Wairongamai Stream to the tops following Nth/East Track to old Mill Site, Dalleys Hut and possibly to a Kauri Dam site and Aranui Falls.

Leader: Susan Lopdell 8446697

There is a possibility of a truck party here also with various options.

Local Day Trip: Mt Kohinga - Bonnie Mary

In from Robsons Lodge, along Charlie Brown Rd up onto some interesting limestone formations near the summit of Mt Kohinga.

- * October 29: Smedley Medley An orienteering day for Search & Rescue personnel held on Smedley Stn, Tikokino. (Also for anyone who wants a walk).

November 5: Kawekas Map U20 \$10

Driver: Geoff Robinson 8787863

Annual Cairn trip & Memorial Service for those Club members who died in W.W. II. Various routes available for return trip.

Leader: The President 8750542

- * November 12: A Garden Trail - Wander round some local gardens.

Organiser: Anne Cantrick 8448149

November 18-19: Western Ruahines Maps T22 & U22 \$20

Driver: Craig Shaw 8437242

Party A: Heritage Lodge, up the Orua River to Triangle Hut, climbing out onto the Whanahuia Range, southwards to trig Q & roadend.

Leader: David Harrington 8430290

Party B: Heritage Lodge, up ridge track to Tunupo Trig, along Ngamoko Range, camping at Toka Bivvy for night, returning via Knights Track.

Leader: Leo Brunton 8447228

Local Day Trip: Waikoau Gorge (Opouahi). A trip recently covered but so impressive it has been requested again - a spectacular limestone stream.

Leader: Mr Lyn Gentry 8750542

- * November 25-26: Waikamaka Hut Working Bee

Driver Required

Leave Saturday afternoon & travel over Waipawa Saddle to our Club Hut.

Sunday working bee to relocate toilet & tidy up around hut.

Leader: Hut Committee

December 3: Northern Kawekas Map U20 \$10

Driver: Ross Berry 8774436

We will leave the saddle on the Hot Springs Rd & travel along the ridge track to Makino Hut, returning via Te Puia and the river track.

Leader: Rick Bowker 8782828

December 16-17: Robsons Lodge \$10

Driver: Required

Saturday a training day with a BBQ or spit roast Saturday night.

Sunday - fish, tramp & relax.

Leader: John Montgomerie 8777358

December 26-Jan 6: Xmas Trip South Island

Firstly into the Victoria Forest Park with moss covered beech forests, crystal clear rivers, alpine tops, celebrating New Year at Mariaia Springs or Reefton. Travelling back towards Nelson/Blenheim spending 4-5 days in Mt Richmond Forest Park. Trip ininery out in September.

Organisers: David Harrington/Susan Lopdell

- * Dates yet to be set: late December early January

A trip to beautiful Rangaiika Lagoon, north of Ocean beach for fishing, skin diving & cray-potting.

Organisers: Social committee

January 14: Ahimanawas Maps V19 & V20 \$10

Driver: Craig Shaw 8437242

Party A: From the Toropapa bridge, down the Toropapa & Puneketoro Streams (great fishing) to McVicars Rd.

Leader: Elissa Cairns

Party B: Along the beautiful Toropapa Stream climbing up onto the tops & returning via ridge track.

Leader: Jim Glass 8778748

January 27-28: Taruarau/Ngaruroro Pack Float Map U21 \$10

Driver: Ross Berry 8774436

Party A: From the Timahanga bridge pack float down to the confluence of the Taraurau & Ngaruroro Rivers. Sunday continue down Ngaruroro River to WhanaWhana.

Leader: John Berry 8776205

Party B: In from the Komata Hut down to Taruarau River, camping along the way Saturday night & continuing down the Ngaruroro to WhanaWhana.

Leader: Peter Berry 8774183

- * Off Weekends

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