

HERETAUNGA TRAMPING CLUB (INC).

P.O. BOX 14086 MAYFAIR, HASTINGS

"POHOKURA"

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Club Meetings: These are held every second Wednesday (the one before a tramp) at the Hastings Harrier Clubrooms in Sylvan Road, Hastings, at 7.30 am. Visitors are most welcome.

This was one of those rare trips when we had to put on raincoats the minute we stepped out of the truck and we didn't take them off again until we got back to the truck 9 hours later. It was just persistent light rain so morale wasn't absolutely flattened. All the same rain is a damn nuisance to bespectacled trampers. We made our way up the Makahu from the bridge. We were mainly able to travel on the riverbank but there were about a dozen crossings before the Anawhenua stream. The river rocks were very slippery but at this stage the water was clear and only just above the ankles. Once we were in the Anawhenua stream there were many more crossings and some of them around deep pools which meant the shorter members of the party wet their shorts and knickers. One part of the bank was covered in Kowhai trees. It must look lovely when they are in flower. In a little sheltered pool beside a wee waterfall we saw six dear little Paradise ducklings, and further up was one slightly larger Grey duckling. All admired and some photographed the beautiful Balls Falls before the first bush-bashing for the day. Because here were 14 of us and it was very wet, Dave chose to give the falls a wide berth which meant a steep haul on the true left bank through thick scratchy Kanuka and then down back to the stream. Mike found the largest Green Hooded Orchids he had ever seen but only after most of the party had walked on them! About 5 mins further up we branched off on the true left bank up an even smaller stream. Some of the Kanuka was so thick we were on hands and knees to get through with the inevitable cursing when someone's pack got hooked up. At the time we had Shining Cuckoos Bell-birds and Grey Warblers taking our attention away from our struggles.

Eventually we crossed the little stream and climbed up onto steep farmland. The climb to the old bulldozed track at the top sorted out the fit from the unfit. To begin with this track was easy going and fairly level along a ridge and we found a spot where we were able to get up against a bank to have lunch out of the rain but not clear of the drips from the surrounding trees. After lunch the scrub thickened before opening onto clay-pans where we had to look around a bit to find where it had got to. The view of the Makahu told us it was up and dirty, so Dave chose to follow the ridge to the Makahu-Anawhenua junction to reduce the amount of river work.

The ridge provided more serious struggling through the scratchy Kanuka. John Jones unfortunately had a poke in his eye which made it bleed alarmingly but he was OK. We kept getting tantalising views of the club truck but it seemed to take ages to reach the Makahu. Once at the river our progress sped up. The river crossings were made in pairs linked to the partner's pack strap. Those of us who had a stick in our free hand found it gave extra stability in crossing the dirty, and now knee-deep river. It was great to get back to the truck after such a physically demanding day. Our thanks to Dave H who is always conscious of team members who require help at tricky places and to David Heaps the cheerful driver. RL

Dave Harrington (leader) David Heaps and nephew Nicholas, Debbie Thomas, Deborah Turner, Margaret Colledge, Margaret and John Jones, Lex Smith, Gary Smith, Darren Sayers, Doug King, Ros and Mike Lusk.

Saturday morning dawned bleak and drizzly, but still quite warm. We left Ngamoko Rd end about 8am, heading off up the Apiti track, which proved to be a bit overgrown in places causing the odd stumble and curse at times. The weather finally improved mid afternoon as we reached the top of the Ruahine Range - with the cloud lifting and sun coming out to provide good views. We carried on down to Leon Kinvig Hut on the Pohangina River, arriving about 3.30/4.00pm.

The day had been a lot slower than anticipated with some of the party quite weary by the time we got to the hut. The original intention was to carry on down river to Ngamoko Hut for the night, this meant another 2 hours on our feet. The general consensus was to stay at Leon Kinvig. A popular decision as not long after arriving the sky opened up and fair bucketed down with the river rising 6" within an hour and a half. Heavy showers continued for most of the evening.

After arriving at the hut we all settled down for a hot cuppa, biscuits and a marshmallow Father Christmas each. A bit later I was getting concerned that Leo hadn't returned from a visit to the bog, not realising that he was fast asleep on his bunk. Everyone else had finished tea by the time he woke (some 2 hours later) and were contemplating eating Matt's chocolate mousse for desert. We didn't see a lot of Dave Mulinder either during the course of the evening as he was out and about either grubbing thistles around the hut or meandering up the river looking for any deer sign.

Sunday morning arrived - another wet day. The decision was made to abandon our original trip(which involved river work for most of the day, additionally we had 2 hours to make up from Saturday) in view of the weather and the fact that I was not feeling very well -I had lost my breakfast and had a screaming headache. I think all in the party were disappointed and I thank them for not complaining too loudly, especially when the sun came out within 10-15 minutes after leaving the hut and starting the climb back up the hill! The sun was very short-lived however and there seemed almost a collective sigh of relief as we looked back down towards the river as the rain and wind set in, we made the right decision. As we neared the top of the Ruahine Range the wind was quite gusty - the mist racing over the tops only meters in front of us was quite spectacular.

Instead of returning down the Apiti track -which no-one really relished doing, we turned off at Cattle Creek junction and followed a lovely track (although rather damp and slippery underfoot with most of us going for a skid or two) down to the Mangatewainui River. The weather had eased by this time and we continued down river, the travelling very good despite the rocks being slippery in places, stopping at Birch Whare junction for lunch. We had a very leisurely amble down the river after lunch, although I don't think the pace of the day was fast enough for Matt.

At one of our rest stops Leo discovered an unusual moth, grey wings with red outside borders and same coloured dots at the wing tips. David found a photo of it in a bugs book later and it appears to be the European cinnabar moth, introduced into NZ in 1929 to control ragwort. Shortly after we left the river and continued a short distance over farmland arriving back at the truck about 3.30ish.

Thanks to Christine for driving and all on the trip for their good company. DT

Christine Hardy, Sandy Claudatos, Lex Smith, Matthew Smith, Leo Brunton, Dave Mulinder, David Harrington and Debbie Thomas (Leaders)

1996-1997 South Island Trip - Trip 1679

27 December 1997

Tramp 1

After a very early start from Hastings 4:30 a.m. 27 Dec., a comfortable trip across on the ferry, a very hot drive down the East Coast and a cooling down when we arrived in Christchurch, we were blest with a last hot shower after a comfortable night stay with Eddie's sister Audrey. Our second day on the road took us towards Arthur's Pass, stopping along the way for photo stops and a look at Cave Stream. In good time we arrived at Arthur's Pass allowing us to make preparations for our first tramp over the Minga Deception. This is part of the route the coast to coasters use.

Our first tramping day 29 Dec dawned bright and beautiful and with sun block and hats on we headed off up the Minga River. It was all big river work for the first three and a half km, then it was track to Minga Biv where we had lunch. By then a few couples with bum bags on had already rushed pass, coming from the other direction and looking extremely fit. From our lunch spot it was a steady climb up onto Goat Pass and to the Hut. By then we had given up counting the training coast to coasters. That night we had the hut to our selves; not counting the Keas and played hand ball till dark.

Our second day dawned as good as the first and with light day packs we headed straight up to Lake Mavis. Eddie, Anne and John left the rest of us in the dust. However we caught up with them when they had just finished having a dip in the iced covered lake. We stopped there for lunch and watched the ice recede and discussed the towering snow peaks just above us. Being blest with such good weather, we climbed higher for a view (to the s on the Map) and that is exactly what we got. We got spectacular views of the Falling Mountain and further afield to the high points around Nelson Lakes. Turning one hundred and eighty degrees we could see Mt. Rolleston, which Eddie and his team were hopping to climb. On the way down we had the chance to practise our snow craft skills, with a big thank you to Eddie, Anne and John. We learnt a lot and had fun! The weather started to show signs of closing in, so we headed down for another night at Goat Pass. That night we shared the hut with fourteen Dutch tourists who had come up the same way as us and had taken their boats off for every river crossing.

The third day dawned wet and drizzly but it did not take long for it to fine up. The faster half of the Dutch group joined us, learning a lot about where and how to cross rivers. The foot bridge at 3:00pm was warmly welcomed as we crossed the Otira River to the road on the other side. At our final destination we sat and watched the Trans Alpine Express, many cars of all different kinds and a few keen cyclists go passed, as we waited to be picked up.

Eddie Holmes Wayne Hatcher Anne Cantrick, Darren Sayer, Paul Handyside, Christiana Stevens, Jenny Lean and John Montgomerie

Tramp 2 Arthur's Pass National Park Thursday 2 January

While Wayne Hatcher's group of five were doing their four day tramping trip Anne, Ed and myself were to undertake some climbing trips, the first of which was Mt Rolleston 2275 metres (7510 feet) the classic climb in the Arthur's Pass area and the third highest peak in the park. Not knowing the areas we carried full alpine gear to ensure our safety; our plan was to climb Rolleston and if conditions permitted to continue beyond into the Waimakariri river system and out again.

We left camp at Klondyke corner (camping area) just after 6am and motored to the Otira Valley car park just a few km west of Arthur's Pass. A formed track goes up the valley through alpine vegetation for about three kilometres and ends at avalanche debris piled up deeply. From here it steepened until we were at the Otira Slide a snowfield that goes up the head of the valley to Goldney Ridge.

We stopped here for a rest and refuelling and then the serious part began; corniced ridgetops and then steep snow and rock interspersed for the next 300 metres vertical; no mistakes could be made. Here it was a long way down. We topped small Rolleston 2212 metres (7300 feet) around midday arriving at the same time as a weather change and only got glimpses about when gaps came in the cloud and the large schrund (terminal crevasse) below Mt Rolleston was very visible. Views to the south were across the Crow Glacier and valley right down to the Waimakariri river valley.

We decided against Rolleston proper which was only about 400m away due to the weather but in fact 90% of the effort and risk had been in our climb to this point so we felt we had made a real achievement. After a few photographs using my patent camera mount that screws on my ice axe we retraced our steps down. Some of the rock areas we had climbed up were very tricky and dangerous going down (loose rock which is the standard type down there!) so we stuck to the steep snow and descended carefully dodging crevasses back to Goldney Ridge Then back down the Otira Slide and back down the valley.

A good degree of excitement satisfaction and challenge was reflected upon and three weary but contented people made their way back to the main road. The total ascent and descent was 1375 metres (4540 feet). There we came across three climbers from Southland who made a suggestion as to where our next adventure could take place. (see Ed s report.) John Montgomerie

Team: Ed Holmes, Anne Cantrick and John Montgomerie

Tramp 3 Mt Murchison New Year 1997 3/1/97

Departing from our glorious campsite, Anne, John and myself heavily laden with climbing gear along with the usual over supply of tucker and clothing, commenced the long tedious slog up the Waimakariri river. The weather absolutely brilliant as was every other of the 16 days with the exception of a half day (more of which later). With every passing side creek came the most rewarding landscape, budding climbers could hope to see. Mountain peak alongside ice cliff, one after the other.

The Waimak river was running reasonably low but still best crossed linking together. One kilometre on average and all shingle. Make a fair bit of concrete I would guess. Thirteen km and 4 hours later we reached Carrington hut, a massive building with thirty odd bunks. A classic example of lands and survey uncontrolled extravagant spending.

Lunch was dealt to among myriad's of sandflies the up the White Rivers towards Barker Hut. This river which would be absolutely treacherous during late winter due to massive avalanche potential was hard slow progress with massive boulders teetering above heads and under feet. An altitude gain of about two thousand feet in the river before being confronted by a fairly mean looking rock face of a further thousand feet to Barker Hut, perched precariously on the end of a narrow rock ridge. After further investigating the massive triangular RSJ (steel girder) platform to which the hut was fixed we felt happy to enter. Not that there was anywhere to camp anyway.

By the time dawn broke, we were already a fair way up onto the White Glacier, and yes another perfect day. Taking a ridge so as to keep to firmer snow, we gained altitude quickly. Onto a very sharp corniced rib of some 45 degrees of more and finally back onto the top of the glacier. Picking our way through and around a few schrunds and crevasses. Finally onto the ramp and traversing across to a small rock couloir at the base of the main last climb.

This small rock gut probably gained us some twenty meters vertically but wasn't without incident. With myself leading the climb, John following and Anne bringing up the rear, a boulder of about 40 - 50 kg decided to let go and if God hadn't been on her side that morning, Anne wouldn't be here today to write the report for the following trip. The next obstacle encountered was a snow slope some 2 m side, 20 m high and getting very close to vertical. Anne with heart still pounding from her close shave, tackled and conquered this slope without waiting to be roped up. I followed with the rope but by the time John was to follow all usable snow was stuffed by both the sun and us, so eventually with the help of a rock bollard, John was belayed up.

Mist began rolling in fast and within a few minutes, it was snowing. Taking to rock on crampons led us up to the final ice cornice. With memories still strong of a fellow HTC member who fell from this very summit to his death some thirteen years ago, I wasn't about to climb onto this 4 - 5 m snow cap

Feeling happy, we three descended via a steep snow slope to cut back across to our first belay point. Here Anne and John abseiled to the bottom whilst I climbed bringing with me our anchor slings. Then a final abseil to the base of the rock chute saying goodbye to a good sling. Total white out, combined with intense heat, made the glacier descent dangerous and virtually unbearable, treading carefully not able to see crevasses as we approached them. Somewhere was the 'white ice' wall some hundreds m high (if only we could see). Off to our left came this almighty crack and rumble similar to the worst thunder you've heard. 'Phew' at least we must be on course. Shortly after this we found our ascending footsteps and so we were able to return down the mountain to Barker hut at about 3 pm

North Shore Tramping Club were in residence so an amusing night was had. Boy I slept well. Day 3, another 5.00 am start just to piss North Shore off. Back down the rock face now covered with 3 - 4 inches of snow and down the freezing cold White River back to Carrington Hut where we left a heap of gear for our following tramp and bowled on down the Waimak reaching our camp at Klondyke Corner exactly 3 hours later. Off to the Bealy Hotel for dinner and to celebrate a

successful and unplanned climb of Mt Murchison, the highest peak in the Arthurs pass region although outside the national park boundary.

Thanks to Anne and John for a trip I'll never forget. EH

Tramp 4 Arthurs Pass- Harman-Whitehorn- Browning

A snippet of history. This is a classic historic tramp from Klondyke Corner to the West Coast. In pre-European times local Maori knew of the pass at the head of the Arahura and used it transport greenstone over the divide to Canterbury. The pass was late to be named Browning Pass after John Browning, who first surveyed in the early 1860s, looking for a route to the new goldfields in Hokitika. Early Canterbury runholders drove sheep over Browning Pass to the West Coast in the days of the gold rush, as there was an enormous demand and high prices paid for fresh meat. There was great debate over the routes suitability for a road, rail and stock link to the West Coast but because of the extreme steepness of the pass it was decided to develop Arthur's Pass. Eventually Browning Pass fell into disuse, but there is still evidence of the partially completed road constructed in the 1860s and 70s on the West Coast side.

7.1.97

This trip began with yet another long trudge up the stony Waimakariri river bed to Carrington Hut. However, I guess it was one way to get used to our heavy 5 day packs, decked out with ice axes and crampons, before tackling the series of passes to follow. After selecting our suite at Carrington Hut (36 bunk Lockwood style) we rested up to for the afternoon and indulged in that favourite tramping leisure activity - eating. John practised his culinary skill and supplied us with delicious scones, then of course it was time for tea. Two lads who passed through from a skiing trip down Mt Murchison had used the same ascent route as so had retrieved John's sling which he reclaimed.

Another 5 am start in the morning. The icy waters of the White River soon chilled our legs and feet as we crossed to head up the Taipoiti River towards Haroman Pass. As we climbed the lower gorge we savoured our last views of Mt Murchison, glittering in the morning sunrise. We scrambled up the steep bouldered gorge into a fuzzy haze of rising misty which clouded the mountain pass. Once the top was gained, we were rewarded with a magnificent view. In one direction the mountain mists still clung to the Mary Creek Valley, revealing only the mighty peaks and in the other were series of clear tarns (Ariel Tarns) on the lengthy snowfield leading up to the Whitehorn Pass. The hour was still early just after 8 am, so we lingered to enjoy the ambience of total peace and beauty. We expected to have to crampon up as we climbed onto the snowfield, but surprisingly, the snow was very soft, so wasn't necessary. Our intention had been to climb Mt Rosamond, however, soft snow conditions and extensive rock areas made that impossible without our rope. From the base of the snowfield, the pass only looked about 1 km away but it actually was quite a haul of over 3 km. Ed quickly found his snow feet and soon became an ant in the distance while "ma and pa" plodded up. The pass towered by Mt Rosamond and Isabel, is at a commanding height above the Cronin Valley so we had an incredible view right down to the Wilberforce River and beyond.

Overhanging this valley is the Cronin Glacier and icewall. An awesome sight, creating spine chilling sounds as it creaked and groaned with chunks of ice periodically thundering the valley below (our exit path). The descent to this valley was very steep but the softish snow made it a speedy 'bound'. Aware of the dangers of hurtling glacial debris, we didn't linger long in this area.

So continued across the Cronin Valley across rather rugged terrain and lunched amongst the boulders in glorious sunshine. I found myself a little rock pool, enjoyed a bath then stretched out on a hammock shaped rock and promptly went to sleep. About 45 minutes later a booming voice woke me "we are supposed to be tramping- you know". I was spoon to learn that while I'd slept, they'd schemed - we were doing all 3 passes in a day and tramping through to Harman Hut! The next stop was Park Morpeth Hut at the Cronin & Wilberforce River Junction. Very much an older style hut and a bit draughty, I'd say. However, it had a radio so John played, while Ed and I snacked down by the Wilberforce. The afternoon heat had intensified so I decided to head on up the Browning Pass knowing on this stony terrain the lads would soon catch me up. I'd gone quite a distance when I just happened to look back to see Ed, a tiny speck, waving madly in the distance. I hurtled back to learn that John had picked up a faint SOS call from an Auckland trumper who'd had a death in their party. Because reception was so poor John spent over 1.5 hrs trying to relay a message to Christchurch police. An exhausting and frustrating period for him, as the hut was like an over. It was a sombre trio who set off again to the upper reaches of the Wilberforce and base of Browning Pass.

From the Clough Memorial, a zig-zagged track begins the steep ascent. Warned not to follow the zig zags to their conclusion lest you join the shades of the miners who built the track, we had difficulty locating the particular screeshute that was supposed to be the route, so embarked upon some geographical exploration of our own! Hairy stuff, clinging to the alpine groundcover, praying that it would hold, as I eked my way up an incredibly steep ridge, adrenaline pumping. Once the rock face beneath the summit was reached, I actually felt relieved to have the security of the rock beneath my feet. The view from the top down to Lake Browning in the basin below instantly dispelled the prior anxieties. We all agreed that this was the spot to stop, so descended, through black clouds of sandflies to camp on the lake edge at the outlet of the Arahura River. This place was just heaven. In the morning, I crept out early and found the surrounding mountain peaks and snowfields perfectly reflected in the lake. A sight no words could describe. I alerted the others who just caught it before a gentle breeze rippled the image away. Before leaving John and I were determined to revisit the pass and locate the correct route. We did - what a breeze that would have been.

We now had the steep descent into the Arahura following along the pioneers' track. After some boulder hopping for several river crossings we eventually picked up the remnants of the road built last century. This led us to Harman Hut, a very neat and tidy hut with a loaf of raisin bread so kindly left for us to claim. Below the hut was a swingbridge high above the gorge leading back onto the road which sidled the valley around to the Styx /River junction. Here a note was left for Wayne's party informing them of our early passing. The guys were convinced Wayne would be out a day early too, to make travel to Picton less rushed. We lunched on the tussock covered Styx Saddle along with an offensive smell - something dead I thought. By mid-afternoon, we had reached Grassy Flats Hut, having travelled through lush West Coast forest bordering the boulder-jammed Styx River, with some awkward side streams crossings. John and Ed quickly stripped and set off to the river for a swim. I marvelled at the incredible larder and sorted ingredients for another batch of scones - then there again was that horrible pong. I turned to find Ed's socks standing in the middle of the floor. They were rapidly dealt with.

The fourth and final morning we had the luxury of a sleep in before we headed off on the remainder of the journey down the Styx to the road end. Yet another perfect day as I enjoyed my last sunbath on a boulder, while the guys snacked and scribbled another message for Wayne on a rock. When I stirred I found my mates had snuck off and deserted me. Who cared? I decided to add my own

message to the tablet- then out of the forest charged these two figures accusing me of having defaced the masterpiece. At the roadend, we unexpectedly found Wayne's car and the ute, which contained our gear. After a fruitless intensive key search, we headed to the road and were extremely fortunate that a friendly electrician picked us up and transported us for the 26 km to Ed's ute. On the return trip we lunched by the beautiful, tranquil Kaniere, then back to the track end to wait Wayne's party. Yes true to Ed's prediction (for once he was right) they did tramp out that afternoon. We all camped on the lake edge and swapped tales over the campfire that night.

Thanks Ed and John for the companionship, thrills we shared and memories that will last forever. Till next time. AC

Tramp 5 Xmas trip Jan 2- 5

In fine weather, five of us left Klondyke corner and followed the meandering Waimak River. We saw wrybill bills which use the open braided riverbed as nesting grounds. We crossed the river several times and Wayne's reputation took a dive at one crossing where we got wetter than thought necessary. We reached a palatial 36 bunk Carrington complete with solar powered light in the early afternoon. After lunch, 3 of us went 45 minutes up the White River to see a 150 m waterfall and Barker Hut perched spectacularly high above the snow line.

Jenny returned to camp on Day 2 and the rest of us left in low cloud and light drizzle and followed the Taipoiti River into the gorge leading to Harman Pass. The gorge was scenic with rough rocks and several waterfall. Towards the top of Harman Pass, we came on patches of snow, though not waist deep as advised. Darren had to justify carrying an ice axe, so hacked at the edge of a wall of snow and nearly damaged his leg in the follow through. After that, Darren insisted on wearing a T-shirt advising us of the dangers of the follow through. Over the pass and down to Mary Creek in light cloud. Wayne bolstered his image here by saving us from doing some rock climbing by finding the right route on several occasions. Mary Creek soon became a small strong flowing river tumbling over large boulders. A chilly waist deep crossing to Julia Hut. The bush on this western side of the divide was lovely rainforest in contrast to the predominance of mountain beech on the eastern side. The hot spring dug out of the shingle at the edge of the chilly Taipo River was great.

Day 3 was a straightforward track beside the Taipo River. At Hunt's Creek for lunch we decided against going up Hunt's Creek and continued down river to a musterer's cottage at Seven Mile Creek. The cottage was almost homely except for the rats. Even had a lukewarm shower which I rushed through to leave water for the other, who declined the luxury in favour of a game of cards. A cold snap that night left high snow on distant peaks. The next day dawned clear and Wayne and I headed off early for a 1000 m haul to the top of the Kelly Range. It was clear on top with good views all around and a cold breeze when it blew. We had lunch in a cold Carroll Hut and had a knee thumping descent to the road by the Otira River where Eddie picked us up 20 mins later and then picked up Christiana and Darren who had followed the Taipo River to the road. A great tramp with lots of variety. PH

Wayne Hatcher, Christine Stevens, Darren Sayer, Jenny Lean, Paul Handyside.

Tramp 6 South island Trip leg 3.

After seeing the other party off from Klondike Corner, we convoyed over to Hokitika to prepare for our trip. Arriving there at 11 am we dropped off Ed's flat type at the garage and went shopping for a couple of hours eventually congregating on the beachfront for a bite to eat before we were off again at 1 pm. We stopped and had a look at the picturesque Dorothy Falls on the eastern side of Lake Kaniere, shot across the road and had a walk on the shore of the lake then off again to park the cars at the southern end of the lake on the bank of the Styx River. By 3 pm we were packed and ready and away down the 4-wheel drive track reaching our turnoff about 30 mins later.

For the next 2 1/4 hours, we followed a stream up looking for signs of a track in amongst the thistles and Ongaonga. This was not a popular track! We did eventually find the turnoff and knew we only had 1 km and 300 m climb to go. This took us 1 1/2 hrs with the latter part through grassy slopes and we finally found the 3 bed hut with a broken tap on the water tank and no toilet - looked liked the Mt Brown Hilton to us. A hot drink and a sweet and sour lamb soup for tea and early night. The next day presented itself and was misty. In just over an hour we reached the top of Mt Brown but the thick mist made it obvious the original intention of navigating along the tops and dropping down to Lower Arahura was not an option. We came down the Geologist Stream Track to the west but taking it very slowly as the moist conditions made the track very slippery - Wayne doing a 5 m slip on his bum at one stage grazing his cheek (not a pretty sight). Reaching the road just after midday, we had a bite to eat and then Wayne and Christiana walked the 3 km down the road to collect Ed's ute so we could head around to the north-east and get to the hut up the Arahura River.

By 1.45 pm we were off again taking about an hour to reached the footbridge over this amazing piece of river, so deep the water was a deep blue colour. The track meandered its way along the true left of the river through some beautiful countryside and we reached Lower Arahura Hut just after 5 pm. The grassy flat in front of the hut gave Wane and Christiana an opportunity to set the tent up while the others sunbathed, read and napped in the sun for a while. We had a sleepin the next morning and didn't begin tramping until 9.30 am. What a luxury! The weather was somewhat overcast and the first km of the track was overgrown with Pampas grass which made travelling uncomfortable for those in front. We spotted a blue duck down in the river about 15 mins upstream from the hut but the trees between us and the river made it difficult to take photos. The weather and the track improved as the day progressed and by the time we stopped for lunch 3 hrs later it was a perfect day.

Another 2 hrs tramping on excellent track and we could see the hut - across the footbridge and up a vertical 40 m! The hut was in excellent condition with 6 bunks, fairly new decking, a water tank that was full and great views. A leisurely bathe in the river; dinner sitting outside watching the Wekas and bellbirds and right on dusk a helicopter flying low and out of what we believed to be the Jade Creek area. Away at 7.45 am the next day, I had lost the track by 8 am and so we floundered around in the waist high tussock for about 15 mins before Wayne found the track and were on our way again. An hour later and we had done our climb for the day. It was flat going for the next 11/2 hours until we reached the track junction from Browning Pass. Upon reaching the junction we found waiting for us a note from John Monty which told us they had reached there at 12.30 on 8/1/ 97, 22 hours ahead of us.

Off through Styx Saddle and down to Grassy Flat Hut took most of us just over an hour with Wayne training for the Coast to Coast completing the journey in about half the time. Reading the

hut book, we realised the other had stayed there last night, so we decided to see how everyone felt at Mid-Styx Hut so had a quick lunch and set off again reaching the track turn off to Mid Styx at 1.40 pm. Deciding to push on we reached the start of the 4 WD track we had been on 4 days earlier about 2 1/4 hour later. We were in the process of psyching ourselves up for the last 1/2 hour down the 4 WD track to the carpark when were greeted by a Maori challenge coming from the top of a small rise. Ed and Monty had come down the track to meet us while Anne was at the ute boiling some water for a hot drink - they had gone and located the ute and brought it to the end of the 4 WD track to greet us. A hot drink was had, photos taken and we loaded up the ute, 6 in the cab, packs in the back and Wayne and Paul standing on the back bumper holding onto the roof-rack while Ed tried to avoid most of the potholes on the track. Setting up camp by the boatramp at the north eastern shore of Lake Kaniere was decided. Tents were erected and we all bathed in the warm waters of the lake - we had made it. DS

Wayne Hatcher, Christiana Stevens, Jenny Lean, Paul Handyside, Darren Sayer.

Coonoor Caves - 'Indecision' PTI7 - Trip 1680

12 January 1997

Coonoor is approximately 30 km south-east of Dannevirke and lies on the western slope of the Puketoi Range. This range is part of a seam of limestone that has been thrust up by earthquake and extends from Clifton through to, at least, Martinborough. The area has many caves that have been surveyed and probably a lot more that haven't. Most are small due to their relative youth and the unstable nature of their earthquake prone locality.

Being immediately post Christmas, we chose the one that was easiest to get to. "It will be a cruisy day" for once was true with the entrance to the cave just a few metre off the roadside. We left Pernel Orchard at a leisurely 8 am with Philip Mardon on the rudder, and after battling a stiff head wind across the Takapau Plains we arrived beside the Cave at 10.40. Luckily Cyclone Donna hadn't come to much and we had a fine day (a rare occasion in Coonoor).

The day was made particularly pleasant and interesting thanks to Russell Burn who gave up farmwork for the day to be our guide. Russell owns much of the land that the Cave passes under and has guided many parties through it. After a bite to eat we dropped down into the cave at 11.30 am, negotiating the first part by rope, then clattered over and under boulders until we got down to stream bed. From there we travelled downstream through a narrow chasm that twisted and turned, smoothsided and sculptured by the water that carved it out. Sometimes 20 metre tall and sometimes making us crawl, it became impassable when the roof met the water. Back upstream things became a little tighter as we crawled through a number of different passage from Confusion Junction. Russell took those who were keen through a squeeze that required some climbing and a lot of pushing and grunting to get through. I began to regret those second and third helpings of Christmas dinner as the squeeze got tighter and tighter. Without a decent shove from Russell I'd probably still be in there wishing I had joined Jenny Craig.

By 2.30 we were out again with the same ten people we had gone in with, and found Phillip back from his stroll over the Makairo Track. All thoughts of dieting vanished as hooked into what food we had left then headed for Dannevirke for a pie or two. We were back at Pernel by 5.30 .

Thanks to Phillip Mardon for a smooth ride, Russell Burn for his excellent guiding and everyone else who came along for making it a very enjoyable day. PS

Paul Smith (Leader), Wendy Pullen, Chris Waldron, Gary Smith, Susan Lopdell, Mike Malone, Phillip Mardon, Lex, Anne, Craig & Matthew smith.

Taruarau - Trip 1681

25-26 January 1997

Last time we did this trip it was cold. Fortunately as we lowered our bodies carefully into the first of many packfloats we were better prepared and thank goodness the water was warmer. Some had not packfloated before but fortunately everyone took to it like ducks to water and an enjoyable day was had by all except the fishermen with only one being landed. We arrived at the camp site at 4.30 which is the top of a huge rock covered with thick moss and scattered manuka. Trout for tea and some keen ones fishing again.

Sunday; light rain and mist greeted the sun so it was not going to be a day like the beautiful day before but we were half way down so off we went. The river on the second day is a lot gentler with no pack floats or even wet shorts for most of the way. This can give you a false sense of boredom as rounding a corner you come to a gorge with a gut where the water sluices down into a large pool. You can get round this but don't tell anyone because it's more fun to slide down (you go right under, I did it 4 times). Then its on to a long series of pack floats around huge limestone boulders. We were having a great time but it was getting a bit cold so when we got to the hot springs, I said how about it, but Craig and I were the only ones to climb up and as Craig is more fastidious than me, I was the only one who climbed in, very nice except for the slime which at least was warm. Thanks to Bing and Al for taking the truck round and to Jack Roberts for letting us use his road. JB

Party: John Berry (Leader), Craig Shaw, Leo Brunton, Lew Harrison, Mike Lusk, Paul Handyside, Paul Smith, Doug King, Lex, Anne & Gregory Smith, Bing Potts, Al Moffitt.

Waikoau Gorge - Trip 1682

9 February 1997

A large group had earlier set out to tramp the Waikoau Gorge and after lunch, 8 of us branched off to negotiate the actual river by rock hopping and pack float.

The trip was a series of challenges as we found our way down, under and over large limestone boulders. The first challenge was declared impossible to get down but with great teamwork we all got down and moved onto the next challenge before declaring it almost impossible. However by sliding and dropping down into the arms of Lyn or John Berry, we again succeeded and moved on down to a spot which required a crawl under 2 large boulders and then a dash through a waterfall cascading over the boulders. I was fortunate to be the 3rd person through, giving me a wonderful few minutes of laughter (along with Craig and Lyn) as watched the look on the faces of the others as they scrambled through the cold water.

Eventually, we got to the pack float section which consisted of a rock corridor no wider than 8 or 10 feet in some places. The water flowed very quietly and I found it very calming to float down

with head back, looking up at the amazing moss covered rock wall, dripping with moisture and rising up to the sun filtering through the foliage at the top.

I felt extremely privileged to see such a part of our lovely country and would like to thank Lyn, John Berry and Craig for helping us to see it. This was one trip when I didn't mind being "man-handled"! Thanks also to the others for your great company. CW

Rangaiika - Trip 1683

22-23 February 1997

At the onset one would have to consider the advisability of a all male beach. However, I am pleased, indeed heartened, to report that everyone on the trip behaved with the moral sensibilities and decorum which we have come to expect from the fine bunch of men who contribute so much to the HTC, especially in the realms of culture.

After Glenda and Karen dropped us off we headed north along Ocean Beach, carefully gazing seawards as we passed the skin infested sand dunes further up the beach. Milton's "Paradise Lost" and a number of other great literary works were discussed amicably, passing the time nobly and quickly till we reached the point. Here the tide was rising and we attempted the track cut around the base of the papa cliff. The far end is somewhat precipitous and unfortunately Mike's pouch of goodies fell in. Fortunately it floated but unfortunately, by the time I got in the water and swam around it had sunk. So if you catch a shark with excellent distance vision and an incredible ability to tell the time, tell Mike.

From the point it is only a short walk to the campsite where we pitched camp or not, depending on our inclination, caught a few paua and had a swim, the water was wonderful. After a big feed we kipped out, waking up to a wonderful sunrise. We then did some exploring among the dunes which are full of old middens, the notable features of which are the smallness of the shellfish eaten and the cooked remains of a couple of less than we say seafood oriented meals.

Eventually we got up the energy to walk further up the coast, fish unsuccessfully for a while and then grunt up the steep hill and across to the gannets. After I had eaten everyone else's lunch Ros arrived with my lunch and I then carried my pack all the way back to Glenda & the kids at Clifton (which is more than can be said for some people).

Once again it is pleasant to note that all of us were so interested in the geology and wildlife of the area that we didn't even notice any of the scantily dressed young ladies that we passed, especially that one up at the rest area. PB

Party: Lyn Gentry (quasi leader), Mike Malone, Nigel Field, Lex Smith, John Berry and Peter Berry.

Howletts Hut Working Bee - Trip 1684

8- 9 March 1997

An early start from home had us ready to leave Moorcock base at 8.30 am. The day was overcast with mild temperatures as the 4 of us set off loaded with tools and timber. The Tuki tuki river was up about 2 inches and slightly milky, nowhere as bad as it could have been considering the rain that

had fallen over the last few days. Arriving at Daphne Hut at 11.30 am, we had lunch and off-loaded some of the timber as it was wet and very heavy. By the time we started up Daphne Spur, it was raining quite steadily and continued for the rest of the day. We arrived at Howletts at 3 pm which left us with plenty of time to repair the hole in the floor and to build one of the 2 platforms that will cover the dirt floor in the outer porch area. While this was being done, Anne with a little help from myself mixed some hot water and sugar soap and cleaned the walls and ceiling of the hut. We also intended painting the roof but the rain put a stop to that. Just before bed time, the rain had stopped and some stars were visible. Much later in the early one of our party woke us up to say it was a clear sky with city lights visible down below on the flats.

The next morning was sunny without a cloud in sight over the rainbow but the flats had their fair share. We decided last night that the return journey would be down Daphne Ridge to Taumatataua, then turn south-east to cross over to the ridge leading down to Otumore then south-east again across Pohangina Saddle and in to Longview Hut for lunch. It turned out to be a very good decision as we made our way across mainly tussock tops with great views, a light cool breeze and a glorious day. From Longview Hut, Lex and I dropped down the ridge to Kashmir Roadend and on to the truck while Craig and Anne continued along the tops to drop down another ridge track closer to Moorcock base. A most enjoyable weekend thanks to the others for their help and their company. LB

Party: Leo Brunton (leader). Craig Shaw, Lex Smith, Anne Cantrick.

Nomans - Trip 1685

23 March 1997.

The name of the leader should have been enough of a warning for most people, including myself. Last year as a novice tramper I'd subjected myself to the unexpected rigours of a Dave Harrington trip. Only later did I hear from old club hands, with knowing grins on their faces, that the trips were best described as one of "Harringtons Horrors". It maybe that we were all masochists, or it may be that the human mind has the ability to block out the pain, the cold and the discomfort of a trip from hell. Regardless, 11 intrepid people were stretched out in the truck at 6am on a grey morning heading for the hills. Well, Dave and Debbie, Peter, Marjoleine, Jenny, Ros and Doug were. Craig was behind the wheel and Mike was in the front yet again, with Sandy as co-pilot.

We reached Big Hill station about 7 am in light dnzzle. Dave produced the key from DOC and confidently approached the chained and padlocked gate barring the way to the Forest Park. After what seemed an age, and no success, he was joined by Craig and Mike all earnestly peering and prodding at the padlock. No joy! The key was just not going to fit into that hole. Dave rejoined the truck, with muttered comments about DOC staff not knowing what key was what! We drove up to the manager's house and David approached a silent house. After an age, a woman appeared with a grim Sunday morning, disturbed at 7am look on her face. She produced another key to the padlock and back down the drive we returned. Again the intrepid trio peered at the chain, now armed with 2 keys. The manager's key slid in and turned and we were through, and then the second padlock was visible on the other side of the post. If Dave had only peered over the fence, he would have seen the other padlock to fit the DOC key. Two padlocks on the one gate was too much for the powers of observation early on a Sunday morning.

At last we were driving up the road to the parking area about ½ hour from the road head. We started out from the truck in light drizzle up the hill towards Ruahine Hut about 8.30. The track was deeply rutted in places but was basically 4- wheeldrive, and would have been interesting in the truck. We turned off the road after ¾ hour and took the track along Desolution Ridge through manuka. We dropped down a spur and came out on farmland which overlooked a magnificent view of the Ngaraoro River way below us. We then descended a steep grassy slope and after successfully negotiating the electric fences, came out beside the river. A short stop for a snack and then the group split into 2 parties. Dave's party of Ros, Debbie, Jenny and Doug set off upstream about 10.30, still in light drizzle conditions. The first crossing of the Ngaroro River was about waist deep, depending on whether you possessed Dave's legs or Jenny's! Linked together we staggered across getting swept slightly downstream by the current. One easier crossing later we reached the outlet of the Waitatuki Stream. The start of unknown country to all of us. Was the "Horror Part" about to begin?

There wasn't much water in the stream to begin with. We concluded later that part of the flow must be below ground in the shingle. We made our way up the stream gorge, parallel to Desolution Ridge. The going was quite good initially, and we travelled up the stream or on the banks. Mainly manuka beside the stream but this later gave way to native bush. The stream bed was slippery and required care, water depth was from mid calf to knee mainly. Soon the gorge narrowed in places with steeper sides. From time to time the water dropped 2-4 meters over rocks and boulders requiring detours up the sides before dropping down again. Or wading in a pool up to your waist and climbing up the side of, or around boulders barring the way. Fortunately the water wasn't too cold! Dave led, clad in black woollen singlet and undies, (he claimed they were togs!) Deb brought up the rear, similarly clad. She claimed she had to be last so that we couldn't check whether she had knickers or togs. We made slow but steady progress, only occasionally having to climb up 10-12 meters to negotiate boulders or small waterfalls. The stream was beautiful. Numerous small rapids and mini waterfalls, framed by neat bush, with mossy banks to the stream. Very few log jams. On a hot summers day, this would be a delightful environment.

We stopped for lunch about 12.30, drizzle had also stopped thank goodness. Ros kept saying how much Mike would have enjoyed the trip! We pressed on and progress became slower with more obstacles in our way. At one 2m waterfall Jenny went to brace herself against a rock which unfortunately was the one over which the river was dropping. The result was spectacular as one side of her disappeared in a torrent of water. She emerged and climbed up the rocks at the side of the stream. This required a lift up from Doug standing above, who promptly lost grip on her so she disappeared under the torrent again. Some words were mouthed which couldn't be heard above the water noise!

Later, our way was barred by a massive boulder between high rock walls. Access forward was up a narrow rock chimney at the side. Dave managed to wriggle his way upwards and the rest of us followed with much grunting and levering and pulling after passing our packs up. Amazing where you can go! Progress became slower as the group became tired and colder, and as the drizzle continued. Dave kept checking progress on the map. The rest of the group had lost interest in maps at this stage! We were aiming for close to the junction of Desolution Ridge and ?. Finally at about 3.30, Dave decided we should leave the stream and climb out to the ridge to rejoin the track. At last we all cried enthusiastically! A chance for some bushbashing. With mounting excitement and growing levels of perspiration, we climbed up through dense manuka and a tangled understory of mingimingi. Progress was slow and as it

was now raining and the bush was very wet, we were all soaked. Dave claimed that it was worse up front, but nobody else went up to check so we can't verify this claim. Ros had stopped saying how much Mike would have enjoyed this, so we figured it wasn't so great any more.

After almost an hour, we reached more open going on the ridge top, and at last broke through onto the track leading to the road up to Ruahine Hut which we'd come up on earlier in the morning. We now positively bounded towards the truck about ½ hour away. Partly because it was downhill and partly because it was now pouring with rain and bitterly cold from a southerly change.

We reached the truck about 5.00pm. No sign of the other party, but nobody had thoughts for anything other than getting out of wet clothes, into dry ones and trying to get warm in the back of the truck. After some frantic and hair-raising dashes in various stages of undress, (it is now definite, no one moves faster than a chilled naked HTC member trying to get out of the rain), we were at last safely tucked up in the back of the truck, under blankets, dry and slowly getting warm again. There we waited for 1 and ½ hours till the other party returned. Their delay and adventure is their story. Needless to say, our lips are sealed concerning the comments Ros was making about Mike being late home from fishing yet again!

Finally reached home about 8.30pm. It had been a neat tramp in spite of the weather and the challenges at times. Certainly a tramp worth doing on a hot, sunny, summers day! And for those who took the challenge, it certainly lived up to the Harrington challenge category, but not the "horror".

FAMILY TRAMPS

The grotty summer weather took its toll on the family tramps with 2 tramps being cancelled (although no one had informed the Perrys that the Dutch Creek trip was cancelled and they went in the rain anyway - sorry folks) and the overnighter to Kaweka Hut being rescheduled. However we still managed to hold 5 trips during this period.

9 Feb: Waikoau tomos. Just the Lennans and the Hooper/Berrys participated in the family section of this club trip. We arrived at Lake Opouahi and had an early lunch with Bing who was staying with the Club truck. Afterwards we drove on up the road and walked along the track to the superbin and then, unlike the main Club party, we found the entry into the tomo area with no problems at all. After an hour or so in the tomo area we went back to the truck and headed home via the Waitere and Taupo Roads (Peter had a few beehives to check)

15-16 Feb: The Kaweka Hut trip was rescheduled to this weekend after a non start in January with the Holmes, Boland/Bristows, Hooper/Berrys, two Shaws, Barbara Taylor and Christopher Perry all going in for the night. This was the MACPAC weekend so there was plenty of jumping to the side of the track as a runner approached. We had hoped to camp at a site on the true left of the creek that runs down past Kaweka Hut but as there was no water in this stretch we camped at our usual campsite near the hut. Rats and possums were still in residence there and one woke Barbara (and the rest with her scream) as it ran through her tent fly. The children were most impressed to see a possum clinging to a tree trunk just a metre or

so from the fly. In the morning we packed up and headed out meeting Joanne and 3 other Perrys on the way. We were at the cars and off by early afternoon.

The 23 February saw just one family (Hooper/Berrys & Nanna Pat) headed in with the Club day party towards Cape Kidnappers. We stopped for lunch and a swim at Flax Gully and then returned. Another swim was had at Clifton while we waited for Peter to return from the weekend trip.

16 March: It was a very windy day down Porangahau way, so much so that our cars were blown sideways across the gravel on Cooks Tooth Road at times. We stopped at Macleans Bush but it was too windy so carried on down the hill to Whangaehu Beach and here too it was extremely windy with a very wild and stormy sea. We got out of the cars just to say we had been there and then got in again and watched a bach get blown over by the wind. We went back to Porangahau Beach and lunched in the shelter of some pine trees and then Mike's carload gave up and headed for home. The rest of us followed shortly afterwards but stopped for a walk at the Lindsay Rd Reserve at Waipukurau. It was much calmer here and the walk was very pleasant.

Afterwards the Perrys took us westwards along the stop bank to a tunnel which for some reason or other has been dug through the base of a hill (it was thought to have been for a water race but someone must have got their levels very wrong). Anyhow it is big enough to walk through and of a reasonable length (particularly without torches) and provided an interesting end to the day's activities.

13 April: Three families (Holmes, Perrys & Hooper/Berrys) took advantage of a glorious Autumn day and headed off towards Lawrence Hut with only 1 van load getting lost enroute (it seems that there are a few more forestry roads than when Russel last ventured out that way). Lunch was had at the river beside the swing bridge after which we crossed the bridge and followed the track towards LOTKOW. For once we had remembered to bring our plant identification books so there was quite a bit of botanizing on the way.

We stopped at the track junction above Cable Creek had another long sit in the sun and then retraced our steps back to the cars. After a visit to Lawrence Hut and the erection of a "hut" beside the small creek that flows through this area it was into the cars and off home.

Families Participating during this period were: Anthony Bull, Erika and Conal Boland-Bristow, Kerry Shaw, Ben and Edaan Lennan, Christopher, Hannah, Rebekka, Samuel, Matthew and Rachel Perry with friend Rhys, Claire & Glen Holmes and Daniel, Donna & Natalie Berry plus Mums and/or Dads and Grandma Barbara, Nanna Pat & Petals.

FIXTURES LIST:

10 May: Blowhard Bush. A lovely area with good bush walks and tomos to explore.

7 June: Mokopeka Caves and Kaharanaki. Explore the caves and view the countryside.

6 July: Tangoio Beach. A visit to Flat Rock and northwards towards Waipatiki Beach

3 Aug: Holts Forest, Tutira and White Pine Bush. A day for botanizing and bird watching.

31 Aug: Ngapaeruru Scenic Reserve, Waihi Falls and Dannevirke domain. We will feed the ducks at the domain while having lunch the visit the two small reserves which are situated to the east of Dannevirke. The falls are quite magnificent and the Ngapaeruru Reserve is one of the best remaining lowland mixed podocarp forest in Southern Hawkes Bay.

LOCAL DAY TRIPS

Gold Creek

Sunshine in Napier, overcast along Highway 50, heavy showers further on and a light drizzle at Yeoman's Mill where we met out 2 CHB contingent. We crossed the Makaroro River at 9.30 am up onto the 4 WD track along the river terraces past Craigs Hut to the junction of Gold creek.

It was 10.30 am when we commenced our trek up Gold Creek, the water level low and water temperature ideal. We criss-crossed our way upstream, avoiding the few slippery rocks and sidling around the log jams. There was some discussion among the party at how many side streams we had passed. Wayne was on the ball and correct as usual with his navigational skills. We stopped for lunch about 12.30 pm, the weather having improved greatly, with sunshine bathing our little river terrace. With a party of 20 we made steady progress to Gold Creek Hut, arriving about 2.45 pm. The hut has 4 bunks and is in tidy condition. Situated just past the third stream coming in on your right. Conscious of the time we began our only climb of the day. Overgrown the first 50 m, but for the rest of the 200 m a well-defined track through nice beech forest up onto the main ridge. After regrouping, we followed the ridge track, with glimpses of Gold Creek below us. We made good time down to the Makoro River. It was a good hour's walk back to the cars, along the shingle riverbed with frequent easy river crossing.

It was a good day trip, a nice area with good beech forest, few birds and an easy stream to meander up. We took 6 hours, slightly longer than expected, but with a large party and one needing assistance during the trip that is to be expected.

Party: Glenda Hooper, Wayne Hatcher, Christiana Stevens, Doug King, Wayne Burney, Margaret Colledge, Gavin Scoble, Roger Burn, John Jones, Jim Glass, Lyn Gentry (Mrs), Mike & Ros Lusk, Marjoleine Friedman, Robyn Madden, Al Moffit, Susan Lopdell, Kate Worsnop, John Hamilton.

Cape Kidnappers

Sounds like casual tramping but the 10.30 am start was due to the tides. We kept a steady pace along the beach, and after an hour Dave heaps arrived on his 4 wheeler with trailer to remove the remains of the fisherman's hut which had collapsed after the cliff underneath gave way. It had been there 42 years but this summer's run of rough easterly seas took their toll.

A short stop at Black Reef where one gets a brilliant close up of the gannets and chicks, then on to meet 5 who stayed the night at Rangaiika. Lunch was had sitting on a log, then Dave once again joined us on our return trip and talked about the Gannets and geological structure

of the cliffs. All very interesting. It was probably the hottest day of summer and the heat reflecting off the cliffs was too much for some. So swims in the sea were the order of the day. An enjoyable and slightly different tramp. Thanks to Dave and fellow day trampers. LG

Jenny lean, Anne Smith & friend, Mary Malone, Margaret Colledge, Ros & Mike Lusk & friend, Christine Hardie, Mrs Lyn (& Glenda Hooper, Nana, Pat, Daniel, Donna and Natalie who went as far as Rabbit Gully)

1996 END OF YEAR FUNCTION

A BBQ was held in the garden of David and Leonie Heaps at Te Awanga. Most enjoyed the late afternoon sun, while a few energetic folk bashed a ball around the tennis court.

A treasure hunt found most rummaging around the paddock and Lex and Anne Smith were the lucky recipients of the theatre pass and Wayne and Christiana won the wine. This was followed by an egg throwing and catching competition which was fund for the spectators.

Thanks to David and Leonie for the use of your home, to those who supplied BBQs and to Craig for his help in organising an enjoyable evening. Mrs Lyn

In Memoriam

Farewell Club Mother. 9 February 1997

Mrs Mavis Tremewan quickly became known to other families when on of her daughters, Annette, joined the Heretaunga Tramping Club in the late 1950s. As Annette very rapidly became club secretary, and much much more, Mrs T equally rapidly acquired the role of receptionist, telephonist, councillor and general backer-upper for a host of club duties, official and otherwise over the next decade and for a long after Annette had left the district.

Mrs Tremewan so wholeheartedly supported all her children's activities. For tramping folk, Mrs T quietly and humorously provided guidance, wisdom and expertise, cooking up suppers to support committee meetings, hosting impromptu parties, providing ideas and/or costumes for hilarious fancy dress "do's", giving guidance to insecure first timers or allaying fears of apprehensive parent of adventurous teenagers.

Mrs Tremewan always knew just what and how much, to say when handling the multitudes of phones calls and diligently recording messages, as she was so frequently called upon to do. For years the town copy of the trip lists were always left in her letter box. As the youth of Hawkes Bay slowly dwindled away from her doorstep, Mrs T kept herself involved, taking herself off to night school at age 70 years.

All those of us who gained so much form knowing her, look back on those years shared with Mrs Tremewan with gratitude and affection.

The Heretaunga Tramping Club extends its deepest sympathy to Annette and Russell Berry and the other members of the Tremewan and Miller families. Pam Turner



"The new cover"

Extract from an old Pohokura

"POHOKURA"

The Club announces with pride the birth of "Pohokura". For some time past there has been a simmering of an idea that the official mouthpiece of the HTC, the bulletin, more affectionately known as "The Old Bully", should have a more imposing title and here it is. "Why 'Pohokura'?" ask many new members. The explanation being that it is the name of the lizard which adorns the Club badge, and just in case you have forgotten your Maori mythology, here is the whole story:

"On the arrival of the Takitimu canoe the newcomers, finding the land already inhabited, proceeded down the coast to pick out a suitable site for settlement. The most venturesome of

“On the arrival of the Takitimu canoe the newcomers, finding the land already inhabited, proceeded down the coast to pick out a suitable site for settlement. The most venturesome of these was Tamatea, known as Pokai Whenua - Tamatea, the Map Roller - from the extent of his explorations. On reaching Heretaunga he set off up-country to pick up the lie of the land and eventually came to a pa called Otupae on the snowy shoulder of the Ruahine that we opposite Ruapehu in the Taruarau gap. Here, while he sat and rested, he put down his calabash which always accompanied him containing his two pets, Pohokura a lizard and Kahu-o-te-Rangi a crayfish, but when he came to pick it up his pets had escaped . Pohokura's outlines are visible today in the ridges of the Ruahine Range and the moaning of Kahu-o-te-Rangi who lurks in the valley can still be heard when bad weather is approaching”.

From an early Pohokura

ANZAC ABROAD

There's a place you may not of heard of in the South Pacific Ocean
And never read of, though I know that I've a notion,
That unless I'm back there soon, my peace of mind 'twill ruin,
Oh I must get back to the mountain shack,
And I must get back there soon.

Have you ever had the pleasure in that little land of greatness,
Despite inclement weather, of conquering the boldness,
Of rugged rearing ridges, looming large natural bridges,
That take my mind right back behind
To what's behind those ridges.

Ah for softness underfoot of the snows and the valley soil,
To mind again the trailing root in my straining uphill toil,
To see again the forest fern in the bush for which I yearn,
For no place on earth has given birth,
To finer bush or fern.

Ken McLeay

(Ken McLeay's name is on the Cairn as he is one of the 11 HTC men who died in World War 2.)

REMINDER ACTION PHOTOS PLEASE

Send to Anne or Craig ASAP
Remember to name them and name the 'stars' in them

MEETING DATES AND DUTIES		
	HOSTS	SUPPER
17 May	Ross Berry, Shirley Bathgate	Lex Smith, Jim Glass
28 May	Al Moffitt, Jenny Lean	Christine Hardie, Geoff Clibborn
11 June	Rodger Burn, Mike Malone	George Prebble, Judy McBride
25 June	Peter Berry, Debbie Thomas	Sandy Claudatos, Paul Smith
9 July	Leo Brunton, Sandy Wiggins	Anne Cantrick, Mike Lusk
23 July	Ros Lusk, Barry Pacey	John Montgomerie, Owen Brown
6 August	John Staff, Mrs Lyn	Lew Harrison, Mr Lyn
20 August	David Heaps, Deborah Turner	Pam Turner, Ed Holmes
3 September	Wayne Hatcher, Dave Cormack	Mike Bull, Robyn Madden
17 September	Alva McAdam, Peter Pryier	Liz Pindar, Philip Mardon
1 October	Chris Waldron, Paul Handyside	Martin Mallow, Marjoleine Friedeman

ENTERTAINMENT		
17 May	A "where the hell" evening	
28 May	Kiwi surveys	John McLennan
11 June	Underwater wonder	Alastair Gear
25 June	Photo competition	
9 July	Peter's turn	
23 July	Weather Watch	Graham Randall
6 August	Crossing the Arctic	Richard Reaney
20 August	Social night	

coming events - garden trail



HERETAUNGA TRAMPING CLUB TRIP LIST

The trips listed below are designed to cater for people of average fitness. Although the area for the trip is generally adhered to the suggested objectives may change for a number of reasons. For pre trip inquiries contact the leader or David Harrington (844 9059).

17-18 May	Waipunga Forest.	Maps V18, V19
An area off the Taupo Road with beautiful podocarps and possible sightings of blue duck on the Matakuhia Stream. Good tracks and camping in the area.		
<u>Leader:</u> Sue Lopdell 8446697		
<u>Driver:</u> Eddie Holmes		\$10

31-2 June (Queen's Birthday)	Waikaremoana N.P.	Map W18
Party A: Day 1: From Onepoto over Panekiri and down to Waiopaoa Hut (7-8 hours), Day 2: Waiopaoa Hut past Marauti Hut and on to Te Puna Hut for the night (6-7 hrs), then out to Hopuruahine Landing on day 3 (3-4 hrs). Wonderful bush & scenery.		
Party B: We will initially head N-E along the Mokau Track (starting near the falls) and will camp out that night. The second day will follow down the Kaipo Stream, passing the Kaipo Lagoon to reach Sandy Bay Hut for the night. On the third day we will go out to Aniwaniwa via the Lake Waikareiti Track.		
<u>Leaders:</u> A Party: David Heaps 8750088		B Party: Christiana Stevens 8788001
<u>Driver:</u> David Heaps		\$20
Extra Day Trip: 1 June: Double Peaks		
A shortened tramping version of the Triple Peaks race taking in Mt Erin and Te Mata		
<u>Contact:</u> Glenda Hooper 8774183		

15 June:	Kaweka Hut/ Kaiarahe, Sth Kaweka F.P.	Map U20
Party A is to go to Kaiarahi via the Rogue Ridge and then along the tops, down Mackintosh Spur & out to the carpark.		
Party B will also go up the Rogue Ridge but will then cut down to Kaweka Hut and go out.		
<u>Leaders:</u> A Party: Lex Smith 8774087		B Party: Robyn Madden 8449661
<u>Driver:</u> Philip Mardon		\$10

28-29 June:	Pinks Hut to Tira Lodge or Hot Springs, Nth Kaweka F.P.	Map U20
Party A will spend the night at Tira Lodge after passing through Middle Hill and Whetu. The trip out on Sunday is through Mangaturutu and Makino Hut.		
Party B will take a nice easy stroll to the Mangatainoka Hot Springs and soak the night away there. They will return out the same way on Sunday. (Don't forget your togs).		
<u>Leaders:</u> A Party: Anne Cantrick 8448149		B Party: Ross Berry 8774436
<u>Driver:</u> David Heaps		\$10
Extra Day Trip: 29 June: Hinerua Hut, Central Ruahine F.P.		
Hinerua Hut can be reached from either the Mill Road end or from Alder Road - the weather and access will help decide which route is selected for the day.		
<u>Contact:</u> Glenda Hooper 8774183		

13 July	Comet Area, Taihape Road.	Map U21
The Comet Rd turns south off the Taihape Road just after the Gentle Annie and gives access to the tussock covered top of the Komata range. From here we will drop down nearly to the Ngaruroro River via open bush beside a small stream, we can then either follow a track back up or bush bash over into the next catchment and climb up through a really nice regenerating podocarp remnant.		
<u>Leader:</u> Peter Berry 8774183		
<u>Driver:</u> Peter Berry		\$10

26-27 July Waikamaka /Waterfall, Central Ruahine F.P. Map U22
 Party A will head up the Waipawa River to Waikamaka Hut then go to Waterfall Hut via Rangi Saddle for the night. The return trip on Sunday is up Rangi Creek and on to Rangiateatua, to Three Johns and out via the Waipawa River (if adverse weather will go from Rangi Tops to Middle Stream & out).
 Party B will go up the Waipawa River and over the Waipawa Saddle to enjoy the comforts of one of our own club huts (Waikamaka) for the night. Short excursions available from the hut. On Sunday it is back out the same way.
Leaders: A Party: Craig Shaw 8437787 B Party: Leo Brunton 8447228
Driver: Craig Shaw \$10
Extra Day Trip: 27 July: Tangoio Area.
 The Tangoio Walkway will be tramped as well as other shorter walks in the area.
Contact: Glenda Hooper 8774183

10-Aug Kiwi Saddle Hut, Sth Kaweka F.P. Maps U20
 A visit to our newest Club Hut leaving from the Lakes Road carpark in the Sth Kaweka Ranges, to go over Kuripapango Hill and then on to the hut. Out the same way. Could be even more fun with snow around. An even easier trip (from the Cameron carpark to the top of Kuripapango Hill for early lunch then out to the truck at Lakes Carpark) is available provided there is a viable party.
Leader: (to Kiwi Saddle) Philip Mardon 8768558
Driver: Philip Mardon \$10

23-24 Aug Tongariro National Park Maps T19
 A chance for tramping, snowcraft training and skiing. The actual location will depend upon weather and snow conditions at the time.
Instructors extrodinaire: Eddie Holmes 8446032 and John Montgomerie 8777358
Driver: Eddie Holmes \$20
Extra Day Trip: 24 Aug: Golden Crown, Nth Ruahine F.P.
 From the Mangleton Road, up to the tops via the Golden Crown ridge with a possible return down Sentry Box Ridge.
Contact: Glenda Hooper 8774183

7-Sep LOTKOW / Jap Creek, Kaweka F.P. Maps U20
 Party A will climb up (and up) to the Clover Patch on the Black Birch Ridge from LOTKOW Road (which turns off Whittles Road just before the Kaweka Forest Park boundary). From the Clover Patch they will travel down the ridge to the Donald River, down up the Donald to Jap Creek and then up Jap Creek and back to LOTOW Road.
 Party B will go down Jap Creek from LOTKOW Road to the Donald River, travel down the Donald until the track which goes up to join with the Lawrence to Lotkow Ridge Track, then back to the truck along this track.
Leaders: A Party: Philip Mardon 8768558 B Party: Marjoleine Freideman
Driver: Geoff Robinson \$10

20 - 21 Sept Mt Tarawera \$20
 More details in the next Pohokura.

OVERDUE TRAMPERS

Although returning parties plan to be out of the bush before dark, safety considerations must come first. This may mean that parties are late returning to transport. Even after arriving back at the transport, it may take 2 hours or more to return to the embarkation point. Beginners should make sure that anyone who might worry about them is informed of this. Leaders will try to get a message through to one of the "overdue contacts" if return seems likely to be later than 10 PM. All newcomers should ensure that their own emergency number is noted in the party list that the leader leaves in town. For all inquiries about overdue trampers please ring one of the following:

Cancellations: If you can not make a trip please contact the leader BEFOREHAND so as to avoid unnecessary delays for the rest of the party.

Ross Berry 8774436

Jim Glass 8778748

Glenda Hooper 8774183

Club Meetings: These are held every second Wednesday (the one before a tramp) at the Hastings Harrier Clubrooms in Sylvan Road, Hastings. Doors open 7.25 PM, visitors are welcome.