

HERETAUNGA TRAMPING CLUB (INC.)

BOX 447, HASTINGS.

'P O H O K U R A'

Bulletin: 156

April 1984

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CLUB TRIPS

WAIPAWA RIVER TRIP

No. 1287

27 November 1983

On an overcast Sunday morning at 6.00 a.m., 10 keen ones met at Holts ready for the days tramping. Clive and Karen had dropped out but had been replaced by Russell and Keith. The truck was taken, with the number it seemed a little silly.

At the end of the North Block Road, I being the designated leader tore off with Russell, Keith and some light showers. We made our way to Triplex, had a quick look and then up onto Armstrong Saddle. At this stage I won't point out that Russell soon fizzed out. From the site of the old Shuteye Shack a new track has been cut by Alan Lee and some Forestry boys. Its about six feet wide and there you'd have no trouble driving the club truck up it.

At Buttercup Hollow (Sunrise Hut) we met two teachers who like Russell and Keith were casing the area for a future school trip. I for one hadn't been to Sunrise before and was simply amazed by it.

A nice climb over 66 was had with rain, hail and wind compounded with leatherwood, mist and Russells moaning. I think all four of us were pleased to find the Waipawa Saddle where a prompt descent to Waikamaka was made. Geoff Robby was already there with the fire going and two of the new girls answering his every command.

The above mentioned crew left about an hour before we did and travelled down the Waipawa River which was the way they came up. We followed the same way and had an enjoyable trip back to the truck. All home by about 8.45 p.m.

Leader: Andrew Windle

No. in party: 10

Alma McAdam, Glenda Hooper, Lesley Hillis, Les Hanger, Michael Henley, Peter McBride, Geoff Robinson, Russell Perry, and Keith Sowersby.

DOWN POHANGINA RIVER

No. 1288

10 - 11 December 1983

Leaving my car at Moorcock Forestry Base at 8.00 a.m., four of us started up to Longview Hut. The weather was concerning me with low cloud, poor visibility, high humidity and no wind. The going up to the tops was good with plenty of flowers out, including lots of spaniards. At approximately 10.30 a.m. we continued south on the Ruahine range past Rocky Knob. At 1.00 p.m. the position where the track turns down to Makeratu Hut was reached, so we bush-bashed west down through leatherwood and into a stream bed which was followed down to the Pohangina River by 3.00 p.m. After a rest and some eats the descent down the river started, the weather was being kind to us, damp but warm with low river level. The first hut, Leon Kinvig, we visited for 15 minutes then by 5.00 p.m., continued swimming through the small gorge, and by approximately 7.00 p.m. we had reached Ngamoho Hut for the night. A nice well-cared-for six bunk NZFS Hut.

Next morning with the weather holding, the group was off by 8.00 a.m. making good progress down the river bed and at 10.00 a.m. we passed under the wire bridge near Mid-Pohangina Hut

and continued on our way. By 12.00 a.m. Peter noticed we had just bombed past "Centre Creek Bivvy", so, pleased with progress, we had a bite of lunch. 15 Minutes later in the river we struck a nasty gorge to get through but thanks to Craig and Peter this was overcome and we continued out on to the farmland by 2.00 p.m. following these white posts on TRHS which led us up to Pohangina Valley East Road at the eastern end of the Pokahu Scenic Reserve.

Clive and Gerald had met us in the last section of river bed and walked down the road to the bridge with us. A big thank-you to Clive, Gerald, Karen, Robyn and Lynette for bringing my car around; it made the trip possible.

Leader: Randall Goldfinch

No in party: 4

Craig Ball, Peter Berry, Stewart Sutherland

ESK RIVER

No. 1289

22 January 1984

A nice sunny day had already begun as twelve sleepy trampers turned up at Holts, and another four were picked up in Napier on the way through. Not far out of Napier the truck began playing up and after a quick look we were on our way again, only to have the problem reappear on a hill on the way to Tutira. The truck managed to stagger across the road to a park, where repairs took place. Before long we were back on the road heading towards Tutira. The turn-off is at the far end of the lake, and we arrived at the end of Mokomaka Road around 8 a.m. After getting permission we made our way across farmland and down to the stream. On our route downstream we encountered some awkward areas to manoeuvre around and through. As the morning went on the stream gradually turned into a reasonable sized river with waterfalls and boulders, with sheer cliffs approximately 500 feet high.

Five of the party decided to keep moving downstream as the main party had a quick dip in a deep pool. As river travel became more difficult we decided to climb out of the river and miss out a difficult area. This was the last we saw of the river and of the main party till we reached the truck at the end of the day. It was soon discovered that we were stuck on the top of a cliff with no way of getting down again. However the main party managed to find a way down with the use of a rope. With no track to follow, our party spent quite some time fighting through bracken and felled pine trees. Finally we came across a forestry road which we followed out to the main road with a long round trip along a hot dusty road ahead, and two possible pick-up points marked on the map. The first was a short road leading down to the river, so we walked along it only to find where Geoff had been with the truck and had turned around and come out again.

What disappointment everyone had on their faces! So back out to the main road again and lots more walking until we arrived tired and thirsty at the truck. The main party were arriving around the same time soaked right through.

An enjoyable trip for those who got wet.

Leader: Gerald Blackburn, Karen Glass

No in party: 16

Geoff Robinson, Jennifer Weston, Peter Berry, Graham Taylor, Clive Thurston, George Prebble, Russell Perry, Alison Vardy, Clive Vardy, Lynette O'Connor, G. Hooper, S. Locktel, Nick White and H. Schmidt

MANSON - OTUTU BUSH

No. 1290

4 - 6 February 1984

Saturday morning the weather was cloudy but fine as five keen bods departed 7.45 a.m. from the Lakes Road carpark, climbing up Kuripapango Hill and then continued uneventfully into Kiwi Saddle Hut 10.00 a.m. After some food at 11.00 a.m. we were off down to Kiwi Mouth Hut arriving 12.30 p.m. for some more food and drinks. By 1.30 p.m. we went down to the bridge over the Ngaruroro River and proceeded up to Manson Hut 4.00 p.m. what a grind but at least the weather was improving.

Sunday dawned a nice day and the group wanted to have a good look around so by 8.00 p.m. off we went to Otutu Hut 11.00 a.m. it was really easy going. From Otutu 11.30 a.m. we headed north on a poor track 12.30 p.m. from Ngaawapurua to Manson Trig, after a short lunch we continued back to Manson Trig 2.00 p.m. on a good track. From here Peter and Malcolm shot back to Manson Hut while the remaining three of us were off to find Manson Bivi. Using map and compass we hopped over some high bits and looked down across a deep bush covered saddle to the ridge where the Bivi was. Nick and I dumped our packs while Micheal kept his. Manson Bivi 4.30 p.m. surely has seldom been visited by anyone. Returning back to Manson Hut, Micheal took a route down a ridge and up stream 7.10 p.m. while Nick 6.00 p.m. and myself returned back the way we came, picking up our packs.

Monday morning weather was, low cloud, drizzly rain, not too cold. After packing up we left Manson Hut 8.15 a.m. dropping down to Kiwi Mouth Hut 9.50 a.m. - 10.05 a.m. then plodded on up to Kiwi Saddle Hut 12.00 a.m. for lunch. Graham Thorp plus three others were there to greet us, and by 1.00 p.m. we were all heading out to the car park 3.00 p.m. the weather still low cloud and drizzly rain.

Leader: Randall Goldfinch

No. in party: 5

Nick White, Micheal Henley, Malcolm Lightband and Peter Scarborough.

PINUS CONTORTA WORKING PARTY

No. 1291

11 - 12 February 1984

A party of 20 left Holts just after 7.00 p.m. on Friday night and headed for Ohakune via the Napier - Taihape Road. It wasn't long before we saw the first spots of rain which stayed with us for most of the weekend. We arrived in Ohakune around 11.45 p.m. and headed up the Mountain Road to a small lodge approximately 2 km from the National Park Headquarters. The lodge was a Lockwood design with a large open living area. The mattresses from the truck served a good purpose as the lodge was not equipped with bunks or mattresses.

Saturday, with the rain looking as though it was here to stay, after a quick breakfast everybody was preparing for what looked like a miserable day's work.

The Park Ranger appeared at 8.30 a.m. only to tell us to hold on and he would get back to us at 10.00 a.m. with a weather forecast.

Good news for us, we will not be working today but tomorrow we will not be working today but tomorrow will give it a go whether rain, hail or snow.

The object of this working party is to cut down the small pinus contorta that are encroaching on the mountain slopes. The trees were introduced to New Zealand for erosion control but have since spread like a noxious weed. Both the National Park Board and the Ministry of Defence Wairouru are working to eliminate the trees.

The Ranger suggested to us that we occupy the rest of the day by tramping into Blyth Hut so after lunch a group of us tramped into the hut while the other group walked down to Turoa Village.

The walk into Blyth Hut was interesting. From the road sign read Blyth Hut 1 hour 45 minutes: we took nearly an hour off that time. The Mangawhero falls displayed themselves attractively and the track obviously has had a lot of time spent on it with cat-walks over swamp areas and ladders up small rock outcrops. Just before Blyth Hut is the Wanganui High School Tramping Club Hut which looked very comfortable. On our way back to the truck, in the only open tussock patch, we were confronted with a small hail storm.

The evening was spent lounging around the lodge drinking cups of tea and playing games. We were up early on Sunday morning once again preparing for a day's work. It was still raining but this did not deter the Ranger from keeping his appointment. We reached our pine tree site, which over-looked the Waiouru district, just after 10 a.m. We managed to clear a few acres pulling out all the small seedlings, pruning the medium height trees at ground level and pruning the larger trees ready for chain sawing and axing. It was hard work! and that was only for one day. If it had been for two days I don't think very many of us would have turned up for our jobs on Monday.

The Park Board will be paying us for the whole weekend as well as our transport costs. Thankyou to those who helped on the working party. We don't do working parties like that.

very often, it was good to see a lot of support. Thanks to the drivers Les, Geoff and Selwyn.

Leader: Clive Thurston

No in party: 21

Geoff Robinson, Les Hanger, Karen Glass, Robyn Taylor, Susan Holmes, Edward Holmes, Lynette O'Connor, Gerald Blackburn, Lée Barrett, Selwyn Hawthorne, Michael Hawthorne, Randall Goldfinch, Nick White, Andrew Windle, Rob Snowball, Raymond Lowe, Jenny Weston, Graham Taylor, Jane Brown, Lew Harrison.

KAWEKA RANGE

No. 1292

19 February 1984

Although the leader of the Kaweka/MacIntosh Hut party will be filing an official report, I am tempted to support and maybe elaborate on this most enjoyable trek, even though rain fell throughout most of the day. It was dark on leaving Hastings; but daylight by the time we arrived at our destination Lakes Road carpark. In rain we changed from dry warm gear, into clothing and parkas that would hopefully keep us dry.

The main group (which later divided) set about taking the Tutaekuri River on, but a more sedate group of nine, with Ray Lowe as leader, set off at 8.20 a.m. for the Kaweka Hut. This was reached by 9.40 a.m. (1 hour 20 minutes) where we discovered a young couple in residence. It was here the billy was boiled, after the fire was coaxed into activity, but when it was time to move on, Larry decided, for the sake of his welfare, that he would return to base. So, at 10.50 a.m. eight of us set off for MacIntosh Hut which we reached at 1.00 p.m. (2 hours 10 minutes).

Due to the constant drizzle and mist, the latter, it was suggested, was the result of the party's heavy breathing as it plugged up some of the steeper slopes, we were thankful for a breather and shelter. Again, the fire was lit, the billy boiled, and lunch was eaten in somewhat crowded quarters. By 2.10 p.m. we left here and arrived an hour later at the walkwire. The steep pinch up to higher reaches on the other side was accomplished in good time, with an easy road walk ahead to take us back to the truck at the carpark by 4.20 p.m. (2 hours 10 minutes).

The commendable feature of this excursion was the ability of Megan and Bronwyn Lowe to maintain a steady pace. They were uncomplaining. To see these two girls cross a landslide of rotten rubble you would have thought they were a couple of mountain Thar. Unhesitatingly they crossed the log bridge on the route to the Kaweka Hut, and later on, they crossed the walkwire with comparative ease. Congratulations youngsters, and thanks, Ray for ensuring our safe return. It was a great day's hike.

Rex Ridgeway

Leader: Raymond Lowe

Wendy Libby, Jim Glass, Winn Cornish, Martin Glass, Rex Ridgeway, Raymond Lowe and one.

TUTAOKURI RIVER GORGE - B

19 February 1984

Although the weather was somewhat substandard seventeen of us eventually set out down the Tutaokuri, which was pretty easy going except for the greasy rocks. However, it was up a bit and was a bit dirty. Things proceeded calmly enough until we hit the first waterfall, half the group diving into the swollen river as it gushed between two rock walls and having regained their feet finding that they had to go through another chute and then swim a big pool, while the other half tried to climb around, then had to come back and do the same thing.

By the time we all got out of the gorgy bits and onto the Mackintosh track we were pretty cold so nobody much wanted to accompany Russell so he set off with his group of four while we climbed back up to the truck, after which six of us did a quick trip into Kaweka. When we arrived back at the truck we met the slow party and then ensued a period of waiting and confusion which eventually resulted in us meeting up with Russell and Co. who had gone down Gold Creek. Had a good singsong on the way home; thanks to Geoff for driving, a good trip enjoyed by all.

P.B.

Leader: Peter Berry

No in Party: 23

Susan Lopdell, Michael Henley, Janet Cornwell, Colin McMurtrie, Glenda Hooper, Hetty Craig, Larry Prior, Marcus Reinders, Rex Ridgeway, Hamish Tait, Janet Brown, Graeme Taylor, Russell Perry, Aaron Douglas, Bill ?, Fiona Bayley.

TUTAOKURI GORGE - LONG TRIP - C

19 February 1984

Unfortunately we had four. No reason to stay back with the others if you have four, is there? Why did those other guys volunteer?

Leaving the main gang at the Mackintosh Bridge we moved back into the murky waters, quickly ginding our first obstacle. Brrr!! However, resolute and semi-hypothermic (else why would we continue) on we went. Lunch, spot on twelve - union rules - and out came ratpack Alliance for a hot rosh. Just the story!

The afternoon saw two more waterfalls to negotiate, neither of which posed any difficulty. Several deeper sections sapped the legs though. One advantage of tramping down a dirty river soon became apparent; we became quite skilled at reading the river bottom with our feet.

By four we reached Gold Creek. Thankfully this was running clear. This is a pleasant stream on a hot day, with deep green pools and numerous small waterfalls. On a cool day, already chilled, it wasn't so attractive so after half an hour we lifted out into the bush, ostensibly to dodge a larger waterfall, and just kept on climbing till we reached the top of a hill. Shortly afterwards the feet were plodding onto the Gold Creek road.

No truck! Road must be out. Off we go. A big washout soon explains why no vehicles had been through, but surely the truck will be just up the top of this big hill. Nope! Curses! Miles pass under the boots, somewhat begrudgingly. The Mackintosh gate must be locked. A hunter picks us up a quarter of a mile before the gate, but still no truck! You've read Pete's report so you know what happened. Not quite so good an ending to a fairly demanding walk.

Russell Perry, Michael Henley, Aaron Douglas, Colin McMurtrie

OMAROUA STREAM, AHIMANAWA

No. 1293

3 - 4 March 1984

Nine of us left Napier in the early hours of the morning in three vehicles and motored up the Napier-Taupo road to a forestry road where it crossed the Omaroua Stream. With overcast skies above we moved off at 8.15 a.m. splashing our way up stream, entering the native bush half a mile later. After 3½ hours of reasonable going with only a few minor log jams we stopped for lunch, pleased with the progress of the five new trampers. Off again and into a few small gorges, a few log jams and a 15 foot waterfall which proved easy for those who climbed straight up it, me being first. Turning around I discovered that the girls were missing but five minutes later we noticed movement in the middle of a large mass of bush lawyer. Silly girls! After that it was good going all the way to our campsite at GR=951928 which was the only flat area around. After pitching camp, Andrew, Clinton and I went exploring up stream for an hour, which involved climbing two high waterfalls, then had a swim on the way back. The evening was spent playing party games, singing etc., which was great.

After a night of rain it was still drizzling lightly so instead of bush-bashing in wet, thick bush we followed the stream back down, finding the rocks very slippery and resulting in a few wet bodies.

Back at the vehicles we motored down the road to the Tarawera Hot Springs and relaxed in the pools for an hour before heading to Te Haroto for a good feed then off back to home.

Leader: David Harrington

No. in party: 9

Andrew Windle, Peter Berry, Glenda Hooper, Susan Lopdell, Malcolm Lightband, Win Cornish, Hannah Schmidt, Clinton Manners.

New Books added to Library:

Philip Temple	'Ways to the Wilderness'
Michael Crawford Poole	'The Love of Mountains'
Dr Bathgate	'Yesterday (inanahi)'
Russell Jackson	'Wildlife in New Zealand'

COPPERMINE CREEK

No. 1294

18 March 1984

We left Hastings in fine weather, but as we approached Dannevirke, the skies darkened ominously. On arriving at the Coppermine roadhead, we were just able to erect the canvas canopy changing shelter before the rains came down. And did they come down!

We headed off up the track zig-zaging up the Coppermine Creek, which was running a little high. On arrival at Coppermine Hut we had a munchy stop, by which time the skies were starting to clear.

While George, Stan and Peter elected to further explore the stream in search of the old mine, the rest of us headed for the tops up a rather steep and slippery track. On reaching a fork in the track near the top, we decided to tramp on over to the T.V. translator on Wharite Peak, from where we had a clear view down to Woodville and Palmerston North and right out to Kapiti Island.

We doubled back down to pick up our packs again and attempted to follow a track which is clearly marked on the new Kimbolton NZMS metric map, but does not exist. Maybe it does somewhere, but it would not have been cleared for the last 20 years or so, by the amount of vegetation we tried to battle through. I decided to head down into the headwaters of the Coppermine Stream and follow it down. This proved easier said than done as the undergrowth was much deeper and thicker than it looked. After much battling, we finally made it into the stream itself with only one large waterfall that we were forced to climb around. We finally reached the spot where we had climbed up to the Coppermine Hut, and from there on it was an easy tramp back to the truck.

A fish-n-chip stop was had at Waipukurau to satisfy the rumbling stomachs till we reached town at 8 p.m.

G.R.

Leader: George Prebble

No. in party: 16

Geoff Robinson, Alva McAdam, Glenda Hooper, Susan Lopdell, Hannah Schmidt, Peter Berry, Clinton Manners, Jane Avery, Jenny Weston, Glenda Gohns, Bill and Hetty Craig, Hammish Tait, Marcus Reinders, Stan Woon and George Prebble.

Do you identify yourself with the club by sewing or pinning a club badge to your pack, shirt, or whatever? If you can't sew, or use a pin, you could always use glue!

BEACH TRIP - NORTHWARDS FROM ARAPAUANUI

No. 1295

31 March - 1 April 1984

For shame! an eight o'clock start. Or to look at it another way a half past eight start from Napier, then out to Arapauanui Beach with the cars where we helped pull a car out of the single.

The day was absolutely perfect and very hot so we had a swim at Ridgemount Beach, then walked along under the huge cliffs that dominate this entire stretch of coastline. Past a couple more beaches, with a final dash along the face of the big slip to where we camped at the northern end of it. The old saying that time and especially tide wait for no tramper having been proven true.

The big slip that came down in the Hawkes Bay earthquake is a great jumble of hills with a small stream at the northern end, where there are some really good campsites.

It rained during the night but Sunday dawned fine and warm so we went for a swim, packed up and headed back to Ridgemount where it was hot so we had another swim, then around to the waterfall where we had a swim and back to Glenda's for a taste of Shark and taities.

P.S. The water in the area tastes foul so take lots of "Refresh".

Leader: Peter Berry

No. in party: 6

Glenda Hooper, Graeme Taylor, Malcolm Lightband, Hannah Schmidt, and Janet Caldwell.

KAWEKA KURIPAPANGO - ROBSON LODGE

No. 1296

14 - 15 April 1984

The objective of this trip was to teach as many of the outdoor skills as possible in one day. 'Rome wasn't built in one day'.

The training committee arranged accommodation in Robson Lodge on Saturday afternoon through to Sunday lunchtime, the Saturday evening being a social evening organised by the social committee.

The truck left Holts around 4.30 p.m. Saturday afternoon and arrived at the lodge in time for tea. The training committee had arrived earlier on in the afternoon to set up the training course and test the river crossing exercise.

After a hearty dinner everybody gathered together to play a mixture of games and quizzes. Russell joined us later with his guitar and song books and we sang till late hours in the night.

It was an early start next morning; we were all woken by somebody stomping around shouting those obscene words 'Get up'.

At 8.30 a.m. we all headed down the road towards the Water Gauge. Our first stage was a fire lighting exercise down by the river. The objective here was to light a fire and boil a billy using aids such as rubber, candles, firelighters etc.

Russell then took the group on a river crossing exercise which started down from the Water Gauge and ended just below the bridge. There were 14 crossings to be made using group pole crossing, single pole crossings, unaided crossing, pack-floating and the buddy method. Towards the end of the course people were beginning to feel the cold and realising that you never take a river for granted.

This exercise brought us back to Robson Lodge for a change clothes and lunch. During the lunch break, Graham Thorp started a lecture on the use of the map and compass and then moved on to more practical route finding using maps and compasses.

Jim Glass gave us a demonstration on how to build a shelter using natural surroundings. For the exercise the group split into small groups and made an effort to build shelters unaided from the equipment they were carrying.

This brought us back to the Lodge for smoko and for the final exercise. Russell gave a short talk on orienteering and then set the groups out on a orienteering course at 3 minute intervals. The objective was to navigate around the course to find hidden markers and return to the lodge.

We finished the day around 4.30 p.m. and headed back to town. I am sure everybody would have learnt something new about bush-craft. I was amazed just how effective pack-floating was, simply by holding your pack straps down and leaning back using your feet in front of you to steer. Thankyou to those who assisted on the training and social committees.

C.T.

No. in party: 26

Clive Thurston, Hannah Schmidt, Jim Glass, Dave Willard, Russell Perry, Alva McAdam, Janet Brown, Malcolm Lightband, Randall Goldfinch, Frances Lightband, Mike Bull and son, Gerald Blackburn, Stan Woon, Geoff Robinson, Michael MacAulay, Graeme Taylor, Clinton Manners, Dale Cornish, Win Cornish, Lee Barrett, Glenda Hooper, Graham Thorp, Susan Lopdell, Peter Berry.

WEATHER WATCH

Whether the weather be fine
Or whether the weather be wet
Whatever the weather
Beware of the weather
and WATCH THE WEATHER YOU GET!

PRIVATE TRIPSINSTALLATION OF WATERTANK AT KIWI SADDLE HUT

2 - 3 January 1984.

My youngest, a non-tramping daughter, got an invitation to go to her friends' picnic at the beach for at least 2 weeks. My tramping son and I were 'overjoyed', what possibilities that opened up. Checkily rang Geoff to see if we could join in the proposed private trips that had been mentioned at the last meeting for the year.

"Sure, when I finish a yacht race," so we found ourselves joining the other four on a very hot day early in the morning. Craig was having a last fling before joining the Army, we had to wait while he packed, having just got home from a big tramp the night before. (He had been in the Tararuas).

Arrived at the Lakes Carpack, tools and equipment were divided up between the six of us and off we went. I was soon left behind and managed to mutter at one of the many stops, 'carry on, I'll catch up with you at the top of Kuripapango.'

At this stage it was decided that Malcolm, Craig and Janet would carry on to Manson, so a lesson was learned, pack our own food in future. I gave Malcolm his breakfast and pudding and he gave me my tea and on we went.

By the time Geoff and I reached the hut, Randall and Angus (a deerstalker) had started on excavations, the others were just leaving, so down to work, - well, where the tools came from is beyond me. They were laid out in the bivvy. I knew Randall had a spade, it was strapped on his back, and he also carried the pipe in, but a few packs must have been heavy. The holes were dug, out came a miniature level, stakes were marked and the base went in and out the holes until everyone agreed it was the best we could do. We all helped to fill up the holes with stones and then drills miraculously appeared, the tank had holes in it and the tap fitted, an overflow hole was made and Randall was left to fix the pipe - he even had the cutting and soldering gear.

Geoff and I started on a new rubbish hole which Geoff and Randall finished off the next day.

Throughout the two days we had the company of a shining cuckoo, who really got the hills echoing with his calls as well as coming down to see the rubbish hole being made.

I was given $\frac{1}{2}$ hour start on the way out, and ended up waiting for the other two at Kuripapango. It was another hot cloudless day and the views were terrific. My, how I looked down the shimmering haze onto the Ngaitao river and wished I was down there heaving a dip.

The other party meanwhile travelled to Kiwi Mouth - two had a sleep and one a rest and they travelled onto Manson at

approximately 6.30 p.m. in the cooler evening.

They came out down the Ngaruroro River from Kiwi Mouth and we picked them up 4.15 p.m.

A great two days.

A.McA.

Geoff Robinson, Randall, Goldfinch, Crain Ball, Janet Brown, Malcolm Lightband, Alva McAdam and son.

TARN BIVVY - THE HARD WAY

One day in January

One should be prepared when one follows the Perrys into the bush for finding new routes. Our original plan was to head up to Daphne via the Tukituki, then climb up to Tarn Bivvy and back down Rosvalls track. However, as soon as we hit the river Russell was looking for alternative 'more interesting' routes. He reckoned the stream by Rosvall's track could have a few surprises. It was easy going for about an hour but then gradually the angle began to steepen and a few waterfalls began to emerge on the scene.

Dave found a few interesting routes straight up some of them but I'm afraid I wasn't game to try, so we began bush-bashing. When we hit a series of waterfalls that ended in a 60 ft. one I began to think about looking for routes out on to Government Spur. Russell nearly had a mutiny on his hands but he managed to hold the crew together and maintained it would be easier climbing around via the true left and then heading back into the stream. I have to admit that the going got easier again and we stopped for lunch at a point not far from the top. The banks had begun to get more scree-like but we had to make one final dive out of the stream bed towards the end. Russell and I chose the true right and found good going but Dave decided the other side was more to his liking. From our side all we could see were the trees shaking and so Russell made suggestions as to possible routes. Dave's only reply was 'you can't see what I can see from over here!'. Anyway we eventually emerged out of the stream on the true right and a little minor leatherwood bashing found us on top within cooee of Tarn Bivvy.

Russell still has vague ideas of carrying on to Ohuinga but we squashed them quickly and headed back down the ridge to the Tukituki. (The track is now really good having been recut at the bottom.) After a desperate attempt to drink the river dry we made tracks down the river but the progress was slow because each pool looked more inviting for a swim than the last. We found one which had a little waterfall with a smooth rock to slide over to land plop into a 'beaut' pool at the bottom. We finally arrived back at Mill Road at 6 p.m. - certainly a well worthwhile day trip for those who have mountain goat tendencies. Thanks to Russell and Dave for a neat trip.

Russell and Dave Perry, and Janet Brown.

THE TRACK TO WAIKAMAKA

The lawns are done,
 I'm getting bored,
 The weather could be turning crook,
 But I think I'll go to Waikamaka.

The old Waipawa's up a bit,
 Especially through the gorge,
 Turning dirty in fact,
 Must have rained a bit,
 on the track to Waikamaka.

A stop to admire the blooming white Clematis,
 And that white waterfall too,
 I struggle with a heavy pack,
 and think of turning back,
 but the thought of that new stove,
 keeps me going,
 on the track to Waikamaka.

This track I've climbed many times before,
 through rain, hail, snow and more.
 This bit up through the bush,
 is always such a chore,
 on the track to Waikamaka.

I slip and gasp,
 Why a spaniard I try to grasp?
 The saddle appears through mist and rain,
 the descent a lot less pain,
 on the track to Waikamaka.

The hut at last,
 What tales it could tell.
 That seat made from a Ford Model T.
 They tell me they were good,
 but surely, it never drove up,
 the track to Waikamaka.

And that long drop toilet too,
 how many seats has it sat,
 and things that rhym with that,
 and while sitting on the loo,
 think of climbing Rangi too,
 while in at Waikamaka.

A comfortable night is had,
 A little too hot is not that bad,
 Good breakfast on that new stove,
 and my gear's all dry on that new rack.
 It's time to head on back,
 down the track from Waikamaka.

A pause at the old Chalet,
 the thought of work tomorrow,
 I glance up the old North Branch,
 If only I can get the chance,
 I know where I'd rather be,
 climbing the track to Waikamaka.

Geoff Robinson - with tongue in cheek.

HUTS

By Norman Elder, 1961

Or if chill blust'ring winds, or driving rain,
Prevent my willing feet, be mine the hut,
That from the mountain's side,
Views wilds, and swelling floods.

In 1935 only shooters, trampers and the odd prospector were interested in the high country. Surveyors had come and gone, musterers had come and gone, while geologists, foresters and rivers boards kept to levels where fossils, board-feet and stop banks were plentiful.

Many of the old musterers' and rabbiters' huts had rotted away or gone up in smoke. There were fragments of malthoid or levelled sites at Studholme's Saddle, the MacIntosh, Castle Camp, Kiwi Saddle, Hut Ruin, Buttercup Hollow and Howletts. Still standing were huts many of which have been immortalized by Lester Masters the Iron Whare on the Kawekas, the Black Whare on the Blowhard, and in the Ruahines, Shutes, the Ruahine, No Mans, Te Koau Huts, Shut Eye Shack, the Stags Head and the Pohangina; also on the western side the Mokai Hut (soon to be unroofed) and two skiing huts at Purity and Rangiwahia. On Ngamatea in addition there were several musterers' huts, the Golden Hills, an earlier Boyd's and I expect the Manson.

The Kawekas were the worst off for huts so the club's first concern was for a hut that could be reached from Kuripapango in the Saturday half-day. Ian Powell took a reconnaissance party in as far as Studholme's Saddle, decided this was too far and on the way back plunged off the ridge into a basin full of pig with 5 stags roaring their heads off. Here we built the Kaweka Hut. An overgenerous draughtsman specified 10ft. studs, hence the huge barn of a place that we know, popular with large parties, cursed by small parties and always a bit of a dead end. Charlie Higgs and Dave Williams built it in 10 strenuous days, erecting the rafters and Dave's 24ft adzed totara ridgepole in a snowstorm. The profits of an Easter trip were appropriated by Freddie Green for the purchase of iron to cover the original malthoid roof - the gap between the abode of generations of rats.

Lazy weekends at the hut did not appeal to our more strenuous members. Les Holt, Arch Toop and Doug Callow went up to the patch of bush below Studholme's Saddle, hacked a recess out of solid rock and inserted an 8-bunk bivvy, which was very cozy until an unforeseen watercourse found its way down the chimney.

Attention then shifted to the Ruahines, and with the coming of the two-day weekend huts could now be sited further in. When the Ruahine Tramping Club proposed to put up a third hut on the Howletts site, the H.T.C. was in with a small donation and a large contribution of energy, in carrying material up the unpredictable Tukituki and the worst of Daphne Spur.

The conscription of the most glamorous section of the R.T.C. into chain-passing iron and timber up the latter was perhaps the highlight of the whole operation. Our attention was then diverted to the Waikamaka.

By now the Internal Affairs' deer cullers had reached the North Island and shared our interests in maps, tracks and huts. Their resources like ours were also limited, so that though projects for a comprehensive hut and track system were discussed (they make interesting reading today) the only result was the Waikamaka Hut. The cost of materials was to be shared on a 50-50 basis, the H.T.C. to do the carrying and the cullers the erection. The war puckeroed that - in fact the war began for one party in a snowdrift on the Waipawa Saddle (it was an exceptionally snowy winter) and in the finish the club had to complete the hut single handed. Doug Callow and Cap Cook set the pace and the club was unmercifully driven. In its final form the hut was planned to accommodate the maximum number of bodies in a limited space - the record stands at 24. How Forestry took the news that a hut stood in the middle of the Ruahines is a story in itself.

A third hut was projected after the war and several sites were discussed, with the Mohaka Hot Springs, Makahu Saddle and Te Atua Mahuru bushline as favourites, but a search for a missing party diverted the attention to Kiwi Saddle. A proposal to put up an emergency bivvy met with such enthusiastic support that it expanded into a full scale hut with a 50% subsidy from Physical Welfare. Under Arch Toop's direction and with Angus Russell's enthusiasm this was quickly erected. Unfortunately this opened up little new country and its use has only been intermittent.

The building of a fourth hut was discussed from 1953 onwards. By now several of the old huts had gone; the picturesque slab and thatch Ruahine Hut was at last collapsing, Shut Eye was (and is) derelict, a tree had fallen across Thomsen's slab hut at the foot of Daphne and the fire of 1946 had destroyed both Pohangina and Stag's Head huts. The question was whether to replace one of these or to build on a new site, the favourite being the Makahu Saddle which had been attracting attention as the most direct route to the Kaweka tops. Sites here had been examined and Jack Taylor's sidling route reconnoitred and part disced from Little's clearing but no further action had been taken when Forestry announced that they were proposing a hut in the Makahu Saddle and the new day dawned.

It would be a multiply-purpose hut, probably with an air-drop. Were we interested and what were our needs? Whacko! No carrying parties. We put in for a 12-man hut, fixed on the site, and sat back for the air-drop. It wasn't quite as simple as all that. The hut suddenly appeared by the Rangitikei at Bulls. Equally suddenly it was dismantled apparently en route to Kime in the Tararuas. Eventually it came down in the Makahu Saddle the first of a bewildering shower of air and helicopter-dropped huts to descend on the ranges. Its glittering aluminium exterior and elegant interior panelling are a far cry from the gloomy cavern of the old Kaweka Hut. True it has shrunk to a 4-man hut and

can't sleep 12 let alone 20, but there's always the helicopter landing pad - in fine weather.

So goodbye to carrying parties - future trampers will never realize what they've missed. Search parties to find rumoured huts was fun while it lasted, but we'll soon have the lot pinpointed - and there isn't a great deal of room for more. The age of pioneering is ending.

Reprinted from Norm Elder's article in Pohokura - April 1961.

OBITUARY

It was with the greatest shock and deepest regret that we learnt of the untimely death of Peter Linscott on the 26 January 1984 while climbing with a companion on Mount Cook.

Peter was only 21 years old when he died, but in that time achieved a great deal, for which he will be long remembered.

His love of the mountains kept on growing from his first experience with the Havelock North Scouts on Mt. Tongariro about 1977-78 and later with our club, where he proved a tower of strength.

Peter ended the year of 1980 as Dux of the Havelock North High School and in 1981 moved to Canterbury University, where he gained a Bachelor of Science degree with second class Honours in 1983.

Peter will long be remembered by those who knew him as a warm friendly person who enjoyed both the social and competitive side of tramping and mountaineering.

Geoff Robinson
PRESIDENT.

SOCIAL NEWS

PUMPKIN PATCH - Stan Woon approached the club and offered the use of approximately two acres of bare land to raise funds for the clubs 50th Jubilee. Stan prepared the land for planting and on the 18 December a small group of members planted supermarket pumpkin seeds. It wasn't long before the pumpkins sprouted, now the work had only just begun. Weeding and watering were on the agenda until the plants were able to fend for themselves. Our watering method consisted of a bucket brigade transporting water from a near-by well on the back of Peter's truck using 44 gallon drums. From there the water was bucketed on to the small plants.

Pumpkin weeding was a chore for which it was very hard to get members' enthusiasm going. It wasn't long before the plants were big enough to smother the weeds.

The pumpkin harvest will be around late April early May. Thankyou to those who have helped weed and water the pumpkins.

C.T.

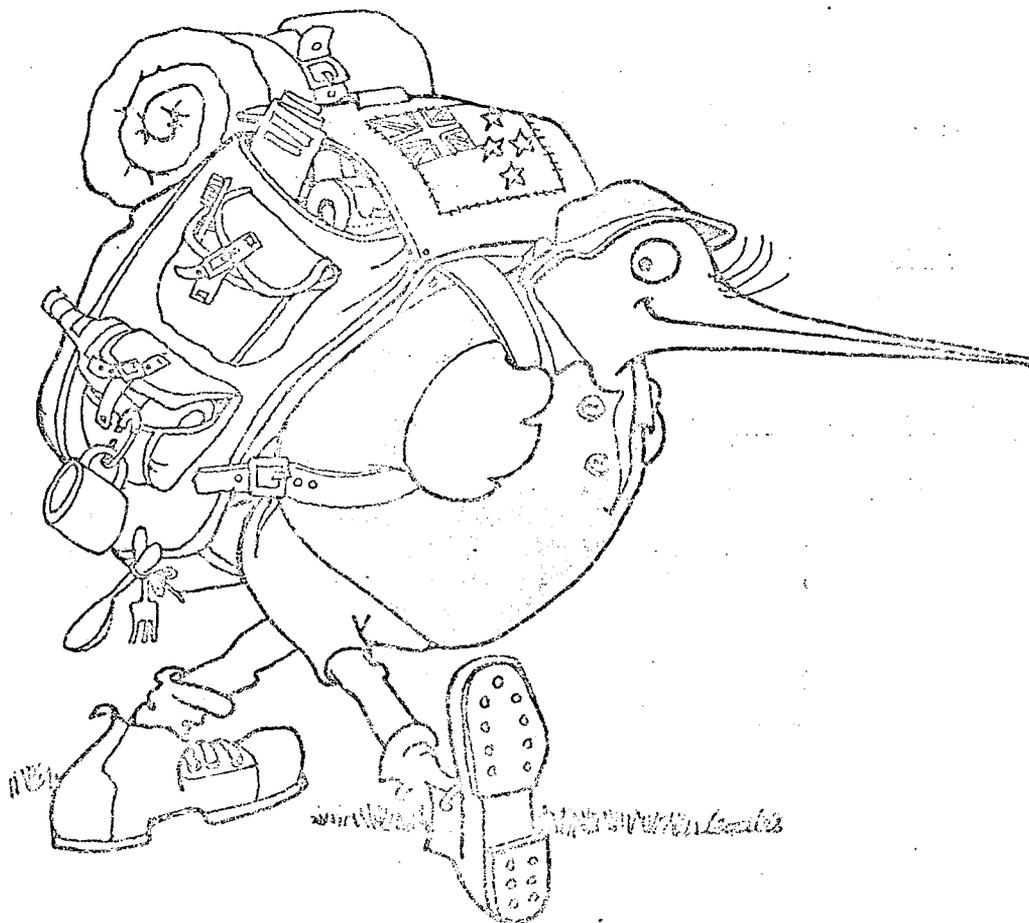
NEW MEMBERS - Welcome to the club

Glenda Hooper	Marcus Reinders
Malcolm Lightband	Rex Ridgeway
Susan Loddell	Hannah Schmidt
Alva McAdam	Hamish Tait
Clinton Manners	Jennifer Weston

WEDDING - Congratulations to Bill and Jeannine Bainbridge

ENGAGEMENT - Congratulations to Graham Bailey and Tracey Swailes,

BIRTHS - To Russell and Joanne Perry a baby son



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 it could take 2 or more hours to return, plus any unexpected delays. Beginners should make sure that parents, or any others who may worry about them, know this. Although normally not nearly as late as 10 p.m., until then there would be no cause for parents to worry, but in case of some unusual delay all newcomers should make sure that their phone number is included in the list the leader leaves in town. 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 prior to a trip. Enquire from one of the following:

CLIVE THURSTON: 65 270 PETER BERRY: 778 772
GEOFF ROBINSON: 87 863 LES HANGER: 88 731

TRANSPORT CONTRIBUTIONS

These are \$6 per person for local trips, \$4 for high school students, 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 is accepted with thanks.

FIXTURE LIST

May

- 12 - 13 RUAHINE RANGE: Waikamaka Hut, Wakelins Hut.
May be some snow on Waipawa Saddle if you are lucky.
Maps: N140
Leaders: Randall Goldfinch Phone: 439 163
 Peter Berry 778 772
- 27 RUAHINE RANGE: Hinerua Hut, Smith Stream Hut or
up Ohuinga. Pleasant trip for beginners and newcomers.
Map: N140
Leaders: Janet Brown Phone: 53 961
 Edward Holmes 20 859

June

- 2 - 4 TONGARIRO NATIONAL PARK: Scope for all.
Maps: N122, N112
Leaders: Russell Perry Phone: 797 158
 Clive Thurston 65 270
- 10 RUAHINE RANGE: Tamaki River Basin onto the divide,
down to Stanfield Hut and out.
Map:
Leaders: Lee Barrett Phone: 67 513
 Rob Snowball 84 278

23 - 24 TARARUA RANGE: Area seldom visited by members.
Choose your trip.
Map: NZMS 274
Leaders: Dave Harrington Phone: 435 361
Andrew Windle 55 961

July

8 KAWEKA RANGE: Kaweka Hut and onto the tops.
Map: N123
Leaders: Gerald Blackburn Phone: 83 093
Susan Holmes 20 859

21 - 22 RUAHINES HOWLETS HUT: If there is any snow around,
Saw-tooth Ridge may be worth a trip, If the snow has
gone it may be a good chance for new members to see
our hut.
Map: N140
Leaders: Lew Harrison Phone: 85 701
Peter Berry 778 772

August

5 RUAHINES: Up from Sentry Box, around to Parks Peak
Hut, down to Kaumatua Creek.
Map: N133
Leaders: Raymond Lowe Phone: 798 372
Karen Glass 778 748

18 - 19 KAWEKA RANGE: Makahu, Kaweka 'J', Back Ridge Hut.
An excellent trip for snowcraft. Test your skills.
Map: N123
Leaders: Randall Goldfinch Phone: 439 163
Geoff Robinson 87 863

September

2 RUAHINES: Pohangina Saddle. A good day trip for
all levels of fitness.
Map: N140
Leaders: Russell Perry Phone: 797 158
Janet Brown 53 961

15 - 16 RUAHINES: Colenso Spur and along to Rangiwahakamataku.
Map: N133
Leader: Dave Harrington Phone: 435 367

MEETING DATES

23 May	1 August
6 June	15 August
20 June	29 August
4 July	12 September
18 July	26 September

Meetings start at 7.30 p.m.

December 24 1984 - January 6 1985: Tentative plans are being
made regarding a trip to the South Island possibly Routeburn
and Hollyford. Please feel free to phone me with your ideas.

Selwyn Hawthorne Phone: 750 544