

HERETAUNGA TRAMPING CLUB (INC)

BOX 447, HASTINGS

'P O H O K U R A'

Bulletin No. 150

May, 1982

PRESIDENT: Mr. T. plowman,  
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15 Arthur Hobson Ave, Pirimai, Napier.  
Phone 439 163.

CLUB TRIPS

No. 1234

WAITOMO CAVING TRIP

12-13 December

Eight people left Napier at 7.00 pm friday night, five in Bill's Holden and three in a Mini. After a stop at Taupo for Hamburgers we arrived at the Hamilton Tomo Group Hostels at around 11.30 pm and it was straight to bed.

Saturday morning it was off to the 'Haggis Hole'. We put on our warm, woolly gear and overalls at the car. After a short, but warm walk across a paddock we arrived at the cave entrance. We made our way down a river bed in the cave negotiating several squeezes and crawls, often in water. The formations in the cave were mainly small but there were a few larger stalactites. In some areas glow worms could be seen when all the lamps were turned off.

We eventually ended up at a mud slide and a lot of fun was had by all sliding down it and chucking it at each other. After approximately five hours we came out of the cave.

On Sunday we decided to have a look through the tourist caves. to compare them with what we had seen on Saturday. The caves were larger but the formations, although more impressive in size, were very discoloured compared to the others.

After the tourists caves we went to 'Reserve' cave in the afternoon. There we were joined by an Australian, who was interested in looking at some non-tourist caves. This was a dry cave with only a few formations. The floor and parts of the wall were just like dry mud.

After spending about 1½ hours in Reserve cave we went back to the hostel and left for home around 3.30 pm. We arrived at Napier at about 8.00 pm after a swim at Taupo in the hot pools. An enjoyable and different trip for all of us.

Leader: Bill Bainbridge

No. in Party: 8

Geoff Holmes, Jeanine Eves, Gerald Blackburn, Lynette O'Connor, Mitch Barrett, Lee Barrett, Shawn Barrett.

No. 1235a

CHRISTMAS TRIP 1

MANGATINOKA HOT SPRINGS

A party of five assembled somewhat bleary eyed at Holts on the Sunday morning after Christmas then parted again to collect forgotten parkas etc. and finally met at J. Nicolás's haybarn.

We left there with great gusto and many creaky joints straggled down to the Mohaka River, where if we had any sense we would have stayed. The leader, being me, insisted on keeping going, albeit a bit slower, until Te Puia Ladge hove into sight. By this time the sun was well and truly up hence a few acres of lily white skin was already beginning to suffer - (pretty stupid working and living in N.Z.'s capital city of no sun isn't it).

Anyway, to cut a long story short, we tottered in to the junction at about 3.00 pm and spent a comfortable night. We made our way back down stream travelling very much slower than when we left, reaching the haybarn at 4.00 pm. All in all an enjoyable trip, (once the body got used to it).

Leader: Peter McBride

No. in Party: 5

Tui Hendry, Chris Dawson, Clive Thurston, Karen Glass.

No. 1235b

CHRISTMAS TRIP 2

A TROT INTO THE BACKBLOCKS

Do you remember the story Around the World in Eighty Four Days? Well my partner in this 5 day trip will probably agree that it seemed like a similar undertaking, but I digress!

After much organising, ringing all around the bay and generally hassling the telephone system for ages I had an arrangement settled with Les that Christine and I would go up on thursday morning and tape mark the track to 4100 via the N.E. spur from the Lakes Road. Unfortunately I forgot about nature and the fact that the bush grows..... after a most terrible bush bash Christine and I arrived at the arrow and thence to Kiwi Saddle Hut - by which time we

were rather tired and the clouds ominous. As Les and Co. were behind us we didn't stop but kept on going to Kiwi Mouth as arranged where I left Christine to set up camp and went back up Kiwi Creek to see if the others were coming. I came back down Kiwi Creek by torch light but no sign of other party - to sum the situation up, Gloom!

Next morning we were up early - we went straight across the river and up the ridge to Manson Hut, arriving in beautiful weather for lunch - then onwards to Ngaawapurua - once whilst resting on the cricket pitch I thought I saw a person come out on the grassy tops at the end of the big hill from Kiwi Mouth - (four days later we discovered this was Mike).

About an hour later a most impressive thunderstorm hurried us along and from that time onwards it became wetter and wetter. We finally arrived in Ngaawapurua at 5.30 soaked to the skin and Christine with blistered feet. That evening 4 helicopter hunters shot an eel, probably the most expensive eel in the district - 4 rounds of ammo to kill it.

Next morning (saturday) dawned fine and warm so I made a decision not to go on to Mangaturutu but to go down river to Rocks Ahead because Christine's feet were giving her trouble. We left Ngaawapurua at 9.30 and, after a very slow trip down river, arrived at 6.00, at Rocks Ahead. We met up with the H.V.T.C. Christmas Trip and sat around their campfire singing songs etc. until quite late.

Sunday morning started well and with that great big hill outside the doorstep that was a big relief - lunch at Back Ridge hut spurred me into persuading Christine to keep going and hence by 4.00 pm we were in Studholme Saddle Hut having done quite a big day. The weather was beautiful, fine and warm (out of the wind) and quite clear - just like Christmas was supposed to be.....(my tent was still wet from thursday night, and heavy!)

Well, monday morning saw us out of the Hut and along the tops to Kaiarahi then down past Cook's Horn. And now I don't know whether my memory is at fault or not but around the base of the horn is getting very eroded and quite dangerous. However we made it onto the shingle slides and had a good run down into Kaweka Hut for lunch. It was here that we found something we had been looking for, a note in the log book by Les and Geoff. We couldn't make it out as it suggested they had left for the road a couple of days previously.

Anyhow we had a gentle trot down to the Tutaekuri which was so low we managed to boulder hop across, then went up to the car. We threw all the gear in then, at the last moment, Christine discovered a pack hidden behind a pine tree that she recognised as Mikes - so a very lucky fellow got a ride back to Hastings - and we found out what had happened to the others.....

Peter McBride, Christine Hardie

No. 1236

ARAPAOANUI BEACH

9-10 January

Well, after a lot of discussion and travelling back and forwards for a certain person, it was all arranged. On Saturday morning Bill and Mitch arrived on our Tongoio Beach lawn, all bright and breezy. In the end ten pretty enthusiastic people started out around the track. 'Boat Bay' was the first stop and I told the people about how my parents and I launch our boat and fish from the bay.

We trundled around to Waipatiki arriving about 1 pm. Off go the gears and into the tide for a well-deserved swim. Chris White was there and we had a 'yack' to him, then back on the track. We reached Arapaoanui Beach about 3 pm and walked right past as it wasn't suitable to camp. A few of the party members knew of a more suitable place called the 'Waterfall'. We were pleased to find a lovely four-wheel drive track, so hopped onto that and motored to a 'nice, looking camp site which was occupied by a man and his son using a gold detector. He very kindly informed us that just around the corner was the 'Waterfall).

When we arrived it was like Parakise. Off the beach a little way was a lovely campsite and fire place and a deep pool of water with a waterfall coming out of the rock - it was really neat!

Off with the gears, into togs, and into the water. During the day the sun had warmed the water and it was quite pleasant. Then up with the tents and our fly and on with the tea. Randall decided that he should call Trevor Plowman on his 'Radio', so off he went (to the top of a hill). Randall came back and informed us that Trevor would be arriving in his Yacht on Sunday Ya Hoo!!

Sunday arrived, and at 10.30 so did Trevor. Two members from the yacht brought the dinghy ashore and when the rest of the party left the beach at lunchtime, three brave souls were left on board the yacht to face the sea.

We made our way back to Tongoio Beach on the yacht whilst the rest of the party walked to Waipatiki Beach and came back to Tongoio in cars. We had a bar-b-que then people dwindled off him. An enjoyable trip for all.

Leader: Bill Bainbridge

No. in Party: 16

Clive Thurston, Karen Glass, Trevor Plowman, Rob Snowball, Marcia Brown and Eugene, Gerald Blackburn, Lyn O'Connor, Randall Goldfinch, Mitch and Lee Barrett, Karen Lancaster, Debbie Barradell, Cindy Robottom, Michael.

No. 1237

OROUA RIVER TRIP

23-24 January

With an unfortunately small turnout for what promised to be an exceptional trip we eventually set off in two cars, through the gorge then along the Pohongina River past the beautiful Totara Reserve.

A cold drizzly day greeted us at the road end but we all set cheerily off to have a look at Heritage Lodge with Eddie showing us the way. Unfortunately we missed it and after crossing a magnificent new arched bridge ended up in the Oroua river which was just starting to freshen with the rain. We were probably about half way to Iron Gate Hut when we had to leave the river as it was in flood. Fortunately we met with a hunter who showed us the track which went up and down and around for ages till we finally reached Iron Gate Hut.

Next morning dawned fine and clear in the South Island. Unfortunately it didn't reach as far North as the Oroua. Still, the river had gone down so we made very good time going downstream. We had a look at the swank and enormous Heritage Lodge after climbing out of the river. It is an exceptional hut, although nothing in the class of Howletts.

Leader: Peter Berry

No. in Party: 6

Randall Goldfinch, Geoff Robinson, Paul Barham, Edward Holmes, Susan Taylor.

No. 1238a

TUTAEKURI RIVER

7 February

Cool, clear, perfect! The river cold but invigorating. Slab sided gorges, waterfalls, shafts of sunshine picking out the pebbles in blue pools, the colour deeper than the pools themselves. What a day for an expedition down the Tutaekuri and up Gold creek.

Everything went very well, Randall nearly drowning himself a couple of times, finding the hot springs (Rivers true left below the gorge downstream of Mackintosh track), and Heather falling in the water (photos of this event available at cost). Gold Creek lived up to my memory of it, being grotty travelling but great fun. But last time I went there we got a lift out and, man, is it ever a long, hot walk out on the Forestry Road.

Leader: Peter Berry

No. in Party: 5

Heather McBride, Peter Nesmitt, Randall Goldfinch, Peter Manning.

No. 1238b

TUTURKURI RIVER TRIP

7 February

The beginners group toiled up to Kaweka after a dip in the stream. We decided to go up behind Kaweka Hut. We went up the ridge and coaxing, helping and resting a lot until our group reached the tops - and they said our 'ladies' would not have made the 'puny 1000 ft' climb out of the gorge! We were rewarded with a good view of Ruapahu and Ngaruahoe - which was clear of snow.

After lunch and a sun bathe on the top we headed off down the 'Rouge Ridge', it was very slippery in the shade and it was hold hands most of the way. We passed a large area of contorta pine that had been cut off flush with the ground for unknown reasons. The creek was really appreciated to relieve thirst and sunburn. A short walk to the truck and we exchanged experiences.

George Prebble, Jackie Smith, Jason and Casey Stent, Loraine Smith, Julian McCracken.

No. 1238c

TUTAEKURI RIVER TRIP

7 February

Having arrived safely at Kaweka Hut and had a snack, it was decided that some of us would continue on round to Mackintosh Hut.

It had been some time since I had been round this way and at one stage I led everyone astray by missing a marker and heading off up a shingle scree. The track did go up and down a bit more than I had remembered, but it was a nice day and everyone seemed to be enjoying themselves. We stopped for lunch by a pleasant stream and wiled away an hour.

After a short break at Mackintosh Hut we headed off over the plateau and down a newly cut track. It comes out quite high above the river and sidles along some way before dropping down to the three wire bridge.

I cannot see this part of the track lasting too long, especially where it crosses a big shingle scree.

We had another break here while some took a swim before the usual long climb back up to the top. Quite a few recieved a ride back to the truck with some friendly hunters in their Land-Rover, where we met up with the other two parties.

Leader: Geoff Robinson

No. in Party:13

John Jones, Raymond Lowe, Mike Bull, Craig Ball, Ian Dickson, Ian Dickson, Paul Barham, Roy Peacock, Perry Hicks, Chris and Aalbert van der Planke, Cheryl Cooper.

No. 1239

FULJAMES RAPIDS

20-21 February

We were late leaving Hawkes Bay because of a mix up between Mangateretere and Maraekakako. We reached Taupo at approximately 11.30, and visited a friend of Gregs. After we had finished we made speedy progress in Greg's car for the rapids where Geoff and Bill were waiting for us. We spent hours on the river while Greg and a few friends canoed the river. Later that day four or five car loads turned up and so it was agreed that we would sleep at another friends place. After dinner that night we went for a swim at De Bretts thermal baths.

The next day we went to the river and Craig tried to canoe but fell out making a fool of himself. After we had finished we headed back home worrying about the state of Greg's car.

Leader: Greg Bristow

No. in Party: 3

Heather McBride, Craig Ball.

No. 1240

TRAINING TRIP

7 March

Our large party of twenty-eight enthusiastic trampers left Hastings at 6.00 am. We travelled south and eventually arrived at our destination, the 'Old Mill' at the end of the Wakarara Road. The weather was overcast with rain threatening but this did not dampen our spirits.

We all climbed out of the truck and after a quick exploration of the surrounding area, we divided into two groups. Randall and Peter took one group, and showed them the skills of using a map and compass, and Geoff and myself showed the other group the useful plants that can be found in the bush, and general bush craft. The groups were then changed. It was after 10.00 am when we finished the instruction, this time we divided into three smaller parties and headed off in different directions to put some of our recent knowledge into practice.

My party of eleven, mainly school pupils, headed for 'Gold Creek Hut'. We crossed the cold Makarora River and headed upstream for approximately  $\frac{3}{4}$  of an hour, having to recross the river a number of times. We then continued up a gorgy side stream called 'Gold Creek'. After a short lunch stop, half way up we finally arrived at 'Gold Creek Hut' at 2.00 pm. We stayed at the hut for half an hour or so, admiring the surrounding bush and filling in the hut book. We had a quick trip back down the river and arrived out at the truck to find we were the first group back. We waited for Geoff's and Randall's parties which duly arrived after one group deciding to take a short cut, and left the other party waiting further along the track for them. We were back in Hastings at 7.30 pm so ending a very successful and enjoyable trip.

Leader: Gerald Blackburn  
Geoff Holmes

No. in Party: 28

No. 1240 cont.

Sue O'Malley, Karen Lancaster, Randall Goldfinch, Mike Ball  
Perry Hicks, Cheryl Cooper, Lorraine Smith, Jyrone Smith  
Jane Logan, Sally Logan, Jenny Logan, Julie McCracken,  
Greg McCracken, Ian Dickson, Michael Henley, Tracie Christison,  
Raymond Lowe and family, Bill Bainbridge, Richard Carlton,  
Peter McCracken, John Muir, Donna Helm, Debbie Barradell,  
Peter Manning.

No. 1241

KIWI SADDLE

20-21 March

From the bottom of 4100 the party stayed in a good tight  
group up to the tarn.

'What tarn?'

'Umm ... there used to be one here'

So it was a very dry party who continued slowly along the  
tops. Progress was halted for some time while we milled  
around Randall in fascination at a little grey object that  
made lots of noise - he said it was a two way radio.

We arrived at Kiwi Saddle for a late lunch, then set about  
cutting heaps of firewood. Then it was card sharks and  
flying 500 until gathering dusk reminded all that it was  
tea time.

Next morning the party soon hit the trail, stopping for  
lunch on Kaiarahi. We arrived at Kaweka about mid-afternoon,  
had a quick cuppa and then went out to Lakes Road while  
Craig, Mike and myself went out to the pine tree to retrieve  
the truck.

Leader: Geoff Holmes

No. in Party: 7

Sue O'Malley, Randall Goldfinch, Craig Ball, Peter Scarborough  
Tracey Christinsen, Mike Henley.

PRIVATE TRIPS

WAIKARE BEACH TRIP

12-13 December

Clive, Karen, Belinda and I set off up to Putorino where we turned coastward leaving Clive's Fiat on the property of Mr Orr from whom we had received permission to cross his land.

Having crossed the farmland we ended up at the mouth of the Waikare River. Northward stretched the curve of the silvery beach to the Mohaka with huge heaps of drift wood along the entire length. Southward, where we were headed, the beach was clear with firm sand running back to a few stones then almost straight into cliffs twice as high as the ones on the cape.

No boots this trip, the weather was fine and hot so jandalls and bare feet were the rule for the four mile walk down the beach. At the end of the beach the cliffs move further back and are replaced by a great jumble of fallen hills and flats with a rocky beach, reefs and lagoons.

Just past a gull rookery there was a spot where we could scramble up the bank and to our delight we found a beautiful campsite with shady trees and a stream and soft grass underneath. Then it was just a matter of finding some Pua, cooking tea, and so to bed.

P.B.

Peter Berry, Belinda Haye, Clive Thurston, Karen Glass.

THE MIGHTY MOTU

22-26 January

We travelled on Friday from Napier to Rotorua. We had an introduction to what we were in for on slides before going to bed that night.

All 12 of us piled into the van with rafts and gear and made our way to the Motu. We unloaded the van below Motu Falls and took the rafts down to a side creek.

The gear that we were required to bring was personal clothing for the raft and a wet-suit or long johns. We all put our wet-suits on, life jackets and crash hats, had some lunch and a quick lesson, then it was on the mighty Motu.

We had a few scary moments with thousands of pounds of water rushing into the raft and John yelling 'Over!', Makes you feel a little on edge some of the time.

We finally beached about 5.00 pm as we were 2 hours behind schedule due to the water level. Tea was chicken curry and rice with custard and apricots with a good cup of tea to follow. Then the pits were engaged by about 8.00 pm.

SUNDAY:

'Ok people, today is 'the shoot' day and you will have to listern to our exact instructions' was the words of our trusty leaders - John and Graham. We handled the shoot alright and the stair case with no trouble.

MONDAY:

We were awoken by about 7.00 am and on the river by 8.30 am. We only had the 'Grave Yard' today and mostly quiet stretches. It was still rather scary and exciting. We got stuck between a rock and log and had to evacuate the rafts and haul and pull it with ropes. The day ended about 4.30 pm in the lovely hot sun, as the days had been overcast and a little rainy up until then.

TUESDAY:

This was the last day and only a half day. We had to do alot of paddling as the rivers' current wasn't strong enough to pull the rafts along. All along the river every 10 miles or so we'd see at least 2 or 3 Blue Mountain Ducks and their ducklings. All told we saw about 20 Blue Mountain Ducks and 10 ducklings. They don't fly away like up our Waipawa River and they are so beautiful to see and watch.

To put 2 dams on the Motu River would be so devasting that I would hate to see it done as the scenery in the area is so beautiflu and lush that it would be a crying shame.

We arrived back in Rotorua at 5.00 pm on Tuesday afternoon, and said our good-byes to the other people and returned to Napier. The people we had on the trip with us were:

Doug and Daylene, Bob and Hillary (from Auckland), Graham and John (boatmen), Elizabeth and Anne (from H.B.).  
My family: Mavis, Don, Donna and Karen Lancaster.

We all had such a neat time that I would recommend that you take a trip down the Motu - it was fantastic.

THE CORLAND PASS

It's 3.30 am and I drag myself from my warm pit to check the weather. The sky is ablaze with stars. Janet gets rudely awakened and shortly after 4.00 am we are picking our way across a gully to the ridge leading to the pass. The ridge rises steeply, providing some interesting little rock scrambles.

Sunrise finds us half-way up, resting and absorbing the breath-taking view. The sun's rays catch the low peak of Mt Cook but the Hooker Valley below is still in shadow, the thin ribbon of white ice providing the only light. In the distance we can see the Tasman River and the peaks of the Sealy Range.

Onward, and the first bluff. Janet takes the easy side route. Rob remembers what Philip Temple's guidebook said about it being easily climbed so up he goes. Grumbling footholds, portable hand holds, a heavy pack stuck under an overhang. After some time Rob appears over the top mumbling obscenities about Philip Temple to find Janet lying back in the sunshine, patiently waiting.

Suddenly we've reached the shelter, the 'bakedbean tin'. It's only 7.30 and the shelter's two overnight residents are just leaving. Below us we can see our two friends Marg and Alec coming up with their guide. Now there's only 700 feet of snow left to go. The snow is sugary on top, icy underneath. Plugging steps is hard work as you try to get your crampons to bite into the harder snow beneath the surface rubbish. Half way up I take Philip Temple's advice once more and lean over my ice-axe to look at Mt Cook between my legs. Not a good idea, once again. Suddenly the slope we are on looks quite steep (it's between 35°-40°) and I think about how the Chief Ranger of Westland National Park was killed in a fall off it. After a couple more zig-zags we reach a small crevasse and after negotiating this the slope begins to flatten out. The west coast appears. Far below the Copland River and somewhere on it is Douglas Rock Hut, our destination for that night. Out with the scroggin and biscuits. Time to relax and take it all in. Rock and ice to the east, lush vegetation and the Tasman sea to the west.

The descent down the west-coast side of the pass is via a steep rock gully. This comes out onto a gently snow basin and soon we find ourselves down below the snowline again. The day begins to heat up as two weary bodies trudge down the Copland River valley, feet screaming in protest inside heavy climbing boots. We enter the bush and soon are sitting in Douglas Rock Hut, letting butchered feet breathe again.

The following day is a complete contrast. An easy wander down the river for three hours brings us out to Welcome Flats and the glorious hot pools where we sit for hours with the mountains all around. A canoeist's curiosity draws us to the river and a short clamber down the gorge reveals some incredible rapids and drops.

Only the last haul to the road is left and the next day we cover the ground at breakneck speed, keen to get back to civilisation, a milkshake and some real food. This is our sixth straight day of fine weather since we arrived at Mt Cook village. It rains the next day, but we're warm and dry in the car by then - thanks Heuy.

Rob and Janet

NELSON LAKES NATIONAL PARK

2-8 March

March 2:

Keen and eager to get up into the Travers Valley we took off at a steady pace along the Lake Rotoiti track through tall birch trees with little undergrowth beneath the tall foliage. We had not gone far before a cheeky Bush Robin landed at my feet and sat there while I unpacked my camera. This was typical of most of the bird life on the whole trip - with the exception of the Keas, they showed little fear of human beings. The lake looked beautiful with its quiet, calm, clear waters reflecting the light from its surface with Mt Robert forming a perfect backdrop. It was a real haven from modern civilisation, broken suddenly by some clown screaming along the lake in a power boat. Why don't they make National Park water ways sail and paddles only. This now made us keener to get further up the valley and away from the lake. We arrived at the Lakehead Hut at 11.10 am, had a drink, a bit to eat, and then headed off to John Tait Hut. This was when the scenery really impressed me with the tree and bush clad valleys reaching far up the slopes with mountain peaks towering above. We arrived at John Tait Hut at 4.10 pm.

March 3

Next morning we found that there had been a light fall of snow along the tops during the night. We headed on up the valley to Upper Travers Hut at 8.55 am, arriving at 11.40 am. This is a very scenic part of the trip up the valley as one enters more alpine type of country. At this stage of the trip the Travers River is a rushing cascading blue and clear river racing towards Lake Rotoiti. After a short rest and dinner we climbed the unnamed peak north of Begley Saddle (7050 ft) which gave us a good view down the two valleys, and we could pick out a good route to climb Travers in the morning.

March 4:

We left the hut at first light and headed off up Mt. Travers, reaching the top at 10.05 am, half way up the cloud started to roll in - a bit disappointing but still we had a very spectacular view of distant peaks poking up through the brilliant white clouds. After a short rest and a snake we descended. On entering the hut we were greeted by two others - one Swiss, the other Canadian - who had just arrived and were heading off to climb Travers. Later we were informed that the Canadian chap fell to his death on descending. After dinner and a rest we headed off to climb over the Travers Saddle. We arrived at the top of the saddle one hour later then continued on down hill to the West Sabine Hut.

March 5:

The following morning we tramped to Blue Lake Hut. The landscape in the valley is beautiful. The colours of the lake are impossible to describe or even show in a photo. One must see it for oneself. After dinner my young friend Martin had a nap while I went up over the ridge to see Lake Constance. Sitting on top of rocks on the ridge peak one is immediately struck by the contrast of the surroundings around the two lakes. The valley with the Blue Lake is covered in bush while Lake Constance is closed in by barren slopes climbing straight up into the blue sky. It was a ideal place to sit alone for a while and think about ones life, the only noise being a gentle breeze blowing broken by the call of a lone Kea.

March 6:

We reached to top of Moss pass at 9.00 am the next day. More spectacular scenery, too much for one to really observe and fully take in. The climb was not as bad as I was led to believe though it could be dangerous in bad weather or snow conditions. We reached Ella Hut at 12 noon, had a short rest and lunch then moved on to reach Morgan's Hut at 4.00 pm.

March 7:

Departed at 7.45 am and arrived at Sabine Hut at 12.45. The tramping down the Durville valley was easy, pleasant walking over river flats most of the way. There is plenty of bird life, and the river is a beautiful mixture of greens and blues. Lake Rotoroa's water is very pleasant to swim in but you are eaten alive by sandflies. One has to be very careful of the wasps which are everywhere

March 8:

From Sabine Hut we started the steady climb to the top of Mt. Cedric (5026 ft) and then climbed up and over the tops to Lake Angelus Hut. After a one hour pit stop we continued on our way along Roberts Ridge, down off the top and back to St Arnaud - the end of a great trip.

Martin Finnimore  
Lew Harrison

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BAD TASTE PARTY

Date: 19 June 1982

Time: 8.00 pm

Place: Deer Stalkers' Hall, Roys Hill.

Cost: \$2.00 per head.

Bring: Own Plate (Bad Taste)  
Own Drink

What is BAD TASTE? Do you have any ill matching clothes?  
If you do - then wear them! Or come as something eg American  
tourist.

FOOD - this should be BAD TASTE but should not taste bad.  
ie we want visual BAD TASTE food, eg, green omeletts.

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TO DRY FRUIT

Ideal for scroggin

7 oz of Sodium or Potassium Metabisulphite dissolved in two  
gallons of water.

Cut fruit in half, remove stones and put into dipping solution  
for at least twelve hours. If fruit rise to top, put weight  
on to fruit to keep in solution.

Then rinse fruit in clean water and put on trays to dry with  
cut side up. Leave in sun for at least one day. Fruit can  
then be put anywhere to finish off drying, fruit can be turned  
if required.

Solution can be used 3 or 4 times

Metabisulphite is available from chemists.

SOCIAL NEWS

Congratulations to Rus and Jo Perry on the birth of their  
daughter Rachel Ann.

CLUB MEETINGS

The club will meet at 8.00 pm at the Radiant Living Hall,  
Warren Street North, Hastings on the following dates:

June	9	September	1
June	23	September	15
July	7	September	29
July	21	October	13
August	4	October	27
August	18		

OVERDUE TRAMPERS

Although returning parties usually plan to be out of the bush well before dark, consideration of safety must always come first. Even after arriving back at the transport, they could be two or more hours on the return journey, plus any unexpected delays. So beginners should make sure that parents or any others who may worry about them know this. Although not normally nearly as late as 10 pm, until then it would not be regarded as cause for parents to worry, but in case some unusual delay should occur, all newcomers should see that the list left in town by the leader includes their phone number. For enquiries about OVERDUE PARTIES please contact one of the following:

BERRY 777 223      PLOWMAN 54 303      THORP 434 238

FIXTURE LIST

On many trips parties may divide so that fitter members can undertake a more strenuous trip in the same area. Changes due to unforeseen circumstances could be made to the trip list prior to a trip. Enquire from one of the following:

Peter Manning	82 963	Randall Goldfinch	439 163
Liz Pindar	67 889	Les Hanger	88 731

TRANSPORT CONTRIBUTIONS:

Due to rising petrol and other costs, these have been raised to \$6.00 per person for local trips and \$10.00 plus for trips outside the Bay. These contributions are payable at the meeting before the trip. If you are unable to make the trip and notify the leader, your fee will be refunded. If the leader is not notified your fee will be accepted with thanks.

June

13      Coppermine Creek  
South-eastern Ruahines near Wharite Peak.  
Apparently there are old mines in the area so it should be a tramp full of interest.

Leaders: Clive Thurston 83 853  
George Prebble

26-27      Tararuas  
The trip is planned for the Mt Holdsworth area in from Masterton. We rarely go to the Tararuas as a club, yet it's bush can match anything in the Ruahines. There may be snow at this time of year so here is a chance to climb to the tops of the Tararuas in winter conditions.

Leaders: Karen Glass 778 748  
Edward Holmes 83 345

July

11

Parks Peak - Northern Ruahines

An opportunity for a romp in the snow for all. Plenty of scope for all classes of trampers

Leaders: Perry Hicks  
Les Hanger 88 731

30-31

August

1

Ruapehu Trip

The Forest and bird lodge near the Chateau has been booked for the above weekend for 26 people. There will be opportunity for skiing, climbing, tramping etc. It would be a good chance to take family groups to the snow.

The cost will be approximately \$35.00 including food, transport and hut. To make the trip viable we must have 26. If there are not 26 club members paid up by the end of June, outsiders will be invited.

Leaders: Allan Holden 435 038  
Clive Thurston 83 853

8

Kaweka Hut

The clubs first hut. A good trip for beginners. There may be an opportunity for some snowcraft practice and for the daring an attempt to climb Cook's Horn.

Leaders: Raymond Lowe 798 372  
Rob Clark 55 956

21-22

Ballards via the Haybarn

Ballards is a delightful hut situated about 500 ft down from the main Kaweka range. It's usually surrounded by snow in mid-winter and last year we had a great time trundling along from Kaweka 'J' to Ballards on firm snow. Sure to be a great trip.

Leaders: Janet Brown 55 956  
Craig Ball

September

5

Black Birch Range

Back in the old days when they didn't have roads you had to walk along the Black Birch range to reach Makahu Saddle. Great views of the main range can be gained from here. An ideal opportunity for practicing map and compass work.

Leaders: Peter Berry 778 772  
Ross Berry 777 223