



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

**NEWSLETTER**

7/72

COMING EVENTS.

29<sup>th</sup> June. CLUB NIGHT

At the Society of Friends' Church Hall, 227 College St., at 7.30 p.m.

Mr. John Newton will give an illustrated address on the Tongariro National Park environs.

SUPPER DUTIES: Adrian Turner, Mike and Raewyn Bysouth.

1<sup>st</sup>-2<sup>nd</sup> July. ARMSTRONG SADDLE

Grading: Medium Cost: \$2.00 approx.  
Leaving Izadium: 6 a.m. Saturday.  
Leader: David Hay, Phone 86-483

6<sup>th</sup> July. SOCIAL EVENING

At 28 Carroll St., 7.30 p.m. onwards. Come and exchange views, tales true or otherwise or simply chat a while.

8<sup>th</sup>-9<sup>th</sup> July. INSTRUCTORS' SNOWCRAFT.

Instructors please phone Lawson Pither, 85-616 for details.

9<sup>th</sup> July. PUKETURA TRACK. Sunday

Grading: Easy Cost: \$1.00 approx.  
Leaving Izadium: 7 a.m.  
Leader: John Williams, Phone 84-925

13<sup>th</sup> July. COMMITTEE MEETING

32 Amesbury St., 7.30 p.m.

15<sup>th</sup>-16<sup>th</sup> July. RANGIWAHIA

Grading: Easy Cost: \$1.50 approx.  
Leaving Izadium: 7 a.m. Saturday.  
Names to: Ian Hoare, Phone 83-448

22<sup>nd</sup>-23<sup>rd</sup> July. WAIOPEHU-GABLE END

Grading: Medium Cost: \$1.00 approx.  
Names to: Ian Hoare, Phone 83-448

27<sup>th</sup> July. CLUB NIGHT.

At the Society of Friends' Church Hall, 227 College St., at 7.30 p.m.

A programme of films will be shown: "Prelude to Aspiring", "Snowcraft", "Wild September Snow", "Rock climbing."

SUPPER DUTIES: Heather Crabb, Karyn Bishop, Christine Batt.

29<sup>th</sup>-30<sup>th</sup> July. SNOWCRAFT I. RUAPEHU.

Leaving Izadium Friday night 6 p.m.

Cost Approx. \$4.

Names to Trevor Stretton, phone 84-925

5<sup>th</sup>-6<sup>th</sup> August. CONSERVATION EXERCISE

Details in next newsletter.

NOTICES

Plans are under way for a trip in the South Island from 1<sup>st</sup> to 18<sup>th</sup> January next. Would anyone interested or with suggestions on locality please contact Trevor Stretton as soon as possible.

P.R.O. BALL

An invitation has been received to attend this Ball on Saturday, 8<sup>th</sup> July, in the Astoria Ballroom. Subscription: \$16.00 double.

MOUNTAIN SAFETY COMMITTEE MEETING.

Our representative on this committee reported from the last meeting that a one-day Bushcraft course was planned to be held on July 2nd. The course will be run at the Balance Reserve and the programme is described as being suitable for juniors 12 years old and over. Practical use of compass and maps, trip preparations, river crossing, bush traverse, bush cooking, equipment and first aid will be demonstrated. Transport will leave the Police Station at 8:15 a.m. and will return by 4:30 p.m.

A film titled "Snowsence" will be shown by the Mountain Safety Committee in the Brewery Hall, on 8<sup>th</sup> August, 8 p.m.

PLASTIC BAGS

Russell Johnson has obtained a quote for a large number of 7 ft. plastic bags for use as emergency shelter. If anyone is interested in purchasing these at a low cost please contact Russell, phone 87-777.

WANTED TO BUY

Has anyone a pack in good condition, which they want to sell? If so, please contact Russell Johnson, or Trevor Stretton.

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After hearing about weather conditions in the deep south from our expatriate Lynn Potter, who skates to work and has not been able to climb the hill to the shop for food we would like to suggest that she wears crampons and carries an ice axe to work and to do her shopping. Can't you imagine her and her flatmates roping up to fetch the bread?

PAST TRIPS.

CHRISTMAS DINNER 71!

The President phoned the other night and said what about writing a report on the Christmas Dinner at Rangī? First I checked up (where) we were in June, not April 1<sup>st</sup> and then agreed. I assume the poor chap has spent the last six months phoning the more sober and literate members of the club, trying to wring a report out of them. He said, you can make it factual or do one of your usual things. This naturally stung my powers of recall into action and so for the facts..... recollections are a little hazy but I am sure that rather appropriately it took place sometime last December. Three things impinge on my memory as far as Saturday is concerned: Number-one -- staggering up to Rangī Hut with half a ton of coke in my pack -- Number two -- Trevor baying at the moon (he called it an evening sing-song but the less tone deaf amongst us knew better) -- Number three -- a couple of deerstalkers and their attendant dolly birds arriving for a quiet weekend -- ah yes, it's coming back to me now -- I remember finding Ian being the perfect host to one of the dolly birds, in the dark recesses under the Maori bunk. Sunday dawned early, as it usually does, and we went around doing our little chores.

The day trippers arrived, some bottles were opened and the adults present with social consciences started sloshing down Christmas vino as fast as they could so that there would not be any left to corrupt the under age members. Sue went around bursting people's balloons, Owen threw a billy of water over Sue and that's about all. Except of course, we had dinner (supervised by chief cheffess Heather.)

EASTER, 1972. THE TRUTH ABOUT TARAWERA -- AT LAST!! (Or so the trip leader says.)

2 p.m. on the 31<sup>st</sup> March at the Waimangu was the rendezvous agreed upon by trip members, due to the varying trip initiating points: viz. Palmerston North, New Plymouth, Shannon, Sydney, Aokautere etc.

After discussing whether to pay to enter (a nominal 30c) the guilty party tiptoed past the shop and entered the thermal reserve of Waimangu. It is understood that Brad, having left a little behind the miserable party, bought a family ticket for us all. Thanks Brad.

Waimangu Thermal valley is part of a volcanic rift system, which extends a total of 10 miles from the Waimangu shop N.E. through Lake Rotomahana and Mount Tarawera and was caused during the eruption of 1886. The party ambled past Frying Pan Lake, Raumoko's Throat etc., to Lake Rotomahana. Here, fears about the rising Lake level were realised. The level was up over the track which used to lead to Lake Tarawera. The party waited about three hours while Kevin and Roger evaluated the remaining sections of the route. Back to the cars to try for Tarawera by launch was the decision. Moderate refreshments at the shop preceded a decision to camp at nearby Lake Okaro, as it was getting dark. We soon changed our minds and drove on. Sometime that night we pitched camp at a motorcamp at Lake Tarawera. There were 14 trampers in the tiny kitchen having tea that night.

By 10.15 the next morning we were all aboard a Govt tourist launch on Lake Tarawera heading for Rapotu Bay. After unloading at the jetty a demonstration on how to pitch tentflies was given. Later after a stroll over to Lake Rotomahana, the recent rise in the lake level was confirmed as the brand-new jetty here was built on the older submerged one 8 ft. below.

A few statistics on this lake:	Lake size	Lake depth
pre eruption	284 acres	32 feet
present day	over 6,000 acres	over 800 ft.

During the eruption the lake was blown out to a depth of 250 ft. below the old level. It has been filling up again ever since and there is no exit.

Present day facilities of the accommodation Lodge in this area just didn't seem to be appreciated by one indignant party member. However, after a bite for lunch, we headed for Hot Water Bay, ½ hour from the camp around Lake Tarawera. Here, a fairly motley selection of swimming apparel was worn but humourous or not everyone enjoyed an hour's bathing. A bowl and water twirling act was put on at teatime followed closely by the bowl and food throwing routine.

Sunday 2nd April. Fears of bad weather from the previous night were dispelled on Sunday morning. We had only one day to climb Tarawera. No-one found it difficult getting up to Tarawera Chasm in the morning. Ruapehu, Ngauruhoe and Tongariro were hazy due to Ngauruhoes's erupted fumes and these formed a very high continuous cloud formation right out to the Bay of Plenty. The panorama of Rotomahana, Tarawera and other Rotorua Lakes was peaceful in contrast to the night of June 10th 1886. Within the space of ¾ hour, everyone had traversed or ambled down, either side of the main chasm on top, to the highest point on Tarawera (Ruawahia Trig, 3644 ft.) From here the Bay of Plenty displayed itself from Cape Runaway to the Coromandel. White Island and Mt. Edgecombe were predominant features here.

Routine exhibitionism on descending through the soft scoria scree was followed by a hot slog back to the camp. A quick dip in the lake and a few belly flops later tea was on the

way. It was curious the way first one person then a second etc. took advantage of the conveniently placed posts down either side of the jetty. Soon everyone had caught on and could be seen to eat all their future meals seated in this position. Washing the dishes involved reaching down to the lake from a recumbent position.

The sing-song that night later transferred to the WCTC who were camp 100 yards further around the bay.

Monday 3<sup>rd</sup>. Breakfast again in the customary position is based along the jetty and a long wait for the launch to arrive to take us back.

A fairly successful weekend.

Trip members: Raewyn Lees, Christine Batt, Pauline Gibbons, Sue Streeter, Heather Crabb, Jane Scrymgeour, Adrienne Thompson, Kevin Pearce, Tony Croad, Peter Darroch, Hilda and Alton England, Brad Owen, Roger Lander -- Leader.

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Is that the truth? Now, I ask you -- were Kevin and Roger really "evaluating the remaining sections of the route" -- for three hours! And the trip leader cannot deny that he disappeared frequently on the pretext of visiting his friends of the WCTC. Then what on earth would entice a human being or climber into a crater or swimmers to lie in threateningly bubbling water? And who but a highly suspicious person would gargle his instant pudding?

#### 13<sup>th</sup>-14<sup>th</sup> May. ROCK CLIMBING AT TITAHU BAY.

Six club members spent an enjoyable day attempting varying aspects of rock climbing, despite the not-so-kind weather. We began at the bottom of the coastal cliffs (a bit iffy with a high spring tide) near a cave, where the two new pupils learnt the basic rock and rope handlings. The favourite spot seemed to be the slab, a moderately smooth and, in parts, slippery slope approximately 50 feet high. Here, the reward of reaching the top was to abseil down by ropes, though to the horror at one time for a member who discovered his waist line loosened when just about to abseil down..... One less member?

Accommodation for the night at Kevin's parents' home nearby was especially appreciated with the typical Wellington weather. That evening to extend the club's scope of activities it was decided to go to the film "French Connection." The verdict: top marks on its violence and use of "four letter words" but what about the cut out parts??

It was unfortunate that the weather wouldn't clear so in preference to slipping at Titahi Bay we drove in pouring rain to the Wainui-o-mata coast, the object to rock climb but.... well.... how about seeing the seals? We discovered them to be the most modest creatures -- they dislike being gazed at and being the centre of attraction let alone approached. In fact they get quite upset, snarl and attempt to attack if being photographed. However, if a large rock nearby looked tempting on the way, Kevin would immediately lead his colleagues up to it.... only to find that it was often harder to get down. Some, or one, just couldn't manage one time and had to be content with cheating by walking around.

Roger, who joined us down there, did not leave disappointed -- he "mislaid" his Parker at Titahi and car keys at Wainui-o-mata.

Trip members: Kevin Pearce, Brad Owen, Lawson Pither, Roger Lander, Lindsay Sandes, Pauline Gibbons.

#### 20<sup>th</sup>-21<sup>st</sup> May. TOTARA FLATS EXPEDITION.

After years of toil and planning the 1972 Totara Flats Expedition got under way. The party, made up of trampers of various experience, left at 6 a.m. one chilly Saturday morning. At 740 hours their young but capable? leader led his party into the dense bush, not knowing the possible dangers ahead.

For the first day things went fairly smoothly except that at the end of the long day's tramp (1:15 p.m.) it was found that two of the more experienced trampers had not arrived

(including the leader.) Woe! Woe! They eventually straggled in with sheepish looks on their countenances, muttering something about losing the track.

It was a great day for anti-cigarette campaigners. One member would persistently light his pipe and his pipe would just as persistently go out, one member threw away his total supply of cigarettes in a bid to “break the habit” and two other people brought tobacco but no papers. They tried several substitutes including toilet paper and paper with a density approaching cardboard. One of these people was sick on the trip home. Could there be a connection?

The last day was just as uneventful everyone returning in dreadfully wet and cold conditions. The two smokers without cigarette papers and the trip leader (to make sure they didn't do anything drastic) shot down very hurriedly to the cars at Holdsworth Lodge, perhaps to catch some unwary “Touroid” who actually had some real cigarette paper.

All in all, the trip went well even if we had to sleep on hard boards that had been hewn from the trees around with a blunt hatchet.

P.S. Rumour has it that the leader snores.

Expedition members: Brenda Thompson, Raewyn Lees, Bruce MacArthur, Ross Perry, Brian Wilson, Robert Strachan, Bruce Lockwood, Peter Croad (“Leader”).

#### 27<sup>th</sup>-28th May. TE HEKENGA ATTEMPTED CROSSING.

It's a bit difficult reporting on a non-trip. The three of us left Rangī Hut at 7.45 on Saturday morning. Two hours later we were lost in the clouds somewhere north of Managahuia, although at the time we didn't know we were lost, being absorbed with cold feet and the tedious business of ploughing through crusty snow. After a further two hours of abortive sorties along a couple of ridges we found our bearings. There was a brief break in the clouds and Te Hekenga showed up all snowy and icy. By now it was mid-day and if we continued a night out was on the cards plus the chance of not catching our transport out. So I chickened out and we started plodding down to Rangīwahia (town, not hut.) While suffering the tortures of remorse at opting out I also had to put up with the most appalling chat. The other two embarked on a spirited argument about the true nature of transformers: one seeing them as essentially a manifestation of higher science, the other regarding them with low contempt as a muddle of eddy currents, hysteresis and vulgar vector diagrams. This was on the public highway of all places! and I sent up a silent prayer that the two locals we happened to be passing at the time would not overhear them, or if they did, would not think that we were all together. But worse was to follow, something worse than transformers, worse even than physics generally – yes – you've guessed it – brain surgery! Suddenly without warning and without the slightest provocation the protagonist for transformers launched into a dissertation on the beauty of using lazer beams, super cold jets and computers in performing brain surgery. In its total disregard for objective hazards, it was in its way, the pushiest performance of the trip.

Thanks to Kevin for taking us there and to Mr. Hay for evacuating us.

#### 4<sup>th</sup>-5th June. MITRE FLATS

The preceding night:

9.05. Telephone rings. Hello it's.....here. What's this bit about leaving ½ hour earlier business?

Reply: Why, it shows enthusiasm, zest for the outdoors.

Answer: Well you can stick your enthusiasm.

Click. Dial tone.

With these words still ringing in the trip leader's ears he proceeded to organize for the early start next morning.

Next morning everyone turned out with their various array of equipment.

"Gee, it's bl..... cold. Where's that trip leader? I'll ring his bl..... neck!"

By this time the trip leader was getting rather worried. He thought it might be a 'get the trip leader' weekend. With this fear in my mind we hastily made our way in cars to Masterton. We all rolled out of the cars about 8.45 at the road end. The trip in was so boring that two members made a flying leap from the edge of a cliff to liven things up a bit and we didn't see them for about an hour. We all arrived at the Mitre Flats Hut at periodic times from 11.00 o'clock until 1.00 o'clock.

A good lunch was enjoyed by all and after this some members played a few games of 500, including the trip leader. Some members, including the trip leader, took a stroll up to the snowline. The trip leader didn't quite make it. He ran out of flower power at the top of the spur leading onto the main ridge. The rest made it to the snowline. The trip leader turned around and went back to the hut. Meanwhile at the snowline the boys, when coming back got off the track and decided to make a bee line for the South Mitre Stream. It was 5 o'clock and darkness was coming over. The trip leader was biting his finger nails by now and after a bit of discussion decided to go up the track a way to see where they were. Just after he left who should walk into the hut but the boys he was looking for. It was now about 6 o'clock and the trip leader went on up the spur yelling his head off. (Could it be a stag who has got its roaring mixed up?) Well it was getting late so the trip leader, with his narrow beamed torch, decided to return to the hut. Near the hut the trip leader got off the track slightly. Just as he had given up all hope two other members arrived to see him safely down. A good tea was enjoyed by all.

Next morning everyone was out of the pit rather late. Firewood was chopped, mostly by the trip leader. An early start was made out by about 10 a.m. and everyone was out by 3.00 p.m.

Two members came back on the 3.15 p.m. railcar and the rest made their way back to Palmerston North.

All in all quite an enjoyable trip.

I suppose you're wondering about all the comments concerning the trip leader. It was suggested by other members that the trip leader had opted out of his duty. The trip leader had to protect himself.

Any alternative trip reports are void and false.

Those attending were: O. Robinson (trip leader), S. Streeter, G. Dixon, E. Schlee, J. Domney, B Willson, R. Ussher, and H. Crabb.

NOTICE Notice is hereby given that henceforth snoring will be prohibited (especially by trip leaders.) The penalty will be to carry the secretary's pack uphill.

#### 11<sup>th</sup> June. PNTMC/MUAC COMBINED TRIP TO WHARITE

"Pick you up at 6.30 sharp, and if ou are not ready you're out."

"O.K. Ron."

6.30; 6.50; 7.05; a car in the driveway. By 8.10 we are on the track, turn off to Wharite second creek above hut.

"Ron, are we going straight to heaven?"

"Yeah, if she was any steeper she'd be overhanging."

"Stop moaning, that's the track cut when we carried out that bloke who fell off some bluffs last autumn."

"I bet he wished he had expired there and then."

"Oh no. Leatherwood all the way up. Ouch."

"Look, there's Pahiataua, and Ashhurst, and P.N. – where are you? Oh yes, there is a hole in the track too."

"How are your feet, Cathy?"

"What feet?"

"We went climbing up the mountain and the weather wasn't nice,

The atmosphere was frozen into great big chunks of ice,

We couldn't find the summit 'till the leader gave a cry:

God, cor blyme, we're a thousand feet too high.

And now it's snowing, too. Can't see a thing."

"Hey, Ron, stop. Elli has collapsed from starvation."

CHOMP, CHOMP, CHOMP.....

"Dalefield, have you brought no other food with you?"

"No time, could only grab this loaf of bread as you dragged me out of bed." And he sinks his teeth into the loaf and swallows great chunks.

"These Forestry blokes, absolutely impossible, I'd say."

"Shut up, son't abuse him, he's mine."

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"Yeah, that's why he's heading for the hills, fast."

"Are we returning the same way?"

"No, doing a round trip."

"Why does the track meander so erratically?"

"Ron's brother cut it. What can you expect from a Stetton?"

3 p.m. "Here's the hut again."

"And here's Heather, and Judith, and Trevor, infact the whole weekend party. In their sleeping bags."

The survivors: Juli the-upside-down-back-to-front-Dalefield.

Ron (The odd billygoat) Stetton.

Cathy (whiz kid-no boots) Howard

Elli (let's not have a grizzle, let's have a b..... great moan) Schlee.