



PALMERSTON NORTH TRAMPING
& MOUNTAINEERING CLUB (INC)
P.O. Box 1217 Palmerston North

NEWSLETTER

7/73

Hon. Secretary,
Kevin Pearce, 74-129 ext. 871.
Membership Convenor:
Heather Crabb, 77-668.

COMING EVENTS.

21st-22nd July. RUAPEHU SNOWCRAFT IA

This trip is fully booked. No further names are being accepted.
Snowcraft 1B will be held in September to cater for those who
have missed out.

26th July. CLUB NIGHT.

Thursday, 7:30 p.m at the Society of Friends' Meeting Rooms, 227 College St.,
behind the West End Chemist.

Slides of last year's Christmas trip to the Heaphy and Wangapeka tracks will be
screened. Also slides of Nelson Lakes where this year's trip will be going.

SUPPER DUTIES: Karyn Bishop, Ron Haxton, Julia Herbert.

28th-29th July. CONSERVATION WEEK EXERCISES.

Two projects are being run. A small party is being sent to Rangī to clean up the hut
and environs while the remaining knights will be combating evil dragons and rescuing
damsels in the Mangahao above Harris Creek.

ANTI--LITTER is the theme of the activities.

Grading: Easy

Cost: \$1.00

Depart Izadium: 7.00 a.m. sharp.

Names to: Glenn Dixon, 83-

649.

CONSERVATION WEEK.

The club is providing litter for a display in the Pavilion in the Square. Good quality
tramping type litter is urgently required and is being collected by Sue Streeter, 32a Rangitira
St.

4th-5th August: EGMONT SNOWCRAFT II

Advanced Snowcraft Instruction. All persons wishing to take part must have had
some previous experience of Snowcraft.

Grading: Fit

Cost:

(Very approximately

including gear hire, transport, hut fees and food) \$9.00

Depart Izadium: 5.00 a.m. sharp. Home about 8.00 p.m. Sunday

Leader: Brad Owen, phone 83-467 Names must be in by

Monday 29th July.

11th-12th August. THE--ONE--AND--ONLY--RANGI WINTER TRIP.

Although there is no truth in any rumours that Club members who have not yet visited
the Club Hut at Rangiwahia in the Ruahines to be executed, this trip should not be missed. It
may be worth bringing skis as well as your woollies. A day trip will also run if there is

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sufficient demand.

Grading:	Easy	Depart Izadium:	6.00 a.m. Saturday.
Cost:	\$1.50	Leader:	The great TIM

SHORT, phone 76-906.

14th August. COMMITTEE MEETING.

At Bruce Lockwood about is, 26 Epsom Rd., 7:30 p.m.

18th-19th August. SAWTOOTH RIDGE, RUAHINES.

If you had a saw like this one you could cut a lot of firewood. Suitable for those proficient with ice axe and rope.

Grading:	Fitness Essential.	Cost:	\$2.00
Depart Izadium:	6.00 a.m. Saturday.	Leader:	Kevin Pearce,

phone 74-129, ext. 871

25th-26th August. WAIOPEHU -- MAKARETU or THERE--ABOUTS.

A visit to the Tararuas behind Levin.

Grading:	Fit	Cost:	\$1.00
Depart Izadium:	6.00 a.m. Saturday.	Leader:	Ian Hoare, phone

83-448.

30th August. CLUB NIGHT.

At the Society of Friends' Meeting Rooms, 227 College St., at 7:30 p.m.

SUPPER DUTIES: Keith Potter, Ian Hoare, Brent Johnston.

NOTICES.

NEW MEMBER: Glenn Osborne of 19 Albert St. is welcomed to our ranks.

LATE STARTS TO TRIPS

Over recent months there has been a tendency for trip members to arrive late at the Izadium. This is unfair to those who arrive on time. Trip leaders are under no obligation to wait for late arrivals and -- you have been warned!

PERMITS FOR STATE FORESTS.

All persons entering State Forests (the Ruahines a State Forest) are required by law to have a permit. Permits are readily obtainable, free of charge, from the Forest Service. Ring 89-109 P.N., write (P.O. Box 647, P.N.) or call (Queen St., P.N.) for your permit. On all Club trips it is the Leader's responsibility to obtain a permit.

TRIP ACCOUNTS

A prize is being offered for the best trip account submitted to the Editors. The lucky author will be able to go on a tramping trip with the Committee member of his/her/its choice! Trip leaders, get your overdue trip accounts in now.

PLEASE be in to win.

LIBRARY)	These items are available for inspection every Club Night.
PHOTO ALBUM)	We have a number of publications from other Clubs in our
NEWS SCRAP BOOK)	library, available on loan. Photos for the album, newspaper
LOG BOOK)	cuttings for the scrap book and route details for the log book

always welcomed.

HIRE GEAR

Ring 84-925 P.N. or call on gear custodian, Trevor Stretton, 28 Carroll St., P.N. for your requirements.

THAT PLATE AT THE DOOR.

Observant persons attending Club nights will have noticed the plate at the door. This is for donations towards the cost of running Club nights. 10 cents is an appropriate sum, although the treasurer is unlikely to be dismayed by donations of greater size.

PAST TRIPS.

16th-17th June. DIGGERS HUT AW-GEE.

The weird mob departed from Palmerston in a record short time for lateness, of only an hour. After travelling 30 miles with six people in one overcrowded car we now know what sardines feel like.

We tramped across farmland for about 2 hours till about 11 o'clock when we stopped at Walkers Hut for an early lunch. We then continued through the bush. The going was pretty slow. Every few paces the botanist would stop, dig out of her survival manual and give us a lecture on berries. For the last part of the bush we figured that it was quicker not to bother with such a conventional thing as a track. Trusting our luck to God we battled on. It was 'hard-on-the-backside' and 'bloody-freezing-river' terrain. Six bruised and battered backsides, not to mention the 12 frozen wet feet walked in Diggers Hut door at 12:45 p.m.

After lighting a fire we kept ourselves amused with the hard library and the Playboy's (struth.) Having partly digested the lumpy stew we jumped in to bed and that's when the fun began.

In a four bed hut a slight problem is created by six people, none of whom are partial to sleeping on the floor. I'm not sure what they put in the stew, but you know that nice quiet boy? Yes, well he really had himself a ball. Perhaps the Playboys went to his head. He wasn't going to be satisfied with just one bed. No, he had to try them all. He got thrown out of the hut once, but after his drum practice the peace ended and he came back inside. He continued his antics till one sleep crazy person was driven outside by the heat and smoke and an even stranger phenomenon? that crawled all over everybody, tied them up, pulled off their sleeping bags etc. (This poor person was soon driven back inside by a rain and cold ears.) The rusk-crunching and cries of pain, sox and fun, fun, fun went on through the night. Quote, "Struth, I've never had so much fun in my life." One twit, dreaming she wasn't happy with the top bunk, decided to fall onto the floor. The landing wasn't very accurate and one of the many sugar bins copped it. The resulting earthquake caused several slopes around the area.

The morning came and our energetic little friend (who had long since been expelled onto the floor) got a little bit lonely and soon there were three and a half people in one bunk. (And we'd thought he was such a nice boy !!!!) We busied ourselves or morning killing possums, building rock gardens and generally mucking about.

At about 12 the Sunday trippers arrived in after a quick lunch we all bounced? off up the track. Going across the farmland we divided into two groups. One weird mob headed off towards Taupo until they saw their beloved leader (struth) doing a war dance on the far distant horizon. After a slight detour and a bit of swearing their miscalculations were put right and they joined up with the rest of the gang.

We arrived back at the ???? at 4 p.m. overall a most enjoyable aw-gee was had by all.

Leader: (Struth) Russ Johnson (not just a pretty face.)

Mob: Peter Darragh (scabrous upheaval of latent demoralization. Also chief rusk-eater, rain-dancer, lady-scarer and great (t)wit.) Tina Strickson (the mind boggles), Arlene Denby (the thing that when bump in the night), Ann Hayman (scabrous upheaval of latent demoralization's best friend and assistance rusk eater.) Anne Clarke (silence, silence in the distant ye profane, with your gorgonings and superficial babblements, some of us at trying to sleep.) The mouse (the other thing that went bump in the night), the possum.

Sunday only: Pam Dicks, Dennis Moore, Karyn Bishop, Heather Crabb.

BLUE RANGE -- COW CREEK -- RUAMAHANGA RIVER

Five ambitious trampers arrived at the Izadium at 6 a.m. already for a good weekend's tramping. But what's this? Three members are missing already. "Slept in," says someone. Half an hour later they arrived in one of the taxiing vehicles with the excuse, "We ran out of petrol." (Excuses, excuses.) After this major delay we set out for Kiriwhakapapa Road.

We arrived at the beginning of the Blue Range track and set off into the "wild green yonder." After two hours of all up hill grunting and frequent rests the whole party arrived at the Blue Range Hut turn off. On asking one of the female members who had been here before (supposedly) how far the hut was, she held her hands apart saying "Bout that far." There was a terrific view on the way to the hut, but it took ages to walk there (someone forgot the chopper.) At the hut, at last, the stench was so bad that it seemed as if a full time army of rats were kept there (the dreaded Bush rats! Maybe) so we had lunch outside. The stench didn't stop people drinking water from the tank though. (No wonder some members wanted more frequent rests.)

At around 1.15 p.m. we left the hut in the approximate direction of Te Mara Trig. After a burst of up hill work we came to third down hill portion (oh the relief.) We reached Cow Saddle and then Cow Creek. (Wonders never cease.)

We arrived at the Cow Creek Hut, after getting our feet wet and the Waingawa River, at 3.30 p.m. Around 5.15 p.m. we had Dindins. (A vegetable affair with instant pud.) As we had nothing else to do we hit the old sleeping bags at around 6.30 p.m. By the time the feathers had settled we were all loudly asleep, with a snoring deerstalker as a musical accompaniment to the heavy breathing of the boys and girls (women's lib and all that.)

In a morning someone on the floor was heard saying, "It's going to rain! Fun, fun, fun!" but to his disappointment it didn't rain hard all day.

After breakfast some members decided to have a go on the wheely, down wind of the loo. Then some person got his index finger caught in one of the pullies and something was seen falling into the river....?? After a bit of brain surgery we headed back to the cars, the first we had to cross the Waingawa River. This is where one of the girls decided to lie down in the middle of the river -- well that's ridiculous. Her name will forever remain anonymous as Ina.

The two cars stopped at Pahiatua for a milkshake for all. Everyone arrived back at Palmerston North safe and sound except for the "Pulley Jammer Upper."

Those taking part in the exploration of the interior were:

Ina Te Wiata)	
Mary-Ann Whitehead)	Bra burners
Janice Rockell)	
Peter Hyde -- Pulley Jammer Upper)	
Peter Darragh -- Dish Maid)	Jockey burners
Glenn Osborne -- Sleeping beauty)	
Martin Speller -- Local Yokel)	

Trevor Stretton -- leader -- our man on the right hand side of the Sun God and the downer of the party member's Rain God.

1st July. HARRIS CREEK HUT -- PNTMC-MASSEY UNI ALPINE CLUB COMBINED TRIP.

The weatherman said "Fine" but the eight girls jumped out of the cars into wind and drizzle. The only man in the party, who was having his first taste of tramping, stared at the spectacle and gulped, "If that's what you call tramping, count me in!" Slowly plodding over the muddy track, gingerly picking our way across the icy river, and decidedly sticking to the track.

Some four hours later when it was about lunch time and the rain came pouring down, we found at last the Harris Creek Hut, not very far from town. The boys were by the fireside, they were without a doubt, and as we straggled in the door, they'd shout with all their might: Throw another log on the fire, we'll give the girls a brew, etc.

So we met up with the weekend party -- a tremendous sense of achievement; the purpose of the trip has been fulfilled. Without much delay -- back down the track, picking up botanical samples, fungi, and a few bars of hearty song every now and then. Arrival times back at the cars differed by about an hour between the first and last members, and the leaders, in the rear as proper leaders ought to be, just caught Heather disappearing into the distance and Sue's car. Thus the mysterious identity of the extra bod and why the Minties didn't go around has been explained. Alimentary, my dear Watson, albeit it's not often the leader is concerned about increasing party numbers. The remaining eight mudlarks fitted themselves snugly into the cars, any spare gaps being filled by socks, and as the Shannon night life was found non-existent, we stopped for soup and pancakes at Brother John's Monastery; and then strengthened in body and spirit, trampers collected from all over the lower half of the N.I. return home in time to pacify the anxiously clucking sergeant at the Police station.

Our thanks to the brave, unselfish, daring and unflappable drivers, Geoffrey Barnes and Pam Dicks.

Long suffering party members: Heather I, Heather II, Ruth Titchener, Ann Hayman and Vivien Mawson, the disorganised leader Elli and the reliable leader organiser Karyn.

(This trip account has been uncensored.)

STOP PRESS

A meeting of all members is being called on the 1st August at the Scottish Hall, behind N.A.C., Princess Street, at 8 p.m.

Purpose: Country music, fun, square dancing, round dancing, up and down dancing, cuppa, more music and dancing. Guaranteed cheerful evening -- see you all there -- Country and Western Club Roundup.