



PALMERSTON NORTH TRAMPING AND MOUNTAINEERING CLUB INC.

P.O. BOX 1217
PALMERSTON NORTH
NEWSLETTER

December 1993 Edition

Gear Custodian

Newsletter Editor & Newsletter Distribution

President	: Tricia Eder	357-0122
Membership Enquiries	: Pauline Coy	356-8782
	: Nigel Barrett	356-1568
	: Mick Leyland	358-3183
	: Peter Wiles	358-6894

ENQUIRES CONCERNING OVERDUE TRIPS

Mick Leyland	: Ph. 358-3183
Daryl & Linda Rowan	: Ph. 356-4655
Sue & Lawson Pither	: Ph. 357-3033

TRIPS OFTEN LEAVE FROM THE FOODTOWN CAR PARK IN FERGUSON STREET UNLESS THE LEADER ARRANGES OTHERWISE.

IF YOU ARE INTERESTED IN GOING ON A TRIP, PLEASE ADVISE THE LEADER AT LEAST THREE DAYS IN ADVANCE. IF YOU ARE INTERESTED IN AN ALTERNATIVE DAY OR WEEKEND TRIP, CONTACT THE LEADER OF THE SCHEDULED TRIP.

IF YOU ARE INTERESTED IN A DAY TRIP MID-WEEK RING LAWSON AND SUE PITHER (357-3033).

Members are reminded that a charge for transport will be collected on the day of the trip, the amount depending on the distance traveled and vehicles used. Leaders should be able to give an estimate in advance.

THURSDAY EVENING PROGRAMME

Please sign your name in the visitors book. There is a door fee of 30c which includes supper.

Club meetings are held for all Club (and intending) members on the last Thursday of each month and the Thursday two weeks prior to that evening. The venue is the Society of Friends Hall, 227 College Street, Palmerston North, at 7:45 pm unless otherwise notified in the newsletter.

The PNTMC committee meets on the first Thursday of each month.

SCHEDULED EVENT LIST

DECEMBER

Date	Trip	Grade	Leader	Phone
<u>DECEMBER 4</u>	Ruapehu	Tech	Derek Sharp	326-8178
<u>DECEMBER 5</u>	Xmas Dinner	Food	Dennis Moore	357-5651
<u>DECEMBER 12</u>	Hinerua Ridge/Hut	M	Mick Leyland	358-3183
<u>DECEMBER 19</u>	Ohau Valley	E	Richard Lockett	323-6489
<u>DECEMBER 18-19</u>	Whangaehu Ruapehu	Tech	Peter Wiles	358-6894

Committee meeting: 2nd. Club Night: 9th. Dinner at Brian's place, Mt Stewart. As is usual, there will be no 2nd Club night scheduled for 23rd.

? good may go out of town a little.

JANUARY

Club Night: Thursday 27th BBQ at Tricia's place

Date	Trip	Grade	Leader	Phone
Anniversary Weekend JANUARY 22-23	Orongorongo	E	Tony Gates	357-7439
JANUARY 22-23-24	Wakarara	All	Lis, Arthur Todd	323-6246
JANUARY 29	Cape Kidnappers	All	Peter Wiles	358-6894
JANUARY 29-30	Holly Hut	E	Malcolm Parker	357-5203

FEBRUARY

Committee meeting 3rd; Club Nights: Thursdays 10th and 24th.
10th - Map and compass excursions
24th - Slides from summer trips etc.

Date	Trip	Grade	Leader	Phone
FEBRUARY 6	Te Hekenga Xing	FE	Mick Leyland	358-3183
FEBRUARY 6	Kapakapanui	E/M	Dave Hodges	358-5981
FEBRUARY 6	Manawatu Gorge by canoe	All	Aaron Panchaud	354-8422
FEBRUARY 13	Herepai	E/M	Stuart Hubbard	359-3450
FEBRUARY 12-13	Ngamoko Range	F	Nigel Barrett	356-1568
FEBRUARY 19	Cactle Creek	E/M	Chris Saunders	358-4899
FEBRUARY 19-20	North Egmont	/ Rock / Tech All	Trevor Meyle	356-8782
FEBRUARY 26	Maharahara	M	Jenny McCarthy	06-376-8838
FEBRUARY 26-27	Sawtooth Ridge	F	Tony Gates	357-7439
FEBRUARY 26-27	?e	E	Malcolm Parker	357-5203

THURSDAY EVENING PROGRAMME

Later in year: Graham Langton on some aspect of the history of New Zealand mountaineering and much more.

EDITORIAL

Whilst perusing some magazines in order to gain inspiration in putting pen to paper, I came across this quote - "happiness is an article from a joker who reckons he couldn't write" - so for what it's worth here goes.

Over the past week I have been in contact with many of the Club members with regards the January-June 1994 trip card. The response has been really tremendous - 27 different leaders, which is approximately half of our Club membership. There probably aren't too many clubs able to claim at least 50% active club involvement by its members! The trip leaders are offering a wide variety of trips catering for all levels of tramping interests and fitness. I urge you to support our Club and participate in these trips, which the leaders have pledged their time and desire to share with you. When your trip card arrives, mark off the trips you would like to do and note it on your calendars.

A Club trip offers you an opportunity to meet many people and make friends. I have found that tramping transcends the so called traditional barriers of age, gender etc. and we are all drawn together by our common love of the great outdoors.

Tramping undoubtedly offers a challenge. It also brings a sense of accomplishment, renewal and satisfaction of having completed the trip (maybe one of those which you would like to do, but would never have ventured on your own). It will take you to new places and old favourite haunts. You may get to see Blue Ducks or hear the dawn chorus across a valley, bathe in the warmth of the midday sun on the tussock tops or watch the rose-coloured sunset across the mountain tops. It's seeing familiar places in all the variations of weather and seasons, and of being the first along a track of pure untouched snow.

On the other hand you may end up bush-bashing and when you get home discover bruises scratches and aching muscles which you have no recall of doing. When the wind is buffeting, the leatherwood unkind, the going is tough, you are cold and wet and you are telling yourself "NEVER AGAIN", remember the saying that goes like this - there is approximately 30% pleasure in the planning of the trip, 10% in the doing, but by far the greatest amount of satisfaction - 60% - comes after, when the trip is completed. To retain this sense of achievement and well being one needs to keep facing the challenges.

Food never tasted so good as at the end of a hard day's tramp when the team have produced a delectable meal from all contributions; the aroma of the real coffee brewing in the mug or bowl and that little extra pick-me-up which enhances the spirit of camaraderie enveloping the group. Into the background recede the difficulties - we have survived today and tomorrow is a new dawn.

As you build your fitness and experience, you will "get hooked" and will be back for more extending tramps. Here I add a special invitation to the women - it is Women's Suffrage Year; a time to set new goals and face new challenges; a time to get out into the hills and reach for these illusive heights. You can do it, just believe in yourself.

The new trip card is here - GET THE MOST FROM IT and pass your enthusiasm and enjoyment onto others.

MERRY CHRISTMAS AND HAPPY NEW YEAR.

P.S. See you at the BBQ. on 27th January 1994.

P.P.S. Anyone who would like to write a guest editorial for the newsletter contact a committee member.

-Tricia

NOTICES

THANKS

Thanks to Judy Stockdale and to Noel Cantwell for their most informative presentations to the Club in the last month or so. Thanks also to all those contributors to the trip card. About half of all the Club members are down to lead a trip in the next 6 months. We seem to have a very good mix of events in this card - keep up the good ideas - just have to hope that the weather obliges now.

NEW MEMBERS

Dale Lockart's phone number is 355-4179.

NEXT COMMITTEE MEETING

If you are unable to make it or expect to be late, please ensure that your apology is forwarded to the Secretary in advance. Next meeting at Pauline's place - 7 Just Place.

MAP ORDERS & HUT PASSES

We are intending to put a bulk map order into FMC to get the bulk discount. If you need coverage of a new area, or have lost a map or have covered your favourite sheet with red lines and need a clean sheet (to coin a phrase) or just like to indulge in some armchair tramping then get your order into Tony as we plan to get the order away in February. We are also taking names for a new order of hut passes - also give your name to Tony.

SLIDES OF TRIPS

On the Club night of the 24th February, we will be reserving for showing slides taken on summer trips. So going away - do not to forget to put a roll of slide film into your camera.

HUT BUILDING- 90'S style

The popular DOC Diggers Hut has been renovated. It is a wee bit larger, has a porch and sky light, and will soon have a new coat of paint. With the tidy Forks Hut, Te Ekaou Hut, the A-Frame, and Takapari Road all within a few hours walk, it is a good spot for a day or overnight tramp. The area isn't far from town.

The Ruahine Ranges have more huts for the area than any other area in the country. For better or worse, DOC are rationalising their huts, and will remove some, limit maintenance on others, along with their track maintenance programme. And, as above, some huts will be renovated. We have seen this with many of our favourites; Rangī, Sunrise, Pourangaki, Colenso, and now Diggers. Waterfall Hut is now nicely painted. Next on the list is Leon Kinvig, in the delightful upper Pohangina Valley. These huts make tramping worth while.

TRIP REPORTS

Don't forget (leaders) please get your trip reports in or use your short lived powers to delegate to an unsuspecting team member. How about a letter to the editor, perhaps, or some good gossip, or a poem or what ever.

BOOK REVIEW "MOUNTAINS OF THE SOUTH"

Paintings by John Rundle, Text by John Gordon (1993) Random House N.Z.

This is a lovely book. It is mountain painting at its best, with an easy, no nonsense text for general reading. Featured are pickies of all the well known sights (Mts Cook, Tasman and Aspiring, Milford Sound etc), and for our interest, many pickies of remote scenes, such as The Olivines, Mt Hooker, Mt Kensington, and the Whitcombe Valley.

The Text

The text contains a general description of each area of the paintings, with emphases on route guides (especially from John Rundle's own experiences) and exploration history. Many place names are described, such as "Starvation Saddle". It contrasts then and now, reminding us of the equipment, rather lack of it, that the original pioneers used. Famous names are frequently mentioned, such as Arawata Bill (O'Leary), Douglas, Zurbriggin, Mannering, Pascoe, and Hillary. Problems such as sandflies and weather, and mountain dangers are discussed, often with candid humour.

John Gordon, being of rural origins, writes of some high country sheep stations which he is familiar with. The John Rundle tramps and climbs were usually further afield, and often to the West Coast, and the paintings reflect that.

The Paintings

Watercolour and oil prints are full page spreads, and there are some nice wee b/w line drawings in the text. These are what you buy this book for, lovely mountain art work depicting what we are so used to seeing as photographs. Now I'm no art critic, but the moment I flicked through "Mountains", I knew I just had to have it. Moody paintings, misty, rainy, sunny mountains and valleys. Ice and snow, tussock, forest and scrub, and the general mix of terrain show the "Mountains of the South" in all their splendour. Each painting is special. Sweeping lines of the hills, be they covered in tussock, forest, or snow, or jagged rock, dominate each painting, but there is always some foreground detail. Most paintings show pristine wilderness, (like the cover of the FMC Bulletin) with some showing a person or two, a tent, or a hut. I don't know if the originals, or large prints, are available, but I'm sure they would be valuable. And if greeting cards of the pickies were available, they would be very popular.

This book is for mountaineers and tourists as well as artists. For me, it stirred emotions and memories of some lovely places I have been to, and dreamed of. This book, amidst all the others out for Christmas, will make a lovely Christmas pressy for someone special.

Tony Gates

TRIP REPORTS

LABOUR WEEKEND TOUR OF THE NORTHERN KAIMANAWA AREA

MAP 1:50,000 Kaimanawa U19

Up at a disgusting time of 03:30 to uplift young Mick at 0400, when that was done the trip north to Taupo was done in a bit of silence - even the Hot Bread shop at Waiouru was closed. Mick's old shooting mates, our lift to the end of Clements Mill Road, were waiting for us at Taupo.

Along the Taupo - Rotorua road (past the site where a bunch of Maories killed a few Poms while they were having a bit of a wash and) until we hang a left onto the Mill road. Nil of note until we got to the road's end and found that Queen Street would have been a bit quiet Friday night - all one people were here. Found the Waitako Tramping Club trailer, Mission number one: Run them little fellas down, practice came in the form of a group of Aucklanders who left about 10 minutes in front of us. Coffee was taken while a plan was devised.

The first part of the hump is down at river level, easy going but still lots of cyclone Bola stuff around. The ground tilts after about an hour. After 23 of the brown lines up people are not happy. Morale is low. Morale is even lower when we trip over 26 of those brown things on the way down to the lunch break. Lunch is taken next to the Tauranga-Taupo river, nice wee spot. Refreshed and off along the flat to Cascade Hut, what a depressing soggy mud fill place, the saving grace is 'bout 3 mins from hut - a beaut swimming hole, a deep green/blue colour. Powering along the river flat (love the flats tramp for days of them) we passed the Kaipo river track turn off, (heard good reports 'bout the place) and bumped into two of the Waitako team walking back to the turn off, (two down, 12 to go).

The track is tilting again not a good sign 21 browns again, laughter is a thing of the distant past, even smoking is not high on the list of things to do. The first of three false crests are mounted. The Japs are getting a hard time for giving me an altitude meter that reads below what we are at. The top is reached and a bit of a rest is called for. Call me a bit of a man not in touch with the 90's, strange, but I have a problem coming to terms with signs that read "Private Land Keep Out" or words to that effect, this in a State Forest that I partly own as a NZer and a tax payer. We start to drop down to the open flats of the Te-Waiotupuritia stream when the Chief Bloke upstairs pulls one of his little weird sense of humour lines and

puts 60 meters of up stuff in our way, a very cruel piece of work. A very nice grassy area becomes the night stop. We have stopped close to the Waikato group. Bed is a very welcome spot, the grass is like a soft mattress, pure bliss.

DAY TWO

Day comes too early but it's ok - the weather is looking good and the going is easy. We wander down the flats, idle time. Came to a Y-intersection and took the left branch, Leyland had been having a few mutterings 'bout this short cut he knows about, these mutterings were now becoming fo? sentences and he couldn't understand the lack of enthusiasm -"a Leyland shortcut was generating". The closing remark of his sales pitch was "I know a bloke who said this was a track, a friend of one of his workmates heard talked about in a pub back in '73". The sighting of the Waikato team ahead of us proved the deal clincher and away we went cross-country. It must be said that the shortcut was indeed a good idea, the going was ok and the line was everything Mick lead us to believe, however, I never doubted him, it was the other one that had a problem with it. Once we rejoined the main track, we wandered on down it, and a couple of hours later we hit the open lands and broad river area of the Oamaru-Mohaka River confluence. Oamaru was bypassed due to the thousands of Scouts there, except by Mick who decided to have a coffee and chat to a tidy wee thing that was in residence. We were sent forward to prepare the campsite for him. After a 9 hour tramp, the evening and night were a bit blurred, but I do remember it was a cosy wee place by the river, bit of drizzle for a while but no biggy.

DAY THREE

The feet are a bit sore today, shoulders got a bit of a line on them - short day today - should be out to road end in 6 hours or so. As we were due to leave a group of Ventures came thru; we were set to bump into these most of the way out. You follow the Mohaka River north as it becomes narrower, cross a number of its feeders, climb a few of the sharp little spurs, but nothing over the top. The foot bridge over the Kaipō River is worth a photo and a coffee break, in fact it's a good area to camp if the trip allows for it.

The ground is starting to tilt and the feeling becomes "let's get the thing over with". Another 23 brown things to trip over, but it's okish as it's over a good 4000 metres. The Te Iringa Hut and lunch is welcome. A bit of humour occurred when we popped round a corner and the Venture group were around a hole yelling abuse, apparently a bigger lad dropped the group's water bottle down and the smaller member wasn't doing a good job at recovering it.

Road end reached, in car home. A good tramp, long days but rewarding. Would have to class it a Fit Trip, due to the long days, the terrain is Medium.

Mick, Pauline & Trevor

PERFECTION – Telemark skiing at Rangiwahia (Whanahuia Range), Ruahines, July 1993

Southerlies had lashed New Zealand for a week. Snow and ice had closed the Desert Road for five consecutive days, and much of the North Island's high country received a good dose of the white stuff. When the weather cleared, it was time to go ski touring.

Saturday morning was frosty. I reached the road end just before dawn, with plenty of time to prepare for the sweat up onto the tussock tops. The track was good, the mud puddles were frozen, and with a light pack it was a fast climb to the hut.

The track follows an even gradient through beech and broadleaf forest, then the impenetrable leatherwood belt. The surrounding hills are steep, but just above the leatherwood, at 1300 metres altitude, the terrain suddenly opens up to flat rolling tussock basins. The ever popular DOC Hut "Rangi", is located right on the edge of the tussock flats. Far beyond, the highest points on the 'ridge are a little over 1600 metres altitude. There are some lovely tussock basins that can provide excellent skiing from May through to December when snow and weather permit.

I had the place to myself for the time being, with great views all around of the Ruahine, Tararua, and Kaimanawa Ranges, the Rangitikei and Manawatu Plains, and of course the dominant mountains of Tongariro National Park. Conditions were just perfect. I wish my eyes were cameras.

Rangi Hut, with gas on tap, provided a welcome resting place. A quick brew, squeezed into the faithful old Telemark boots that still fit like gloves, bit of suncream on, and I was away. The well, worn track continues through the tussock up to the first high point, Mangahuia. There was a good cover of snow over the tussock; giving skinning a definite advantage over walking. Although there was a bit of ice around, crampons were not required at that stage. Skins were removed at the top, then the first few snow plough turns of the season came as easily as they ever do. Despite some more icy patches and sastruga, the snow was lovely. It was pleasant, easy skiing over to the turn off to Triangle Hut, far below in the Oroua Valley. While sidling up to the second saddle, I only just managed to keep moving on skis without skins by utilising my XCD skis fishscale base. From there, it was a fair grunt skinning up to the trig on Mangamahue. I paused for a few photos, as I was toiling directly into the weak sunshine, and a gentle breeze blew spin drift amongst the glistening ice bobbles and snow. Crampons on for the last step, then I was there, on the highest point of the Whanahuia Range (1660 metres) and a central lookout point for much of the snow covered Ruahine Ranges. That felt good. Things were a bit exposed on the ice in a couple of spots, as the terrain drops steeply into the head of the Oroua and Pourangaki valleys. To the south and west, towards "Dirty Spur" then Ruapehu beyond, the terrain slopes gently away. There is a little saddle not

far past the trig, where the Regional Council rain gauge is located, and usually a tarn. It is a good place to camp. I had camped there, and skied around the top basins several times. The last time was November 1992, when the snow was maybe 2 metres deep in places, and there was a lot of avalanches on the wet tussock. I got rather sunburnt then. No chance this time though, very different conditions, with lots more snow (and ice), and bloody cold. The weather remained clear as I dined and took photos of the beautiful Mt Ruapehu.

The ski down looked icy and exposed. I gingerly crept along the ridge towards Rangī Hut, a couple of tight turns on the top bit, then I was away. Surprisingly, the snow was much easier than I had envisaged, and I was doing just fine. A few metres of sastrugi to fight through, then the good stuff again, right down to the saddle. Perfection. I was skiing well, and felt great. Even snatched a couple of knee-scraping telemark turns. Skins were stuck on again at the saddle, but the glue wasn't sticking too well. Not enough of it I guess. Enjoyed the walk up to the next summit anyway, crisp, north facing snow. Down a lovely south facing gully once again, this time aiming for the track, with some fresh footprints. There were two people and their dog floundering around in the snow and rather surprised at seeing a ski tourer. They had no ice axes or crampons, and on skis, I felt infinitely their superior. I could go places, they could not. I zipped down to the flat bit of the ridge towards Rangī Hut on some nice patches of snow, then some sastruga, then through some seriously softened snow. Met some more people further down, and I still felt their superior because I could glide (seemingly) effortlessly over and through the snow covered tussock while they continually sunk up to their knees. Soft snow is hard work. Skied right to the hut.

Would have been OK cross-country skiing through the tussock on the feather weight skis (without edges), but they are diabolical to control once on ice. You have to wait till the day warms up or when there is fresh soft stuff around. The telemark skis I was on that day, XCD's, are a sensible compromise for the conditions, though still requiring skins in places.

Down the very familiar trail to the car park in warm sunshine, then it was all over. Seldom had the Ruahine Ranges looked so good.

LABOUR WEEKEND RIVER RAMBLES

In the true style of seasoned trappers we changed our trip plans before heading off from home. Monday's weather was perfect - clear and warm - we were free to do as we pleased.

The youngest member of the party drifted off to sleep minutes before we parked near the Pohangina River but awoke enthusiastic and full of energy.

The well-rounded stones and rocks proved no obstacle for those of shorter stature, however the encroachment of the water up the shorts line during the numerous river crossings proved too much. A brief(!) pause by the largest and more interesting swimming hole in the river meant time for those tantalising games of throwing stones in the river, drawing pictures in the sand and building cairns to find our way back with. Onward for more river crossings and eyeing up shell encrusted sandstone boulders and interesting bits of driftwood.

Lunch time, and where better to spend it than on an island in the middle of the river, wood pigeons flying across and tuis flittering around the native bush above the river. Sun and general fatigue just about overtook us on the return down the river but an improvised game of boulder hopping meant the ground was soon covered. A final scramble up the bank and onto the gravel pile before heading home. A lovely day - the children walking the whole journey (except for those river crossings!) and the front steps of the house now adorned with treasure from the trip.

The Rowan team: Daryl, Linda, Stefan (4 yrs) , Errin (22 months).

HOLDSWORTH WANDER - 9 October

Due to a spot of pancreatitis of the leaders pup, the weekend trip was scaled down to a day trip for all except the 2 who did the whole thing.

Llew, Jenny, me and Pauline (described from here on in as the day trippers) waited at the car park for the weekenders (Chris and Alastair Saunders). 'Bout 0900-ish, we started off up the State Highway towards Holdsworth.

The team was powering up the route all having fun; Rocky Lookout may be worth a stop and look at, definitely a smoke place for the addicts left in the Club. Pig Flat was Boring and the only interest was the speed camera placed 'bout 300m South of Mountain Hut and 50 m North of the Giveway sign. Talking of Mountain House, a 40 oz Trappers place if there ever was one, no windows left, mattresses are a thing of the past - can't remember if the door was in situ - saves the places further up the track I suppose.

The track has finally started to become a bit on the vague side. Erosion is making it self-felt (artificial insimulation of Leatherwood is the only way to stop it.), the vegetation is thinning out and the views are Ok, worth a photo or two.

Powell Hut (along with the environmentally friendly and low impact Loos) becomes visible with a spot of low cloud behind it and is a welcome spot for Lunch. Sitting on the veranda and munching on a few sammies. When from the high mists a bunch of Lemmings appear doing the Macbeth thing. Turns out these blokes are a lot of Ventures or School Kids, or Access course, they was something anyway. The crowning glory came with tailend Charlie descending like the avenging angel armed with an original Mountain Mule with 2 largish billies and an ankle length oilskin flapping around. Good to see the young ones out there though.

When Lunch was taken it was pack up quick and try and catch the 80 plus year olds who had bypassed the hut and was doing a bit of an escape towards the top, can't let the old ones get in front of a group of PNTMC people? What would the other club say if it was reported? 'Am glad to say the interception was successful. We wandered up the slope to the objective, had a look, said goodbye to the weekenders (for the first time), there was a weak moment while the day trippers tossed up the idea of doing a quick chase around to Jumbo, down the spur, along the stream and back to the car in a day - visions of a Leyland short-cut had me actively taking the negative side, cool heads won the day and the trippers took a last look at the ridge and the weekenders and started down to the car park.

The young ones (the Lemmings) had had a hard time descending the route from Powell to Mountain House and were busy regaining the strength on their backs and don't forget the boy at the car park who was going to pack up all his water 'cause its well known in Auckland that south of the Bombay Hills the Giadia are the size of trout.

TRIP TO SUNRISE/WAIPAWA FORKS AREA -Sunday 31 October

It was great to see six of us turn up for a nice easy trip into Sunrise / Waipawa Forks area. Tricia had volunteered me to lead the trip as she had injured her back and was unable to participate. The forecast seemed to be okay up until mid-afternoon, so we expected to be in for plenty of Hawkes Bay sunshine and hopefully be back at the cars before it began to rain - well it was supposed to be an easy trip.

We began with a quick look at Triplex Hut. It seems to be a reasonably comfortable hut located right on the bush edge. From here we decided we would aim for Sunrise Hut. What a track! I was not aware that there was a wheelchair access all the way up to the hut! After a leisurely stroll, up with a number of stops to admire the views, we wandered into Sunrise for an early lunch. There had been plenty of discussion on the way up over what appeared to be a hut at the top of the ridge in front of us. I believe bets were placed as to the identity of this white hut shaped object. High stakes were set - a milkshake if it was the hut or two milkshakes if it was snow.

The Stockdales wandered into the hut shortly after we arrived and invited us to join them on their circuit. Although the invitation was appreciated, the proposed adjustment did not seem to fit the definition of an "easy club trip".

We wandered on down the track to the turn off to Waipawa Forks Lodge. Julian decided to meander on down the way we had come. The rest of us decided to have a look at Waipawa Forks Lodge. On the way we met up with Perry and Trevor, who had been at Waterfall Hut. Although we didn't actually have a close look at Waipawa Lodge, we passed it as we followed the river down to the car park. Julian arrived and ferried us back to where we had parked the cars.

A very pleasant days walk was had by us all. We were Malcolm, Julian, Rose, Richard, Tracey and one other.

WATERFALL HUT 30 - 31 OCTOBER

A good start to the day, civilised, 'bout 7-ish, when we left Palmerston and headed to the carpark at end of North Block road in the centre-eastern Ruahines.

Started the day by visiting the swamp route round the side of feature 952, joined the high route towards Sunrise Hut. Carried on down towards the Waipawa river and then up it. Towards the top, (it gets a bit steep and you get puffy) the erosion hits y'u straight between the eyes, it's awesome. Especially the one what comes off feature 1625.

Waipawa Saddle is a spot to rest, talk was geared towards heading up Three Johns, however a storm appeared to be about to break in the next couple of weeks, so regrettably we had to miss the journey, we would definitely head up Rangiateatua from Rangi.

The other side of Waipawa Saddle has gone on Holiday, the track is all but gone with it, gonna have to have a new one shortly, there are places that are undercut, and y'u can't see them unless you are looking back, **Be careful**.

Turned left at the Waikamaka Hut Junction (Heretaunga Tramping Club Place) and wandered up the branch. The track is ok, the stream is a bit on the shitty side, so don't try going up it, like I did going down it (good English ahhhhh!). Bit of rock climbing got us to the top of Rangi Saddle, (didn't need to do the climb if y'u follow the track, its the thing with the markers on it!).

Rangiateatua appeared to be in an intense localised storm front, so with great regret and sadness we turned our backs on a longed look forward, easy shamble up and along the large open tops before a gentle descent down Waterfall

Creek to the hut (don't try it, even Mick starts to take great interest in his boots when Waterfall Creek is mentioned). The Hikurangi Range with Mangaweka (Ruahine high point, I think) sitting as boss, is totally white, its great where we are. The track on the other side takes a 90° degree turn left as it hits the scrub line, be careful - it is easy to miss. Follow this down and hit the open area of the Kawhatau River. You idle your way up to the Hut. You have to be blind and your guide dog on strike to miss it.

There's a couple of short wanders you can do. Go up Waterfall Creek past the first little fall until you come to a real one, 'bout 10min up, there's a new one straight ahead, good hole in for a dobi, don't think too many stones will come down and stuff up your trip. On the right is the old waterfall, well worth going to it just to get a photo of the two. The other thing you can do is to go Blue Duck looking, they are excellent wee things if a bit oily(!). There's one up there who had me running round like a prize dork on the last light. Just as I stripped for bed he lets rip with a call, had to go looking didn't I, sure he set me up. Him and his mate were under the hut floor with a Walkman and speakers, laughing till it falloff, I'm positive of it.

On the way out we were having a stop and coffee at Rangī Saddle and we got looking at the map and thought we might push the other club from there North to feature 1359 and 1420, that would give access to Wakelings and Crow, there has to be a reason why it isn't a route, ?leatherwood in ambush, anyone know?

Married up with the day trip to Sunrise on the Waipawa River and went with them out to the cars. Those who stayed home to do the lawns or didn't get the leave pass approved, missed a good idle weekend.

Perry and Trevor

PINE TREE PULLING - 27-28 November

Call me a pussy if you want but on the weekend I did a runner and became a member of the Forest and Bird Society Palmerston division. The reason was a simple one; I turned up at the Pinus Contorta pulling weekend on the southern slopes of Ruapehu. 200 odd other people and 3 of us from the club, 3, I couldn't believe it, when Perry told me, 3, Me, Julian and Perry. Out of 60 odd members only 3 got up there. The Auckland branch of the "Conservation action group" got 15 of their lot down, Wanganui had to get a hire Bus, HiAce, and a trailer, to get the group across. Marton (who ever heard of the Marton Club?), got 3 vehicles worth together.

I know there are people who wanted to go, but couldn't for genuine reasons, but a lot of you just were not interested, oh, if it was on TV there would be all sorts of shaking of the heads and pursing of the lips, the Norwegians would get an ear full from the people of the PNTMC for the killing of whales, the Canadians would fair get an extremely cross letter if they came down here and did a bit of killing of the seal pups, but when you are offered a weekend to come out and get the fingers dirty doing conservation work to help stop the spread of a noxious plant, we just don't seem to bother. Just one weekend a year!

If you can look yourself in the mirror and say "I really wanted to go but in all honesty I couldn't go" then this is not aimed at you. However if you feel a prick of conscience or you are getting a little bit hot under the collar then maybe you can think about it next time around.

We enjoyed ourselves anyway.

Trevor Meyle

COLENZO CROSSING – 20 – 21 November 93

Wandered over the farmland on Mokai Station by myself, then down the steep bushy track to the delightful Iron Bark Hut just on dark. A choice spot. A morning stroll gave me my bearings, and a bit of local knowledge that was to prove very useful for later on. Then it was an easy two hours over to the new Lake Colenso Hut. Weather sort of "doubtful". Presently, Mick, Brian, Llew, and Pete arrived from the Makarora (refer below), and with them the usual coffees, food, and chinwagging. It was obviously going to be a good afternoon in the hut, watching the wind and drizzle.

I was packed up and went to bed early on Friday night, for a 5.00 am start from Palmerston North. The next thing, I awoke to the phone ringing and Mick telling me it was 5:10 am. Panic stations, no breakfast and a high speed motorcycle trip to town in the pouring rain.

So we put on parka's, balaclavas and gloves and pressed on for the summit of Te Atua Mahuru in the strengthening nor-westerly wind. As we headed south along the tops, the cloud thickened and the wind really turned it on. I have been in stronger wind but on this day we could only just stand up and often we were blown to the ground and had to hang on with all fours. Llew lost his balaclava while we were looking for the route off the tops down to the Mangatera River.

I describe it as a route as there are no markers and we battled a bit getting down through the leatherwood. It was so good to get out of the wind but by the time we got down to the river, the rain was pouring down. (We still managed to get our cigarettes rolled and lit.)

It was easy going down the river except the rocks were slippery with algae. The rain stopped and Mick and I got to the new Colenso Hut at about 3:45 to find Tony Gates just getting out of bed! Tony got the fire going and we soon had all the wet clothes dry. The new hut is excellent. At 7.30 pm two other trampers arrived from Barlow Hut. They had had a bad day, got lost on the tops and went over the side to get out of the wind. One had bleeding cuts to his forehead and nose, the other a whopping bruise on his shin.

I must make a favourable comment about Llew' culinary skills, however. While we lazed about and Tony went out for a shot, Llew created an excellent meal with the pooled resources of fresh veges and assorted meats. They all went to bed early and it rained all night.

Then came Sunday. Our big day. Our "expedition" to the "Unkonwn". So we left Lake Colenso behind us, and toiled up the very steep ridge that leads over to the Unknown. Found two very nice bivvis right on the track, overhanging rocks with shelter from wind and rain. By the time we reached the forks just down from the Unknown Campsight, the stream was flooded somewhat, and was in places thigh deep. Persistent drizzle/ rain had brought up the water level up considerably more than expected, and we soon began to experience difficulties with river crossings. It was difficult to determine exactly where we were by looking at the map, as distances travelled in the creek were deceptive. Because of these facts, and the thought of crossing, rather not crossing, the mighty Maropea River outside Iron Bark Hut, we elected to tramp cross country to the swing bridge, which is half way between Iron Bark and Ototoka Huts. The vegetation is mostly big Beech Forest, with an understorey of fern, so proved a lot easier than some of us suspected it may have been. The map shows the route as fairly short, but necessitating constant, diligent map and compass navigation. And one has to read the map very closely. Upon reflection, the route wasn't all that bad, and took us maybe two hours of navigation, and it was a good lesson, but we all were getting a little annoyed at the persistent drizzle and damp forest. And "Logjam Creek" proved a bit more than we had expected. Not the easiest of creeks to tramp along. However, presently we made it to the ridge overlooking the very flooded Maropea River, and soon were lunching on the track with great relief. A brew and feed, and we were all fired up for the slog out. Way down, cross the swing bridge, then grind up. Weather even took a turn for the better, but that didn't last, by the time we reached the farmland, mist and drizzle ensured that our rather wet condition remained. And as for Mick's route finding from there, I mean, a combined effort by us all, local knowledge plus the faithful map and compass saved us. Wet, depressed, and a bit later than expected, we finally found the Mokai Hut, then the easy farm track down to the farm house, and Trevor and Pauline patiently waiting for us - two hours late. A good strong coffee, and the great crossing was all over. Everyone wants to return in fine weather.

TARARUA BISCUITS

350g Rolled Oats	500g Wholemeal Flour
275g White Flour	350g Butter
350g Sugar	1 Teaspoon Salt
4 tablespoons of either golden syrup, malt or honey.	
Optional extras include - raisins, ginger, rum etc...	

Melt butter and syrup into mixture of dry ingredients. Add water and make a stiff dough. Roll out to 6 mm thick. Cut into circles (if desired) with a glass, bake in moderate oven 150-160~C for 30-40 minutes.

Consumption rates depend on many factors but budget for 120-150g per day.

**REMEMBER
THIS SUMMER – WATCH
THAT SUN**

Especially on the snow and open ground.

Have an enjoyable vocation - whether by burning up heaps of energy or by taking it really easy. Have a few adventures and I look forward to a storey or two, or three ... in these columns in the New Year. Take care. Merry Christmas etc.

Peter 'Wiles.

Shop Talk from Mountain Equipment

Greetings! With Christmas and New Year breaks coming up, many people are looking at long holidays. The opportunity for escaping into the outdoors abound, so make the most of any time off - go and discover an obscure part of New Zealand. Remember to take lots of photos, and to write a trip report afterwards!

Mountain Equipment will be open over Christmas and the New Year (except for the statutory holidays so that we can get out tramping and climbing etc.) so drop in if you need any last minute supplies. We currently have a good range of the freeze-dried food in both the single serve and five person serving packs.

For December, there are some promotions being run for those of you who need a new sleeping bag - we are giving a free sleeping bag liner away with every MACPAC sleeping bag purchased (we won't be able to give you the full club discount for this, but talk to us - being Christmas we might be even more generous). The other big special is 15% off for a MACPAC travel pack and a MACPAC sleeping bag when purchased together. Both these offers expire on December 31st.

Up until Christmas, any purchase you make enables you to place an entry form in the special box for the draw for a MACPAC Pursuit daypack. These are worth \$229, so enter as many times as you like - it would be a nice Christmas present. Entries close on December 24th when we close up for Christmas. A winner will be drawn, and the winner notified as soon as possible.

The only other thing to say is Season's Greetings, enjoy yourselves but take care out there.

Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!
from The Team at Mountain Equipment

