

Club Patron:	Jim Glass	877 8748	
President:	Mike Lusk	877 8328	mrlusk@clear.net.nz
Vice President:	Glenda Hooper	877 4183	gwhoop@clear.net.nz
Secretary:	Gloria Abraham	875 1152	gabraham@free.net.nz
treasurer:	Lex Smith	877 4087	smithers@xtra.co.nz
Club Captain:	David Heaps	875 0088	
Editor:	Marjoleine Turel	875 1180	mturel@clear.net.nz
Committee:	Shirley Bathgate	877 8511	
	Geoff Clibborn	844 6039	
	Gail Harvey	873 3609	
	Glenda Hooper	877 4183	
	Bob Carter	870 0354	
	Tina Godbert	835 0064	
	Susan Lopdell	844 6697	

## Sub Committees: (Spokesperson underlined)

Environment: Shirley Bathgate, Mike Lusk, Glenda Hooper, Tina GodbertTruck: Geoff Clibborn, David HeapsFixtures: Susan Lopdell, Rodger Burn, Tina Godburn, Lex Smith,  
David Heaps, Glenda Hooper,Huts: David Heaps, Geoff ClibbornTraining: David Heaps, Gail Harvey, Andy Fowler, Andrew Taylor, Peter PryorSAR: David Heaps, Eddie Holmes, John MontgomerieMeetings: Susan Lopdell, Glenda Hooper, Lex Smith, Bob CarterSocial: Mr Lyn Gentry, Peter Berry, Gloria Abraham, Bob Carter, Graeme Hare

Scrap Book: Jim Glass

Supper: Jenny Lean

Album: Shirley Bathgate

Library: Liz Pindar (8700145)

Gear Hire: Climbing gear Ed Holmes (844 6032)

Sales Rep: Robyn Madden (844 9661)

**Club Meetings:** are held every second Wednesday (before a tramp) at the Hastings Harrier Clubrooms in Sylvan Road, Hastings. Visitors are most welcome.  
50 c donation gratefully accepted each meeting towards hall hire (*place in the old boot*).

## **CLUB NEWS**

The normally busy first quarter of the HTC year has been even busier in 2002, with the experimental introduction of extra trips in January. The support has been most encouraging, in particular for the afternoon exploration of Rabbit Gully, and the Golden Oldies Whirinaki Wander.

George Lowe visited us again and we enjoyed a fascinating talk in the Pernel Orchard Café, an ideal alternative venue when our clubrooms are unavailable. It was delightful to hear George read a letter he had written from Base Camp soon after the successful ascent of Everest, thanking HTC members for their support, and mentioning reading 'Pohokura' at the camp. About \$150 was raised for the Himalaya Trust.

Once again the Kaweka Challenge was a wonderful success, with increased numbers competing, with superb organisation and the willing participation of many orienteers, radio operators and trampers. A very large burden falls upon the organising committee, with a rapid escalation of work close to the start date in the last few weeks. I wonder if there could be a small group of people who could provide practical help to some of the busiest committee members, in those last hectic weeks.

The distribution of rubbish bags in Havelock North, while not without some drama seems to have gone smoothly for another year. Thanks to all those who helped, and in particular to Wayne Hatcher and Lex Smith for managing the event.

We have also been looking at hut maintenance, in retrospect perhaps trying to do too much in a short time, but so far Waikamaka and Howlett's each have one coat of roof paint and the tracks around each have been cleared. Randall has repaired the handle of the outer door at Howlett's and replaced the downpipe, and the ceiling there has been cleaned and repainted. Various other works at Howlett's should be completed by the end of April.

*Mike Lusk*

### **S U B S    due by AUGUST 31 2002**

ACTIVE SENIOR	\$25	ACTIVE JUNIOR	\$13
FAMILY/COUPLE	\$38	ABSENTEE/ASSOCIATE	\$10
YOUNG FAMILY	\$25		

**Late Payment (after August 31 2002) add \$5**

**Please send to:**        The Treasurer, J A Smith, 1 Reeve Drive, HAVELOCK NORTH

## **TRIP REPORTS**

### **George Stream**

**12 December 2001**

Because of weather conditions a phone call was made to the Whakatu Afforestation Block Manager on Saturday evening to find out about the water levels of George Stream. They advised the stream was normal with only spasmodic rain. Despite rain most of Saturday night we got away Sunday morning from Pernel just after 6.00am. Through Patoka and a stop at the end of Hawkstone Rd to discuss options. The decision was made to give George stream a miss due to the likelihood of flooding.

We continued on with our new destination Littles Clearing and Black Birch Range. Rain had been steady on our way in and did not let up as we put on our wet weather gear. Setting off for Black Birch Biv the track was initially damp, which progressed to running water, but the streams were not overly high as yet. Up on the top we negotiated water-covered tracks through to the Biv that was about 5/10 minutes off the main track. The biv was in reasonable shape but there was a lot of rubbish around the place.

We continued on the 'clover patch' which was very wet under foot.

At that point John & Chris took the route out to Lotkow Road while the rest of us returned by the route we had come in on. By this time with the continual rain the water level had risen on the tracks and had us walking in boot deep water. The creeks had also risen but were still manageable.

Back to the truck and after 3 to 4 hours in the rain a welcome change of clothing. Back up the road and John and Chris were waiting at the junction. We then went on to see if Pam Turner was at home but found her daughter Cathy, husband & daughter in residence. We had lunch in the dry of Pam's kitchen and then returned to Hastings by about 4.00pm.

*Lex Smith*

Party: Lex Smith, Chris Brown, Marion Nicolson, Sue Lopdell, John Berry, Glenda Hooper and Geoff Clibborn (Driver)

### **Rangitaiki Flats & Okoeke Stream**

**13 January 2002**

"I like going on Peter's trips; there's always something interesting" (overheard chance remark followed by an uncalled for number of recollections of trips that I had led that had not gone exactly to plan).

After following our noses by taking a wild guess and heading off down the second track to the left we eventually got to a spot where the truck cried "enough" and parked. This was where the frost flat area started to close in, a quick glance at the map some showed us where we were (checked up on by those of little faith sporting GPSes.).

Twenty four of us soon set off at a good pace enjoying the almost dead flat terrain of monowhai and lichens. It is a lovely valley, but somewhat marred by the heavy proliferation of motorbike tracks cutting up the ground and covering the flats and hills in a tracery of eroding scars, not the best on what is supposed to be conservation land.

After splitting up at morning tea, most followed me down a track on the true right, the rest going left, and oh the quiet joy of seeing them climb back up to follow our route half an hour later. The track although unmarked was very good and took us to within half a K of the falls, the river being particularly nice on the last piece of track where the side creek comes in, a really lovely camp site.

After the track petered out the river itself proved to be an unviable option due to the very greasy nature of the bedrock and Jeff and six others turned back while the rest of us bashed along the edge of the river until we got to the top of the falls where we had lunch.

This is where the interesting part in Peter's trips comes into play, we pushed and scrambled our way up the true right hand bank to avoid a rock face and then sidled downstream until we got to the edge of an old slip where we proceeded to descend without any trouble coming out about fifty metres downstream of the fall. And what a waterfall: 43 metres and it goes straight down. It didn't take long for temptation to get the better of us and it was soon all hands into the big pool at the base of the waterfall.

Some were content to just try to get under this immensely powerful shower but Gerald and Andy had to go one better and actually walked around behind it.

One very nice feature was the individual circular rainbow that every one who was out in the spray from the falls could see behind them.

After much admiration of this amazing waterfall with glorious sunshine streaming down from the top of it, highlighting the spray in curtains of sunlit silver, we reluctantly set off for home.

On previous trips we had had a hell of a time because of the onga and toe toe but there is now a reasonable track all the way down with only a small number of crossings and we were out waiting for the truck in less than two hours. Jeff arrived ten minutes later and we were soon heading homewards into the rain after a wonderful day.

Thanks to Jeff for driving, didn't get lost, didn't get rained or blowed on, got home on time.

May you tramp in interesting places.

*Peter Berry*

<b>Central Ruahines</b>
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<b>26 – 27 January 2002</b>
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### **Party A**

After crossing the Makaroro River with Mike's party we left them and seven of us headed up the river, passing Gold Creek and arriving at Colenso memorial after about 1 ½ hours.

The river was low with a good shingle riverbed. A very light misty drizzle just slightly on the cool side made the 1000 metres climb of Colenso spur very pleasant.

A couple of snack breaks on the way and we were soon sitting just below Te Atua Mahuru for lunch.

The drizzle had stopped but low cloud with a very slight breeze made it necessary to use map and compass to check our course as we headed north along the tops. Passing Ina rock, Tupari then the sign pointing to Kylie bivvy we were soon at the tarns near the top of Totara spur. The time I think was around 5.00 pm and with all of us feeling slightly buggered we searched out some suitable tent sites out of the wind and on the least soggy ground. This proved to be excellent to sleep on providing you kept the water under your ground sheet.

A while after erection of our tents we were joined by four members of the Napier Tramping Club and it was great to have a chat. A variety of concoctions were cooked in the mess tent. It was probably a good thing the cell phone worked because three of the seven came close to needing the Rescue Chopper (primuses, boiling water, unstable base, not to mention sheer carelessness, 'you get the picture').

Sunday dawned clear skies with a nippy little southwesterly breeze. Sandy succeeded in stirring the camp to life to see the views that we hadn't seen the day before. A leisurely breakfast and we were on the road by 7.30 am. Bodies split and headed off in different directions, some back the way we had come and others up to Trig U. The things you do to get a view. After a short while we all regrouped at the top of Totara Spur and headed down to Upper Makaroro Hut, arriving at about 10.00 am. A short smoko break and then off down the river.

The river proved to be fairly uneventful and as the day warmed up a swim became the thing to do. After about 1 ½ hours lunch was had, then after travelling a short distance further down we come to the dam. A large slip has blocked the river entirely with the only way out for the water being to filter through the shingle. The water temperature was considerably warmer below the dam than above. This happened about six or so years ago and it seems as though as fast as the huge dam pool fills with silt and shingle, so too is the dam wall being built up with the slip continually slipping.

Pack floating is not a good idea as there is absolutely no flow and it is a very long way to the far end. However on the true left at grid reference 859623 there is a fairly well worn track through open bush which climbs about sixty metres due south over a very narrow ridge then descends down to the side stream at 859621 then follows down the side stream for 200 metres back to the main river. A very easy route (which now has some red tape here and there). It also cuts quite a big chunk off the river, making it well worth while. Once back in the river it is about an hour down to Barlow Hut. During this time we met up with Mike's party and all stopped for a quick break at the Hut. From here an uneventful trip down the river to the truck, stopping en route for another swim, arriving at the truck at around 5.00 pm.

*Eddie Holmes*

A Party: Tina Godbert, Chris Waldron, Sandy Claudatos, Gail Harvey, Gerald Blackburn, Dave Heaps and Eddie Holmes.

## **Party B**

Fortified by Gail's cupcakes and loaded with fruit from Pernel Orchard, we crossed the Makororo in light drizzle, passing a fine patch of feral tiger lilies as we climbed onto the plateau. The lower part of the track from Yeoman's up to the ridge is overgrown with toetoe, and was very wet for the leader, but comfortable enough for everyone else. Never lead through wet toetoe.

Half way up Bobby had that terrible feeling one gets when one visualises one's lunches in the fridge at home, and a quick check confirmed that her fears were well founded.

Once on the ridge there was plenty of evidence of the force of the wind that sometime blows there, with large trees loose in the ground and some patches of vigorous regeneration in areas where groups of mature trees had fallen. The ridge rises steadily, and we trudged on in the clag, past the junction of the track down to Barlow's, which is sadly no longer maintained, and on towards Parke's Peak Hut, stopping for lunch on the way. Near the hut the track levels off, and

we were walking in ankle-deep water, so it was pleasant to find that the previous occupants had left the cooker burning.

The sudden change from 10 deg outside to 18 deg in, soon had several of the team asleep, so we woke them and took off steeply down to Upper Makororo Hut, dropping below the mist, admiring some small orchids and other low growing plants in flower as we went.

After an hour John and I stopped to have a rest, expecting that the tail-enders would be happy to join us. But they walked past with scarcely a glance, and were soon looking down on the river, with the hut perched on the upper river terrace. Four claimed the bunks, and most of the rest of us pitched our tents on the lower terrace, which was not easy, as the old shingle was dense and covered with only a few mm of soil. Fortunately it was a calm night. Bobby had her second sinking feeling when her tent poles were not with her tent, but as with the lunches, replacements were soon produced. We passed the evening pleasantly by a small fire in the streambed, and as usual the conversation turned to clothing. Roger extolled the virtues of polyprop grubs, and in a moment demonstrated not only that he was wearing a pair, but in his enthusiasm gave us a look at their frightful contents. Several of the more sensitive members of the club are still receiving counselling. As night fell a blue duck did its evening recce. Soon we were in our various beds, John settling in his new bright bivvy bag beside a log, looking like a large red maggot.

The night was mozzie-free, the morning clear and we made a leisurely breakfast before setting off downstream, passing many slips on the way. We had been warned that there had been one which had dammed the river, backing up a pool which offered the chance to packfloat. Just before lunch we passed the toe of a slip which had been recently cut off by the river, and this seemed likely to have solved the problem. Beyond it was a superb example of aggradation, the process whereby a riverbed is filled with shingle, making for easy travel. But our relief was premature, for around the next corner was a very large pool with the offending slip 70 m downstream. As we arrived John hooked one of the many trout which form a trapped population, but one which is probably self-sustaining, there being plenty of spawning water upstream. Once the fish had been stowed, we considered the problem of our further progress. There was obviously no way up the true left bank, the true right was heavily vegetated, and there being no current, packfloating was not a serious option, especially as some of the group were inexperienced in that method of travel. The top end of the pool was quick-mud, so having hauled Christine out of that, we sent John on a swim along the right bank, and he was able to climb out after about 25m. He forged a way back above a couple of small cliffs, and the rest of us retreated upstream 50m from where Sue led us up a steep slope to join him. Shortly we were down on the slip, sitting several metres above the level of the pool, but it seemed unwise to stay there long as the cliff above looked very unstable. It is hard to imagine the river pushing the debris away as the toe is very thick and at least 30m wide, with no shortage of rock waiting to fall.

We lunched in the sun, and proceeded on, soon to be joined by the A party, who, with a complete lack of imagination had found the established track up the true left of the pool, thereby cutting off a km of distance but missing a really interesting slip. Before long we were at Barlow's Hut, almost invisible behind a dense thicket of the Buddliea which has invaded many of the formerly grassy terraces which used to allow the easy cutting of corners. The group became very straggly, but we were all back at the truck in the late afternoon, most via the riverbed but a few by the plateau track past Craig's Hut and the tiger lilies, just as the threatening rain arrived.

This is an excellent trip, at the upper end of the B Party range. Thanks to Geoff for driving, and

to an amiable team. *Mike Lusk*

Party B. Sue Lopdell, Susan Fraser, Bobby Couchman, Rodger Burn, Geoff Clibborn, Gary Smith, Jim Hewes, Jenny Lean, Ros and Mike Lusk, Christine Snook, John Berry.

### **Golden Oldies Whirinaki Wander**

**2-3 February 2002**

I don't know what Robyn was telling them all in the back of the truck, but there was much hilarity as we drove towards Taupo to pick up Anne and Lex before heading down State Highway 38 to Okahu Rd Carpark. Arrived there about 10.30 pm on Friday evening and a miniature tent city sprang to life with about 10 hardy souls sleeping in the truck.

The early risers appreciated the dawn chorus; what an abundance of birdlife around this DoC campsite.

After breakfast everyone set off along a very good benched track that gently climbs up to a saddle and then follows the stream to Skips Hut, which is nestled on a grassy plateau above the stream. A lucky few had come across some Blue Duck with their young hiding amongst the Toi Toi on the stream's bank. The track continued downstream, then gently ascended to another saddle. Here we found some of the party lounging about in the sunshine awaiting the last group. From there we dropped down to the Whakangutuwhio Stream, crossed it over one of the many bridges and on to Wairoa Hut.

The hut sits on a bush clad terrace near the Moerangi Stream. Built in the 1950's, it has largely been left in its original form to maintain its character, with its beautiful stained glass window above the bunks.

On the river terrace below the hut, tents were erected and the billy put on for the 'senior' members who went extremely well, some had not been on a weekend trip for years.

A few of us went up to the Moerangi stream for about an hour in search of the Blue Duck but all we saw were trout, which had Mike enthusing, but alas, he hadn't brought his rod. On arrival back at the hut we were informed that 2 Blue Duck had been spotted just below the river terrace.

A social time was had; the card players took over the hut whilst the rest lounged outside, listening to birdlife and reminiscing of past tramping trips before retiring to bed.

Sunday dawned drizzling and after breakfast many set off on the return leg. About 7 of us followed a track towards Mangakahi Hut, our object to have a look at Robert Collins Camp about 30 minutes away. Here a local concessionaire has erected a large tarpaulin and a couple of large tents to accommodate his clients. It was very quiet- Robyn and I being careful not to waken the 2 girls left in charge as it was only 7.30 am.

We spooked a deer on our return and it was a tidy up of the hut and area before we went on our way, arriving back at the truck about 1.15 pm. A few hardy souls slipped down to the stream for a wash, before departing to Taupo. A brief stop to give Geoff a rest and some a feed before arriving in Napier about 8.30 pm.

This trip was arranged to enable the more senior members to come on a weekend tramp – an area with a good track, streams, and rivers bridged and a couple of gentle uphill. It was a good social trip for all concerned

Thanks to Geoff for all the driving and everyone for their company and good humour.  
A bonus for me was arriving home to find my 14 yr old black cat had returned after being missing for 40 days !  
*Susan Lopdell*

Party: Geoff Glibborn, Pam Turner, Owen Brown, Ros and Mike Lusk, Lyn and Lyn Gentry, Robyn Madden, Judy McBride, Barbara Taylor, Bobby Couchman, Joan Ruffell, Rodger Burn, Gary Smith, Anne and Lex Smith, Liz Pindar, Shirley Bathgate, Susan Lopdell.

### **Waikamaka Working Bee**

**10 February 2002**

The large slip coming off the southern end of 66 was clearly visible from the road on the way in and we anticipated an ideal day for the painting of the hut roof. Soon after 8am we were in the riverbed enjoying an easy walk on smooth shingle and with little water in the Waipawa. Once beyond the junction with the north branch, however, the going becomes steeper and more bony, the track up the true left being largely gone, and the first wisps of cloud were descending onto the saddle. As we climbed higher, we found large numbers of the subalpine plants were in flower, many different white ones, and small patches of purple harebells. Towering above them were many orange Spaniard seedheads, and it was obvious that there had also been an excellent flowering of yellow *Ranunculus* and *Bulbinella*. The eroded gully over the saddle has expanded further sideways, and one small portion of the track will not be there much longer.

After a quick lunch at the hut we climbed onto the roof, with the help of the stout rope Sue had carried in, and soon had the rust and flaky paint scraped off and the new yellow paint flowing. The slope of the roof is just gentle enough to allow one to stand in bare feet without slipping, though the rope was reassuring. By 12.30 the first coat was on and as nobody wanted to walk up the stream towards Rangi Saddle, we yarned inside, except Gail who curled up and slept as befitted the youngest in the team. All the while the cloud was descending and the paint drying more slowly, and it eventually became obvious that a second coat would need to wait for another time. So we stowed the paint (there is plenty for the next coat) under the bunks, and pushed through the clag on the saddle, arriving back at the truck in brisk time, just as the rain began.

While it was disappointing to have failed to complete the job, we all enjoyed the day, and should be able to get the second coat on soon, perhaps painting the interior at the same time. *Mike Lusk*

Party. Sue Holmes, Sandy Claudatos, Jenny Lean, Chris Waldron, John Berry, Judy McBride, Gail harvey, Mike Lusk

### **Howlett's Hut Working Bee**

**2-3 March 2002**

[The prospects of having roof-painting weather were not very good, but we decided to go, making slow progress up a slightly murky, rising river and into a brisk headwind. But it was not raining, and we were able to eat an early lunch on the grass at Daphne Hut, which was infested by a large number of small children. While some of us yarned Sue and Randall did some measuring for the impending renovations, soon finding that one of the adults was the builder responsible for the original construction by the Takapau Lions.



Ros decided to get an early start up Daphne Spur, and set off, having been told that the new track marker was very obvious. Tony followed her and I was next. I noticed that of the 2 markers opposite the hut the one on the true right bank of the small stream was by far the more obvious, and not far up the spur I began to worry that Ros might have gone up the wrong side of the stream, the more so when I could not find any small footprints, and had not caught up with her. So I was not entirely surprised when I arrived at the hut soon after Tony and Ros was not there. I was pretty sure that she would, in fact be on the wrong track and would have worked out what had happened. So, dismissing my initial concern as to whether her life insurance premium was paid, we consulted with Sue and Randall over a brew, and thanks to Randall's radio, let SAR know that we had a problem. Randall and Tony volunteered to travel south along the tops, across the saddle at the headwaters of the stream, then turning north to go back to Daphne Hut, thus intercepting Ros on the way if she was still on the track. So they set off in very bleak conditions, while Sue and I went back down the spur, where, a short distance into the bush, we met Ros, who had done as I had guessed, realised that something was amiss, and had returned to Daphne. There she had worked out what had happened, written in the Hut book, and come up the right track. Since we were not far into the bush, we decided, as arranged with the others, to return to Howlett's. As soon as we left the bush we spotted Tony and Randall far away, descending into the saddle, Randall's yellow parka very visible, and Tony's orange pants less so. Sue also had a yellow parka, but in spite of an hour's waving it we failed to attract their attention, finally giving up as they disappeared into the bush. We were comforted by the fact that they would be in Daphne Hut overnight, knowing that Ros was ok, but unhappy that we had no way of contacting SAR.

Back at Howlett's we fired up the stove with some of Tony's coal, eventually blowing out the candles at about 9pm. Just as we drifted off to sleep there was a tremendous hammering on the door, Tony and Randall having decided to come up and join us, for a very happy reunion. SAR was soon notified and eventually we settled again, waking occasionally to gusts of wind and driven showers.

Sunday was windy and intermittently wet, so we prepared the west side and the southern end of the east side of the roof, tidied up the coal, and made an inventory of the tools and materials stored inside, filling a sack with rubbish as we did the last. It would be good to have a pick there for the next time a toilet hole needs to be dug, which will be soon, as there is only a foot of freeboard in the present dunny. In the report of the trip involving the last dunny shift is advice for finding the previous hole, which should by now be reusable. Soon after lunch we were back at Daphne, and proceeded down a much more gentle river, farewelling Tony at the next small stream below the Moorcock Base Track, and reached the car just as Marion's vehicle disappeared down the track.

While it was disappointing to have failed in our primary objective we had a productive weekend, and were happy that a major search was not required. This was in good part due to the fact that Ros worked out early that something was wrong, and thereafter did everything right, especially writing in the Daphne Hut book. Ros and I are most grateful to the other three, especially to Randall and Tony for undertaking some very strenuous travel on our behalf, and of course it was good to know that SAR was waiting in the back ground. *Mike Lusk*

Party: Sue Holmes, Randall Goldfinch, Tony Gates, Ros and Mike Lusk

There we were, in cosy Howletts Hut, with a fresh, unread morning newspaper, half a tonne of coal to burn, plenty of food, and atrocious weather outside. However, with one party member missing, we could not rest. Although we figured that Ros most likely would have inadvertently taken the Daphne Hut- Longview Hut track, we couldn't really work out where she would have turned back for Daphne Hut- or she could be up on the tops in the storm. Along towards Otumore, the mist did offer intermittent visibility, but there was no respite from the howling wind once out of the leatherwood. If she had continued climbing to the tussock tops of Daphne spur and Oroua Saddle, she would have been pummelled by the wind. The tops were not an attractive place to be for a tired trumper in the early evening.

After notifying Hastings of our predicament by radio, Randall and I set forth, reasonably well fortified with hot drinks, and carrying light packs. We skittered, crawled, and drunkenly staggered south west along Daphne spur. The wind made it amazingly difficult to concentrate, as we tried to look around. Little did we realise that Mike, Sue, and Ros were observing us from the shelter of the forest at the bush edge- Ros had successfully rescued herself.

We continued through the Oroua Saddle, happy with improved visibility, but still severely buffeted by the wind. Once over the other side, we blundered on down, desperately seeking shelter. We noted the numerous Spaniards flowers there, like those just outside Howletts Hut. They were very beautiful, and certainly could not be ignored, even in our tired state. Once in the shelter of the leatherwood, Randall radioed base, happily reporting no fresh boot prints. The long plod back to Daphne Hut follows a good track through beech forest, and offered us views of Daphne Spur- so close, but so far away. The track ended with a humiliating steep descent.

Once at Daphne hut, there was no option but to grunt up Daphne Spur once again to Howletts Hut. The second time in an afternoon! Thankfully, Ros had signed in at the Daphne Hut log book (correct time, but yesterdays date!), so we knew that our friends were safely up at Howletts. Randall had radio calls to make, and needed altitude to gain reception. We brewed up quickly, wolfed down some food, then set off with an hour and a half of daylight left.

Now "Gentle Daphne" may have other unprintable names, but on this particular tramp, I wasn't really in any mood to even think about them. The old legs wanted to go up, the heart and lungs cooperated too, but the stomach didn't. Ugh. By the time we reached the semi flat ridge section, despite Randall's cheerful banter, I was ready to curl up under the nearest tree for the night. But Howletts Hut, as you probably know, is a very attractive haven- and it was going to be a dark, cold, wet night. The first ascent that day of the spur took me 1 hour 45, the second 2 hrs 45! On the last section, dark, gloomy, tussock whipped in our faces. Randall carried my pack (it was pretty light), and gave me great relief. The last few paces to Howletts were done in the by then a familiar style of a drunken stagger.

Sleep was not particularly difficult in coming that night!

Randall and I set off early Good Friday morning, with clear skies, but with a cloud cap on the Ruahines making us increasingly nervous as we approached the roadend. The Tukituki was low, and having been there recently we remembered the easy crossings and short cuts, making Daphne in 1.5 hrs. The first grunt up the spur slowed us down a bit but it wasn't too long before we were out of the bush and into a routine NW gale, with swirling clouds above us driving east and dissolving as soon as they were over the farmland. Needless to say it was cold too, and it was great to be safely inside the hut, especially as Anna Kournikova was there to greet us, in print if not in person. Randall began emptying his pack, producing in turn, a prefabricated wooden attachment for the ladder enabling us to hook safely onto the ridge of the roof, a wide variety of tools with which to repair the outer door handle, hedgeclippers and secateurs, 2 loaves of bread, a dozen hot cross buns, 1 large cauliflower and an equally large broccoli head, and the best part of a side of pig converted to bacon. I watched in amazement and reflected that we could comfortably have opened up Howlett's General Store.

Randall started on the door, and I scraped down the rest of the roof, using the spade technique pioneered by Randall on the last trip. Beats a wire brush any day. About this time I felt the need to pass water, so I nicked over the ridge, and stood in the tall tussock with my back to the gale. The tussock was thrashing about in the wind and this had the unfortunate effect of creating a very effective fan. As I dried my face, I reflected that it could have been worse! The wind and cloud persisted, but rain did not appear to be imminent, so after a bit of dithering and trimming of all the tracks, we decided to risk putting a coat on the roof, taking about an hour, using 2L of paint and needing several layers of clothing. By 6pm the paint first applied at 3pm as still wet, and a light drizzle started, so we looked glumly at Anna and ate our dinner. The gale raged all night, but there was no more rain until 6am, when the paint was still wet, but we were pleased to see that only a little had washed off. While I washed the ceiling Randall replaced the rusted downpipe with the one he had prefabricated, and that done we jointly freed the tilting grate in the stove, it having become jammed with ash. There is a concern that the next person who finds it jammed will be less gentle, so anyone going there please clean the stove out and make sure the grate moves freely. By lunchtime the roof paint was finally dry, and will, we hope, have coped with the snow which fell a few days later. After lunch we fired up the stove and painted the ceiling, finishing just as a couple of trampers, who had come across the tops from Longview arrived to the powerful smell of newly applied oil-based paint. After a quick look at Anna they seemed to cope better and busied themselves reading Tony's information, which is a great asset to the hut. Just before we left we measured the rotten duckboards in front of the tank, tied the tops of the 2 sacks of rubbish, and Randall packed the seats of the 3 hut chairs for refurbishing. We hope that new duckboards and the chair seats can be flown in while Ed is working on Daphne Hut, and that the rubbish can come out. The wind was still strong as we left, and a persistent drizzle was driven before it, lasting until we climbed out of the riverbed. The main work remaining to be done is a second coat on the roof, which should probably wait until late in the year, and a coat on the internal walls. Thanks Randall for being a great packhorse and an entertaining companion, and for the expert manufacture of the downpipe and the ladder hook.

*Mike Lusk*

Party: Mike Lusk, Randall Goldfinch

**Party A**

Because of the distance to drive a Thursday night start was decided on, leaving Pernell at 6.45pm. Most of us snoozed in the back of the truck and were grateful for the drivers' efforts in the front. We had a tea stop at Dannevirke and then back on the road towards Stratford where we were to spend the remainder of the night at Glenda's sister and brother-in-law's Place, (Audrey & Robert).

Dairy Farm sounds of dogs and motorbikes woke us early on Friday morning. The sun was shining and Mt Taranaki looked inviting. Breakfast time and then back in the truck and heading to Kohi Saddle on the upper Mangaehu Road. After some sorting out of gear it was on with the boots and the heavy four-day packs. We left the truck and Kohi Saddle at about 9.30am heading to Omaru Hut. The track was wide and very well graded. Sue's B Party left us after about an hour walking. We arrived at Omaru Hut at 11.00am with the sun still shining while we had a morning snack. The next destination was Pouri Hut where we were staying for the Friday night. The track was very easy walking with no big ups and downs so we decided to take a detour up Mt Humphries from the Northern ridge and back down the southern side onto the main track again. A sharp eye is needed to find the start of this track onto the ridge, as it is not a well-used track. It was a steady climb of about 200m with some bluffs to sidle under before reaching the top. The day was starting to cloud over by this stage but the views were definitely worth the climb, and provided a lovely spot to have lunch. Time was getting on so it was back on with the packs and down the other side of Mt Humphries towards Pouri Hut, arriving at 4.30 in the afternoon. Four other trampers that we had met earlier in the day were also staying in the hut, but there was plenty of room for everyone. Peter, Glenda, Basil, Audrey and Ryorta, who were going to move the truck to the Taumatatahi Rd end, also spent the night at Pouri so there were lots of laughs and card games before bed.

Saturday was going to be a long day, so it was up early and out into the changing weather which was now overcast and drizzly. The six of us left Pouri at 8.00am on our way to Maungarau Hut, again with the track providing very easy ridge top travel. The bush was wonderful; lots of tawa trees complete with tasty berries, and the sweet smell of easter orchids in flower. After walking for 2 hours we reached the track junction which heads south to Maungarau Hut. The track was very well marked with orange triangles however lots of windfalls slowed our travel. There was evidence of large numbers of goats in this area, and it was not long before we started to see and hear them. John kept us amused by calling to the goats and telling us of how he could call one right up to him. Tina spotted a large completely hollow log on the side of the track, so it was off with our packs and time to be silly, with 3 of us squeezed into this log for a photo, but not so easy getting out! We arrived at Maungarau Hut at about 4.00 in the afternoon. This is a smaller hut, very clean and tidy, but no fireplace. It sits near the top of the ridge, with a helipad just above it. On a clear day the views from this helipad would be fantastic. After boiling water for washing, hot drinks and consuming lots of nice food it was into the sleeping bags for another early night. This hut even had pillows!

The following morning, the Easter Bunny had been, so we were out to the helipad to find the easter eggs. I don't think we found them all - maybe the goats beat us to them. We left

Maungarau Hut at 10.30am. It was now raining at times, so the coats were on and off all day. The bush was quite open underneath apart from the supplejack, and more goat and pig sign evident. It was still easy ridge travel, with the track now descending towards the Pokeka Stream, which we had to cross. This stream comes up very quickly with little rain and with the muddy bottom and logjams would be dangerous to cross, however we had no problem crossing it. Just before this stream Andy had a tumble head first into a punga and came wandering down the track with bleeding gums and bits of punga in his mouth. Not a pretty sight but fortunately not too serious. Pokeka Hut is just the other side of this stream and was being used by pig hunters. It was not at all inviting, as it was very dirty, smelly and dogs had been inside and outside the hut. We decided to camp further downstream, after all, we had been carrying tents all the way. About 20 minutes down stream we finally all agreed on a suitable campsite amongst the pungas. We pitched the tents in a small clearing and had a hot drink. It was still quite early, about 4.00pm, so to pass the time we set about constructing a shelter. Dead punga logs were lashed between two trees with supplejack vine. Soon everyone was helping, with Eddie in charge of the roof thatching using punga leaves. I thought it was worth trying to get a fire going which proved a real challenge as everything was very wet. After an hour or so of persevering, and lots of help from firewood gatherers, we had a good campfire going in front of the shelter. The shelter was big enough for all of us to cook and eat our tea in. It was time for bed, but the shelter and fire looked so good that 3 of us spent the night under it in front of the fire. The roof thatching was tested with early morning rain and hardly dripped - I was impressed.

We packed up our wet tents and left the punga camp at 8.30am and followed a muddy track beside the Pokeka stream. The weather had deteriorated, with heavy rain at times and was colder. We sheltered in an old totara slab hut, long enough for a bite to eat, but we were getting cold so kept moving. The track was now a very slippery 4WD track back on farmland, and by 11.45am the truck was in sight at Taumatatahi Road end. Quick changes into dry clothes and we were heading for home.

Altogether a very enjoyable trip, nice to see some new county. Thanks to everyone, especially the drivers.

*Gerald Blackburn*

A Party: Andy Fowler, Tina Godbert, Gail Harvey, John Berry, Eddie Holmes, Gerald Blackburn

### **Party B**

Thursday the truck departed Pernel Orchard 7.00pm with 11 trampers – some late defections. Peter and Glenda had gone earlier in the day with their family. Stops in Dannevirke (to feed the famished) and Waverley to pick up Peter and Glenda then on to Stratford for the night at Audrey's Mountain Lodge. It was 1.00am by this time and while some stayed and slept in the truck a few enjoyed a cuppa with Audrey & Basil (Glenda's sister and brother) before turning in. Friday after a hearty breakfast headed up the Whangamomona Road to Kohi Saddle arriving at 9.00am. 9.20am all 15 (including Audrey & Basil) departed the truck and tramped together for 30/40 minutes before our party of 4 separated off and headed for Puteore Hut arriving 5.30pm. We encountered heavy bush and the some large open clearings. Initially good bench track but later more undulating with a good variety of mature trees, old windfalls and unfortunately 7/8 goats. Coming up the last spur of the day there was some consternation at only seeing a cleared hut site but all was revealed in a hollow behind the fern and bush. A good meal and bed by about 7.30pm – dark.

Saturday up about 7.00am, breakfasted, cleaned up hut and away by 9.00am. Up the track 20 mins to Puteore junction and onto the ridgeline which included high points including Umukakapo, Waipatoa and Tahupo before descending to arrive at 2.00pm at Tahupo Hut tucked under a ridge. Entertained at lunch enroute by robins and tomtits – a lot of bird life heard in the forest. Some very large trees, a lot of ferns and more windfalls and goats on the track. Relaxed, wrote up trip report and dined before another early night.

Sunday up early again and away by 8.00am once again on the continuous ridge track system. Lunched about noon and encountered first rain but short lived. On to the Trains Hut junction and our first real drop in altitude to the Omaru Stream. The three-wire bridge crossing was interesting being a bit more flexible than desired. However was encountered without mishap with only a 15-minute walk to Trains Hut by 2.00pm. Well settled in before Peter, Daniel (P's son) and Ryota arrived about 4.30pm. Being a good two-bench bunk hut there was plenty of room for all. Cooking space not so good but we all managed well and yes another early night.

Monday up and away by 7.40am in rain which we encountered all the way out to the Waitotara Road end arriving there at noon. Crossed some interesting swing bridges, encountered some very wet and muddy track and hill slips and lunched at an early settler farm house – derelict and long since abandoned. Arrived at the same time as the other party and after a quick change Peter drove back to Waverley and Glenda's mother's place for tea and biscuits – thank you Glenda's mum

Departed about 2.00pm arriving back at Pernel about 6.00pm.

*Lex Smith*

'The Party': Susan Lopdell, Susan Fraser, Gary Smith, Lex Smith

Thanks to Drivers; Peter Berry, John Berry and Ed Holmes and Glenda's family hosts.

<b>A Very Late Trip Report</b> <b>Mokai Patea – Hikurangi</b>	<b>November, a couple of years back.</b>
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This report was sitting mostly completed on my office desk for just over two years so because I hate writing trip reports I decided better late than wasting my effort.

Saturday dawned a fine day after some dull weather in the Bay. Several bods met at Pernel as usual (a good number for a weekend tramp) at 6.00 am. Dave Heaps and I were joining the 'A' party trip for Saturday and leaving them Sunday morning at Wakelings. This was my first tramp since Queen's Birthday weekend so Saturday was very cruel to me.

I slept like a log through persistent rain had started to fall the previous evening and, to our disgust, was to worsen and continue for some days. After a comical breakfast we donned wet weather gear and farewelled the 'A' party who were heading up river to Waikamaka Hut and our over Waipawa Saddle.

Leaving Wakelings Hut and tucking straight into a 600 m+ climb with 4 days tucker is not my idea of fun when you're not fit. However after a short distance along Mokai Patea in crap weather and we were able to drop off a razor back little ridge and descend 700 metres into the Kawhatau River arriving a Crow Hut for lunch and shelter from the rain at 11.00 am (3 ¼ hours from Wakelings).

11.45 saw us back on the track again travelling about 30 minutes up river before climbing out on the true left and attacking our second 600m climb of the day, arriving at McKinnon Hut at 2.00 pm. McKinnon Hut is situated just above the bush line on the north-eastern side of the Hikurangi Range and is extremely exposed – e.g. the toilet door had to be wired shut.

About 3.00 pm the rain increased significantly and the wind became extreme, not easing all of Sunday night nor Monday. The hut shook violently and two real men trapped inside were fast becoming little wimps, expecting the hut to be torn from its foundations and smashed down the hillside. The rivers by now would be totally out the question so an exit down the Kawhatau to the Taihape side couldn't happen. Around midday we surfaced from our pits and dressed up and ventured out to collect firewood. Task in hand and fire lit we indulged in breakfast at about 2.00 pm (we had decided it was best to conserve food as it was looking seriously like becoming a 5 or 6 day tramp.)

Monday night made Sunday look like a practice session weatherwise so when Tuesday dawned fine we knew we couldn't muck around. A hurried breakfast and packs on we flew out the door and up the three hundred or so metres to the tops and proceeded at a brisk pace south to Hikurangi then on to Mangaweka, Iron Peg and after crossing the slightly precarious Hawke's Bay range we ascended the slopes of Ohuinga.

As I recall it was about 1.30pm and although weary we decided to give it a hiding and push on for the road that afternoon instead of camping as was the plan originally. The 200 m descent followed by some stiff uphill of the same brought us onto Paemutu then dropping again into another large saddle before climbing South Rangi then Rangiateatua itself. By now we were pretty much totally spent so auto pilot down to Three Johns and Waipawa Saddle to see whether the Waipawa river was viable or whether we would have to travel over '66' and around through Sunrise Hut. From the Saddle the river was from bank to bank and filthy brown so men being men down we went to view it up close. On arriving down there it was as it looked but with venturing out into it a wee way we discovered that it was a mere 8 inches deep, evenly covered with fine shingle and was soon to become a record breaker. 45 minutes from bush line to car park. Not once did we stumble or fall in a hole nor trip on branches or rocks (there weren't any), arriving at the car just on dark more than slightly pooped. *Eddie Holmes*

Party: Dave Heaps and Eddie Holmes.

## PRIVATE TRIPS

**Stewart Island**

**Januari 2002**

Our 6 day trip started with a trip in the water taxi across to Ulva Island to visit the bird sanctuary. We deposited our packs in the boatshed of what used to be the island's Post Office and explored the island walking the raised shingle paths. We saw kaka, kakariki, weka, robin, tomtits, warblers, kereru but not the elusive saddleback.

About 3.30 pm we were picked up by the water taxi and Christine, sped across Paterson Inlet to Fred's Camp and on reaching the jetty clambered across a large launch to get to the wharf.

New year's Day saw us on the track to Rakeatua Hut, following the shoreline of the Southwest arm of Paterson Inlet over an undulating track crossing many unbridged streams. At a well used campsite we boiled the billy and had lunch in brilliant sunshine. After 7 hrs we arrived at the 6 bunk hut. We spied numerous kiwi signs around the hut and in the night one was faintly heard.

The next day we set off around midday to climb through the bush and sub-alpine scrubland to the rocky summit of Mt Rakeahua (696 m), passing a very clean tarn on the way. About  $\frac{3}{4}$  of the way up only 4 of us continued in the mist to the top from where we could not see anything. On the downward trip the mist lifted and we were given views of Paterson Inlet and Mason Bay. A NZ dotterel was spotted and Christine, who had stayed behind at the tarn, had spotted a lizard (gecko) and thought she had heard a wild cat (there are lots in this area unfortunately). We arrived back at the hut to find a couple putting up their tent. They had been tramping for 16 days around the island.

About 4 am on the morning of the 4<sup>th</sup> of January, we were awoken by a spectacular thunderstorm which lasted 4 hours. About 8.30 am we set off along the Rakeahua valley, with a few puddles to cross, then waded across a slightly flooded track, 500m on we had to packfloat down the flooded stream. Unfortunately for Judy her pack, especially top pocket, got very wet; the rest of the party enjoyed eating her goodies as we dried out. We continued on through bush before gently climbing up to Mt Doughboy where I managed to trip whilst sidling the bogs and staked my left hand on a leatherwood stump. After some excellent first aid (thanks team mates) we descended down a very steep and rutted bouldery track to Doughboy Bivy. For all the derogatory comments about this place it was full of rustic charm, very clean and tidy and especially enjoyed by me after a 9 hours tramp.

On the 5<sup>th</sup> we set off along the beach, careful to avoid the areas of quicksand, stopping to view the cave shelter, then leaving the beach to climb steeply up Adam's Hill. It was swampy after the downpour. We then descended towards Mason Bay. Just before the track leaves the forest, Susan spied a white tailed deer. The next  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour we walked over large sanddunes and finally dropped down onto Mason Bay. It was a good 7 km along the beach with squally showers at our backs as we trudged towards Mason Bay Hut, all the way hoping there would be spare bunks as we were all tired after another 9  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour day. Mason Bay Hut is set 20 minutes inland from the beach, 20 bunks. It is a very popular destination as one can fly into Mason Bay or tramp in from Deep Water landing (4 hrs).

We all had a bunk, managed to have a wash, a couple of nurses checked my hand. Then within 10 minutes of kiwi spotting we saw 1 briefly as it sped across the track in front of us.

Our last day saw us following an old vehicle track to the DoC warden's residence (the old homestead of Inland Hill Farm), then over flat tussock and through manuka country over boardwalks to Freshwater Landing Hut. The watertaxi driver picked us up at 6 pm which ended our southern circuit trip.

Back in Oban we showered, washed clothes and arranged for our next trip, a slightly altered one than planned. The watertaxi dropped us at Bungaree Hut. The sea was calm which made it easy for us to clamber over the side of the boat and wade to shore. We were watched by 8 trampers having breakfast on the deck of the hut. We meandered around the hut, explored the beach and rocky island before 5 of us set off to Murrays Beach, a golden sandy beach stretching for miles, just 2  $\frac{1}{2}$  hours tramping from the hut.



The following day we farewelled Christine who had to catch a flight back to Napier before leaving for Sabbah on the 12<sup>th</sup>. We then wandered along the beach climbed through some excellent bush before dropping to Sawyers Bay and Port William Hut (Great Walk) for the night. The next day we walked part of the Rakiura Walk. A lot of consists of boardwalks. We stopped at Maori Beach to see the remains of a boiler which was part of the mill and remains of pilot whales which had beached in the late 1990's. Finally we came out to Lee Bay and plodded along the road back to Oban.

There are many backpacker places that can be booked ahead. We stayed at the Island Backpackers for \$20 pp and can recommended this one or Anne's Place.

Water taxi cost are uniform and we used Seaview Water Taxi. The 'driver' Ken gave us a very good deal.

For those who may want to visit this magnificent place, whether serious tramping or the numerous walks around Half Moon Bay, it is highly recommended. To get an idea about the cost: Return flight Napier-Invergargill \$350, Return Ferry \$84, Flight across with Southern Air \$150, Backpackers \$20/night, Water taxi Ulva Island \$16 , Fresh Water Landing \$33, Bungaree \$40. Local supermarket has everything foodwise and also sells gas cannisters at the same price as on the mainland. *Susan Lopdell*

Party: Susan Fraser, Karen Halley, Sue Holmes, Christine Hardie, Judy McBride, Susan Lopdell

### **Tina's Famous Chocolat Brownies**

#### **Ingredients:**

100g butter  
2 eggs  
1 cup of sugar  
1 tsp vanilla ess  
3/4 cup flour  
1/4 cup cocoa  
1 tsp baking powder  
1/4 to 1/2 cup nuts (optional)

1. Mix Melted butter, eggs, sugar and vanilla ess. Beat with fork.
2. Combine dry ingredients.
3. Mix wet and dry ingredients.
4. Pop in flat bottomed microwave dish.
5. Microwave on full for 6 to 10 mins (depends on micro power)
6. Sprinkle with icing sugar.

It will firm up when left to sit after microwaving.

**UPCOMING SOCIAL EVENTS**

**Puketitiri Pantopra Players**

*Alias "OPERA IN THE RANGES"  
The Very Talented Group of Country Folk  
under the Baton of Deborah Turner are performing*

**"GUYS AND SHEILAS"**

*VENUE: Hutchinson Domain Sporting Complex, Puketitiri  
DATE: 5 July 7.30 pm*

And we are ALL INVITED!!

Meet the cast over mulled wine and supper afterwards. This is their 5<sup>th</sup> year of productions so celebration expectations are high!

Rumour has it that the DOC boys are providing the Dancing Troupe!

Usual farm hospitality is offered over the weekend: 10 beds, floor space, tent sites, dog kennel (for truant males!) and this year extra wine glasses and a microwave oven!

**B Y O EVERYTHING** (soup, milo, tea, coffee, sugar, tea towels provided)

Farm and Bush walks, nearby Kaweka Forest Park, hotpools, fishing

**COME AND GO AS YOU WISH**

**EARLY SHOW BOOKINGS ESSENTIAL**

\$10 to Pam Turner, ph 876 8995

**...STOP PRESS....**

**WEDDING BELLS** have been heard recently.....!

Congratulations to Joc Hall and Dave Cormack, who recently got married.

## CLUB MEETINGS

DATE	TOPIC	SPEAKER/COMMENTS	HOSTS	SUPPER HELP
8 May	Photography	A speaker from the Photographic Club will give tips on taking good shots.	Tina Godbert, Lyn Gentry	Glenda Hooper, Jim Hewes
22 May	Coming trips	Please bring some prints &/or slides of the forth coming trips to show.	Pam Turner, Eddie Holmes	Judy McBride, Susan Fraser
5 June	Informal night	A cup of tea and a natter after the business part of the meeting.	Shirley Bathgate, Gail Harvey	Andrew Taylor, Chris Waldron
19 June	Goods Expo	Come and view tramping gear currently available	Marion Nicholson, Sandy Claudatos	Andy Fowler, Rodger Burn
3 July	Photo Competition	The Annual Competition - Details will be given in preceding meetings	Peter Berry, Lynette Blackburn	John Montgomerie, K Nugent
17 July	Informal night	After organising coordinators for the coming tramps there will just be a cup of tea and a natter.	Bobby Couchman, Jim Glass	Chris Waldron, Lyn Gentry
31 July	Why Wash	Annie's travels in Peru & Bolivia	Dave Cormack, Garry Smith	Liz Pindar, Bob Carter
14 Aug	Ruapehu	As an entree for the weekend's Ruapehu Trip there will be slides, prints anecdotes etc. of previous Ruapehu trips.	Robyn Madden, Marjoleine Turel	Sue Holmes, Mandy Leslie
28 Aug	Quiz Time	Plant ID and a quiz on tramping places & things	Graeme Hare, Randall Goldfinch	John Berry, Geoff Clibborn

### Duties of those on Supper and Host:

**HOSTS:** Greet visitors and fill in visitors book. Sweep floors and check that heaters and lights are off at the end of the meeting.

**SUPPER:** Put zip on, cups etc out, wash dishes and leave kitchen clean and tidy at end of evening and generally help Jenny.

## CHANGE OF ADDRESSES Since Dec 2001

Name	Address	Phone
Bob Carter	Tuki Tuki Hills Rd, RD 2, Hastings	879 5609
Clive & Karen Thurston	415 Otumoetai Rd, Tauranga.	07 576 6717
David & Debbie Harrington	PO Box 1031 Napier	025 325726
Joan Ruffell	409 Southampton St E Hastings	876 0531
Jenny Lean	236 Warwick St, Hastings	876 9722
John & Karen Berry	46 Arataki Road, Havelock North.	877 6205
Marjoleine Turel	3 Tirimoana Place Te Awanga	875 1180
Joan Smith	Masonic Village, Devonshire Place, Taradale.	
Michelle Culpan	C/- PA Wagner, 2/194 Forrest Hill Rd, Forest Hill, Auckland	
Murray Tonks & Robyn Heath	21 Thompson Rd, Napier	835 5228

Anyone wanting a complete updated phone list can get one from the Secretary.

## **HERETAUNGA TRAMPING CLUB**

### **ARE YOU FIT ENOUGH TO TRAMP?**

Even the easiest of club trips require a reasonable degree of fitness, and from time to time tramps have been seriously delayed by unfit party members. While individuals may have varying degrees of basic fitness it is unlikely that a person who has a sedentary job, or who plays no sport, will manage an average B Party trip. The best preparation for tramping is tramping and there are hilly places in Napier and close to Hastings which make excellent training areas. For example, a walk from the cattle stop car park in Te Mata Park to the top of the peak, via the big redwoods, and back to the cattlestop via the road-side track with an 8 kg pack should take about 80-90 minutes. Further, this pace should be able to be maintained for 5 to 6 hours.

### **TRIP GRADINGS**

**EASY:** 4-6 hours tramping - suitable for beginners  
**MEDIUM:** 6-8 hours tramping - suitable for those with some experience.  
**HARD:** 8+ hours tramping - experience & a high level of fitness necessary.

An "A" trip would have a "HARD" grading and a "B" trip a "MEDIUM" grading (unless otherwise specified)

### **GEAR LIST**

#### **DAY TRIPS**

##### Wear/Carry

Pack & pack liner  
Boots & gaiters  
Socks  
Parka & overtrousers  
Fast drying shorts  
Fleece or wool Jumper  
Longjohns & singlet  
Sunhat & warm hat  
Gloves/mittens & overmitts

##### Carry

Map & Compass  
High energy snacks  
At least 1 litre water  
Lunch & Emergency food  
Toilet paper  
Torch, spare batteries & bulb  
Sunscreen  
First aid kit  
Survival kit (whistle, cord, matches etc, pencil, paper)  
Complete set of spare warm clothing

#### **WEEKEND TRIPS**

##### All items listed for day trip plus

Sleeping bag  
Sleeping mat  
Food for 3 additional meals  
Cooker & Billy & matches  
Extra snacks  
Toilet gear, small towel  
Additional warm clothes  
Plate, mug, cutlery

**Leave at truck/car:** Complete set of clothing for the return trip



## TRIP LIST    MAY – AUGUST 2002

Although the area for the trip is generally adhered to the suggested objectives may change for a number of reasons. For pre trip enquiries contact the leader or David Heaps 875 0888

<b>12 May:</b>	<b>Kaweka Forest Park</b>	<b>\$10</b>	<b>Map: U20</b>
<p>Kiwi Saddle working bee and social time. Some to paint and some to enjoy the walk and views. Those wanting an easier day can tramp to the top of Mt Kuripapango and back.</p>			

**Leader & Driver:** Dave Heaps 8750088

<b>25&amp;26 May</b>	<b>Waipunga Forest Park.</b>	<b>\$10</b>	<b>Map: V19</b>
<p>One group to go in from the Matakahuia Saddle hut site and go the Lower Matakahuia Hut for the night via the Upper Matakahuia Hut. Carry on out to Waipunga Road on the Sunday. The second party is to do the above trip in reverse. This is an area of beautiful bush with tracks recently cut by DOC.</p>			

**Leaders:** Susan Lopdell 8446697 & Peter Berry 8774183

**Driver** Geoff Clibborn

**Local day trip:** Top Maropea Hut via Sunrise

<b>1-3 June: Queens Birthday Kaimanawa Forest Park</b>			
<b>or Tongariro National Park</b>		<b>\$20</b>	<b>Map: T20</b>
<p><b>Party A:</b> Enter the Kaimanawa FP from the route defined in the FMC to go to Ngapuketurua, Cascade Hut, Boyds Hut and then out to Taharua Road via Oamaru Hut.</p> <p><b>Party B:</b> (Northern Circuit Tongariro NP). This is a Great Walk during the Summer months. From the Desert Road tramp to the Waihohonu Hut then on to Outere Hut, Red Crater and Mangatepopo. Return via the Tama Lakes.</p>			

**Leaders:** A Eddie Holmes 8446032; B: Lex Smith 8774087

**Driver:** Geoff Clibborn

<b>9 June</b>	<b>Kaweka Forest Park</b>	<b>\$10</b>	<b>Map: U20</b>
<p>Walk into the Mangatainoka Hot Springs and out the same route. Some may choose to come out by climbing up to Makino Hut then out to the road end via the Makino Bivvy.</p>			

**Leader:** Gloria Abraham    8751152

**Driver:**

**22 & 23 June Ruahine Forest Park \$20 Map: U22**

**Party A:** In from Triplex , up the Waipawa River, then over to Waikomaka Hut and up Rangi Saddle to Waterfall Hut, up Pinnacle Creek, Iron Peg, Managaweka Trip and out via Purity

**Party B:** Truck will travel to Kawhatau Base from where the tramp is to McKinnon Hut for the night. On Sunday climb onto the Hikurangi Range and along it to Managaweka then down to Purity.

**Leaders:**A Dave Heaps 8750088 B:

Driver Geoff Clibborn

**Local day trip:** Explore around Middle Hill Hut

**7 July South Ruahine Forest Park**

**\$10**

**Map:**

Drive to the Tamaki Road end then tramp up river or along the Holmes Ridge to Stanfield Hut. From the hut climb up onto the main range and walk along to Traverse Hut. From there it is a steep scramble back down to the truck.

**Leader:** Gerald Blackburn

Driver

**20 & 21 July Pureora Forest Park**

**\$20**

**Map**

**Party A:** Drive to the Western Bay Rd then tramp to Waihaha Hut and follow the track onto the Hauhungaroa Range. Follow this out to Nuffield Lodge which is on the western side of the park.

**Party B:** Walk in to visit the Waihaha Hut then back to the truck to drive around to visit the Mapara Mainland Island and collect party A.

**Leaders:** A: Tina Godbert 8350064 B: John Berry 8776205

Driver: Geoff Clibborn

**Local day trip:** Birdsong at Bell Rock/Boundary Stream

**4 August. Kaweka Forest Park**

**\$10**

**Map: U20**

The main purpose for this trip is a working bee and rece on our oldest club hut, the Kaweka Hut. There will be a number of return routes to choose from.

**Leaders:** Hut committee

**17 & 18 August Tongariro National Park.**

**\$20**

**Map T20**

Base ourselves at a ski lodge for the weekend. Options for the weekend include skiing, tramping lower round the mountain track and climbing to the top. (Year of the Mountain Peak)

**Organiser:** Tina Godbert. 8350064

Driver: Geoff Clibborn

**1 Sept. Winter Beach Trip**

**\$10**

The Aropaoanui – Waikari walkway has recently been reopened. The walk from Aropaoanui to Waikari should take 6 to 7 hours dependant upon weather so some may choose to go only part of the way and return with the driver.

**Leader:** Mike Lusk 8778328

Driver: Geoff Clibborn



<b>14&amp;15 September</b>	<b>Kaweka Forest Park</b>	<b>\$10</b>	<b>Map: U20</b>
<p><b>Party A:</b> Wander in to Kiwi Saddle on Friday night. On Saturday carry on down to Kiwi Mouth Hut then on up to Manson and down to Rocks Ahead Hut for the night. Sunday climb up to Back Ridge and then on out to the Makahu Saddle via Kaweka J.</p> <p><b>Party B:</b> Friday night in to Kiwi Saddle Hut with A party. Saturday down to Kiwi Mouth Hut then up Back Ridge to camp by the bivvy. Sunday out to Makahu Saddle via the J.</p> <p>Travel to Makahu Saddle in the truck then walk to Iron Whare via Kaweka Flats. Back out the same way, picking up the weekenders at Makahu Saddle.</p> <p><b>Leaders:</b> A: Dave Heaps 8750088; B: Peter Pryor 8765666 Driver Geoff Clibborn</p> <p><b>Local day trip:</b> Iron Whare via Kaweka Flats Biv</p>			



<b>29 September:</b>	<b>Ruahine Forest Park</b>	<b>\$10</b>	<b>Map: U22</b>
<p>Drive to Triplex then climb up to Sunrise Hut and on up to Armstrong Saddle. Carry on to Waipawa Saddle via 66, then down the Waipawa River and back to the truck. Other options are available if the weather is inclement.</p> <p><b>Leader:</b> Chris Waldron 8750034</p>			

### **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:

**Eddie Holmes 8446032**

**Jim Glass 8778748**

**Glenda Hooper 8774183**

**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.

