

P.N. TRAMPING & MOUNTAINEERING CLUB

P.O. Box 1217,
Palmerston North

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NEWSLETTER Vol III No. 5

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CLUB NIGHT – THURSDAY 30th MAY, 7.30 p.m.

We have arranged an evening of movies for this month's meeting and an order has been placed for the following films: -

"Sledges South" – prospective members of the N.Z. Antarctic Expedition undergo training in the Southern Alps. Also how the dogs are trained and prepared for the expedition.

"J.D. Goes, Hunting" - an American sportsman in the Dart Valley

"Battle of the Alps" - surveying and piercing of the Mont Blanc tunnel under the Alps from Chamoix in France to Entreves in Italy.

These are all of a high standard and the first two were made in N.Z. As you are probably aware we have to meet various expenses when holding a film evening, such as hire of projector and return postage on the films. We must meet these costs and at meetings of this type are compelled to ask those attending for a minimum of 15 cents entrance fee.

COMING TRIPS:

May 25 – 26th: A very good trip for all those people interested in rock climbing. The full weekend will be spent at Titahi Bay; we'll be sleeping in a place where not many will have ever slept. The trip is being instructed by Trevor Arnold who now resides in Wellington, so all those keen members please ring Roger Clarke - 76.719

Cost: approx. \$2.50

JUNE 1-2-3rd: Southern Crossing:

A trip all members should do as it is one that doesn't come up every five minutes. The trip will leave from the Otaki Forks across to Mt. Holdsworth. Those participating will need to be relatively fit for this one. Ring R. Clarke 76.719

Cost: approx. \$2.00

JUNE 16th: Kapakapanui. (near Waikanae)

A very easy trip, so no doubt we will all see some of our newer members who have not been on many trips lately - see you on this one. Ring Bruce Watson 78.517

Cost: approx. 80 cents.

JUNE 29 – 30th: A very interesting weekend, but some people will be returning Saturday night and some coming up Sunday morning. We do not want to see the same people enjoying this once-a-year trip. Watch the next Newsletter for the rest on this really exciting trip.

FINANCE: At the time of writing there are only 25 financial members. Non-financial members will find an account enclosed with this Newsletter and will not receive another Newsletter until this is paid. If subs. are not forthcoming within another month they will cease to be members of this Club.

HIRE GEAR: Owing to the late return of some hire gear, a deposit will now be asked to cover this. This will be refunded if gear is returned within three days of the last day of the hire period. If gear will cost a certain price the period loaned, then this amount is to be increased by 100% for extended time.

A hire billy is still missing?

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR:

Members are invited to send letters to the Secretary for inclusion in the Newsletter. The following is the first of these.

"May I ask a question that has bothered me greatly over the past few trips? The question is - is this a tramping Club or an old people's rest home? I think it is about time some people decided what they want, e.g. a nice walk on a Sunday afternoon at the Esplanade or getting a good sweat up in the ranges? –"

Yrs. -'Are we-lazy-Fred'

TRIP REPORT

National Park, Waihothonu Hut - Family Trip - 30 came along:

Sparkling weather - by day a view of Ruapehu and Ngauruhoe under clear sky and warm sun - perfect. The night, with snow and ice and hard frost lit by a full moon, gave imaginary scenes of planet surfaces.

Surprised to find a new hut in the area, a replica of the Iketetahi Springs Hut and one of a series planned by the Park Board. The old hut is still there packed with atmosphere.

No great physical energy shown by the party; a few found the Tama Lakes and two found themselves on top of Ngauruhoe when the sun went down and played Ed Hillarys to get down. - "a bad example to the party." The wisdom of purchasing the Club's own first aid kit came to mind when a member came staggering through the door with a broken trouser fly zipper.

A good trip in an unspoiled area of the Park. No growls, other than the evening meal, of spaghetti which resembled a fastest fibreglass compound in texture.

Thanks to all car owners; to Wayne & Co. for filling up drained radiators, and to Keith for working out trip costs.

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CONGRATULATIONS to Sally and Lyall Perris on the birth of their son on October 7th.

EVEN YET ANOTHER REMINDER

You are reminded that river levels can rise unexpectedly below Hydro Electric dams and Control Works. The only ones liable to affect club members are the Mangahao and possibly the Tongariro Scheme. If in doubt the names of all rivers affected can be obtained from the Club secretary.

CABARET

The Manawatu Tramping and Skiing Club have cordially invited club members to attend their Cabaret at the Maori Battalion Hall on Friday 29th October, 1971 at 8.00 p.m. \$4.00 single. Enquiries to the Social Convenor, Miss Lois Jepson, phone 75-648.

NAMES FOR TRIPS.

Problems are encountered by trip leaders trying to organize transport etc. if trip members hand in their names late. It has therefore been suggested that intending trip members have their names into trip leaders the Wednesday before the trip is to be run.

NEW MEMBER

A welcome to Peter Colpman, 25 Marne St. phone, 81-194.

PERSONAL

Friends of the late Ron Haxton (late, of the club that is) will be interested to know that the club has received a postcard from him. He has been to Hong Kong and Switzerland and is at the moment living it up in London with 44 dancing girls.

PAST EVENTS.

10th-12th Sept. WALLS WHARE-CONE-NEIL FORKS-TOTARA FLATS-WALLS WHARE EPIC.

There was a blood curdling scream and almost simultaneously the blood gushed out red and frothy. How did our heroes get in this situation? Well it all started at Walls Whare on Friday night. We had come over from Palmerston and were just settling down for the night when we were disturbed by shouts of "I've got the top bunk", "Do you want a brew" etc. It wasn't until each of the hundred individuals had made such comments: that one of them noticed us and promptly shouted to the rest, that "There's people asleep up here," this in turn was met by a muttered "Not now" from one of our less patient trip members. Saturday morning dawned and it was an early start (to impress the natives). It was noted that only one fifth of the night before rabble were still there. We crossed the Waiohine using the best river crossing techniques. We pushed on up to Cone Saddle where it was decided not to go to Cone hut but to go on to Cone itself. It was a trifle windy on Cone so we didn't stay long. We headed on down Cone Ridge. The going was reasonable until the ridge flattened out. After much tree climbing by one of the more expert climbers, we found our way to the Neil Forks junction. The track down to the Forks was well marked and no difficulties arose. A magnificent stew was enjoyed by all on Saturday night having been cooked by one of the up and coming young chefs. Sunday morning was wet, but after sags for breakfast who cares? ...We climbed back onto Cone Ridge and headed down toward Totara Flats. As we descended the weather improved. We had lunch at Totara Flats and then headed down the Waiohine, which was in flood to Walls Whare. It was impossible to cross the river so we used the bridge further down stream. Here ends the story of Kevin Pearce, Tony Croad and Grant Potter.

18th-19th Sept. SAWTOOTH RIDGE

Three of us heavily disguised as mountaineers, with axes, ropes, crampons, splashed up the Tukituki on Saturday morning. After three hours we had a long scroggin stop at the Centre Tuki Hut and continued upstream in search of Daphne Spur. An hour later we were back for lunch, having decided we were searching in the wrong spot. Daphne Spur commences directly opposite the hut; a bit steep to start with, it then eases off a little.

The track is well marked, so is the turn-off, just above the bushline, which leads, on to the main range. Here we saw a couple of deer a few minutes before arriving at Howletts. A good hut with a fine position in a clearing in the mountain-beech forest. Into sleeping bags and warm up the pre-cooked meal all ready for an early night when in come five Heretaunga Tramping Club members. Three of them had been involved in a recent traverse of the Sawtooth which turned into an epic with an overnight bivvy in the snow. While they were smoking their savaloy stew on the fire we questioned them for details. Apparently they had perfect winter conditions, and although all the party of eight were experienced trampers, half had never been on snow and ice and no one had crampons. We were away at 7.30 a.m. Crampons were put on to traverse round the south and west sides below the summit of Tiraha and then down to a basin which leads onto the Sawtooth. The first twenty yards were spent balancing along a crumbly exposed edge, crampons grating on bare rock, so off came crampons. With this crossed the difficulties were over - the rest of the Sawtooth being a straight forward ridge walk. A quick steep drop down off Ohuinga on loose slippery snow until Black Ridge was gained. We wasted two hours swanning around in leatherwopd looking for Government Spur. Maybe the map was wrong, maybe we were wrong, maybe there is no track. So we gave that one up and decided to try and find Rosvalls Track. No trouble this time, a quick rush down to the Tukituki and eventually back to the car at 7.00 p.m. in pitch darkness.

Taking part were Peter Baxter; Grant Potter, Brad Owen.

2nd – 3rd October. COMBINED CLUBS WORK PARTY.

This work party v was organised by the Northern Tararua Associated Mountain Clubs and the labour was supplied by our own Club. The work involved was the clearing the Puketura track from the top Mangahoa dam. Although overcast and grey there was very little rain. The Club's excellent new fly, with its extra long guys, was pitched over our tent to give us a very snug camp. A total of 7241 axe blows, 5622 slasher blows and 2796 saw strokes were made and 91 bruises, 54 cuts, 702 scratches, 77 abrasions 21 blisters and sundry other lesions were received.

Altogether a most satisfactory score and a satisfying weekend.

Those taking part were John Williams, Trevor Stretton, Kevin Pearce and Richard Clark.

3rd October. DARING ASSAULT ON THE ESPLANAPE.

Recently two of the more capable and enterprising members o~ the club, two dauntless women, Anon and Anon III, ventured in to an area hitherto unexplored by trampers' boots.

Leaving early on a spring afternoon they braved the elements and prepared to endure great hardships to explore the hidden reaches of the Rose Garden (G5 on the P.R.O. map) on the true right bank of the Manawatu River. Here is our intrepids' epic adventure recounted in their own words:

On awaking on the afternoon of 3rd October we could hardly believe the day had arrived at last - the day we had long planned for! The trip - an attempt on the Esplanade. After a light lunch of asparagus soup roast beef and Yorkshire pudding with sundry vegetables, followed by steamed pudding and ice cream, fruit salad and cream, nuts and cheese washed down with Waihirere Moselle, medium sherry and cafe au lait, packs were loaded into the conveyance to transport us across the asphalt jungle to within sight of our goal, there 'to be met by our first obstacle. After a gruelling two hours using fixed belays we were able to scale the gate once past the magnetic pull of the children's playground and forcing each other on to resist the temptation of the sandpit we made our way to the band rotunda where we took a compass bearing. This was necessary to find and negotiate the route from this edifice to the fish pond. On arrival at the fish pond which was dimly seen through our snow goggles, Anon ventured the toe of her boot into the water, pronounced it COLD and dived in, pack floating being necessary to cross this murky, goldfish infested stretch of water.

On the other side we rubbed our eyes as what we thought was a mirage appeared 25 yards away. But it was, it really was, what must be the most remote hut in New Zealand, the Begonia House. After brewing up over a fire amidst the polyanthus we continued our journey towards the paddling pool. In this vicinity are found many species of birds - budgerigars, golden pheasant and peacocks to name a few. Then came the most eerie part of our journey, crossing the deserted waste of the paddling pool which takes on a glacier like appearance at this time of the year. We paused to strap on our crampons and set our sights on our goal - the Rose Garden. Our crampons were hardly biting into the concrete hard surface of the paddling pool making the crossing treacherous so we were thankful to be on safer territory when at last we edged our way over the south end onto the grass. From there it is a hard trek through dense bush to the Rose Garden. We had done it! We had made a traverse of the Esplanade - something that, to our knowledge, had never been done before by a trumper.

16th-17th October. HIKIRANGI RANGE TRIP

It takes me ages to write a witty? humorous? trip account, but the editors (that's me and a couple of others (oldies)) insist. Now that the witty, humorous part has been dispensed with I will give a blow by blow account of the trip.

Two trip members assembled at the Izadium at about 5.45a.m. (ugh) and the transport arrived a little later. Another trip member was picked up at the "Dead" end of Main St. Here our four intrepid trampers were pushed and pulled and finally stuffed into a Beetle amidst packs and other miscellany. At the road end the aforesaid intrepid trampers disembarked or rather fell out of the aforesaid Beetle. The trip up Purity Ridge was uneventful apart from the fact that an hour was spent in reaching the bush. Most of this time was spent bashing through lawyer and saplings of a sort which grow very close together. Lunch was enjoyed at Purity Hut and then we pushed on up to Wooden Peg. Iron Peg, Mangaweka and Hikirangi followed in relatively quick succession. The hut was found after a little searching and we then set about preparing our evening meal. The beef curry and rice was prepared without any difficulty and then a new dish was served for dessert with our fruit - a mixture of two jellies and an instant pudding (delicious). We left the hut at 9.00 a.m. and were out by about 1 p.m. Lunch was eaten at the roadside and we slogged along the road for what seemed to be ages. The car was finally reached or rather the car finally reached us (the driver had gone ahead without his pack.)
Trip members: Owen Robinson, Grant Potter, Bruce Lockwood and Tom Easterbrook.

See - The Cream of the Tramping Club - below.

The Great of the Tramping Club.

